

Phoenix Journal

#127



By Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn

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DEDICATION

To all of you who are kept in the dungeon of the mind and puppet-masters. May you cut those strings.
KNOW TRUTH AND THE MIND WILL FIND ITS FREEDOM.

A WORD BEFORE

REC #1 HATONN

SUN., FEB. 26, 1995 7:56 A.M. YEAR 8, DAY 194

SUN., FEB. 26, 1995

A WORD BEFORE

WE COMPILE THIS JOURNAL

There are so many topics being carried in and on this “wagon” that the tailgate seems to be dragging. We won’t lessen that load, writers, compilers and readers—we will simply have to upgrade the suspension of the wagon to take the load.

Many things happen while we are on the road to goals and the more worthy the goal the more things that will happen. Further, as you now see and know, ones who claim to be helpers, fellow travelers and thus and so, will turn away and dump you, denounce you over reasons which are total garbage and yet, the timid are simply finding any and all EXCUSES to allow themselves to not be longer burdened. Ah, but when the prison-keepers approach, they will call you back. You will not turn back to shore up the ones who “just didn’t seem to understand”. The “*Yellow Brick Road*” is an intended ONE WAY STREET. It is the PRIMROSE PATH into the arms of THE GREAT OZ—THE KING OF HELL.

The masses of the world are now in the final chaos, mentally, of the mind-control handlers. What can you do? DEPROGRAM. TRUTH IS THE ONLY WAY—BECAUSE WITH LIES THERE HAS TO BE PROGRAMMING WHICH THE MIND HAS NO BASIS UPON WHICH TO BUILD. TRUTH IS EVER “THERE” AND IS NEVER FORGOTTEN.

We have right among us a seemingly helpless man who is a product of an attempt upon his very life and yet we gaggle around, putz and dicker while his property and his very existence is assaulted. The expenses of this are so great as to all but limit the ability to struggle against the beasts of evil. However, the minute you cease to struggle—the battle is over AND YOU WILL HAVE LOST THE WAR. Let us HEAL the assaulted party dancing down that yellow brick road and turn him about upon the red road of clarity and TRUTH. What is buried in the mind in TRUTH CAN BE ALLOWED SORTING AND PRESENCE. THE MAN WANTS TO BE A HELPLESS CHILD FOR HE IS CONFUSED, HAS BEEN LITERALLY LOCKED AWAY BY FORCE AND NOW JUST WANTS SOMEBODY TO “FIX” THINGS. NOBODY SAVE SELF “FIXES” ANYTHING BELONGING TO “SELF”. This person, and ANY PERSON (the reason for this message to YOU) in need of help, must understand—YOU HAVE TO GET

YOURSELF TOGETHER AND ATTEND YOUR OWN MESS OF FISH. THIS IS “WHY” THINGS GET OUT OF CONTROL IN THE FIRST PLACE—A PERSON ABDICATES HIS RESPONSIBILITIES AND ALLOWS OTHERS TO DESTROY. I don’t think that is a right idea.

JOHN

With our friend, John, here is a good example. He tells us—over a year ago—that his wife not only has taken all his property and managed, with her son, to steal everything including the house which was purchased and owned by John ALONE and which the COURT gave him right to use, but also, in the very face of divorce stoppage of all financial diversions, has gone forth and, without discussion and reservation—LEASED THE HOME. Private property and furnishings were ORDERED back into John’s possession and yet, not only has THAT NOT BEEN handled and honored but NOW the property dwelling has been leased and today is occupied by people from half a state away. How can this happen? It happens because there is vendetta ongoing and the other side, to stay out of prison and keep licensing with the Bar Association, is playing every last twig of possibility to keep from being discovered IN A COURT OF LAW for the criminal activities already having taken place. THIS IS HAPPENING BECAUSE THE ATTORNEYS FOR THIS MAN ARE NOT DOING THEIR JOB. I DON’T NEED EXCUSES—WE NEED THE PAID-FOR AND RESPONSIBLE PEOPLE TO **DO THEIR JOB**. OR, MARK OFF JOHN AS A LOSS. BUT WHEN YOU DO “THAT”, YOU HAVE REALLY BLUNDERED!!

I have asked over and over for JOHN to get busy and write his story. I don’t care what is in the file except for reference. JOHN HAS TO TELL HIS STORY AND HE HAS TO DO THINGS CORRECTLY. YOU HAVE EVIDENCE AND HIS SOUND-MIND ATTESTATION THAT ELEANOR AND SON ROD SET UP AND ORCHESTRATED THE THEFTS AND ATTEMPTED TO TAKE HIS LIFE. Now what is wrong that he does not bring charges before a Grand Jury instead of this allowance of these criminals to continue unchallenged in their bulldozing? Even if the “case” be lost—the “man” may well be saved. John even knows how much they stole and from where. He knows that the neighbors saw more and know more than is revealed—but even with demand on MY PART to see what happened, legally and witnessed, no one has done anything about those neighbors (who did in fact finally rescue John). They were hired by, and work for, the very perpetrators. The “law” can only follow up when they are caused to do so. It matters not to ME, readers, what YOU do about YOUR things—but for goodness sakes you keep demanding of ME. He has no right to dump this, however, onto the backs of his friends or me. He, if he wishes to prevail, MUST ACCEPT AND FOLLOW THROUGH WITH HIS OWN RESPONSIBILITY OR PREPARE HIMSELF TO LOSE EVERYTHING. The very concept of “I am my brother’s keeper” is erroneous. You must be willing to help a brother in need but the concept of a “keeper” is disaster on its way to happen. This gives the perception of power to “the keeper” and “helplessness” to the “kept”. A mind in chaos does not NEED to live in chaos—but you have to assume responsibility for getting rid of the chaos for SELF. NO, I have no use for the Alzheimer’s EXCUSE. Alzheimer’s is a disease of MAN, manufactured by MAN and USED BY MAN—TO DESTROY THE CAPABILITY OF ANOTHER THROUGH DASTARDLY MEANS. John has not Alzheimer’s or any other DISEASE. He is confused in his thought process because a concerted effort was made for a long time to deprive him of his property and to cause him to believe he was incompetent, leading up to a final act of apparent head-bashing, literally!

To top it all off, he states he knows that he was bonked on the head with a fire extinguisher and left,

deliberately, WITHOUT help. HE KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM BUT HE SAYS THAT NOBODY WILL “LISTEN” AND, FURTHER, NOBODY WILL LISTEN UNTIL HE TAKES CONTROL OF HIMSELF AND STOPS ACTING LIKE AN INFANT. Now, friends, you who buy into this kind of “tyranny” are as much, or more so, to blame, than the person pulling your strings. Quit telling someone that things are OK and being attended when they are NOT either OK nor being properly attended. Tough LOVE is what is going to allow you to save selves and property—disciplined LOVE and demand for self-responsibility.

I choose to use these examples because until you have experience through example you are caught in a “well maybe” game. However, the “examples” are getting tired of being THE examples. So be it.

I have to interrupt, speaking of examples, the ongoing *Monarch* writings for a day or so to offer publicity of an even more critical nature. We have some “workers” in the “Wall Street Underground” who are in REAL danger as we share this. Have they asked “me” for help? No—they don’t even know who I might be. They are asking YOUR support and the least we can do is offer the information. So as we close this journal to allow for indexing, etc., I will turn our attention to this urgent interruption.

By the way, you who think by non-instant magic the price of gold has not increased and all is somehow “off”—think again: **This week Mr. Greenspan (Mr. Federal Reserve) suggested publicly, to the side, that he felt the only way out of the “problems” would be and probably will be utilized, GOING BACK ONTO THE GOLD STANDARD. NOW IS THE TIME TO INVEST—NOT DIVEST. AND FURTHER, IF THE FEDERAL RESERVE IS TALKING SUCH A STANDARD—THEN YOU CAN COUNT ON THE BIG BOYS STEALING (CONFISCATING) YOUR STORES OF GOLD. THAT IS THE METHODOLOGY OF APPROACH AND PREPARATION OF YOU FOR THEMSELVES. YOU ARE OFFERED A WAY HERE TO UTILIZE YOUR FUNDS WHILE HOLDING GOLD WHICH SHALL PROBABLY PRODUCE WHAT WAS FIRST SUGGESTED, THROUGH ITS USE AS COLLATERAL FOR LOANS. I FEEL A NEED TO REMIND YOU OF THIS OFFER BUT ALSO REMIND YOU IT IS AN EXCHANGE IN SERVICES—NOTHING MORE AND NOTHING LESS.**

A credit person from one of the largest “metals dealers” came to visit this week and, indeed, expects rises in prices of gold SOON. He was making a check on the Institute and the Institute’s “business” programs. Not only did the programs PASS INSPECTION but the gentleman went off to see what more he could do in service. Believe it or not, readers, there are still some good, honest business people around who can, through even the biggest and most corrupt system, make the “small things” WORK properly and legally and with integrity. [*Editor’s note: If you have questions about investing in the Phoenix Institute, call 805-822-0601 during normal West Coast business hours.*]

What really burns me is that ones who THINK they know everything CONTINUALLY GIVE OUT BAD INFORMATION—RIGHT AMONG US. FOR GOODNESS SAKES, HOW DARE YOU ONES GIVE WRONG INFORMATION ABOUT THINGS WHICH CAN HURT OR DAMAGE OTHERS?? MUST YOU HAVE SUCH EGO THAT ONLY “YOU” CAN KNOW ALL ABOUT EVERYTHING? IF THE SHOES FIT—FINE, IF NOT—GET BIG NASTY BLISTERS! Walking in another man’s shoes may well give you insight into that other man—but pretending that the shoes are YOURS is WRONG. IF, IN ADDITION, YOU REPLACE ONE KEEPER FOR ANOTHER—YOU

STILL HAVE NO FREEDOM—ONLY KEEPERS.

I ask that we not spend more time on this discussion for, as with above, you will find that many things are locked within the mind—and to be free you must “unlock” the cell door, good readers. A locked door can hold two possibilities, or more: one to control you by a lock-er, or to protect self by locking self into perceived protection—or the LOCK-EE SIMPLY HIDING TO AVOID RESPONSIBILITY.

This is more pertinent to this journal as experiences are laid forth and bare in nakedness of soul, than at first might meet the eye. As you are going to experience and find—THERE ARE MORE CATHY O'BRIEN(S) AROUND THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE, WAITING TO GET THAT DOOR UNLOCKED. THIS IS A PRIME EXAMPLE OF GOD'S WORK. IF YOU DESIRE KNOWLEDGE AND CHANGE—HE WILL WORK WITH YOU ALL THE WAY; HE WILL NOT DO IT FOR YOU.

Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn
February 26, 1995

CHAPTER 1

REC #1 HATONN

SAT., FEB. 18, 1995 9:11 A.M. YEAR 8, DAY 186

SAT., FEB. 18, 1995

As each day comes there seem to be a myriad of questions to be answered. I am not going to get sucked into that until we finish with the *Monarch Project* in its “first” run-through. This is the most personal proprietary property of Cathy O’Brien—as she remembers things and experiences. As she puts to press the ongoing trail of information we will help any way that we can, but NOW the important point: is to get **it spread as far and wide AS IS POSSIBLE—for PROTECTION.**

As others are bringing forth different tales, but first-hand participation with THESE SAME ENTITIES, you must know and you must attend these people. Michael Maholy is one, Ronn Jackson is one, the “Inslaw” participants, Larry Nichols, Gary Wean, Mark Phillips and so on—MUST HAVE PROTECTION AND THE ONLY WAY TO GET PROTECTION IS TO SPEAK OUT IN TRUTH. EVEN TO O.J. SIMPSON: THE PUBLICITY IS THE ONLY SECURITY AVAILABLE TO PARTICIPANTS SUCKED INTO THE EVIL SCHEMES. Your government is made up of blackmailed traitors. Some would prefer to NOT BE SUCH, but have no way against the odds in POWER to do other than “play the game” as presented.

Indeed there are things taking place—please, PLEASE, help Serge Monast (“Underground Bases/Blue Beam). The Royal Mounties are regularly visiting him and warn him of impending arrest—TODAY. The clamp-down is coming down right on cue of the PATRIOT MILITIAS. “But aren’t militias legal and **Constitutional?**” you ask? Yes, but since when in the last century has THAT mattered? The Bill 666 PASSED and is now law—how far behind is the “last” coffin nail, HR 97??

I’ve warned you readers that you CANNOT WIN THIS WAR WITH GUNS! THIS IS A WAR WHICH CAN ONLY BE WON THROUGH LAW! I CAN DO **NOTHING** SAVE TELL YOU HOW IT IS AND MAKE SUGGESTIONS. I WILL NOT, HOWEVER, ALLOW MY PEOPLE TO BE TAKEN AND SET UP AS PATRIOT MILITANTS. *CONTACT* is a paper for VOICE. We will offer both sides of issues—WE WILL NOT RAISE A FINGER IN REMOTELY SUGGESTED **VIOLENCE.**

For people who want to, and sometimes do, claim *CONTACT* as being “my paper”—stop it. It is not anyone’s paper save our own. Ray Renick waved copies of *CONTACT* in front of the jury and the Judge in San Louis Obispo and called them “my paper”. NO! That is not acceptable. We support the truth of Ray Renick but I told Ray, PERSONALLY, to not have guns and ammunition and NOT TO DO THAT WHICH HE SAW FIT TO GO FORTH AND DO. He apologized to me for doing what he chose to do and then wanted me to “get him out”. NO, readers, when YOU BREAK THE LAWS, EVEN IF THEY BE BAD LAWS, YOU DO IT DELIBERATELY AND THERE IS NO “JUST” WAY TO “GET YOU OUT”! WISDOM IS THAT WHICH COMES FROM KNOWLEDGE, FORETHOUGHT AND WISE ACTION. RAISE A GUN AGAINST THE ENFORCERS AND THEY ARE GOING TO

SHOOT YOU—PLAIN AND SIMPLE.

We can have a lot of input in cases where there is set-up and false arrest such as the fundamental cause of incarceration of a Michael Maholy or a Richard Snell. But when you transpire to go to shooting wars against your enemies—YOU WILL LOSE FOR THEY ARE LEAN, MEAN AND PROGRAMMED MACHINES WITH INCREDIBLE WEAPONRY TO USE AGAINST YOU. Patriots in prison or DEAD are of no value to anyone and, at best, take time and resources to undo that which is done in total foolishness.

RONN JACKSON

Goodness, people, Ronn Jackson is a PERSON. He is not some God or do-gooder. He doesn't for the life of him even know what he thinks about GOD or ME. He wants to do something about the *Constitution* and the United States of America—no more and no less. He “says” he can do many things—which he cannot do. You are told things which CANNOT happen and he is not, nor does he claim to be, some kind of GURU. Worse, you turn to him instead of following through with the ones OUTSIDE who need your help and unity. Does this put DOWN Ronn Jackson? NO! We work every day to try and get him released wherein he can then possibly do something to assist the ongoing projects of the many—already under way. There are no MIRACLE CURES and NO MIRACLE MEN. There are only those of you who are in unity and get educated in and to TRUTH and then you can move in POWER.

I am asked about Ronn's last statement about the U.S. and ongoing “Emergency” status. It is suggested that Ronn speaks in error. No, he does not—you have been in a “STATE OF EMERGENCY” for many years. You have actually been under Martial Law since, at least, 1933—and BANKRUPT. But for “National Emergency”, the ongoing reason given for this State of Emergency is prolonged BY CLINTON AS A CONTINUATION OF BUSH'S STATE OF EMERGENCY IN **BOSNIA**. There will ALWAYS be a continuing circumstance over which the State of Emergency can and WILL be in place. This gives the “constitutional” right of leadership (Administration) to act without your permission or even the permission of Congress. The geographic locations will have nothing to do with need—only the “State of Emergency” status is necessary. You are under Martial Law, totally BANKRUPT and your status is “State of Emergency”. The gold-fringed flags point the way and pronounce the condition of your nation. A flag with a gold fringe states: A STATE OF WAR and will be shown in governmental halls and judicial branch offices and courtrooms. Check your flags!! Then check the front walls of Congress where you will have the fringed flag AND two humongous symbols of FASCISM (the fascist axes—meaning “axis powers”). It is **all** right in front of your noses when you know at what you are looking!

O.J. SIMPSON

Sick of the subject? Yes, that is intended so that you are simply bored and mesmerized. However, fomenting as we write and you remain bored, is the ongoing inciting to riot among the various racial groupings. Is O.J. guilty? Of what? Murder—no; being a pawn, yes. Set-up? Yes, but the “officers” who did the actual little set-up deeds are not the main culprits—but rather the New World Order MISHPUCKA of which you have major players ON BOTH SIDES OF THE COURTROOM GARBAGE. You must understand that the “set-up” includes long-term planning and ongoing compromising of various players—before any “big” event. The perfect scenario is chosen and then the circumstances are

arranged and, finally, the BIG GUN GOES “BANG”. The Los Angeles Police Department is the *best police force in the world? Forget it!!* The LAPD is run and operated by very high-ranking Mishpucka members. All you have to do is listen to Gates’ review of each officer testifying. You can see the garbage which he takes and turns into raving-goodness-reviews of the individuals—and “his old...” force—“America’s finest!” Are there good officers? Of course—mostly good. The point is not in “good or bad” for the point becomes “play the game” or ELSE...! Spill the “beans” and you end up dead. Go study the Wean papers we have provided for your information and then make SURE that you see to it that such as Gerry Spence, Rosie Greer, O.J., etc., get copies of it. Get it to A.C. Cowlings—anyone and everyone who is on the inside to lips-to-ear O.J. The very manner of the murder of Nicole Brown Simpson—was ritual-type so there WOULD BE NO MISUNDERSTANDING AMONG THE ELITE AS TO THIS BEING THE “BIG MOVE”. What about Goldman? Well, he fitted in very well because he is “Jewish” and the Mishpucka claims the most members from among the Jews. They are “not” “Jewish” but the organization IS. It takes in the Council on Foreign Relations, the Trilaterals and the BILDERBERGERS. The MISHPUCKA is one step removed and works among the “people” from the Mossad (Israeli Intelligence). They, in turn, work for the Committee of 300 and British-Israel Intelligence. As Alan Dershowitz put it so aptly: THE U.S. IS THE NEW ISRAELI HOMELAND, NOT PALESTINE. This does not mean the little Jewish (Judean) people, friends—THIS IS THE ANTI-CHRIST TAKING THE WORLD! **The “little Jewish Judeans” ARE THE FIRST SACRIFICED ON THE ALTAR OF NEW WORLD ORDER! THEY ARE THE ONES SLAIN IN BLOODY “HOLOCAUST” IN THE WARS AND BROUGHT INTO TOTAL MIND CONTROL FIRST.** The ADL of B’nai B’rith is the out-front rabble-rousers for the movement into One World CONTROL.

How does this happen and who manipulates until you have this kind of Evil power? The very ones we write about in such as *Monarch Project right up through the very Presidency—and it is worldwide.* **However, as the U.S. goes—so shall go the evolvment of the world! YOU ARE THE ONLY ONES LEFT WITH EVEN THE PRETENSE OF A GODLY CONSTITUTION.**

With these things in mind, let us please just move on with our outlay of the Monarch Project subject under way. You must start with the “least of these” to see how the “most of these” is accomplished.

MK-ULTRA
MONARCH PROJECT, PART 18
by Cathy O’Brien

[QUOTING:]

EDWARD WAYNE COX,
HANDLER

The multiple personalities I had from childhood sexual abuses by, among others, my father Earl O’Brien and U.S. Congressman Guy VanderJagt, and child pornography were shattered and fragmented through Cox until I lost all identity, track of time, and ability to reason. Cox seems to suffer from some sort of MPD himself, as I witnessed him switching from one nightmarish personality to another. A whiney “little boy” told me of his father’s abuses, and a “teen” told me of incest, witchcraft and learning to hide the truth from an outside world he considered his adversary. An intellectual filled me in on quasi-intelligence information

(i.e., I was a “Chosen one” with Political Purpose, etc.) One part of Cox adhered to U.S. Senator Cranston’s EXTRATERRESTRIAL theories/branch of the conspiracy. He built pyramids, including a 9’x9’ one for “ET habitation” in his backyard. [H: Now, it may be a bit more easily understood why we are bringing you the TRUTH of extraterrestrial presence or interactions. You are people of the LIE and the lies are perpetuated in exactly the manner described in these writings. You can even see for WHICH aliens—obviously for the slimy little gray creepers for 9’x 9’ is not large enough for the tall “Gritz” 12-foot lizards. Can you begin to see how these things get started and then become full-blown, but false, illusions? Preparation for these visitors NEVER infers GODLY beings, for all of the man-demanded brain-control produces CONTROL BY SATANIC BEINGS. RELIGION IS USED—GOD (OF LIGHT) IS NOT EVER SO MUCH AS ALLOWED HEARING. GREAT PUNISHMENT COMES WITH THE PROJECTION OF GOODNESS AS TO GOD. IT MAY BE MOUTHED TO FOOL YOU AND SELVES—BUT TRUTH IS NOT IN THEM FROM THE BEGINNING.] A professed Mormon, Cox believed Christ was an alien and that UFOs/ETs dominate the Earth. A long-winded and boring personality had extensive knowledge of Egyptian lore, the *Book of the Dead*, and Setian/Egyptian Gods, who would lecture for hours on end, beating me if I moved or interrupted. One personality adheres to witchcraft principles and potions as he eagerly joins his mother in leading sabbats around circles of fire and chanting under the moon. He believes in spirit communication from nature spirits and Pan to Ouija Boards and “demon possession”. He believes dogs are possessed by one universal evil spirit and he killed them routinely to “weaken their power”. (Yet, when he learned I was pregnant with Kelly, he said he’d “much rather have a dog than a baby”.) Another personality was Setian, which encompassed a little of all beliefs and was sufficient to control me and lock me into slavery through his hypnotic abilities. (A “lost member of Cox’s flock” once told me that he realized Cox had “a power that would cause him to obey... the way Jim Jones’ followers did when they drank the “cyanide Koolade”. He said, “I’m leaving before I drink the Koolade.” I never saw him again.) Most of Cox’s personalities were addicted to cocaine.

The para-military Neo-Nazi personality was a Setian Spin-off of the KKK that incorporated military routines and “missionary training”. He took me to his “friends working for the government” in Leesville, Louisiana to help maintain an underground bunker of weapons. Sometimes Cox brought a few weapons in, sometimes he took them out. Occasionally he would put on his military fatigues and disappear for a while and return exhausted with blood on his clothes. This personality handles weapons well and he shoots through the forehead, execution style, in a cold and calculating manner (he killed the Union Station bum this way). Like the Egyptian intellectual, this personality idolized U.S. Army Colonel Michael Aquino, Psychological Warfare Division and founder of the Temple of Set.

The most insane, violent personality believes he **must kill to appease Satan**. While all other personalities are guarded and controlled to mask his activity, it is this personality that prompted his being barred from Set. And it is this personality that will eventually lead to his demise **should he ever be legitimately investigated** (very predictable). Since my efforts to expose him began three years ago, I believe murdering may have ceased EXCEPT FOR THIS PERSONALITY. He believes “sacrificing to Satan” will ease his pressures and keep him safe **from discovery or retribution**.

Cox drove 70 miles to and from Monroe where he played steel guitar in a nightclub and awaited his next victim. Cox murdered “those who wouldn’t be missed”... a transient, a runaway child, or someone passing through town alone who stopped for a drink at the club. Cox prefers to murder males in their 30s

on up, but anyone fitting the criteria of “not being missed” was his prey. Some nights he would come in just before dawn, covered in the blood he deliberately splashed-in as he stabbed his victims. Although he usually stabs them to death with home-made knives, all of his victims, regardless of how they are killed, are carved with his Swiss Army knife, and the hands are removed by machete and slipped into a ziplock bag until they can be prepared in his mother’s “ceramic shop” for distribution. After he would come in late, soaked in blood, he would insanely try to clean the blood from his Swiss Army knife while spinning around in circles and whining until he dropped from exhaustion. When he awoke an hour later (Cox always sleeps for one-hour intervals at a time with his head buried under pillows while laying on his back with his hands folded over his chest.), he would attach his old-fashioned meat grinder (referred to as his “hand grinder”) to the kitchen counter top and begin grinding the flesh into “handburger” and throwing the bones in the garbage disposal.

I realize this sounds hokey, however, Cox and his mother would actually cook the flesh in an enormous cast iron black cauldron over an open fire during rituals. (The cauldron has approximately 60-70 gallons capacity, hangs by chains from a tripod, is stirred with a bone, and is stored in the pumphouse out back when not in use.) The hands are prepared for distribution as “Hands of Glory” in the ceramic shop kiln. Once Cox made a “foot stool” from kiln dried lower legs and feet that he thought was really clever. Additionally, Cox experimented with shrinking heads via a procedure he claims to have learned while in Barbados in the late 1970s. Other “hokey” witchcraft items Cox and his mother keep in Chatham are baby-food jars filled with toenails, lizard and frog parts, etc., a crystal ball designed to look like an eye, numerous pestles and mortars, amulets, stones, spirit jugs, and black-hooded robes. (Cox often wears masks for entertaining himself as well as to horrify victims.)

When I was nine months pregnant in January of 1980, Jack Greene came to Louisiana for an extended visit during which time he took me aside and offered me a ticket to “freedom”. He explained that Byrd wanted me away from Cox and back in Nashville as soon as the baby (Kelly) would be born. He said that I “had work to do and duties to perform for my country”. A master of Freedom Train slaves, Jack Greene’s words permeated my being and Cox and I moved to Nashville to the farm adjoining Green’s, where my new controller, Alex Houston, resided. During the transition from Cox to Houston, Cox worked with known victim Louise Mandrell for several months.

[H: I must insert something right here. You who flip your dials (TV): just hang on a minute or two on the Nashville network. You will find these vacant-looking performers doing “their thing”. Very often the best hits will be such as “Cinderella’s Shoes” and others such as “Coat of Many Colors”, “Coalminer’s Daughter” and on and on. Watch the reactions for a minute! LISTEN to the words of the songs. The “country bumpkins” are the vulnerable children and all of the Mandrels are project tools, as a for instance. Do they realize their participation? Some of their personalities do—some don’t. You will note a high focus on “religious” songs and patriotic material. This is VERY EVIDENTIAL to “Project” programming. THIS is what fools the rest of you and allows the drugs and pornography to continue without interference.]

Cox’s cover personality prompts the typical comments of “he seems like such a nice guy, so quiet... a nice church-going man... a loner.” This side of him is a Mormon who maintains an extensive food storage as dictated by the church. He has enough intelligence to mask his personalities and withstand a “second look” or even a general psychological assessment—despite constantly rocking side to side and picking his

nose while conversing. He carries a *Bible* and the *Book of Mormon* with him and professes “faith and herbs can heal anything”.

While on tour, Cox believed the “great destruction” was about to commence and he feared he’d miss the “sound of the trumpets”. So he took his compact, ever-present “survival kit” and pitched a tent behind the hotel in which the band was staying. Controller/father Irby Mandrell was outraged and, due to his prominent position in the CIA/DIA/DOJ GOVERNMENT CRIMINAL CONSPIRACY, banned Cox from ever “picking” in Nashville again. He was further banned from the conspiracy and Set, left Nashville and resides in Louisiana to this time.

When I was officially transferred to Houston during a quasi-ritual at my father’s house in Michigan, Cox was assured continued protection for his backwoods occult and small-time cocaine operation and that he would receive help to circumvent paying court-ordered child support. I only saw him once or twice during the next eight years until our escape from Houston and the Conspiracy in 1988 with the exception for a three-month period in early 1981.

I had taken a trip with Houston to Minneapolis where he was appearing with Loretta Lynn. I recognized Loretta’s victimization and, because I had not enough wit about me to not comment, Houston immediately telephoned Cox from the hotel room and sent me back for further trauma. Upon my arrival, Cox took me in the house and began beating me. I bled so heavily he laid me in the bathtub and beat me some more. I have never regained total memory of those three months, but Kelly and I somehow physically survived it. **[H: What do you suppose REALLY happened to Barbara Mandrell during the time of her “accident” and recovery period and missing time from her regular schedules? How about the breakdown of Loretta Lynn? How many children do you think Loretta and sisters REALLY had? Shocking? I certainly do hope so!]**

Upon our escape in 1988 I was suffering from total “amnesia” and had called my parents, whom I didn’t recall were involved, and told them I was running from death threats and attempts on my life, to the safety of Alaska. With my father’s money, Cox took me to court where I won the right to take Kelly out-of-state, after a 2-week stay with her father. Amnesic, I complied.

Kelly went into a mental institution shortly thereafter. She spoke in detail of witnessing murder, being drugged and raped on an altar “in the Mormon Church”. (Some Mormon churches are covers for satanic occult activity for Set and we will speak of that in “The Mormon Connection” article.) She described dismemberment: “first of the left hand, then the right” before being forbidden by her current institution from talking of such things as “it frightens other children”. Then, because she no longer talked of abuses, she is forced to continue to “visit” with Cox.

Kelly suffers from military mind-control death-programming (respiratory in my presence) and awaits effective treatment for her fragmented personalities and deactivation of the death programming which Cox activated during the court-ordered visit in 1988. I am currently battling in Juvenile Court to legally force the state of Tennessee to fund Kelly’s required out-of-state transfer to effective treatment. Providing Kelly is transferred, her Doctors’ expertise would obviously lend credibility to the abuses she endured which ultimately threatens to expose her socially (country music) and politically prominent abusers. Some persons involved are deliberately covering up for their 2.8 billion dollar country music industry’s involvement

in the CIA/DIA/DOJ U.S. GOVERNMENT CRIMINAL CONSPIRACY with destruction of evidence, altering documents and threatening our lives as we pursue Kelly's right to effective treatment.

The state's solution to this mental health/legal nightmare?

Custody of Kelly—to Cox.

He must be stopped via a **legitimate investigation** for Kelly's sake, my sake, and the sake of his next planned victims.

[END OF QUOTING]

Now, readers, do you see that this person is STILL in fantasy-land? It takes a long, long time to become totally aware and awake enough to REALLY see what is taking place. Have any of those people of whom she speaks—GONE ANYWHERE? EVEN GOOD OLD BYRD IS STILL IN A SEAT OF TREMENDOUS POWER. How likely do you think it is that Kelly will get care, good or bad? How much to you expect the "State" to pay for—when they have paid to produce the being as IS? A whole system has to be changed before you can EXPECT much action on such a personal and single issue or party. The "little child" in EACH PERSON wants to believe that somehow "Daddy" can "FIX IT". No, readers, face the reality of circumstances—THAT "Daddy" is NOT GOING TO "FIX" ANYTHING!

So, what can you do? Exactly what Cathy O'Brien is doing—as soon as there is any reality to existence and some integration of personalities into focus—tell it, tell it, tell it and re-tell it, no matter how terrible or "far-fetched", tell it, tell it and re-tell it again and again and again until the "dream-reality" is REALITY and realization. And you readers, don't expect to tell, say, Barbara Mandrell about her problems and your knowing. She, of all things, has the ability of self-preservation and YOU WILL BE THE PERCEIVED NUT! It reminds me of the poor little nuns who go to the Bishop to tell of trauma and mis-use. When you go to your own hell-gate keeper how think ye that you will get help and care? Further, DO NOT write to me through, for instance, "Dharma", thinking that I can do something. I may very well be able to do something if you DO NOT go that route but every piece of mail is monitored, every phone—even this computer. I can repeat the works of a Cathy O'Brien, a Sister Charlotte, a Mark Phillips and a Richard Snell. I cannot have "revelation" about anything—for it only brings down the strong arms against you MORE. I CAN ONLY OFFER THE STORIES AND YOU MUST DO THE ATTENDING. WE CAN GIVE "VOICE"—YOU MUST GIVE "HANDS". I CAN SHOW YOU THE WAY—YOU MUST WALK IT.

This is, as a matter of fact, one of the primary "agreements" I have with the enemy. They must leave us alone as long as we present the Truth in word. The minute there is a taking up of violence, the agreement is OFF and the paper will be closed!! The facts are, readers, that it is so ASSUMED among the Elite that NOBODY shall believe the stories and facts that they are not terribly worried. Ego is a strange and destructive bedfellow; as it is assumed you will be terrified by the presence of the Evil Powers—you will turn further FROM GOD. Spiritually, you see, they are STUPID! Man wants to become one with God and righteousness but the "lost" being cannot see it for that which it is—the Satanic being is locked to the power, senses and limitations of perceptions of physical motivation and force. These very "stories", of such as Cathy, tell the facts of it—enough force and abuse only causes the MIND to splinter in order to

ESCAPE. Therefore, the very act of traumatizing to enforce physical and mental enslavement—is also the very tool of FREEDOM. SPIRIT CANNOT BE CONTROLLED IN TOTAL—BY ANY MANIFEST MAN. It may well seem so but the minute that one comes to KNOW THAT CAPABILITY OF RECOVERY THROUGH THAT SAME MIND—THE ENFORCERS LOSE THEIR POWER AND CONTROL RETURNS TO ITS SOURCE. The HEALING must be the same routing as was the DISEASE introduced—confrontation within the MIND. But first, you have to get into safety and security and THEN you can tell and act. To bully your controllers is simply stupid in concept AND ACTION. The self-same premise must be used in confronting the Elite Controllers of society and nation—through the MIND AND IN TRUTH—SHALL YOU FIND FREEDOM AND GOD.

Salu.

CHAPTER 2

REC #2 HATONN

SAT., FEB. 18, 1995 3:01 P.M. YEAR 8, DAY 186

SAT., FEB. 18, 1995

WHY DOES “HATONN” SHOW UP SO MUCH?

First of all let us look at “how” the paper was started and how it continues. In reference to “Hatonn” being on so many “documents”, it is that when Dharma and I sit to write—she does the work, I do the talking (easy enough to understand—me being light of finger, heavy on input). I need to monitor EVERY WORD! In addition, the writings as handled among the people who have to get all the material to press in some manner sooner or later, have to have “file identification”. Any time, however, that you see my ID on a writing—I have attended every word. This becomes extremely important with NEW information. I can sort the truth from the fantasy and the dangerous from that which is now being presented from so many outlets as to be fairly “safe” for revealers of information.

As an example of the above statements it is good to understand that we are dealing with a very fragile being in Cathy O’Brien. It takes incredible bravery to tell the facts about well-known people and their evil, criminal ways. People get killed EVERY DAY from far less. So, as the facts are unfolded it is important to have them MESH with other input from various resources so that when you readers (or the Elite bastards) get the information, IT IS KNOWN THAT THE INFORMATION IS BEING DRAWN FROM COUNTLESS PEOPLE AND RESOURCES AND HURTING THE WRITERS MORE IS UNACCEPTABLE COMPARED TO “LETTING THESE PEOPLE GO”!

I have wanted to speak on this subject for some time because we have a writer being shifted around within the Federal Prison System—now on his way to Leavenworth. That is far better than remaining in Florida, no matter how it MAY appear. The Elite are relatively stupid and tend to do themselves in if given enough rope to do the hanging job on selves. I speak here, of course, about Michael Maholy. Maholy has chosen to go right ahead, in spite of the pressures, to release information. I WANT TO REMIND THE POWERS THAT BE—THAT MAHOLY IS NOT BRINGING FORTH NEW NEWS—HE IS SIMPLY CONFIRMING THAT WHICH IS BEING BROUGHT ABOUT BY SEVERAL OTHERS. I do not, for that reason, sit and do more than review the Maholy information and the staff attends the copy and editing. We make every effort in each and every document to present it EXACTLY as written, even if language and circumstance be offending to some of you readers.

RELIGIOUS GARBAGE

The main complaint I get is that there is such a LOT of information with my name on it as to be “impossible” for one secretary to do it all. WRONG! One secretary does it all for me so that I can measure what you can absorb. If one person can type it all—YOU CAN READ IT ALL! I further require that Dharma sit with me while WE go over the writings of others, say, Michael Maholy. Our intention is to give her a

vacation while others move right into handling the paper and journals as to these kinds of subject matters. You need the truth as is KNOWN in your place so that the unknown lessons can be received. The contributors to this paper and these journals are phenomenal.

I am accused of allowing obvious misbehavers and non-Christian-acting writers to “dirty” God’s paper. (???) What do YOU actually know about GOD? IN ADDITION, TO YOU WHO JUDGE—WHERE ELSE ARE YOU GOING TO GET **TRUTH EXCEPT THROUGH THOSE WHO LIVE THE CIRCUMSTANCES AND KNOW THE PEOPLE OF WHOM THEY WRITE AND SPEAK?** Only CIRCUMSTANCES are what causes YOU TO BE DIFFERENT FROM THEM AND “THERE BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD—GO YOU!”

I can work with a man or woman who comes to see and know—from the depths of Hell. I cannot abide the pious geek who claims to know and KNOWS NOTHING. Who else is going to blow the whistle on these depraved Elitists who plan to rule and own your world—if not these who come to recognize truth and wish to make their lives “right with God” and brother? Why would “I” associate with such as these? Because if a man already has and lives “God”, he needs me not and if he refuses to hear or learn, he can use me not. I serve where and with those who FIND TRUTH, RESPECT GOD AND ARE WILLING TO SHARE THAT ALL MIGHT, THROUGH THEIR OWN EXPERIENCES, SPARE YOU A HARD, HARD LESSON IN JOURNEY. FURTHER, I DO NOT HAVE TO BECOME A THIEF TO BE WITH A THIEF! IF I HAVE NO MORE FOUNDATION THAN TO FALL IN THE FIRST ASSOCIATION—THEN I AM **NOTHING**. I KNOW GOD, I KNOW SELF—AND I KNOW MY TEAM-MATES FOR THEY HAVE PAID THE PRICE OF THE JOURNEY AND FEAR NOT THE MOVING ON IN GOODNESS AND LIGHT-BEARING.

If you are not REALLY STUDYING Maholy’s writings, you miss both excitement, adventure AND TRUTH. I can admire and honor a man who starts as a thief and rogue and FINDS TRUTH AND RIGHT-NESS. WHAT I CAN’T ABIDE IS SOMEONE WHO CLAIMS GOODNESS WHILE ALL THE WHILE BEING THE LIAR AND CHEAT. These who face the fire, walk through the embers and still move on to present TRUTH are those who will never be forgotten upon the Earth for they, beyond all, have PAID THE PRICE and have EARNED THEIR WINGS—and yet, they shall ask not for those wings. When you come to KNOW RIGHTEOUSNESS you cease to EXPECT REWARD for that righteousness for it becomes that which is expected of self in responsibility. When THAT lesson is learned, all the remaining lessons become quite easy. Only when the fear is buried can you experience “freedom” and when no man can “blackmail” you at any price—you have “arrived”. When you step over the threshold and into God’s side—you will be amazed at that which happens to the soul—for prison is in the mind, not the cell, and mind will find its way to freedom. Set the goal, stay to the path unto that goal and mind shall present the “way”.

Let us continue now with O’Brien’s sharing. Remember also, readers, that the date of her “remembering” and writing is not in “sequence” of events so do not try to make heads or tails of the dated writings. I think you will be able to sort the sections into some “general order” but do not effort to sort it according to written dates. The more traumatic events will become LAST because the mind will not release the worst until triggered and the brain and consciousness has to be strong enough to confront the events and truth as experienced. It is hard, for instance, to go view your President Clinton (as we write this minute) playing golf with Bush and Ford and relate to the Maholy material. THAT, however, is what this is all about—

YOU LOOKING AT WHAT IS AND STOP ACCEPTING WHATEVER IS SHOWN OR TOLD TO YOU. THESE ARE BUT PUPPETS CONTROLLED BY THEIR OWN CONTROLLERS AND THEY ARE ALL FITTED WITH MANY FACES FOR MANY PURPOSES—ALL OF WHICH ARE SET TO BRING YOU INTO THEIR POWER AND CONTROL.

MK-ULTRA
MONARCH PROJECT, PART 19

Cathy O'Brien (C.O'B. #20, August, 1994)

U.S. SENATOR J. BENNETT JOHNSTON (D—La.)
“TINKER-ING WITH THE MIND”

My Central Intelligence Agency MK-ULTRA Project Monarch mind-control owner U.S. Senator Robert C. Byrd had ordered me to move to Louisiana in 1977 to be severely traumatized and thus shatter my multiple personalities for programming purposes. As arranged, I was forced to “marry” my first appointed mind-control handler Edward Wayne Cox (re: Occult Serial Killer Wayne Cox, documented 10/91) in his backwoods swamp home in Chatham, La. Cox was a (reportedly) multigenerational incest/occult-based multiple who was trained for mercenary para-military actions under Louisiana U.S. Senator J. Bennett Johnston. For whatever reason, Cox’s programming had gone awry and he utilized his mercenary skills to satisfy his own insane thirst for blood and appetite for consuming human flesh. Due to the covert military and CIA drug operations Cox was privy to and his connections to Senators Johnston and Byrd, Cox remains to this day immune from prosecution for his on-going serial killings and pedophilia crimes despite my repeated pleas to federal, state, and local law enforcement to investigate him. **[H: Some ask how dare I write these things? Well, I remind YOU, HOW DARE THESE MEN DO THESE THINGS? And, how dare you to allow it! One reason for offering so many resources and sources for input here—IS TO FINALLY OVERCOME YOUR ABILITY TO REFUSE TO SEE WHAT IS GOING ON—IT IS ALL OVER THE PLACE AND IS BEING PERPETRATED BY THE SAME PEOPLE IN POWER—OVER AND OVER AGAIN. HOW DARE YOU NOT ATTEND THIS.]** The high crimes against our nation and humanity that I experienced and witnessed by Senator Johnston are among the very atrocities Cox would expose should he be tried in a court of law. By documenting my experience with Senator Johnston, it is my fervent hope that he will have nothing more to lose in allowing Cox to be brought to justice. Cox is but one more example of how our so-called National Security Act is threatening the security of our nation.

[H: Oh, I hear you ones who are saying, “Well, who in the world is J. Bennett Johnston, anyway—he probably isn’t even still a Senator.” Wrong, he is still very much a Senator, born June 10, 1932. He is an “attorney”, as you might have guessed. He claims to be a Baptist, is married to “Mary Gunn, has four children” and looks to be the finest of society’s foundation of upstanding citizenship. It gets to looking pretty bad for him from being an attorney on down; he is on the following committees: Appropriations; Budget; Energy and Natural Resources/Chairman; Special on Aging; Select Intelligence. THOSE CREDENTIALS SHOULD SCARE YOU INTO HIDING. By the way, he was elected to office in 1972 which indicates there is a REAL NEED for term limits!]

Between 1977 and 1980, Edward Wayne Cox performed in the capacity of my mind-control handler for Senator Byrd. During those three years I had several occasions to encounter Senator Johnston in his home state of Louisiana. Although Cox was apparently not under any control, Senator Johnston held the codes, keys and triggers to Cox's mercenary programming. Cox's mother, Mary Cox Farmar, (whom he lives/loves with to date), referred to Johnston casually as "Jayree" behind his back to emphasize her connection to the Senator. Mary insured that Cox, and subsequently I, arrived at specified areas on time as ordered by Johnston and/or Byrd.

On one such occasion in 1978, Mary informed Cox and me that she and her live-in common-law husband, Hal Farmar, were traveling to the nearby town of Shreveport under the pretense of purchasing cars for their used car lot. She claimed that Cox and I would need to go with them and "drive the new cars back to Monroe". Instead of attending an auto auction when we arrived in Shreveport, Mary took Cox and me to one of Senator Johnston's secondary offices near Barksdale Air Force base. As she knocked boldly on the obscure metal door, I read the attached metal sign: "General Dynamics Research and Development". A smaller sign near the doorknob read: "Unlawful to enter premises without prior authorization. All violators will be prosecuted under penalty of federal law." (Note: This information has been validated!)

Johnston, wearing a light-blue leisure suit and smelling strongly of body odor, opened the door. "Well, hey Senator," Mary drawled in her backwoods Louisiana dialect. "I brought the children to see you like you said." She continued muttering in her usual rambling manner, "Yes, well... you know... that, um-hmmm."

Her "good friend Jayree" looked at her with annoyed disgust. "I see that," he said matter of factly. He instructed Mary to wait at the door for a few minutes, then take Cox on with her. He arranged for me to be picked up later from the Monroe airport as I would be staying with him.

Cox and I were ushered into Johnston's barren military-style furnished office. Several photographs hung on the wall and served as the only decor. One photograph was of then President Jimmy Carter and another was of Johnston with Carter. The rest were military pictures of him with U.S. Navy, Air Force, and Army personnel. He sat on the front of his military issue desk and talked to Cox's subconscious mind as he had apparently done numerous times before due to the text of his language. Cryptically referring to Cox's Peter pan theme programming, he began, "As long as your ticker's running, that cork-a-dial you've been feeding over the years will be running right behind you. (Peter) Pan knew how to stay a step ahead of the game and stop the inevitable process of becoming gator bait himself by offering to give him a hand now and then."

Cox dismembered his murdered victims and distributed the "Hands of Glory" to fellow satanists and occult traumatized Pan-theme-programmed mercenaries, while feeding "left overs" body parts to an alligator that lived in the swamp behind his house. This was indicative of his twisted murderous response to Johnston's traumatic Peter Pan-theme programming.

Johnston continued, "I've got to hand it to that Pan, his livelihood of creating hookers for the Captain (Hook) was indeed lucrative. And speaking of creating hookers, a little Byrd told me that a shift from routine hand-ling to a theme that is alien could prove lucrative to you." Johnston was cryptically instructing Cox on Byrd's orders to use alien-theme mind-conditioning on me during the course of my severe occult-

based tortures and traumatizations. Revealing his intent to insure my military mind-control programming, Johnston said, “I’ll lay a little groundwork and set the pattern for countdown. Then I’ll send her out to launch for you, and it is your job to man the craft from there. While you’re at it, I have a plan for you. This plan includes instructions on how to construct your own pyramid.”

Shifting from Cox’s traumatic programming base to one of his primary interests further captivated his attention as Johnston said, “Pyramids, as you both know, create a vortex by the very nature of their structure. The Mayans knew it. Just about the time they discovered they had invited aliens in, they were all taken out. Sucked out by a vacuum of space.” Johnston looked at me perversely, knowing he had triggered my sex programming while instructing Cox. “Your own pyramid will allow for trance-dimensional travel right from your own backyard. The dimensions of your pyramid are to be 9 bye (he waved his fingers) 9 bye (waved at Cox again) 9. Bye.” He jumped down from his desk and led Cox to the door.

Johnston’s dual and triple cryptic language perplexed me at the time. In retrospect, I understand how this component of mind-control allowed for undetected proliferation of criminal covert activity, even when overheard by strangers, to the extent that I believed it must actually be occurring in “another dimension” as I was told.

It had been my experience that Cox would take me to “sacred vortexes” where aliens supposedly could enter Earth’s plane. As usual, the “aliens” we encountered wore U.S. military uniforms. In my severely traumatized and dissociative state, I had believed in the “alien” encounters as Cox did. Since I had not yet endured Peter Pan-theme programming, I did not understand much of anything else that Senator Johnston had cryptically said to Cox. But then, Johnston had deliberately spoken in a manner that only Cox understood since the instructions had been for him and not me. My only interpretation was illogical, that “aliens” would be landing in Cox’s backyard once he built the pyramid “vortex”. Had I been able to decipher the perceptual distortion Johnston created, I would have known that the pyramid had military and mercenary ramifications. All previous “alien” encounters had, in fact, resulted in my accompanying Cox on his rounds of delivering instructions and weapons to a wide array of programmed mercenaries that Johnston controlled. **[H: Are we beginning to ruin some of the good old stories about alien abductions, etc? I certainly do HOPE SO.]**

Alone with the Senator, Johnston manipulated my mind, and ultimately my beliefs and perceptions for future programming. He referred to the picture of himself shaking hands with unknown Navy brass as he dramatically told me, “I was there that fateful day in 1943 when a hole was ripped in the fabric of time through what later became known as the Philadelphia Experiment. All those fine boys vanished along with the ship in a bizarre twist of events that parallels the Atlantic disappearances. A vortex was created in an effort to slip dimensions and become invisible to the enemy. It was a success beyond the highest expectations and launched us all into universal travel. It is no wonder at all that we have had a man on the moon. Traveling to distant planets and galaxies is Mickey Mouse stuff in comparison to the high-tech wizardry of transdimensional travel. Transdimensional travel circumvents all measures of time, including distance and speed. When the fabric of time was torn, we opened ourselves up to intergalactic travel, both in and out of this dimension, and in and out of the future, as well as the past. **[H: Remember, all this garbage is being espoused by Johnston and since so many of you, who are not in Cathy’s state of mind, believe the nonsense, it is worthy of your attention. How many “Channels” tell this same kind of fiction from outer space “aliens”? I don’t mean to spoil all your fun and games—but this**

is simply programming nonsense. Men such as these deceivers are idiots and the very use of “vortexes” and such is a full blown observation of their total ignorance.] At present this is a relatively easy task according to the theory of relativity and abilities gained through the Philadelphia Experiment. I came back an ET myself. I gained the keys to the universe on that fateful day, and I carry them with me now, sharing only a key or two at a time with those who are chosen. **[H: Boy, can’t you just imagine how happy we would be to let this gross excuse for a man hold a key to ANYTHING out here?]** You are a chosen one and therefore must learn the ins and outs of interdimensional travel. Your mission is not that of the mercenary or the missionary. Oh no, your mission is transdimensional. You can span infinite dimensions by learning from me. Take it from me, you’re riding the light. I’ll teach you the groundwork, and you do the light work. The key to the universe lies in the speed of light. The only way to travel is by beam of light. You will learn to go into the light. Down the long dark tunnel toward the pinpoint of light, faster and faster like a bolt of lightning until you are one with the light and traveling freely... soaring through time, past space, and into the ethers of yesteryear and tomorrow. Your mission is to alter the future by altering history as you travel somewhere in time. Your first mission is to learn how to Tinker with time. I’m going to take you on that journey myself. Come with me now. It’s time we were leaving this plane and boarding another.”

Johnston took me the short distance from his General Dynamics-provided office to the Barksdale Air Force Base airfield in Shreveport, Louisiana. He was apparently well known at Barksdale, and a small cargo plane was ready to take us to our destination, Tinker Air Force Base in Oklahoma. Once we were airborne, Johnston accessed my sex programmed personalities for his own aggressive perversion. His use of cocaine further accentuated his hyperactive demeanor as he brutally slung me around the back of the small plane while he had sex with me. At one point the pilot hollered from the cockpit, “Hey, you’re creating turbulence. Knock it off, will you.”

Johnston laughed and responded, “What the fuck do you think I’m doing?”

By the time we arrived at Tinker A.F.B., my arm was beginning to show a dark bruise that extended from my shoulder to my elbow. A uniformed man greeted us as we walked across the airfield. Johnston apparently knew him quite well, and referred to him as “Cap’n” (which tied in with the Peter Pan-theme programming I was about to endure). When he noticed my arm, Cap’n reminded Johnston, “Hey, that’s not necessary, you know.”

“Yeah, I know, Take care of it for me. Here...” Johnston took the straps of my tank top and pulled them down around my forearms (which still could not cover the bruise). “There, that just about covers it.” He smiled and continued, “You look like a Southern belle that way rather than a damned ol’ Yankee anyway.”

Cap’n said, “She’ll be a Tinker-belle by the time we’re through here today.” Then, referring to Johnston’s primary purpose in actually escorting me to Tinker he asked, “How are your South American operations progressing?”

“I’ve got to talk to you about that,” Johnston answered. Apparently the two had worked previously in tandem on given mercenary operations/assignments in the past. “I may need a few of your boys to back me on something.”

“Back you, or cover you?” the Cap’n retorted.

Johnston laughed, “Both if you’ll front the operation.”

I was escorted away from the two by a nurse, who purported to be tending to my injured arm. In fact, she was preparing me for the “Tinker-belle cage” woodpecker grid. The woodpecker grid is an electrified metal cage with an electrified grid bottom and electrified ceiling. Locked inside, I was subjected to high D.C. voltage to compartmentalize the Peter Pan-theme mind-control programming that I, like numerous other Johnston victims, endured. Like Peter Pan’s Tinkerbelle, I learned to “ride the light” as a means of travel, which in essence is a hypnotic induction attached to the flash of white light “seen” while experiencing high voltage. This program had a dual purpose of distorting my illogical perceptions as well as being an effective means of deepening my tranced state. “Riding the light” scrambled my future experiences of being transported by military helicopter or airplane to robotically carry out programs for our corrupt government, with “trance-dimensional” seemingly-instantaneous travel. This phenomena caused my earthly experiences to be perceived as actually occurring in another dimension.

Additionally, my “installed” Tinkerbelle-theme mind-manipulation included a sense of Never-Never-Land timelessness that was rooted in my “natural” inability to comprehend time due to my MPD. All multiples I have known, without exception, appear to age at a slower rate due to their inability to grasp the concept of time due to switching personalities. This phenomena was apparently of particular interest to Senator Johnston, as he claimed it was the reason for his position on the U.S. Senate Special Committee on Aging. “...Astronauts experience this phenomena. Anyone who transports dimensions travels through time and gains the ability to retard their aging process naturally. The Committee on Aging finds this phenomena worthy of study as it will eventually, in time, benefit all of mankind...” **[H: I hope it is becoming clear to you how easy it has been to FOOL THE ASTRONAUTS INTO “THINKING” THEY ARE PERFORMING IN SPACE. IN SPACE IN SPACE-CRAFT THERE IS NO “WEIGHT-LESSNESS”—THAT IS A TOTAL FABRICATION AND IS EASY, AT WORST, TO OVER-COME. THE CLUES OF THE LIES ARE ALL ABOUT YOU AS YOU CONTINUE TO FEED ON THE LIES.]**

Back in Louisiana, Cox and I shared a subconscious understanding of Peter Pan themes and “riding the light”. The difference between us was that Cox consciously activated Tinker Air Force base programming within Johnston’s band of mercenaries, while my trance was perpetual whereby I could “Never-Never-Land”. In other words, I was maintained in a constant PTSD [*Post Traumatic Stress Disorder*] trance! Cox, clad only in his long underwear, flitted and twirled on his toes in a Pan dance in “celebration” of my absolute mind-controlled state.

The next day, Cox obtained the materials necessary to begin construction of his pyramid as ordered. When it was complete, Cox would take me into the structure to “commune with the aliens”. **[H: By the way, does it begin to soak through your New Age minds what you are doing wearing little nothing pyramids on your heads and sleeping under copper pyramids and thus and so? You are simply playing into someone else’s illusions and delusions while making yourselves into silly nin-com-poops. TO TOUCH GOD YOU DON’T NEED ANYTHING SAVE YOU AND HIM! ALL THAT OTHER GARBAGE IS SIMPLY THAT WHICH YOU DREAM UP TO MAKE THINGS NOT YOUR RESPONSIBILITY, I.E., “MY PYRAMID MUST BE DE-ENERGIZED OR**

SOMETHING.” Yes, the mind heals—and other things add to healing but when you move into this kind of experiencing—you are selling your own self very short indeed. A little pyramid atop your brain does only one thing—it makes money for the insulting entity who sold it to you! I say the same thing about the so-called “aliens” that speak and offer sage advice—WATCH THE SPEAKERS—OR YOU WILL END UP RUNNING ABOUT THE MEADOWS PUSHING COW PILES, NAKED, AND LESS A WHOLE LOT OF ASSETS.] In fact, this was only a hypnotic induction and mind scramble that was followed by carrying out orders for Johnston. Cox used untraceable cars and vans with junk-yard license plates/registrations from his mother’s used car lot to transport weapons to various mercenary bunkers throughout Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, and Mississippi. The pyramid doubled as a storehouse for weapons enroute to delivery. Johnston’s drug of choice, cocaine, was transported at the same time in keeping with established CIA routes.

A typical mercenary operation would also include Cox combining his occult serial killing with activating certain mercenaries. Since Cox’s modus operandi for ritualistic murder always included dismemberment of his victims, the hands he expertly severed with a machete and later preserved in his mother’s ceramic shop kiln were used to trigger Johnston’s Peter Pan-theme programmed mercenaries into duty. The occult “Hands of Glory”, doubling as Peter Pan-theme triggers, cause Cox to insanely merge his Tinker-programmed role with that of his backwoods witchcraft role as the satanic role-model Pan. This also served to continuously traumatize and fragment my mind as planned by Byrd due to the perpetual horror in which I was forced to exist.

I was with Cox on numerous occasions when, in the course of running guns and/or cocaine as instructed by Johnston, he delivered the severed hand. The recipient would instantaneously trance and trigger into Peter Pan-theme Tinker-based program, while Cox delivered instruction for specified missions. This method of operation insured that mercenary missions were orchestrated and carried out in secrecy due to the mind-controlled compartmentalization of the participants’ memory. Additionally, mind control insured that mercenary missions were carried out with highly trained and skilled accuracy in military robotic manner. There were times when the severed hand was not necessary for activating mercenaries, and Cox would utilize a method used for calling in members of his occult coven for ritual. He simply pushed telephone tones in the sequence of “Mary Had a Little Lamb” or other previously programmed sequences to activate mind-controlled victims.

Johnston “justified” his use of mind-controlled mercenaries to me in his Shreveport office by saying, “Mercenaries are missionaries who follow their inner guidance system rather than their old Uncle Sam. Politics hinder the route to freedom, and these boys slip under international laws, undetected, to carry out the work the military boys only dream of doing. It is our God-given right to insure freedom world wide. We are one nation under God, and we must follow ‘HIS’ ways first rather than the ways of the world. There are those who do not worship our God. These heathens may not see the light. They do not know the way to freedom, and they hinder us in our efforts through political entanglements called international law. God and country come first, and when one nation under God becomes one world under God, then we will be at peace. Until that time, we have to find our own route to peace, and this includes mercenary missions behind the scenes, out of view of international law. I take those boys who would be a menace to our society due to misdirected violence, and give them direction. Mercenaries are in themselves weapons, and it is up to me to point them in the right direction in order that they kill the opposition rather than our own people. When they turn on our own, it’s time to ship them out and make some sense and meaning of

their lives.”

At the time Johnston told me this, I was being severely tortured and traumatized to the point of fragmentation of my multiple personalities. Through the veil of my own insanity, I somehow surpassed robotic program to voice a suggestion rooted in terror. This would be one of the last suggestions I was able to think to make before being rescued from my mind-controlled existence in 1988. Though not consciously connecting with the basis for my plea, I had witnessed Cox’s murdering and dismemberments which far surpassed that which he was instructed to do. He was routinely preying on a faction of society that would not be missed, such as transients, relishing in the splatter of blood as he stabbed, dismembered, and cannibalized them. I managed to tell Senator Johnston, “I think it’s time you shipped Wayne (Cox) out somewhere to serve our country.”

Aware that Cox’s propensity for murder was also being used for Byrd’s deliberate shattering of my multiple personalities for programming purposes, Johnston dodged my subtle plea. “I have found another direction for Wayne (Cox). Rather than send him out in the field, I have sent him on the road (musicians’ term). His talents are greater in the (country music) business he is in than they are working for me.” An avid country music fan, Johnston continued, “He is one of the greatest steel guitar players of our time, and it would be a pity to waste such talent in the field. I like to keep him closer to home. This way he can supply those mercenaries with the weapons and incentives they need to carry out their missions, picking and grinning all the way. As for you, your talents lie elsewhere. Lie on your back. Senator Byrd has a plan for you. While you are in my jurisdiction, I’ll help him give you the direction you need.”

“You know Senator Byrd?” I asked, my horror compounding.

“He and I share far more than a partisan preference,” Johnston replied. Byrd’s (well publicized) affiliation with the KKK had been instrumental in his choosing Johnston’s racist region to perpetuate my victimization. Cox’s Uncle Henry Cox had led a large KKK organization for years, in which Cox participated and Johnston reportedly condoned. Referring to the KKK, Johnston continued, “There is a special bank of mercenaries who congregate in the night, wearing the robes of righteousness. It is their sworn duty to carry out the work of the Lord by annihilating the vermin that have found their way into our country, polluting our land with their vile filth and contemptuousness. Our attempts to sweep them under the rug out of sight out of mind have failed. Their stench still permeates the air. They are not of this world, and therefore need help leaving this world. Your husband is one such soldier in our army. His cloaks are many, and none are more valuable than his cloak of secrecy.”

Cox fed his black victims to the swamp alligators, claiming they were not fit for his consumption. I could not grasp the reality that Senator Johnston was condoning this, and reiterated my terror as best as I could manage. “He scares me,” I said in a small voice.

“You are scared only because you do not understand,” Johnston justified. “There is nothing to fear but fear itself. You have a lot to learn, and I’d like to teach you a thing or two. I’d like to teach you a thing or two about respectful obedience and silence. Your tongue wags too much and needs to be directed—right to the head of my cock. Get your sweet ass over here, and do what you do best.”

I had no alternative but to comply with his orders. I had lost my free will and could not think to escape

my man-made hell. Senator J. Bennett Johnston only contributed to my mental demise.

[END OF QUOTING]

Enough for today. We serve where and when we can and the load of such information grows heavy.

How can you tell when you are up against such dastardly-intentioned people as we are now writing about? You note that in EVERY INSTANCE—they practice all the things which ARE AGAINST GOD, DECENCY, COUNTRY AND GOODNESS. THEY ARE PURELY EVIL IN ACTION AND INTENT—THE “TELLING” IS EASY. WHEN A MAN TELLS YOU TO DO SOMETHING AGAINST THE LAWS OF GOD AND THE CREATION **AND YOU DO IT—HE HAS BECOME YOUR SLAVE-MASTER.** So be it for in the tiny-most part of living you are made naked to the attackers if you ever taint self with their evil. Good evening.

* * *

AFTERWORD FROM CATHY O'BRIEN
TO HELP PROTECT DAUGHTER KELLY

Editor's note: As we were going to press, we just received the following Epilogue from Mark Phillips' and Cathy O'Brien's soon-to-be-released book titled, TRANCE FORMATION OF AMERICA. (Isn't that a GREAT title for an exposé on this madness!)

We are offering it here by a special, heart-felt request from Cathy who also informs us that her daughter, Kelly, is in a very “volatile situation which explosively escalates in direct proportion to Mark and Cathy's successes pertaining to public awareness” about this mind-control madness. That situation with Kelly, now age 15, is so delicate and dangerous and interwoven with the actions of now-desperate high-level crooks we frequently call “public servants” and “entertainers”, that ANY activity on her behalf must be very carefully measured before action is taken.

Therefore, for now, all we are able to offer toward her protection is the following information which will not only shed some light on her predicament but hopefully also KEEP THE SPOTLIGHT FOCUSED on these depraved beings who would deny Kelly freedom to further their black habits. Let us hope that, along with your prayers, this is sufficient for the moment.

EPILOGUE

Absolute mind control was the only existence we knew until Mark Phillips rescued my then 8-year-old daughter, Kelly, and me, directly from the CIA/DIA's MK Ultra Project Monarch in 1988. Through a series of carefully orchestrated events, Mark cleverly maneuvered our mind-control handler, Alex Houston, into a position of “trust” that provided him the latitude to lift us free of our existence unscathed. When my “owner”, U.S. Senator Robert C. Byrd, and other so-called leaders of our country involved in the Project realized the problem Alex Houston's bumbling had created, Mark took us to the safety of Alaska where we began remembering that which we were supposed to forget.

The safety and serenity of Alaska provided an atmosphere conducive to deprogramming, despite the

pandemonium that ensued. Mark Phillips was the first man who not only did not abuse us, but cared for our welfare and well being. His patient, gentle manner was therapeutic, while his propensity for handling weapons and apparent intellect kept us safe against all odds. Through his noble actions, Mark taught Kelly and I that the world in which we had existed for so long was contrary to most human behavior. We learned that goodness does exist on this Earth, and that there were those in Washington, D.C. who refused to tolerate the mind-control atrocities they witnessed us and others enduring.

As my eyes opened and I woke up to reality, I became enraged. Enraged for the traumas inflicted on my daughter. Enraged for a lifetime of abuse at the hands of our country's so-called "leaders". Enraged that the American public had no idea as to who and what was/is running their country. Mark helped me refocus my rage in a productive direction when he told me, "The best revenge is total recovery."

I began recovering at the rate of 18 hours a day through intensive therapy destined to restore my memory and, ultimately, my mind. I learned the ins and outs of my own mind, and wrote out my memories in a journal. The stack of journals grew, as over a decade of White House/Pentagon-level abuse flooded my mind and intruded on my thoughts. Pictures from my past flashed across my mind as neuron pathways opened in my brain. I was regaining access to my own mind and control over my future by recovering my past.

Best of all, I was falling deeply in love with Mark Phillips. Why wouldn't I fall in love? He rescued my daughter and I from certain demise, restoring my free will, was helping me recover in total safety, and was the polar opposite of my abusers. He treated me with love, respect, and thoughtful consideration. Equally as important, Mark proved to be an ideal father figure to Kelly. He provided her with unconditional love and deep understanding. Through him, Kelly caught a glimpse of how kind men could be _and how good life could be. I had long since ceased to dare to hope such a man even existed.

The love factor in my recovery is considerable. Not only did Mark Phillips save my life, but now I had reason to live it!

The love we share kept me going at times _like when Kelly was institutionalized in 1989 for homicidal/suicidal behavior. The loving relationship that Mark shared with Kelly during our short year together as a family was sufficient to arm her with the strength to survive her ensuing ordeal as a victim of the so-called mental health and criminal "justice" system.

Kelly, now 15, remains a political prisoner in the custody of the State of Tennessee, where she is denied qualified therapy for the MK Ultra Project Monarch mind-control abuses she endured. The State of Tennessee, under the politically powerful influence of Kelly's abusers, is in violation of numerous laws and civil rights in their determined efforts to keep Kelly from qualified therapy and the family she loves.

While many of those in positions to make a difference in Kelly's case operate on a "Need To Know" basis, rather than deliberately conspire with the bad guys, a closer look into Kelly's case history should raise serious questions in their minds. Questions like: "What could a child have to do with the so-called 'National Security' of our country?" The Juvenile Court judge presiding over Kelly's case closed the doors to the media and onlookers for "reasons of National Security" while gross and blatant violations of laws and rights ensued.

For over three long years, Kelly and I have been denied our right to an unbiased attorney, while court-appointed advocates and so-called “guardians” join forces with attorneys paid off by my pedophile father. My own court-appointed “attorney” doubles for the Juvenile Court judge when he takes a day off and has yet to represent my interest. My interest is in Kelly’s well being and future and if she will have a future at all.

Kelly is deliberately denied access to her past, of most of which she is still amnesic, due to whom and what she would recall. I am denied access to Kelly for fear she would be triggered into remembering by my mere presence. As for my deliberately “triggering” Kelly to remember what she was supposed to forget, as her abusers fear, it has been my experience that recovery must come from the inside out. Not from outside input. I want no less for Kelly than the piece/peace of mind I have gained through qualified rehabilitation. Which raises the questions: Why has the Juvenile Court prohibited us from saying the name “George Bush?” Why is the “Wizard of Oz” a taboo subject for Kelly while the State of Tennessee provides her with Stephen King horror novels? Why are Kelly and I forbidden by the court to say the words “President”, “politics”, and “mind control”?

In an attempt by state workers to “normalize” our relationship, Kelly and I are forbidden to discuss the past, my immediate efforts to affect her dire and desperate situation, or future plans as a family.

Most appalling and unjust to Kelly is the State of Tennessee’s refusal to allow her any contact whatsoever with Mark Phillips. While I am hindered from sharing any private conversations with my daughter due to court ordered supervision of censorship, Kelly is denied the right to even wave to Mark across the parking lot. Considering that, like me, Mark has never been named as an abuser, never been declared unfit, or violated any court orders, the question must be asked: Why does the State of Tennessee go to such lengths to ensure no communications between Kelly and the man who rescued her and taught the meaning of unconditional love?

Kelly has asked these questions for years to no avail. The State of Tennessee refuses to even acknowledge her request for “an unbiased attorney who will represent her interests instead of those of the State.” Kelly’s pleas for an attorney to represent her go no farther than the deaf ears of the assigned state social worker “managing” her case. This social worker is operating on a “Need To Know” basis that has no basis, and she “Needs To Know” that she, along with the State of Tennessee, will be held accountable in the event that Kelly hurts someone or herself.

Kelly’s frustrations have mounted beyond her ability to cope. I applaud Kelly for her determined but weakened efforts to stay in control of her own mind despite being denied qualified rehabilitation for the devastating results of Project Monarch mind-control abuses. Kelly’s daily attempts to accomplish the impossible of psychoLOGICALLY managing her psychiatric disorder is proportionate to her high intellect and willful determination. But it is not enough to fend off the Psychological Warfare that has been waged against her through CIA Damage Containment practices designed to keep her contained in amnesic silence. She needs help. She needs a collective voice.

Kelly can be helped through public outcry and through abolishing the 1947 National Security Act (and 1984 Reagan Amendment to same) that has destroyed the true security of our once great nation. You can write the State of Tennessee demanding to know why Kelly is being denied her right to qualified rehabilitation:

c/o: Cathy O'Brien

P. O. Box 158352; Nashville, Tennessee 37215

And please write your Congressmen and Senators demanding that the so-called "National Security Act" be repealed. Do it today. Thank you.

CHAPTER 3

REC #1 HATONN

SUN., FEB. 19, 1995 6:56 A.M. YEAR 8, DAY 187

SUN., FEB. 19, 1995

TOO IMPORTANT TO PASS

If you were to have outsiders looking at your Earth Political Actions this day you would find that, of your civilization's widespread carnage—you are still known, universally, as the Egyptian era. In other words, the eyes of the universe are turned upon you and relationships in the Middle East. You have built your civilizations such as to end up honoring other civilizations and ongoing fragments as “somehow good and honorable” from the shards and fragments of those old empires of the SERPENT PEOPLE. Where there is “myth” there is usually a smoldering fire.

While you in the U.S. and Western World are focused on such idiocy as the O.J. Simpson trial and other equally “staged” events—the world turns and events take place which are SUPPOSED to elude your searching eyes. Mr. Seares has been on location in several very important spots and will have a lot to say when he has time to pull together his notes and on-site observations. However, in an effort to allow you insight to urgent and tragic events of the Elite One Worlders, you must know of some happenings so that you don't wake up one morning with a cancelled trial-viewing and not know upon what to focus “catch-up”.

I only ask that the first part of this message be shared early for our day of meeting is solely for the purpose of filming Jordan Maxwell and you need to know something about him as tapes and film go off to various receivers.

As for myself, I want no attention whatsoever. Why? Because it is a distraction. Let us consider response as we introduce Mr. Maxwell. Some of you will know him, some of you will be aware of his writings and some of you will have not the slightest idea who he is. Suppose, further, that he cannot be present for some reason and can only “phone in” to a prepared meeting place. That wouldn't leave much to “film” but it would not interfere with the information flow AT ALL. In fact, you would be able to get all the information right over phone lines. Others can even, if prepared, have pictures to coincide with subject material. Do not ever confuse TRUTH with the TRUTH-BRINGER. A truth-bringer is a facilitator (a messenger, an angel if you will). MOST information of truth comes directly from the uncovering of the shrouded facts which are efforted at hiding. A lot of the facts will be hidden in plain sight so that you view the proof of your enemy's presence but he will have told you something about what you see—A LIE—and you will accept it because you will refuse to watch WHAT HE DOES in variance to that which he teaches. Finally, he will tell you truth about his battle against you and you will allow it because by then he will have trained you to accept him—evil and all. He will simply tell you that spiritually there is no “evil”, only bigotry and hate-stance. So, you will go forth and “HUG A TREE”, kiss the Earth and allow any and everything—in the guise of “religion” or “being”, “allowing” and “unconditional love”.

Along those lines may I point out how “unconditional” some of “that love” REALLY is. I and mine are accused of being evil, sinister, criminals, and generally usurpers of goodness, truth and honor. Mr. Leon Fort, through and with George Green, has gone to battle against us while whining and spewing venom if we defend selves. This is THE first sign—the same as Jason Brent. Well, I don’t BLAME anyone and much the less Leon Fort because he is USED by the Hatemongers claiming this “unconditional love” garbage while they try diligently to destroy.

How do I DARE say such things? Because of what has evolved as the legal cases go on as pushed by them. Leon Fort followed the instructions of George Green in the FIRST place, then changed his approach to follow when Green changed his approach and assault, and then Leon finally allied himself with others who could see getting at his property while he couldn’t do anything save offer “unconditional love”. Ah, but do we have PROOF? Indeed—I never speak without proof. But what is it? Well, he helped his buddy, Paul, serve legal papers on a whole bunch of you unsuspecting and unattached people around California and Nevada—who have nothing to do with anything (so the case itself is unlawful)—but out of such trashing—comes need for investigation ON THE PART OF THE COURTS (not always bad). You see this “Paul” through Attorney Abbott filed with the COURT that he had nothing to do with Mr. Fort’s affairs and was eligible to serve legal summons as Mr. Fort would point out people to receive. [Now this is the same “Paul” who pushes sovereignizing without any reasonable intelligence about it or factual information of consequences after being warned of those consequences.] But now you have someone wanting Mr. Fort’s funds even worse than did Mr. Green. So what do you find? You will find that Mr. Fort no longer runs or holds his CORPORATION, *Infinite Balance*—BUT RATHER, PAUL IS NOW PRESIDENT AND ANN BEAM IS BOTH SECRETARY AND TREASURER. This means that Mr. Fort has turned his corporation over to a man who will lie under oath, lie to the court and act illegally and the other positions of highest need for total integrity, the secretary and treasurer positions are held by one who came to this area from Arizona and a “witch’s coven” association and said she was George Green’s “emissary” (agent) from Arizona.

So, who can you believe? You don’t have to BELIEVE anyone—YOU JUDGE THROUGH ACTIONS! IF THERE IS ONE INTENT THAT IS NOT IN TRUTH WITH GOD’S LAWS—IT IS NOT TRUTH, IT IS SHAM. And I am continually getting everyone into trouble by TELLING THE TRUTH—so be it, if you don’t want people to know TRUTH of your ACTIONS, if you pretend to work for/with me—you had better be prepared for I work in the OPEN and I also reveal that about others which involved me or mine! I FULLY INTEND TO REVEAL EVERY COVERED EVIL I FIND—FOR THE EVIL PRETENDERS TO THE THRONE OF THE WORLD CANNOT STAND THE LIGHT OF TRUTH SHINED UPON THEM. And, further, the Judges in these Nevada cases have now been allowed the enemy’s unfolding of his own deceit to the point that eventually they will see to it that things are handled rightfully for they will have too much attention shone upon them to do otherwise. If a man will tell you one lie—he will tell you infinite lies to cover the first.

EGYPT

Egypt is the seat of the most anti-God/Christ location on Earth. Does this mean that the Egyptians of today, the Arabs of today, etc., are evil and corrupt? Well, that is not my focus at the moment so we will leave that fascinating subject to the uncovering through the symbology present and proving of the facts.

The point is that there are current meetings (Peace meetings) going on in the Middle East (Cairo)—Remember? Well, what is happening instead of PEACE is a full-out “massacre” ordered against the Muslim dissenters. While you waited for Denise Brown to testify against O.J. the squads dressed as BATF and secret police (MASKED) were off doing a little shooting practice for the day. Over 227 people were outright murdered in a couple of days. Far lesser atrocities sent Clinton and your military into Haiti. Think about this.

CONDONED BY UN

Not only are the actions condoned by the UN but U.S. Ambassador Madeline Albright condoned the carnage, calling it “a firm pacification strategy by southern Egypt”. And then it comes—the uncovering. It is known and now Albright is being cited for “strong ethnic and cultural links to Israel”, which prompts her to support, not just Israel’s moves, but the policies of its most brutal political faction, the LIKUD. So you have the LIKUD, the MISHPUCKA and the MOSSAD—all in full operation all over the globe! By the way, the masked murderers were and are ISRAELIS! You might as well be back in the time of the “terrible” Pharaohs.

YOU NEW REPUBLICANS

As you huddle in your strategy sessions you had better take a good hard look at what has just happened with what is called H.R. 666.

Any of you who CLAIM to want Constitutional RIGHTS and laws had better look at what has happened, VERY CAREFULLY. Just see how your Congress handled the legislative process around the “**Exclusionary Rule Reform Act of 1995**”—a plank out of that new platform called “**Contract with America**”.

The H.R. 666 is designed to allow police officers more leeway in searching suspects and properties. It would legislatively expand the ‘good faith’ exception to situations where law enforcement officials gather evidence WITHOUT a warrant.

In other words, if a police officer or any “arm” of the so-called law wants to search you or your property, and even seize it, all he/she has to offer is a “good reason” to search. The “good reason” is purely at the discretion of the searching party.

Well, the *Constitution* guards against that very thing—so, what have you? An obvious setting aside of your *Constitution*. Further, there will be NO policing of the STRONG-ARMS OF THE POLICE FORCES including the INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE AND THE BUREAU OF ALCOHOL, TOBACCO AND FIREARMS. They are excluded from any higher command—except through H.R. 97 and the highest power around, Janet Reno!

YOU CAN EXPECT AN IMMINENT MOVE AGAINST ALL MILITIAS AND PATRIOT GROUPS—I REPEAT, IMMINENT. The plans were leaked for action on or by the 25th of March. Since that element of “surprise” has been lost—you can expect it this afternoon or on the 27th—it can happen any time! I am going to repeat something else, readers. WE ARE NOT A PATRIOT GROUP, NOR A MILITIA, NOR A SUBVERSIVE ORGANIZATION. WE HAVE

APAPER AND WRITE. THE PEN IS OUR ONLY WEAPON AND MOST OF THE TIME WE USE A KEYBOARD WHICH IS HOOKED RIGHT INTO THE SUPERHIGHWAY—BY THE SERVICES OF EDWARDS AIR FORCE BASE (NOW A UN OPERATION), THE CIA—A BRANCH OF BRITISH-ISRAEL’S INTELLIGENCE (KGB-MOSSAD GROUP) AND SEVERAL OTHERS WHO GET THE INFORMATION WE WRITE—FIRST! *CONTACT* is re-printed and distributed in such places as Washington DC before we can get it into print here—the layout is taken directly from surveillance cameras as the people put it to order. Does this concern us? NO, I WANT NO-ONE TO THINK WE DO ANYTHING WHICH WOULD CROSS THE LAWS OF THE LAND—REGARDLESS OF HOW FOOLISH OR UNCONSTITUTIONAL. I welcome the attention and surveillance for it is thusly known that we do NOT practice any kind of weaponry consideration. I am very happy, in fact, that some have LOST what “arms” they had gathered. Yes, I do speak of Eleanor and son—they took all the guns and ammunition even from John’s old-time collection of non-useable firearms. They even took the kitchen knives and, until John understands the position, it shall remain that way. I want them to have the weapons when raided—not John who sometimes thinks he must “defend” with weapons. No, readers, guns will get you killed. A pop-gun, “b-b” or “pellet” shooter is ok for stirring the dirt behind a predator after your pets or birds, but no other. I PROMISE YOU, READERS, THE “PATRIOT” MOVEMENT IS SET FORTH TO DESTROY TRUE PATRIOTS. YOU WILL NOT WIN THIS WAR WITH WEAPONS OF VIOLENCE. NEITHER WILL THE WAR OF THE WORLDS BE WON OR LOST WITH “WEAPONS”, SAVE “CREATOR/CREATION’S” “MIRACLE CURE” ELIXIR KNOWN AS “TRUTH AND LIGHT”.

Does this mean that ones such as Eustace Mullins, Jordan Maxwell or other writers shouldn’t speak to or at such groups? I can’t answer that as ones will do what ones must do but it does give the enemy a chance to arrest you and, in the arresting, there are no funds to get freedom—so it seems better in wisdom to live to speak another day outside the “suspected” subversive organizations. If ones wish to push anarchy or mutiny—fine, but do it somewhere other than in my presence—and do not use us as a tool of some kind of “proof”. I PUSH NO ANARCHY OR EVEN BENDING OF THE WORD SUBVERSIVE. YOU WILL REGAIN YOUR FREEDOM AND NATION AND GOVERNMENT—BY BUILDING ANOTHER FROM FOUNDATION (UPON THE *CONSTITUTION* YOU HAVE) UP! YOU DON’T NEED A WASHINGTON DC TO DO SUCH A THING—YOU NEED PEOPLE WHO ARE WILLING TO WORK WITHIN THE *CONSTITUTION*—AND FREELY GIVE OF THEMSELVES AND THAT WHICH THEY HAVE—TO SERVE. REMEMBER: THOSE CONGRESSMEN AND LEADERS ARE **YOUR SERVANTS**??!!

JORDAN MAXWELL

Our focus today is on one person, one topic—JORDAN MAXWELL AND THAT WHICH HE CHOOSES TO SHARE.

Mr. Maxwell, who graciously gives permission to refer to himself as “Jordan” has been a respected and diligent researcher in the fields of religion and political topics for some thirty-five years, actually far more if counting the childhood input which, in this case, is far more important as a foundation than that which has come since.

He is becoming more and more “wanted” on the information circuits as truth begins to peep through the clouds of intended ignorance. He has conducted many intensive seminars and radio and television shows including some which have actually made it to a major network. He does not go about flinging outrageous and unprovable facts to blow out the system before he can be heard. He speaks with knowledge, education, documentation and factual evidence. This brings ridicule, yes, by the paid disinformation cliques but it first brings RESPECT as irrefutable evidence is presented for eyes and ears to see and hear.

As other truth-bringers (“angels”, messengers of truth) have been assaulted and destruction attempted, so too has Mr. Maxwell NOT BEEN SPARED the devastation and continuous assault upon life and family. It is hard to persevere under the slings, arrows and blows of the enemy trying to keep his secrets but GOD sees that the perseverance allows that very assaulting to be THE CREDIBILITY of the truth brought forth.

Mr. Maxwell, Jordan, is going to cross over that river (let us call it the “Jordan River” in truth and acceptance) for the time of enlightenment is come, readers and listeners. The time of God is at Hand—in—TRUTH so that mankind can evaluate his circumstances and choose his own evolvment. Religion has been the controlling factor on your planet in all civilizations—THE LIE PREVAILS—and civilizations are lost. We are pleased and honored to have Jordan share with us while filming can be accomplished that the WORD can be shared during a time when the Controlled media disallow any truth a hearing or viewing save by accidental oversight.

Jordan is not going to give you NEW VIEWING of things of which are buried from your eyes! The clues, the symbols and the very controlling images are BEFORE YOU CONSTANTLY, EVEN ON YOUR CURRENCY, PODIUMS, ON THE WALLS OF CONGRESS, ETC. EVERYWHERE AROUND YOU. THE ENEMY HAS TAKEN YOU WHILE YOU SLEPT AND HE PRETENDED TO BE YOUR FRIEND AND GOODLY NEIGHBOR AND YET DID DASTARDLY THINGS OF EVIL IN THE DARK PLACES OF SECRET ORDERS AND UNDER COVER OF THAT DARK SHROUDING OF SECRET INTENT AND ACTION.

Don’t concern yourselves with such as extraterrestrials—anything off the planet is extraterrestrial so there is nothing extraordinary about travelers, capabilities, etc. If there be God—there must be GOODNESS! Evil is attached to the things of physical “sensing” and with the pressures and control of the technologies abundant—the physical can be controlled and the mind enslaved. That means that the SOUL can also be enslaved and destroyed as to goodness. You have reached the point of no reasonable “return” in your physical experience upon the planet in a society of Evil intent. How do you change the passage? Through the same thing that destroyed your civilization—TO CHANGE THE WORLD YOU FIRST HAVE TO CHANGE YOUR MIND! THROUGH THE “MIND” HAVE THEY CAPTURED YOU—THROUGH THE MIND SHALL YOU FIND FREEDOM AND THE WEAPONS ARE TRUTH AND LIGHT. THE ENEMY USES WARS AS DISTRACTORS—HE HAS CAPTURED **YOU BY CAPTURING THE MIND/SOUL**. You have been trained and programmed without letup to think and act as ordered. He has gained control of your MINDS and holds you THROUGH YOUR MIND AND FREEDOM WILL ONLY COME BY YOUR REGAINING CONTROL OF YOUR MIND—AND THE REST WILL FOLLOW FOR IT MUST DO SO.

It looks pretty bleak when you can get perhaps sixty people to come hear TRUTH and sixty-thousand trampling one another to see a ball-game played by “someone” else. Or when you can have a WORLD-

WIDE HOOKUP for people of every nation in the world to watch a few attorneys playing circus games in a Los Angeles Courtroom and yet cannot get a word in edgewise between the lies, even on the “religious” networks across the street. Why do you think the “religious” networks are flourishing so grandly, even in Israel where they believe not in Christianity? Because they offer furtherance of the lies of the very adversary and such as rebuilding of temples of evil (after the current owners are slain) and raptures which are total LIES.

Indeed, you are in trouble, world. But all you have to do, in reality—is OPEN YOUR MIND AND KNOW TRUTH. FOR WHEN YOU KNOW TRUTH, WHICH IS GOD—NO MAN CAN COME AGAINST YOU! We ask no recognition for anything other than bringers and presenters of TRUTH—all else is of no value or notice and those who would distract by kibitzing over resources are in error of good judgement. Wisdom demands that truth be taken for its validity and the bringer only the carrier. Focus on the “man” in the play and allow the “directors” to be heard and without focus. Evil will always want the director to be first in recognition—and becomes his downfall. When the ego no longer must have center-stage—the RECOGNITION COMES EASILY AS DO THE ULTIMATE REWARDS OF SUCCESS.

Thank you and may we share truth that our people can find the way.

CHAPTER 4

REC #1 HATONN

MON., FEB. 20, 1995 7:37 A.M. YEAR 8, DAY 188

MON., FEB. 20, 1995

SHOCK RECOVERY THERAPY

When you are recovering from traumatic shock and the mind seems a bit numb and confused, what do you do? You get your hands on every bit of related material until you are no longer shocked! Move then from shock to righteous anger and then, IN WISDOM, go get your hands (MIND) ONTO EVERYTHING YOU CAN FIND RELATED TO THE TRUE HISTORICAL DOCUMENTATION OF THAT WHICH HAS BOMBARDED OR OFFENDED YOU.

How do you get people to look at and see the truth of TRUE history? Perhaps you don't. Certainly there is no way, until a mind is eager to change and see, to have ability to reach through with other than what is locked within.

MAN IS NOT AT PEACE

Even those who claim to be "BORN AGAIN" do not find peace—only longing for the days of catastrophe or change enough to become one with the newly found ideals. When the PLOT has been to bring all people within the LIE, there is great difficulty in stopping the lies and turning about the many. However, since mankind does not longer actually believe in the evil being perpetrated upon him, he is riper for change than you might realize. When, AS NOW, you find people searching to find God in the churches, then turning away as they realize the "CHURCHES" are not of GOD but rather, a rather poor excuse for MAN'S own tampering—the restless seek a place of trust, love in truth—AND TRUTH. When you stop CHASING after the gold or brass ring—and SEE AND HEAR, the TRUTH CAN BE SEEN AND HEARD.

MAN AT THE CROSSROADS

No one likes to hear that their "religion" is incorrect for they have invested their assets and themselves into the adventure. One goes to the "churches" to find solace and peace only to find just another category of CONTROL over his being. It is all but impossible, until something really horrendous happens within the churches that proves, personally, misdirection, that a person will see or hear for FEAR fills his heart as he questions yet another avenue of disappointment. Many go to churches and a counselor to "fix" something that is not broken—you saw the lie in the first place and to "fix" what ails you, next, you have to "break" something else.

MANY TRUTH BRINGERS

You are now trained to look to A MAN—JESUS. This man is the fulfillment of the prophecies. However, the teachings were to fulfill a prophecy, alright, but a far different prophecy than you have perceived.

Your species came immediately under the control of liars and cheats. You came to a place for experience and found that the worshipers worshiped only the physical and specifically the pornographic pretense of expression. You murdered, raped, pillaged and plundered and did it in the name of evil and in the name of good. IT IS NEVER RIGHTEOUS OR MORAL TO DO ANY OF THESE THINGS—**NEVER**. But you have managed to turn on the laws of the TRUE GOD CREATOR and allow these practices to become your MASTERS. No MAN called Jesus or anything else WILL SOMEHOW SAVE YOU. **YOU WILL SAVE YOU OR YOU WILL NOT BE “SAVED”**. You must begin to think **WHY the things are thrust upon you and, moreover—WHY DO YOU ACCEPT GARBAGE AS A FEAST?**

SEX

Oops! I used the “S” word. Well, yes, for through sexual activity is how you procreate and carry on a species. HOWEVER, I suggest you use that toy for what it is intended and GOVERN self by that organ which was intended for your use—THE BRAIN (MIND) in your searching and seeking. You condemn the preacher who has an affair with a whore? Why? His church, YOUR CHURCH, actually worships the very symbols that “make the whore”. You do not “worship” the TRUTH which the Masters brought—that the Messengers and Angels shared, you murdered the messengers, turned to the very blood you spilled and wiped it upon yourselves, pretending it could give you immortality for your immoral activities.

You wonder why a child would turn to Satanism to experience. Why do you wonder? You have guided him up in the ways of confusion and conflict, and present him with ONLY THE LIE by which to mark his way. YOU LIVE THE LIE AND THAT WHICH YOU AS PARENTS “LIVE” IS THAT WHICH THE CHILD SHALL DO. Ah, but many will say, “But I didn’t live the lie, I went to Church and lived the ‘truth’ as best I could.” DID YOU? You became, perhaps, a church “member” and mastered the art of going to the club-house and becoming forgiving—OF EVERYTHING, UNTIL FINALLY YOU ACCEPTED, WITHIN, THE VERY TEACHER OF EVIL. YOU VOTED IN THE IMMORAL THINGS TO BE UNCONDITIONALLY LOVING “AS WAS THE SAVIOR”. I have terrible news for you—NO “SAVIOR” WAS EVER TOLERANT OF EVIL! Perhaps every messenger “forgives” for that is not one of the duties of a “messenger”, to judge. However, no Messenger and no perceived “savior” EVER FORGETS nor comes to unconditional acceptance. God has a set of “CONDITIONS”—and you of souled beings—KNOW THOSE RULES FROM THE ONSET OF THE HUMAN SPECIES. LOOK AT WHAT AND WHY YOU DO THINGS IN THE DARK TO BE HIDDEN AND SECRETED AWAY. What do YOU know REALLY about the goings on in the offices and doctrine-writing meetings of the Masters of YOUR CHURCH? Do you care? WHY DON’T YOU CARE? BECAUSE YOU KNOW THE LIE IS PREVAILING AND YOU JUST DON’T WANT TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT! So be it. I am not here to “SAVE” you either.

I marvel at the numbers of calls I get to “somehow” save you. I have NO RIGHT NOR OBLIGATION to SAVE anything. My mission as presented by God is to bring you TRUTH. However, most of you are looking for more warm cozy places to tend you, attend you, and allow you to feel “unconditional love” which allows you all sorts of “forgiven” misbehaviors. I DO NOT CONDONE ALMOST ALL OF

WHAT YOU DO AND/OR INTEND TO DO.

BUT HOW CAN YOU KNOW?

YOU KNOW!! You PRETEND you do not know because KNOWING requires self-responsibility. Even the child who misbehaves and is “out of control” is out of control BECAUSE YOU DO NOT CARE ENOUGH OR FEEL UNFIT ENOUGH OR **FEAR ENOUGH** SO AS TO BE LOST IN THE DESIRE NOT TO FACE RESPONSIBILITY. YOU WOULD RATHER PLAY IN AND “SAVE THE WORLD” THAN THAT WHICH YOU DID NOT UNDERSTAND IN THE FIRST PLACE. LOVE AND DISCIPLINE IN APPROPRIATE MEASURE—NEVER INJURED A CHILD—BUT RATHER ALLOWED THE CHILD TO GROW AND THRIVE UPON THE GOOD ROAD. YOU ARE SUCKED IN BY THE CHARM OF THE SERPENT PEOPLE—THEY HISS AND MESMERIZE AND LIE TO YOU FOR THAT VERY PURPOSE—**TO SUCK YOU IN AND THEN SUCK YOU DRY.**

FREEDOM

Freedom comes when you find truth, face truth, take up truth and turn about and face your lying, cheating, deceitful enemy of life. When you KNOW TRUTH you are instantly no longer in weakness and, in that revelation, you are strong, creative and NOTHING ON SUCH AS A PHYSICAL PLANE OF AN EARTH CAN TOUCH YOU. Truth can present FREEDOM—but you HAVE TO KNOW THE TRUTH—FIRST.

I suggest every last reader get the information we are presenting with Jordan Maxwell—just as quickly as you can. You will disbelieve, then you will realize the facts and documentation of the subject, then you will laugh and cry and feel the fool—AND THEN, PERHAPS, YOU WILL LOOK AT THE WORLD DIFFERENTLY—SEE GOD IN TRUTH AND THEN GET YOUR-SELF UNDER CONTROL AND THEN YOUR NATION AND THEN, YOUR WORLD.

DOES THIS MEAN TO TOSS
THE WORSHIPING?

Yes. Worship indicates a helplessness unto something or other. In your case you are a world of Penis worshipers. You fall helpless to the ones who come forth and present this or that LAW and enforce the laws or allowances. You “adore” your master even if he be Evil as Satan—for in the ending—he IS Satan. The SYMBOLS and the actions are ALL AROUND YOU—FOR GOODNESS SAKE—THEY ARE ALL OVER YOU, ALL AROUND YOU AND ENFORCED UPON YOU! The very symbols and rituals found in your churches are but rituals and symbols that have been around since the beginning. Worship of anything is WRONG. You revere, respect and love GOD—HE/SHE/IT does not want worship—YOU ARE CREATED TO STAND FORTH AS HUMAN, ON YOUR FEET, IN RESPONSIBILITY AND TRUTH—NOT HOVELING IN A DARK GUTTER SHIVERING IN THE PRESENCE OF SOME OTHER MAN. UNTIL YOU KNOW THIS, YOU CANNOT KNOW FREEDOM AND HONOR AND RESPECT—ALL OF WHICH GIVE WONDROUS GLORY TO THE BEING

Although the Satanic overlords have TRIED to bury truth—they only try to bury that portion which gives

you INSIGHT. They bring out the old books, such as bibles, scrolls and edicts of an Egyptian society of Satanic beings and because the rituals of an ancient day FIT the picture of the Evil of the moment—they/you believe it to be goodly to follow that pathway. NO, the TRUTH IS BURIED, the way obscured and you are allowed to see NO OTHER. Finally, you forget and have no other! WE are not your “miracle” workers. We dig out the facts and the truth and get them provided for your viewing. We have nurtured the ones who have now grown in strength and understanding to allow for understanding. We had to build on parables, example and presentation of the “gross” wrongs in society and look at the “leaders” YOU put into power above you. It is right before you—even in the court-room where the judge sits in his BLACK robe three levels above you—those levels put him in the seat of “god” above you—and on the third level of the Freemasons’ degrees.

We knew that when you found out the TRUTH you would be furious and impulsively REACT in violent retribution. NO! RESPOND in WISDOM. Take your time to REALLY see and hear the TRUTH—and then in WISDOM—ACT. Do you REALLY believe that you have less strength and power as a Godly person to be UNABLE to overcome the likes of a Barney Frank homosexual sodomizer? This man dwells in the cesspool—ARE YOU NOT BETTER THAN THAT? I only use this as example—the Congress is FULL TO OVERFLOW WITH HIS LIKES IN ONE EVIL OR ANOTHER! SORRY FOLKS—**YOU ALLOWED THEM TO BE THERE RULING YOU.**

Many of you demand that we “do something” to save you—WHY WOULD WE DO SUCH A THING? WE DON’T WANT THE CESSPOOL IN OUR BACKYARD! THESE PLANETS OF EVIL PERFECTION ARE NOT OUR IDEA OF GOOD NEIGHBORS, MUCH LESS WITHIN OUR HOMES. NO THANK YOU, IF THERE WERE NOT BROTHERS AND CHILDREN OF GOD ON YOUR PLACE WE WOULD SIMPLY ALLOW YOU TO ANNIHILATE SELVES—FOR YOU WOULD AND EVERY EFFORT WILL STILL BE MADE TO DO SO IN ORDER TO PERPETUATE THE EVIL POSSESSION. That “Rapture” you await, good little lambs to the slaughter—is exactly THAT—to the slaughter. Indeed, you had better get the keys to GOD’S KINGDOM and LEARN THE TRUTH of your worshiping habits—you worship evil and cast out GOOD. **YOU! NOT SOMEBODY ELSE—YOU!**

Let us just turn back to our ongoing subject of *Monarch Project* as it is as colorful an historical example as we can find—and it is truth and it is typical, unfortunately. EVIL IS NOT GOOD—EVER.

MK-ULTRA
MONARCH PROJECT, PART 20

Experiences: **Cathy O’Brien-Mark Phillips.**

[QUOTING:]

A PROFILE IN PERVERSION,
ALEX HOUSTON
MY FORMER CIA OPERATIVE HANDLER
Cathy O’Brien, 1991 (C. O.B. #21)

I never deemed my ex-controller/handler Alex Houston worthy of writing a paper about until I realized the significance of how much his mishandling of me influenced my ability to escape mind-control enslavement. His deliberate violations of “conspiracy rules and regulations”, idiotic sense of humor, and mind-control program inconsistencies drove me **into reality** and ultimately into escape with enough operational secrets (i.e., ledgers, diaries, etc.) to expose his U.S. Government DOD/CIA Criminal Conspiracy.

History: Walter Alexander Houston, AKA Alex Houston, AKA Alex Houston and “Elmer”, Social Security number 240-46-2550; birthplace: Hendersonville, North Carolina. His father was a minor league baseball player and eventually became a U.S. Mail carrier before his death soon after Houston reached adulthood. His mother was a telephone operator who has existed under Houston’s “care” and heavy sedation since widowhood. He lived and “loved” with his older brother Johnny on and off for 48 years, sharing a widely known homosexual/incestual relationship until he hypnotically induced circulatory failure to murder him in 1982. (See “Rivers of Blood” paperwork, to be presented later.) Houston began to perform his ventriloquism act publicly at the age of five but attributes his entertainment “career” to the Washington DC-based Jimmy Dean (See additional co-conspirators paperwork [not yet presented], as Jimmy Dean is an active participant.) television show of the ’50s and to traveling military entertainment circuits in the U.S. and abroad. His first marriage produced three daughters who said he sexually abused them and became prostitutes to support themselves. His second “wife”, Maria Mediana (Puerto Rican) was/is mind-control enslaved and has five children of her own whom he also admittedly traumatized and abused. His “business” ties to her were maintained during my victimization and she unwittingly was used as a part of my training for prostitution/drug muling.

Houston’s association with the Country Music Industry provides a means of traveling to key places/people necessary for proliferation of his criminal operations both within **and WITHOUT** the conspiracy. He uses ventriloquism/stage hypnotism to open acts for “participating” country music entertainers and MC’s CIA designated state and county fair grand-stand events.

Houston’s so-called “comedy” ventriloquism routine never changed during the eight years I traveled the circuit with him while under his control, which is reflective of his attitude towards entertaining. Although his ego is monstrous his love for the stage was secondary to his role as my handler as he devoted very little time to his “career”. The psychological complexities (“alter ego”) of Houston’s ventriloquism is perplexing as he did not carry Elmer, his wooden dummy, around the house nor did he seem to “switch” into Elmer’s personality without a public audience. I only recall one instance of returning from a lengthy solo trip to find the dummy dressed in a wig and Frederick’s of Hollywood lingerie and lying in bed. But usually Houston regarded Elmer as his “right hand man”, a character he used at will to express a part of himself for which he had no other known personal expression outlets. He occasionally role-played other characters that expressed a part of himself as well, without the aid of a dummy.

One character, Percival Throckmorton, is a wimpy homosexual he enacted for years before he dropped it for fear that it was becoming a dominantly developed persona. However, he still maintains the obnoxious alcoholic “Big Al” character whom he describes as having “class-out-the-ass”. These characters are presented at will for hours on end, usually in a quasi humorous light that appear to be within his full control.

Unfortunately, he hadn’t developed a character for critical situations where at the least diplomacy and tact were required. Houston’s presence among high ranking military/government officials was obviously

out of sync, and their obvious disrespect for him turned to rage as he “transcended” all language differences/barriers with his version of broken English. He could not speak nor comprehend Spanish, French, etc., and, although the officials with whom we were dealing for drugs/pornography COULD speak fluent English, he always resorted to his “Me-Alex, You-Cu..ban” routine that insulted the intelligence of the officials and the “integrity” of the business being conducted. By the time it was my turn to recite coded messages or be prostituted to them, they were primed and ready to release their enraged tensions on me!

In the 1980 transaction period from Wayne Cox to Houston the filth of this man was immediately apparent to me when I first set foot in his house. The stench of his house should have been an omen to what I would see but nothing or no one could have prepared me for that which I found. Aging dirty dishes were stacked everywhere, in a tub of black congealed water, on the counters, on the table, under the table, and on the floor amongst well over a dozen ripped grocery sacks of decaying and rat-infested trash. He ordered me to clean house and then left. Eight hours later I was still scraping the kitchen cabinets when he returned. I was working hard and furiously but it took over a week of **slave-driven effort** to clean each room of his house—the stench really never went away. Perhaps it had permeated the walls, carpet, etc., of the old house.

In 1980 Houston “still” wore cheap polyester leisure suits and obviously never washed his hair. His “agent”, Reggie Mac(Laughlin—with the MacFadden Agency), instrumental in coordinating show dates to coincide with Conspiracy Operations (i.e., drug muling, prostitution, pornography), became concerned with Houston’s poor hygiene. Although the carefully contrived CIA conspiracy network ensured Houston’s bookings regardless of his talent, jokes or appearance, Mac feared Houston’s poor hygiene had become a bad reflection on his **criminal** activities. He instructed me to “clean him up”. This was no small undertaking for, even “cleaned up”, Houston looked out of place with me; I was much taller (especially in heels) and 27 years **younger**.

Anyone who **knew** him and met me never asked why I was with him; they would chuckle and ask him what kind of hypnosis/program he had me “under”. My programmed/developed (by Houston) cover personality, though designed to keep outsiders at a distance, was prepared to explain our “odd couple” relationship (as well as to jump-start Houston’s ego). I was forced to lie and tell people how “good he was to me”, how “great he was in bed”, and that his “large penis size” and “Julio Iglesias good looks” kept me “devoted” to him. He even went so far as to **program** me to inscribe books, greeting cards, etc., with terms of endearment that he later showed others as “proof” of my “love” for him.

What actually went on behind closed doors was conducive to maintaining my daughter and me under Project Monarch **trauma-based** mind control to the degree necessary for high level political/military covert activity (funding) and sexual perversions.

The physical and psychological traumas my young daughter, Kelly, and I endured every day for eight years while under his control were relentless and extensive. Horror after horror flood my memory, each in itself sufficient to explain and illustrate the level of psychological devastation under which we constantly existed. Equally as horrifying is the cold, calculating pleasure Houston took in the creativity he applied to our tortures. If Houston was met with any resistance, he threatened to transfer whatever trauma to Kelly because my instincts to protect her were stronger than those to protect myself. Kelly recently revealed to me that she, too, complied with Houston in order to protect **me!** Typically he was using on her what

worked on me and the effects were powerful. If/when we witnessed the other's abuses, it shook the core of our being and interfered with programming to the extent that joint trauma was usually avoided, but the **threat** was used often and was sufficient to effectively enslave us.

The horrors of Houston had become severe enough to Kelly by age three that it caused her to run out of the house at 3:00 AM screaming frantically into the night. Her explicit descriptions of the pain of sexual abuse she endured at Houston's hand is heartwrenching, but it is the psychological pains that haunt her mind to this day: being dangled over Grand Canyon from Houston's skinny arm; being locked in a dark rat-infested tool shed for hours on end; being restrained next to a bench-saw while the blade approached her head, arms, etc.; being spanked for playing; hearing Houston's "I hate you"s after being raped, and finding her pets mangled and killed one by one to facilitate his sex training. He prostituted Kelly to anyone who would pay, regardless of race, age, sex, or penis size, and exploited her pornographically as often as possible. She was his money-maker and **nothing** means more to Houston than money. He committed "psychological homicide" on her by prostituting her to high-level politicians (which radically compounds the distorted "trust" perspectives caused by incest), and by subjecting her shattered mind to U.S. Army Colonel Michael Aquino. She developed life-threatening asthma as an infant, which Houston controlled from time to time hypnotically, and he interrupted Kelly's and my sleep at two-hour intervals **every night** for eight years. Sleep deprivation is, of course, a key element to Project Monarch mind control (as are food and water deprivation) that, when used in conjunction with hypnosis and severe trauma, make independent thought processes impossible.

My emotional expressions as a programmed MPD slave were severely restricted, leaving me with a permanently "fixed" smile to my mouth that never reached my dilated eyes. Kelly was still being conditioned, and Houston spanked her if she laughed, spanked her if she cried, and tortured her if either of us showed signs of rebellion. I couldn't comprehend, verbalize, or stop, the abuse despite its being contrary to all that I am inside because my own abuse was incessant. The severity of pain I feel now with the reintegrated knowledge of how Houston shattered Kelly's fragile young mind is compounded by what the mental health and justice systems' conspirators continue to manipulate. The distorted perceptions she now has from having been abused by U.S. Senators are being damaged even further by a system that, as she says, leaves her locked up in an institution for years WITHOUT TREATMENT while her abusers run free. I reminded her that Houston is only "free" because of who he knows—**not who he is**, and his friends no longer have cause for loyalty. He is, most likely, like we—EXPENDABLE.

Houston's role as my controller/handler was predominantly orchestrated by my (actual) OWNER, U.S. Senator Robert C. Byrd. Much of my existence had little to do with Houston because the programs I carried out were dictated by Byrd. Houston was to keep me physically and psychologically exhausted, maintaining me on 300 calories per day, no sugar, and water deprivation as needed. An "accomplished" stage hypnotist, Houston used hypnosis on Kelly and me both as needed for whatever level of trance/command we needed to be "under" for the moment. In addition to sleep deprivation, Houston kept me exhausted with a routine of two hours aerobic exercise beginning at 4:00 AM, obsessive-compulsive housecleaning, farm chores, push-mowing acres of lawn two to three times per week, and physically maintaining a 100-acre farm, hauling truckloads of firewood for him and his "friends" "fireplaces, tending an enormous garden, keeping house for his invalid mother—and when I was "through with that", I would deliver cocaine around Nashville. His dinner was to be served promptly at five.

When my owner Byrd came to town to fiddle and inflate his ego at the Opry House and to play sex torture games on me, or if we were leaving out on yet another cocaine business trip, Houston “prepared me” by stepping up the pace of my grueling routine to include such tasks as busting and pouring concrete, filling potholes on Ridgehill Road with truckloads of hand-scooped gravel from the creek bed, or even repainting the house was frequent (remember the stench). His creativity in wearing me down was phenomenal. After 24-hours of nonstop physical exertion he had me drive the 27' motorhome however far we needed to go to reach our destination, which often exceeded 500 miles in a single stretch.

However, Houston is incapable of executing the sophisticated military-style program necessary for the high level CIA conspiracy/covert operations that Kelly and I were forced to carry out. Therefore, Houston's role as our handler included transporting Kelly and me to area military bases and government installations and CIA-sponsored near-death trauma centers for programming. He also insured that we were at specific places at designated times (as arranged by Reggie Mac) for successful and smooth proliferation of the criminal covert activity of this CIA/DOD/US Government Criminal Conspiracy.

Houston's ego could not cope with knowing that “his” slave was performing duties/programs above and beyond his instructional capabilities. He spent a great deal of time breaking my codes and programmed combinations to access whatever information/skills he was not privy to, with some measure of success. He would extract as much information as he could when we were alone, which due to his quick timing, disrupted the cryptoamnesiac blocks and electric shock, which made the deprogramming processes much easier.

For example, Houston wanted to access my mind to find out what transpired in Atlantic City, N.J. between co-conspirator Phillip Habib and me. His interest was piqued because he knew I would be programmed with a message to deliver to “The Chief” Ronald Reagan the following morning in Washington DC that pertained to Houston's recent “drug trip” to Panama. He never had been able to access any “Presidential Model” personalities designated for Uncle Ronnie, but through quick timing and a few keys extracted the information/message he sought immediately after I left Habib. In the process he also discovered the perverse sexual details of my evening with Habib which he relayed to his friend Ken Riley, Loretta Lynn's neo-Nazi road manager. Habib's mind-control technique was the cleanest and most powerful of all I've recalled and would have been “impenetrable” for deprogramming had it not been for Houston extracting White House secrets for his personal use or, perhaps, for future blackmail purposes. Within the conspiracy there is “honor among thieves”, **but this rule was never recognized by Houston.**

Another example of Houston's “humorous” mistakes that made accurate memory easy for me to recall was his giving the keys to my programmed sex personalities (Byrd's) to Charlie Pride. Houston laughed for years over prostituting KKK Byrd's “own little witch” to a black man. In deprogramming, it was my recall of Charlie Pride that opened the way to memories of Byrd through the “link” of Houston's little “joke” that had made him feel, for the moment, in full control of me.

Houston's “little jokes”, told cryptically to audiences during his shows and through his commercial comedy tapes, provided many avenues of deprogramming through understanding his pathetic cryptic language “pun” jokes, i.e. (referring to me), “She's rotten to the corps, but she's nice (code word for doing anything as told) to the platoon.” It did not take me long to deprogram/recall detailed events on military bases because of the neuron pathways he had weakened/opened in my mind through his sick jokes to the

wrong personality for so many years. He had the audacity to tell from the stage a cryptic joke about incest with my daughter and somewhere inside I knew it was real while I heard the crowd laughing. He went so far as to make recollections of Aquino's high-voltage programming accessible because I remembered the electricity/Aquino after recalling Houston threatening alters unfamiliar with electric shock with his 120,000 volt stun-gun on a routine basis.

As the years passed, Houston's consumption of alcohol increased to soothe his cocaine rattled nerves, which in turn increased the frequency of programming mistakes and mishandling of me. Houston's misuse/abuse of my mind-control enslavement for his personal profits, though ultimately beneficial in retrieving accurate memory, had severe program reversal ramifications at the time. Whenever he messed up, I reflected it and was often beaten by Byrd for it.

A profile of Houston would not be complete without mention of his trademark skill: he brags that he "carves people". He vaginally mutilated and carved me with crude exacto knives supplied by his own abused daughter, Cindy, in such a way that a "face" fills the opening of my vagina, for the purpose of pornography and Byrd. I felt every cut, every slice, every detail as he worked, according to Byrd's request and Aquino's "art" specifications. Houston has carved other girls vaginally who have remembered "his face" and who, along with their physicians, psychiatrists, and attorneys, are out for justice. We're all waiting for a positive change in the current political administration to press charges.

Even though the Reagan Administration personnel carry-overs continue to block our exposure of this CIA/DIA U.S. Government Criminal conspiracy through media censorship (so-called sensitive to National Security) and thus denying its victims justice, rehabilitation and ultimately freedom, Houston's mishandling of me had already allowed the secrets of Pandora's Box to escape. (Pandora's Box is a CIA code-term applied to covert mind-control abuses.) Now, Houston has nowhere to turn and nowhere to hide, from **justice** and, for now, the prying eyes of the innocents he violated.

[H: I would interject something here which must be OBVIOUS. Reagan has moved on, Bush has moved on and thus and so—but the abuse and cover still continues. Byrd has only increased his POWER and Clinton with KNOWN CRIMINAL ACTIVITIES TO HIS CREDIT—continues untouched, even to outright criminal charges—now "postponed". More than that, he asks YOU THE PEOPLE TO CONTRIBUTE TO HIS LEGAL FUND—AND YOU DO, BUT SURELY YOU REALIZE THAT HIS COHORTS ARE BLACKMAILED SUFFICIENTLY TO COVER HIS "NEEDS". THIS IS SMALL-POTATOES, HOWEVER. THE ONES IN CONTROL ARE FAR BEYOND THE PUPPETS SUCH AS CLINTON—GO FOR THE PUPPET-MASTERS OR YOU ACCOMPLISH NOTHING.]

AN ADDED NOTE: Aug. 1992.

BOYS TOWN U.S.A., NEBRASKA

Alex Houston often "vacationed" at the Boys Town rehabilitation home for wayward boys in Nebraska because, like Lonely Hearts Clubs and Haitian street corners, Houston considered Boy's Town a "smorgasbord" for gratifying his pedophile homosexual perversions. **[H: Is it possible that Spencer Tracy's Boys Town is not all it was "cracked up" to be?]**

Houston proudly displays a plaque that he was awarded from Boys Town, which hangs next to his

“Key to the City” given to him for all of his “time” that he has devoted to the boys for over three decades. Declarations commemorating his destruction of the minds and lives of countless little boys are what they really are.

Houston was not alone in his endeavors, because what better place to “recruit” abused/MPDed children for the CIA Project Monarch than our nation’s largest home for boys—Boys Town. Not only does Houston have the “Key” to rape young boys without retribution but he does it in the name of “God and Country”, along with numerous other government-sponsored criminals, i.e., CIA/DIA/Pentagon/Military personnel. Boys Town was deliberately infiltrated at the top of the organization, according to Houston, and became a major CIA operation in the 1950s. **[H: “There outta be a law against this stuff?” THERE IS! Where have YOU been? “Well, why doesn’t God do somethin’ about all this miserable stuff?” HE IS—JUST AS FAST AS WE CAN MAKE YOU OPEN YOUR MINDS AND SEE!]**

Now, in 1992, the first survivors of the Boys Town massacre of minds and lives are emerging; traumatized, dissociative, and seeking justice against their abuses and finding out what they were told all along—there is NO JUSTICE for government CIA victims under the current Administration. Former Nebraska Senator and Attorney John DeCamp’s book *The Franklin Cover-up* not only reveals **the severity of the damage inflicted on these youths by pedophile politically and socially prominent individuals, but also their continued victimization by the so-called Justice system, through an elaborate web of denial and cover-up that extends all the way to the WHITE HOUSE.**

Houston, too, continues to be protected from prosecution for these and other crimes against our nation and humanity by the Reagan/Bush Administration. **[H: And on ad infinitum into the next and the next and the next Administrations.]** After all, when Houston is not “vacationing” in Boys Town, he spends much time in Washington DC which includes frequent trips in and out of the PENTAGON and THE WHITE HOUSE, perpetuating the conspiracy of mind-control abuse that is now our responsibility to STOP.

HOUSTON’S SPECIFICS

He carried an LL Bean Swiss Army Knife, now in my possession.

He uses LL Bean flannel sheets (light blue like Reagan’s).

He is a cocaine addict and his nose constantly runs mucus.

He is approximately 5’5", 150 lbs, anemic, pasty grey skin.

He has large skin bags under his eyes.

He is quick, agile, and has physical endurance.

He is try-sexual (i.e., anything will do) with preference to “little Haitian boys” and necrophilia as his favorite activity.

He enjoys (“humorously”) defaming everyone with whom he has association—behind their backs.

He keeps (kept) written records, documents, and photographs (files) on all conspirators as “safe keeping” for whatever his future reasons, to protect himself. I retained many of these records and have passed them on.

His greatest fear is having anyone find out his fears, which are: AIDS, losing his teeth, needles, electricity, re-breaking his neck which has been surgically fused.

He is a blatant pedophile, homosexual, bisexual, necrophiliac.

HOUSTON’S ASSOCIATES

The following list is only a small number:

U.S. Senator Robert C. Byrd.

U.S. Congressman Guy VanderJagt.

U.S. Congressman Gary Ackerman.

Drug-Lord Jos Busto.

Pornographer and Hypnotist Danté.

Neo-Nazi/Pedophile Ken Riley.

My father, Earl O’Brien, co-conspirator/pedophile.

Ernest Ray Lynn, doing time for cocaine trafficking.

Sumner County Sheriff Sutton, under federal investigation.

Dick Thornburgh, ex-Governor [of Pennsylvania] and ex-U.S. Attorney General.

Fate Thomas, ex-Sheriff of Nashville (TN), serving time in a federal prison.

Boxcar Willie, pedophile, entertainer.

Tommy LaSorda, co-conspirator and manager, *Los Angeles Dodgers*.

Irby Mandrell, [father of the Mandrell country singing clan]..

Later there will be a “co-conspirators” listing.

[END OF QUOTING]

There is a very poor copy of a photograph of Houston and “Elmer” in this section. However, I don’t know if you can reproduce it into legible clarity. I do, however, think that especially you older people will RECOGNIZE THE SO-CALLED MAN [Editor: The photo is too poor of quality to use, sorry]. He still travels around and is regularly seen on the country music circuits. He goes around under the guise of a country music entertainer/ventriloquist. Alex Houston continues to reside unbothered in Goodlettsville, Tennessee despite proofs and evidence of his crimes against your nation AND HUMANITY. GOD CAN’T FIX THESE THINGS “FOR YOU”, READERS—THESE THINGS ARE OF MAN AND MUST BE “FIXED” BY MAN!

You have been completely absorbed by the LIE and the PARASITES UPON HUMANITY. IS IT NOT TIME FOR A LITTLE CLEANSING—MOST ESPECIALLY OF YOUR MINDS!?!

In Creator's MOST PERFECT LIGHT, I take my leave this morning. It is something called "Presidents' Day" in which you-the-people HONOR and Celebrate these misfits and criminal culprits against human-kind and nations. May God have MERCY!

CHAPTER 5

REC #1 HATONN

TUE., FEB. 21, 1995 6:30 A.M. YEAR 8, DAY 189

TUE., FEB. 21, 1995

REGARDING “KELLY”

I do not believe that ANYONE who has not gone through the trauma of heinous actions against them as babes can understand the soul pain or confusion of childhood incest and abuse.

In the act of human intercourse of the sexual kind, it is a practice in NATURE, of all activities, which “naturally” bears the most tenderness and loving attributes. Even the birds “court” a mate, provide for a mate, nest for a mate and it is a time of exchanging shelter, security and above all: PROMISE. So, good friends, when you say, “They act like animals, etc.” You lie. **ANIMALS do not act like humans!** When they do so they usually become unacceptable to others within their own kingdom. No—ONLY MAN IS TERRIBLE IN HIS INTENT AND IN HIS BRUTALITY.

You must also remember that when a child is brutalized it is through SODOMY (anal use for sexual activities). This is both extremely PAINFUL, dangerous for diseases, the soreness and pain lingers, constipation ensues—all sorts of miserable abnormalities rise from the one act of degradation. However, the most heinous of all is that which happens when parents (for they are the nurturing caretakers) abuse. The child has nowhere to go and no one to protect them.

Could they not go to a minister or a teacher? No, because the probability is that the very allowance of such behavior is condoned by the leaders of the very places a child should find safety. How can you KNOW this? Because you have so many, especially in the “Southern Bible-Thumper Belt”, “GOOD” CHURCH-GOERS. You also have a lot of poverty which encourages a “product” for “sale”. You have people who do not “think” clearly and live according to habit and according to that which they, themselves, experienced in such habitual ritualistic behavior. Another facet of that conditioning is that IF a family is involved in sodomy and/or incest—openly, they are pushed from the “community” so there is a dual problem. They may be accepted by “God’s people” on a very limited but focused and cruel condescension which makes them more of an outcast—or they are societally outcast while the criminal element MOVES IN. In any event, to bring a child up in brutality and especially in incestuous brutality is the worst and most degrading kind of practice. It is FAR MORE PREVAILING than you have any idea.

When “Susan” killed her two boys by drowning in the car run into the lake, I told Dharma that she could not help it any more than Cathy O’Brien could “help” her actions. The mind will withdraw into cover when the “child” is trapped and/or being brutalized. There are as many ways to emotionally brutalize as there are people. At a moment of “action” there is understanding of all ramifications and at the moment of action there is no thought to “better” alternatives. Susan was an abused child, sexually, you will find, by some male caretaker. These children are forced to keep lies and secrets to COVER for the untoward actions—so it is quite natural to try to think up a good excuse for actions in keeping a “promise” of silence. You are,

however, going to find that the actual “action” of drowning the children came from an order higher up somewhere and Susan is keeping her secret. Deprogram her and you will be astounded at what you will find!

I do not get off onto this subject lightly and, no, I have not forgotten that I am speaking about “Kelly”, Cathy O’Brien’s daughter. As Cathy and Mark tell more, Kelly is more deliberately isolated and mistreated. What can you do? Right now? Very little. What do “I” suggest as petition after petition comes to me? I will effort at some thoughts on the matter.

Kelly is within a year of legally being able to choose placement as to guardians (when there are disputes). I would think that if you are going for “custody” war—you bring in other parties (caretakers) to take the “responsibility”. Neither Cox nor Cathy are going to be considered valid, good parents—no matter what might be the FACTS. After years of reported insanity, the courts have good EXCUSE to keep the child from the mother and, of course, nothing has been proved against the “father” because of the cover-ups of the “big boys”. It is a miserable situation wherein pushing the river might well be the worst possible action. It would appear that if there is some distancing from the pushing and pulling that the child can “survive” for a while longer and I can promise you that a legal confrontation will strip you of funds and you still will have long, long sessions until the child is of age—ANYWAY. There SHOULD be (but may not be) allowances for the child to take legal action for self at 16-years of age. If not, she certainly can at age 18.

We will turn this matter over to the Constitutional Law Center to investigate possibilities but please realize that there are NO RESOURCES IN THE CONSTITUTIONAL LAW CENTER. THEY ARE THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS IN DEBT FROM OTHER CASES. THEY CANNOT AFFORD ATTORNEYS AND/OR INVESTIGATORS—AND THE PILES OF CASES KEEP INCREASING.

For this reason alone, if there were no other “reasons” for using WISDOM IN ACTIONS, Patriots, there are not enough resources in the world to get your FREEDOM once the criminals start putting you into camps and shoot-outs. Patience may seem out of the question—but it is NOT. You think you have no alternatives but you DO.

The enforcers are making laws faster than you can even “hear” about them and yet they are “legal”. It matters not who gets into a crash at an intersection when all are dead. The one with the legal right-of-way is just as dead.

The *Constitution* is still intact—just criminally overridden unlawfully. You are ruled by thugs and criminals using bands of mercenaries to police you—IT IS UNCONSTITUTIONAL. I wonder, though, will you have to try again to “undo” this enslavement through fighting from an incarceration camp with dead leaders—or will you use wisdom BEFORE getting put-away?

I have asked my people to cease and desist whatever they are doing when the big gun comes. There are good “business” ways to handle change without major confrontation. If someone comes with a gun and says “stop” what you are doing—STOP WHAT YOU ARE DOING and PLAN THROUGH WISE THOUGHT.

Serge Monast is in jeopardy RIGHT NOW AS WE SPEAK. He has been told by the Canadian Federal Police that he will be arrested. He wants to finish some of his investigations. Is he better off in prison or fighting them? Cannot he agree with them, back off and cease and desist his digging (of his own grave) and let someone else serve as outlet while he clears his relationship with the police? They do not actually WANT to arrest him (those who come to call) but sooner or later they will GET THEIR ORDERS.

Let me example: If *CONTACT* is ordered to cease printing—there is nothing to prevent another publisher to pick up the operation elsewhere—nothing. Give it new birthing and new relay runners and RUN. I am told by the team at the *CONTACT* office that they would be willing to run anything Serge has—without names or source information. His books can become “pen” name and all can live and remain productive. Whatever you THINK you are THE ONLY ONE doing—YOU ARE NOT!

I am in great respect of and for Linda Thompson and her latest presentation, *America Under Seige*. So much, in fact, that I ask Rick to contact her and ask if she has transcript of the video taping. There is NOTHING NEW, readers—but so much CONFIRMATION as to be astonishing unless you sit where others in the intelligence-gathering groups sit in the middle of documentation and confirmations pouring in from EVERYWHERE! In publicity there is great shelter, security and HOPE. If the papers such as *CONTACT* are silenced through foolish action, you have NO VOICE. You as people have a great tendency to slap on a few dollars in bandaids to individual needs and let the PATIENT die from neglect. WISDOM, WISDOM, WISDOM—keep your lifelines open and the rest will follow. It is a bit as with Kelly: do not allow her to be forgotten but less battle and a barrage of “we are watching” cards and letters is what is needed. KEEP AS MANY AVENUES OPEN AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT BATTLE LINES BEING DRAWN. IN THIS CASE “TIME” IS YOUR ASSET—LET HER KNOW THAT SHE AND HER MOTHER ARE LOVED AND ATTENDED AND SHE IS NEXT AS SOON AS YOU CAN FIND A WAY. GOD IS NOT GOING TO “SNATCH” HER OUT TO BE SET UP FOR TRAP BAIT—BUT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET HER FREE ON THE MERITS OF HER ILLEGAL AND UNLAWFUL INCARCERATION. IF THEY COME DOWN ON HER SHE IS GOING TO REACT NEGATIVELY FOR SHE WILL KNOW OF NO OTHER WAY TO “TURN IT OFF” OTHERWISE. BE SURE, CATHY, IT IS HER IN POINT AND NOT YOUR MOTHERING GUILT OVER HER THAT PRECIPITATES “ACTION”. TOUGH LOVE IS MORE VALUABLE THAN GUILT-ACTIONS.

Readers, Cathy O’Brien is only one of so many that you could not count the many. It is not just the one we know about that we must serve—it is the many if we wish to STOP THIS INSANITY. Through the proof of Cathy’s contribution and Mark’s tenacity and persistence can you take the information and go for the many. There is not going to be a “live happily ever after” for a very long “time” as you set your world to straight. You are now fighting for the survival of the SOUL OF MANKIND and “this too shall pass”.

EVERYTHING FROM PATTERSON/
LIBERTY LOBBY TO KELLY

I am petitioned (when the petition should be direct to God) to fix things, look into things and thus and so. I am asked about the quarrels and suits between *SPOTLIGHT’s Liberty Lobby* AND Patterson of *Criminal Politics* and the taking and using of a mailing list by Patterson because *Spotlight* somehow refused to enter into a big game of investment “stuff”. Readers, I simply do not give a damn about either. First, a

mailing list is EASILY obtained by greedy people with computer networks. George Green kept and USED all of the lists held here. However, our computers are not hooked up to modems and it is harder to capture information—for a brief period of time. But, the computers are used by the authorities (as we write and this computer is not even hooked to the grid power system) so to argue over such things is silly indeed. So the “argument” is truly NOT over a mailing list. The business may not be good (I disagree with all of the business advice of Larry Patterson) but *Criminal Politics* is nailing the Zionists at EVERY juncture and action just as fast as they can do so. THIS IS WHAT IS WRONG—THE MAJOR PUSH-ERS OF ONE WORLD ORDER ARE BEING UNCOVERED AND THE LIGHT IS PAINFUL. BOTH ENTITIES ARE INFILTRATED WITH TRAITORS TO THE INDIVIDUAL CAUSE—BUT WHO CARES? IF YOU ARE ACTING WITHIN THE LAWS OF THE LAND—THE MORE OPEN THE BETTER. WE ARE ALSO INFILTRATED BUT THE TRAITORS KEEP DOING THEMSELVES “IN” BECAUSE WE ARE STRICTLY ACTING ONLY WITHIN ALL LAWS OF THE LAND AND WITHIN THE LAWS OF MORALITY AND GOD’S LAWS.

TO YOU WHO DON’T WANT TO SUBSCRIBE TO *CONTACT* BECAUSE YOU FEAR GETTING ON A “LIST”—FORGET IT. THE VERY PAPER AND THESE JOURNALS—WILL SAVE YOUR VERY LIVES. I AM NOT BEING FACETIOUS, I MEAN IT. WE DO NOTHING THAT IS NOT ABSOLUTELY LEGAL IN EVERY WAY. WE PRINT THAT WHICH IS OFFERED OR WE EXPLAIN THAT WHICH IS PRESENT BUT MISUNDERSTOOD. WE OFFER LAWFUL AND LEGAL METHODS OF SHELTERING SELVES AND ASSETS. THESE THINGS HAVE TO BE REMOVED FOR THE ELITE AS WELL AS FOR YOU IF WE ARE TO BE SILENCED. MOREOVER, THE SUGGESTIONS FROM HERE WILL NEVER BE TO RISE UP IN MUTINY OR VIOLENCE AGAINST YOUR ENEMY, THE NEW WORLD ORDER. OUR ONLY SUGGESTION AND PUSH WOULD BE TO BUILD YOUR GOVERNMENT AND YOUR NATION ON THE FOUNDATION OF YOUR ORIGINAL CONSTITUTION AND BILL OF RIGHTS—OTHER THAN IN WASHINGTON DC, WITH TRUE LEADERS OF/FOR YOUR NATION AND WHO DO NOT HAVE OTHER CAUSES TO SERVE.

You will come to KNOW something, one of these days, and that is that the HOSTS OF GOD are **REALLY REAL** AND THERE ARE AGREEMENTS BETWEEN THE LIGHTED AND DARK FORCES. AND AS LONG AS THE “WORD” IS BEING PRESENTED IN THIS MANNER—YOU ARE OFF LIMITS TO THE DARK-BROTHERS’ ALLOWANCES. This does not mean that there will NOT be some who will go nuts and injure you if you serve only God—but we find over and over and over again that YOU, YOURSELF, SET UP YOURSELVES, THROUGH YOUR EGO NEEDS TO DO IT YOUR WAY! FINE, THAT IS YOUR CHOICE—BUT DO NOT SIT THEN AND EXPECT GOD, WHO YOU JUST DISOBEYED, TO “GET YOU OUT OF YOUR MESS”. Would not Linda Thompson, for instance, be of far more value leading to a new nation under *Constitution*—than gathering up a little militia and going to a war that cannot be won? Would not Bo Gritz be better to put down his angry sword in the name of false beings (who literally did not EXIST—EVER) such as Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and lead his people to BUILD A NATION ON THE FOUNDATION OF EQUALITY AND INTEGRITY UNDER THE *CONSTITUTION AND BILL OF RIGHTS*—rather than take his guns and ammunition to the hilltops and do battle that he cannot win? These actions being undertaken are both COWARDLY and FOOLISH. IF YOU WANT ORDER—YOU BUILD UPON ORDER—NOT MORE CHAOS. YOUR SATANIC ENEMY CANNOT HANDLE DISCLOSURE, LIGHT OR ORDER. HE IS BUILT UPON CONFUSION, DECEIT, CHAOTIC RULES UPON HIS OWN

ENEMY AND THUS AND SO. If you like, make your new country's seat of LAW in Idaho—but put away the Delta Force training and weaponry. I repeat: HE WHO LIVES BY THE SWORD (GUN) SHALL DIE BY SAME AND AS THE POSSIBLE LEADERS DIE—ONE BY ONE OR ALL AT ONCE—SO TOO DOES ANY **HOPE FOR FREEDOM!**

JUST HAPPENED YESTERDAY?

I marvel at you who awaken to find the mess around you. When do you think it happened? Now you shout at me that you “don’t have time”! Well, we have been working on it while you slept and allowed it to come about you. Now you awaken, uninformed but ready to do battle. Against what and who will you do your battling? Your very enemy of God has it set up so that you will foolishly go forth and BATTLE YOUR OWN BROTHER. You actually go forth and destroy your own messengers and teachers in your effort to strike out blindly. Why? Think about why you do it? Why do you wish to PROTECT and hang onto that which you HAVE ALREADY ALLOWED MOVE INTO DESTRUCTION! YOU CANNOT SAVE THE OLD AND DYING STRUCTURE—YOU MUST REBIRTH IN GOODNESS AND EQUALITY OR YOU CANNOT SURVIVE. PHYSICAL POWERS ARE TOO GREAT. YOU MUST NOW WIN BY THE MIND IN REBUILDING UPON A FOUNDATION ALREADY AVAILABLE FOR YOUR NEEDS, AND THE ARMIES OF THE HEAVENS WILL SUPPORT YOU—RIGHT AFTER YOU GET OVER THE GARBAGE BEING FLUNG AT YOU. GOD’S SUN (SON) WILL COME UP TOMORROW AND GOD’S UNIVERSE WILL HAVE LIGHT TOMORROW—JUST AS TODAY. ’TIS ONLY YOU WHO HIDE FROM TRUTH AND MISS THE POINT OF THE OFFERING. GOD IS LIGHT AS IN “SUN”, GOD’S SON IS LIGHT “AS THE FATHER”, AND YOU KEEP THINKING SOME “MAN” IN ROBES IS GOING TO RAPTURE YOU AWAY THROUGH A PUDDLE OF BLOOD. NAY, IGNORANCE WILL COST YOU YOUR SOULS, GOOD BROTHERS.

Let us turn to our subject in progress. Cathy and Mark say that this information is better covered in more current writings and we are welcome to them. No thank you. You need the “awakening” and then you can get the new material as you want. This is sufficient for our needs of attention and we move from there. We cannot remain focused on just the one—we must cover Jordan Maxwell’s, Serge Monast’s, Linda Thompson’s and countless others’ work. You cannot turn about with only one facet of information. The WHOLE of the “PLAN” OF THE ANTI-CHRIST IS WHAT WILL “GETCHA” SO YOU CANNOT JUST LOOK AT THE ONE THORN AND ASSUME IF YOU REMOVE “IT” YOU CAN HAVE THORN-LESS ROSES. You KILL the disease by healing, not picking.

MK-ULTRA
MONARCH PROJECT, PART 21
by Cathy O’Brien

[QUOTING:]

COL. MICHAEL AQUINO, U.S. ARMY

(ATTACHED TO THE U.S. ARMY PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE DIVISION)
[H: SATANIC HEAD OF THE TEMPLE OF SET]

In a deprogramming trance a hypnotic block was bypassed and memory of Michael Aquino flooded my brain. At the same instant I experienced the “Rivers of Blood”. It felt as though my veins had expanded to the size of a dime to accommodate the immense pressure and flow of blood racing through my body to my heart. As quickly as it began, I recognized that I was responding to Aquino’s death program, blocked it, and fought it for some time. Momentarily unable to say Aquino’s name due to all trigger fighting abilities being directed towards the persistent “Rivers of Blood”, I opted to write. When another program kicked in to not even write his name, I became furious that the likes of him should have ANY control over my mind and broke through all three programs. For a month or more, as I proceeded with the deprogramming process I had to daily contend with, “You know this must be your imagination. No one with as much power as I have would have anything to do with the likes of you.” Attached to 32 years of conditioning and eight years of reinforcement, this program had to be dealt with in spite of my knowledge of the truth.

The “power” Aquino held, which he **always** referred to, was usually followed by electric prod to assure me that he indeed held “power”. Claiming his power was too intense to behold, he programmed me to “fall before him on my belly” and never look upon his face. As I fell, I would immediately be “consumed with the (sexual) heat of hell, awaiting his command”. Anytime thereafter, I immediately went into deep trance as I fell, and could only respond to his commands by immediately heeding them, sometimes saying, “Yes, sir!”

Often times while entranced and even during programming with others, I would have cause to speak or converse. Never did I say anything to Aquino other than “Yes, sir!”. His orders were direct, unmistakable, and to the point, followed by electric charge. “When I give an order, you say, ‘Yes, Sir!’ and follow it IMMEDIATELY. I do not repeat myself. My order is your command. I will have your complete attention.”

On my belly in front of him, I usually had to kiss his boots, as his ego is of an incomprehensible magnitude. I was told “On your toes” to get up, which also means “prepare for commands”. Once up, using a stick to poke and slap me into shape, he said “On your toes! Now! Shoulders back! Stand tall! Feet straight ahead! Say ‘Yes, Sir!’” I was taught to walk straight and tall, one foot directly in front of the other resulting in a walk associated with a prostitute.

On military bases where specific programming occurred, I was to lay on my back nude on a cold metal table. Orders, followed by the electric prod were delivered to outline the muling and distribution of cocaine, personality division for Senator Byrd’s sex slave, and some sexual programming.

Other sexual programming was done in a private setting, either he and I alone, or as was most often the case, Aquino, Byrd, and I together with lessons being delivered through the acts themselves.

Alone, Aquino programmed me to perform sexually “as though my life depends upon it—because it does”. **[H: Perhaps you can better understand why we say to you that you are PENIS worshippers, not Christians, not Judaists, not anything else. This is THE SYMBOL on your churches (steeple) arched opening as windows and doors in your churches (vagina), etc. I know it is hard for you to accept but LOOK AROUND YOU—THE PROOF IS THERE AND HAS BEEN FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS—PRESENTED IN NEW WRAPPINGS TO FOOL YOU. THE BIBLE IS THE GUIDELINE SET FORTH FOR YOUR DOWNFALL INTO THE TRAP. Aquino’s “Temple of Set” is nothing more than a “celebration” of “sun (Son)-set (death of the Sun (Son))”.**

The Son (sun) is birthed (rises) in the morning in LIGHT and sets (dies) in the evening—every day. Silly isn't it? You have been "Hoodwinked" (Illuminati/Freemasonic TERM) for all your lives—right into the TRAP OF THE "DARK"-SIDE BROTHERHOOD OF EVIL INTENT AND ACTION. I'M SORRY, READERS, I DID NOT MAKE THIS SO—I AM JUST TELLING YOU THE TRUTH OF IT. YOU HAVE ALLOWED A BUNCH OF SATANISTS TO TAKE YOUR WORLD, YOUR RELIGIONS, YOUR VERY SPIRITUAL PASSAGE. THE CHOICES ARE NOW UP TO YOU. WE WILL CONTINUE TO OFFER TRUTH AND THE WAY OUT OF THIS HORROR—BUT YOU WILL DO IT OR IT SHALL NOT BE DONE.] He holds "the power of life and death, pleasure and pain". During intercourse and/or sodomy I recall a constant electric charge stemming from the bottom of my feet, as though it were strapped to me. "Turn your face from me. Bow down. Stretch your arms out in front of you. Open your hands. (I would unclench my fists as he threw a small black hatchet near my hands.) I will not hesitate to remove your fingers one by one if you fail to obey me. Upon feeling my power, you will..." (He becomes quite descriptive and obscene but this is where the constant current begins.)

The current ceases upon completion, teaching me that the more I pleased him, the quicker it would be over, thereby elevating the pain and working in accordance with the "do it as though your life depends upon it" program. By clamping his teeth on the artery in my neck, my life is further threatened. By vaginally inserting a cattle prod and shocking at the onset of orgasm, sexual satisfaction can no longer be achieved, resulting in a kind of nymphomania.

Oral sex was taught according to Senator Byrd's unusually small penis size. By reducing his size to miniature in my mind's eye, Aquino not only programmed me to accommodate Byrd, but to accept any man with ease and breathe for future pornography or altar sex. Within the occult, during ritual, if this is not learned, death by strangulation occurs.

Once all the programs were in place, and the sex slave was created for Byrd, pornographic "How to" films were made depicting the personality division, methods used, and the results. While masks were used in these films, Byrd and Aquino went to a great deal of effort in arranging for two Huntsville, Alabama **police officers** to participate. Sgt. Frank Crowell and Audie Majors had previously used me in brutal S&M pornographic films as well as also using my daughter and would participate in the dungeon-set "How To" films.

During the programming, which was predominantly sexual in nature, the foundations for my cocaine muling and distribution were established. The individual details were instilled by Alex Houston as needed according to each specific drug run. The cocaine operations stem from José Busto in San Juan, Puerto Rico and extend throughout Political Set.

I hold much more information on Aquino that will be deprogrammed as quickly as my environment permits. My exposure to him was extensive 1981-1984, and then occasionally after that. My daughter, Kelly, was also subjected to Aquino's tortures and programs and, from all indications, rape. She is currently institutionalized as a result. My experiences with Aquino encompass Army and Air Force bases spanning several states.

[END OF QUOTING]

It isn't pretty, is it? However, it may become more reasonable WHY you have such sexual immorality in your programming TV stories and such. People, I cannot tell you often enough: your very Spiritual Truth has been deliberately warped and your very Religious institutions have stooped to total Satanic Ritual and observations. Any time you "vote in" (especially) sexual deviation for the pleasure or pain of physical experience—you move AWAY FROM GOD. YOU HAVE NOW MOVED COMPLETELY AWAY FROM GOD OF TRUTH AND LIGHT! It is NOT ACCEPTABLE. You are but children of the LIE and TRUTH MUST BE REBIRTHED—the BATTLE BY MORE VIOLENCE WILL NOT HEAL THE DISEASE!

Think wisely upon these things and KNOW TRUTH. THAT TRUTH CAN AND WILL OFFER FREEDOM. I can promise you, AND CATHY, that she can now stand nose to nose with Aquino, the Prince of Satan, and he will have NO POWER OVER HER—NONE! He, in fact, will be the one to run and hide in his whining discredit. HE IS WORSE THAN **NOTHING**! He is nothing save an Evil criminal of the worst KIND. Moreover his god-beast will desert him and you can smash him into the pit by simply turning the light upon him. THIS is why the myth of Count Dracula dying as the sun (Son of goodness and light) rises in the daytime and shines upon him. LOOK AT THE MYTHS AND YOU WILL KNOW TRUTH. Hold the symbol of goodness and truth (God and God the Sun [Son]) before these EVIL BEINGS and they cannot stand. The "cross" of exorcism has no power—it is that the "crossing" of the four directions representing the heart-place section of the SUN means something. It is the SUN, I'm sorry, and not a MAN by any NAME that holds the power over the Beast of DARKNESS which represents the ABSENCE OF THE LIGHT. SHINE THE BRILLIANCE OF THE SYMBOL OF THE SON (SUN) UPON THE SATANIST AND HE IS RENDERED HELPLESS. YOU SEE, YOU ALWAYS THOUGHT IT TO BE THE "SYMBOL OF THAT WHICH REPRESENTED THE 'SON' OF GOD." NO, IT IS THE SYMBOL OF THAT WHICH REPRESENTS GOD OF LIGHT (THE SUN) THAT IS YOUR POWER AGAINST EVIL AND SATANIC PHYSICAL BEINGS. GOD IS NOT "THE" SUN—HE IS SIMPLY REPRESENTED AS "LIFE SOURCE" THROUGH THAT STAR WHICH IS THE SUN. This is WHY, if things continue, you will be further CONFUSED and destroyed by the development (manufacture) of another sun with which you will have no life cycles—you will have to endure two suns. Can "they" do it? Of course, easily! The WORD of TRUTH can give you freedom—continued acceptance unconditionally of the LIES will insure your destruction. So be it.

I salute you who will "rise" to this recognition of TRUTH—IN REASON, NOT IN MYSTICISM OR MAGIC ACCEPTANCE OF ANYTHING! A MYSTERY IS LIFE—UNDERSTANDING THAT WHICH WAS NOT UNDERSTOOD REMOVES THE MYSTERY. KNOWING IS THE CURE—ACCEPTANCE OF KNOWING ALLOWS FOR ALL HEALING AND INFINITE **LIFE**. May you look upon God of Light with understanding in truth, this day. Salu.

CHAPTER 6

REC #2 HATONN

TUE., FEB. 21, 1995 2:16 P.M. YEAR 8, DAY 189

TUE., FEB. 21, 1995

TO DAVE, FLORIDA

I have received your letter regarding circumstances about which we communicated a few weeks back. My overall observations are that “undoing” still may be easier than continuing on the path underfoot. I agree that with additional information the circumstances are somewhat different than as originally presented to me. However, ongoing attention and action **MUST** revolve around what **IS** and that which is in progress. If you and your advisers think they can “outdo” (**ON LEGAL BASIS**) the system as it is being brought down, fine. You may well win a point or two—but what is more likely is that IF you err and drive an automobile without their sanctioned and approved license, being another citation—the vehicle may well be confiscated. You may also end up arrested and jailed. The **POINT** is **NOT WHAT IS LAWFUL—BUT WHO HAS THE BIGGER GUN!** If it is easier for them to “let you go” and “settle” with no more **BIG PUBLICITY** they may well do it—**BUT IT IS A TEMPORARY THING AT BEST**—if you “win” you will surely “lose” **LATER** when they make up for lost time and losing.

Every action must be judged on the circumstances and I do not even pretend to know the circumstances—only the intent of the downfall of all Constitutional **RIGHTS** of **CITIZENS**. You must act as you deem fit under **YOUR** circumstances. I **MUST** speak in generalities for I basically **WRITE FOR 6 BILLION PEOPLE**—and certainly within the U.S. I speak to all citizens. Even then I cannot give specific “instructions” for given circumstances for “anything” can happen at “any” “time”. It is that “generally speaking” the time of allowance of “winning” a round via sovereignizing (until you sovereignize your city, county, state, etc.) is going to be **INDIVIDUALLY** up for grabs. “They” have passed **LAWS** which make all things they do—legal. Further, anything they do is considered “legal”—even if it be by the big gun. I do not say it is **RIGHT, LAWFUL** or any other visionary dream. Check your possibilities and do what you will do. I simply remember and will repeat: “**IF RAY RENICK HAD DONE WHAT I SUGGESTED HE DO WHEN HE ASKED FOR INPUT, HE WOULD NOT BE INCARCERATED AND DESTINED TO BE GIVEN MASSIVE PROBLEMS FOR THE REMAINDER OF HIS LIFE—IF HE GETS OUT AT ALL.** My main point is that I do not tell you what you have to do—any of you—but why ask if you do not wish to hear or believe you have informed **EXPERTS** on your team attending you? **YOU CANNOT WIN IN THE PRESENT COURTS LONG-TERM ON THE BASIS OF A THING BEING “WRONG” OR “LAWFUL”.** Value the “cause” versus that which might be accomplished if you are **NOT** jailed!! Just to “make a point” is not enough any longer, Dave—**NOT ANY LONGER!**

Supposing you decide to try to “undo” that which has been done—how do you do it? You quit “fighting” the system—ask for a meeting and **ASK “THEM” WHAT YOU NEED TO DO TO SET THINGS STRAIGHT, THAT YOU “THOUGHT” YOU HAD VALID INFORMATION AND ADVICE AND NOW YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU NEED TO DO TO CLEAR UP ANY PROBLEMS—**

THAT YOU HAVE NO INTENTION OF BREAKING LAWS—IN OTHER WORDS, MAKE THEM TELL YOU WHAT YOUR ACTIONS MIGHT BE. WE NEED NO MORE DEAD MARTYRS AND WE **DO NEED TO KNOW WHAT THE SYSTEM IS WILLING TO “GIVE” TO KEEP PEACE AND QUIET.** At any rate, you WILL do that which you see fit to do, just think very carefully about what that might be.

I am not telling more of a personal story here, readers, because the “answer” is to almost any “question” you might ask of me. The answers must come forth IN WISE RESPONSE and from “self”. I want to point out something loudly and clearly: If you have foreign troops in your nation (WHICH YOU DO) to enforce the regulations which are UNCONSTITUTIONAL—THROUGH FORCE, your chances of proving long-term “rights” on driver’s licenses and right to use your property—ARE MOOT! **YOU ARE NOT UNDER CONSTITUTIONAL LAW!!** Does everybody hear me? **YOU ARE NOT UNDER CONSTITUTIONAL LAW—YOU ARE UNDER THE NEW STATES CONSTITUTION U.N. CHARTER.** What may well be “right” and “lawful” makes no difference in the present system shut-down. IT IS LATER THAN YOU THOUGHT!! If the “system” doesn’t feel your case is worthy of trouble—they may well rule “for” you to some extent and it may well “look like a real winner”. If, however, they want to make object lessons of you and yours—hold your breath because that is EXACTLY WHAT THEY WILL DO NO MATTER WHAT PROOF YOU HAVE AS TO “RIGHTS”. IS THIS “WRONG”? OF COURSE, THERE IS NO ARGUMENT AS TO RIGHT OR WRONG BUT IN A WORLD WHERE A PRESIDENT IS MURDERED IN FRONT OF THOUSANDS AND THE VERY ONES WHO DID IT CONTINUE TO MAKE THE RULES AND LAWS—DO YOU ACTUALLY THINK YOU GAIN MUCH ARGUING OVER A PERSONAL DRIVER’S LICENSE? All “I” ask you to do is evaluate well, in factual “reason”, everything you do. I wonder, too, if the “advisers” were you and you were advising—would their expertise look so good?? They obviously gave wrong advice or you would not be “HERE”. What do THEY have to lose if you lose? Think about it pretty carefully. It reminds me of the government: “We need sacrifice and leadership—you sacrifice and I’ll lead.” In other words—you go to jail and I’ll tell you how sorry I am because I thought that...!

Let us move on now to *MONARCH PROJECT* AND “DANTÉ”.

MK-ULTRA

MONARCH PROJECT, PART 22

Cathy O’Brien, penned January 1992. (C.O’B. #25)

[QUOTING:]

DANTÉ

“CHIEF” PORNOGRAPHER

[H: I have so much to write on this buzzard and evil blight upon humanity that I dare not even begin here. We will save my observations and TRUTH about this character until we finish this documentation. This man has ruined more wonderful modes of therapy for illness than all the quacks in the world. What this man has done to gather more and more innocent victims through lies and subterfuge is beyond “criminal”.]

In the conspiracy code of ethics there is honor among thieves which includes never stealing another man's slave. A slave must be bought, sold, or traded according to rank, purpose, and value as established by their training and programming. At the age of 30, mind-control slaves of the CIA/DOD/U.S. GOVERNMENT CRIMINAL CONSPIRACY are considered too old [**H: Somebody should check out Rayelan's age and use.**], and consequently are turned out on the street, murdered, or in rare instances, retired **to a new job or controller to be a "big sister" trainer for the new slaves.** I escaped with my daughter through the aid of Mark Phillips from a fate worse than death—being transferred to Michael Danté.

I first met Michael Danté in Nashville in 1984, at the Arthritis Foundation Golf Tournament and CIA "coke and slave drive"—soon after Senator Byrd prostituted me to Reagan. Reagan had been pleased with my "contra-bution" of Aquino's *How to Divide a Personality* and *How to Create a Sex Slave* military mind-control training films enough to force me into commercial pornography with his friend Danté. Danté also produced Uncle Ronnie's Bedtime Stories according to Reagan's perversions and "donated" a percentage of all profits from his pornography operation to fund Reagan's covert activity (i.e., Iran/Contra and Afghanistan) in exchange for protection from prosecution.

At the tournament it was "entertainment" and party time after the day's golfing and all participants were gathered at the Music City Sheraton. Alex Houston, my then controller, had instructed me to stand near a Hoover vacuum cleaner on display at the tournament's fund-raising auction. Houston was amused at the significance of my meeting Danté at an auction (there are slave auctions) by a Hoover (sex-slave machine programming)—typical CIA/Setian "humor".

I was dressed according to specific instruction and wore the rhinestones and diamonds of a Presidential Model signifying to conspirators knowing the codes what kind of business I was conducting. In addition, I had to wear my gold slave bracelet, even though it did not match anything, because Danté is obsessed with them. Wrist and ankle bracelets are trademarks of his porn films. Danté stroked his chin and looked me over as though I were merchandise as he approached and then asked me if I knew who he was. I said, "Should I?" He laughed and told me he was an actor and that I should—and will—know who he is. He asked me about the Hoover and I recited my seductive response according to program which must have been my "audition". This continued upstairs in his room.

After apparently passing his tests, he said, "You have an extra quality about you that I love which sets you apart from the rest—passion. Your key word is *Passion*." He'd been pacing and stopped to kiss his fingers in Italian manner. He was really getting dramatic but his attitude was foreboding. Reagan had thrown me to a wolf and my adrenalin pumped as he used programming triggers with expertise. "The source of your soul... the core of all that you are whispers *Passion*. And I am a very passionate man." I couldn't dispute anything he said and I certainly couldn't break through my trance to question his "passion".

He sat on the edge of the bed doing coke lines on a black mirror and told me he made movies. I thought he was referring to his box office flop *Winterhawk*. He got down to business. "Uncle Ronnie sent me. He wants me to make movies with you as your 'contra-bution', we're gonna have a good time, then he's gonna have a good time, and everybody's happy. I'm going to take you to California with me. You'll like that, won't you baby? Get dressed. We're going to go back downstairs and make arrangements."

Back downstairs he found his associate/friend/cameraman, an actor from *F-Troop*, and instructed him to close the deal. We were being led out a door by tournament spokesman, Margo Smith, who was explaining that someone wanted an autograph. We were met by flashbulbs and squealing girls. My terror compounded when I realized he was recognized by others and muttered, “They know you?” He stopped blowing kisses long enough to squeeze my hand to his heart and say “Of course. You’re the only one who didn’t.” I’d been conditioned to sense that the more publicly recognized an abuser is, is directly proportionate to how serious and painful my duties were to them. I later found out his “fame” was weak and short-lived but his traumas were indeed equivalent to the powerful level of his friends.

Later that evening Danté and I found Houston talking with a circle of conspirators including Houston’s agent Reggie Mac, who dropped by for business with Danté despite having nothing to do with the tournament. I had switched personalities, had no idea to what he was referring and asked, “What movie?” The circle laughed; they enjoy watching an MPD switch. Michael said “Winterhawk II” to which I responded, “I can’t act.” He said “You don’t have to,” while everyone laughed and Houston sent me off to be subjected to Jimmy Dean’s (Co-conspirator) “charm” while they conducted business uninterrupted.

After the tournament, Danté often wrote and telephoned, expressing “our love” and my moving to Beverly Hills with him. He became a mass of inner confusion to me as more personalities had association with Danté than were designated to him. I had personalities that were dissociative of him yet at times permitted my mind to question such things as, “Why does Houston allow Michael to talk to me about moving to California?” and “Why does he talk of a devotion I can’t feel?” Somewhere inside I knew I was for sale and Danté was bidding.

Houston had left me alone at the house for a while the day Danté called to arrange for the first porn film whereby an unknowing personality answered the phone. He instructed that I leave Houston this message: “I’m going to be in Florida on the 21st. That’s not too far away... you could drive down and meet me in Jacksonville. I’m flying a circuit from Panama to Cancun to Grand Cayman (banking and cocaine/heroin business); then on to Jacksonville where I’ll meet you.” He switched me: “I miss you. I haven’t had a woman in weeks; the ones I’ve had were lifeless compared to you, and all I would see was your face.” He was referring to my vaginal mutilation carving and began talking of perverse passion, vowing to “unleash ours next week”. Remembering the purpose of his call he realized he’d switched me yet again and that the chances of Houston getting his message were slim unless Houston happened to hypnotically access my photographic memory. He called Houston back later that evening and I was bewildered at the camaraderie and Houston’s laughing at Danté’s switching me and leaving that personality “on”. **[H: I hope all of you REALLY SEE AND HEAR WHAT JORDAN MAXWELL HAS TO SAY ABOUT THE TERM “ON”. DEAR READERS—THAT IS A “CITY” BUT IT IS THE “CITY OF LIGHT” CALLED ON. THAT TURNING OF THE LIGHT SWITCH TO “ON” MEANS, “LET THERE BE LIGHT.” YOU WILL FIND ALL THE WAY THROUGH THE PROGRAMMING—THE VERY TERMS YOU THOUGHT WERE OF BIBLICAL GOD. YOUR BUNCH OF CRIMINALS DON’T STOP THERE—THERE IS NOW A “TROOP ROUTING” CODE STICKER ON ROAD AND HIGHWAY SIGNS ALONG VARIOUS ROUTES TO GUIDE TROOPS TO VARIOUS LOCATIONS (ALL OVER YOUR NATION)—IT IS CALLED THE “OZ” PROGRAM GUIDANCE SYSTEM.]**

The camaraderie was short lived. Throughout the next three years Houston and Danté argued and squabbled over everything. Houston's greed was tenacious and Danté's temper explosive. He could scream at Houston with his face purple and sweating and then immediately turn to me and smooth talk. **[H: HOW MANY OF YOU HAVE EVER WATCHED SENATOR BIDEN IN ACTION WITH HIS ON-OFF SMILE AND SILLY FACIAL EXPRESSIONS? OH GOODNESS, CHILDREN, YOU HAVE TROUBLE.]** His emotions are dynamic and very unpredictable.

His attitude toward women was atypical of many conspirators and he was excited over the prospect of having a high-level military slave of his own. He quoted scripture to justify his dominance and painted a picture of what life would be like enslaved to him. There would be no arguments, speak only when spoken to, taking a "good beating" now and then to keep me in line, seeing to all of **his comforts and housework**, and being on call 24-hours a day when he "needs a good whore".

Referring to my slave bracelet he said, "A woman needs a chain. It's a public reminder of total commitment and devotion, a reminder of the chain-of-command. A woman is tied to her man but **no man should be tied to a woman.**"

"You wear a chain," I said as I fingered the one on his neck.

He laughed arrogantly, "That's a status symbol and it does show I take orders from the Chief." I am aware that every conspirator associated with pornography wears a gold chain—one of the first things Houston ever gave me. Like the Swiss Army Knife he carried, it provides an identifying signal to other conspirators as to their role in the organization.

A commercial tennis porn film was made in Jacksonville and new associates began as different branches of the conspiracy merged. Danté's Italian roots are in the Mafia branch while his friendship with Reagan ranked him high in the political branch. When Reagan assigned him to me for "Uncle Ronnie's Bedtime Stories", he became entrenched in Byrd's Country Music/Caribbean Sunbyrd branch by natural attrition, and I began meeting his associates. We already shared a few common contacts who are conduits between East Coast/West Coast and Mafia/Political Set; i.e., Congressman Guy VanderJagt, Dick Thornburgh, Congressman Jim Traficant, and Congressman Gary Ackerman—and, RONALD REAGAN.

"When Reagan was Governor we went to Dodger games together and sat in the Press Box. I got to know him real well and we got along well so he and Tommy (LaSorda-Dodger manager, their mutual friend) and I would continue partying after the game. I brought him a few girls and... we did business. Really, Tommy LaSorda brought us together... you'll like him. I'll take you to meet him." My stomach sank. A mutual friend of Reagan's and Danté's can't be good. He hadn't even been on Ultra Slim Fast yet and I shuddered as I tried to dissociate, but he continued...

"We'll go to games all the time, every chance we get. You'll love that, won't you, baby? You like a Press Box, baby? Dick says you do..." I wasn't surprised that he knew Thornburgh because of their shared Mafia and political ties as well as friendship with LaSorda AND Reagan. Nor was I surprised that Dick was running his mouth about his perverse activity with mind-control Beta (sex) programmed slaves. But I began to get a feel for Danté's power. My original assessments of the pain proportions that Danté would cause me were accurate but I now realized they were predicated on who and what he knew and not

any “claims to fame” of his own.

His acting career consisted of a role in *Days of Our Lives*, bit parts on television series and the film that began and ended his movie career, *WINTERHAWK*. I learned that he traveled within a well-structured circuit of golf and tennis tournaments that was not unlike my travels within the Country Music Industry; it provided an innocent cover for criminal activity while placing us at key locations at specific times. Agents such as Reggie Mac of MacFadden Agency are responsible for booking shows to correspond with drug drops, pornography, or prostitution as arranged by co-conspirators. For example, Houston was signed to entertain at Charlie Pride’s Golf Tournament in Albuquerque, New Mexico, which is actually an annual gathering of conspirators. Danté was also invited to “Golf” in order that we meet there. In addition to golf, Pride’s tournament includes dinners, cocktail parties, entertainment, and tennis tournaments for women. This year, due to Danté’s presence there was an exhibition baseball game at the Dodger training camp located in Albuquerque. Cameras were rolling and out-takes combined with another “exhibition game” filmed later for Uncle Ronnie’s Bedtime Stories. This time I had to play.

A film was made with myself and two other Presidential Models: “Three Little Kittens: for Uncle Ronnie’s Bedtime Stories”. Reagan often referred to me as “Kitten” (and most likely every female he’s with), and referred to afternoon sex breaks as “Cat naps”. The nine revolutions (personality switches) of Aquino’s sex programming were interpreted as the nine lives of a cat. Soon after the film, I regularly received kittens from men, often having a dozen at a time, until they were killed one by one as one more means of trauma to me to dissociate me further from “my part” in Uncle Ronnie’s Bedtime Stories. If I failed a command or ever talked, as a “Kitten”, I too would have “all nine lives snuffed out in one blow”.

Yet another film was made in Grand Cayman but the trauma of this event was made more significant by the involvement of Danté’s Cayman Island contact. Houston and I had arrived in Grand Cayman via an NCL cruise ship which is routine transportation for conspiracy business in the Caribbean and Mexico. Houston and I had walked down the road paralleling seven mile beach to the Holiday Inn. I had had no water in so long that my tongue seemed to swell in my throat, and was compounded by Houston’s reminders of my thirst by temptations of water. He promised me a drink from Danté’s contact’s house that was enroute to the Holiday Inn. As we approached the massive gates to the estate I gazed down the long drive and wondered how I could make it to the door for water. Houston led me away explaining that we had to play tennis first (to wear me down even further) at the Holiday Inn, then approach the house from the beach side. Sleep, food, and water deprivation made playing tennis exhaustive but finally we were on our way down a half-mile stretch of beach to the house. Armed guards on the beach stopped us until Houston flashed his “ID” and we were led up a path toward the house. I was hit from behind with a stun gun and taken to a shed where I delivered a coded message bank transaction and was released. Houston was not respected or wanted there and we left immediately. I didn’t even get a drink of water.

Houston and I were booked on another NCL Cruise which included an overnight stay in St. Thomas’ Flamingo Hotel. The film crew was waiting and I had not been switched when the director insisted I sign a contract. I was appalled at his “offer” and laughed in his face and walked away. I was severely punished by Houston and quickly turned around. Appropriately switched, I undressed and joined a swimming pool full of girls in a tropical setting of palm trees, ferns and waterfalls for another Danté film.

Danté had access to Freedom Train slaves from both East and West Coast operations, using those

from Near-Death Trauma Centers and Charm Schools. While the Youngstown (Ohio) Charm School had its own production of underground occult, bestiality, and kiddie porn, he had access to slaves for commercial use and some specifically requested Uncle Ronnie's Bedtime Stories. He knew all the codes, keys, and combinations to the Monarch Project Beta (sex) Programming as well as all of Reagan's perversions—including the bestiality. Now he was bidding for my future. Considering conspiracy rules of releasing slaves at age 30, Danté wanted control of me prior to my being "too old" in order to make money from me, and immediately struck a deal that appealed to Houston's greed. But Houston couldn't release me before age 30 and an argument ensued.

"Byrd? Byrd?!! What the hell has he got to do with this?" Danté was yelling again.

Houston had never explained Byrd's ultimate control of my destiny. I was Byrd's slave being kept by Houston. "He has the final word."

"Then what the hell have you been doing—doing business with me all this time? I don't give a f—k what Byrd says. I'll go directly to the Chief." He towered over Houston with his face deep red and sweat was flying as he threw his arms wildly through the air, making a public spectacle of an obviously private conversation and people stopped to stare. He hissed through his teeth, "You stupid son-of-a-bitch, I ought to kill you... I'm through with you."

Some months afterward they were at it again, this time over the phone. I hear Houston telling him "He wants seven more films. If you want to object you can talk it out with the Chief. See you next week." Danté arrived according to orders. These films were underground and the last of my "contra-bution" through Uncle Ronnie's Bedtime Stories.

Danté asked me about my daughter. Since he as to be my next controller he was attempting to bond to various personalities. A personality, though dissociative of specific actions, was aware of some sort of abuse to Kelly by Houston and in my desperation to help her I pleaded to Danté for help. Trapped in a cycle of nowhere to turn for help, this personality was unaware of Danté's production of pornography and he was well aware of Kelly's pornography and sexual abuse.

"He abuses that beautiful child? I wouldn't abuse her at all. I would take good care of her—real good care of her." It was here that my eventual transfer to him of my "devotion", was locked-in. After all, he was even **fighting** with Houston and this part of me believed it to be in Kelly's, and my, best interest.

He came to Nashville and wanted to meet Kelly. Believing he was here to rescue us I eagerly took Kelly to him. My mind exploded in terror as I watched him look at my child as though she was merchandise—the same way he had looked at me. I realized life with Danté would be hell and all of me knew it now. But the control was immense and I couldn't even think to protect her or myself.

While Danté was in town, a child pornographer pedophile friend of Houston's whom Danté had previously met in Jacksonville, Jimmy Walker, manager of the Okefenokee Swamp Park in Waycross, Georgia, drove in to Nashville to do business with him. Ken Riley, neo-Nazi and controller of Loretta Lynn, joined them as he often pornographically exploits his young daughter, Tyka. Kiddie porn was made with Riley's and Walker's daughters and my own precious child.

The last of the seven films was made out West in Danté's territory. Houston breached coastal divisions according to orders and took Kelly and me to California for a life-threatening trip into hell in December of 1986. The traumas of porn were combined with military trauma and extensive programming necessary for opening the Juarez border cocaine route. There was porn in Las Vegas and porn in L.A. Somehow Kelly and I survived that "business trip" out West and the devastating results of knowing Michael Danté.

I shudder in horror to think how close I came to being enslaved to Danté in 1988. My father (conspirator, pedophile) was ready as usual to insure the transfer occur according to orders and plan. He thought Danté was great and had already developed a relationship with him, selling my little sister(s?) for porn and selling Danté's films via the family video/porn store in Holland, Michigan.

In 1988, at the age of 30, I was somehow able to break program via Mark Phillips' deprogramming "triggering" me (as he would do for other slaves in the future) and escape the conspiracy and a future with Danté with my mind and memory restored. Life with Danté would have been brutal and short lived as destined by plan; with my daughter his money maker and my last film a "snuff" film.

Today, with his friend Thornburgh no longer Attorney General [**H: Boy, that really helps doesn't it? I mean, seeing that your present Butch Reno is Attorney General.**] and Reagan out of office and with scandal surfacing, Danté's criminal activity has lost some of its protection. [**H: Want to bet????**] People are watching, his victims are talking, and "Chiefly" speaking, I'll do "My Part" to see Justice prevail and Danté's life a fitting hell.

DANTÉ SPECIFICS:

Michael Danté's given name is Michael Vitti, of Stamford, Connecticut. Danté is a stage name he chose for himself.

Danté is approximately 6'4", 220 lbs, with Italian features sharp enough to permit him to pass as an Indian in his film "Winterhawk".

He wears a braided gold chain around his neck.

His hair is very thin on top all the way back to the crown of his head. His hair is black.

He uses extensive amounts of cocaine, some heroin, and pills.

Danté is meticulous in appearance. His clothes are very expensive and tailor-fitted suits, with a high polish on his shoes.

He is Catholic, with no genuine faith, no superstitions.

He wears bracelets, expensive watches, rings.

DANTÉ'S FRIENDS:

Tommy LaSorda, Manager, LA Dodgers.
Nolan Ryan, baseball pitcher.
Sparky Anderson, Manager, Detroit Tigers.
Dick Thornburgh, ex-Governor of PA, ex-U.S. Attorney General.
Congressman Jim Traficant, Youngstown (Charm School), Ohio.
Congressman Gary Ackerman, Queens, New York.
Governor Blanchard, Michigan.
Charlie Pride, Country Music.
Jimmy Walker, manager Okefenokee Swamp Park, Georgia.
Congressman Guy VanderJagt, Michigan.
Ken Riley, controller of Loretta Lynn.
Bob Travis, my pedophile/pornographer/CIA uncle.
Earl O'Brien, my pedophile father, military contractor.
Ronald Reagan, ex-President.
F-Troop actor/camera man.
José Busto, Puerto Rican Drug Lord.

PLACES DANTÉ'S FILMS WERE/ARE MADE:

- * Paradise Island
- * St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands.
- * Puerto Rico
- * Las Vegas, Nevada
- * L.A./Hollywood, California
- * Grand Haven, Michigan
- * Grand Cayman
- * Key West
- * Jacksonville, Florida
- * Albuquerque, New Mexico

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CHAPTER 7

REC #1 HATONN

WED., FEB. 22, 1995 6:50 A.M. YEAR 8, DAY 190

WED., FEB. 22, 1995

WHAT IS IT YOU CAN'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND?

Please, everyone—STOP, STOP, STOP—LOOK AND LISTEN BEFORE CROSSING A STREET, A RAILROAD, A LANDING STRIP **OR DOING ANYTHING JUST BECAUSE YOU “THINK” SOMEBODY ELSE KNOWS MORE OR SELLS YOU A BILL-OF-GOODS.**

I thank all of you for sharing with us and keeping us, for goodness sakes, posted on what goes on here and there and around and giving insight on people: However, I have to repeat some things here, now, which will hold true into the “hopefully” future.

I have a mission; I am not a personal “savior”, a baby-sitter, a “rounds” nurse who takes your temperature and blood pressure three times a day—nor do I attend or even follow the actions of everybody around—not even the ones who are of my own working crew.

RONN JACKSON

First I guess I have to again take up the subject of Mr. Jackson. Good gracious, readers, I am NOT Mr. Jackson’s warden or keeper.

I have a group of questions pouring in regarding Mr. Jackson that would disallow my doing anything else.

I am in the service of Mr. Jackson in that which he DOES to validly try, without violence, to pull a nation together and reclaim a Constitutional Free System for this wondrous nation. Even Mr. Jackson is playing games with ME thinking me to not be much of anything with which to concern himself. So be it. Each and every individual has right to do that which he will—AS LONG AS IT DOES NOT INTERFERE WITH THE FREE-WILL OF ANOTHER AGAINST THAT OTHER’S OWN WILL.

Mr. Jackson has written many fantasies about his past experiences. Does this mean he lied, cheated and stole his material? Does it matter? Why does it matter? MR. JACKSON HAS SAID EVERY TIME YOU ASK HIM THAT MUCH OF HIS MATERIAL HAS BEEN CHANGED OR COVERED TO PROTECT, OR WHATEVER, THE ACTUAL CIRCUMSTANCES. HE WROTE ABOUT INCREDIBLY SERIOUS MATTERS FOR WHICH PEOPLE DO NOT LIVE LONG AFTER HAVING DONE SO. He, for goodness sakes, is NOT A GURU FOR GOODNESS, A SAVIOR FOR ANYTHING, ESPECIALLY SPIRITUAL TRUTH AND GOODNESS, and has not claimed to be such.

I have a pile of inquiries:

* “Why doesn’t ANYTHING Jackson says, happen?” Ask Mr. Jackson.

* Why does every contact he has seem to be from *CONTACT* and is that not dangerous and proving that he actually has no other contacts?” Ask Mr. Jackson.

* “How is it that even the motion-picture people for *SIPAPU*, etc., end up working directly on Jackson’s projects?” Ask Mr. Jackson; there is certainly no funding for such, here, and by the way, readers, if you didn’t get stung badly enough by Gunther Russbacher and his butterfly, Rayelan—why do you do foolish things with another?

* “Why did Jackson start a newsletter instead of continuing with *CONTACT*?” I suppose because he is uncomfortable working within any guidelines such as are structured here. I note that the first package (newsletter) was simply responding to your letters—at your expense rather than his own. He now can have a secretary, Betty, who does his beck and call and it is far more convenient. Mr. Jackson is a busy man—he is on the phone for hours each day. That means several things—he has a lot of people with whom to converse—AT YOUR EXPENSE. Calls from prisons are “collect only”; that means that some ones end up with hundreds of dollars additional phone expenses while funnelling calls and accepting charges.

* “Why doesn’t Mr. Jackson call in regularly at the meetings?” Mr. Jackson is not comfortable with me.

* “Where in ‘hell’ is all the money and what about all those many millions of responses regarding government?” I don’t know. The only money seems to be from *CONTACT* readers as do his “contacts” to organize a nation. That tells me a lot about you wonderful readers and quite a bit about Mr. Jackson.

* “We were led to believe that Mr. Jackson would be out on work furlough, at the very least, and set things rolling—what happened?” Mr. Jackson is not out on work-release and it is said that he arranged it that way. Did he? I don’t know but his Wardens report that “you folks are really stupid”.

* “We are told about the Committee of 16 or 17—but nobody has ever heard of such a thing—are they real?” Perhaps it is a committee of one, Mr. Jackson. No, I have not seen the “Hoover Files” nor have I seen anything else of which Mr. Jackson speaks.

* “While we are waiting for Mr. Jackson isn’t it possible we are ‘fiddling while Rome burns’?” Yes, not only is it possible, it is so. There are others who need your support and help as you focus on reestablishing a nation and *Constitution*. There is Dr. Carlson in Hawaii and many others. You don’t need do anything to your *Constitution* and you most certainly do not even WANT a Washington DC which, by the way, Mr. Jackson says has been “bomb placed”. No, I don’t KNOW that either.

* “Didn’t it seem funny that Ronn Jackson had another convenient excuse for NOTHING happening on the 17th after doing a stupid countdown? Brought the government to its knees—how?” I witnessed no one being brought to anything save you-the-people but I do hope and trust you PREPARED as I asked you to do. I have an ADL report in front of me which is *An ADL Fact Finding Report: ARMED & DANGEROUS: MILITIAS TAKE AIM AT THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT*, Anti-Defamation League, 1994, ADL National Office, 823 **United Nations Plaza**, New York, NY 10017, (212)490-2525 which is more important than discussing the possibilities surrounding one Ronn Jackson.

* “How can you, claiming to be of God’s Host, be a **servant** to such as Ronn Jackson? This is disgraceful!” Well, let us look at that, Madam. Disgraceful is a rather strong word meaning “without grace”. Servant means to “serve” or assist. If Mr. Jackson can pull you as a nation together and accomplish something PROPERLY as OF GOD and within the limits of GOD’S LAWS [**WITHOUT WAR**]**—I MOST CERTAINLY WILL SERVE AND SUPPORT WHERE I CAN.** He does not even have to be in recognition of God of Goodness—he simply has to be shrewd enough and daring enough to act in WISDOM. The moment he does not do so, I withdraw all support and, as things are going, I too, am dismayed at many things NOT happening—like, as you say, everything he “says”. Does this mean he won’t or CAN’T? I don’t know; he certainly has the background to accomplish funding. We need funding to do our projects—money is not bad—”men are bad”. Money “is” and isn’t much at that. I WITNESS NO-ONE ELSE EVEN CONSIDERING SUCH A COURSE OF ACTION. YOU CANNOT CHANGE THROUGH THE SYSTEM COME UPON YOU SO YOU WILL HAVE TO TAKE YOUR CONSTITUTION WHICH IS STILL VALID (IF NOT FOLLOWED) AND MOVE TO THE SIDE WHILE YOU LEARN THE TRUTH OF ALL YOUR EXPERIENCE—STARTING NEXT WITH YOUR SPIRITUAL DESTRUCTION THROUGH THESE EVIL CREATURES WHO NOW RULE YOU. YOU CANNOT WIN THROUGH WAR. IT IS PROVEN FOR THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF YEARS—WARS DESTROY—THEY DO NOT OVERCOME EVIL; THEY MULTIPLY EVIL. YOU HAVE TO MOVE TO THE SIDE, OUTSIDE, THE EVIL CONTROLLERS AND BUILD IN TRUTH FROM THE FOUNDATION UP—BUT YOU HAVE TO KNOW WHAT IS THE FOUNDATION AND STOP FOLLOWING THE LIES.

* “I understand that if Jackson is out on work-furlough he will work in the Corporation office or something? We heard this through his old cell-mate who said Jackson even sent him there when he got out! If you do that, you ‘good buddies’ can kiss my support good-bye. I set up my business to avoid people EXACTLY like Jackson. I’ve investigated Jackson and KNOW what he is!” Wow, sir, it would be nice if you would share rather than start the firing squad. As to Ronn Jackson working for the “corporation” or something, that is certainly up to whomever has the Corporation company. On the other hand, that is, I’m told, a moot subject—release did not happen and there is no opening or funding for allowing the Prison System ability to depend on such a work permit. Mr. Jackson does inform us that he has people who have recently moved to Las Vegas and would take over Ken Vardon’s Fax Network. I don’t know about that as I, you must understand, AM LEFT OUT OF ALL MR. JACKSON’S “LOOPS”. Since CONTACT was promised help by funding through this same source and nothing happens, we have to assume that it did not come through, fell through, or whatever. I would assume, however, that since his secretary and “staff” live in Pahrump, Nevada and this party lives in Las Vegas and Mr. Jackson claims to have bunches of “crew” also in the area—that he has resources other than any that might come from Mr. Christie.

If you fear for privacy in “corporation” management, the point is well received. However, the very fact that you have good “corporation management” can only result in “helping you to establish proper credentials” if a party should work for the “other side”. We do business in all circumstances within the law, within the regulations and Mr. Christie sees to perfection in “your” record-keeping. I do hear and receive so certainly would allow nothing from “here” to fall over onto Mr. Christie’s employers. It was a workable solution at the time it came up but all circumstances seem to have changed and that is no longer necessary. Thank you for your comprehensive and thoughtful letter.

* “What is happening with Mr. Jackson’s latest court case? Where are all those attorneys he says he has?”

I don't know. We have never seen nor spoken with anyone who says he works with Ronn Jackson—save the ones who say there aren't any such people. I am told, however, that there are not funds to continue the legal give and take through the Constitutional Law Center without more help and input. I concur, and that is why Mr. Jackson represents self. Funds and legal investigations and counsel are shifted toward Snell, Maholy and Renick at the moment. The Law Center has no funding resources, save the Institute, which is absolutely in a holding pattern having been so damaged by legal assault. It is secure but it gets very, very little assistance now and, therefore, many things have to be considered—such as stopping the farm research, the Law Center, the paper and publications. Business venture funding is still promised but that will be utilized on BUSINESS such as the housing, botanical growing, motion picture studios, and the likes. There are overseas investors who SAY they are going to begin structuring investments by the end of March but paperwork alone would take, I would guess, until Summer.

Ronn had someone who reads *CONTACT* who asked his advice and, I believe, pulled out of the market and wants to buy something—like *CONTACT*. No! *CONTACT* does not even take paid advertising in order to keep it pure and undiluted. It will CLOSE DOWN before being “sold off”. We thank you for the help and possible assistance but we are not in the business of BUSINESS. We are here to bring forth TRUTH and compromise is not among our possibilities. If YOU want us to continue then YOU will have to help us. There are many ways to support the other “possibilities” but, as with the ones in prison—letters are your only possible assistance—with stamped envelopes if you wish a response.

Mr. Jackson said that there has been well over \$2 million received in your letters to support the needs of building the new government. He says there are some 22 million, or more, pieces of mail. Have I seen it? No. I am told it is being handled in the South somewhere; Louisiana, I believe. I am constantly amused at how, when the mail is addressed to parties we DO know—that hardly any shows up. Then I am told that the mail to that addressee is side-tracked and sorted, stored and handled elsewhere. How that can happen can only be attributed to a very bad postal system. So, if you think you write and it comes to my attention—it doesn't. I cannot figure how it could work without “pull” somewhere. This is more interesting, however. Mr. Buckley said he was sending thousands of duplicate mailings (originals to Jackson) to *CONTACT*'S office here. Nothing ever arrived so there are at least 7,000 pieces of mail missing—or never sent. I, further, am told that Mr. Buckley, and Green Light participants, are in line for arrest. Mr. Jackson says that Buckley or Grandma will not have their gold certificates honored until he “is out”. I don't know, readers, how that works. Again, I AM NOT INCLUDED IN THE “LOOP”.

Mr. Jackson has promised and sworn to assist us with funding as soon as he is out and can get at his own “business”. Business is not allowed while incarcerated (a law). I do not suggest that anyone WAIT AROUND until someone else gets something for or to us or YOU.

I asked you to support Russbachers, Grandma (Vina K. Durham), Snell, Maholy, O'Brien and others because the support is the RIGHT thing to do. I asked you as people and readers. I am not a GURU, gambler, fortune-teller or otherwise.

Now let me make it clear and as simple as I can: IF YOU DO NOT FEEL GOOD ABOUT A THING OR A MAN—FOR GOODNESS SAKES DON'T POUR YOUR ASSETS OR YOUR FULL-TRUST INTO SAME. I have NEVER asked you to do anything save ACT IN WISDOM AND REASON. We are not some kind of cult here where you blindly follow some kind of guru. I refuse to accept responsibility

for your indecisions. You have access to all the information, and more, than do I. We gather and present that which fits and is integrated for your FURTHER information. I can suggest that some things will get you hurt or killed and still, you go forth as if you only ask for the “hell of it”.

Now, I repeat again: Mr. Jackson is not my responsibility—I offered what he shared and he shares it no longer, I assume, for I get only copies signed by Betty in Nevada. These come to me late. I am going to continue to offer that which is brought to my attention WHICH CAN CHANGE THE COURSE OF YOUR NATION OR YOUR SELVES—AS IT COMES AND IS REASONABLE AND POSSIBLE. GOD GAVE YOU MINDS TO DISCERN AND JUDGE—YOU WILL HAVE TO DO YOU OWN HOMEWORK. If Mr. Jackson is a problem to you or concerns you more than is comfortable—don’t worry over it—but don’t get involved. Use other routings to work with ones who are headed in the right direction. I believe there is a big meeting of just those types this very weekend—I think in Colorado.

I have further told you over and over again that I am not some useful fortune-teller for convenience. What I may or may not be ABLE TO DO OR KNOW is my concern—NOT YOURS. Would you write to Mr. Ryan of *SPOTLIGHT* to guide your every move? God gave YOU reason and mind-power. I ONLY PRESENT INFORMATION.

I find it interesting that some of you come to me and say, “OK, I’ve done everything you said to do, and more, and I still...” Readers, I have been given the privilege of offering you the very substance of LIFE in cellular form. You then go play with it, tamper with it, overdo it and become so centered on SELF that every pimple becomes a major event. If you live on Earth there will not be perfection. If you “do more” you are in error. You WANT TO BE SICK; you are TAUGHT TO BE SICK. So, take your problems to your local butcher for I am not your physician. I write for six billion people. YOU ARE YOUR PHYSICIAN AND ONLY YOU CAN HEAL SELF—ALL ELSE IS ONLY “TOOLS”. I shall not, if I could do so, change YOU. I do not interfere in your politics, your wars or your health plan. I BRING TRUTH IN INFORMATION AND WHEN I FIND ONES WHOSE TRUTH CAN BRING YOU BACK TO FREEDOM—I TELL YOU. I, FURTHER, TELL YOU, HONESTLY, HOW INCREDIBLY STRONG IS YOUR ENEMY, HOW ENTRENCHED IS THE LIE. YOU MUST DO THAT WHICH YOU WILL AND WHICH YOU CHOOSE. I am a teacher, a messenger; I can do lots of things that you can’t do—YET. However, you have done a lot of things beyond your capability of control and THAT BECOMES COSMIC BUSINESS—AND I WEAR AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT CAP FOR THAT CIRCUMSTANCE.

This certainly is not to put anyone down, even Mr. Jackson. I do not ANSWER FOR Ronn Jackson for I, too, see a lot I don’t like. On the other hand I present a lot he doesn’t like. Jackson works to accomplish that which Jackson thinks he wants or needs to accomplish. I would not do it in that way as he chooses—but perhaps he has offered more than he can deliver?? I would imagine so but without the vision or the dream—how is anything (IN THIS VISION/DREAM) ACHIEVED? Under all circumstances what anyone (including Jackson) will have as focus will differ from MINE. YOU are in YOUR play and you have been acting a play that has unreality and LIES as basis for your SCRIPT. YOU have to change it or it will not be changed. Mr. Jackson is likewise responsible for HIS—NOT ME. YOU ARE STILL LOOKING FOR A SAVIOR—AND YOU AREN’T GOING TO FIND ONE, **EXCEPT YOUR-SELF.**

* “Who is this O’Driscoll or Discoli, or Driscol or whoever is doing Jackson’s book and makes him look like some returned Saint?” **I don’t know!** I have nothing to do with anything this gentleman does. I believe you will find that this person has not honored either his agreements with the University with which he WAS associated or told truth to the ones who now serve his needs. I have a person who has been asked by Mr. Jackson to support this person UNTIL “.....”. Well, foolish is as foolish does. Why would you support anyone for someone else who has not yet honored anything he, too, has said or done? UNTIL YOU STOP THE NONSENSE, THE GOOD CON PEOPLE WILL NEVER STOP USING YOU.

I believe that Mr. Jackson will honor his word when and if he can—no more and no less. But to allow selves to get into financial bondage, have your phones disconnected because of his use, do his books and write his letters—is FOOLISH. This is no mark against Jackson, if you let him believe you can afford his work—it is YOU, not him, who is foolish.

* “What kind of a commander are you if you allow your troops to be ‘had’?” A VERY GOOD COMMANDER! BEING “HAD” IS OFTEN THE ONLY LESSON IN TRAINING THAT WILL SAVE YOUR LIFE WHEN THE TIME IS AT HAND. I HAVE NO INTENTION TO DRAGGING ALONG ANYONE—ESPECIALLY MY “TROOPS”. MY CREW IS WELL TRAINED AND IF THEY “FALL FOR” THE LIAR’S TRAP—IT IS NOT ANYTHING NEW—FOR YOU HAVE BEEN PEOPLE OF THE LIE SINCE YOUR INCEPTION. THOSE ARE YOUR CHOICES AND NOBODY BINDS YOU MENTALLY OR OTHERWISE TO ME. If you do something—YOU had better make sure it is RIGHT.

I can give you example: Mr. “Toubiesyx” in Florida sends me information EVERY day. He is able to discern important issues versus more “just clippings”. Every week his discernment improves until, now, I only receive very worthy information—all of which you need to have rather than a whole writing on Ronn Jackson. He has sent me the ADL/MILITIA papers—as written and YOU need that report. I need to attend THAT REPORT and not your phone bill. Because you work WITH ME—does not remove your responsibility to self, nation and whatever! I am tired, weary, exhausted of you saying: “But Hatonn said...” “But you said...” DID I?? And If I did—have you no responsibility to check YOUR OWN CIRCUMSTANCES? YOU HAVE TO TREAT ALL THINGS, INCLUDING SUCH AS RONN JACKSON, AS A LESSON IN RESPONSE, POSSIBILITIES, AND THUS AND SO—AS DOES HE.

I have a peculiar view of “con” people. If you are “conned” how can you blame the “con-man”? If you cause a person to not have to “prove validity”, what can you EXPECT? If a man be valid, he will prove himself to be valid, if not, all the quarreling and kibbitzing WITH ME will not change an iota of “his/her” attributes or deceptions. EACH individual birthed into a third-dimensional world of FREE-WILL CHOICES has choice to move in any direction and intent at any moment during that experience. Many start off “bad” and change and become the leaders that change WORLDS. Others start off in some kind of piety which proves the undoing of WORLDS INTO EVIL! YOU, AND ONLY YOU, can discern and you can only JUDGE by actions or non-actions. Asking me about it will not do anything save upset you with me for I perceive far, far differently than do YOU. If a man be valid then my telling truth will not do other than cause him to be GLAD in “OUR” truth—each in respect of other. If the man/woman lashes back in total defensive measures while having produced NOTHING to prove otherwise—I suspect motives! MY RECORD OF ACHIEVEMENT STANDS—DOES HIS/HER—YOURS? I “enjoy” that which you

call “good strokes”—but I NEED them not. Do you see difference? Not getting goodly or friendly stroking makes NO DIFFERENCE IN MY INTENDED MISSION, MY ASSOCIATION WITH LIGHTED SOURCE OR MY GOAL AS ESTABLISHED. I “prefer” to work in a friendly environment—but most of my experiences have been in TOTALLY HOSTILE AND ADVERSARIAL CIRCUMSTANCES. MY ENEMY IS THE ANTI-CHRIST BASTARD OF HELL, HIMSELF. So, if you think me to be undone over the possibility of a “con” man—I have to correct your perception.

Would I let a good “reader” fall into such a trap as to attend a “con” person? YES I WOULD—IF IT SAVES YOU FROM THE HEAD “TRAPPER” OF ALL HUMAN EXPERIENCE.

I have a friend who somehow thinks that he is due and owing my unconditional attention and am frequently asked, as are others around: “What are we going to do about my (house, car, property—)???” This person was “gotten out” of worse than prison and is confused. What is he NOW going to do about not only his property but that which has been offered in time and goodness by others who cared enough to do the very best? Well, he can’t sort things YET. So I’ll tell you exactly what I intend to do: make him accept responsibility, sort as best he can and THEN HELP HIM SORT IT OUT SO “HE” CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT HIMSELF AND HIS PROPERTY!! We do not go about adopting children to make this passage a bungled problem greater than it is of necessity. Will I pass ones who NEED? No, but when they refuse the assistance, I certainly move right on because the fact is that the arrangement is incorrect—a man’s spirit is between him and God. His life in physical interaction is between him and whomever he associates. When focus is only on SELF it cannot be but damaging to all. So, fix a thing if it is broken and then cause it to function. If one cannot function without another’s total support—then make arrangements for that one otherwise. Age should bring MORE WISDOM, not childish dependence. This does not mean that elderly ones should not have all advantages and care. It does mean, however, that responsible parties take responsibilities and not expect casual strangers to attend that which a son or family should attend. Hear me well, friends: we act always in charity and love—we do not contribute to rip-off, irresponsibility or otherwise take from another that which is HIS to attend.

If this is too complicated for understanding then I would be happy to take up the subject at another time. We are out of “time” here and now.

Dharma is entirely distressed for having to give a full morning to this which she considers totally “negative” writing. Perhaps 24 hour-a-day, 365 days-a-year “shifts” are wearing thin with her?! This IS the very information most valuable to YOU **and** to her. ALL the other can wait—but the SPIRITUAL TRUTH OF SOUL is that which grows from THESE questions and answers for, as long as you try to lock ME into your physical unreality—I have to stop and set the records to straight as to participation. Then, I have to, as she and as you, RELEASE IT TO EACH. IF SHOES FIT, WEAR THEM—IF NOT I SUGGEST YOU SEE IF THEY CAN FIT OR DISCARD THEM. I DO NOT ACCEPT NOR WEAR SHOES THAT DO NOT FIT. A GIFT OR A BURDEN IS NOT VALID **UNLESS ACCEPTED**. I accept not your slings and arrows for I KNOW WHO I AM, WHAT I AM AND WHERE I AM GOING—do you? I do not take lightly the inquiries, especially regarding ones who are in a position, if nothing else, to slow your progress. However, make sure the “slowing” is a valid observation for check to see positive progress out of all circumstances and BALANCE “that” in the scales of movement. AND, IF YOU HAVE ATTENDED ONE BECAUSE OF ME—CHECK OUT WHAT ***YOU ARE DOING***. Have you shifted allegiance to that one and away from us here with me? I cannot help it if you choose to do that—and, it is

happening EVERYWHERE. There comes the seemingly more exciting, more useful, more flamboyant and zoom, off we go down the yellow brick road (primrose path?).

Now, if you want to check out numbers and responses—send the letters and responses to somewhere else—like the *CONTACT*. We can see right quickly if there is an outpouring or inpouring of mail regarding the nation. If you REALLY want the information to be sure it is received, as has been directed to Ronn Jackson, quit asking blank questions and send your material to Dr. Carlson in Hawaii who has the program already under way and he can direct you to others already established and making major progress. It is YOU who keeps the focus on Jackson and it becomes detrimental to his circumstances as well as slowing progress by delays as to his freedom. When a thing is not working for whatever REASON, it needs attention and pouring more of the same upon it will not “fix” it. Redirect and hit again HARDER; it changes focus and gives support in different directions which can freely utilize that support and funding. If that would offend one, Ronn Jackson (which it shouldn’t), then you have the wrong man anyway. The point is YOUR NATION—NOT RONN JACKSON. IN THE CASE OF “HATONN” IT IS NOT HATONN—YOU MAKE SURE YOUR ALLIANCE IS WITH GOD SOURCE!! YOU DO NOT NEED RONN JACKSON **OR GYEORGOS HATONN**!!!! Get your focus IN TRUTH and within GOD and MOVE, ACT, THINK IN WISDOM AND REASON—BASED ON **TRUTH!**

* “How dare you cause us to subscribe to Jackson’s newsletter which says nothing new but favors a big ego-trip for him when it costs more than double our own *CONTACT*.” I don’t, I wouldn’t and I haven’t. We offer subscription information; it gives Ronn a chance to respond to YOUR letters to him. It offers information regarding HIS program and I can’t say more, readers. I ask that all information and resources be shared with you. I offer information regarding all we use. NOTE: I offered the contact information for the National Office of the ADL above—does that mean that I want you to join the ADL or sign up? It might serve you well if some of you do so, in fact, for you would be ahead in what “they” are doing.

Do my responses here indicate a somehow “washing hands of responsibility for this or that one or thing?” No, but I have no right to butt into YOUR BUSINESS. I am not the one who is obviously having difficulties with some arrangements or persons. I am going to continue right on with all the information I can cram into the allowances of the paper and journals—MY MISSION. And, readers, YOU CAN DO MIRACLES WITH YOUR PENS. PLEASE DO NOT STOP USING THEM. THERE ARE ONES WHO CAN SAVE YOUR *CONSTITUTION* IF THEY CAN BE BROUGHT FREE AND TELL THEIR STORIES AND PULL DOWN THE PARASITES WHICH HAVE GAINED CONTROL OF YOU AND YOUR WORLD.

I would further remind you that ones HERE have only PROVEN their good intent and actions. When you change your support to those which have drifted into your view—and cease your support to the foundation—you err. If you are allowing others to take your time, your funds and show nothing save more “promises”—you are in fairy-land. Support and fairy-land trips are two different things.

Thank you for your attention. These piles of inquiries are sitting here like the death-bell, staring us in the face every day as we try to get our work done. I think I have chosen the most asked questions and responded. Some of the inquiries about Jackson are not my business OR YOURS. His private associations and life, family, etc., are not one whit my business. His relationships are not my concern—he has to deal with his own choices and actions. I HAVE A RELATIONSHIP WITH MR. JACKSON BASED

ON AGREEMENTS (PROMISES MADE BY HIM); HE CLAIMS TO WANT TO PUSH FOR FREEDOM AND *CONSTITUTION*—AND THE REMAINDER OF HIS EXPERIENCE IS HIS TO CONSIDER—NOT MINE! IF he has lied to you or exaggerated his capabilities or intent—I CANNOT REMEDY IT OR CONTROL IT. I see ones make silly and foolish decisions and choices every minute of every day—IN THE FACE OF REASON BEING RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU—RIGHT TO THE VERY CHURCH STRUCTURES YOU ENTER. YOU LIKE BEING PEOPLE OF THE LIE FOR IT SEEMS EXCITING—BUT SEE WHO PAYS FOR YOUR EXCITEMENT AND THAT FOR WHICH YOU ARRANGE FOR YOUR OWN PROFIT OR BENEFIT. WHEN YOU HAVE LOOKED SQUARELY AT SELF AND INTENT—THEN LOOK UPON YOUR NEIGHBOR’S DOORSTEP AND I FEAR THE REFLECTION WILL CONFRONT YOU. WHY DO YOU CHOOSE WHAT YOU DO? WHY DO YOU THEN MAKE THOSE CHOICES SOMEHOW “ANOTHER’S” RESPONSIBILITY? SHALL WE DANCE...?

I am a COMMANDER WITH A MISSION. I do not toe-dance and I do not abdicate my task, responsibility or mission to pat you on the po-po and bless you for ignorance. I don’t want you eaten alive by the beast sent to torture, steal and devour you. NO FATHER WOULD DO LESSER! MAY THAT PLEASE BE THE LESSON FOR FOR-EVER, NOT JUST THIS DAY. I SALUTE YOU WHO WILL SEE AND HEAR AND I SHALL WEEP FOR THOSE WHO CANNOT OR REFUSE. BUT I WILL NOT TAKE EVIL AS MY DIRECTIVE IN ANY INSTANCE—TO PLEASE ANY MAN OR BEAST.

CHAPTER 8

REC #2 HATONN

WED., FEB. 22, 1995 12:36 P.M. YEAR 8, DAY 190

WED., FEB. 22, 1995

RICK MARTIN/RONN JACKSON

I too had hoped to move right into the *Monarch Project*, Dharma, but I have a necessary comment to make to all you nice people who think you are “just being funny”. Rick Martin is NOT an overly sensitive person and is willing to take responsibility for anything for WHICH HE IS RESPONSIBLE. HE IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR RONN JACKSON! I marvel at HOW you people think (actually: don’t think).

I need to remind you of how this “relationship” (if you can call it that) began and continued(s) to this day.

We were informed by some Constitutional “workers” about a legal ruling handed down in Nevada. The case was brought by Ronn Jackson. Rick appropriately FOLLOWED UP. In the process and through his position with the “press” he was accorded visitation rights in Carson City—with Ronn Jackson. A friendship, as well as a “business” (for lack of better description) relationship ensued. Rick made many trips to both interview AND assist Ronn in any way possible. There was recognition of a common goal. Rick introduced *CONTACT* to Mr. Jackson and afterwards has assisted in making connections, providing information and service. This has continued since Ronn’s move to Southern Nevada. Ronn felt we were doing the RIGHT things and had the “RIGHT STUFF” to be able to reach the people. He also realized he could offer funding for projects separate and beyond that which was inclusive of the paper, etc. We are always searching for funding resources and he not only offered that assistance, but formally presented his agreement in both writing and in personal communication.

MY QUESTION TO ALL OF YOU READERS IS: “HOW DOES THIS MAKE RICK MARTIN RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT WHICH THUS FAR HAS NOT COME FROM RONN JACKSON?” IT ISN’T EVEN RONN’S “FAULT”—BUT HOW CAN IT POSSIBLY BE RICK’S PROBLEM? RICK DOESN’T HAVE ANYTHING FOR HIS OWN MAINTENANCE, MUCH LESS BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ANYONE ELSE. HE DOESN’T EVEN HAVE CONTROL OVER THE PAPER FOR WHICH HE SERVES BRILLIANTLY. THAT FALLS TO DR. ED YOUNG WHO SPENDS NIGHT AFTER NIGHT WITHOUT SLEEP AND REST TO SEE THAT THIS PAPER IS OFFERED TIMELY, CORRECTLY AND TRUTHFULLY. THIS MEANS THAT HIS STAFF IS ON CALL 24 HOURS A DAY AND ON PRESS DAY(S) THERE IS NO REST FOR ANY OF THEM.

TO QUARREL OR “DUMP ON” RICK FOR THAT WHICH RONN HAS NOT DONE OR HAS DONE OR MAY DO IS ABSURD AND, AT THE LEAST MEASURE, UNFAIR AND MEAN-INTENDED. If we all act as “children” then I guarantee we shall be treated as such. Rick Martin has no control, no input and no claim on one Ronn Jackson and wherever that got started—it had best cease. Rick does seem to serve as a go-between because Ronn is comfortable with him; he can be totally entrusted with whatever needs that trust and security. I found it totally amusing that Grandma would first

bitch and moan to Rick and withdraw her material as if it would somehow “hurt” me and then she assaulted Ronn on the same subject. I find it interesting that ones **DO NOT CONFRONT ME? PERHAPS IT IS BECAUSE THEY KNOW EXACTLY WHO I AM AND THAT FOR WHICH I STAND.** I am not here to argue with everyone who believes they know more than I do—so be it. If they DO, fine. But I weary of ones coming into the play LATE and assuming that somehow our property is THEIRS. Ray Renick referred to *CONTACT in court* as “my (his) paper”. Grandma treated *CONTACT* as HER PAPER. Ronn seems to treat it as HIS PAPER. You know what, readers: it is none of “their” paper—IT IS **YOUR** PAPER! The Institute is YOUR resource. “I” AM **YOUR** RESOURCE! ANY “INVESTMENT” IN ANYTHING ATTACHED TO THIS PLACE OR CAUSE—SHALL ULTIMATELY FLOURISH FOR I SHALL MAKE SURE THAT THAT WHICH WE FOUND SHALL DO SO. ANY BUSINESS ARRANGEMENT IS WORTHY OF VALUE AND IF SERVICE TO NATION IS HONORABLE—THIS IS THE PLACE FOR “HEARING”. “PROJECTS” ARE NOT THE SAME BUT SHALL BE HANDLED WITH EQUAL INTEGRITY. JACKSON SAYS HE CAN ARRANGE FUNDING OF ALMOST UNLIMITED RESOURCE; WE NEED IT AND WE APPRECIATE THE CONTRACT.

I assume he can do what “Grandma” is trying to do and that is, make “forfeiture” or renege on promises and agreements because of something I may have said or done. Actually the only response from here has been—reprinting what SHE HAS SAID DIRECTLY. Ronn Jackson may be a lot of things—but THAT kind of “back-snatcher” is not among them. The suggested beneficiary of Russell Herman’s bequeath was to *CONTACT*, not me, not Ekkers, not anyone here individually. It has been said that she gave me \$40,000,000. She gave ME nothing—and for that matter neither has *CONTACT* received ANYTHING. They did not know that they were supposed to balance her intent with getting rid of Hatonn some way. Each individual’s word and promise is only as valid as their production—so how can you “forfeit” something which is NOT? And, under laws which protect all citizens can someone “forfeit” that which was established and left by ANOTHER? Does that not make your laws as worthless under one tyrant as another?

A message yesterday from Grandma said that she was “...sitting contemplating the space between her toes and considering how ungrateful are her ‘grandchildren’...” So be it. In this instance—that means: all of you (us). **YOU HAVE THAT KIND OF RULERSHIP**, readers. Don’t you think the Billiaries constantly think how ungrateful you “stupid fools” actually ARE??

“Grandma” was a Secret Service PERSON in the direct caretaking of Government officials, namely the PRESIDENT (so we are told). How does a lovely young lady get in such inside jobs as that?? Do I question her motives? No, I KNOW the motives. Less than a year ago she was giving all the interest proceeds of “her gold certificate” to Bill Clinton for the national debt payoff, the health plan and thus and so. That was generous but in my estimation, unworthy in the investment into such evil personages.

Now, *CONTACT* is expected to run the “opinions” of someone who believes themselves to have expertise because they hold (but no one has seen) some certificates which, if the government will not honor your Social Security properly, is not apt to hand over 300 Kazillion dollars in interest accrued on a certificate that all they have to do is ANNOUNCE INVALID. We are happy to print that which is valid but we have had complaint after complaint about taking precious space and reader’s time with personal opinions and repetitious (from years back) information that has just come into the attention of “Grandma”. I’m sorry,

readers, I do not see why there should be ill-will for doing something under direct request of HER and then accept her anger or accusation of our “attacking her” when all that happened was that Dr. Young honored her “last writing” to *CONTACT*. We respond to the attack of the ENEMY and if ones consider themselves to be among them—I cannot help that attitude. If true intent is being uncovered and it doesn’t match the intent or agreements—I cannot help that either. I, nor *CONTACT*, has changed in any iota and I, personally, shall accept no such silliness.

How do we know that they BOTH don’t still work directly for the One World Controllers? Well, I guess we don’t, do we? Therefore we always conduct ourselves with total integrity and with true intent of God and Country (IN FREEDOM UNDER CONSTITUTIONAL EQUALITY FOR ALL) and we don’t have credibility problems, do we? If we don’t lose sight of our goal, we can work with anyone and they will prove or disprove their worthiness—I DO NOT HAVE TO JUDGE. DO YOU?

Yes, I understand that Ronn has PROMISED help to group after group, person after person and it has not been forthcoming. Well, what would you do if you never heard of Ronn? What would you expect from this invisible party in point? I would guess that when and if Ronn is free to act—those things promised will be forthcoming. Remember, he wrote all his papers BEFORE HE MET US. He lived a lot of life BEFORE HE MET US—so that which came before was NOT ALL CONJURED AFTER MEETING US. He promised(s) that which he knows or believes he can present. You can ask no more of a MAN. The difference in God and that kind of a Man is that God knows not to promise that which he cannot fully CONTROL ALREADY.

Now I am in real trouble because I thought we would be able to spend this lunch hour on our “work” and we have again spent the time on more personal sorting of mail, questions and so on.

This began and shall end on a reminder: It is not easy for the recipient of the taunts and teasing when it is unwarranted. Please be a bit more kind in your teasing for, as you can see from the amount of mail we receive filled with very personal and embarrassing inquiries and comments about certain people, we have no bindings on anyone. Perhaps things do not happen for even “higher” reasons. I KNOW when the sequence is CORRECT AND PROPER—that which is to be will HAPPEN! In the wise words of Little Crow, my respected brother: “It will be exactly as it will be!”

Salu.

CHAPTER 9

REC #1 HATONN

THU., FEB. 23, 1995 7:23 A.M. YEAR 8, DAY 191

THU., FEB. 23, 1995

MK-ULTRA
MONARCH PROJECT, PART 23

Cathy O'Brien, [Sent to *CONTACT*, Feb. 22, 1995]

[H: As we sit to write this morning, even though we didn't finish with the other odds and ends of writings and responses, I am moving back to this Monarch subject. It becomes every moment more important to get the worst of this naming ON RECORD to you-the-people of those who are now making every effort to silence Cathy. This is becoming a "personal vendetta" by some ones as you will be able to understand.

Cathy and Mark live, wouldn't you understand, in Tennessee and guess what: IN THE TINY, TINY TOWN NEVER TO BE HEARD OF: ARAB. Yes indeed, it IS the little town that was completely wiped off the Tennessee map last week! I would tell you, interestingly enough, it happened on a day of usual delivery of *CONTACT* and among the only things left standing was Cathy's mailbox in which was delivered her copy of *CONTACT*. Readers, if you LOOK and LISTEN—God hears and sees far better than can you.

A lot of very powerful men are being named as among the most evil deviants of your century and who still wield untold amounts of power. Their coming "down" will pull, in time, the rest of the evilmongers with them. If we have to MOVE Cathy and Mark, we will do so and I want them to KNOW AS MUCH.

Can we afford it financially? No, but it is time this old government begins to bargain with US. If Ronn can't get free to "help us", I suggest that some of those Committee members get busy and assist our efforts. I chuckle at Rayelan's and Gunther's tales of CIA and other total fabrication about "helping us". What they don't seem to understand in their tiny little corridor of perception outside THEMSELVES is that we do nothing with which the Government wouldn't BE VERY WISE TO ASSIST US. Everything we do or plan to do SHOULD BE BACKED BY GOVERNMENT HELP. So be it—their choice; we shut up when they put up.]

[QUOTING: Portion of Cathy's cover-fax of yesterday.]

Feb. 22, 1995

CONTACT:

...Ever since the deadly tornado devastated our community of Arab last week, we have experienced difficulty with our telephone and fax lines and can only hope these faxes are reaching you. Please advise....

The enclosed abstract on former President **GERALD FORD** is comprised of excerpts from the rough draft of Mark's and my book *TRANSCFORMATION OF AMERICA*. Since Ford was an integral part of my Project Monarch victimization prior **TO HIS WARREN COMMISSION APPOINTMENT** until Mark rescued me in 1988, references to him are scattered throughout the book. **[H: Still think Cathy's work is not truth? Think again, it can and does happen and this kind of behavior is more rampant than ever. Also, do you still think the Warren Commission told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?—with these turkeys (and I insult the turkey) aboard? If there be a Committee of 16 which Earl Warren HEADED, I suggest they start “asking what they can do for their country”—or we are going to DO UNTO THEM!!! If you think it impossible that Ford would be “involved” in anything that isn't “goodie-two-shoes”, THINK AGAIN. His wife, Betty, was all but totally destroyed—remember that Betty Ford Center? Ah ha, it is time to look and SEE.]**

....therefore I pulled **THIS TIMELY** information together in abstract form in the event you would...print it

Thank you for all you have done and continue to do to restore free thought to OUR country and world.

Cathy O'Brien.

[H: You're welcome, precious.]

LESLIE LYNCH (PORN) KING, JR.
AKA:
FORMER PRESIDENT GERALD FORD

(Author-compiled excerpts from the book *TRANSCFORMATION OF AMERICA* written by Cathy O'Brien and Mark Phillips.)

[H: You are now getting information, readers, that YOU can check out as to times and places. You can check in the places as to whether or not the “President” was PRESENT and identify people and places as being real—and the rest of the pieces will fit.]

Imagine for a moment that a local pedophile pervert from your community, whom children fear and adults shun, suddenly became PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. How would it affect your perspective of the most powerful government in terms of wealth and military strength on Earth?

I had known Jerry Ford before I grew eye level to the dreaded “fly” on his pants—before I started school—before I could write my own name. Ford was considered by those in the know to be the reputed Michigan Mafia pornography KING, the boss for whom my father, Earl O'Brien, manufactured kiddie porn through abusing us, his own children.

My father's sixth-grade education provided little income opportunities for our large family so he supplemented it with profits from illicit child pornography. I was filmed having sex with my brother, older men, other children, etc. I was at such an early age that I accepted it as a **"natural"** part of life. Soon after my father filmed me with his brother Sam O'Brien's boxer dog, "Buster", he was reportedly caught sending the bestiality child porn through the U.S. mail.

My mother's brother, Bob Tanis, was also implicated in the ordeal. Uncle Bob was a pedophile, pornographer, and pilot in the U.S. Air Force (Intelligence Division) who claims to "work for the Vatican". Out of apparent desperation he informed my father of a U.S. Government Defense Intelligence Agency TOP SECRET Project to which he was privy—the MK-ULTRA Project MONARCH.

Project Monarch is one of several mind-control operations which "recruits" multigenerational incest-abused children with developed Multiple Personality Disorder (MPD) for its genetic mind-control studies.

(Multiple Personality Disorder [MPD], now referred to by professionals as Dissociative Identity Disorder [DID], is the mind's sane defense to an insane situation. It is a way of dealing with trauma that is literally too horrible to comprehend. Incestuous rape violates primitive instinct and surpasses pain tolerance. By compartmentalizing the memory of such horrendous abuse, the rest of the mind can function "normally" as though nothing had happened. This compartmentalization is created by the brain actually shutting down neuron pathways to a specific part of the brain. These neuron pathways are triggered open again when the abuse recurs. The same part of the brain that is already conditioned to the trauma deals with it again—and again—as needed.)

I was a prime "Candidate", a "Chosen One". My father seized the opportunity as it would provide him immunity from the U.S. Postal Authority prosecution. In the midst of the pandemonium that ensued, Jerry Ford arrived at our house with the evidence in hand for a meeting with my father.

"Is Earl home?" he called to my mother, who nervously stood behind the screen door, hesitating to invite him in. (My mother often voiced complaints that she "could not see faces", which personal experience has taught me implies that she was suffering from ongoing physical and psychological traumas, and therefore was not in control of her actions.)

"Not yet," my mother replied, her voice shaking. "He should have been home from work by now; I know he's expecting you."

"That's OK." Ford turned his attention to me. I was standing outside on the front porch and he crouched down to my level. Patting the large, brown envelope containing the confiscated porn film tucked under his arm he asked, "You like doggies, huh?"

"Buster is a nice doggy. He's funny," I replied. Not understanding why the dog had been whisked away when the porn was confiscated, I complained, "Buster's gone."

"Buster's gone?" Ford asked.

"Yeah, My Uncle Sam took him away," I told him.

Ford laughed loudly at the irony of my statement. In my limited view I wondered why he found it humorous that Buster was gone. My father pulled into the driveway, honking the horn of his new tan convertible. Ford stood up and with his “fly” eye level to me, I noticed his penis was erect and reached for it—as conditioned.

“Not now, honey,” he said, “I have business to tend...” Ford went inside with my parents to officially seal my fate.

It was not long after that that my father was flown to Boston for a two-week course at Harvard University on how to condition me for this spin-off mind-control project of MK-ULTRA known as Project Monarch. Jerry Ford would weave in and out of my Project Monarch existence for **three decades** before I was rescued in 1988 by Mark Phillips.

It was my experience that most pedophile sexual interest in me peaked and waned according to physical phases of my maturing.

There were those who prefer sex with infants and toddlers (my father’s preference), those who like prepubescent kids (such as **U.S. Congressman Guy VanderJagt** and **Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau**), those who like developing teens (such as **U.S. Senator Robert C. Byrd** who would become my “mind-control **owner**” when I was 13 years old). It appeared that age made no difference to **Jerry Ford**, as long as his traumatic sexual brutality produced mind-altering results. Ford assaulted me with his abnormally large penis virtually throughout my Project Monarch existence.

Ford often indulged in his pedophile perversions with my brother, Bill, and me while I was still a toddler, since our house was located in the immediate vicinity of Muskegon Country Club where he routinely conducted business while golfing. At the age of four, my brother, who is one year older than me, climbed to the top of the highest tree he could find in our yard in an effort to avoid Ford’s always brutal sexual assaults. Ford’s intense and perverse sexuality sometimes included having sex with my mother and me at the same time. He sexually assaulted both of my sisters and me at the same time with our ages spanning 3-23. I routinely saw Ford at the Mackinac Island political retreat where I was often prostituted to him as a mind-controlled slave. It appeared to me that Ford knew no boundaries when it came to sex—or any other criminal activity.

I was nine years old when my third-grade class (Bluffton Elementary School) took a field trip to the Michigan State Capital in Lansing. I was quickly ushered aside upon arrival. I was taken to State Senator Guy VanderJagt’s office where he was waiting along with his friend and mentor, then-U.S. Congressman and Warren Commission “**ram rod**” **Gerald Ford**. VanderJagt eagerly lifted my skirt, pulled down my panties which were embroidered with the day of the week, and laughed with Ford because they indicated “Sunday”. These two perverts knew that under mind control I could not keep up with what year it was let alone know the day. VanderJagt then placed me on his highly polished desk for sex with him and Ford. Afterward they laughed again as VanderJagt placed a small American flag in my rectum and instructed me to “wave it”.

VanderJagt then escorted me back to the balcony of the Legislature where my classmates were gathered. He put his arm around me in front of all my classmates and presented me with **the** American flag he

had just had me wave for him and Ford, with my rectum. Before my class left the State Capital to return to Muskegon, Ford and VanderJagt gave me a pen inscribed with the motto that would lead me for the rest of my mind-controlled existence, “Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country.”

What I “did for my country” through this enslavement dramatically increased over the years in direct proportion to the programming sophistication of my CIA/DIA MK-ULTRA Project Monarch mind control. I was programmed through TOP SECRET technology on various government, NASA, and military installations to mule enormous quantities of drugs out of the Caribbean and Mexico that funds the CIA’s Black Budget to pay operatives during the Reagan Administration. I followed New World ORDERS and delivered brief, programmed messages in conjunction with brutal prostitution as a White House/Pentagon-level mind-controlled slave. I was vaginally mutilated and “carved” for the perversions of U.S. Senator Robert C. Byrd and others as well as for use in pornography. Pornography included exploitation by **Ford’s and Reagan’s comrade in perversion, LARRY FLINT, who publishes the sex trash magazine Hustler.** I was programmed to participate in various covert operations including Operation Shell Game in 1986 with which Ford was also **directly involved.** Operation Shell Game was a CIA covert operation designed to force Manuel Noriega into ceasing his formerly U.S. Government-sanctioned cocaine distribution during the course of the Iran-Contra affair. As evidenced by Bush’s 1991 follow-up Operation “Just Cause” and Noriega’s subsequent incarceration, Operation Shell Game was a failure.

In preparation for my tenure as a so-called “Presidential Model” mind-controlled slave my body was routinely tortured, and my mind repeatedly traumatized, to create compartmentalization of memory necessary to robotically carry out orders. One such traumatic event occurred in the Fall of 1974 when I learned that the pervert I knew **as a porn king** had just taken the office of U.S. President.

As an MPD/DID MK-ULTRA Project Monarch mind-controlled CIA sex-slave, I had no concept of time, did not know my own age and had no ability to either reason or question, and could not think to do anything other than exactly what I was told to do. My environment was totally controlled whereby I was told what music to listen to, what movies/television to watch, and had no access to news other than the slanted propaganda that was forming my mis-perceptions. The part of me that dealt with Ford and his perversions knew him only as a Mafia porn king. The part of me that experienced him at the State Capital in Lansing, Michigan perceived him as VanderJagt’s friend. In retrospect, had I been able to ponder who was actually Gerald Ford, my wildest imagination most likely could not have perceived him as President of the United States. **[H: By the way—THIS IS WHY Gerald Ford did not seek election to any great extent in the general arena—for this information would have come forth. An attempt on Flint, to kill him and silence him, failed and Flint now resides in a wheel-chair. Too many people would have had to be silenced if Gerald Ford would have sought election fame. It should now also be obvious WHY HE PARDONED NIXON.]**

In the Fall of 1974 my father announced one day that our family was going to go camping “back in time” to an old fashioned festival in the small remote town of Cedar Springs, Michigan—for their annual **Red Flannel Days** celebration. My mother told me to pack my jeans, sweaters, and Catholic High School uniform, which she had washed and pressed just for the occasion.

Cedar Springs was quiet, with the festival events including dilapidated amusement rides set up in a

small parking lot, and contests were held where local farmers pitted their mules and horses against each other to see whose could pull the most weight. The main (and only) street of town was lined with the few local businesses, including the town's well known red flannel underwear "long johns" factory. In the center of town a (mock) single jail cell had been erected to hold any and all parade participants who failed to be wearing the required attire of red flannel underwear. The jail was guarded by quasi-Keystone-type cops. I was amused when the townsfolk began lining up to march in the parade because there were very few people remaining to watch. A well known mentally retarded man carried the baton to lead the parade, followed by kids on bicycles, haywagons carrying elderly people, a grade school band and people walking, all in their red flannel underwear. The grand finale of the parade, the town firetruck, was approaching as I watched, surrounded by numerous motorcycle police. I heard folks whispering, "The President is coming". I assumed they meant the President of the underwear factory. I was wrong. I watched in horror as the firetruck rolled to a stop, and Secret Service helped **then President Gerald Ford as he stepped down to the pavement.**

My father was excitedly tugging on my arm, half dragging me through the wall of Secret Service agents, to talk with President Ford. I looked around nervously as my father made the necessary arrangements with Ford to prostitute me to him later that evening. VanderJagt, who never missed a parade it seemed, was signing autographs. As he smiled at me, someone roughly grabbed my arm. Nervous and startled, I screamed. The crowd laughed as a Keystone Cop threw me in the jail, scolding me for not wearing my red flannel underwear while I was talking to the President. I was trying to be inconspicuous in hopes no one would see me with the likes of Ford, but then, they did not know him like I did. The flashbulb light-bursts further traumatized me. The Keystone Cop rattled on and on about "how lucky" I was until my father paid my bail and I was released from the cell.

That night I wore my Catholic uniform as instructed and went into a dissociative trance as my father drove me to the local National Guard Armory where I was prostituted to Ford. Ford took me into an empty room, pushed me down on the wooden floor as he unzipped his pants and said, "Pray on this". Then he brutally sexually assaulted me. Afterward my memory was compartmentalized through use of high voltage. I was then carried out to the car where I lay in the back seat, nauseated, muscles contracted, stunned, in pain, and unable to move.

When we got back to Muskegon my father sent me to the beach as always, to let the repetition of crashing waves against the beach "wash my mind free of memory" while I watched the sun set. My memory of the event was indeed compartmentalized and "forgotten" until Mark Phillips rescued and deprogrammed me in 1988. Until then I was totally locked into the belief that truly there was "**no place to turn**" for help as I had been told and conditioned by my abusers—**not even to the President of the United States.**

[END OF QUOTING]

I also have here a notice for *PREPAREDNESS EXPO '95* from Don McAlvany. The advertisement comes from Salt Lake City, Utah. It will be held in Dallas in March, Orlando in June and then later in the year in Anaheim, Seattle and Salt Lake City. It has an impressive group of speakers including Col. Bo Gritz. Yes, this same Bo Gritz of Delta Force, Green Berets and thus and so. While they are so damned busy getting you "prepared" for "Peace of Mind in Our Changing World" with such topics and how-tos as:

Hurricane & Tornado Preparedness, Alternative Energy, Food and Water Storage, Wilderness & Camping Supplies (which THEY sell), Self-Reliant Living, Home Education, Self Defense & Protection, Homeopathic Remedies, Personal & Financial Privacy, Investment Strategies, Constitutional Issues & Much More, **WHY ARE THEY NOT DOING SOMETHING ABOUT THESE LITTLE BASTARDS IN THE WHITE HOUSE RUNNING THESE EVIL PROGRAMS??** They taunt *CONTACT* for its “far-out” information from ETs. NO, READERS, THIS INFORMATION IS FROM HELPLESS CITIZENS! If you got rid of the puking scum-suckers you wouldn’t have to get prepared for any of the above listed items. “But they maybe don’t know!” you defend. THEY KNOW and if they DON’T they have no right to be out there telling YOU what to do. BO GRITZ **KNOWS** and that is WHY he is moving to a high mountain compound in remote IDAHO. THEY KNOW. Is *CONTACT* actually the only place where truly horrifying information can be brought forth? It appears to be—certainly *SPOTLIGHT* would not touch this material with a 100-foot pole.

You are infested with parasitic garbage and run by drug lords. WAKE UP!

I chuckled yesterday when the announcement was made that “WASHINGTON DC IS INSOLVENT”. THE CAPITOL OF THE SO-CALLED MOST PROSPEROUS AND MAGNIFICENT NATION IN THE WORLD—IS BANKRUPT AND EXPECTS **YOU** TO SUPPORT THEM. THE CITY IS A CESSPOOL OF CONTEMPTUOUS CRIME AND PORNOGRAPHY—WHAT DO YOU EXPECT?? Can America become more degraded? No—but it will appear so. You have guaranteed the total DEMISE of Mexico and Canada and you have been bankrupt as a nation since 1933. Please, DO NOT ASK GOD TO HELP YOU SAVE THIS GARBAGE! ASK GOD FOR MERCY UPON YOU FOR YOUR IGNORANCE!!

Salu.

CHAPTER 10

REC #2 HATONN

THU., FEB. 23, 1995 12:05 P.M. YEAR 8, DAY 191

THU., FEB. 23, 1995

VACCINATIONS AND INOCULATIONS

I can't stand the middle road any longer on this issue. You are GOING TO DO what you are going to do but I must CLEARLY warn you about these childhood injections against disease. It is nothing but a program to destroy the working immune system. The reasons for your children getting one infection after another is that these immunizations are damaging the nervous system and wiping out the immune systems of your children.

LAW AS STATED

I know that you THINK these vaccinations are MANDATORY UNDER THE LAW—BUT THEY ARE NOT! AND, FURTHER, IF A SCHOOL KEEPS YOUR CHILD OUT OF SCHOOL FOR NOT BEING IMMUNIZED—TAKE IT TO COURT. ON THE VACCINATION RECORD SHEETS THAT ALL ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE, ON THE BACK, THERE IS A STATEMENT WHICH ALLOWS YOU TO NOT PARTICIPATE.

What I see being accomplished as we write is both heinous and irreversible. I do not tell you WHAT TO DO! You ask and I simply WARN YOU that these immunizations will begin to kill more and more of your children and maim many more. The results are going to be everything from nervous inattention and misbehavior to death. The symptoms may well not be seen in major extent for years—until the person is hit with a whopper like a simple retrovirus. Contained in these injectables are everything from cow-pus to mercury and nail-polish remover.

If you can't believe "me", there is a book out, I am told, called *VACCINATION*. I am sure there are far more than that as one came to me years ago on the subject, then Dr. Mendelsohn wrote a book, *The Medical Heretic* and Eustace Mullins wrote one called *Murder by Injection*. LISTEN UP, READERS: THIS IS NOT FUN AND GAMES—THIS IS MASS INTENT TO DEPOPULATE THROUGH DESTRUCTION OF IMMUNE SYSTEMS SO THAT ANY INTENDED INFECTION EPIDEMIC CAN WIPE OUT THE OVERPOPULATION. The first book I mentioned, *VACCINATION*, is done by a person I respect greatly and is CURRENT. The author is Viera Scheibner, Ph.D. and I have used her work prior to now. It is urgent and CRITICAL that you get INFORMED—NOW!! You are "finished" if you allow a LAW to come about and be enforced making it legally mandatory to vaccinate your babies. That practice is DEADLY.

Now back to our work in progress:

MK-ULTRA
MONARCH PROJECT, PART 24

Cathy O'Brien, (First written in 1991, updated January 1992.)

[QUOTING:]

“POPPA” PHILLIP HABIB

My CIA-operative handler Alex Houston [**H: One place you TV viewers might recall seeing Houston and “Elmer” was in a miserably bad episode of OUTER LIMITS.**] was scheduled to perform with Loretta Lynn at the Playboy Club in Atlantic City, N.J. in the Spring of 1985 and he admittedly did not want me there. He explained that he intended to “dress up like a carrot as lunch for the bunnies” and I would only be in his way. But I had White House business to tend between Ronald Reagan and Phillip Habib so he had no choice but to take me along when the orders came down.

Loretta Lynn’s neo-Nazi road manager and Houston’s best friend, Ken Riley, maintained constant watch over me while Houston was preparing for his show and entertaining. Riley was unusually agitated on this particular trip because Mooney, Loretta’s owner/husband, whom everyone feared/respected, was coming in and it was Riley’s job to keep everything running smoothly for his arrival. Loretta’s children, including her trouble-making son Ernest Ray (convicted of cocaine and other federal charges), were all there and Riley had his hands full without having to maintain me as well. So he used extra quantities of cocaine which only added to his nervous agitation. To further compound Riley’s pressures, he was aware that my purpose in being there pertained to Houston’s earlier trip to Panama that had sent Loretta (and him) to Reagan’s Inauguration to uphold their end of the covert activity funding/cocaine business for the CIA. Riley was at his peak, operating well beyond his capabilities and this Atlantic City show date was the culmination of his efforts.

The first night Riley returned from a meeting at the Playboy Club’s French restaurant and explained to Houston that he was to take me up there between shows, laughing at the prospect of Houston, well known for his frugality (cheap), having to bring me, “his slave” to such an expensive restaurant. Riley couldn’t do it himself because Mooney had arrived and was in the process of taking control of the whole Loretta Lynn entourage. Before the dinner appointment I witnessed Mooney and Houston hypnotically dropping Loretta, her band, her kids, everyone except Ernest Ray, via group hypnosis as they were all conditioned to being subjected to their CIA mind-control technique, and I was asked to leave because I was already under a different program.

Houston then took me to the restaurant rendezvous between shows as ordered, and we were led to a mirror-lined private alcove that had been closed off to all other patrons. A bottle of champagne arrived which we drank while Houston annoyed the waiters by assuming the character role of “Inspector Clouseau” and laughing inappropriately and loudly before his departure. As soon as he left a waiter brought me a pink rose, and pointed out the two men who had sent it, Phillip Habib’s body guards (who dressed like “feds”) and who immediately came over and joined me in order to arrange my meeting with Habib. The meeting would take place the following evening and was for the purpose of delivering messages as programmed, between him and his close friend and associate Ronald Reagan.

As the sun was setting the following day (which is actually a trigger to “forget” events), Houston activated the Project Monarch Oz programming that is used for high-level conspiracy operations, and he had me dress accordingly. I wore diamonds (i.e., rhinestones) to signify my “Presidential Model” business, rubies to signify my Oz-programmed-prostitution personality, and emeralds to signify my Oz-programmed drug business which physically indicates to my contact(s) which mode of operation I was under at the time. Rarely do I wear all three indicators at once as White House/Presidential business mostly pertained to messages/drugs.

However, since Phillip Habib was such a close friend of Reagan’s, the rubies/prostitution was added. Houston led me down the water-front boardwalk toward the hotel casino where I was to meet Habib, walking like the Oz scarecrow and singing “Follow the Yellow Brick Road” and “We’re Off to See the Wizard” which Houston’s massive ego thought humorous.

The hotel casino, which I can identify, had escalators going to another level where high-stakes gambling was under way. Houston identified himself to the guards of the gambling room and explained that Phillip Habib was expecting me as he turned and left me there. I walked over to the gambling table where Habib was playing and he leaned back to hear as I quietly recited, “I’ve come such a long, long way to see you; Uncle Ronnie sent you something.”

“What would that be?” he asked loudly as he leered at me and chuckled. He knew I could not/would not respond because I was under heavy programming and awaiting command. He handed me his room key as he pulled me close and whispered slowly and hypnotically, “Use the key. Put it in the lock. Turn. Open the door...and step through a window in time.” One of the more serious gamblers had become impatient and complained, “Hey, go on. You’re disrupting things here.” I turned and headed for the elevators, so heavily programmed that I had difficulty determining the room number on the key. The mirrors around the elevator further disoriented me due to the Alice in Wonderland, Through the Looking Glass CIA programming that I knew Habib would be activating. I required assistance in understanding which floor and which door number the key indicated.

Finally I arrived, opened the door and “stepped through the window in time” and saw Habib’s two “fed” type body guards waiting for me. They activated my programming and I began reciting the Presidential message “Chiefly speaking...” and arrangements were made for them to pick up a load of cocaine that was arriving on the small airplane that Houston and I would then board and fly out on to Washington DC.

The next thing I knew, Habib had arrived and was already undressed down to his boxer shorts and gartered socks and ushered me into the bedroom part of the suite saying, “Hello, Little One”, referring to a recently made Danté tennis-theme porn film. He said, “I liked your ruffled tennis panties...” He held up a pink teddy with ruffled panties and continued, “I got you something. Put it on.” I complied. He threw an expensive stuffed toy cat up on the pillows and explained, “That kitten is going to keep this kitten (me) from screaming. We’re going to play Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum” (i.e., S&M games). Habib physically resembled the violent Alice in Wonderland characters anyway, especially in his boxer shorts, but the hysterical laughter that rose in my throat would only have intensified his abuse and was (fortunately) choked back by the terror as he began attaching heavy rope ties to the four posters of the bed. On command I crawled onto the bed and he ordered “face down!” and tied me so tightly I was stretched. He shoved the stuffed cat under my mouth and then came up roughly behind me and said, “Come to Poppa”. The intense

pain of his brutality sodomizing me was outweighed by the electricity as he jolted me repeatedly to create the perverse jerking movements and rectal constrictions effect he desired. I soon passed out from the blinding high voltage of his stun-gun. I still bear the scars on my body to this day, plus cancerous moles from same.

DANIEL ORTEGA: FREEDOM FIGHTER

Compiled from notes August, 1991.

Were President Ronald Reagan's Nicaraguan Freedom Fighters fighters OF freedom or FOR freedom? My CIA MK-ULTRA Project Monarch mind-control existence had rendered me incapable to ponder such questions. Nevertheless, I had a programmed "passion burning in my bosom" for the Contras, patriotically instilled through torture, when I embarked on my "peace keeping mission" to Nicaragua for Reagan late in the summer of 1985.

My CIA mind-control handler Alex Houston and I traveled aboard (cooperative) Norwegian Caribbean Lines as usual to reach my appointed destination. NCL was heavily involved in covertly transporting CIA agents, operatives, and the cocaine and heroin they imported into the US during the Reagan Administration. Since Nicaragua was not a port of call for NCL, Houston and I debarked in the Yucatan of Mexico. From there I boarded a small plane to Honduras where I was met by a designated contact/pilot who flew me into a remote military airstrip in Managua. It was in this small mountain-top clearing that I met with Contra rebel forces Commandante Daniel Ortega as had been arranged through a Vatican's local Jesuit spook.

U.S. and Mexican relations were flourishing in the successes of NAFTA's groundwork, while political differences pertaining to Nicaragua remained a minor point of contention. Since the Catholic Vatican's Intelligence arm of Jesuits was working closely with U.S. Intelligence to usher in the New World Order, they used their established influence in Mexico and Nicaragua to provide a common ground for "diplomatic relations". My dual mind-control victimization by the CIA and the Jesuits since childhood, and my previous "diplomatic relations" with Mexican President de la Madrid thrust me into the role of messenger and prostitute to Nicaragua's Daniel Ortega.

I was dressed seasonably in shorts, with my long, blonde hair tucked back into a French braid. Ortega's attire, too, was reflective of the casual air to our meeting. His tan military uniform had worn thin and was free of any protocol insignias. His dark body hair billowed out of his short sleeve shirt and his military style boots were dusty. Even his elaborate aviator watch, which appeared too large for his wrist, seemed casual and "down to earth", rather than militant. From my limited perception, his eyes were reflective of a sadness unlike any I had seen before. The dark, rose-colored sunglasses he peered through apparently had not changed his somber view of the "noble cause" he claimed to represent. His movements were as purposeful and agile as those of a much younger man as he climbed into the driver's side of a nearby tan military jeep. A man of few words, he greeted me with an order, "Come with me." I rode with him in silence the short distance across the airstrip to a small, neat, two-story white frame house.

As we came to a stop in front of the house Ortega said in a sad, slow voice, "I have needs like any man but I feel like a whore myself for accepting your President's offer." He took a beer out of an older model

refrigerator himself while never offering me a drink. He apparently understood the components of mind control (i.e., water deprivation), and that I was a mind-controlled slave. He led me upstairs to the bedroom.

The bedroom was clean and functional with white wicker furniture set on a blue commercial carpet. The numerous assault weapons that were scattered around, one of which was always in reach of Ortega, kept the bedroom from looking effeminate. I did not see any other personal effects, although Ortega seemed to be at home in his surroundings. There were no modern conveniences like television, although an outside generator hummed to a small air conditioner in his room.

Ortega's demeanor was that of a man who had abstained from sex longer than most in his political position, and he was ready for sex even before we discussed business. As he slowly unbuttoned his shirt I noticed a Catholic medal nestled in a gorilla chest of black hair. Unlike most Catholic medallions his was shaped like a dogtag and had the secret Jesuit ascension/descension symbol on it. He sat in a wicker chair as I followed his silent lead in gratifying him orally.

While he chain-smoked cigarettes I sat in front of him on the floor and relayed Reagan's message to him as programmed. I began, "President Reagan has sent me as a messenger of peace."

He casually interrupted, slowly looking me up and down. "I'd like to have a 'piece' in a few more minutes."

I continued, "Your people have endured many hardships throughout their existence. He (Reagan) only wants to help. The American people want to see peace and freedom in your land. Mexican and U.S. relations are growing stronger by the day and it is imperative that we resolve your conflict in order to resolve our own with the Mexican government. We have come to the agreement with Mexico that the Nicaraguan conflict must be resolved for the sake of your people as well as our own. I am here on a peace-keeping mission representative of Vatican-based common ground shared by both Mexican and American governments, to enlighten you to our peaceful intentions. The unified effort of Mexican-American Catholic missions is to promote peace in your region, while only enhancing your culture. The world is rapidly turning toward world peace, and Nicaragua is way behind the times... from technology and education to government ideals and religious convictions. Pope John Paul is praying diligently for peace in your region, and has joined forces with President Reagan, Mexico, and even the Soviet Union to insure that peace. He (the Pope) knows your goals, he knows your motives... (I leaned forward, almost whispering from my own instilled belief) he knows your soul. We can all work in tandem to achieve that peace. Nicaragua, small though it may be in relation to the rest of the world, is a significant stepping-stone toward unifying world powers. It can no longer be a source of contention and disagreement. Your people must be free. Free to worship God through your holy Catholic Church. That is first and foremost on President Reagan's agenda, as well as the Pope's and President de la Madrid's. A New World Order is coming into being with or without you; it is an inevitable process that cannot be stopped. A whole new world of peace awaits us all. I can see you are a peace-loving man, it emanates from your being. Blood has flowed across your land so heavily that your people are drowning in it. Together we can cauterize that wound. Replace blood flow with cash flow. Americanization can upgrade your technology at a rapid rate. Your people could compete in world markets by the turn of the century. Your future global position has already been determined by geography alone. Flow with it. Lead your people out of poverty. Educate them in a

manner conducive to their destined position in world markets. Free them from their struggles that have held them captive for so long. Allow the church bells to ring with good news of peace, prosperity and freedom. You can achieve all of your goals for your country's advancement with our help."

Ortega thoughtfully finished smoking a cigarette and lit up another as he confidently replied, "Tell your President that I have seen his freedom and listened to his words projected through yet another example of it. He paints a beautiful picture suspended within his framework. A picture can appear serene to its beholder while it is being gazed upon. I cannot worship a graven image and the picture he paints is just that. We have fought too hard and too long, spilling sweat and blood across this land in our determined effort to maintain human values instilled in us by our forefathers who gained their profound wisdom from the original Catholic missionaries. These values are the same as those portrayed in President Reagan's painted picture—only OURS are real. His have only surface value, like any other painting. If I were to concede I would only be framed within the picture he paints, hung on his wall like a trophy. I will not mislead my people in spite of his offers of wealth and position. I am true to my convictions and when he is true to his then we will meet on common ground and have something of substance to discuss. For now, words are only a waste of our time."

Ortega stood up and put out his cigarette. He walked over to the blinds and closed them. He said, "I have needs," and pulled back the covers of his bed. As he took off his shirt he continued, "I'll take you somewhere pleasant." A well used opium bong was on his dresser and he handed me the nozzle. I had been trained to accept any drug given to me with the only exception being the strictly-forbidden marijuana. Victimiziers usually provided their drug of choice to me and/or my daughter through their own urine, orally, or by injection. Since the opium was to be smoked, I hesitated until he told me it was opium. It seemed that the sensation of the drug took effect immediately, even before I could let the velvety smoke out. "This could be the way to world peace," Ortega said as he let out his smoke and rolled over in the bed. Sex with him was unusually conventional, free of pain and perversion. Unlike most I was forced to have "diplomatic relations" with for the Reagan Administration, he fell asleep when he was through.

The honk of a horn outside awakened him. He lit a cigarette, peeked out the blinds and pulled his shirt on. I was dressed fast and preparing to leave when he ordered, "Wait." He had a cigarette in his mouth but came as close to smiling as he probably ever does. He opened a drawer in the wicker nightstand and took out a small, quarter inch ball of black opium from his personal stash. He wrapped it in a piece of cellophane that he tore off his cigarette pack. He gave it to me while saying, "Give this to your President and tell him that you and I found more peace with substance than he'll ever impart on the surface of his painted globe." He opened the bedroom door and gestured with his head down the stairs to where my escort/pilot was knocking loudly at the door. "Come back and see me when you have more to offer," he said, as he closed the door quietly behind me.

Back in Washington DC where my "mission" had originated I would deliver my message as usual and immediately fly back to the cruise where my mind was manipulated to believe I had never been gone at all. This time, however, I was taken directly to Vice President George Bush rather than to Reagan. I delivered the text of Ortega's message verbatim to Bush as ordered. Eliminating most of the dialogue, Bush instructed me to deliver a partial message to Reagan. Unable to perceive operations and people beyond my "Need to know" mind-controlled limited view, I had no concept that Ortega's message would have a negative impact. After all, Ortega had not personally hurt me and his stated position of seeking freedom

seemed to leave the door open to further negotiations. It never occurred to me that Ortega had proven himself to be as much a hypocrite as he purported Reagan to be by using me as a prostitute and messenger knowing full well that I had no free will. His exchange of opium for arms seemed business as usual considering the CIA covert operations in which I had been forced to “patriotically” participate. Bush’s revision of Ortega’s message added fuel to a proverbial fire that I didn’t even know was burning when I delivered the message to Reagan.

Bush was with Reagan and me in Reagan’s side office of the White House as I relayed the message as instructed, “Daniel Ortega is a peace loving man who seeks the same resolutions that we do. But he told me to tell you... (I dug in my purse for the opium) that he and I found more peace in this substance... (I handed the opium to Reagan) than you’ll ever impart on the surface of your painted globe.”

Bush smiled as Reagan’s face turned red with rage and his lips pressed together so tight they disappeared. I had never seen Reagan so enraged before and did not understand the reactions in which Bush was so apparently delighted. Bush spun up out of his seat, took the cellophane wrapped opium for himself and told Reagan to “Settle down. There’s more. It seems the only peace she spread was between her legs.” He headed for the door, saying, “I would reconsider my position if I were in your shoes—considering what’s filling hers.” Bush dropped his gaze down the back of my legs to my shoes. “...it’s running down both sides of her legs.” With Reagan’s rage further heightened, Bush went out the door. Obviously I wouldn’t be subjected to sex with Reagan that day. I was quickly excused.

I was flown back to Mexico where I resumed my NCL cruise. With my memory of the event compartmentalized through high voltage, I believed at the time that I had never been gone at all. Houston told me that the intense vomiting caused by the high voltage was “simply bad water in Mexico”.

[END OF QUOTING]

Let us take a rest break, please. Thank you.

CHAPTER 11

DARING TESTIMONY OF TRUTH SISTER CHARLOTTE'S DARK SECRET BEHIND CLOISTERED CONVENT WALLS

Editor's note: The following incredible and sad testimony was given by a Carmelite nun who escaped from the captivity of her cloistered convent's perverted rituals of mind control. Commander Hatonn requested we include this story here in conjunction with the Monarch Mind-Control Material that we have been presenting these past several weeks. This daring statement, by a gentle and innocent soul who never expected such treatment, is extracted from one of the earlier Journals, #14, called Rape, Ravage, Pillage And Plunder Of The Phoenix, Vol. I, pages 78-118. Call the Light of God around you as you read of Sister Charlotte's heart-wrenching experiences within the inner sanctum of organized religion—a game which is THE most pervasive and deceptive technique for mind control and the manipulation of free will ever devised by our would-be rulers. “A little guilt goes a long way” is the tried & true formula for this effective approach to the herding of we-the-sheep.

4/23/90 #2 ESU “JESUS” SANANDA

Sananda present in the Light of Holy God.

Dharma, it is time, chela, to speak of the unholy methods of evil in places where it is all but impossible for man to accept. Perhaps this Journal should be entitled RAPE, RAVAGE, PILLAGE, PLUNDER AND OTHER OBSCENTIES. We will write this day on this subject which is the unspeakable for in thy place it is a gentle rain God has sent for renewal and the blossoming of the violet flowers of Man. Honor those violet blooms which are a sign of life and truth unto you ones for they are more than Spring flowers—these particular ones were a sign from God for specific purpose. So be it.

HONOR AND HUMBLE GRATITUDE TO SISTER CHARLOTTE

Readers, as you proceed herein you will be shocked and offended to the bottom of your senses. It is a time of revealing evil into the lighted public and ones have dearly paid the ultimate sacrifice to bring forth truth. The story we shall tell will be in first person as given forth by Sister Charlotte of a Cloistered Order of the Holy Catholic Church. It speaks of the traditional path and treatment of little girl children entering into a cloistered order.

You will desire to believe it is, at the very least, the exceptional treatment and not the norm. Nay, it is the accepted treatment and those convents which do not function in this manner are the exception.

Prior to losing you readers who cannot swallow the truth of it—I suggest you investigate the “OPENED” convents in Mexico. The convents in your country are still kept in total secrecy. The treatment of the little nuns is so heinous as to defy believability—’tis so, dear ones—’tis so.

Some ones have managed to break free and dare to tell their stories. Most never make it into freedom and if they make it beyond the walls, they are sought after and killed. Sister Charlotte has been murdered. Her soul rests in peace for her ultimate gift to truth.

God and Christ have no place within the halls of evil. The Church of Rome is not of God; it is directly of Satan. Ye who will, deny this truth—but truth will “out”, brethren! We shall speak of many subjects regarding the religious paths but this day we will stay with this subject for it is heinous indeed and most difficult for this scribe. We have chosen her to pen these things for she has no knowledge or predisposition to opinion toward the Catholic Church and knows naught of its doctrines or practices.

Who is Sister Charlotte?

Let us first refer to words in the *Book of Acts*, Chap. 6, vs. 7: “God’s message was preached in ever-widening circles, and the number of disciples increased vastly in Jerusalem; and many of the Jewish priests were converted too. . . .”

The history of the conversion of priests is not new, it was there even before the Roman Catholic Institution was established in its present form.

It was there among the Jewish people, a parallel to the present situation of the Roman Catholic Priesthood. As a matter of fact, the Roman Catholic Priesthood, in its present form with nuns, monks and priests as well as bishops, cardinals and popes, is a tremendous mixture of two religions, Catholicism and Judaism. We will see that even the very experience which comes forth from actual experiences of priests, monks and nuns at this present time brings forth more light in guidelines about the tremendous conspiracy which underlays the very existence of the so called Church of Christ unto this very day.

Through the presentations of these religious experiences of the lives of priests and nuns you will be given the greatest blessings of truth beyond comprehension. It is through such testimony, such as Sister Charlotte, a former Roman Catholic Nun, that, even though her experience goes back but a few years of your counting, is accurate in description of conditions which exist in the Roman Catholic Institutions at this present day.

PERVERSION OF GOD’S WRITTEN REVELATIONS

In the *Bible*, it was already recognized that some of the Jewish priests were perverting God’s written revelations with the traditions of men. See *Matthew* 15: 3-6: “... And why do your traditions violate the direct commandments of God?...” Today, the false priests of Rome are doing the same job under the spirit of the Anti-christ.

You will find in this testimony that the doctrines of the Church of Rome never change regardless of her claims. The work of the spirit of the Anti-christ preparing his bride, the Mother of Harlots (*Revelation* 17, 18, 19), is religiously clever indeed.

Christians must become informed and alert to the continuing heresies and blasphemies committed by the Roman Catholic Institution—especially over the past six hundred years, starting with the Emperor Constantine

the Great as the first Pope and the actual first founder of the Roman Catholic Institution as you would recognize of it. This may not be speaking historically—but is accurate in prophetic terms.

There was a revolution established against the Church of Christ and God Himself. This enemy of God has risen up against the authority of the only true God and Christ—by whatever name you would append unto them. Dear ones, this will not cease until the destruction of the entity as foretold in the Revelations.

In spite of Rome's attempted new image since the Vatican's projection in 1965, her "real" constitution declares and reflects no subjection to the person of the one they, themselves, call Christ—or unto his teachings. Those who claim that Rome is changing will only find very small changes in the form of presentation. The speakers still project the same lies as before and now it is done facing the people and speaking in their own language. There are no substantial changes or any signs of repentance of the blasphemous activities. This is true of the whole of the institution as well as for her Pope, clergy or laymen.

The only significant changes are taking place in the lives of those Roman Catholic priests and laymen who, under the condition of the Holy Spirit of Truth, are obeying God's call to be born again into the truth of his Laws and those of The Creation as handed forth by the Christos energies sent forth as the messenger of truth.

These, too, are the ones who dare to pronounce truth regarding those things which are perpetrated behind the walls of shrouded secrecy and evil.

Unto the ones who dare to speak truth we dedicate the memory of Sister Charlotte who stood strong in the forefront of truth and was therefore murdered.

You think it cannot be? Oh, dearly beloved ones of the lie, look unto El Salvador and the murdered Jesuit priests—murdered at the hands of the sanctioned troops of the U.S. and the heinous act is continued to be covered up by your own CIA and FBI. I use this example only to present to you the ease of cover-up of any and all things, and the powerful impact of all acts connected to the religious institutions. Terror and control of the masses is the intent. So be it.

I plead with you who read this Journal to go forth and research these presentations and confirm truth in thine own environment and leave this scribe out of your stoning, for she knows not of these things. Come unto me and I shall show of you the way!

These blessed ones who are in deed and fact, the martyrs of the true and blessed Church, are blessed and hallowed as the true Saints of the Body of the Christos. I further hold in reverence and highest honor the men, women and children who have been martyred by the evil Satanic beings who have become the Roman Catholic Institution. I stand before Satan and denounce him for that which he has done unto the body of God. For these things have I come again and so have the Hosts of Heaven and the time is short, my friends, for the day of reckoning is at hand.

I single not out the Roman Catholic Institution—I PRONOUNCE DENOUNCEMENT AND CONFRONTATION UNTO ALL WHO PRONOUNCE THEMSELVES MY BODY—MY CHURCH—AND ACT IN THE MANNER OF EVIL AND WORLDLY DEGRADATION. I SPEAK IN THIS

PORTION OF THIS BOOK ABOUT THE CATHOLIC DEBASEMENT FOR I HONOR ONE WHO WAS OF THEIR ENTRAPMENT. Satan has taken over the pulpits of all the churches as established by the doctrines of man.

HE WHO SET HIMSELF UP AS THE LAW OF GOD WILL FALL; GOD HAS GIVEN FORTH THE LAWS AND THOSE OF CREATION AND NO MAN SHALL CHANGE OF THEM AND PASS INTO THE GLORY OF ONENESS WITH CREATOR. SO BE IT AND SELAH!

As the HUman is awakening it must be noted that this forthcoming testimony is more pertinent this day than when Sister Charlotte spoke the words unto all who would listen for she feared not her passage and, as she expected, she was tortured unto a slow and agonizing giving up of spirit. Unfortunately, Satan had already perpetrated all manner of torture unto her frail body physical—there was little left to defile.

I confront you, Satan, for I shall pull your evil out from all the dark recesses and ye shall stand in mine presence and ye shall be smitten and bound. Ye have debased our Father's creations and thine day of judgment is not long in the coming. Heed well mine words, ye who follow after this dark being of evil, for he shall pull you into destruction. I speak as one Sananda, one with and within God, Lord of Lords and Holy of Holies—ye of evil shall not be sustained! The Prince of Darkness shall fall to the Light! So be it for it shall come to pass in the generation present upon your placement. The day of accounting is nigh.

Unto thine presence, Charlotte, I bow my being in humble honor before thine love and giving as unto others who have suffered and worked in my name and truth. Know that I would take it upon mineself were it to be. Blessed be ye ones of my tribes and flocks.

May your words touch the hearts and truth of all ones who partake of this testimony. Your petition has been heard and is herein honored, that your passage would not stop the word of truth from going forth. Your sacrifice shall only serve to spread your words unto the four corners of this troubled planet that your petitions in behalf of the incarcerated brothers and sisters within the prison walls shall bring cause to throw open unto the light of public display that which exists in the places of torture and evil. May you please sit with God as you read. Amen.

SISTER CHARLOTTE

Dharma, write as is given without changes, please, for it was spoken thusly:

[QUOTING:]

First of all, I would like to tell you that I am not giving this testimony because I hold bitter feelings in my heart toward the Roman Catholic people. I couldn't be a Christian if I still had bitterness in my heart. God has delivered me from all bitterness and strife and delivered me out of all of that, one day, and made himself real and known unto me.

So, as I give this testimony, I am giving it because God delivered me out of the convent and out of bondage and darkness, and I must give this testimony that others might know what cloistered convents are. So, as you listen carefully, I trust that if I leave one thing in your heart it will be that I carry no burden against the Roman Catholic people.

I don't agree with the things done or the things taught, but I covet this role for Christ. I am interested in the souls of the ones in charge of those church places.

Christ went unto Calvary that you and I might know him, and their souls are just as precious as your soul or mine.

Having been born into Roman Catholicism, not knowing anything else or knowing the word of God, because we did not have a *Bible* in our home, we knew nothing about a wonderful plan of salvation. Naturally, I grew up in that Roman Catholic home and knew only the catechism and only the sheltered teachings of the Roman Catholic Church. And, because I loved the Lord, and because I wanted to do something for him, I wanted to give him my life. I knew of no other way for a Roman Catholic to give him a life other than entering a convent.

Naturally, as a believing Catholic I came under the influence of my Father Confessor, the Roman Catholic priest who had tremendous influence over my life. One day I made up my mind, through his influence among the influence of others of the faith, that I wanted to be a little Sister. At that time I thought that being a Sister meant an open order. I believed that up until the time I took my "white veil" and, until I was 15 1/2 years-of-age, everything was beautiful. I really had no fear for everything which was taught to me was along the lines of that which I was taught in the church prior to entering the convent.

And so one day, after having made up my mind to enter the convent, two of the Sisters came home from school with me. They were my teachers and I realized that my Father was home that afternoon and Father Confessor was in my home, likewise. Remember, I was a little girl and little girls were seen and not heard. In my family, you didn't talk when you were a child and adults were present. You did answer promptly if spoken to.

After a long discussion, my Father asked if I could say something and that was a bit out of the ordinary. I said, "Dad, I want to enter a convent." The priests had already been influencing my Father and my Father broke down and began to cry, not from sadness, but from joy. My Mother came over and took me in her arms and she had tears because of happiness. They felt it wonderful that their little girl was giving her life to the convent to save lost humanity. Naturally my family was very thrilled about it and I was, too. But anyway, I didn't go for about a year after that and I got the call and my Mother prepared things for me and they took me forth and I entered the convent.

There was no place near my Mother and Father's home so I was taken about a thousand miles away from home. So I entered a convent boarding school. I lacked about two months of being thirteen years of age. I look back on it today and realize I was so homesick and so were my parents with their little baby away from home. At that time I had never even spent a night away from my Mother and had never gone any place without my family. That was the first time away from my family and I was very lonely and homesick.

After Mother told me good-by, and I shall never forget, and I knew they were traveling a long distance away from me and I had never realized in my life that I would never see them again. I had never planned to be other than a sister in an open order where I would not give up my family. If you listen carefully to this portion of my testimony you will understand why I say some of the things which I will say.

Now, it is that we sometimes say the priest is the body of Christ, because of the way the services were held. At seven years of age I would come into the church and I would first go to the foot of the crucifix and then to the feet of the Virgin Mary and then I would ask the Virgin Mary that I would make a good confession. I was just a child and the priests always prayed for everyone to make a good confession—to keep nothing back, tell everything and then ask absolution from anything which I might have committed. I would then ask Jesus to have me make a good confession.

During that time at school I was to have gotten a high school education and a college education. Well, I got a high school education but not much college material. I appreciate that opportunity very, very much even though it was rather difficult for me. After they put me through the crucial training that you must go through to become a little novitiate entry into a convent, that training is rather outstanding as far as a nun is concerned and you know what it is all about after you have been in there for a little while.

INSIGHT INTO THE EARLY TIME OF TRAINING

I want to tell you just a little bit about how we live, how we sleep when we first enter into the convent so that you can understand a bit more about my testimony.

Of course as I entered the convent as a small child, I went on to school and continued in my training. But the day came when I would enter into another segment and here I will tell you about the “white veil”. I didn’t know very much about it but I had been told that it would be that I would become the bride of Jesus Christ and there would be a ceremony and I would rejoice in the wedding garment.

On a particular morning, they told me that at nine o’clock they would dress me in the wedding garment. Now let me share from where they get the money for the wedding clothes. A letter goes out to the child’s father telling them how much money is required and then the wedding gown and the other things necessary are made by the other nuns. The family was always expected to send forth at least a hundred dollars but it was not realized that the clothes were reused and therefore, most all of the money was retained. None was ever sent back, all was kept at the convent.

The time came for me to walk down that isle and I was dressed in the wedding garment. I wanted to be holy and I wanted to be the bride of Jesus Christ. I recited the Rosary and I got down on my knees and crawled the distance of the separate stations of the cross of Jesus on his way to Calvary. Every Friday morning I crawled them, for I thought it would make me Holy and make me worthy of the task that I was to undertake and that is what I wanted more than anything in the world.

I would like to impress on your hearts; every little girl that enters the convent, that I know anything about, that child has a desire to live for God. That child has a desire to give her heart, mind and soul to God. There are many people who remark that only bad women go into convents; that is not so. There may be many ones who go into convents because they are great sinners but mostly the children are innocent and unknowing and thousands are influenced to enter into the convent to bring forth the money into the church.

The child is just a child when she goes in there and her mind and soul is just as clean as any child could be. I mention this for you hear so many things which are simply not true. Now after the training you become

the spouse of Jesus Christ and, realizing the sequence of events, then you can follow me through the rest of the testimony with more understanding.

After the ceremony we are looked upon as married women. We are considered the legal spouse of Jesus Christ. Now every little girl who will take the white veil will become the bride of Christ and it is known that her family will be saved. It doesn't matter how many crimes they commit, banks they rob or how they drink, smoke or carouse; it doesn't make a bit of difference—the family will be saved if we, the little brides, continue in the convent and give our lives to the convent, or to the church. All members of our immediate family will be automatically saved. Many little girls go into a convent because we realize it is immediate salvation for our families. A little child who loves her family so much will feel this is the least she can do to save her family.

Of course you must understand that at that time our minds are totally immature and we don't know anything about life. Ones don't know what is in the hearts and minds of little children and the priest is looked upon, by these little children, as God—the only God we know anything about. I thought the priest was totally infallible, I didn't think he could sin, I didn't think he would lie—I didn't think he could make a mistake. I looked upon the priest as the Holiest of Holies for I didn't know about God but I did know about the priest. I knew that anything I would ask of God is asked of the priest. For all knowledge the priest was simply God manifested and all would come forth from him.

After taking the “white veil” I was 15 1/2 years of age and everyone is good to me, and I'm living in the convent and I haven't seen anything yet, because a little girl who is brought through the bridal ceremony is subject to a Roman Catholic priest until they are 21 years of age and they are kept in the total control of the Sisters of the order. Now the church will tell you that the little nuns can come out of the convent any time they want to. I tell you this is a lie. I spent twenty two years there and I did everything I could do to get out and instead of releasing me they sent me into the dungeon and I even tried to dig my way out. I was more imprisoned than you can ever begin to imagine and it is the same with all the little nuns. There is no way out and you are watched constantly and I will tell you of the treatment as we go along in this testimony.

The priest came to me and told me that, “I believe you're the type who would be willing to give up your home, give up mother and daddy, give up everything you love out in the world, and the world so to speak, and hide yourself away behind convent doors; because I believe you are the kind that would hide back there and be willing to sacrifice to live in crucial poverty, that you might pray for lost humanity.” He said, “I believe that you are the kind that would be willing to suffer,” for we are taught to believe, as nuns, that we suffer for our loved ones and your loved ones that are already in purgatory will be delivered from purgatory sooner because of our suffering. They knew I was willing to suffer, I didn't mind it, I didn't complain—they knew all of that for they had watched me constantly and knew me and that was why the grand Mother Superior began to tell me about the “Black Veil”. Then, of course, you must know that I didn't know much of anything about a cloistered nun. I didn't know anything about their life, I didn't know how they live, I didn't know what they do; but this woman proceeded to tell me.

Now, many ones try to tell me in places I travel today, and Roman Catholics try to tell me all about cloisters and claim to have been in many and try to tell me all about them. But you know, a Roman Catholic can lie to you and they don't have to go to confession and tell the priest about the lie that they told because “they are lying to protect their faith”. They are expected to tell any lie they want to, to protect their faith and

never go to the confessional box and tell the priest about it—he would only commend them for protecting their faith.

They can do more than that, however, as they can steal up to \$40 and they don't have to tell the priest about it. They don't have to say one word about it in the confessional box. They are taught that. Every Roman Catholic knows it and every Roman Catholic would be horrified to know how many of them steal up to that amount. Most of them lie. I have dealt with hundreds and hundreds of them and I have seen a good many of them then cry out to God to save them. Many of them first look into my face, into my eyes and lie to me until God gets a hold of their hearts and then they want to make light of it because they know they have lied. As long as they remain Roman Catholic they are committed to lie, and the sad thing is that you can't expect them to know God because I believe God does not condone sin and, although He forgives sin, I believe that He does not condone sin, yet the truth of God is not taught in the churches. The teachings are specifically dedicated to that which is given to be taught and all the rest is banned from participation, even to the reading. A Catholic is not given permission to even visit in another doctrinal sanctuary without having to confess it as sin.

[END OF QUOTING]

Dharma, allow us to close this as it has been long and most difficult to hear. Allow a rest please. Thank you.

We shall continue from this point as we sit again. In love I stand aside. I AM SANANDA

4/24/90 #2 ESU "JESUS" SANANDA

THE BLACK VEIL/SISTER CHARLOTTE

Sananda in Radiance to continue with Sister Charlotte's testimony. Peace and blessings be upon ye ones. I shall sit with you, Dharma, while we place this upon the pages that man might see and hear and understand. Selah.

Sister Charlotte:

[QUOTING:]

They came to me and sat me down before them. The Mother Superior began to tell me how it would be. She began by telling me that I would need to spill my blood just as Jesus did upon Calvary, I would need to be willing to do heavy, heavy penance, and I would have to live in crucial poverty. Now I was already living in the pit of poverty but I thought that would make me holier and closer to God. I thought it would make me a better nun so I was very willing to live in that poverty.

On that particular morning, she told me what I would be wearing. She said I would spend nine hours in a casket and explained a number of other things to me. That was the most I knew about it, and I didn't really find out anything until I had taken my "white" veil.

On this particular morning in point, I was 21 years of age. But sixty days prior to my being 21 years of age, I would sign some papers that were placed in front of me and those papers were this: I would sign away every bit of inheritance that I might have received from my family after their death. Of course that was signed over to the Roman Catholic Church. Often times priests are enticing girls within the trap where the families have much property so that the Church will come into full inheritance of the child's birthright. I have reason to say to you that the salvation of your soul in the Catholic Church is going to cost you plenty of money. More than you can possibly know anything about—they are eager to commercialize on the life of that child.

On this particular morning, I asked the Mother Superior to give me a little while to think it over. No one forced me at this point and so I thought it over for a while and then one day I told her that I thought I would hide away behind the convent doors because I believed I could give more time to God; I could pray more and I would be in a better position to inflict more pain upon my body. I had no way of knowing the latter would be well taken care of without my participation. We are taught that God smiles down on us from heaven when we do penance, whatever the physical suffering might be, and the more the suffering the more the acceptance.

I didn't know how it would be. If you could only look into the hearts of little nuns, if you are a Christian you would immediately cry out before God in behalf of those little girls, because to themselves they are heathens. It doesn't make any difference as to the amount of education we might have—we are still heathens for we know nothing about this lovely Christ and nothing about any plan of salvation. We, as nuns, are simply living our karma within the convent.

And so, on that particular morning, I come walking down the isle again. Only on this day, I have no wedding garment on, I have a funeral shroud made of dark red velvet which falls to the floor. As I walk down that isle I know what I am to do. The casket is all prepared by the already cloistered nuns and it is sitting right out front. I knew that I would walk to the casket and climb within, lay my body down, and I would spend nine hours in there. Two little nuns would come forth and cover me completely with a heavy black cloth we call a "heavy drape", which is so incensed that one feels certain of smothering to death. I would have to stay there for the full nine hours or longer. I knew that when I would come out of that casket, I would never leave the convent—ever again. I knew I would never see my mother and father again—I would never go home again. I would always live totally behind convent doors and when I would die, my body would be buried there. They had told me that, so I knew it before the actual ceremony—but I had no way to comprehend a thing of such magnitude.

The worst and most terrible price to pay, however, was to open your eyes and realize that the convents are not religious orders as we were taught and we were trained. It is a total disappointment to a young girl who has given her life to God and willing to give up everything and sacrifice so much. I can assure you that it was a heartbreaking and terrifying disappointment.

The nuns asked me what I thought of while in that casket. I spilled every tear in my body. I remembered every lovely thing my mother had done for me; I remembered her voice and the gathering around the table. I remembered the times when she would play with us and remembered the things she had said to me—even to what a marvelous cook she was. I remembered everything as a little girl growing up in my parent's home. I remembered everything as I laid in that casket—knowing I would never again hear her voice or

see her face. I knew I would never sit to her table again or enjoy her presence or her food. I knew all those things so for some four hours I simply spilled all the tears in my body, because it was so hard and I knew I would get homesick but I was giving it all for what I thought was the love of God. I couldn't know any better. Those were nine horribly long, long hours. Then I got a hold on myself and began to speak to myself, "Now Charlotte, you will make the very best Carmelite nun, it will be the best thing you have ever done and you will give your best and you are willing to give everything you have."

I had given the best that I had up to this point and I would now be even better for I knew I must be the best that I could be. The Mother Superior and Priests knew all about it also. Now, I realized that after I would walk out of that casket, I would go back into the Mother Superior's room. I had never been allowed within that particular room so I had no idea what was inside.

When I walked in the room the Mother Superior requires I sit down in a high backed, hard bottomed chair. Then I would immediately take three vows—of poverty, chastity and obedience. As I took those vows, she opened a little place on my earlobe and removed a portion of blood, because every vow must be signed in my own blood. After that, I would take the vow of poverty. Now, when I signed that vow I would henceforth be willing to live in crucial poverty for the balance of my life. The next vow is of chastity. You know, this vow represents my marriage to Jesus Christ and I would always remain a virgin and I would never marry another in this world. After the Bishop married me to Christ he had placed a ring on my finger and that meant I was sealed to Christ. I accepted it because I knew no better. And now, here I was again, vowing to always remain a virgin because I am the bride of Christ.

Please listen carefully for these things are so important to the things that I shall later share. The last vow was of obedience. I already felt I knew what obedience meant for I was already living in a convent and absolute obedience is demanded. You don't escape with any show of disobedience; not for even a moment. You don't get away with disobedience and you are made to realize what obedience is and it is demanded and you know it. The sooner you learn it the wiser you become in stemming the consequences of disobedience.

WHAT DO THESE VOWS MEAN?

It means more than you folks will ever know because most people that I know anything about, know very little about obedience. You may know something, but I promise you that you know nothing compared to that which a little nun knows about it. Unless you have lived in a convent, you have no idea.

When I signed that particular vow in my own blood, it did something to me because after I signed those vows it meant I had signed away everything I had; my human rights were gone and I had become a mechanical human being. I can't sit until told to do so, I can't rise until they tell me to, I can't lie down until they tell me to and neither do I dare get up. I cannot eat until they tell me to, what I see—I don't see, what I feel—I don't feel; I have become a mechanical human being. But you are not aware of it until you have signed all these vows. Then you realize too late that there you are, a mechanical human being and you belong to Rome—totally to Rome.

AFTER THE VOWS—FORGOTTEN WOMEN

Immediately after I have taken those vows, then the Mother Superior is going to take away my name and give me the name of a patron Saint. And she teaches me to believe that whatever happens to me in the convent, I can take to that patron saint and she will intercede and get my prayers to God for I am not holy enough to stand in the presence of God. It is no wonder that the dear little nuns never get close to God for we were always taught that we would never be holy enough to stand in His presence. We always would have to go through someone else in order to get our prayers to God. We believe it because we don't know any better.

Now, all identification of who "Charlotte" was is put away. It would be taken away and if anyone should come to the convent and call for me in my family name, they would be told that there is no such person. I no longer exist!

Next, the Mother Superior is going to cut every bit of hair off my head. When she cuts it with the scissors she follows with the clippers. There is nothing left—not one strand of hair left on my head. Of course, if you could be a nun, you could understand that with the heavy head-gear we must wear that it would be so cumbersome to take care of it, that we don't have any way to take care of hair in the convent. There are no combs in the convent and you can see how hard it would be to tend a head of hair. It is certainly not necessary to have a comb after they finish with your haircut.

Alright, this is my "black veil" and these are my vows. I am there and I am going to stay there.

Up until this point I received a letter once a month from my family. I could also write a letter to my family. Even though I now realize that most of my writing would be marked out, because letters received from my family there was so much blacked out until there was no sense left to the letter. Oh, I would weep over those black marks while I wondered what my mother was saying to me. Well, I was informed that I would never know what they wanted to say to me and so it was. They break your heart over and over and the loneliness is complete. You have no friends in the convent.

I can assure you there are no friends. Even though there were 180 girls in my particular wing, not one was my friend and neither was I a friend to them. You are allowed no friends in the convent—we are all policemen and detectives just watching one another and compelled to tell on each other. The little nun who would find something to tell on another nun stands in good favor with the Mother Superior. Then that Mother teaches that nun to believe that when she stands in good favor with the Mother Superior, she is standing in good favor with God. Of course that little nun desires that so she will tell a lot of things which are not even truth.

SOLD MY SOUL

After all of this has so far transpired, everything I have is gone—I HAVE SOLD MY SOUL FOR A MASS OF THEOLOGICAL POTTAGE. Not only are we destroyed in our bodies but many of us in our minds as well. Many of us, if we die in the convent, will have lost our souls. It is a serious and pitiful thing and I covet your prayers for all those little helpless nuns behind cloistered convent doors.

They will never know the gospel. They will never know Christ—they will only know evil in its most terrifying and hopeless form. They will never feel the reflection of God and the Christos—They will only

know death and mechanical and tortured existence.

AFTER THE VOWS, THE NEXT—

After the vows have transpired, the Mother Superior sends me into another room. When I walk into that room I see something I have never seen before. I see a Roman Catholic Priest dressed in a Holy Habit. He walks over to me and locks his arm into my arm which had never been done in any of my previous experience in the convent. I had never had a priest insult me in any manner; I had never had one even be unkind to me in the first part of my convent experience.

But here he is now, and of course I didn't understand what it was all about and I didn't know what in the world the man expected of me. I pulled from him because I felt highly insulted and said "shame on you". It made him very angry. The Mother Superior must have heard my voice for she immediately came to the room. She said, "After you've been in the convent a little while, you won't feel this way. The rest of us felt this way in the beginning but you know, the priest's body is sanctified and therefore it is not a sin to give our bodies unto the priest." In other words, they teach every little nun this, "As the holy ghost placed the germ in Mary's womb and Jesus Christ was born, so the priest is the Holy Ghost and therefore it is no sin for you to bear his children."

Let me assure you, that is what they come to the convent for—there is no other purpose in all of this world for a priest to come to the convent except to rob those precious little girls of their virtue. I'll be telling you later in this testimony just what they really do.

At this point every bridge has been burned out from under me—there is no way back, I can't get out of the convent even though I pled; oh how I pled with that priest. I cried for my father—I wanted to go home. I told him I wanted to go no farther. He laughed in my face and, believe me, that is when you stand alone—there is none to whom to turn. You are caught in the circumstance for there is no way in which to get out of the convent.

I assure you, I stayed in the convent until God made a way for me to come out.

After all these things, now I am expected to go into the chamber with the priest. Did I go? No—I had not entered the convent to be a bad woman. I wouldn't have suffered as I had suffered to be a bad woman—I was there to be pure and Godly. I had entered the convent to give my heart, life and soul to God and I had no other purpose in being there. But you will soon learn why it is easier to do that which is expected than to disobey. Of course I refused to go into the private chamber with him, and would have fought until I spilled my last drop of blood. Well, I didn't go with him but on the next morning I knew that I would have to do penance.

A LITTLE PENANCE

When the Mother Superior said, the next morning, that I would need to do penance—I would be initiated as a Carmelite nun. I remember that when she walked me down into that particular place of penance, it was a dark room which was dark and cold. As we walked toward the front of the room I could see the little candles burning. Anywhere in the convent you will find the seven candles burning. As I came closer I saw the candles but I couldn't see anything else and of course I wondered what she was going to do to

me. I felt terror rise in my heart for it is one thing you cannot completely get rid of.

As I came a little closer I could see something lying there on a board. When I came very close I could see it was a little nun lying there on what I call “a cooling board”. The board was the same length as the girl. As I looked closely and watched the candle light flicker on her face, I realized the child was dead.

Questions rushed into my brain; how did she die, why is she here, how long has she been here—why am I here? But I had signed away every human right so I am not allowed to utter even one word. So, I just stood staring. Then the Mother Superior said, “You stand vigil over this dead body for one hour and then another little nun will come to relieve you.” So every few minutes during that hour I would walk over to the little body and sprinkle it with holy water and say “Peace be unto you.”

I did exactly what they told me to do even though it was a terrible feeling. But I was not afraid of the dead people for I had already learned it was the live people we had to be most cautious of. I wasn’t afraid of that little dead nun but oh, my heart ached for her.

After the little bell rang I realized my hour was up. Then as I am waiting for my signal to be relieved—we must always walk on our toes in silence—I wait. I waited silently and heard nothing but I was quite unnerved being there with the little dead nun—so when the relieving nun laid her hand on my shoulder, I let out a scream in total terror. I didn’t mean to do it; I didn’t break the rule of silence on purpose but I was scared.

Immediately I had to come before the Mother Superior and that was the first time I was to learn and know about a dungeon. I had no idea there were dungeons in the convent. Well, she put me in a place of total darkness, dirty and floorless, and left me there in the total darkness for three days and three nights, without food or water. I assure you, I didn’t scream any more. I really tried to never again break the rules of screaming because I now knew there was a dungeon and they will promptly put you in it. Let me tell you it is not a nice place to be.

MASTERPIECE OF SATAN

Before I go further, let me tell you that this potpourri is a masterpiece of Satan—A MASTERPIECE OF SATAN, with his lying wonders and his traditions and his deceptions—it is a terrible thing when you know about it.

After the three days in the dungeon the Mother Superior came to me and informed me that I must do penance. She took me down into another room underground. As I entered the room I could see a piece of wood there, and as I got closer I could see that it was a cross. It was made of heavy timbers, perhaps eight to ten feet high. It was sitting on an incline and was very heavy. She had me walk to the base of the cross and she had me strip off my clothes and then had me drape my body over the foot of the cross. She pulled my hands underneath and bound them to my feet. This is where I would be spilling my blood but she had not told me how and neither could I ask just how I would spill it.

There were two little nuns who came with her and she gave them a flagellation whip which is a bamboo type pole with six straps on its end and on the end of each strip was a cross piece of sharp metal. Each nun

was given a whip and they stood on either side of the cross. At the same time, those girls began whipping my body. When the metal hit my body it would, of course, slash my skin. It would cut into the flesh and I spilled blood, running down to the floor. Well, that was my spilling of blood, and being human it wounded, it hurt—it was very painful but you dare not cry out. After the whipping is over, my body was not bathed but rather my clothing was put back upon my body and I have to go the rest of the day with the clothing sticking into the wounds.

When the night comes and I stand in front of my cell bed—we have to stand with our backs to each other to undress—I had to rip the cloth from my wounds and oh, it was terrible. I couldn't sleep at all that night; I was not a bit sleepy because I couldn't get all of my clothing off for they were dried into the wounds. The cloth remained dried into the wounds for several days. Neither could I eat the following morning of that awful event.

In the mornings we got a cup of black coffee in a tin cup and we could have no milk or sugar of any kind. We were also given one slice of bread made by the nuns of the cloister—it weighs exactly four ounces. That is all that is given for breakfast. Then in the evening there is a small bowl of soup made with only vegetables with no seasoning what-so-ever, with a half slice of bread. Three times a week I receive a half glass of skimmed milk. This was my food three-hundred-sixty-five-days in the year.

Of course I began to lose weight very rapidly because there was not enough food to eat. There was never a night that I went to bed without a hungry stomach. Sometimes the hunger pangs would be so severe I could not sleep. The pain would be gnawing and one could hardly stand it. You know, though, that you are still only going to get that one tiny slice of bread in the morning. Of course it couldn't begin to fill up the stomach and, of course, you have to work very hard all day.

I covet your prayers for those little nuns because you cannot imagine the misery. You will go to bed with a full stomach tonight but those little girls are starving, and they are lonely, wounded, heartsick and homesick. They are in total discouragement and worst of all, they have NO hope. No hope what-so-ever. You and I can look forward to the day when we can see Jesus—they have no hope, they believe they will never see Jesus. Please do not forget to pray for them.

ANOTHER INITIATION

A few days later the Mother Superior is taking me to another place for another initiation. When I go into the penance chamber this morning, we come into another area down there and the distance was quite a long ways to walk. It was a tunnel we pass through and then we come out into a room. When I walk a good distance into the room I see the candles burning and in addition I see a rope hanging down from the ceiling and I am so scared. I don't know what the ropes are for and I silently cry out in wondering what she is going to do. As you do the penances you begin to have a lot of fear in your heart. I can't say anything but I walk on and realize there are two ropes hanging down. She tells me to move over to the wall and stand sideways against the wall underneath the ropes. Then she tells me to put up both of my thumbs, and I did so. She pulled one rope down and on it was a metal band which she fastens around the joint of my thumb and then the other. Now I am standing facing the wall, and she comes over by me to a crank on the wall and she begins winding. I feel myself moving and she is taking me right up into the air. She winds until my toes are just touching the floor and there she fastens it.

All of the weight of my body is now on my thumbs and on the tips of my toes. Not a word is spoken—no one utters a word. She walks out of that room and locks the door. If you can imagine what it means to hear a key lock in a door and know that I am strung up here helpless, you can't imagine—unless you are a nun. When she walked out of that room I couldn't know how long I would stay there.

They left me there wondering if “this was it”? Would I simply die like this? They left me alone without food or water. Within a few hours my muscles began to scream out with the pain, for I was, after all, a human being. I was suffering unbearably and that woman left me to hang and nobody came near. It does no good to cry. You can spill every tear in your body but nobody will hear—there is no one there to hear. I just hung there, finally being convinced I was to die there. I began to feel the swelling and then I don't know how much time passed. Finally the door opened one morning and the nun had something for me to eat and water in a pan with potatoes in it. The potatoes were not fit to eat.

There was a shelf on the wall facing me and it can be adjusted to the height of a nun. Now remember, I am not against the wall—I am several inches away from the wall. She raises the shelf to the height of my mouth and puts the food and water on the shelf in front of me. She says, “There is your food,” and walks out.

She didn't let my hands down—how can I get the food? But you learn, for you are so hungry but worse, you are so thirsty you feel as if you are going mad. To get it, I discovered that if I raise one hand a bit higher the other would come down just a bit and then over and over bit by bit I finally could just reach the dish. I had to lap it like an animal but I got just as much as I could reach. I worked until I got as much of the potato as I could because I was starving—it was awful and I am so pained to remember.

That was the way I was fed for a while. I hung there for nine days and nine nights in that position. The time came when I was so swollen that I could actually see the puffing as it protruded. I thought my eyes would come out of my head. I could feel that my arms, etc., were two to three times normal size and I was that way all over my body. I was in real suffering as it was like my entire body was like a “boil”.

On the ninth day she comes in and releases the bonds and lets me down on the floor. I fall but I cannot walk. I didn't walk for I don't know how long. Two little nuns carry me out, one lifts my feet and the other my shoulder. They carry me to the infirmary and lay me on a slab of wood and there they cut the clothing from my body. Nobody but God will ever know how awful; I am covered with vermin and filth—my own human filth.

In that room are no facilities but right behind me is a stool with a pail and they have running water through it—but the lid is down and on the lid are sharp nails driven through the lid. If I would fall on that I would suffer terribly. If the rope would break I would have not survived and the suffering would be unbearable.

This, dear friends, is the life of a little nun behind cloistered doors. This is after they have already received the disillusionment—this is the life that we will live and these are the things that we will be forced to do. I remember, as I lived on in that place, let me tell you that in the mornings we get out of our beds before 4:30 in the mornings. The Mother Superior taps a bell and that gives five minutes to dress. I tell you surely, you get that clothing on in five minutes—not five and a half. I failed once and was severely punished—I never failed again in all of the years in the convent.

When we finish dressing, we start marching and we march and march.

EVEN BEFORE THE BLACK VEIL

In the beginning days in the convent the lies were thrust forth. As an example, let us say a mother comes to visit and brings the child a bit of candy.

The mother would ask to speak to the Mother Superior and request to see the daughter. The child will then be brought to the other side of a wall where the mother cannot see her. But the mother will speak to her and ask if she is happy to be here. That little nun will lie and say to her mother that she is very happy. Well, the Mother Superior would be standing right there and the child would have no alternative. God alone knows what the Mother Superior would do to the little nun if she failed to lie. Then as a mother will, she will ask if the child has plenty to eat and the little nun will lie again and tell her “Oh, yes, we have plenty to eat.”

That mother will then go home and be happy and share the news and a meal with the rest of the family. But if she could look within and see our table and see what her little girl eats—if she could just look in at her little girl after three or four years, she would see that her eyes are sunken completely into her head and her little body is wasted away. I can promise you that mother would never be able to eat another meal. If a parent could see a child after she has been in a convent for a period of time—they would never rest again.

Of course these things are all hidden, completely under-cover and the children have no choice—we are given what we shall have and we take it or die.

[END OF QUOTING]

Dharma, enough for this sitting. Let us take respite. Thank you, chela, for your willing hands. I give you peace.

I AM SANANDA and I am ever with you. Amen.

4/25/90 #1 ESU “JESUS” SANANDA

Dharma, Sananda present to commune in Light. May you feel the protection of my light, chela, for I see and feel the wave of terror and dismay in thy heart.

The statement of the young fireman/chaplain who was targeted for death by the Satanic group over Easter, is valid indeed. Of course it's hard to believe that these things occur in your local villages such as Bakersfield. Why think you that? Ye have been threatened and thrust at with voodoo and Satanic exorcisms. George has received Satanic documents—why do you ones not see of it, it is all about you in your cities, churches, halls of injustice and all the way to your government hierarchy? Why think ye that we are penning these Journals?

I see the pain as you put this Journal to paper for you know it will be controversial and bring heartache and pain to ones who will be very, very close to you—even within thy circle. Will he know? Will he confirm? Precious, that is not for you to give thought to. It matters not.

Just as you cannot say that all Hispanic persons eat hot chili peppers and love them, neither can you lump all ones into the same mold of heinous activities as with the cloistered convents. But it is so and if a priest “has been around” he will at least suspect of the truth of these writings. This is being given forth in this sequence for particular ones who will come into their belief of truth because of these daring projections. So be it. It is as with all things which fall into the hands of human on Earth, it is destroyed as the presentation of God as rapidly as possible—sometimes in ignorance but 99% of the time in full orchestration of influential participants. Keep the shield of light about thee and the Hosts shall protect of thee. Someone must step forth and do this work for evil must now be confronted on all fronts.

I need a bit more penned on this present subject of the church and already the race is to stop of the publication of the material. This is not the most sensitive document you will write but it brings quite a bit of exposure to the citadels of authority at the highest levels of human power. Blessings be upon you precious and willing ones. Oh, you don’t feel “willing”, Dharma? Ah, yes you are—for here you sit giving unto me thine fingers. Actually, ye have given unto me your life, and I shall tend of it most tenderly. So be it.

Let us work now, on Sister Charlotte’s story and perhaps we can finish this portion today or tomorrow. These horrendous facts must be stopped; I cannot longer bear that which is committed by Satan in mine name.

THE MOTHER SUPERIOR

Sister Charlotte:

[QUOTING:]

I was terrified of the Mother Superior for the ones who fill those positions are hard, oh, they are so hard and their hearts are so hardened.

There was no place safe from her appearance and no limit to that which she would put upon us. And she could make us do anything she wanted us to do.

Even into the laundry rooms which were already as bad as you would think it could be, she would come. I might be down in the laundry room — let me tell you of the laundry room. Doing the type of laundry required of us was hard indeed, for the things we would wash were very heavy and the water would be sloshed out on the floor, which was of cement, and oh, it would be such a mess. And then, here would come the Mother Superior, who to me was the same as turning loose a lion who is very, very hungry. I was scared to death of her and every time I saw that woman somebody had to suffer. Everyone is terrified of her and she knows that we are afraid of her because she is cruel. I have hardly the heart to tell of it. Anyway, here she would come and there we are washing, and as we would hear her footsteps approaching and even before we would see her, we would wash a little harder.

When she gets down to where we are, she might address me and say, “You come out here”. I’m out there like a flash because I am indeed scared. Then she would say, “Prostrate yourself down there and make a given number of crosses on that floor.” It is a cement floor and of course I must prostrate my body and lick those crosses. Those are not little tiny crosses—as far as I can reach, I have to lick those crosses. And she watches my countenance and if I appear to not like it, she might double the number to ten or twenty-

five or more. The very next morning she may walk through again and because she saw something in my face which made her believe I didn't like what she had caused me to do, she will probably call me again. My tongue will be entirely sore and bleeding but I will have to lick the crosses again.

They will also compel you to crawl the distance of a cathedral isle, perhaps ten times or more. It will not be on a soft carpet, it will be on a floor of cement or gravel. You cannot crawl on your hands and knees but upright, on your knees only. I might be able to make it only the first six times and then my strength will fail and faint. She will pour water on me and require that I crawl again. Most often, she will do this again the following day. By this time there will be scabs on my knees and open wounds and blisters. But I must crawl again for penance for failure is ever so much worse. Dear ones, this is the life of little nuns in a cloistered convent.

Then we are led to believe that God is looking down out of heaven and smiling his approval as we suffer. They tell us that God is made happy through our suffering because they have convinced us we are heathens and there is no way for us to know any better.

We have never been allowed to have a *Bible*. We have never had any scriptures—the nuns are totally ignorant of the words of God. We are raised exactly as the traditional Roman Catholic Church demands of us. We have no way to know about the lovely Gospel of Jesus Christ—and so, we have to do these things for the penalties for not doing them are so heinous that a little frail and battered nun cannot live through the ordeal. Oh, the burial vats are filled with little bodies and skeletons of the little ones who couldn't endure the torture.

The Mother Superior might walk through our cell doors, and by the way, there is nothing in there except the Virgin Mary holding the baby Jesus and there is the crucifix. Then there is a prayer-board. By the way, I'll assure you folks that you don't want to kneel on our prayer-boards. We kneel on it every day if we are able to walk under our own power. It is a board which is very short and very narrow with sharp wires coming up through it. Then the board upon which I will prostrate my arms also is covered with sharp wires. Well, I told you that we were going to suffer and do penance and this was a required portion of that suffering and penance.

As I lean on that prayer-board I am praying for lost humanity and I am believing, as I suffer, that my Grandmother, for instance, will be released from purgatory sooner because of my suffering. I would linger there longer sometimes, because I fully believed every moment would cause her to reach heaven sooner. That is all that little nuns know for that is all we are taught.

Every night we are locked within our cells. Every night the key is turned in those doors and there is no way to get up and come out of those cells. More than that, the lights are out at 9:30 and then at seven minutes to twelve two little nuns unlock all of the doors and every little nun gets up, dresses in full dress, goes into the inner chapel and there we again pray for one hour for lost humanity. We get very, very little sleep and we don't get enough food so our bodies are weak and sore and broken. We simply don't have enough strength to carry on after living there for a while. Little nuns have very short lives for their physical beings cannot endure the deprivation.

WE BELIEVE

We are taught to believe that as we spill our own blood, through torture or in any way that I spill blood by whipping or tormenting my body in any way, I am taught to believe that I will have one hundred less days to spend in purgatory. We have no hope; there is nothing to look forward to. After you live in a convent for ten years, you learn to realize that the Virgin Mary is just a piece of metal—a statue. I began to realize that St. Peter is just a statue. I began to realize that the statue of Jesus is just a piece of metal. In other words, we come to the place where we believe that our God is a dead God. I assure you, I lived in a convent long enough, not at first but after a few years, when we have spilled our tears and blood at the feet of those statues in prayer and no prayer, oh, we realize that we have a dead God and so it goes. So, these precious little girls are taught to believe that as we whip our bodies or torture them and spill blood, that we will have one hundred less days to spend in purgatory. We believe in a literal purgatory and that literal purgatory is a fire which is going to burn and we will feel the flames of that fire.

When I say that nuns are forgotten women—just who do you think is going to say a prayer or pay the priest to have a high mass for those nuns who are in a convent? Why, when those little nuns die, no notification what-so-ever is given. Even the parents will not know when those little bodies are gone, so who is going to pray us out of purgatory? Who will buy our way out of purgatory? Oh, we realize after we are in there for a period of time that there is no purgatory. The only purgatory the Catholics have is the priest's pockets and the people fill his pockets with coins in order to pray for their dead.

There are thousands and thousands of Roman Catholics. In the month of November the Roman Catholic priests praying masses for the dead of the Roman Catholic people in the U.S. collected \$22 million. These were just for masses said for dead Roman Catholics in one month in your country. This is just to give you an idea of that which is going on every day right in front of you behind the lies and hidden crimes.

Thousands and thousands of mothers have worked their fingers to the bones to go to the priest and give him \$5 to say a mass for a loved one who she believes to be in purgatory. This is because that little mother believes there is a purgatory.

In the convent there is a painting of purgatory. There is nothing else in the room except that painting and it is terrible. Every Friday we have to walk around that painting and when we walk around it, I wish you could see the little nun's faces. What is on the painting? As you walk around it, it looks like a deep, bottomless hole out there and there are people falling in and already fallen in and the flames are lapping around the bodies of those people. Their hands are outstretched and the Mother will say to the little nun, "You better go and put another penance on your body. Those people are begging to get out of that fire." Because we believe we are heathens, we don't know any better.

I might go some place in the convent and maybe I'll burn my body really bad, or torture it in some way to spill some of my blood because as I suffer I believe they are going to get out of that place where a priest put them. We are told there are millions and millions of people in purgatory that your own priests have put there by the word. When you finally know, you realize it is the biggest fraud in the world. He knows there is not a bit of truth to it. And bless your hearts, I say that if you take purgatory mass away from the Roman Catholic Church you will rob her of nine/tenths of her money and body—she would starve to death.

The Roman Catholic Church commercializes not only off of the living, but off of the dead as well. On and on it goes and even after ones involved become aware, there is no likely way to break away into freedom. Very few dare to ever break away and in the prisons of the convents and monasteries—there is no way to

escape.

BACK TO THE MOTHER SUPERIOR

It does not bother the Mother Superior to take one of those little girls to the Father Confessor. Once a month we go to confession and the priests come into the convent as our Father Confessor. We don't want to go in there, oh, we don't want to go in there. I may not know the particular man who is out there but I know he is a priest. I know those priests who come for I have been there and lived there long enough and have had contact with every one of them and know them all and I don't trust a single one of them who come into the convent. I know not about other places or other priests, remember, I am only telling you about that which I have experienced and know to be the truth.

We know something about what is out in that room and we know that today we are going to go to confession. It may take all day long. Then as we wait, here comes the priest. I have never witnessed the priest coming into the convent without intoxicating liquor under his belt. And I say to every man or woman, whoever you might be, if you get liquor under your belt you are not a man and neither are you a woman—you become an animal and a beast.

And so, we have a beast sitting out there with a straight back, hard bottom chair and no other things except the crucifix and the Virgin Mary. And here he is, sitting right out there in the middle. Now, the little girl has to walk out there all alone. She has to kneel down to that terrible man and as I look back, I am sure in my heart that he was a twin brother to the Devil himself. He is so full of sin, vice and corruption. You must go out there and kneel down before that man and I tell you, you are a lucky girl if you get away from that man without being destroyed.

Why, he is a drunken beast and not a man. He has a holy habit on and he is an ordained Roman Catholic priest—but he is a being of Satan. I assure you we do not like to go to confession but we must go once a month. Those little girls can't help themselves. Nobody comes out of that room but the priest and I, until it is all over, and then we come back and the next will have to come. I assure you, we don't appreciate that day and those little girls don't know any better and there is nothing they can do if they did know better. The *Bible* was a forbidden book to every one of those little girls so they had no way to know anything. Therefore, they are totally trapped by the Devil himself with no way to escape and no way to reach out for help. Do you realize, dear friends, we are the only help they have?—that we somehow tell you of the truth and you will spread this truth and then someone will do something to stop this torture and set the little innocent beings free. Oh, pray for them, I beg you, pray for them that God can work through you ones to save these little beings.

PRIESTS IN THE CONVENT

If a Roman Catholic priest comes into the convent, he may go to the Mother Superior and ask her to permit him to go into the cell where the nuns are. Now that Mother has a carnal mind and a carnal heart and she is very hard and very carnal. Further, she is, many times, the mother of many illegitimate babies and they belong to the priest. You know, she will take that priest who is drinking—they bring liquor right in with them, and sometimes the Mother and some of the nuns drink with them. It is a terrible place, it is certainly not a religious place as you would give that name. She will bring that priest into one of our cells and here you have a big man who is strong from being well fed and he is full of liquor and there is a little nun

who is frail with a broken body and she will not have very much strength.

Now why has he come into that cell? For nothing except to destroy that little nun. I often wish the government could walk into that place just as a priest is let into a cell. The Mother will turn the key and the little girl is locked in there with that priest. There is no way to defend ourselves.

I am a nurse and I got my training by going through the underground tunnel into the hospital while I lived in an open order convent. But may I say that if you could look upon the body of that little girl after the priest is taken out of there, she looks like something thrown out into a hog pen and a half dozen old sows have matted that little body.

This is convent life and I can certainly understand why your priests are calling and complaining constantly and screaming their head off because I am giving this testimony. May I say to you that I don't mind if they continue to scream, I don't mind what they do to me for I am not one bit afraid of them and I will continue to give this testimony for as long as God gives me strength. I will give this testimony to my life's end regardless of what that church or those priests and prison-keepers do to me in your country. I know what I am doing, I know what I am saying and I am no longer afraid of anyone in all of this world for I am a child of God and God will allow my work to be finished whether I am killed or whatever might be in store for me. All you can do is murder me and then I care not what you do with my body after I am gone so I will continue until I have no more breath with which to speak—and then someone will perhaps pick up the message and carry it forth—God will see to it. I know that God saved me and brought me out of that place to do what I am doing—pulling the cover off of the convents.

I believe he saved me to uncloak these places of evil hiding under the cloak of religion. I believe this with all of my heart and soul.

GIVING TO THE PRIESTS

You know, we were only supposed to give our bodies to these priests and many times the nuns are simply overpowered. But what if I refuse to give my body to the priest? He becomes furious and goes immediately to the Mother Superior and then, friends, when two carnal minds come together they can induce things that you and I have not enough evil in our hearts to even conceive. There is not enough sin in our lives to invent such things as they come up with to reap upon those poor little children of God.

When those two carnal minds come together, the next time they are all ready. The Mother Superior might say to me the next day that we are going to do penance. Now, the penance will be something the priest and Mother Superior have invented together. It will be very, very cruel. They may take me down into one of the dirty dungeons where there are no floors and you will find a room with a log about three feet long with a mound of cement with a ring sticking out of the ground. There are leather straps fastened there and they will put my feet through those rings and then strap my ankles securely. There I am, standing with my feet strapped to those rings—and they leave me there locked up in that place by myself. It is a dreadful place and I might stand there for two or three hours if I have strength enough in my body. Sometimes you become too exhausted to stand and you faint and you go down. But when you go down your ankles are turned over and then you cannot get up again. You might lie in that position for two or three days without anyone even coming near. There will not be a bite of food or a drop of water but you must stay there with

the vermin and rats running over your body.

Of course no priest outside wants this—nobody outside wants this and they will do anything to make sure no one ever escapes alive from a convent. They will do anything to prevent anyone getting out to tell. Oh, it is terrible. Sometimes while lying strapped to those rings the priest will have his way and then the little nun will be left to lie in the suffering in the added shame and guilt.

Sometimes when a little nun refuses a priest he goes mad with anger and will beat the child and knock her to the floor and kick her—often times he will kick her in the stomach and very often the little nun will be carrying a baby created by one of the priests. It doesn't matter to the priest that there is a baby under your heart—he doesn't care for he knows the baby will be killed anyway. What can they do with babies born in places like that under the cloak of a religious order? They can't be allowed to survive. Most of the babies are born premature and many are abnormal from the abuse and weakness of the mother. Very seldom do you see a normal baby. Oh yes, I shall continue to confess this and give my testimony until my last breath to stop this.

I am a nurse and I have delivered these babies and watched the little bodies wreaked with pain and the little nuns will bleed and many die and the babes are twisted and malformed and the agony is so great. This goes beyond anything the human mind can bear. I shall go before the courts and cry out and some of you will hear me and some day you will cause those convents to be opened and then you will see and know of the horror in those places. I have been before the highest courts in your country and I know what I am doing and I know what I am saying because I have been connected with this awful system for 23 years behind convent doors.

BABIES BORN

Most of you little pregnant mothers have everything all ready for that tiny little bundle of joy. You are eager to bring forth a little child and you get everything all ready for its coming—that precious little immortal soul is going to be born into your home. Oh, but you should see that little pregnant nun—there is no joy in that place. The little one will never have a blanket about its body. It will never have a bath. It will only live at the most, four or five hours and then the Mother Superior will take that baby and put her fingers into its nostrils and cover its mouth and snuff its little life out. If the babe is what you would call perfect, then it is dealt with in a more horrible manner as a sacrifice. Either way the little life is snuffed out quickly.

What is then done with those little bodies? There are lime pits in those convents. The baby will be killed and it will be put into the lime pit and the lime will be put over its body and that is the way the baby's life ends. Oh, it is so hard to think about it and that is why I challenge people to pray. Ask God to deliver these children from behind those convent doors. Pray to God that every convent in the United States be opened and require the government go within. When the government goes in and the public goes in also, then you will have the nuns being brought out and the convents closed up.

They opened the convents in Old Mexico in 1934. There are no more of these convents in Mexico. Every cloistered order was opened and they found all this corruption. The lime pits are there—everything is there to be seen. If any of you are traveling and can, go over into Old Mexico and see for yourselves. The government took them and now owns them and they are public museums. Go through those convents and

look with your own eyes and touch the things with your own hands and then see whether or not you believe my testimony.

It will fill every drop of blood in your brain—it will do something to you that you cannot imagine—go through them. Go look at them and go through the dungeons, go into the tunnels, go to the lime-pits, look at the rows of skulls along the walls and then ask the guides where they all come from. Go see all of the devices of torture they use to inflict the horror upon the bodies of the little nuns. Go into the cells and look at the beds and see for yourselves. Oh yes, you can go—it will cost you twenty-five cents to go through one of them. Go see for yourself and then come home and maybe it will give you a greater burden to pray for the saving of those little girls that have been enticed behind convent doors by the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic church.

I wonder how you would feel if this was your child. And remember, I had a mother and daddy and they loved me just as much as you love your children. When they let me go into the convent they were happy, they had no way to know this is the way it is. They never dreamed in their wildest imaginings that a convent would be like this.

There is a room, for instance, built for a specific purpose and suppose you are watching and they bring in a little nun who has been accused of doing something. There is a little partition there and a little lever there that when pressed a cover opens and there is a deep, deep hole underneath. It doesn't matter what she has done, if anything. But she had done something and it must be very serious. They bring her now to this particular place. Her hands and feet are bound securely and they drop her into that horrible, horrible pit. Then they are going to put the boards back down and no-one will ever know for there is plenty of chemicals and lime down there. But it is not that quick and easy. Six little nuns have to walk around that hole and we chant as we walk around that hole for we mustn't let any evil spirits to come out into the convent. So we sprinkle holy water over that hole. We may walk for six or more hours and then there will be six more nuns and on and on it goes until the last moan is heard from the pit and that is the end of the little nun.

Does it bother you to know that little nun is dead and lost and will never be delivered out of that convent except through this horrible manner? Does it bother you? Does it bother you enough to speak out? It bothers me and it breaks my heart. You who are Catholics—does it bother you? My God who is within—please hear us and do something!

[END OF QUOTING]

Today it is fifty six years after the Mexican convents were opened—will you open them in the United States? Elsewhere? Or will you go on in the lie in my name of Christ and God while Satan murders these innocent little children? So be it for the decision not to act is the decision made. As the voice of Christ will you hear my petition through these words and through the outcry of blessed Charlotte and rescue those children? You cried out in anguish over the German Holocaust and yet this goes on in front of thine faces and you allow of it—YOU ALLOW OF IT. HOW MANY TIMES WILL YE CRUCIFY ME? HOW MANY WILL YOU SLAUGHTER IN INNOCENCE IN MINE NAME? HOW MANY DESERVE THE MIRACLE OF GOD'S SALVATION? HOW MANY WILL HEAR MY CALL? HOW LONG WILL IT BE BEFORE YOU OF BLINDNESS WAKE UP? YE ARE AFRAID? YE HAVE NAUGHT

TO FEAR FOR EVIL WILL STAND NOT IN THE PRESENCE OF THE LIGHT OF GOD—IT WILL FALL LIKE THE DOMINOS. WHO WILL HEAR MY PLEA AND BE MY HANDS AND FEET AND DEMAND JUSTICE? SO BE IT FOR THE CLOCK TICKS ON—BUT FOR HOW LONG SHALL IT TICK?

Dharma, take rest please. I hold thee close as we walk through these shadows and into truth and light. Through grace shall we open the path.

I AM SANANDA, ONE WITH GOD. I AM THAT ONE YOU LABELED EMMANUEL JESUS, THE CHRIST. HEAR ME, FOR THE TIME IS AT HAND FOR THE SORTING—WHERE WILL YOU BE STANDING? AHO!

4/26/90 #1 ESU “JESUS” SANANDA

Sananda here in Radiance. May we continue with Sister Charlotte’s testimony for you are in overload of consciousness. We will commune with you, Dharma, at the end of this portion for I see you efforting to balance the impacting load. Ones must come to realize that it is not so simple as turning things over to the higher energies and then expecting response through a single given individual. I must beg patience of all for there are dozens of correspondence pieces awaiting response with hundreds of inquiries of most specific nature. We will respond directly if ones will but hear us and begin to trust that which you perceive.

This day rests heavily upon these ones for the legal payments are due and the funds are not available and it is quite difficult to continue in the face of such barrage. The burden lays heavy for no matter how much writing we command of Dharma, the rewards do not return and thusly, the impact of the human becomes heavy indeed. We must be cautious not to kill the goose who constructs the golden eggs. I plead for patience for you who await personal response.

These Journals must come first, then the Expresses, in which we will endeavor to cover as many pertinent and widespread inquiries as possible.

ONLY A FEW KNOW

Bear with us as we unfold truth unto you. Dharma speaks for all when she feels that these things simply cannot be or more ones would KNOW. No, more ones would not know and that is why we are unfolding them unto you—people DO NOT KNOW!

How can a Catholic, and especially a priest, not know of these horrendous things within convent walls? Easily, and completely “probably”. If the general members knew, there would be no ability to continue with such Satanic power and control. Only the very few are made aware of these things perpetrated upon humanity.

As with the Masonic order. The evil is at the hidden top of the line—the innocent members are the slaves who raise money and go among the people doing good—’tis only the top conspirators who know the truth and orchestrate the remainder of you, the orchestra.

This is why the Journals must be put forth for unless you of the orchestra come into knowledge there is no way to play the heavenly compositions and symphonies of God. The music played presently is mesmerizing and deceitful. So be it.

We shall continue with Sister Charlotte's testimony, please, and then afterwards we can speak of these things. I have no intention of being specific as to locations and pinpoint ones for the repercussion against our workers is too heavy. You readers will be given to know—if, for instance, you live near or have any connection to a convent with cloistered nuns you can know that this story is truth and you must take action to uncover the crimes and bring them into the light of day—remember, the hierarchy will do everything, including murder, to keep you fooled and the truth hidden!

How do you do it? You demand and demand and demand. If you are a family and you have a child in one of these places, you demand until they produce the child. Difficult? You better believe it will be difficult—but if you demand, you will receive and find of the way. I hope this story makes your heart bleed and be opened into sleeplessness—PRAYER IS NOT ENOUGH—FIND THE WAY TO ACT AND DO SO. PRAYERS HAVE COME UNTO ME TO DO SOMETHING; THESE BABIES HAVE PETITIONED ME TO DO SOMETHING TO RELIEVE THEIR PAIN AND GET THEIR FREEDOM—I AM HEREBY DOING IT. I AM DEMANDING THAT YOU, OF MY PEOPLE, TAKE ACTION WITH YOUR MINDS, HANDS AND FEET AND RELEASE THESE INCARCERATED AND FORGOTTEN LAMBS OF GOD. SO BE IT!

Sister Charlotte:

[QUOTING:]

ON ANY GIVEN MORNING

Here we are, a body of little nuns and on any particular morning the Mother Superior might have us lined up and we don't know why she has us lined up. There might be ten or fifteen of us and then she'll tell us all to strip. We have to take every stitch of our clothing off. We certainly are not anything beautiful to look at; our eyes are sunken into our heads, our teeth are fallen in and our bodies are wasted. God only knows exactly what we look like because we never see ourselves. In 22 years I never saw a reflection of myself.

I didn't know I had gray hair or lines in my face. I didn't know how old I was—I only found that out after I came out and found records. These children know nothing about what we look like.

Here we are lined up and here come two or three Roman Catholic priests with liquor under their belts and there they go to march in front of those nude girls and choose the girls they want to take to the cell with them. These are cloistered convents, dear ones—not open orders.

The priest can do anything he desires and hide behind the cloak of religion. That same Roman Catholic priest will go back into the Roman Catholic Churches and there he will lie and say mass, and there he will go into the confessional box and make those poor believing people confess sins uncommitted and act as God and give them absolution from those perceived sins. This man sits as God while he is filled with corruption and vice. What a terrible thing it is but therefore it goes.

INSIDE OF CHARLOTTE

All the while these things are going on, what do you think is going on inside of Charlotte? God love your hearts, I didn't know people could hold so much hatred and bitterness. It went on and on and on. I became filled to overflowing with bitterness and hatred—it built and continued to build. I began to feel within my heart, that if I could get the Mother Superior in a certain place I would kill her. It is awful to get murder within our hearts. I didn't go into the convent with a heart like that, nor a mind like that but I began to plan murder in the convent. How could I kill her and how might I kill a Roman Catholic priest and on and on it went.

Every time she would inflict something awful on my body and I would have to suffer so terribly, afterwards when I could sensibly think again, it would be how I might kill that woman.

How would you feel? Here is the Mother Superior and she sits me down in a straight backed, hard bottomed chair and I have no hair for it has all been shaved away. Now she makes me hold out my arms and she puts my hands out front in stocks. I am going to have to bend forward with my head bowed in order to put my hands in the stocks and an upper holder across my neck. I am fastened securely with no way to move in any direction.

Over my head is a water faucet just a few feet higher than my head if I were standing. That Mother turns that water on—just a drop and it will come regularly and it will hit me on the back of my shaved head. I can't move in any manner what-so-ever and I sit there for hours upon hours. I would do anything, anything, to get away from that drop of water. It is falling on the same spot on my head—over and over. Why God love your hearts, if you could look in, you would see us frothing at the mouth. You would see those little girls trying so hard to move away from that water and they will sometimes leave us ten hours or more. All day long they leave us there.

Sometimes a little nun “cracks” completely. Sometimes a little girl will go stark raving mad under this particular penance. Well, when this happens, what do they do with her? I'll tell you in a few minutes because let me assure you, they have a place for her! After we go mad in the convent, they certainly have a place to take care of us.

I began to plan and plan how I could kill her because after you have experienced something like this it is terrible and you can no longer think rationally.

One day, it happened. The Mother Superior became violently ill. Now if she dies, who will take her place? Sometimes they have as many as four older nuns and let me tell you, they have been hardened and trained and they will always pick the one who is hardest. The one who is most carnal and evil, that one who no longer has conscience—that is the one who will be the next Mother Superior. Remember that the trainees are trained by the main Mother Superior and therefore another even more vicious will take her place.

This particular time of illness, I was summoned to her room for she was gravely ill and remember, I am a nurse. Quickly as a blink I began to think that if I go in that Mother Superior's room, I know what I'll do—you know, after all, I'm a nun but I'm already, after all, a complete heathen and sinner. I don't know God

and I am filled with hatred.

They have brought in an outside Roman Catholic doctor for she is very ill. He has left orders and I am supposed to take care of her and that was just wonderful. I do take care of her and all day long I did exactly what they told me to do. They left tablets for her which I knew exactly what they were, what they would do and why she was taking them.

All day long I tended her and gave her the medicine and did everything I was supposed to do. All evening long I followed instructions for I knew I must be most careful. I waited until one o'clock in the morning before I took any action because every night the nuns must chant from 12:00 to 1:00 a.m.. I waited until all the little nuns had returned to their cells and then I took six of those tablets and gave them to her in a glass of water.

I knew she would go into convulsions and I knew it would be horribly painful. I knew she would suffer a million deaths in twenty-five minutes. I wanted to watch her suffer because she had destroyed us. It is terrible to think that a child can be abused in a place like that until her heart is almost as hard as the Mother Superior herself.

After I gave them to her I waited a minute and then I got scared. I watched her change color and I couldn't find a heartbeat or a respiration. Then I became terrified for God alone knew what they would do to me if they found her dead.

Well, I got a stomach pump and pumped as fast and hard as I could. I massaged that woman and I did everything I could imagine to do and thank God, she didn't die.

I sat down by the bed and held her hand while I watched her carefully until the respirations returned to normal and until her pulse was normal and I knew she would live.

THE KEYS

While I sat I realized that the keys to the convent were also there in that room, on a ring on a chain that was always kept on the Mother Superior's body. I took those keys and I was going to go down under that ground where we were never taken. There was one very heavy door into an area some two stories down in the underground. All nuns were warned to never try to go through that door. What in the world could be over there? But I wondered what was back there because when they had me in the dungeon for a long time once, I heard screams coming from over there. I heard such blood-curdling screams and I knew there were girls locked up somewhere behind that wall.

So I took the keys and I went into that particular place. It took a while to find the proper key but I found it and unlocked that door and went into the area behind the wall. I first walked into a narrow hall. Along one side of the hallway were a number of cells with extremely heavy doors and within those cells were some nuns.

I was hit with a stench which almost took my own breath away. I went to the first cell and I was appalled. I asked the child how long she had been there. No answer. I asked how long it had been since she ate.

No answer. I went down to the second, third, fourth and fifth and the stench became so bad it couldn't stand it. Those little girls would not utter a sound because they knew the convents are "wired" and any sound made is played to the Mother Superior—every whisper. And then, there is always someone to "tell" and the penance is terrible.

Those were the nuns who had mentally gone mad. They were then put into chains strapped to the walls where then cannot even fall to the ground. When they are put in there they are given no food and no water and they are left there in that manner until they are dead. The stench is so bad because many of them are already dead and the waves of sickness swept over me and I couldn't even know how long some of them had been dead. I can't go on....

BACK TO MOTHER SUPERIOR

I felt my way back to the room where Mother Superior lay ill and replaced the keys for I knew not what else to do. I sat down by her bed and waited. She slept into the following day—long, long hours she slept. When she did awaken she said, "I have had a long, long sleep haven't I?" I told her that she had. I took care of her for three days and I never knew at that time whether or not she ever knew I had gone into the forbidden chamber.

After the three days, they put me out in the kitchen. When we do our tour in the kitchen, six of us go for a period of six weeks. We do the cooking and do the kitchen work. We prepare the vegetables and the soup, and we tend the vegetables at a long table along one side of the room. It is a very long room and at one end of the room are about four steps down to a landing just inside a very heavy outside door. The garbage cans sit there.

While I am there working, someone tipped over one of those garbage cans. We are terrified for we are never allowed to make any noise lest we be terribly punished. We were all six present so we wondered who in the world had touched the garbage cans. Well, as we stared around we saw a man who was picking up the full cans and leaving empty ones. I had never seen anything like that in all the years I had worked in that kitchen. I believe God had just laid his hand on me and with all my heart I know it to be true.

We turned quickly away for it is a mortal sin to look upon a man other than a Roman Catholic priest, so we turned around most quickly and bent to our work. But I thought in a flash—when that man comes to exchange cans again, I am going to somehow get him a note.

Well, it continued, because there is a pencil and a bit of paper hanging in the kitchen where items of need are written. I stole a piece of paper off the pad and I carried that little piece of paper and every time I could get my hands on that pencil I would write a word or two on the note. Oh, I watched that garbage can and everytime I took the garbage down there I watched it. And when it was just about full and I thought that the next evening it would be full when the day's garbage was added, I made my plans.

As I worked, I very quickly broke my crucifix and laid it up on a shelf. I had a very hard time doing it because constantly everyone is watching everyone else. But I did it and I laid it up on the shelf so everyone could see it and went about my work. I had to have a way in which to get back to that room later.

When the dinner is over and the dishes are tended, everyone leaves at the same time and we must march past the Mother Superior. When I marched by I quickly stopped and whispered to her saying, “Mother Superior, I broke my crucifix and I left it in the kitchen. May I go for it?” No nun is expected to go without her crucifix and she asked how I had broken it and I lied to her—everything she asked me, I lied to her just as convincingly as I could. I guess I had learned to lie because she lied to us and we are all sinners so I lied, too.

She finally told me to go get the crucifix and come right back. That’s all I wanted because I had to have a reason for no one can return to the kitchen after you have left it. And so I headed directly for the garbage pail because when I had put my last garbage in the pail I had left a note right on top of that garbage and left the lid off which was forbidden, and so it went.

I had written on the note to the garbage man, “If you get this, won’t you please help me. Won’t you please do something to help me out of this place.” I told him about those nineteen cells in the underground and the dungeons. I told him about the babies being killed and I also told him other little nuns were locked in the dungeon and were bound with chains. I told him plenty and asked him to help us. I said if he would, please leave a note under the empty cans. That is what I went back for and prayed hard that there would be an answer.

When I lifted up the can and found a note, you cannot imagine how I felt. I froze to the floor I was so scared and didn’t know what to do. I picked that piece of paper up and read it and this is what it said: “I’m leaving that door unlocked and I’ll leave the big iron gate unlocked and you can come out.” It was almost more than I could conceive. I never dreamed I would ever get out of that convent—I never really dared dream I might find a way.

THE ESCAPE

When I could collect myself, I reached over and turned the knob and, you know, it was open. I walked out of that convent and turned and made sure the door was locked behind me. I got all the way to the huge iron outer gate and oh, I was trapped—the gate was locked and now I was trapped. I was terrified for now I was locked out of the convent and I cannot get out of the gate. I have no right out there and I knew I would be destroyed if I turned back. I was scared half to death and couldn’t move for a while. The fear washed over me until I was sick for God alone could know what they would do to me if I went back and pounded on that door to be allowed back in.

I had no shoes or stockings for I had worn them out years before. The richest Church in the world and the nuns go winter and summer without shoes or foot coverings of any kind. Even in crucial poverty, I still wonder at how they can do it, or how any of the children survive.

What did I do as I stood in front of that huge gate? Well, I had no real choice in my own mind—I started to climb it for there was nothing else for me to do.

About a foot from the top is a ledge about six inches wide. I thought if I could manage to climb high enough to get my knee on it I would be safe. I did, I got one knee on the ledge but I had no more strength. Then I recovered enough to think a bit and I thought if I could get one leg over the sharp projections, and then

the clothing, then I could get my other leg over and at least I would be on the other side of the fence. Well, then I knew I was faced with another decision for I knew I had not enough strength to let myself down the other side and would have to jump. It was a high gate and I knew I would break my bones if I fell or jumped.

I pulled all my clothing up around my body and held them with one hand and then decided I would simply have to jump. Oh gosh, I was scared because, you know, they have a buzzer in the convent and when a nun tries to escape they turn the buzzer on. Then, funny thing—the priests who claim never to come to the convent, pour out like ants when that buzzer goes off. They really set to right fast, then. They are immediately out and after that nun because they don't want her out of that convent because some day, she will give a testimony if she escapes. I assure you, they do not intend for any of us to ever get out!

As I sat atop that gate and made that jump—I just didn't make it—which seemed bad at the time for there I hanged. My clothing caught on those points and I just hung there. I didn't know what I looked like and I certainly didn't know I had gray hair but I have often said that perhaps my hair turned gray right there on that gate. I was in terror realizing that buzzer could go off any minute and there I would be.

I tried to wiggle my body or swing it for if I could get back far enough to grab the fence with one hand, perhaps I could help myself with the other. Then I tried unfastening the portion that was caught for it was the garment worn and attached at the waist. When I did this, I promptly hit the ground. I was completely unconscious and I lay there for some time but I don't know for how long.

When I came to, I had a shoulder broken and my arm was broken and the bone had snapped and cut right through the flesh because there was no "meat" on me, just skin.

Well now, I realize I am severely injured, I am on the outside and now, what will I do—where am I going? At this point I know that I am not in the United States, for I am in another country and I don't know anything about that country. When they had brought me to the place, they kept me completely veiled and I couldn't see anything and I have no idea where I am and I don't know where to go and I no longer know anyone in the world, anyway. I have no money and I am hungry and my body is broken and what will I do? Where will I go?

I realized I must move away from the convent and I did. I just started moving away. I was so afraid for it seemed I had made so much noise and I couldn't move quickly and I was so scared they would find me. I moved along in the darkness. There was no twilight in that part of the country and it just dropped off into darkness and I can barely make out outlines of some things. I found a little building to the side of the road—very small—and I didn't know what it was. I thought it might be a dog house or chicken coop or something similar. I crawled in it because I was shaking and scared and I laid in there for a little while to get a hold of myself.

Then I realized it was safer for me to travel in the dark for I would surely be seen in the daylight. I stumbled on through all that night and then the next day I hid behind some pieces of boards and tin piled up against an old building. All day long I was hiding in that hot place and I was starving and broken—I now realize I was being kept alive for some mission and so I held on and waited my chances.

When night fell again, I have to move because I must get away from that convent. It was not safe to knock on anyone's door. If I rapped on a Roman Catholic's door they would immediately take me right back to the convent. I now knew that it would be better to be dead than be taken back. I stumbled on and on and the next day I hid out in a stock pen. The night fell and I traveled on. The next day I was really scared because my arm was swelled as tight as it could be and I was having to carry it in the other hand. All my fingers began to turn blue and I knew gangrene poisoning had set in. I knew at that moment that I would probably die just like a rat in that rubble. I didn't know what to do but I felt I couldn't go this far and fail. I knew I might have to go and rap on someone's door.

Finally, that is what I did. I remember that as I walked out of that barn and stumbled along I could no longer think. As I stumbled along I came to an old house with an old fashioned lamp burning inside. I saw this lamp for quite a ways before I reached the house. It was the home of poor people and I could go no further. I walked up to the screen door and rapped on it. A tall man came to the door and he was rather old and I asked, "Please, may I have a drink of water?" That old man didn't answer me but he walked back into the house and called to his wife. God bless her heart, she was like most old fashioned mothers, she came to the door and she didn't ask who I was or what I wanted. That dear little woman just pushed that door open and said for me to come in and sit down.

GODLY PEOPLE

That was the most beautiful music I have ever heard—her sweet voice. She pulled out a chair for me and I sat down. I was so tired and they were obviously so poor as they had no rugs or anything very much, but there was a little checkered table-cloth in red and white on that little table and I will never forget it. There was a little stove in the corner and a fire in it. That woman put some milk in a pan and heated it and brought it to me. I am starving and I have no manners, and I grabbed that glass of milk before she could even set it down and I swallowed it all instantly. I am so hungry I thought I was going mad.

Of course, the moment it touched my stomach it came right back up—I lost it instantly. Not only was I starved but I had had no real milk in twenty-two years. I simply couldn't take it and I felt so embarrassed and so miserable. But she knew what to do. She went out to the kitchen and heated water and added sugar to the water and then she brought it over to me and fed it to me a spoonful at a time. I took every bit of it and it was the best thing I ever had pass my lips.

Then the daddy walked over by me and asked who I was and from where I had come. I began to cry and I told them I had run away from the convent and I wouldn't go back. He then asked what happened to me because my hand was laying up on the table. I told him about the gate and falling and he could already see that I was badly hurt.

He said that he would have to get a doctor. Then I became totally hysterical and I tried to run back outside and they wouldn't let me. He said, "Wait a minute, we are not going to hurt you but you must have help." I cried that I didn't have any money and I don't have any people and I can't pay a doctor's bill. I was just in a terrible mess, if you want to know it.

That man said to me, "I'm going after a doctor—and he is not a Roman Catholic and neither am I. You are safe with us." That dear man didn't have a car so he took a horse and buggy and drove nine miles to get a doctor.

The doctor came ahead in his car and when he arrived, ahead of the man, he walked around me and kept walking around me and he was swearing. He was furious because he was looking at something that was supposed to be a human being and I in no way even resembled a human being. I was in such horrible condition.

He sat down in front of me and he said he would have to take me to the hospital—right then. I pleaded not to go, I was so terrified. He sat closer and took my good hand and he said he was not going to hurt me but that I must have help and he wanted to help me.

He took me into the hospital that night and that was the first time I ever knew how much I weighed—I am a large woman by frame and I weighed exactly 89 pounds.

They took me into surgery and they tried to get the inflammation out of my hand. It took about twelve or thirteen days and they had to break and re-break the bones and I suffered, but nothing like that in the convent, for they would give me something to ease the pain and I had only known things to make pain worse.

Finally it came so that I could be released and those dear poor people took me in. I had been in the hospital three-and-a-half months and the doctor wanted to take me to his home but I only trusted the first little people. So they took me home with them and I stayed there for a period of time and the doctor stayed in touch and checked on me.

One day there was a letter from the doctor and a check enclosed. He asked them to go and get me some clothes that he was coming to get me on a certain day. He told me that he would find my people for me. That doctor was a stranger to me and oh, I thank God that there are men and women across this world who are so unselfish as to use some of the money that God has allowed them, to help those less fortunate than they.

They spent a lot of money on me for I was hospitalized for three-and-a-half months and he paid the bills. Oh how I appreciate it.

These dear ones bought me clothing and something to carry them in and then the doctor came and took me to the train. He had found my people for me. I was on trains and boats for a long time and then one day, after he had arranged my visa for me to return to the U.S., he arranged for someone to travel with me at all times because I didn't know what to do or how to do anything for myself in the world.

HOME!

One day as we traveled by train, they called the name of the town where my mother and daddy lived. And I remembered. I got off that train and ran all the way to their home, some five blocks in that little town. My daddy came to the door and I looked at his face and I didn't know him. I asked if he knew where my father lived? He asked who I was and what is your name. I gave him my family name as I remembered it and that man looked at me and then opened the door and asked me to come in because he didn't recognize me. My mother was a total invalid and he took me back to her bed. She didn't know me and I didn't know her but it was wonderful to be home. She was in the hospital for a while and then she passed on.

My father paid all those bills and reimbursed all those ones who had helped me to get home—every one of them.

Now, do you know what God did? I am a nurse and so I went to work in a hospital. One day a woman came into that particular hospital and I was sent into her room to prepare her for the surgical table. I became that woman's special nurse in the hospital and when she went home I went with her to tend her in her home.

That woman, when she was well enough, asked if I would please go to church with her. I lived with her long enough to become her friend. I lived there long enough to read the *Bible* to her because I was her nurse and I did that which she requested of me. I had never read a *Bible* in all of my life and she would find the scriptures and then I would read them to her. As I read the word of God, and I could tell which were the true words of God, and it began to reach through and into my heart. Finally she asked me to go to church with her and I went with her. I sat there and heard the gospel for the first time in my life. I had never heard anything like that and it was so beautiful.

All the while she was telling me about God and the Christ and the plan of salvation and how I needed God and I could see how I had been lied to and the hatred I still bore within my heart.

Every night I would settle her comfortably and then I would take that *Bible* and go into the basement. I would lay that book on a chair and I would challenge God. I would ask if He heard what that preacher said? I would repeat everything that I could remember and I petitioned that if He were God and if He were a real God, I wanted what those people who knew Him, had. But if you are not God, then don't give me anything because I cannot bear any more. I refused to take anything that was not of God because I was too broken to bear it.

I did that for several nights and I couldn't eat, either. I couldn't sleep and I was beginning to fail. But one night I was attending the service and right in the middle of that service I was pulled to my feet and I raised my hands and I ran down that aisle and I fell on that altar and I cried out my heart. God met me there and forgave me of every sin in my life and He allowed me to forgive myself and oh, how I praise Him for it. Praise His wonderful name. God healed me and He took me in. I tell you now, I met the Christ and I met God and I would not give that up for anything in this world that you might have. He is the best friend, the most wonderful thing that I have ever known.

MY BEST FRIEND

I can tell Him anything I want to tell Him and He will listen and He will tell no other of that which I told Him. I can sit at His feet and I can say "Jesus I love you" and tell Him every secret of my heart. I can pour it out to Him and I don't have to worry about Him telling what I told Him. He is the best friend you can ever have. He is able to do anything and all things. He can set you free just by knowing Him.

He gives me the strength to do that which I must do now that I am out of the convent. Pray for me—please pray for me. I will be going places where it will be predominantly Roman Catholic and I'll have to suffer much. But I am willing to do that for Jesus because I know He suffered every pain I bore in that place of hell. I must tell everyone I can and in every place I can about my life and give my testimony. I must do what

I can to free those little girls from those awful places of Satan.

[END OF QUOTING]

From *Revelation*: “And I saw the woman drenched with the blood of the saints and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus. And when I saw her I wondered with great admiration.”

WHO WILL COME WITH ME? WHO WILL WALK WITH ME? WHO WILL COME THAT I DO NOT WALK ALONE? PLEASE TAKE MY HAND AND COME WITH ME.

I AM SANANDA.