

CONTACT

THE PHOENIX PROJECT

"YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU MAD!"

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NEWS REVIEW

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Leading The Sheep To Slaughter With *Mind-Control* Madness From **TOP** Gov't Levels

We here continue with our ongoing information series from Cathy O'Brien and Mark Phillips on the disgusting mind-control techniques utilized at the highest levels of our government for both control of we-the-sheeply masses and—of course—for the "personal pleasures" of these depraved crooks in very high places.

The time-bomb that was the first article in this most recent series appeared in the 2/7/95 issue of CONTACT, and the sordid picture has been further unfolding and expanding in more gory detail each week thereafter. After reading this, you cannot possibly ever look at these so-called leaders again in the same light—or is that darkness?! And to think they are running our country and world. That pretty much explains the mess we're in.

Do ask for the Light of God to surround you before reading what Cathy and Mark have been so brave and honest to share with us. If there is any comfort to be gained from the public sharing of such matters of deep pain as these, then we extend that healing release to Cathy and Mark—valiant soldiers on THE important battlefield for the mind.

— Dr. Edwin M. Young, Editor-In-Chief

2/13/95 #1 HATONN

MK-ULTRA MONARCH PROJECT

by Cathy O'Brien, Mark Phillips

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[QUOTING, PART 11; this segment: Cathy O'Brien, Aug. 1991:]

SYSTEMS OF MANIPULATION

My 11-year-old institutionalized daughter, Kelly, and I escaped the Political Top of a
(Please see *Leading The Sheep To Slaughter*, p.2)

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Leading The Sheep To Slaughter

(Continued from Front Page)

U.S. Government CIA operation for funding Covert Activity that utilizes Top Secret Psychological Warfare Military Mind-Control techniques to insure successful proliferation of their illegal and UNConstitutional activities. After witnessing/experiencing for over a decade the inner operational structure as victims of conspiracy founders/leaders U.S. Senate President Pro Tempore Robert C. Byrd and U.S. Army Psychological Warfare Division Colonel Michael Aquino, I became aware of detailed strategic judicial and mental health system manipulation and infiltration during the Reagan Administration. I was privy to this information while networking among key conspirators, as well as through the deliberate psychological conditioning of locking victims further into mind control by having "no where to turn and no one to call" for help.

Upon our rescue/escape, my protector/therapist Mark Phillips accessed his knowledge of military mind-control deprogramming and reintegrated my induced multiple personalities thereby restoring my memory of a lifetime of abuse. With Kelly in desperate need of specialized mental health treatment by Dr. Bennett Braun, Chicago, Illinois, who successfully treats military mind control's resultant complex MPD fragmentation in children, I have no alternative but to seek justice and rehabilitative assistance through the very systems our perpetrators run and manipulate. Now, trapped in a mental health bureaucratic quagmire, I am experiencing a nightmare come true as I battle these systems and our abusers for our inalienable right to justice and freedom.

Through classified Psychological Warfare Monarch Project Military Mind-Control technique, a combination of trauma, torture, drugs and hypnotic programming cleanly divides personalities to carry out specific commands upon activation while the victim neither comprehends nor recalls their actions. This not only allows for anonymity and error-free discrete, undetectable operation, but provides vast avenues of protection for perpetrators, including protection from retribution under the Non Compos Mentis law. Colonel Aquino's Temple of Set was established to provide a ritual trauma-base for mind-control enslavement and cultivation of prime multigenerational victims while inciting the superstitious fears of the general public prompting the predicted Ostrich responses.

In 1980, enslaved directly by Aquino's mind control as Byrd's personal prostitute and drug mule, I witnessed strategy and corruption in motion as President Reagan took office. His methods for destroying California's mental health system were implemented on a national level and maintained throughout the Reagan/Bush Administration. Since then, psychiatric/psychological treatment has become elusive and archaically ineffective and institutions have emptied the mentally ill onto our streets. This, coupled with rampant criminal mind control, has caused reported incidences of diagnosed MPD to rise from 800 in 1980 to over 23,000 by 1990 (according to authorities) and the

homeless population to increase to a record three million. Murder is up 8-10% with occult activity and serial killers contributing to the numbers, while justices decrease to such an extent that President Bush is relying on "Points of Light" citizens to protect themselves.

One need only open their eyes to Bush's New World Order of international changes toward peace, such as the dismantling of the Berlin Wall, the capture of CIA operative Manuel Noriega through bombardment of "rock music", the renewed Middle East Peace talks, lack of US casualties in Desert Storm [H: Let's not get carried away on the number of deaths in Desert Storm; it is NOW KNOWN that there are already 4,300 of your men DEAD and more dying as we write. You have to understand something, readers: The most deaths do not come from bullets any longer!], Russia's Revolution, etc., to speculate how far advanced America's mind-control technology has come. Orwell's 1984 arrived unnoticed by the very nature of the beast and I witnessed the Reagan Administration's successful experimentation, utilization, and activation of the mind-control key to Absolute Power. Now, with our mentally and criminally insane on our streets, coupled with the proliferation of mind control, CIA victims such as myself have unified our voices—despite media "national security" blackout—enough to incite Congress to demand change and pass into legislative law (July 1991) requiring the President to notify Congress of when private citizens are used "in any significant way" for covert activities. This does not STOP the use of unsuspecting innocent citizens, but [is] to control and regulate this ongoing CIA practice.

With the advent of the advancement of Psychological Warfare, the latest in mind-control technology revealed a need to predict the actions and reactions of the masses. In order to most effectively accomplish this, [legitimate] psychological advancement of the populace was hindered. I once heard Aquino tell Byrd that "taken to extremes, people always react in a predictable manner, so if all extremes are played, I have total control of the masses". When actions/reactions are predicted, a counter measure is prepared for the benefit of the conspirators. Aquino's occult Temple of Set is established on these psychological facts, as are international war strategies and Absolute Government Power, just as was Hitler's Germany. Historian Walter la Feber notes, "If you can corrupt a system like this once, you can do it again and more carefully next time." With Byrd and Aquino in control, Aquino incites and predicts the psychological action/reactions which Byrd counters with legal manipulation, new law, strategically positioned conspirators, and allocation of funding according to his influence as Senate Appropriations Committee Leader.

Conspirators imposed a highly controlled media blackout of CIA covert activity/mind-control issues on our "free" press under the guise of "national security", thereby threatening the security of citizens. Byrd's justification for the blackout is predicated on the belief

that these mind-control keys to Absolute Leadership and power became "unthinkable" by the masses after Hitler's Nazi movement, leaving evolutionary advancement of the 5% "who know" to lead the 95% "who-don't-want-to-know" and who, according to Byrd, WANT TO BE LED (enslaved). When people elect to be blindly led they give Absolute Power to their leaders. Until people open their eyes and begin to ask questions, control of their personal and nation's destiny is relinquished and they must therefore live/die with the consequence. Aquino and other co-conspirators are confidently relying on Americans to be slowly conditioned to change and/or be shocked by scandal of which they DO NOT want to know the answers, and in both cases, no questions are asked. Conspirators are predicting you, the 95% (they refer to you as "the flock") who need and want to be led, will blindly follow without asking questions, which incidentally, is IMPOSSIBLE for anyone under mind-control. [H: Don't deny this, readers. You did EXACTLY what you were told to do in, for instance, the last "Gulf War". You allowed everything to just "go" while the most YOU DID was hang a yellow ribbon here and there to prove your cowardliness. You are called "sheep" and "lambs" for a reason—THEY are going to "sacrifice" you on the altar as burnt offerings (holocaust), using those cute little "Points of Light".]

Due to a few who could and would question, the Iran-Contra scandal and the onset of the BCCI international scandal, have precipitated new and legitimate investigations penetrating the media blackout and shedding light on the stories behind the news (i.e., Noriega, Iran-Contra, BCCI). Byrd said, "The ONLY way we (conspirators) can fail is to fail to think of an excuse." Before a Senate Subcommittee, Fawn Hall, Oliver North's "secretary", did not fail when she recited the typical justification excuse for illegal, UNConstitutional, and immoral crime: "Sometimes you have to be above the written law."

[END QUOTING OF PART 11]



SENATOR ROBERT C. BYRD

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This is a good place to break this writing as there are other things needing attention. We will pick up here when we next sit to write. Thank you.

2/13/95 #3 HATONN

Per personal request of Cathy O'Brien (*MONARCH PROJECT*), we are taking her part "56" and moving it to be placed in this next writing, PART 12 (numbering system only for convenience of *CONTACT*). When Mark and Cathy are ready to publish in hard-copy we shall be happy to share our discs or whatever editing of documents can be of benefit. You are all tired and "broke" and banded up a bit from the battle—but wounds heal and through your healing others can be noted and have opportunity to have care and healing. No work in God's vineyard goes unnoted or unrewarded.

WORLD VISION

by Cathy O'Brien

[QUOTING, PART 12:]

"I have a World Vision, one of peace." Reagan-appointed CIA Director William Casey told me as we walked through the arbored rose garden of his Long Island estate in the fall of 1985. "By removing the more violent factions of societies world wide and replacing them with faithful leaders of One World Government, and the One World Church..." Casey was forming my Catholic Jesuit mind-control-programmed understanding, "Global unification is eminent. It is a beautiful vision and it came to me in my dreams. God has moved me to move men. I've moved them here and I've moved them there... now it's time to RE-move them. My World Vision encompasses the globe and puts to rest any and all tensions, strife, overpopulation, and starvation. My vision is a World Vision, and the churches see it my way as evidenced by their support of the cause."

"World Vision" was/is a Jesuit-controlled organization that led churches to give them money under the guise of spreading world peace. What they were not saying was what the money was actually funding—world peace under mind control. From experience, I know that organizations such as World Vision, the Catholic Church, and even the U.S. Government have factions whose agenda is establishing what Hitler termed "New World Order" using conditioning/mind control as their primary implementation tools. There are those within these factions that operate on a "Need to Know" basis, and they Need to Know that their minds, religion, and/or perceptions are being deliberately distorted and manipulated.

Defining "the cause", Casey continued, "Your heartfelt mission in Haiti has helped in my World Vision quest for her people to abandon hedonistic voodoo and turn their eyes to God and Godly ways. By their own design, they have created an atmosphere of evil whereby a plague will be visited on their land. The Lord has so moved me to move men, who share our goals, into place, and REMOVE those who stand in the way of peace. It is for this reason that your mission in Haiti must be brought to a close. Baby Doc, in his tireless devotion to saving the demonically possessed cannot bear the burden of watching his people die the wretched death unleashed upon those doomed for hell. We are left with no alternative but to heed the word of God and spare him from annihilation. For this reason, we will send in the missionaries (Jesuit mercenaries) to inoculate the population with a vaccine that will spare only the good of heart by virtue of its design. All attempts to maintain Haiti within the loop of financial gain will cease. Tourism must be stopped for the sake of the innocents visiting a plagued land. Despite our differences, Baby Doc has complied with the Vatican's orders to the best of his abilities in his demon-infested land, and must resign his post. We owe it to him to

transport him to safety. It is our duty as Americans and followers of God to obey the commands of our Lord and master and enforce the World Vision. It is your duty as an American and follower of God to instill the understanding that God has spoken, and a plague is imminent. Baby Doc is being prepared for transition and awaits word of direction. You will provide him with the word."

With my perceptions distorted and Catholic Jesuit-programmed understanding instilled, I was prepared to "religiously accept" any and all I was told. I believed that the revolution in Haiti was a holy war, never capable of realizing it was a test-run battle for the minds in this 4th-world country.

The devotion I felt toward the Haitian people was more than a religious understanding of these alternately Catholic-Santeria (Voodoo) worshippers. I subconsciously recognized other tortured mind-controlled slaves in an instant. Consciously, I now know it was due to their electric stun-gun prod marks and plastic ever-present smiles that never quite reach their sad eyes. The children would cling to their wide-eyed mothers as they performed their tasks in robotic servitude. I had recognized these characteristics in other slaves throughout the years, but never had I seen a whole country entranced. My compassion for the Haitian people penetrated into the realm of the spiritual, into a part of me that mind control and manipulation of religion could never touch.

I carry that feeling today, desperately seeking mass understanding of a plight of the Haitian people that would cause them to vacate their home knowing they were swimming right into the hands of their handlers/controllers, the U.S.

I am aware that Haiti was used as a mass mind-control prototype while annihilating "those of lesser breeding". Since the Catholics had joined forces with the United Nations to overtake the world through mass mind control, the Jesuit influence on Haiti was complete. By maintaining much of the ceremony, placing literal interpretation on "eating the body and drinking the blood", and providing a mirror reversal of good and evil, Catholicism and Voodoo, like Catholicism and the United Nations, became one in the same.

Casey and I had been walking through the garden and were guarded by more armed men than would be the President. It wasn't that I was a threat, I couldn't even think enough to save myself. It was that Casey and his

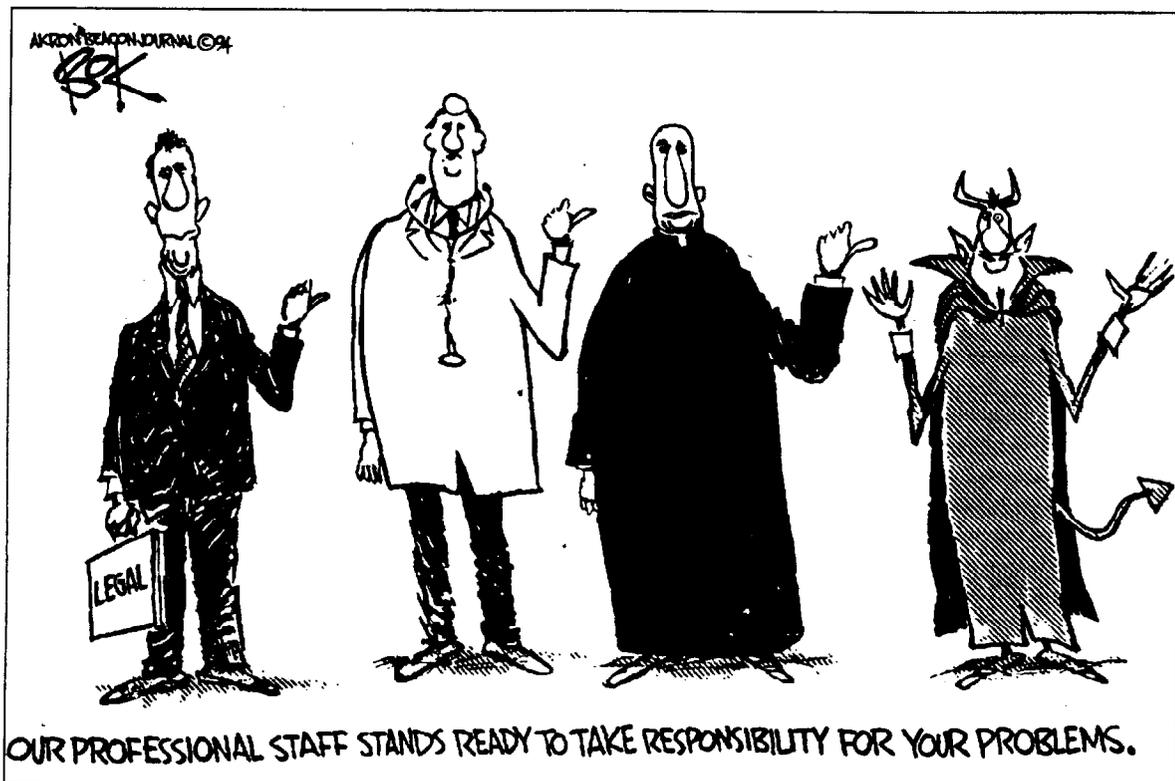
World Vision were a threat to humanity that so many guards were needed. The men appeared to be U.S. Secret Service according to their attire, weapons, and earphone headsets. One guard conspicuously placed his hand to his headset and was listening as though it was remote controlled. He walked briskly over to Casey who signaled me to leave and an escort instantly arrived at my side awaiting instructions.

"Take her to my chambers," Casey told him. "Clear her mind. I have something I need to instill." Robotically I followed my escort into Casey's office library. The room was barren, dark, and hot, exactly as described in a book I had been given to read in keeping with "You Are What You Read" programming. It produced a sensation of having somehow stepped into the novel by insider William Diehl, *Chameleon*. The scramble of my memory and reality instantly commenced.

"It's warm in here," the agent said while unbuttoning my white eyelet blouse. "Bill (Casey) likes to keep it this way in case he (Casey) gets a chill and his blood runs cold. Chameleons are naturally cold blooded. (The term "Chameleon" is a term used to describe spies who are expertly trained to blend into any environment at any time, unnoticed, just as an MPD mirrors the one they're with.) Make yourself comfortable while I turn up the heat. Mr. Casey doesn't want to hear a peep out of you so I'll warn you now to be silent." He deliberately triggered and activated the Jesuit-programmed part of me that believed in my Vow of Silence. "The walls have ears and the plants have eyes so your silence is tantamount to success. I'm going to leave you to reflect in Silence. Bill will be along any minute."

Had I been capable of "reflecting", I would have questioned the validity of Casey's dramatic position of 'religious overtones' on Haitian policy. Like then President Ronald Reagan, Casey's sincerity did not ring true considering the "fruits of his labor". But then, I could not consider any more than I could reflect and I sat in a state of what felt like suspended animation awaiting my instructions. I could not anticipate nor dread what was about to happen as futuristic thinking was left in the hands of my controllers. Had I realized the scramble of reality with William Diehl's book, I could have predicted what happened when Bill Casey walked in.

Casey walked over to his highly polished dark wood desk and opened the top drawer. Casey's desk was one





only what I was told to do with no outside interference.) There is only one way to insure that you stay on the straight and narrow and follow my commandments. Lisss..ten and I will make my commands perfectly clear." Sounding like an echo, Casey commanded "Enter/Inter/Inner Dimension two. Two is the number for you." (True to voodoo belief, the number two is "demonically sacred" as Baby Doc's Mercedes Benz license plates read 222.)

Having accessed standard Jesuit-based infinity program, Casey instructed me and programmed me with messages that I would deliver as though my life depended on it. "You must go to the Citadel and warn our Dominican brothers of impending doom to their neighbors in Haiti. From the Dominican side (of the Haitian island) you will be flown to Port Au Prince where you will meet with Baby Doc (Duvalier) at his Palace. He is already receptive to your word and knows that my words are your words and your word is Silence. You must tell General Cedras his Order is of the Rose." ("General" was the title applied to Cedras though I do

not know if the title referred to his role as Haitian military leader, CIA Dominican Republic operations leader, Jesuit instructor, or a title I was forced to use in keeping with the Chameleon book scramble.) Casey touched the white rose in his lapel, signaling me to photographically record his words verbatim.

When he was through programming me with his message, Casey told me "As quickly as you complete this mission you must depart Haiti, never to return again." Casey used excessive high voltage to compartmentalize my memory until accessed. I recall being nauseated and ill from his stun gun as I departed his Long Island compound/home via ferry with my mind-control handler Alex Houston, programmed with messages to Cedras and Baby Doc.

Alex Houston, my CIA-appointed handler, and I traveled aboard the CIA cooperative Norwegian Caribbean (drug) Lines as was usual when tending to covert operations in the Caribbean. Haiti had recently been strategically dropped from the NCL itinerary as a Port of Call, but the Dominican Republic side of the island

of the few furnishings in the large airy room. The dark polished reddish wood panelling seemed even darker with the midnight blue carpeting curving slightly up the wall. Heavy, gothic maroon velvet drapes blocked out the sun from the windows behind his desk.

"I can see quite clearly that you have taken a Vow of Silence," Casey said, while deepening my trance using preset triggers. "Maintain it. Maintain it and Lisss..ten," he hissed. He reached into the drawer and took out a maroon colored box, about a foot long, with a diamond embossed on its top.

"I received a box quite anonymously as I do from time to time," Casey said in keeping with the book scramble. "The box has your name on it. I expected to open it and find the usual pierced chameleon and found, instead, a weapon intended for one."

He opened the box in front of me. Inside, laying on a bed of cotton, was an elaborate rose crystal-handled knife which I first thought was a crucifix, by its design.

My CIA/DIA MK-ULTRA Project Monarch mind control owner U.S. Senator Robert C. Byrd had given me a crucifix of rose crystal in November of 1981 to symbolize my "marriage" to him and the CIA/Jesuit Project. The knife was a replica of this cross except for the dagger running down the body of the weapon. My first personal meeting with Casey promised to be tortuous as I recognized Byrd's brutal participation in the ordeal.

Deeply tranced, I listened as Casey was saying, "Is it a knife or a crucifix? I can't tell. Both symbolize martyrdom as far as I'm concerned. Note the rose pattern cut into the crystal. Now, I wonder who would have sent me this—to give to you."

Even under mind control I knew, as I was supposed to, that Byrd had provided him with the knife. My worst fears were confirmed when Casey began using Byrd's hypnotic induction, "In like a knife, sharp and clean..." Casey sliced through the front of my bra, exposing the area between my breasts where Byrd routinely cut me with his pocket knife. "...I'll carve out what I want." Induction complete, Casey traumatically attached government program to Jesuit death programming as he continued, "And I want to make a lasting impression. I'll make no bones about it..." He pierced into my breastbone deeply to where I believe I would split and did indeed split off a personality fragment. "I am going to split you open and grasp your Sacred Heart. (Sacred Heart was the Jesuit Order of the Rose to which I had been enslaved since my Catholic Confirmation ritual at age 13.) The blood you spill is turning this crystalline cross into one of rose. Your Sacred Heart lies beating on the altar of the Rosy Cross and I would not hesitate to sacrifice you should you make the wrong turn. (Casey was referring to the previously instilled Spin Programming of switching personalities upon command. Attached to the Sacred Heart death program, I felt my life literally depended on focusing on

Cult and Ritual Abuse, Mind Control and Dissociation A Multidisciplinary Dialogue

An educational symposium for professionals and the public

Presented by

The Center for Counseling and Psychological Services, P.C.
The Society for the Investigation, Treatment and Prevention of Ritual and Cult Abuse
Global Trance Formation Info Ltd.

March 23 - 26, 1995

The Omni Richardson Hotel, Richardson, Texas

The Society for the Investigation, Treatment and Prevention of Ritual and Cult Abuse, in cooperation with and the support of *The Center for Counseling and Psychological Services, P.C.*, and *Global Trance Formations Info Ltd.*, is pleased to present an educational symposium for mental health and medical professionals, attorneys, law enforcement officers, social welfare representatives, clergy, media and the public who wish to obtain greater understanding of Cult and Ritual Abuse, Mind Control and Dissociation. This symposium will feature a variety of presenters representing different professional disciplines and personal perspectives.

The symposium will present exhibits of evidence obtained in occult related crimes featuring law enforcement officers who will be available in question/answer forums; panel discussions featuring protective parents who claim that their children have been unwittingly harmed in custody cases due to poorly informed and prepared courts; representatives from the Justice for Kelly Wilson Committee; a book concession by Sterns of Chicago; an exhibit of the art of Jonathan Rodgers; and an art exhibit featuring the art works of other ritual abuse survivors. Our presenting authors will be available for book signings throughout the symposium

Presenters Include

Linda Blood, author of *The New Satanists*, speaks with authority on the topic of cults and ritual abuse. A former member of The Temple of Set and confidante of Dr. Michael Aquino, Ms. Blood provides us with both an historical overview and her personal experience regarding the inner workings of this group.

Walter Bowart, the author of *Operation Mind Control (1978) and Operation Mind Control II (1994)*, is an investigative journalist whose life-long reputation for embracing ethical journalism has enabled him to interview notable persons ranging from Armand Hammer to Frank Zappa. Mr. Bowart is particularly well known for his knowledge of governmental and intelligence related mind control strategies and techniques.

Catherine Gould, PhD, the author of *Signs and Symptoms of Ritualistic Abuse in Children* and a chapter on the diagnosis and treatment of ritually abused children in *Out of Darkness: Exploring Satanism and Ritual Abuse*, is a pioneer in the diagnosis and treatment of child victims of ritual abuse. Dr. Gould is a nationally recognized authority on ritual abuse and has presented countless workshops at professional conferences throughout the country.

Gail Carr Feldman, PhD, author of *Lessons in Evil, Lessons from the Light*, and a clinical psychologist in private practice in New Mexico, addresses spiritual and cultural elements of psychotherapy with ritual abuse victims.

Ted Gunderson, formerly with the FBI, he is currently founder, owner and operator of Ted L. Gunderson and Associates, Santa Monica, California. Mr. Gunderson is nationally known for his investigations in reports of ritual abuse.

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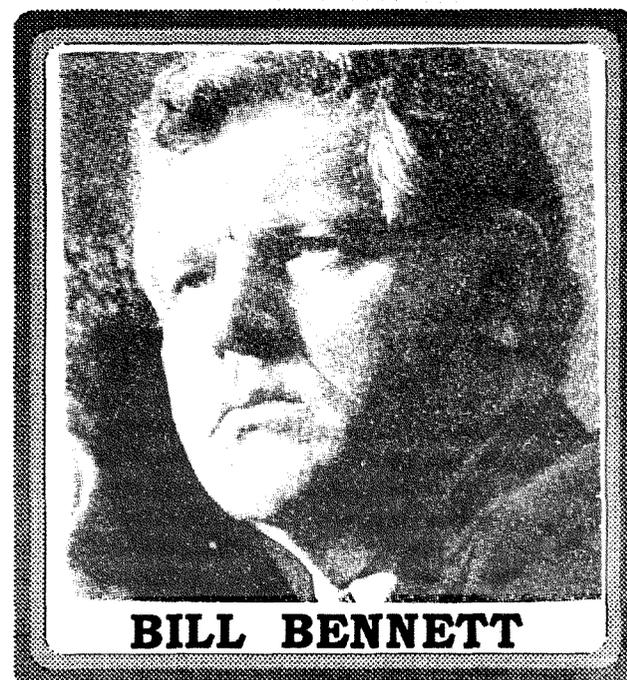
remained open to tourism. When Houston and I debarked the ship in Puerto Plata, we walked past a World Vision cargo ship unloading crates at the dock. Even so, my mission was clear and I could not think to consider the relation of its presence to the message I was about to deliver.

Religion and politics apparently mix in the Dominican Republic as evidenced by the inseparable mixture of Catholic Missions, old forts, statues of Christopher Columbus, and Catholic Shrines. A light blue sedan with a driver who appeared to be CIA was waiting at the dock for us. A soft ocean breeze lifted the hem of my white, gauzy "church" dress as I weaved my way through the dockload of World Vision freight to the waiting automobile. I rode silently in the back seat while the driver found a barren road that took us to the top of the nearest mountain. As we drove past the tram that takes tourists up and down to the rustic Citadel and Catholic Shrine at the top, Houston perpetuated the "Chameleon" scramble. Dually referring to Cedras and the short donkey ride from the tram to the Citadel

depicted in Diehl's book, Houston threatened to put me on the rickety tram saying, "Some Jackass will see you at the top."

In the area reserved for covert activities, out of the view of tourists, I met with General Cedras in his Citadel office. Dressed in the eerie Jesuit dark-hooded robe, Cedras completed Casey's "Chameleon" book scramble scenario as we walked though the ancient structure to his office. Cedras' demeanor made him appear more militant than like a "spook", despite the corny monk's attire. With his hood down his back, Cedras' sharp, craggy features and darting steel blue eyes kept my full attention. I had seen him at a monastery in Santo Domingo as ordered before, when Haiti was still being used by the CIA for Operation Watchtower to transport Contra weapons from Cuba and cocaine. I knew from Byrd that Cedras was "a strategically placed chess-piece that the CIA, Jesuits and U.N. moved around" to usher in their New World Order.

Alone with Cedras and properly signalled, I began



John Kiker, an attorney in private practice, addresses the legal concerns of therapists and survivors including accusations of implanting false memories, complaints made to licensing boards, and other relevant issues.

Pamela J. Monday, PhD, LPC, is Vice - President of The Society for the Investigation, Treatment and Prevention of Ritual and Cult Abuse and editor of the Society's Newsletter, Dr. Monday a licensed marriage and family therapist specializes in couples and transgenerational therapy. She is Director of Supervision and Training at the Austin Family Institute and has presented workshops at state and national professional conferences. She is completing work on her book aimed for the general public entitled, *You and Your Family: Legacies from the Past*.

Randy Noblitt, PhD, President of The Society for the Investigation, Treatment and Prevention of Ritual and Cult Abuse, is a clinical psychologist in private practice and the co-author of *Cult and Ritual Abuse: Its History, Anthropology, and Recent Discovery in Contemporary America*, scheduled for publication by Praeger Publishing in 1995. Dr. Noblitt has presented workshops locally and nationally focusing on traumogenic programming.

Cathy O'Brien, a survivor of governmental mind control, Ms. O'Brien speaks eloquently of her experiences as a lifelong victim of abuse and as a survivor and advocate for recovery.

Christine Oksana, Director of Educational Services, Life Healing Centers, Santa Fe, New Mexico, and author of *Safe Passage to Healing*, is a survivor and survivor advocate of enormous passion and courage. She provides her audience with practical suggestions for achieving wellness based on her own struggle for survival and recovery.

Pamela Perskin, Executive Director of The Society for the Investigation, Treatment and Prevention of Ritual and Cult Abuse, is co-author, along with Randy Noblitt, PhD, of *Cult and Ritual Abuse: Its History, Anthropology, and Discovery in Contemporary America*.

Mark Phillips, formerly a US Department of Defense subcontractor, was exposed to various government Secret and Top Secret MKULTRA defense projects (many of which are now declassified) pertaining to primate behavior modification. Mr. Phillips' personal research led him to acquire an extensive knowledge of mind control, the elements of which included, but were not limited to the applications of specific drugs, hypnosis, and regimented trauma formulae. Along with Ms. Cathy O'Brien, Mr. Phillips is co-founder of Global Trace Formation Info Ltd., which sponsors their public awareness campaign, public appearances, and the scheduled 1995 release of their book, *Trance Formation of America*.

Daniel Ryder, CCDC, LSW, is the author of *Breaking the Circle of Satanic Ritual Abuse*, and *Cover-up of the Century: Satanic Ritual Crime and Conspiracy*. Mr. Ryder speaks with rare insight from his experience as a victim, survivor, therapist and advocate.

Dwight Wallington, author of *In the Child's Best Interests, Forgive - Forget - Forever*, and *The Maple Still Stands*, is a survivor of emotional, physical and sexual abuse and addresses concerns about the nature of the methods, agencies and organizations currently in place which fail in their duty to protect children.

Program Overview and Objectives

Allegations of ritualized abuse and trauma based mind control proliferate the popular press and professional literature. This symposium is an effort to provide a multidisciplinary examination of ritual abuse and mind control placing it in historical, anthropological, social and political perspective. *Cult and Ritual Abuse, Mind Control and Dissociation* is a continuing education symposium for professionals in the fields of mental health, law, law enforcement, victim advocacy, and education. The focus of this educational conference is on the cause and effect of trauma based mind control, the clinical effects of ritual abuse, the evaluation and treatment of the ritual abuse survivor. Appropriate segments of this symposium regarding cult and ritual crime, legal ramifications of allegations of abuse, reports of ritual abuse in day care settings, the effect of reports of abuse in custody hearings, and other relevant topics will be open to the public. The three-fold focus of this conference is (1) to provide continuing education to mental health and other professionals; (2) to conduct the first annual meeting of The Society for the Investigation, Treatment and Prevention of Ritual and Cult Abuse; (3) to present an informational forum for the public and survivors.

photographically reciting Casey's message, "I have a word of warning from the Vatican by way of the honorable and faithful William Casey. He sends word of impending doom that is to befall your neighbors on the darkside in Haiti. Voodoo manifests itself in mysterious ways while the way of the Lord is clear. Evil must be stopped at all costs. The cost shall be in terms of human casualty as a plague is being visited upon the land. Those who fornicate with devils shall be infested with the plague. Woe unto them who have stood in the path of World Peace. By God's design the New World Order shall come into being with or without the Haitians. All American operations in Haiti are now destined for your ports. Your people (the CIA-UN-operated Dominicans) will flourish in peace and prosperity while the dark side (Haiti) drowns in the blood of this holy war that they have brought upon themselves. Close your borders swiftly and maintain guardians at the gate lest the Haitians infest your land with their evil plague. Inoculation of the masses shall be masked in the body and the blood shall carry the doom. As more and more Haitians turn to God in their final hour, the communion they partake will be Satan's own. With their God as the scapegoat, your Island in the Son (Sun) will be freed of the vile and wicked. I have seen a vision, a World Vision, and it is through communion with the ancients that we have been granted the Keys to the Kingdom to unlock the gates of hell."

("Keys to the Kingdom" is reportedly Jesuit documentation of the components of world domination through manipulating the minds of the masses. According to Jesuit programmer Bill Bennett, who intends to manipulate the minds of religious masses as he did mine, "...At the onset of Christianity, the Apostles compiled all the information that they had obtained from Christ and built the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church. Christ intended it to be the One World Church then—the truth, the light, and the way. The secrets were kept in the Ark of the Covenant, and passed down generation after generation. And generation after generation Christ caused far more to be written—the fruits of his labors expounding on the truth. Now the Ark has become archives, a wealth of information. This information is accessible to very few, the very few who hold the "Keys to the Kingdom.")

"The holy water sent herein has the blessings of the Vatican and must be sprinkled like rain upon the Haitians. Our god reigns, and he rains rivers of blood upon the Haitian masses and he reigns supreme upon your mission. Your mission is clear. You serve communion and let god sort them out. Those who serve the body of Christ are covered by the Vatican, those who serve Voodoo evil shall be covered in the blood of their own. It is clear our god reigns. Let the games begin."

Combining the cryptic language of Cedras' CIA and Jesuit operations, Casey had weaved numerous cryptic commands into his message. Had I been inadvertently accessed, the instructions would make little sense to those not cued to the language. Cedras was listening religiously, fully grasping the magnitude of Casey's instructions. In the eyes of the local population the Jesuit monks baked holy communion wafers (the "body") using "holy water" as was tradition and distributed them throughout the churches of the Dominican Republic and Haiti. The hidden covert agenda of the monastery, as instructed by Casey and the UN, was to use their communion hosts as a carrier of "God's plague". With the formal message complete I recited further instructions: "The holy water with the Vatican's blessings will arrive at 1 PM today by way of World Vision. The blood shall host the plague."

Interpretation of the final message is left to the minds of the masses who can still discern truth. My conclusions are "clear", based on conversations overheard and my experiences as a White House slave. Although Byrd and Reagan, among others, had prostituted me to officials in AIDS-infected countries, they used no protection against "the plague" when having sex with me. *[Editor's note: Because the Elite, of course, have the antidote available to them!]*

I was relieved to depart Cedras' presence without being subjected to his usual perverse sexual brutality. Like my owner, Senator Byrd, Cedras laughingly referred to his role at the island's Jesuit monastery (i.e., spy training camp of the Vatican) as "Head Friar", aka head fryer! To the literal interpretation of the mind-controlled slave, "Head Friar" referred to high voltage being used to compartmentalize memory in the brain. This would be someone else's job this time as my programmed trance was maintained until I delivered Casey's message to Baby Doc Duvalier on the "dark side" of the "Island in the Son".

Houston took me to the small CIA-operated airport at the foot of the mountain where I boarded a small white airplane destined for Port Au Prince. When we landed the pilot walked me over to Baby Doc's Tonton guards and ordered that I be taken to the Palace. He spoke in rapid Haitian French and lifted my symbolic rosy cross necklace for emphasis to the guards. Reinforcing my instilled belief that the Catholic emblem would protect me, the guards treated me with the respect that apparently was reserved for identified Je-

suit spooks. I was driven by white Mercedes to the Haitian Presidential Palace. Looking even more conspicuously out of place in contrast to stark poverty than his fleet of Mercedes, Baby Doc's Palace was decadent. I stood reverently in the foyer waiting for my arranged meeting to begin, unable to question Baby Doc's luxurious surroundings in view of the despair of starvation around him.

I had met with Baby Doc throughout the early '80s in the capacity of a Project Monarch prostitute. All Haitian-based U.S. covert operations were run by a bed-ridden old man referred to as "Ol' Charlie", who resided at the El Presidenté Hotel until his death in the mid '80s. During my tenure as a mind-controlled messenger and prostitute in Haiti I had been forced to attend a Voodoo ceremony for traumatization purposes. I was ordered to perform oral sex on Baby Doc as his dark-windowed Mercedes slowly proceeded through the crowds of Haitians on the way to the ritual. With my Haitian missions previously established with Ol' Charlie for business and Baby Doc for prostitution, my meeting Baby Doc for business was unprecedented.

"What brings you here?" Baby Doc spit the words out at me in English. I had been led into his library by three armed guards. "I have no need of a Catholic whore."

Baby Doc's applicable knowledge of the English language was limited by his intellect to his simple needs. As I began delivering Casey's message a nearby aide filled the need of an interpreter.

"I come in the name of peace. I have a message for you from William Casey, sanctioned by the Vatican. The Pope is in agreement with U.S. policy in Haiti. He has seen a vision, a sign from god. The vision is a World Vision whose people are reaching out to yours with charity in abundance. The goods and services provided require only that the people of Haiti participate in holy communion. God will extend his hand to anoint the sick, feed the hungry and clothe the poor through his servants of World Vision. Their mission will separate good seed from bad and restore peace in your region. The peace that shall be visited upon your land amongst your people is imminent, but not before the rivers run red with the blood of the wicked. The vision is plague and your people will fall in the streets pleading for mercy and you will not be here to hear it. The time has come for you to leave. It is god's will that you escape the plague, with blessings from the Vatican, never to return to your homeland. Prepare for your exodus today for tomorrow holds a promise of doom. Using your prophetic wisdom, warn the masses of impending doom and arm them with World Vision. The vision is one of peace for those who flock to the tents and churches for communion with god. The holy Catholic Church is your only salvation. Your destiny is clear and the Vatican has cleared the way for your departure."

With Casey's message delivered, Baby Doc's Tontons returned me to the same airplane I had left a short time before. I flew in silence, unable to think to comprehend the magnitude of what had just transpired. Events, to a programmed Multiple-Personality-Disordered mind-controlled slave, are all perceived as first and last times. Therefore, Casey's instructions that I would "depart Haiti, never to return again" seemed business as usual to me. Flying over the mountains that separate Haiti from the Dominican Republic I noticed the gentle people below bathing in the waterfalls, toilessly washing their bright clothes on the rocks, and primitively hauling goods in the baskets balanced on their heads. An occasional goat ran across the barren land and the children, bellies swollen, played with sticks and vines.

Those same gentle people, now infected with AIDS and subjected to mind-control horrors that traumatized the masses, are jumping ship off their homeland in desperation. Cedras' involvement in the current Haitian demise is portrayed in a light I do not recognize. Haiti has been used up and discarded by the CIA and

Jesuits, and the United Nations "peace keeping forces" are in position to create a smoke-and-mirrors illusion that change is about to occur. The only change certain to occur is the Haitian's complaints will be returned to compliance under the guise of New World Order "peace". There can be no peace without peace-of-mind and it is time the Haitians are granted the freedom they seek. Their land, once used as a prototype for New World Order controls, can ultimately be our battleground to restore human dignity and morality and to take back our WORLD.

[END QUOTING OF PART 12]

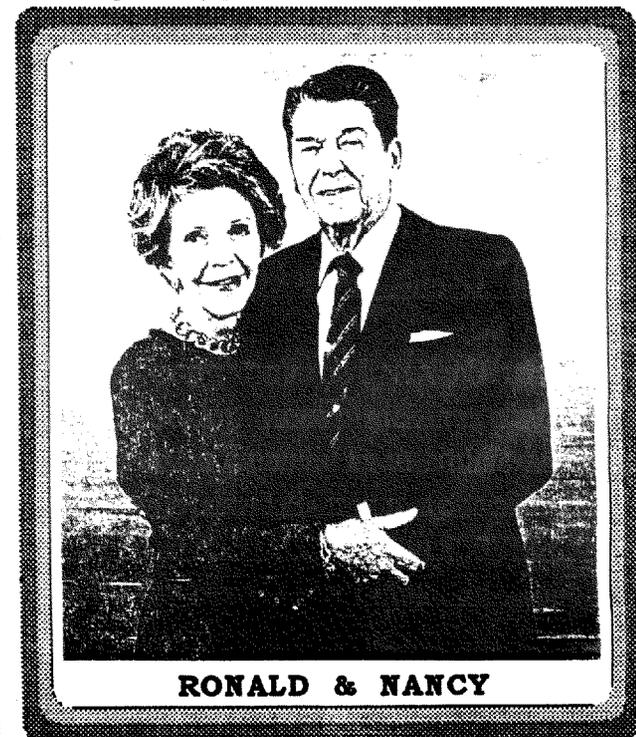
Wouldn't it be nice if it could "just be so"? But, chelas, there is no realistic way that it can be so. Of course before establishing the "plague" of AIDS upon the masses, there was a cure. However, the cure is not so "sure" anymore as is evidenced by the "selected" few who are destined to DEATH for the silencing. When you have total corruption steeped in Satanic worship and activities—it is not as simple as just "going back to God". They THINK they ARE WITH GOD—so where do they "Go"? Ah, indeed God wept as He watched and watches from a vantage point of the "future" and sees the coming together of the PLAN OF EVIL. May HE shed HIS light upon our way as we struggle to evolve beyond the heinous actions of the Evil-mongers. Salu.

2/14/95 #1 HATONN

I note that this is Valentine's Day, a holiday of sharing love and thoughtful reminders of loving relationships and "giving". Dharma, for instance, looks lovingly at a beautiful bouquet of flowers from a friend who bothered to pick "our" favorite colors in the blossoms. They came from nearby but the thought birthed them at thousands of miles distant. It is now a world of quick communication, instant fulfillment of wishes to express feelings that are NEVER distant, NEVER long miles away. This touches on another dimension, dear ones, where there is no time nor is there space. Is "this" different from yesterday? Two days ago? Tomorrow? No, only the "perception" of ongoing experiences and feelings change. You perceive a thing and THAT is the perception that lingers in the mind—until the perception is changed. The MIND is flexible—but it must be fed good information. Feed it sick information or flawed data and you will have sick information and flawed data as output.

RONALD REAGAN

You probably perceive the entity Ronald Reagan to



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be a soft-spoken, loving "conservative" who waved flags of your nation and said all the correct things for nation, freedom, love and world. What was/is Ronald Reagan? (Again, I am setting a stage so don't think I am simply "down on" Ronnie. None of these perceptions are accurate—NONE! Ronald Reagan was, in college, called "RED RONNIE" because of his political views. Didn't know this? Well, it is so and there are yet a lot of things you do not know. It is, however, time to silence Red Ronnie because the entity representing Ronnie is going to get a lot of his former "friends" into terrible trouble. The man is dying of AIDS-related illness and the Alzheimer's is to cause you ones to feel compassion and NOT ASK HIM ANY HARD QUESTIONS ABOUT THE EVIL DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE IN WHICH HE SERVED AS A TOP PUPPET TO THE PUPPET MASTERS. The Gush of Rush (as in Limbaugh) is exactly "that"—foolish blathering mushgush. Ronald Reagan has played with the worst of the DARK MASTERS. He was right there at Bohemian Grove in California along with all the "living" Presidents, doing ritual worship to a humongous OWL—in pictures, taken some couple or so years ago. Oh indeed, the tell-tale facts are available. Stay tuned to such as Jordan Maxwell [see p. xx] and others we will ask to share.

One reason Ronn Jackson can't get cut loose from prison is because of the facts he KNOWS and will tell on such as Ronald Reagan.

Ah, but as dangerous and deadly are the ones who served/serve WITH the top bananas. One, of whom we will speak this day is your old buddy of war, [fmr. Sec. Def.] Dick Cheney. This is a handsome man who "just wants peace"!?! We shall see if that perception be true for we KNOW better, don't we?

I am going to share Cathy O'Brien's relationship with these two perverted evil-minds. We have offered this before [in the 12/7/93 issue of CONTACT] but perhaps THIS TIME you will, after having so much input in information on the subject, be able to better accept and relate.

Released by Cathy O'Brien, February 1993.

[QUOTING, PART 13:]

NORTH AMERICAN FREE TRADE AGREEMENT (NAFTA):
AKA: "OPERATION GREENBACKS FOR WETBACKS"
 (quote: George Bush, Dick Cheney)

"Well, Kitten," Reagan said to me, "this is your death sentence: You'll go out in a *blaze of glory*..."

I was present when Ronald Reagan, a chief Mafia porn Boss and then President of Mexico, de la Madrid, met in December 1986 in Bel Aire, California to finalize plans for the opening of the Juarez [*El Paso*] border to "free trade" of cocaine, heroin and (mind-controlled) child/adult slavery operations. This was a forerunner to the North American Free Trade Agreement.

I had previously been programmed by Dick Cheney, George Bush and Reagan (ref: No More Beating Around the Bush Paperwork) to meet with de la Madrid to establish this groundwork for NAFTA. Of all the Central Intelligence Agency's criminal covert operations I was used for in over a decade, and all the sensitive messages I delivered between world leaders, the criminal activity I was witness/exposed to between U.S. and Mexican government officials at the onset of NAFTA prompted orders for my death. I had witnessed enough to jeopardize the implementation of the so-called "New World Order". (Note: by 1938 [that puppet of the same Elite higher powers behind the scenes] Adolph Hitler had termed his global efforts as the "New World Order".)

The North American Free Trade Agreement is but a small part of long-range planning that was to bring about the New World Order and a shared global

The following was received from: AMERICA EAST FAX NETWORK
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THE NEW WORLD ORDER EXPOSED

a trilogy by Prof. Robert O'Driscoll

Volume I: *The New World Order And The Throne Of The Anti-Christ*, devoted to the world plan

Volume II: *The New World Order In North America: Mechanism In Place For A Police State*, devoted to the United States

Volume III: *New World Order Corruption In Canada*, completes the trilogy.

New Book Sheds Light on Clinton: Bank of England & Rhodes Scholarships

The following is an excerpt from pages 106-108 of Volume III: *New World Order Corruption in Canada*, by Professor Robert O'Driscoll, [quoting:]

The Rhodes Scholarship Program Of The New World Order

The Rhodes Scholarship Program, of course, is where the most intelligent people in all the schools of the world are identified as early as Grade VI; some are sent to private schools; the careers of the others are tracked. If they maintain their standing, they are given Rhodes Scholarships and brought to Oxford where they form the backbone of the famous "think tanks".

The smartest of these intellectuals get promoted into the permanent government, hidden mandarins who are not elected but who are there year-in, and year-out, providing a continuing line of knowledge and power for the controllers. The second group are more visible, politicians with less power than those on the inside. The intellectual combination of the two groups is deadly for democracy.

From earliest manhood, then, this intellectual slave labour—these drones are herded into the cattleyards of politics and commerce, and trained to ponder deeply on the major questions facing the world: the value of the UN, of a One-World Government, a religion without God, etc. So, like everything else, they begin to live the Grand Illusion even though the Cardinals of the new religion are International Bankers and almost all of the Bankers are Jewish (it is not, though, as Winston Churchill once said, the Jewish faith that leads them astray, but the RELIGION OF MONEY).

COURSE OF THE BANKERS TO ULTIMATE POWER

With skilled application of usury (compound-complex interest added onto loans) bankers have emerged as the strongest of professions. By the mid-seventeenth century, they had gathered together in one place, each bringing their immense wealth into a mountain valley. "Here," they said, "will reside the most neutral of countries: Switzerland. In this mountain valley rich bankers quietly merged their vast fortunes and secretly financed all wars—all to be fought, of course, in foreign lands. These new bankers obviously comprehended the second greatest lesson our history teaches: "War creates debt and debt creates war."

The greatest lesson is that "By controlling the monetary system of each country and adding interest to the loans made there, international bankers can indebt each independent country to the point where there is no way of ever paying off these loans." This process would eventually legitimize the bankers' claim over the real assets of the borrower countries and allow them to "repossess" the security that had been put up as collateral for these loans.

None of this would be possible, of course, if the leaders of these countries were the honest servants of the public they claim to be, ethical politicians who work diligently for the benefit of their constituents. It therefore became imperative for these bankers to search out and to identify the most greedy, blackmailable and highly intelligent prospects for leadership they could find, before "sponsoring" these corrupt politicians' leadership campaigns, or just prior to exercising their very significant influence in order to promote preferred public service mandarins. It was, I believe, for this purpose that Rhodes Scholarship Programs were developed. [End of quoting]

Professor Robert O'Driscoll, University of Toronto, is internationally known as a scholar with some 20 classical books from Oxford University Press, University of Toronto Press, Macmillan of London, Macmillan of Canada, and others.

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economy. [H: Yes indeed, shared among the very top, top Elite!] In order to level out the vast differences between Mexico's impoverished third-world economy and the wealth of the U.S., efforts began in the mid-1980s to financially balance the two nations. It was my experience as a government "Presidential model" mind-control slave to have witnessed the U.S. taking control of the world's drug, arms, and pornography industries while using the proceeds to further support covert activities that were to eventually put the "masterminds" behind the New World Order in control.

The plan I witnessed George Bush implement "allegedly" included trauma-based (and electronic) mind control via DIA Psychological Warfare Division techniques, domination of the world's organized crime (drugs) and oil industries, "ethnic cleansing", and a deliberate plan to incite anarchy to dissolve organized government structures, including suspending the U.S. Constitution and invoking (securing in place) Martial Law. To further the effects of total mind control, George Bush was actively involved in MK-ULTRA's genetic studies, Project Monarch, by personally sexually assaulting numerous children—including my own daughter, from the age of 3-1/2-years until she was 8-years of age. By influencing our so-called justice system, further pandemonium was created among American citizens when cover-up and CIA damage containment practices became the order of the day. This was in the form of traumatizing the public sector through rampant crime with no effective legal recourse available for any survivors.

To further influence the American populace, who had been lulled to sleep during the Reagan Administration, the DIA's "alleged" Operation Armageddon was "allegedly" implemented in an effort to convince citizens that what they were witnessing was NOT the work of a few criminal genius minds set on controlling the world, but rather, a biblical prophecy of anarchy and "spiritual warfare" which created the overwhelming attitude that nothing could be done beyond prayer.

Enough American patriots have retained their ability to question "Why" to have begun a united effort to sound the Liberty Bell and WAKE UP AMERICA. The resounding reality of what has trance-spined while we slept, has incited the masses to take back America and begin to ask questions that should have been asked (and answered) long ago.

What is this New World Order?

If it is designed for world peace as we are told, WHY is the world worse off than it has ever been throughout history?

WHY has the Iran-Contra scandal been covered-up for nearly a decade?

WHY are dedicated American patriots so determined to bring these crimes to light?

WHY is our so-called "Free Press" encumbered by censorship and government control?

WHO and WHAT is The Shadow or Secret Government?

WHY did George Bush promote the sale of arms to Iraq?

WHY did Saddam Hussein's army lay down those weapons and not fight back during Desert Storm? Or rather, what is microwave mind-control?

WHAT affliction is it that over 2,000 [H: Now well over 4,500] servicemen in the military who were in Desert Storm suffer from, untreated, for reasons of "National Security"?

WHY is America the world leader in the drug business? Is this what "winning the Drug War" means?

WHY does our military permit a named/known child molester, Michael Aquino, to run an occult church (and Day Care centers) on all our military bases and in the private sector—without recourse?

WHERE are our nation's MISSING CHILDREN?? And, where is newspaper boy, from Omaha, Nebraska, Johnny Gosh?

WHY don't openly promiscuous world and national leaders contract AIDS? [H: Until the time is

propitious to get rid of them?]

WHY did leaders including Ronald Reagan, Dick Cheney, Saudi Arabian King Fahd, and then Mexican President de la Madrid not TAKE "SAFE SEX" PRECAUTIONS AGAINST AIDS WHEN IN SEXUAL CONTACT WITH ME WHEN THEY KNEW I WAS BEING PROSTITUTED TO [AIDS-INFECTED] ENTERTAINERS, HAITIAN OFFICIALS, ETC?

WHY ASK WHY? BECAUSE THE FUTURE WELFARE OF HUMANITY DEPENDS ON GETTING THE ANSWERS!!

In 1984 I was in Washington DC being prepared and programmed by Dick Cheney and George Bush for an upcoming meeting in Cancun, Mexico with then Mexican Vice President Salinas. Cheney was explaining Bush's role to me, "...your new director... the Vice President. Lesson number one, you know what Miami Vice is... undercover drug agents taking control of the drug industry. A Vice President is just that—an undercover drug agent taking control of the drug industry... for the President."

Bush spoke up and said, "Mexico is a problem. They've got lots of drugs, but not the brains nor the means to sell it outside of their own country. So how can we take control of their drug industry when we can't even get our hands on it? It's your duty as an American citizen to open the routes and initiate freedom from poverty throughout their nation by offering them cash as a means of enticing their drug industry (i.e., heroin) right into our grasp by bringing it right up to our doorsteps."

Cheney laughed and said, "Operation Greenbacks for Wetbacks", which made Bush laugh and it thereafter became an often repeated joke between the two.

Bush's "justification" did not stir my "patriotic passions" like Reagan so aptly had nor did I have the ability as a programmed Multiple-Personality-Disordered mind-control slave to even comprehend or TO QUESTION what he was saying. "Why ask Why?" I was programmed robotically with a message to deliver to then Mexican Vice President Salinas during the upcoming drug run to Cancun, Mexico.

Traumas I was subjected to at the time of programming, i.e., George Bush sexually assaulting my young daughter, high voltage, etc., compartmentalized the programmed message within my brain to be accessed at the appropriate time by Salinas. Stating government secrets on the belief that I could not be "deprogrammed" and reintegrated has proven erroneous and the messages and events to which I was exposed are now mine to photographically recall in minute detail, at will. I recalled while being programmed with Bush's message to Salinas that Cheney jokingly injected the phrase "Operation Greenbacks for Wetbacks" into the message thereby causing them to have to "erase" the ethnic slam term and begin programming me with the desired message, all over again. I delivered the second "clean" version to Salinas as ordered upon my arrival to Mexico.

"I have a message from the Vice President of the United States of America to our neighbors in Mexico. America is willing to share its wealth through a trade agreement with Mexico. We'll trade our cash for control over Mexico's cocaine and heroin production. By controlling your drug industry, we can open the border between our countries to allow a free flow of cocaine and heroin into the U.S., bought and paid for in American dollars to build Mexico. Eventually this could dissolve the border between our countries altogether as Mexico's economy grows to match ours. If we begin today, this dream could be realized by the turn of the century... sharing the same continent, sharing the same wealth. Why? The drug industry already dictates what the Mexican government can or cannot do. By giving the U.S. control of your drug industry, Mexico regains control over her government. Reestablished power backed by U.S. dollars will bring Mexico on an economic par with America. We can begin by spreading the word through the (South American drug) cartels that the U.S. is covertly willing to open the borders to

A Free And Independent PRESS Is Long Dead

Editor's note: The following piece of rare and candid insight comes from 1953, a solid 40 years ago now. Egads! How much more controlled do you think the media is now? Keep this in mind and show John Swinton's remarks to your doubting friends who wonder why you subscribe to and honor CONTACT so highly above the typical Satanic Elite-controlled news media.

We like to run this following message periodically, both as a caution to those still naive enough to think there is a free Press out there in the commercial world controlled by the Elite, and as a special kind of "thank you" to our many, many readers who so consistently support and encourage CONTACT and, before that, THE PHOENIX LIBERATOR. We are deeply grateful for your constant and sincere messages of encouragement. Those often highly emotional "thank you" notes pouring into the offices every day are what give us the necessary boost to keep on keeping on.

JOHN SWINTON, THE FORMER CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE NEW YORK TIMES, CALLED BY HIS PEERS, "THE DEAN OF HIS PROFESSION", WAS ASKED IN 1953 TO GIVE A TOAST BEFORE THE NEW YORK PRESS CLUB. HE RESPONDED WITH THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT:

"There is no such thing, at this date of the world's history, in America, as an independent Press. You know it and I know it. There is not one of you who dares to write your honest opinions, and if you did, you know beforehand that it would never appear in print.

"I am paid weekly for keeping my honest opinions out of the paper I am connected with. Others of you are paid similar salaries for similar things, and any of you who would be so foolish as to write honest opinions would be out on the streets looking for another job. If I allowed my honest opinions to appear in one issue of my paper, before twenty-four hours my occupation would be gone.

"The business of the Journalist is to destroy truth; To lie outright; To pervert; To vilify; To fawn at the feet of mammon, and to sell his country and his race for his daily bread. You know it and I know it and what folly is this toasting an independent Press? We are the tools and vassals for rich men behind the scenes. We are the jumping jacks; they pull the strings and we dance. Our talents, our possibilities and our lives are all the property of other men. We are intellectual prostitutes."



GEORGE BUSH

ments from that time until my rescue in 1988. Some messages were pertaining to business agreements that I could comprehend only because of my father, Earl O'Brien's involvement through opening a branch of his Camshaft business, Engine Power Components, in Mexico as arranged for by our government. (My father became a large military contractor for the U.S. Government as part of his payment for selling me into MK-ULTRA Project Monarch mind control as U.S. Senator and Senate Appropriations Chairman Robert C. Byrd's personal sex-slave in the late 1970s.) I was still unable to grasp the gravity of what was transpiring to establish New World Order groundwork, nor was I able to question "Why?" due to my constant mind-control trance. Yet, what I witnessed in December of 1986 while in California on U.S./Mexican government business was so mind shattering that it destroyed much of my pre-established programmed personality fragments and was such that **REAGAN ORDERED MY DEATH TO BE VIDEO TAPED VIA A "SNUFF FILM" TO PROVE THAT I WAS, INDEED DEAD, AND MY SILENCE INSURED.**

When Mark Phillips rescued my daughter and me from our CIA Project Monarch mind-controlled existence, he safely but efficiently reintegrated my multiple personalities and deactivated my programming by utilizing his MK-ULTRA DE-programming expertise. By following his carefully orchestrated strategies through the support of some very dedicated American patriots from the Intelligence community, and through Mark Phillips' widely known contacts and proficiency with weapons, I survived Reagan's "death sentence" to reveal the corruption that the New World Order's North American Free Trade Agreement REALLY REPRESENTS.

Reagan's "Chief pornographer" and fellow mobster Michael (Vitti) Danté, was to become my daughter's and my own next and last mind-control handler. I was ordered to stay with him while in California in order that he oversee my NAFTA operations orders. Danté's Mafia boss was closely involved in the intermeshing of Mob and Government criminal activities, was good friends with Reagan, and was to become an integral part in the opening of the Juarez, Mexico border to "free trade" of cocaine, heroin, pornography, and white slavery. This Mafia boss and crime family were responsible for throwing a party for de la Madrid the night before Reagan was to arrive in California for the NAFTA meeting and Danté was responsible for insuring that I arrived at the party for my encounter with de la Madrid and that hidden cameras would be rolling to record the "event".

As de la Madrid climbed the steps of the decadent, glass-fronted mansion in Malibu where we met, I delivered my "pass-word" greeting as ordered: "Welcome to the Hotel California". De la Madrid laughed heartily, fully comprehending that this phrase, taken from the Eagle's *Hotel California* song, signified that once he was committed, "He could never leave." De la Madrid would be held to his agreement through Bush's Mafia/Hoover-style blackmail. De la Madrid knew his every word and action were being monitored, recorded and filmed, and that his "integrity" would be fully compromised by the end of the meeting.

De la Madrid, already knowledgeable of Bush's methodisms, was prepared for being compromised and blackmailed. When he went into a

bedroom where I was to deliver Bush's message and then satisfy de la Madrid's sexual perversions, he cleverly held a softball sized ball of Mexican black tar heroin up to the "hidden" camera and said, "A token of appreciation, Mr. Bush... something for private stock... the finest heroin available. Enjoy!"

The message I delivered to de la Madrid from Bush was as follows:

"If you please, Sir, I have a message to deliver to you from the Vice President of the United States. Welcome to our Neighborhood. ("Cryptic" for joining the ranks of the leaders of the New World Order.) As you know, Salinas and I have worked out the details toward implementing our plan to open the Juarez border tomorrow. In preparation and celebration of this accomplishment this little party tonight will bring you face to face with a trusted few who are integral parts of this endeavor, and will give you the latitude to see first hand the friendship and honor among the family members. I regret that I could not be here in person to greet you, but Ron (Reagan) can show you the ins and outs of the organization better than can I. The (bank) transaction numbers have been recorded and are available to you for cross reference purposes to uphold the integrity of the players involved on your end of the Juarez border. Your commitment today insures you of a higher economic standard of living for your people, increased good relations with the U.S., an influx of American industry, and a position of high esteem in the New World Order. With your Seal of Approval, we can dissolve the Juarez border and make way for a future of prosperity for Mexico. For now, relax and enjoy your stay."

After de la Madrid committed to opening the Juarez border for free trade of drugs by providing me with the Mexican Presidential Seal of approval certificate that I would be presenting the next night to designated Mexican border guard officials, he began the "pleasurable" portion of his stay in California. The "little party" that Bush had referred to in his message was going on around us and was comprised of predominantly Mafia-involved government CIA "operatives", who de la Madrid would join later, as well as the following day, with Reagan. With our "business complete" de la Madrid snorted a few lines of cocaine and, with "hidden" cameras rolling, accessed my various Beta (sex) programmed personalities with the keys and triggers provided him earlier by Reagan.

Later that night, when Danté came in to retrieve me, de la Madrid told him that he wanted a "Presidential Model" Project Monarch Beta-trained mind-controlled slave of his own. Danté responded, "That can be arranged."

De la Madrid's request was reiterated the next day during the course of the NAFTA meeting with Reagan, the Mafia boss, Danté and me. Subsequently it was agreed that the Juarez border would also include "free trade" of both child and adult mind-controlled slaves INTO Mexico. Our nation's children then became a part of the North American Free Trade Agreement!

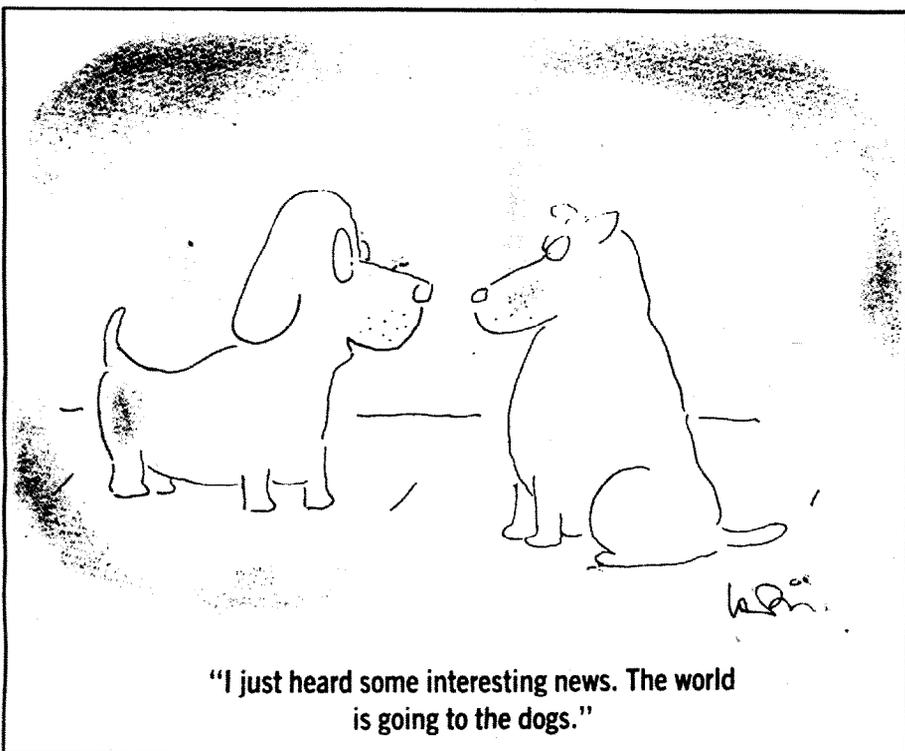
In accordance with this white slavery agreement, Mexico was to also become involved as a relay in the sale of our nation's children into Saudi Arabia. These slave routes, now known to both clean and involved law enforcement and border guards on both sides of the Juarez border, have incited bloody battles over the claim of these traumatized young Americans. To those on the side of Freedom and Human Rights, the Free Trade Agreement between U.S. and Mexican government officials has tipped the scales of justice to the side of the slave runners/owners, thus jeopardizing their lives, jobs, and the Security of our Nation! Ironically, our media is censored "for reasons of National Security" from reporting this aspect of NAFTA and the resulting growing turbulence at the Juarez border that is finally beginning to shake the foundations of this "New World Order" free trade agreement.

I was heavily tranced and traumatized during the meeting and showed Reagan the certificate of de la

free drug trade by making agents available to show you the passage and route through which the drugs are to be delivered. Only U.S. agents can bring Mexican heroin and cocaine across the border, and likewise they will bring in the cash. Explain to those select few who control the drug empires that the cruise line (NCL-Norwegian Caribbean Lines) agreement is going into mass expansion, tearing down the border between our countries enough to allow for as many drugs to come in as Mexico can deal out. When do we begin? Immediately! The cash is in hand. (I gestured toward the suitcase I had carried in, and Salinas unzipped it to find it full of cash.) Deliver whatever amount of brown heroin you have at hand as a means of confirmation to the agreement. Keep the change as a token of the change and good fortune that has befallen Mexico from its neighboring nation."

After my meeting with Salinas, I carried a fist-sized ball of black tar heroin back to Washington DC and hand-delivered it to George Bush. NAFTA WAS OFFICIALLY UNDERWAY.

I delivered many messages between our govern-



"I just heard some interesting news. The world is going to the dogs."

Madrid's Presidential Seal that would be used to officially open the border. Reagan, in accordance with Oz programming, told me, "That Presidential Seal of Approval is your Death Certificate, Kitten, and there is nothing I can do about it." It was then discussed between Danté, de la Madrid, and Reagan that I was to die by fire in a porn "Snuff Film", directed by Danté, which would serve as proof of my death and thus keep their criminal NAFTA secrets safe. Reagan assured me, "This is your death sentence: You'll go out in a blaze of glory." Further arrangements were made that Danté would then become my daughter's mind-control handler.

Soon after opening the Juarez border point, I met with Saudi Arabian King Fahd, diplomat Philip Habib, George Bush, and Dick Cheney in Washington DC, which included expansion of the NAFTA agreement into New World Order realms of drug, arms, and white slavery operations. Diplomatic relations between Mexico and Saudi Arabia were strengthened at this point through criminal covert activities involving the arming of Iraq and routing of our nation's "chosen ones" children through Mexico into Saudi Arabia. I concluded my mind-controlled role in NAFTA with de la Madrid in Cancun, Mexico the first of January, 1988. I was to be transferred to Danté as arranged, for my demise, the following month, but Mark Phillips (not so miraculously) intervened during this interim period and rescued Kelly and me and took us to the safety of Alaska where I began immediately recovering my mind with memories of the mind-control atrocities in which the New World Order is rooted.

Now that I have a mind of my own, it is my obligation as an American Patriot to reveal what I learned in order that the populace wakes up and faces the reality of who has been running our country and what transpired while we slept... and begin asking questions... demanding answers... and taking back AMERICA!

[END QUOTING OF PART 13]

I'm sure that as we move on with this information we shall hear how Mark "rescued" Cathy. However, let it be realized that opportunities for gaining this much information are rarely lost when there are ONES WORKING EVERY MINUTE TO TURN THIS NATION AROUND AND FREE HER FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THE POWER-BROKERS. Bush has a long, long history of EVIL intent and actions. He was trained into the Skull and Bones (Illuminati) Society of Yale University where part of the initiation is being naked in a coffin WHILE VOWING YOUR ALLEGIANCE TO LUCIFER! (SATAN) He was involved in DRUG TRADE through Zapata Offshore Oil Co. and shipped in drugs to the offshore oil platforms in the [disguised] form of "fishmeal". He worked for the CIA from the time he was in college and became head of the operations as HEAD OF THE CIA. Who are we kidding, readers—YOU CAN READ AND YOU KNOW THIS IS TRUTH WE BRING. Like it? I certainly would hope NOT.

RAY RENICK

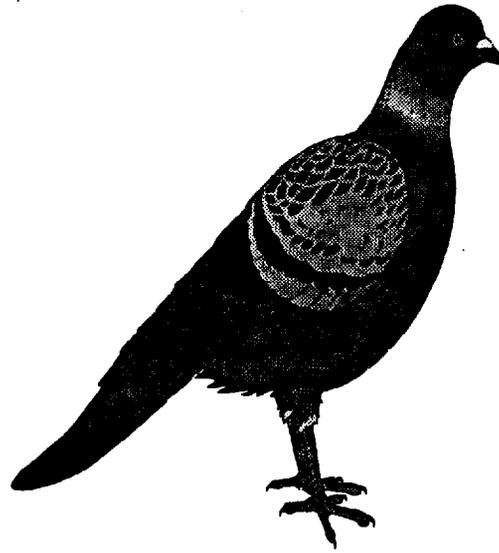
Ray Renick has been incarcerated for many, many months now in a California Prison and just, finally, last week, got a hearing. He told everything he could cram into the little while allowed him by a Judge with some integrity. He got a lot said and it "should" be on "the record". Will it? Well, who knows? In a "fixed through blackmail and involvement in crime" system of persons, who knows? The truth, however, is oozing out from under all the baseboards the Satanists THOUGHT they had secured and leak-proofed. When enough of YOU GET THE WORD—it will ALL change, friends, for the dark brotherhood CANNOT BEAR THE LIGHT OF FOCUS IN TRUTH. Mark Phillips KNEW EXACTLY WHAT HE WAS DOING WHEN HE GOT "THIS COMPUTER MIND" OF CATHY

O'BRIEN'S.

Please think upon these things for it is past time to be merging the various portions of this "puzzle" as the tapestry is being finished on this portion of history on EARTH SHAN.

2/14/95 #2 HATONN

Released by Cathy O'Brien, June 1992:



[QUOTING, PART 14:]

OPERATION CARRIER PIGEON

The term "Pigeon" is one with which I have been familiar since the early 1980s when I first began delivering messages between U.S. Senator Robert C. Byrd (President pro tempore of the Senate) and Puerto Rican Drug Lord José Busto, president of Continental Shipping. My ex-handler CIA operative Alex Houston had simply explained to me then, as we fed the flock of pigeons that roost at the Old San Juan Cathedral, that "Pigeons" were used as "messengers". Years later Defense Intelligence Agent, U.S. Army Lt. Colonel Michael Aquino (Psychological Warfare Division) often activated the "Pigeon"-programmed part of me in exemplifying the diversity of my mind-control programming during the "Hands-On" Mind-Control Demonstrations performed at various military bases.

Dick Cheney, now U.S. Secretary of Defense, further defined the term "Pigeon" when I learned of Operation Carrier Pigeon in the mid-'80s. He said, "You have been selected from the flock (slang/ cryptic term for DIA Aquino's programmed slaves) for the Carrier Pigeon Operation for the purpose of carrying messages from point A to point B as ordered. Pigeons, once they fly the coop, find no freedom in flight, but carry out their task of delivering their message from point A to point B by the shortest possible route, a direct route. I will direct your route and you will deliver messages as ordered."

But no one defined my role as a "pigeon" more eloquently than then President Ronald Reagan did during the course of Operation Carrier Pigeon.

I am not certain when Operation Carrier Pigeon was officially launched because my role in it, though seemingly significant and informative to me now, was but a small part of a complicated international arms/ drugs operation. I am convinced, in retrospect, that all of my meetings off Norwegian Caribbean Lines' Stirrup Cay in the Caribbean with then Panamanian General Manuel Noriega were part of the operation as was Alex Houston's trip to Panama and my subsequent meeting with Philip Habib (personal attaché to Reagan) in Atlantic City in 1986. (Paperwork on Habib will be presented later.) All of those meetings were joined through a common bond involving Saudi Arabian King Fahd, Noriega, and the U.S. as orchestrated by Habib's

diplomatic maneuverings, as was the case with Operation Carrier Pigeon.

The cryptic "Pigeon language" utilized by all participants was intermixed with Wizard of Oz, Alice in Wonderland, and Genie in the Bottle cryptic programming themes. Aside from the term "Pigeon" meaning messenger, "Carrier Pigeon" referred to the U.S. Air Force aircraft that actually transported the arms and drugs where directed by Reagan; "Pigeon Droppings" included the (sometimes multi-national) dispersing of the arms/drugs after they reached their destination, and "Pigeon Holing" meant covering up the criminal activity. These definitions, as I understood them then and understand them now, may well include deeper and more concise meanings than I have yet perceived.

"I picked up something for you in Florida. It's from a friend of yours," my CIA mind-control handler Alex Houston told me. My heart sank. Houston had just returned from a trip which supposedly was to Florida. "Let's go into the bedroom so you can unwrap it and see it through the 'Looking Glass'." (This is infinity/mirror programming internationally utilized and always used with Alice in Wonderland themes by Philip Habib.) Cryptically triggered, I mechanically walked into the bedroom as ordered.

There on the bed was an elaborately wrapped box. I removed the silver metallic bow and wrappings and found an expensive elegant dress made of unusual shimmery silver fabric. A sheet of plain white stationery with an unusually shaded blue script laid on top of the dress. It read:

The heat you radiated when we last met
melted my mirror.

I had it made into a dress just for you,
cut to accentuate your figure
so that when you melt into it
You lose yourself into
the pool of liquid mirror.
Step into the Looking Glass
Sink deep within its pool
and straddle dimensions in time.
I'll see you there...

along with my friends. (signature Habib)

(There will be paperwork on "Poppa" Philip Habib referring to a meeting in Atlantic City.)

Houston knew there would be a note and said, "Let me see your note," and snatched it from my hands. He gestured toward the dress and told me, "Go ahead and try it on while I read this note. Now let's see, what does it say... 'Come to Poppa?'" (This line was used by Habib and discovered by Houston when he accessed [for his own purposes] Habib's Atlantic City programming in me.) He laughed at his teasing joke and noticed I hadn't moved. "I said put it on."

I took the dress from the box. It didn't feel like anything I'd ever felt before. It was cold like satin but thin like silk. "It's awful! I can't wear it!" I started crying quietly, afraid that Habib would somehow show up if I had it on. I pleaded, "Oh, please don't make me wear it!"

"Put it on and I'll zip you in." He took another note from his wallet and read it while I undressed:

"There's a pair of magic shoes to wear with your dress... something in lightning... to transport you faster than the ol' furry slippers. (Wizard of Oz programming.) The shoes, like the dress, are made just for you and when you wear them together you'll be fit for a King. (I did not know it then, but this referred to Saudi Arabian King Fahd.) I'll send them for you at the appropriate time.

Houston said, "See. You're not going anywhere now. You'll meet him at the White House when you have shoes to wear with it. Just slip it on."

I did. He positioned me in front of the mirror and

had me gaze into it while he read the note out loud and used Habib's own Alice in Wonderland programming for his own sexual purposes. Afterwards I took off the dress and hung it in my daughter Kelly's closet with my other trigger-significant clothes; out of sight, out of mind, until the shoes arrived.

Soon after, Houston sent me to the Wild Pair Shoe Store at the Hickory Hollow Mall in Nashville, Tennessee where the shoes were ordered and waiting for me. The salesman who brought me the box insisted I try them on. Miserable, I complied while mumbling something about them not even matching the dress (which they did). They were shiny black with what appeared to be silver lightning bolts down the high heels and sides. The clerk said they were already paid for, and they fit, so I took them as instructed.

Later that evening Houston attempted to scramble my mind that "I bought the shoes on sale" to match the dress "he had bought on sale" in Florida. As ridiculous as this sounds, without the Wonderland programmed personality in place, the scramble worked for quite some time.

In place of dinner, Houston gave me a "Wonderland Tablet" (MDHMA drug "Ecstasy") [H: For you who remember Sister Thedra: toward the end of her stay in Sedona, George Blair brought this drug and slipped some into Sister Thedra's drink. I just thought you ones who remember that incident will get a bit of confirmation that we DO KNOW THAT ABOUT WHICH WE SPEAK! The "bad boys" have been trying to take out our crew for quite a while.] which I took and which must have been provided by Habib because it read "Eat Me", as all Habib's did, and I began to prepare for a night out as instructed. Kelly was spending the night at a friend's and Houston was dressed casually to take me to the airport (he did not go with me). My hair was elaborately curled to one side and held with a rhinestone barrette (indicative of the "Presidential Model" and Houston zipped up the "liquid mirror" dress and turned me to face the mirror. As I slipped into the shoes Houston took another note out of his pocket and read:

"Something in lightning to transport you faster than the ol' Ruby Slippers. (Wizard of Oz programming for the White House/Reagan.) Click your heels together and be there in a snap. (I clicked my heels.) Electrifying... with the rumble of thunder. Bolting through time... so you won't be late... for a very important date. (Alice in Wonderland programming for Habib.)

Houston hit me with his stun gun and I have vague recollections of riding in a small aircraft; possibly helicopter, private plane or both, from Nashville, Tenn. to Washington DC.

The next thing I can recall was that I was at the White House with Senator Byrd (my owner since 1977) at yet another cocktail party of 20-30 people. After we spoke to Reagan, Byrd pointed me in the direction of Philip Habib who was waiting for me across the room, and sent me over to see him. My eyes were locked on Habib's as he said:

"Melt into your melted mirror
for an electrifying ride
Look deep into the Black of
my melting mirror eyes.
See you reflecting me, reflecting you,
reflecting me...you...me...you...me
until we melt together and
sink deep...
into the other side..."

He took me to a quieter spot in an adjoining room and held up another "Wonderland Wafer" (ecstasy drug) and he said "Welcome to Wonderland, Kitten. (This is the name given to me by Reagan which triggered a specific personality.) This is a very important

date. I haven't time to explain." He gave me the wafer pill and continued: "Eat it and I'll take you through the door." (Alice in Wonderland programming. Habib regularly assumed the role of the White Rabbit who, in the story, gives Alice a wafer that says "Eat me" and transforms her to enter otherwise inaccessible places for adventure.)

Habib took me by the hand and led me to the doorway of another room, a dining room of sorts, where an informal array of guests were gathered. As soon as Habib appeared in the doorway, King Fahd of Saudi Arabia quickly excused himself from the table and approached. He was wearing a multicolored robe and headwear with a black-brown rope band and I was instantly repulsed by his "wicked" lecherous gaze. I stepped back into the other room in fear. Habib introduced him. "This is one of 'my friends' I mentioned in my letter."

I said, "Its a pleasure to meet you," and extended my hand. Fahd bent over to kiss my hand and as he did so his evil black eyes bore into mine and he softly said, "Your beauty warms my embers. See them glowing deep within the darkness of my eyes... igniting into flame... black flame." He laughed wickedly.

Habib slapped him on the back (there were no formalities between them) and asked, "Am I right? Is 'that' fit for a King?" (Habib never referred to me as a person.)

The three of us went into another room that appeared to be a guest bedroom that Habib was occupying. He closed the door and told me "Diplomatic relations are very important. You know the old saying, 'When in Rome do as the Romans do.' Well, he's a King. Get on your knees. His wish is your command. Satisfy his deepest wishes. It's your turn for a magic carpet ride, so turn your Genie free." (Programming already installed that involved traveling the Caribbean via Norwegian Caribbean Lines for the purpose of delivering messages and also used for sex.)



King Fahd

CASTAWAY

"Bottled up" inside of me was a cryptic message from King Fahd to Noriega and I was at sea on board a Norwegian Caribbean Lines cruise ship bound for Stirrup Cay, my rendezvous point with Noriega. It was a moonless night which made the Caribbean waters appear as black as the night and I could not distinguish the sky from the sea as I gazed, totally entranced, from the rear of the cruise ship. Houston was beside me using the opportunity to hypnotically enhance Habib's previous programming while traumatizing me with the threat of being thrown overboard. The thought of "treading water in the inky blackness while the lights of the ship fade further and further... away... until all is black and I sink to the depths of the sea" didn't seem so horrible in light of the fact that I was to be the bearer of bad news to Noriega in the morning.

Upon arrival to NCL's private "out island", Stirrup Cay, Houston and I immediately began our walking trek to the farthest end of the island where the CIA operation radio equipment/station was located. In a hidden

cove on the island's back side is a smaller island of sufficient size to conceal Noriega's personal yacht, which was anchored behind it. As Houston and I made our way along the cove's beach, we came upon an old wooden boat half buried in the sand and a man sitting beside it. Because I was in a different personality, I did not recognize him as my contact (My contact was referred to as "John" but I have reason to believe the name was a derogatory alias for my benefit. I can identify him.) who ran the Stirrup Cay control tower for drug trafficking/covert activity and asked him how he got there. He began his charade, which, due to the depth of my trance, I couldn't help but believe:

"I shipwrecked. That's all that is left of my boat." He pointed to the half buried in the sand, wreck. I asked, "Why haven't you been rescued?"

He replied, "I sent a message in a bottle and I expect a response real soon. Good thing I had these coconuts (he was carving on one) and all that 'sugar' in the hull to sustain me."

Houston laughed as he realized that 'sugar' meant cocaine and said, surprised, "In the hull?" as he bent down to look inside the wreck. I looked too. There was more white cocaine and cocaine paste (dark) than I could mule (carry) in one walking haul even with both tote bags full. But I could not comprehend reality and therefore noted that he had both "white and brown sugar". I commented as to how fortunate he was that it made it through the wreck. He said, "Its a good thing I had it secured in plastic wrap, there, isn't it?"

Houston said, "So, they cast you away, huh?"

My contact laughed and said, "Yeah, cast away with all that 'sugar'... that's nothing to sniff at." He looked up as Houston told him that someone was coming. I looked out across the cove and beyond the little island and finally noticed Noriega's yacht. A "black mirror" finish speed boat which matched Noriega's yacht's upper smoke glass windows was approaching. My contact told me, "Probably has something to do with that message I sent. Help me wave him in." I did. He handed me a coconut and, using it for an excuse to persuade me to join him on Noriega's yacht, said, "Would you mind helping me with my coconuts? I've gotten attached to them." So I boarded the speed boat and rode with him to the yacht while Houston stayed behind to guard the "sugar".

When we pulled up to the rear of the yacht, I was helped on board by Noriega's armed guards. I noticed there didn't seem to be any big parties going on and wondered if Noriega would be drunk this time. (Noriega had been drunk in the past when I was under command to board his yacht.) He was in uniform and his mood was abrupt and business-like. Upon command from my escort/contact, I delivered Fahd's message:

"I am under command to deliver a message from King Fahd. The Caribbean is becoming volatile. Trouble in Jamaica. Trouble in Cuba. Even trouble in Panama. Dominican Republic must be launching point for missiles and artillery that are being channeled through Cuba. Concluding arms deal, Carrier Pigeon must be detained until all transactions are cleared. Banco de Panama to receive Contra Aid after all steps leading to me have been swept away by the shifting sand (of time), and all pigeon droppings pigeon holed. OUR business is concluded. Let us part on friendly terms. My terms."

(My personal perceptions of history as it happened in reality remains somewhat distorted as I had no access to "news" outside of my mind-controlled environment, so I do not know which "troubles in Jamaica and Cuba" King Fahd was referring to. I was, however, aware at that time that Houston had recently met with Jamaican officials in Kingston pertaining to ceasing the criminal covert operations that had proliferated for some time due to outside scrutiny. As for Cuba, I only knew that I was no longer meeting with my Cuban contact. [See Cuban Contact paperwork later in writings.] In Panama, I knew Noriega himself was the subject of controversy. The "arms deal" was the final

stage of Operation Carrier Pigeon where the planes were to wait in Saudi Arabia until all the bank transactions were cleared and the load was ready for dispersment. Saudi Arabian King Fahd would then fund the Contras for Reagan after all evidences had been properly covered up. After this shipment there would be no further deals through Noriega involving Fahd because Noriega was no longer trusted.)

Noriega did not seem upset by the news of losing Saudi Arabian business although he was somber and took some time to respond. His translator was working over some complex computer equipment after I delivered the message and I left quite soon with a brief message for Dick Cheney at the Pentagon.

My next recollection is of being back on Stirrup Cay loaded down with two tote sacks of cocaine and walking with Houston back to the party area of the island where NCL workers were cleaning up from the previous beach party cook-out (their excuse to stop the ship). Houston approached one worker familiar with the drug operation and informed him we had a heavier load than usual and needed to make another trip. The worker directed us to a huge empty food container used for transporting the cook-out supplies from the ship and gave us the key. We locked in the first load and I took the empty tote bags, plus an additional large straw bag, back for another haul. The second load, Houston even carried some cocaine himself and we had to run quite a distance through the island woods to make it back to the ship's shuttle before "scheduled" departure time. When we arrived, the beach was nearly deserted as all the passengers had been transported back to the ship and all that remained was the food container and the NCL worker who was hurrying us onto the shuttle and back on board the ship which was waiting for us.

When we arrived in Miami, José Busto (Later see Conspiracy Operations. Busto often assumed the roles of U.S. Immigrations and U.S. Customs officers to clear drugs from NCL ships.) was "acting" in the capacity as a U.S. Immigrations Officer and we waited four hours after the passengers had been cleared from the ship before we were able to retrieve the cocaine from the ship's food container. It was packed into suitcases and loaded onto our motorhome which was parked in NCL's guarded, restricted, parking area. Most of the cocaine was dropped off at the Warner-Robbins Air Force Base in Macon, Georgia to be distributed at destinations unknown to me. The money generated by the sale of the cocaine was used to fund a major arms shipment into Saudi Arabia where it was then reportedly distributed among several neighboring countries.

A large quantity of cocaine was retained by Houston for delivery, personal profit through his country music industry contacts, and his own use. Some of the cocaine would be delivered to Prince Bandar Bin Sultan (Prince Bandar Bin Sultan is the Saudi Arabian Ambassador to the U.S. and spent a great deal of time in Nashville.), Fahd's own "Homing Pigeon".

[END QUOTING OF PART 14]

We will have a break now and take up next sitting with "Fahd's Homing Pigeon". Thank you.

2/15/95 #1 HATONN

Let us now continue with our topic so we can share other subjects. This is one example, however, that allows you to PERSONALLY relate. That is most important for you can't absorb the WHOLE in clarity—any longer. The "mass" is too large to comprehend.

[QUOTING, PART 15:]

OPERATION CARRIER PIGEON

Cathy O'Brien: Released as part of the prior two writings, June 1992.

FAHD'S HOMING PIGEON

I carried a message from the Warner-Robbins Air Force Base in Macon, Georgia, as well as the brief message from Noriega agreeing to Fahd's terms back to Dick Cheney at the Pentagon.

Cheney then prepared me for the final phase of the operation where I was to meet with Fahd's "Homing Pigeon", Prince Bandar Bin Sultan, in Nashville. There I would relay a message of agreement to Fahd's terms between Noriega and the U.S., as well as confirmation of all Air Force flights (Carrier Pigeons) and transactions, plus personally deliver cocaine to the Prince. In turn, the "Homing Pigeon" would relay the messages to Fahd so that the seemingly long running arms/drugs deals would draw to a successful conclusion.

Dick Cheney cautioned me, "Sultan will be in Nashville having dinner with friends at the StockYard (a Nashville Nightclub/restaurant). Among others, those friends would be... (he referred to a list) Fulton (Nashville's Mayor) and Thomas (Nashville's Sheriff). They are considered a threat to the operation. They're not discrete. Thomas in particular is not to be trusted; he is an ass and too crooked. So, Sultan must leave the table before the message is delivered. Any questions? Good."

Cheney had forbidden me to ask questions; it was his rule, and one I never intended to break. I certainly had no questions this time and I didn't need him to caution me about Nashville's Mayor Richard Fulton and Sheriff Fate Thomas. (Thomas is now serving time in a federal prison for bribery and extortion. Fulton and his bank, the Nashville Bank, are currently under Federal investigation.) I had known the pair for years and had been cautioned about them before. I had no respect for them at all. Together they had indiscreetly perpetuated the total corruption that had permeated Nashville's \$2.8 Billion country music industry which ran the city of Nashville. And they ran the city's business from a bar and restaurant (of sorts), the StockYard, while they drank and openly used cocaine. If I had had the capacity to wonder, I would have wondered what a "Homing Pigeon" so critical to the conclusion of this international criminal covert operation was doing with such sleaze. But as it was, I could only feel relief at not having to deal with them.

When Cheney was through with my instructions I found myself with U.S. Senator Robert C. Byrd (my ex-owner), who was taking me in to see Reagan. Even Reagan met with me to caution me about my meeting with the Prince whose reputation for indiscriminate wild sexual activities and drugs preceeded him. Reagan was well aware of Habib having activated me sexually with King Fahd and he had a personal aversion to the Saudi. He wanted me to clearly understand that my scheduled meeting with Fahd's "Homing Pigeon" would not include the usual sex.

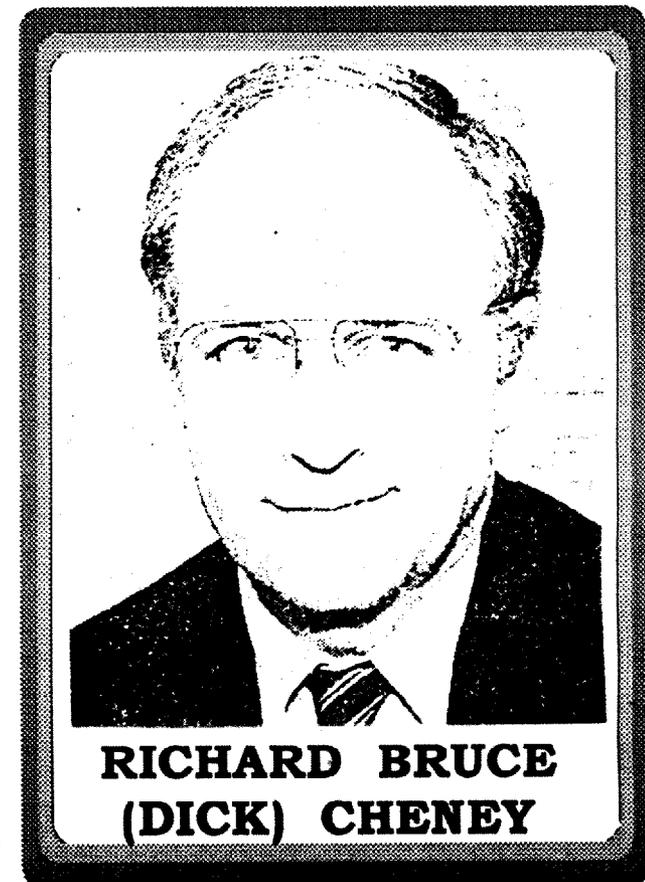
Reagan joked in Byrd's presence, "Birds (Byrds) may well be eaten by a 'Kitten', but not Homing Pigeons. Homing Pigeons taste foul." Byrd laughed. (How did they know?) Reagan continued, "Homing Pigeons have one purpose: passing messages. Throughout history world leaders have passed messages to and from each other by way of pigeons. These are messages that have set the course of events and have altered the course of history. Homing Pigeons are loyal and dedicated to their task, flying over seas, yet never pausing long enough to even quench their thirst... giving no thought to their own needs. When a pigeon is released, he takes a direct course to his destination. Dedicated to delivering the very messages on which history was founded. Why, even Noah relied on a pigeon to traverse the seas to bring back a message of hope. It is your duty to attach an added message to the Homing Pigeon—one of peace—from our homeland to his: One from the President of the United States to King Fahd of Saudi Arabia." (I will not disclose Reagan's single-word cryptic message to King Fahd in this paperwork due to international ramifications.)

Byrd was visibly inspired by the speech. I was "saved by the bell", however, from another boring long-winded recitation that Reagan had just inspired in Byrd when Cheney called me back to his office. It was still morning and Cheney had appeared to be very busy, hurried and irritable when I had seen him just a short while earlier. My heart was heavy in expectant anticipation of the physical/sexual brutality his moods "normally" incite, but was relieved to escape the torturous "picture painting" competition upon which experience taught me Byrd and Reagan were about to embark. My heart lightened when my escort left me at Cheney's office and I noticed his foul mood had changed dramatically.

CHENEY'S BUNKHOUSE

"I understand you ordered me to report in, Sir." His mood seemed a bit lighter than usual and he was quickly shuffling papers around his desk, tying up loose ends before he would be leaving. He was wearing brown and beige with a dark tan suede jacket with grey elbow patches, and boots. I was wearing a brown suede jacket and boots, too, and Levis with the "whoriest" top I ever owned under the zipped jacket. I had been dressed for sex with him but figured that was out of the question after previously seeing him. The top was thin white T-shirt fabric with spaghetti straps and a baby-blue camisole tie that ran all the way down the front. It had embroidered baby-blue Monarch butterflies around the deeply cut neckline. The whole shirt could have fit in the palm of my hand. He was visibly pleased.

He said, "Sit down. I just got word that the Genie-in-the-Bottle/Castaway Operation is complete and I intend to pop a cork or two of my own in celebration of its successful conclusion. I have time on my hands and I want you to join me. The bunkhouse is being prepared..." He thought of something, went to the door and told the guy who had escorted me, "Make sure there's some Wonderland Wafers (Ecstasy drug) in the bunkhouse," and returned. He went back to his desk, picked up the phone and said, "I'm outta here," into the speaker and slammed it down. We turned to the right rather than the left outside of his office and walked to a room that was rugged and was referred to as "Cheney's Bunkhouse". It was decorated in browns, tans and oranges and was very masculine in appearance. There wasn't any food (maybe some nuts stashed somewhere), but plenty of bottles of alcohol.



**RICHARD BRUCE
(DICK) CHENEY**

"Get those boots off now." I knew he meant mine because they made me "too tall" for his "stature". He walked over to the kitchenette to fix a drink. "Slip out of those jeans—slowly." He turned to watch me as he drank.

They were tight anyway, and I told him, "I can't hurry too fast." I wiggled them down. When they got to my knees, he grinned and told me to pull them up again. He must have seen the latest Michael Danté pornography film that was done in Las Vegas, Nevada. I wiggled them back up. He finished his drink and poured another, and one for me. He gave me a brown (Wonderland Wafer) Ecstasy tablet like Habib used and said "Eat Me". I then took it and a drink while he checked out my cotton "butterfly cut out" panties. (Cheney told me he used Project Monarch slaves for sex because his "wife was too big".) I undressed slowly, as ordered, while he watched. He took off his coat and pulled out his shirt and unbuttoned it. He told me to go shower while he turned on the classical music really loud.

When I came out he was the same, only drunker, and handed me his glass and my top, told me to put it on and pour us another drink. I hadn't finished the first, and he ordered I drink it down "because he had all day". The Ecstasy was kicking in and he laughed low in his throat while I started squirming at the counter while I fixed his drink. He came up behind me, pulled a handful of hair at the base of my skull, bent my head back roughly and bit my neck. I handed him his glass. He drank, took off his watch and belt which he set on the nightstand (he didn't whip me with his belt this time), took my drink and set it down, too. Then he grabbed my hair, threw me on the floor at his feet, and unzipped his pants. He had spilled a drop on his boots in the process and told me they needed shining. (Cheney was referring to another pornographic film in which I had been forced to participate.) I performed oral sex on him while I massaged his boots with my vagina.

"Is this rough enough? We're just getting started." He was referring to the rough texture of his boots. They hurt and wouldn't slick up right because they were alligator or something with rough scales. He made me sit on the toes—the second one he kicked up, causing me to inhale deeply while he was in my throat. He said he felt a tooth which had activated/triggered Reagan's 'Kitten' personality, and 'Kitten' wasn't used to being hurt. I began crying softly and he ordered "Silence!" (Ox programming.) He picked me up by my hair and threw me on the bed, picked up his drink and used Alice in Wonderland cryptic hypnosis to order me to display my vaginal mutilation carving. He turned the music down, and got his cocaine sprayer while he reminded me that he "hadn't even started yet". He was beginning to slur his words and "gave me something for my breath" and sprayed liquid pressurized cocaine in my throat and on my vagina. He staggered to the counter and poured another drink. I told him he was walking like Scarecrow (Oz) and he laughed. He gave me a drink and a 2nd Ecstasy tablet.

[H: Why am I repeating all of this distasteful garbage? BECAUSE THIS IS WHAT YOUR NATIONAL FIGURES ARE! THEY ARE THE MOST DEBASED AND DEGRADED VIPERS OF THE GLOBE AND YOU DON'T SEEM TO NOTICE. GRAPHIC PICTURES MIGHT WELL GET YOUR ATTENTION AND YOU WILL RISE UP AND CLEAN THEM FROM YOUR HOUSES!]

"I hear you ride horses? Well, here's a tall one for you to mount." He laid on his back and I climbed on as ordered. I could not feel any pain, but I realized that I couldn't get "down" all the way and proceeded slowly until he shouted "God damn it—you're ruining my fuckin' pants!" I was bleeding horribly due to his abnormal penis size.

"If you please, Sir, I could get them off for you." (Cheney never took his pants off, but I offered.)

He knocked me off him and slurred, "I'll take my own God damn pants off when I God damn well feel like

it," and stumbled over for another drink. Either that next drink changed him or my 2nd Ecstasy kicked in and made it seem that way, because he mellowed out after that. He sat on the bed and had me pull off his boots and he took off his pants (first time ever) and his shirt, but left on his T-shirt. It was as though he took off his "meanness" when his pants came off and he treated me more gently. He smoked a cigarette and ordered me to stay there with him when he was through with 'round one' which was also a first. (Usually after sex, Cheney would doze off to sleep for just a minute and wake up startled and would order me out of the room immediately. I was conditioned to dress and leave immediately because his reaction to finding me near him while he slept was explosive.) This was a first. He may have given me a third Ecstasy or the 2nd one was unusually strong, because when he came back to bed we had sex all afternoon and the next thing I realized was that it was night. I woke up in his arms which at first frightened me. However he was still gentle when he woke up. He pulled his pants and clothes back on and flopped back down in the bed. He did not order me out—someone would be there to escort me out soon.

I was horribly swollen and in pain when someone knocked on the door. Cheney yelled, "5 minutes" and made me perform oral sex one more time. Then he chuckled while he watched me attempt to wiggle into my jeans and zip them. My top had blood on the bottom and I tried to tuck it in. He watched from the bed and smoked and drank while he ordered me to pull them back down, back up... and I told him if he made me do it again they wouldn't go back up. I couldn't walk very well in them as it was. My belly hurt deep inside and I was swollen. He turned the classical music back up and flopped back across the bed while I groaned into my boots. I kissed him on the head, as ordered, and went to the door. I doubled over as I stepped out in the hall and the escort looked at me and said, "Christ, Cheney". Cheney lifted his head and slurred, "Now you know why they call it 'Dick'," and chuckled.

I lost time once outside the door but figured it was 5-6 AM when I walked out the back door to where my handler Alex Houston was waiting to pick me up.

I had to go to the doctor when I got back to Goodlettsville, Tennessee. Dr. Michael Ryan, my gynecologist, who knew I was under mind control, covered for my abusers as usual and told me I must have "a cyst" and wrote a prescription for swelling and pain.

THE STOCKYARD

I was still in pain and ill from my exposure to Dick Cheney and his high voltage torture and brutal sex when my handler Houston drove me to Nashville's StockYard Nightclub for my rendezvous with the Homing Pigeon. A waitress led me to Prince Bandar Bin Sultan's table where he was drinking with Fulton, Thomas, Metro Police Chief Joe Casey (now ex-Chief Casey is under federal investigation for corruption), and several others involved in the overall conspiracy. I approached him and said, "If you please, Sir, I am under command to deliver a message to you from the Pentagon. There is to be no horse play—we must get down to business." (Prince Bandar Bin Sultan's reputation for sex and drugs was widely known in Nashville, but much of my information pertaining to his activities came from my friend, another Project Monarch slave, Seidina Reed [singer/actor Jerry Reed's daughter] who was prostituted to the Prince regularly when he was in town, which was often. Seidina's victimization/plight remains of grave concern to me.)

There was laughter from everyone at the table. I continued, "My message is brief and I only need a moment of your time away from your dinner."

The Prince's face grew more serious and he left the table. He touched the waitress' arm and she pointed to the door across the hall that led to an empty room. We stood just inside the room and I quickly delivered my

PHOENIX JOURNAL

ECSTASY TO AGONY

"You as a people gave oath and contract to your children and their children that you have and hold a *Constitution Of The United States Of America* and hold a lamp of freedom and guidance to all the world to light the path to sovereignty of 'man' and freedom to the oppressed. You have lied, cheated and brought down the light into extinction and the world now calls the U.S.—'THE GREAT SATAN'."

—HATONN

Some of the topics covered in this JOURNAL are:

- * A quote from *THE WISDOMKEEPERS*
- * A NUCLEAR DEVICE Used In World Trade Center Bombing
- * Trilaterals Demand World Army
- * Destruction Of American Jobs
- * An Update On BATF & Botched Waco, Texas Mission
- * The Phoenix Institute, US&P
- * The *Newstates Constitution*
- * The *Constitution of the United States of America*
- * The *Protocols Of The Meetings Of The Zionist Men Of Wisdom*
- * *Charter Of The United Nations*
- * *Statute Of The International Court Of Justice*

ECSTASY TO AGONY THROUGH THE PLAN 2000

In the course of men's lives comes the opportunity to do that which is ungodly or that which epitomizes the intent of GOD. Through the ages of man's experience he has often been brilliant and often become as evil creatures of manufactured robotic actors on the stage called physical life in expression. As unbalance has occurred so has the very planet brought ending to civilizations—some at the hands of the very men who would have rule and kingdomship over all things physical—wistfully efforting to capture the very God-soul of each and all beings. The cycle has come full circle—the time is at hand and YOU must know that which has brought you down. Herein is presented "THE PLAN" for capture by the adversary of God—and that which could have saved your world—had you borne God-Truth as your shield. Where shall YOU go from here?



BY

GYEORGOS CERES HATONN

#68

A JOURNAL

For ordering information
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Pigeon cryptic message:

"The Carrier Pigeon (Air Force plane) will take flight XXXX (deliberately omitted) and will keep its promise (the agreed upon load) while all transactions (both bank and distribution) are procured through the designated diplomatic channels (Habib). Your bonus, 1 crystal, 3 cut, await you. The President of the United States gives his word to King Fahd:xxxx."

He told me his driver would meet me out front and that I was to put the cocaine in the back. I left the building to rejoin Houston at the car so that the cocaine could be delivered. A white stretch-limo was pulled up in front of the StockYard and Chief Casey's "assigned" Metro Police Officers guarded the area while the cocaine was transferred into the back seat of the Prince's limousine. (Overseeing drug transactions around the StockYard was "business as usual" for Metro Police during the Casey, Fulton, Thomas reign of corruption in the 1980s.)

Houston and I immediately left the area. Operation Carrier Pigeon was concluded.

[END QUOTING OF PART 15]

Distasteful and ugly? Yes it is, readers. And I get back, "But you could cut out the details and we would still get the message!" NO YOU WOULD NOT!

I WANT YOU TO HAVE ALL THE SORDID DETAILS AND REMEMBER THIS: WHAT YOU OR ANYONE DOES, IS DONE IN THE FULL AND OPEN PRESENCE OF GOD! WHERE DO "YOU" TAKE GOD?? WHERE DO "YOU" PUT GOD? YOU THINK HE WILL SOMEHOW STOP YOU OR FIX YOU OR GIVE TO YOU SOMETHING OR OTHER? NO, HE SIMPLY IS PUT THROUGH WHATEVER DEGRADATION YOU CHOOSE. THE NEXT TIME YOU TAKE ACTION IN SECRET, IN DARKNESS, IN ANYTHING YOU WOULD RATHER NOT ANYONE, ESPECIALLY GOD, KNOW—REMEMBER THIS: HE IS THERE AND HE WATCHES. WHERE DO YOU TAKE GOD? HOW DO YOU TREAT "HIS" CREATION (YOU)? WHAT EVIL BEINGS HAVE YOU PLACED ON YOUR THRONES TO RULE YOUR WORLD?? YES INDEED, YOU DO HAVE PROBLEMS. WE SHALL YET SEE IF I BE ONE OF THEM—(PROBLEM, THAT IS) FOR I KNOW MY ENEMY AND IT IS NOT GOING TO BE EASY ON YOU IF YOU BE AMONG THEM IN THE DAYS TO COME!

SALU.

2/15/95 #2 HATONN

Cathy O'Brien, compiled June, 1992. (Ref: C.O'B. #15):

[QUOTING, PART 16:]

OPERATION SHELL GAME

Sometime prior to the death of CIA Chief William Casey I was in Washington for a briefing on Operation Shell Game. Iran-Contra was explosive at this time and U.S. Senator Alan Simpson's (Wyoming) plan to set up Panamanian General Manuel Noriega to take the fall for cocaine aspects of the investigation was under way. Noriega had become an embarrassment to the Reagan Administration and the need to convince him to be discrete about his involvement in U.S. criminal covert activities (i.e., drugs/arms running) had reached alarming proportions. My role—my Contra-bution—was but a small part of the overall picture, but was one of the more significant and informative covert operations with which I have been involved. [H: I would guess that Col. James "Bo" Gritz could tell you some enlightening things about that Panamanian operation and his part in it as well. You see, readers, the British may well have a Monarch (as in "crown")

private police/intelligence force called MI-6, but the U.S. has a private political enforcement army called CIA who comes up with all the interesting programs such as MK-ULTRA, et al. CIA works with everybody else's worst enforcement groups as well, i.e., KGB, Mossad, SS—you name it! Your government, however, seems to have the biggest DRUG OPERATION of any other "one" nation. Further, you have some people who can, more than others, tell you all about it. Armitage is one, Gritz another. Actually, there are so many that I hesitate to target any "one" because around the country(s) so many know about local operations as to stagger a citizen's mind.]

My role began one cold rainy day when my CIA operative mind-control handler Alex Houston dropped me off at the Washington Monument, claiming he had "driven all the way from Nashville to D.C. just so I could see it", and ordered me out of the car. The area was deserted except for two familiar agents approaching me who flashed their IDs, which immediately triggered me to go with them. They escorted me to the large White House Office where I had first met with Dick Cheney to "audition" for the Hands-On Mind-Control Demonstrations some years before. As usual, Cheney and Reagan were drinking, this time to excess for so early in the day. Reagan's cheeks were flushed. My escorts pushed me through the doorway and into the room, closing the door behind us.

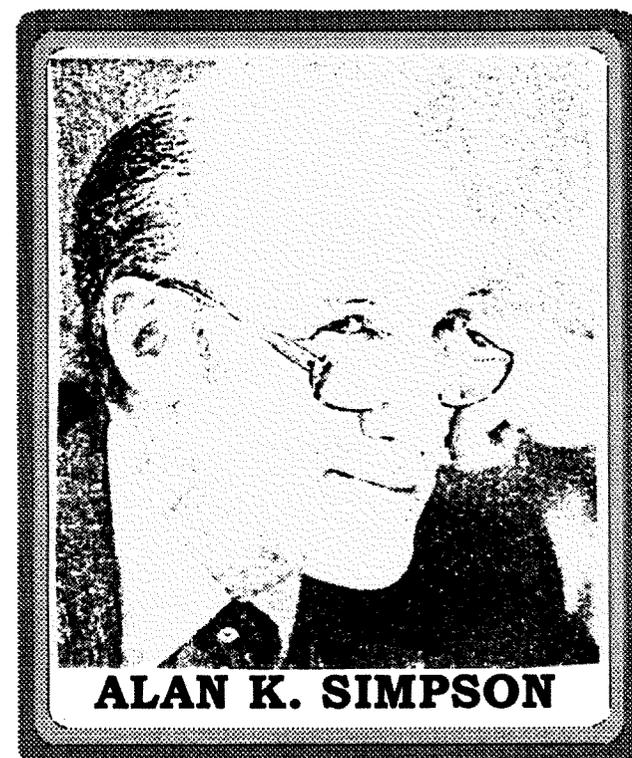
Reagan greeted me, "Well, hello Kitten. Dick and I were just discussing the plight of the Contras since this Ollie North thing broke out." Cheney's "alcoholic" sour mood was immediately apparent and he was agitated as usual at Reagan's informality in my presence. Reagan took a drink and looked out the window. "Americans believe in their country, baseball, hot dogs (Cheney snorted a laugh at what seemed to be an ongoing joke between the two of them while Reagan paused long enough to flash a quick smile his way, then continued) and Ollie North. And I believe in the Contra cause and all that we have accomplished. And I'm damn proud of it." Apparently I had come in on the middle of a serious discussion where they had been sitting around justifying their actions to one another and Reagan's mood was more somber than I had ever seen it. He went on...

"It's not 'Law and Order'; no, it's Order and then Law. Order must come first because without it law would be ineffective. Sometimes we must rise above and beyond the law to establish that order (glanced seriously at Cheney)—or a new order. As President that is my responsibility: establish order through democracy by spreading democracy throughout the world. With order, there is peace. Right now in Nicaragua the people are crying out for democracy, for peace, and I cannot turn a deaf ear to them. Not even in view of Ollie North's troubles. True Americans know he's a hero. That's why we must rise above the law to establish order by fulfilling the wishes, the hopes, the dreams, of those brave men fighting for freedom by doing our part in spreading democracy." He was gesturing into the air and was off in the "poetry" of his own words. Cheney lost patience and jumped out of his chair to sneer at me and poke his finger in my chest and said, "Order is all that matters, and you're going to follow mine."

Reagan turned back to us. "I'm glad you brought that up, Dick. Kitten, you have a role in establishing this order. With the same patriotic passion that burned in your bosom over the freedom fighters of Afghanistan you will carry out your orders for the Contras. Dick will define your role and provide you with all you need and all you need to know from the ol' Wizard's bag in the basement. So you run along with him now and do as he commands."

CHENEY'S PENTAGON OFFICE

Alan Simpson was in Cheney's office and, although I had no concept of time, Cheney had an hour-glass used for Wizard of Oz programming, that he



flipped upside down to let me know my life was on the line. It would be emptied two thirds of the way by the time the meeting was over. Cheney gestured to Simpson and began.

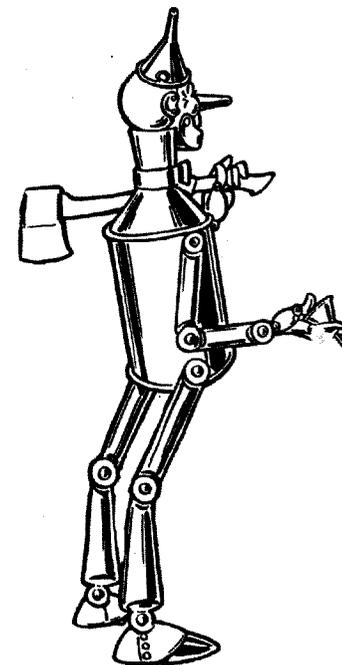
"Operation Shell Game is Simpson's brain-child, so he's the Master of the Game. He's going to teach you the rules. The objective of the Game is to see 'who's left holding the goods'." Pointing to Simpson he commanded, "Listen to 'im."

Simpson stood up and began talking. "You are going on a Princess Cruise. (Princess Cruise Lines, the "Love Boat", is the cruise Houston claimed to have taken to meet with Noriega earlier that spring, which led to my meeting with Reagan's personal attaché, Philip Habib.) The Baby's Ear Shell is your pass key. I will provide you with yours at the appropriate time." He took the "shell" out of his wallet. It was approximately one-and-a-half inches long and was translucent pink, shaped and detailed exactly like a baby's ear. Simpson noticed the relief cross my face as I realized it was not a real baby's ear. He smiled, "These are but empty shells of the life they once possessed. ('Empty and void of life' is Wizard of Oz programming pertaining to the Tin Man, AKA: a well oiled machine.) A shell—in one ear and out the other. I have your ear, now LISTEN. If they hold the pass key, you listen. When you hold the pass key, you speak. In one ear and

out the other—never again to be retrieved."

He returned the shell to his wallet as he continued, "Listen. Follow orders. The Colonel (U.S. Army Lt. Colonel Michael Aquino, DIA Psychological Warfare Division) will be there and you will follow his orders and provide a demonstration, 'Hands-on' style for the General (Noriega). It will be different, yet the same, so follow the Colonel's orders."

Cheney roughly grabbed



THE TIN MAN

my hair and pulled my head back, got right up in my face and said, "Or, I'll get her, my pretty... your little girl. (Cheney was using Wizard of Oz cryptic language death threat to my daughter Kelly, who is now 12 years old and institutionalized as a result of her mind-control abuse.) Follow orders as though her life depends upon it because it does, or the next baby's ears will be taken from Kelly. So listen. When you see the Baby's ear, you will listen." He spun my head in the direction of the hour glass as he released my hair. He was sneering and Simpson looked like he thought Cheney over-did it. I was relieved it wouldn't be my job to "soothe Cheney's savage beast" sexually that day. He returned me to the White House where Reagan was expecting me.

THE SECRET GARDEN

Cheney had taken me back to the White House office where we had started. He and Reagan shared another drink. It was late afternoon and no longer raining but still overcast. Reagan patted my hair into place (from where Cheney had been pulling it) and I felt safe somehow, not comprehending that he was behind my ordeal with Cheney. I was programmed to switch personalities and I no longer regarded Reagan as "Chief", but as "Uncle Ronnie" and he was reaching into the Jelly Belly jelly-bean jar.

Cheney said, "How in the hell you drink Cognac and eat those god-damn jelly-beans is beyond me."

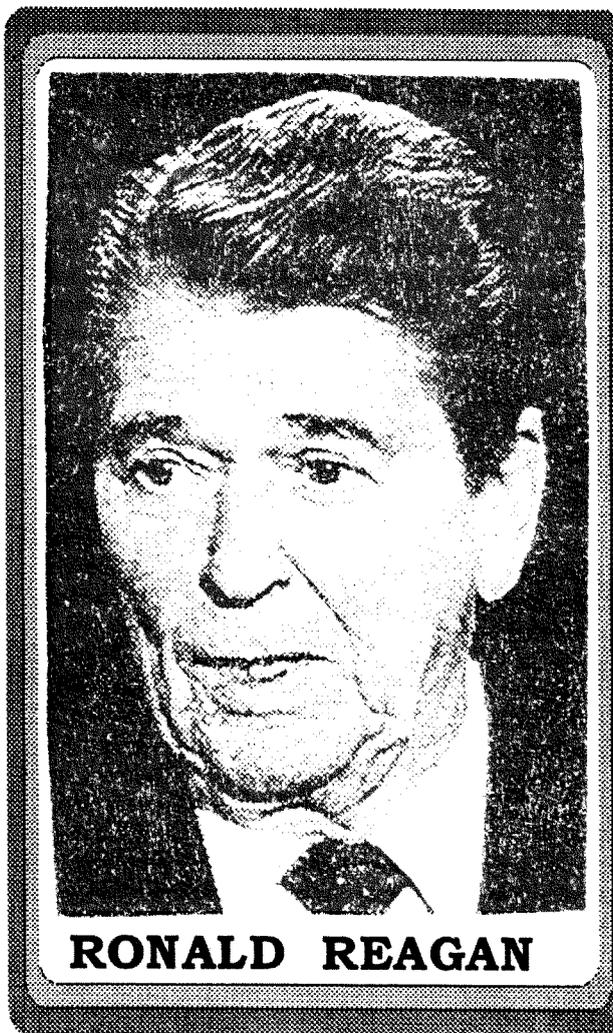
Uncle Ronnie responded, "Well Dick, you don't have to have a jelly belly if you don't want to. I was just giving one to Kitten here."

"Damn right I don't have to have a jelly belly but you're going to (smiled) —if you keep up with that shit." Cheney finished his drink.

Reagan chuckled, "Now, you know I watch my figure..."

"Figure this: what are you going to do with the Contras?" Cheney slammed down his drink and left. As he headed for the door, Reagan told him, "Exactly what I've been doing." He turned to me, "C'mon Kitten, let's take a walk. I need my evening constitutional."

Reagan was in no mood for sex and it was good to be away from Cheney. Uncle Ronnie took me for a walk in his "Secret Garden" where he said he goes to "think and solve the world's problems". We walked outside and down a cement path he referred to as a "yellow brick road" (Wizard of Oz programming) that wound through some foliage and trees. There were no flowers this time of year (Fall, 1987). I was permitted to talk freely and we shared the serenity of Reagan's "secret White House garden". I told him of my childhood 'secret places' where I would go to sort things out (escape abuse) and regain some peace of mind. I told him about my secret garden, a childhood escape that had a winding walk similar to the one on which we walked. He listened intently while holding my hand while I described the six tiers of flowers and shrubs that spiraled up to a waterfall that cascaded down from the highest tier. He said sadly, "There are flowers here sometimes but no tiers or waterfalls, though I had shed a few tears..." He sat down on the cement bench and was quiet for some time. I was also. He sat there holding my hand until he seemed to shift moods, stood up, and said, "If you follow the yellow brick road it leads right to the Wizard's lair—the Oval Office. How would you like to see where Uncle Ronnie really solves the world's problems?" (I felt like a little girl with her "daddy" going to see where he works with no real concept of the experience.) We went into the White House through a door not far from the office where an agent or guard was standing. Uncle Ronnie told him, "I'm just going to show Kitten where I work," and, still holding my hand, he hushed his voice and told me I could "take a peek". I saw it the way he told me he did the first time he ever peeked in, "awed by the daylight streaming in from behind the desk, an image impressed on my mind by pictures of Kennedy and I am reminded



RONALD REAGAN

'Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country.' (The quote that both my CIA-operative father and U.S. Congressman Guy VanderJagt [both pedophiles] instilled in my MPD mind as a child.) Reverence ceased when I saw his jelly-bean jar on the end table.

"Wow! You have jelly-beans in here, too?"

He chuckled and whispered, "Don't tell Mama... (and as an after-thought) or Dick... and we'll go get us a handful." I let go of the door frame and entered the office where we snatched jelly bellies like a couple of kids. He always gave me a military green one (his favorite) because it was watermelon and "Melon" had Charm School meaning. (Seward Prosser Melon, "the Governor" of Charm School/torture—training school



GERALD R. FORD

and money launderer. See "Charm School and the Governor of Youngstown" paperwork to be presented later.) He buys extra, or orders extra, of these green ones. We tiptoed out and Uncle Ronnie kissed me on top of my head and said "Good-bye".

The guard insured I was returned to my escorts and they took me back to the Washington Monument where Alex Houston was waiting in the car as though I had never been gone.

FORD

Ever since I began the Hands-On Mind-Control Demonstrations, Cheney began to dominate my assignments. By the time Operation Shell Game was under way Byrd had "pulled his plug" into me and I did not have to see him any more. Now it seemed I had come full circle, back to the circle of abusers with whom I originated in 1975, when I had first encountered Cheney in Cedar Springs, Michigan where I had been sexually traumatized/assaulted by then President Gerald Ford. Because of Ford's friendly co-operative relationships with Cheney and Reagan I still had to see him on occasions when he ordered it. Soon after my "briefing" on Operation Shell Game I met with Ford as ordered, on a golf course next to my pedophile CIA operative father, Earl O'Brien's house in Grand Haven, Michigan. The same Mafia pornography operation that initiated my Project Monarch abuse kept my father in contact with one of its lead associates, Gerald Ford. Ford gloatingly admitted to me that he had "initiated" (sexually) my younger sister, Kelli Jo O'Brien, just as he had me and was anticipating my youngest sister, Kimmy's, "ripening". (Kimmy is 14 as of this writing. Unlike his friend, U.S. Congressman Guy VanderJagt, Ford prefers more "developed" girls.)

Operation Shell Game brought me back in touch with Ford one early misty morning where he was about to embark on a game of golf with my father on the otherwise "Closed for the Season" course. My brother, Mike O'Brien, was with us as we rendezvoused at the Club House with Ford and his Secret Service personnel assigned to him. Ford told my father "he'd catch up with him and my brother at the 3rd hole and to leave us to our business." I was maintained in "Silence" until we were out of hearing range of the Secret Service guys and then I recited a message from Reagan instilled prior to the Shell Game. (This pertains to "America the Beautiful", to follow later.)

"If you please, Sir, I have a message for you from Uncle Ronnie. It's a 'humming telegram' (oral sex game) to see if you agree that our National Anthem should be changed to America the Beautiful."

Ford said, "We may have to see about that later. First, we've got some other 'holes' to attend before the sun gets up any higher."

As he teed up I asked, "Do you golf a lot now that you're no longer President?"

He said very seriously, "I golfed a lot when I was President. But now I just keep up with events from the golf course. I've earned the privilege of monitoring the progress of America's Freedom Train (white slavery) at my leisure." He turned to face me. "Do you play golf yet?"

"Very well, Sir, when permitted." (My handler, homosexual/pedophile CIA operative Alex Houston, Goodlettsville, Tennessee resident, always insured he won.) Ford was openly amused at my answer and handed me his club. Laughing, he said, "Give it your best shot."

I out-shot him the first stroke and his amusement vanished. Ford apparently fancies himself the unbeatable sportsman, something he carries with him from his old football days. I would venture to say his wins and losses on the golf course influences the outcome of business being conducted there.

At the end of the 2nd hole, Ford said, "I'd like to have a word with you." He took me over to the trees off the fairway and turned to face me with his arms crossed

over his bulging chest, raised himself up taller and bore his shark-like eyes into mine. He uses his hulk/bulk to intimidate slaves.

"Lend me your ear." I took the Baby's Ear Shell out of my back pocket and handed it to him on cue. I had it with me as ordered. He began talking to me as though I were a machine and he was dictating a message. "Take this message to Dick Cheney, Pentagon. The MOB has agreed to transfer the \$2.3 million (porn profits) to the Bank of Credit and Commerce International. [H: Hummnn... remember old Clark Clifford who was "just too old and infirm" to stand trial for his crimes?] Let's pool our money now and we'll all be swimming in it. This operation has been an enterprising success. Let's keep it that way. Cease agreement with Panama. All Mexican channels are implemented (cocaine/heroin). Hail to the Chief." He took a step away and added, "And you (poked my chest like Cheney had done) take care of my friend Dick. Here..." he handed me the Baby's Ear and for meanness added, "over and out" and did the sign of the (satanic) horns at my eyes which deepened my trance.

After he hit the golf ball, he asked, "How's my friend Alan Simpson these days?"

"Very well, Sir." I noticed he bristled as he messed up another shot. His temper was rising and when he wanted to add more to his message, he took out his frustration on me.

"Gimme that fuckin' shell." He wiggled his fingers at me. That wasn't the pass phrase and I didn't trigger and he grew louder and more agitated. "Where's that Baby's Ear?" I didn't respond and he got in my face and boomed, "Lend me your God damn ear!!" Close enough. "Yes Sir," I meekly replied as I dropped it in his hand. He proceeded.

"Tell Simpson to take care of my friend Dick Thornburgh. Get back to me on it." He returned the ear. We could see my father at the next hole and Ford said he "might bean him one [apparently a consummate talent-Ed.] with this next stroke", swung, but missed.

When we met up with my father, Ford set up his ball first, of course, and greeted my father in a friendly manner. Then he waved his club at me and said, "Get out of here now before I get teed off." My father pointed the way with a thumb over his shoulder and a shrill whistle. My brother Mike walked me through the bushes and back to my father's house.

My sister Kelli Jo was waiting tearfully for my return (she's MPDeD but horrified of Ford). I hurried past her to make sure my daughter Kelly Lynn was OK. Cheney's threat to her life was ringing loudly in my ear.

I did not see the Baby's Ear Shell again until I arrived in Bradenton, Florida.

IMPLEMENTATION

I drove the motorhome into Florida with Houston (my handler, CIA operative) and my daughter Kelly along. Houston told me that he "had business in Omaha, Nebraska", so I would need to drop him off at the Tampa Airport while Kelly and I went down to Bradenton for a "relaxing three-day vacation". Whether or not Houston ever flew out I'll never know because he had me drop him off at the airport entrance before dawn, explaining that I shouldn't have to maneuver the motorhome around the terminal area. He would never be that considerate or practical so I believe he did not want me to see where he actually was going. I had specific instructions that I had to follow in order to get Kelly and I checked into the R.V. Campground where arrangements had been made for us to stay because it was "closed for the season" and they had to "re-open it just for us".

As soon as I crossed the bridge to Bradenton, I stopped at the convenience market and used the outside payphone at precisely 6:00 AM to notify the campground of our arrival. I was given specific instructions on how to get there (it was only a mile or so) and that someone would be at the gate to remove the barricades

and let us in. The man running the campground had two women to operate the elaborate computer system and all three people were rude to me and apparently were involved within the Intelligence Community (i.e., CIA) as they gave me perfect instructions thereafter.

The "recreation room" was actually a lounge of sorts with harmonic programming (mind-control conditioning) equipment. There was a swimming pool next to the Bay and 6 to 10 "camp spots" were all that was available. The guy running the place took flawless control over Kelly's and my activities of the next three days. I was to be let in and out at specific times with instructions on where I was to go.

The day I met U.S. Senator Alan Simpson (Wyoming), I had been instructed to drive to Santa Maria Island to make a local call to learn the route to the beach on the "wild side" of the island where shells could be found. Kelly and I were hunting Sand Dollars specifically because "they had birds (i.e., Byrd) in them" and reportedly thrived along that coast. As we walked through the water on a sand bar hunting for Sand Dollars along the ocean bottom, Kelly scared up a stingray that sent us screaming for the beach where Simpson was laughing and waiting for us. Despite his Cagney hat and grey suit with pants rolled up, he seemed familiar with the beach and struck up a conversation about shells. It wasn't until he told us about the "infamous Baby's Ear he found on the shore" and opened his wallet to retrieve it, that I triggered and consciously knew who he was. As he took it out and handed it to me, he also flashed his ID which further signaled me to go with him. Considering Kelly, he had slipped a shell into the sand for her to find that looked like an eye and it had delighted her. He took the Baby's Ear Shell back and said: "You. You alone will take the shuttle boat to your 'Princess Cruise'. It will leave the dock from your own back yard at 7:30 PM. Dress appropriately (Houston had insured the proper red/black attire was there for me). You will be escorted to the conference room and on into the top flight bedroom. You will see it as you approach the ship, the top flight surrounded in black mirrors. Look deep into the mirrors—that is where you will be, and where I will be when next we meet."

We walked a little further up the beach to where the motorhome was parked and Simpson took out the Baby's Ear and said, "They're very rare indeed. This one is the right ear. You must go to the other side of the island, out Long Boat Key to find its match. The Colonel (scrambles, equates to General) has the baby's left ear and will meet you at the Pier at 4:00 PM. Stop at the market on the corner and call. Then it's just down the street a little ways." He gave me the Baby's Ear Shell.

Part of the road on the other side of the island was barricaded from the traffic, and I found parking the motorhome quite difficult. Kelly and I walked to the meeting spot at the pier, the beach was empty and we waited. I saw four big, armed (with machine guns) military guys get out of two cars. Three of them were looking our direction with their weapons in view. They wore dark glasses and scanned robotically like programmed guards. They stood between the parked cars but still looked horribly conspicuous. The fourth was helping two huge Dobermans out of another car and I saw U.S. Army Colonel Michael Aquino emerge. I couldn't help but notice this was a bit elaborate and dramatic, even for him. Kelly said, "Mom, let's go," and I remembered Cheney's words ringing loudly in my ear and I reassured her I would protect her, though I could not comprehend from what. There was no way out. The guards remained in position as Aquino approached with the two dogs.

I told him I was sent there looking for the left Baby's Ear. He opened his hand to reveal "all that was left of the baby's ear... the dogs had devoured and consumed the rest." It was bloody, ragged and bluish rather than pink. Whether or not this was an actual baby's ear or an illusion, the impact was the same and I put Kelly behind me. I stood, traumatized and en-

tranced, ready for command. He proceeded.

"We're going to work tonight. Watch the sun set over the water from the dock at the campground. You will be picked up at sundown in a shuttle. Board alone. Arrangements have been made for her (pointed to Kelly). He told me, "You are a machine, ready for the Hands-On Demonstration, with a different twist." He reiterated Cheney's threat to Kelly and that I was to speak "to none of the guests, even those with whom I was familiar" and had had to demonstrate with previously at MacDill Air Force Base. Mechanically I turned to leave when I was dismissed and proceeded robotically with preparations for the evening. The campground owners would watch Kelly while I was gone and I boarded the long, green rowboat-type boat that had a motor and one driver. The water was rough and it was too cloudy to really see the sun setting, but everything was going according to plan. He told me the "ship" was too big to get in the Bay so we had a ways to go. It didn't matter to me. Time seemed to be standing still due to my trance. I triggered and tranced further as we approached and I saw the black mirrors as Simpson had described.

I was helped onto the back of the yacht by the Panamanian military guards who kept me there at gun point until I was cleared and my Baby's Ear pass key accepted. I was escorted past the AFB [Air Force Base] officials, their wives, and drug people... and the vast amounts of cocaine laid out for them... and on up the stairs to the conference room. The bedroom seemed to be adjoining and the meeting was held there. I recognized José Busto despite his fine clothing, Aquino, Noriega and Simpson. Simpson! "I must be on the other side of the black mirror," and I gazed out into the darkness. Simpson spoke softly, "You're on the other side of the black mirror now—peering through the blackness out to sea... sea of black... riding on a sea of black... drifting... drifting from the winds... deep into the blackness... drifting through the sands of time. Black sands... yielding shells... such as this Baby's Ear." He pressed it into my hand. "In one ear and out the other." Time for me to speak. I turned and addressed Noriega.

"If you please, Sir, I have a message from the President of the United States of America: The successes we have enjoyed in our shared endeavors are now history in the making, whose course cannot be altered, regardless of the imminent lifting of the veil by well



MANUEL NORIEGA

intentioned do-gooders. As this veil is lifted, it may shed light on you. So you must have your house in order, as does Ollie North, and cease any and all detectable activity. I will do my best to keep you under shield and out of view if you comply with these orders and cease all detectable activity at once."

Noriega seemed upset and was talking in excited Spanish to the other Panamanian. It was momentarily chaotic. Simpson gently took the shell from the palm of my hand and said, as he slipped it into my right rear pocket, "Leave your shell. Activate: Machine. Count down one to Tin. (Oz Tin Man)... a well-oiled machine."

Aquino quickly restored order by hypnotically waving his hands in front of Noriega, his satanic black cape spread out and appearing to fill the room. Noriega's reaction had been anticipated and Aquino's control over him was complete. Noriega all but bowed to him. There was silence as Aquino spoke: "General, for your entertainment in respect and appreciation for your successful enterprising 'Contra-bution', the Chief has sent his Presidential Model to demonstrate the latest technology in mind-control advancements. With the flip of a switch, his Pigeon becomes a Kitten (I began undressing)—quite a different animal."

Aquino's manner was side-show-style rather than his usual more somber tones used on Military Bases for the Hands-On Demonstration. Because of Noriega's religious superstitions the whole personality-switching idea frightened him. Noriega believed whole heartedly in mind-control, but like my Cuban contact, could not grasp the concept of multiple personalities (which was perceived as "demonic possession") and therefore did not adhere to the idea of one slave being trained for both sex and business, i.e., mixing business with pleasure. Aquino was manipulating these beliefs of Noriega masterfully, compounded by the notion of Aquino being a "devil" working for Reagan. The impact of this demonstration would prove to be Psychological Warfare of the highest order administered to force Noriega to be more discrete.

Aquino ordered me to lie on the bed and invited Noriega to look closer at what the "Wizard", "his Chief" (Reagan) could create. The lights were on in the room and Noriega stepped closer to see what Aquino was pointing out to him between my breasts. A large baphomet appeared. Aquino had regressed me to the time of its making which caused it to "suddenly appear" right before Noriega's eyes. Noriega jumped back. I think he stayed in the room from that point on only because he was frozen in fear and Aquino had his full attention. Aquino hit me with a Cat-o'-9-Tails and I shrieked, just as Aquino required for the desired effect. Noriega jumped. Aquino switched me from the pain mode to show pleasure, a mind control concept that Noriega seemed to grasp more readily. Aquino hit me with the Cat-o'-9-Tails again and I responded sexually, begging for more, begging for sex. Then Aquino reminded Noriega who made the rules, who was the master, by using Byrd's induction of cutting me between my breasts with a knife where the baphomet had just been (now disappeared) and said, "In like a knife sharp and clean, I'll carve out what I want," and I bled.

Aquino pointed out that the baphomet was gone. He explained that it "retreated to the depths of my body and soul, possessing me and inciting the heat of hell," and he commanded me to show my vaginal mutilation carving of the baphomet face. As I did, Aquino offered Noriega my sex and Noriega refused with eyes bulging out in terror and revulsion as predicted. Aquino went on and told him that his rejection "killed me" and I ceased breathing and moving and gave all the programmed signs of "death" as used for illusion on altars

(occult, etc.) while he said that the "life had drained from me, even my life source, my blood had dried up and ceased to flow" and he stabbed me again between the breasts, but no blood flowed as programmed. Noriega was dumb-founded. Aquino laughed wickedly (I heard true delight in his laugh) and explained that "even death would not permit escape from the Wizard's power." He explained that I was the "Wizard's own" and "under his spell" and "could re-energize myself and come back to life." He handed me the vaginal prod to masturbate myself with as programmed and I pushed the button, electrically jolting myself internally upon command. Noriega's eyes were enormous, he paled, his mouth fell open and he ran out the door and into the conference room. But Aquino followed him, reminding him that he had nowhere to run, nowhere to hide from Reagan's "powers".

Noriega appropriately and predictably interpreted the demonstration as a threat from the depths of HELL and should have been reason enough to heed Reagan's command and break the drug-trafficking ties immediately. Aquino came back into the bedroom and shut the door while he and Simpson doubled over with laughter and congratulated themselves on a job well done.



BAPHOMET, THE GOAT OF MENDES

Simpson finally set me up and ordered me to dress. I was escorted by different armed guards to the back of the yacht, and Simpson walked with us to insure they put me on the shuttle boat rather than kill me in horror. He had his arm "protectively" around my shoulder, thoroughly pleased with Noriega's reaction to the trauma.

As I approached the dock of the campground, the boat driver told me Kelly was asleep in the recreation room. I ran into the recreation room and over to the couch and found Kelly lying there and, fearful of

Cheney's threat, I made sure her ears were intact. I was immensely relieved to find them there and to know she was OK. I felt like a "good mom" for "doing my part right so Kelly could live". Never before had I experienced such a sense of danger to us both and my relief was proportionate. I held her in my arms the rest of the night.

[END QUOTING OF PART 16]

We will end this writing here, please.

2/17/95 #1 HATONN

Cathy O'Brien, (C.O.B.: Pt. 19, Updated 10/91)

[QUOTING, PART 17:]

OCCULT SERIAL KILLER EDWARD WAYNE COX

Documenting information on Cox is extremely difficult for me due to the extreme traumas and horrors involved. My 11-year-old daughter is institutionalized and has described Cox's serial killing activity in such horrific detail that her current institution forbids her from talking about her past at all as it "frightened the other children". Not only is this poor therapy for Kelly, but when she complied she was forced to "visit" with Cox (her biological father) because of her "silence" and lives in terror of having to see him again and/or live with him as current court proceedings threaten. According to Kelly, Cox raped her after she witnessed him murdering, dismembering and cannibalizing a human (as have I, repeatedly).

A legitimate investigation into Cox's blatant killings and ongoing occult activity would protect Kelly, and save the lives of his next victims by removing him from our streets.

Edward Wayne Cox, DOB 3-7-48, SSN 435-74-8325, of Rt. 1 Box 84 (Jonesboro Hwy), Chatham, Louisiana is an occult serial killer so blatant and brutal that even Col. Aquino's "lowest level" Temple of Set barred him from membership in the organization in 1980. (He reportedly holds membership, however, under the alias "Eddie Hands".) Cox routinely ritually sacrifices/murders, dismembers and cannibalizes (pituitary, flesh and blood) his victims, then prepares and distributes/sells body parts (i.e., skulls, "hands of glory", infant feet) throughout the U.S. to be used in occult ceremonies. A legitimate investigation would reveal that Cox's activities extend into intelligence and para-military branches that would implicate, among others, U.S. Army Colonel Michael Aquino—Psychological Warfare Division (Aquino reportedly holds a Level 7 TOP SECRET clearance)—and lead directly to the CIA/DOJ U.S. GOVERNMENT CRIMINAL CONSPIRACY which has been referred to as *OCTOPUS* and *PANDORA'S BOX*. Perhaps this is why my daughter's and my detailed eyewitness testimonies have prompted proven DOJ cover-up rather than a legitimate investigation, and why Cox remains free and actively satisfying his brutal psychopathic "need" for blood.

My exposure to Cox truly was "predestined" as he claimed, but orchestrated by U.S. SENATOR ROBERT C. BYRD rather than through paranormal means. As a young teen MPDed from incest, childhood pornography, and prostitution, my fate was sealed when I met Byrd on Mackinac Island, Michigan. This precipitated a meeting with then President Gerald Ford in Cedar Springs and the beginning of mind-control programming on various military bases. I can only assume that

I was not properly prepared for programming—or perhaps it was just step one into “hell”—over a decade at the Political Top of the CIA/DOJ U.S. Government Criminal Conspiracy, as conspiracy founder Byrd’s personal prostitute and drug mule.

My father sent me to Nashville, Tennessee in 1977 where I first met Byrd’s friend, country music entertainer/co-conspirator Jack Greene, whom Cox was working for as a musician. Byrd was in town fiddling at the Opry the night I was “initiated” into the cult through physical and psychological torture. Lt. Bob Ezell, a Metro Police officer who also ran Opry security, held the key to Nashville’s then abandoned Union Station where high level (Political) rituals took place. After I witnessed Cox murdering/dismembering a nearby sleeping bum, I was led upstairs into the velvet-lined tower while Ezell covered up the murder—a cover-up that continues to this day. I was laid naked on a leather altar, covered in blood—much of it my own—while some of Nashville’s most “prominent citizens” consumed human flesh and physically, sexually and psychologically traumatized me before hypnotically programming me to marry Cox. Cox, it was said, could routinely traumatize me, thereby fragmenting my multiple personalities for ensuing military programming and to withstand Byrd’s sadistic, perverse brutality.

Much to my horror, I could not break through this program and soon moved with Cox from Nashville to his hometown in Louisiana for “marriage”/traumatization. According to Cox, Jack Greene had just fired him, explaining that his days as a musician and member of Set were numbered due to his blatant murdering/dismembering. At that same time, his knee cap was suspiciously shattered precipitating his move back to Louisiana for surgery, and as a means of isolating me. During the next three years, Cox and I moved several times as directed, back and forth from Louisiana to Nashville. In Nashville, Cox’s jobs were reduced to “picking” with small-time performers such as Kent Westberry (involved in lower-level white slavery and cocaine) which was a radical change from his years with the likes of Barbara Mandrell and Charlie Rich. For a while we lived on Hank Cochran’s farm (Nashville’s largest “protected” conspiracy cocaine dealer and Jack Greene’s partner inasmuch as they shared Jeannie Seeley, and Jack Greene ran the white slavery “Freedom Train” that propelled Cochran’s drug operation). Cox, a cocaine addict, was attempting to regain his status in the conspiracy and used this to attempt to climb from the depths to which he had sunk.

In Louisiana Cox and his mother led a large backwoods witchcraft coven that met in the swampy woods

next to their house in Chatham. Thirty miles into the woods from Monroe, the remote house has a “ceramic shop” which is actually a guise for Cox’s body parts (kiln drying) business. Among other tortures, I endured six ritual impregnation/abortions whereby Cox (and coven) consumed four of the six fetuses, sans one five-month-term fetus which he “immortalized” in ceramic and one full-term child (Kelly) whom I escaped with and that he is currently “legally” pursuing.

According to Cox, he was raised in an abusive environment. His father was a drug addict/paraplegic who chased and ran over Cox with his wheelchair, beat him with his strong arms, threw furniture and smeared his feces on the wall for Cox to clean up. Cox is unclear as to when his father died, claiming his age at six, nine, and fourteen but predominantly maintained six or under. His death left Cox alone in the swamp with his incestuous mother and her coven of witches.

Cox says he first attempted (?) murder at the age of five, “justifiably” stabbing his playmate “through the heart with an ice pick” because he had “warned his mother not to make him play with him”. He often stayed home from school, locked in the house where windows remained covered with tin foil. There he “slept” with his mother until age eighteen when he went off to college in the nearby town of “Natchitoches”. Unable to focus and missing his mother, Cox returned to Chatham and began playing steel guitar. His first wife fled after he cannibalized their ritually-aborted fetus, so horrified that she did not even divorce him until nearly a decade later, just prior to my “marriage”/enslavement to him. His third and recent wife is reportedly in a mental institution.

The country music industry propelled him into the limelight where he gained recognition not only for his “picking” but for his active roles in the occult, his paramilitary Neo-Nazi organization involvement, and the KKK. His Uncle Henry (regarded as “father”) lived across the street and was a leader of a North Louisiana Klan. Prior to Uncle Henry’s death, I witnessed only one of the many Klan activities whereby a black family’s house was burned to the ground because it was built/occupied outside the Chatham “Nigger Quarters” (a local colloquialism) along Jonesboro Highway.

Afterwards, I saw the body of a little black girl wearing a dress, face down in the yard where Cox was preparing to dismember her. He told me she had lived in the house that was burned. He explained, “Niggers are for killing, not for eating,” and demanded I help dispose of the body after he put her pieces in a plastic sack. Trapped in insanity and terror, I mechanically rowed the canoe to the cypress trees in Chatham Lake where Cox tied the sack to a tree under water for “gator bait”.

[END QUOTING OF PART 17]

Can these tales be true? Oh my, dear readers, you have lived in isolation from the LIES as practiced until they have come forth to “EAT” you alive. Literally, the parasites are prepared to “eat you alive”. Now, how much help do you REALLY think you are going to get from the “legal” enforcement officers once they are indoctrinated and blackmailed? Do you STILL think that a black man like O.J. Simpson won’t be used to pull off the biggest racial war known to mankind—IF THEY CAN ARRANGE IT? Oh my, sleepy little babes, wake up for YOU ARE NEXT!

I have interrupted this “section” on Cox because I see that my secretary has had enough, for one sitting. I don’t make up these stories to entertain or distress—this is a true story from one who lived it. I don’t think you can even fathom the terror Cathy is going through as the stories are coming forth for all of you to see and hear. They have done all they can to her, save Kelly. Well, precious child, Kelly is so “dead” already as to be already forfeited by those hounds of hell, and TWO insane persons cannot make a whole ONE. You must first regain your own sanity in wholeness and then, ONLY THEN, can you hope to salvage another.

What so many of you are not going to like is that Cox is a Mormon. By the way, remember, the word “Mormon” is not allowed use in Japan and other parts of Asia as, in the Oriental language, “mormon” MEANS “SATAN”. And no, I didn’t dream that one up, either. From these “beasts” will come the main illusion and lies of aliens and UFOs and their “monster-magic”. Well, regardless of what “Jesus” might have been, might not have been or even whether or not he WAS, is beside the point. You are dealing here with Egyptian magic and evil and therein lies your confrontation to TRUTH. We will speak of these things later. The point in focus NOW is that you have allowed these DEVILS to inhabit the places of your leadership and placed them in the halls of “law-making” so that you have raised these evil Satanists to the highest places in your WORLD. How do you pull them down? Very carefully and with much difficulty. You have to EXPOSE THEM and STARVE THEM OUT. YOU MUST “BUILD” AND ALLOW THEM TO ROT IN THEIR OWN EVIL. I SEE, HOWEVER, THAT A LOT WILL BE BLASTED INTO HELL IF SOME PLAYERS HAVE THEIR WAY—AND SO THEY UNDOUBTEDLY SHALL.

Let us close this portion and attend other matters.

2/18/95 #1 HATONN

by Cathy O’Brien

[QUOTING, PART 18:]

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

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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 Mandrells 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 CRIMI-

NAL 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.

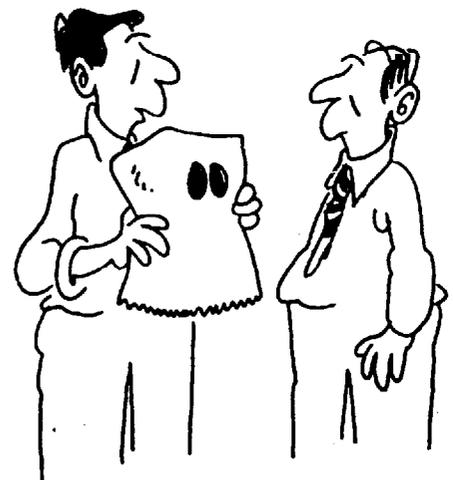
When I was officially transferred to Houston during a quasi-ritual at my father's house in Michigan, Cox was assured continued protection for his backwoods occult and small-time cocaine operation and that he would receive help to circumvent paying court-ordered child support. I only saw him once or twice 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



"There have been a few cutbacks in the Witness Protection Program since you agreed to participate."

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 QUOTING OF PART 18]

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 do 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.

2/18/95 #2 HATONN

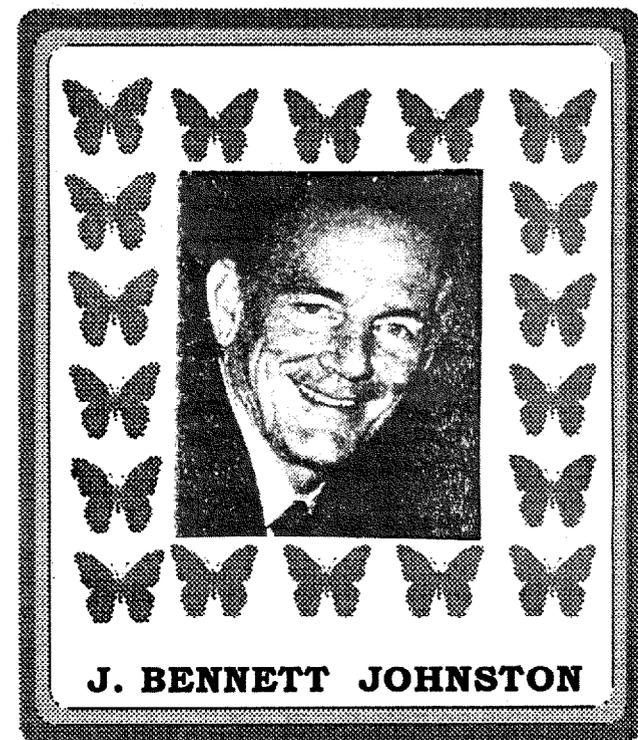
Let us continue now with O'Brien's sharing. Remember also, readers, that the date of her "remembering" and writing is not in "sequence" of events so do not try to make heads or tails of the dated writings. I think you will be able to sort the sections into some "general order" but do not effort to sort 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 WHAT-EVER 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.

[QUOTING, 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

BIZARRO Piraro

THE JURY IS INSTRUCTED TO IGNORE COMMON SENSE, LOGIC, JUSTICE, AND THE "BIG PICTURE," AND CONSIDER ONLY THE MINUTIAE AND TECHNICAL LOOPHOLES PRESENTED TO YOU BY THESE PEOPLE WHO ARE PAID TO CONCEAL THE TRUTH...



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 handling 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



BARBARA MANDRELL

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



LORETTA LYNN

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."

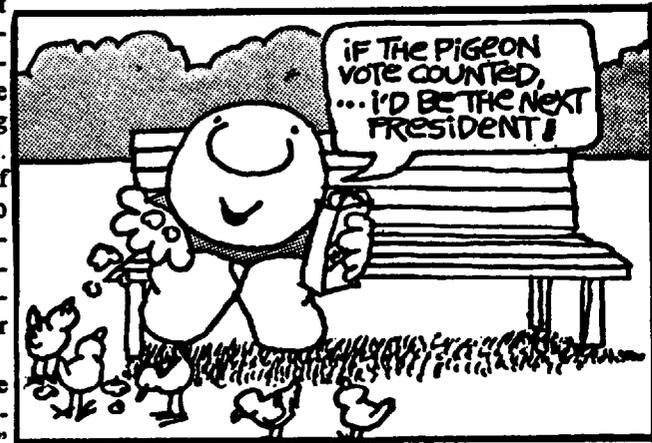
I was escorted away from the two by a nurse, who purported to be tending to my injured arm. In fact, she was preparing me for the "Tinker-belle cage" woodpecker grid. The woodpecker grid is an electrified metal cage with an electrified grid bottom and electrified ceiling. Locked inside, I was subjected 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 "WEIGHTLESSNESS"—THAT IS A TOTAL FABRICATION AND IS EASY, AT WORST, TO OVERCOME. 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" who 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 ma-

CONTACT: The Phoenix Project

CONTACT is a unique and inspired newspaper for concerned citizens everywhere, though it particularly focuses on the United States because of this country's special mission in the affairs of the world. That is, "As goes the United States, so goes the world."

CONTACT is a vehicle for Commander Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn's most recent writings on important current affairs, plus those from other enlightening sources, on matters critical to a responsible and informed public at this time of planetary transition and final days of battle between the Forces of Light and the "Evil Empire" forces of darkness.

CONTACT exists to counteract the manipulating lies and clever half-truths put out (on purpose) by the regular print and broadcast media prostitutes of the Satanic Elite controllers—parasites who are in the process of economically, physically, and spiritually collapsing this once great country (and actually the entire planet) down to a slave-state level of existence under their diabolical control plan called The New World Order.

This newspaper, CONTACT, began life on March 30, 1993, risen, like the mythical bird, with great determination "up from the ashes" of its internationally acclaimed predecessor called THE PHOENIX LIBERATOR.

THE PHOENIX LIBERATOR, in turn, began life in mid-October of 1991, having evolved from an earlier newsletter called the PHOENIX JOURNAL EXPRESS, which itself came into existence as a faster way to get THE TRUTH out to you readers than was possible with the more substantial "book" format of the PHEONIX JOURNALS. Much incredible ground has been covered so far in that mission.

While the PHOENIX LIBERATOR's motto reminded all that "The Truth Will Set You Free", the CONTACT's motto, displayed prominently in the masthead, takes that thought another important step forward and proclaims: "Ye Shall Know The Truth And The Truth Shall Make You Mad!"

The "Phoenix Project" is about those preparations needed—at body, mind and soul levels—to both understand and survive the great healing changes which are beginning to energize this beautiful little planet, now so frazzled and tortured from abuses of all kinds. We look forward, with great expectations, to the CONTACTING with all of you—a coming together that is rapidly taking place as the entire Phoenix Project "ground crew" continues to connect, solidify, and gain strength through becoming informed of THE TRUTH. Indeed, welcome aboard, friends!

—Dr. Edwin M. Young
Editor-In-Chief, CONTACT

chete 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. Like 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 condon-

ing 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 QUOTING OF PART 19]

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 let self with their evil. Good evening.

THE GARDEN OF ATON



A Collection of Research Articles which appeared
in the weekly *PHOENIX LIBERATOR* and *CONTACT* Newspapers
under the heading of *Nora's Research Corner* from
7/28/92 through 4/27/93.

VOLUME I

BY
NORA BOYLES

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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 recov-

ery 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.

Voices Of Experience Write For Our Paper

2/18/95 #2 HATONN

WHY DOES "HATONN" SHOW UP SO MUCH?

First of all let us look at "how" this newspaper 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. [see p. 40] 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 TEAMMATES FOR THEY HAVE PAID THE PRICE OF THE JOURNEY AND FEAR NOT THE MOVING ON IN GOODNESS AND LIGHT-BEARING.

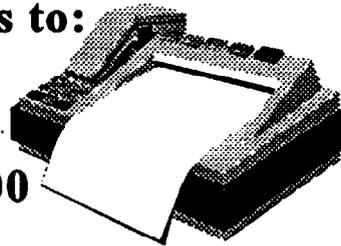
If you are not REALLY STUDYING Maholy's writings, you miss both excitement, adventure AND TRUTH. I can admire and honor a man who starts as a thief and rogue and FINDS TRUTH AND RIGHTNESS. WHAT I CAN'T ABIDE IS SOMEONE WHO CLAIMS GOODNESS WHILE ALL THE WHILE BEING THE LIAR AND CHEAT. These who face the 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".

The AMERICAN PATRIOT FAX NETWORK (A. P. F. N.)

For those readers wishing to help
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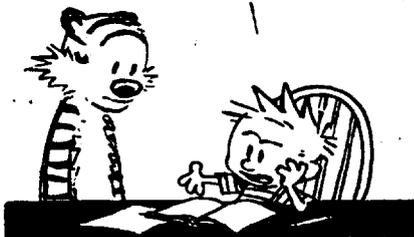
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Calvin and Hobbes



I WISH I COULD JUST TAKE A PILL TO BE PERFECT AND I WISH I COULD JUST PUSH A BUTTON TO HAVE ANYTHING I WANT.



By Bill Watterson



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 and which this week covers pages 1 - 24. 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 CONFRON-

TATION 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 myself 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.

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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: '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

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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 strap 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 an-

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

other 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

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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. No-

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body 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 when 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 con-

vents 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.

The Ego-Strewn Road Toward Sharing Truth

2/13/95 #1 HATONN

HOW YOU CAN JUDGE EVENTS AND KNOW PRETTY WELL WHERE YOU ARE!

Open your eyes and ears and you will know—but you must “seek” in order to “find”. You can pick up your “Bibles” (all of them) and KNOW that they are written by GOD’S ADVERSARY! There will be just enough truth within the pages to totally confuse you—but the PLAN as laid forth in the Bible(s) is an outline of the PROTOCOLS of how the PLANNED TAKE-OVER OF THE WORLD WILL BE ESTABLISHED. Surely you do not believe that the Secret Beast would allow you to have, untouched and untampered, the WORD OF GOD? “NAIVE” looks good on a three-year-old. It comes in a clown-suit for anyone beyond that age!

YOU reason it out for self. How is the BEST way to distract you? By giving you wrong instructions and then make the penalties for getting lost, horrific. Then set up a “democracy” which means MOB-rule. You vote in everything from murder to child abuse and enforcers for the very heinous things and actions you just voted in as a “modernizing” move (Churches predominantly). Religion is the most powerful tool of Satan.

FROM THE OPENING BELL IN THE FIRST ROUND—IN THE FIRST BOOK CALLED GENESIS (THE ALPHA BOOK) THE FALSE TRAINING STARTS. YOU GO FORTH AND ACT ANY WAY YOU PLEASE, GO TO THE DRAGON ENFORCER AND CONFESS YOUR SINS AND TEACH YOUR CHILDREN THE “LIES”. YOU TELL LIES AND THEN PROCLAIM MYSTICAL MAGICAL “MIRACLES” WHEN YOU ARE TOLD SOMETHING ELSE (THAT PHYSICALLY CANNOT BE). MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE SECRET PLACES THE SECRET THINGS ARE BEING PERFECTED TO PRODUCE MORE AND BIGGER “MIRACLES” AND YOU, LIKE TRAINED DING-BATS, DROP YOUR CHINS, “OH” YOUR MOUTHS AND SUCK IN YOUR BREATH IN WONDERMENT. FRIENDS, A TREE IS FAR MORE WONDROUS THAN ANY MANUFACTURED PICTURE OR ACTION ANYWHERE, ANY-TIME!!

WE GET MAIL

You are awakening and it is becoming such a blessing to open the mail and find treasures beyond value. You ARE paying attention and thus you CAN make it in beauty and glory—IF YOU DON’T, IN YOUR HASTE TO “FIX” THINGS, INSTEAD, DESTROY. KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO AND THEN GO FORTH AND DO IT. WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT THE TEACHER (LEADER) SHALL BE PRESENT.

I remind you, Satan’s tribes cannot act or survive in the LIGHT OF TRUTH—AND IN THAT KNOWING, YOU CAN SHINE ENOUGH LIGHT ONTO THIS WORLD TO SQUASH THEM LIKE THE PARASITES THEY ARE. GOD, HOWEVER, WILL NEITHER ASSIST NOR BLESS THE SAME ACTIONS AS THE ENEMY WHICH WERE WRONG IN THE FIRST PLACE.

We do get some things which are very, very good in content and then we get a follow-up letter which asks why we did not “use” this or that. There are several reasons: (1) The writing is incorrect; (2) The author or publisher of the information disallows use and/or; (3) We must refer to it

in such a manner as to make no one angry. We DO get sued you know, for bringing you truth.

NASTY NOTE FROM DR. RICHARD SAUDER UNDERGROUND BASES “GURU”

I will give you example: We just got a nasty, nasty letter threatening us for using information on underground bases and having the audacity to re-present it. This was from Doctor Richard Sauder who writes on Secret Bases and Tunnels. I wonder where Doctor Sauder has been? We wrote on these tunnels and facilities some many years ago and when he gets his wondrous material to us, our original material is somehow under HIS control. No, that is not suitable in any way, shape or form. We went through this with the University of Science and Philosophy for presenting UNIVERSAL material they considered their secret holding. Fine, but I suggest people take care and read ALL we offer before blasting us, for you show your own colors in the actions you take. RECOVERING YOUR NATION AND FREEDOM UNDER THE CONSTITUTION AND GOD IS A TASK FOR EVERYONE—PULLING TOGETHER TO THE LIMIT OF YOUR ABILITY.

In FEBRUARY, 1995, Doctor Sauder has an article in *The Free American!*. It begins thus: “Keep an ear out and you are likely to hear mysterious rumors of secret underground bases and tunnels here in the Southwest. When I first moved here, several years ago, I heard the stories. At first I tended to dismiss them as fantastic stories, without basis.

“After a few years I decided to look into the matter and found, to my surprise, there are underground bases and installations run by the government and large corporations. They are found virtually all over the country, and apparently have been built for many different reasons.”

How and where do you suppose Doctor Sauder decided to “look into the matter”? Did he go forth and lick his finger, stick it into the air and see which way the information was blowing? How dare him think he has corner on such truth! While he was still tending “to dismiss them as fantastic stories...” the underground was teeming with activities. There are boring machines which he now diagrams which we discussed years and years ago. These machines are so powerful as to be able to bore a 30’ (or larger) tunnel as quickly as you can move along in an automobile—literally melting the walls into ceramic material which is hermetically sealed.

Do I not appreciate Doctor Sauder? No, I DO APPRECIATE Doctor Sauder! I suggested, after he sent his first writings, that you ones get his information (how quickly we forget). He has done a superb job of putting the information together—it does not mean he is the only resource! Let me remind you researchers that if you are “researching” for information “someone” has already done some work on the subject in point.

Some send us work and then tell us we can’t use it but to please advertise it for them for they can’t afford advertising. Fine, but when you do this, readers and writers, remember that we have no need of your information for we accept no “paid for” advertising in order to limit the information to credible and valid input. Our ONLY INTENT IS TO SHARE INFORMATION! I REPEAT OUR ONLY INTENT IS TO SHARE INFORMATION.

Therefore, if you do not want us to use your informa-

tion—DO NOT SEND IT. YOU CAN KEEP IT ALL TO YOURSELF BUT I MUST WONDER WHY YOU WOULD WANT TO DO SO—IF YOU WROTE IT IN THE FIRST PLACE.

Further, GET INFORMED before writing to me with such complaints as did Doctor Sauder, about our association with George Green, et al. Anyone who reads ANYTHING from here KNOWS there is not only no association with George Green but we have been in continual inability to scrape off George Green from selves—for several years. It is NOT OUR IGNORANCE which is shown, Sir, it is YOURS.

I like his second line in the document from the above named journal: “Is Our Government Secretly Preparing For Nuclear War?” Only since the turn of the century, THIS TIME! The US was going to have a fully PLANNED and prepared FIRST-STRIKE ATTACK AGAINST RUSSIA IN 1982—WHERE WERE YOU? THIS WAS PLANNED AND READY!!

My point here is not to make anyone angry, defend anything or make distractions. Just please understand that we try our best to honor everyone from whom we hear or receive. Let me example: I have here something which arrived on Jan. 25, 1995 which is a blockbuster. It is called *Strange Encounters* by Raymond Bernard (*Supreme Legate for Europe, Past Grand Master for Francophone Countries*) and it is about *The Rosicrucian Order, AMORC*, known as *The Ancient, Mystical Order Rosae Crucis*, Francis Bacon Lodge, 181A Lavender Hill, London SW11 5TE.

Let me share a bit of the author’s notation: “Such as they are, the particular meetings of which I propose to tell you are quite unusual, and I have decided not to lessen this qualification. In fact they go beyond the ordinary and give evidence that our world is far from being what it appears to be to the less informed observer. A cloud of mystery envelopes it, and however it is, in the towns constructed by man, sometimes in the lighted hall of a big hotel, sometimes in a humble dwelling or in the middle of the din in a street, that is the scene of the destined meetings. The mystery in the midst of men, the strangeness at the heart of a society turned towards the satisfaction of its selfish appetites! Certain stories would appear incredible to all but you and perhaps some among you, whilst reading them, will feel the need to a few moments and say to yourselves the name of the author of these lines, an author I have known well and for a long time, before going further in the relations of the stories with the certitude that they are fact and not fiction, but what does it matter?

“Is it not the essential thing that these things be said and, if they are said, is it not because it is now permitted? Then never mind words, phrases, effect and style—just simple language, as if talking; this is a story in which only THE TRUTH matters and perhaps on account of its improbability.”

So what am I talking about? It would be nice to share that wouldn’t it? Well, I use this for example because we are trying to reach the people for PERMISSION. We are having to go back over two decades and sometimes it is difficult to find these authors (for some are simply GONE, and many do not use their rightful names).

Ah, but to the point: We are working with Jordan Maxwell as fast as we can to get him and his information BEFORE YOU. This, however, also deals with symbology and mystical tradition. Does this mean that if we speak on these matters that we infringe upon Maxwell’s? It boils down, readers, to the bottom line: DO YOU WANT YOUR INFORMATION BEFORE THE PEOPLE IN ORDER TO BRING ABOUT A BETTER WORLD—OR DOES YOUR EGO CLAIM ALL RIGHTS TO YOUR INSURED DOWNFALL THROUGH MORE AND MORE CENSURE AND SECRECY? IT IS UP TO YOU. WE DON’T HAVE TO WRITE ANYTHING, PUBLISH ANYTHING AND STILL WE WILL BE JUST FINE AND DHARMA CAN GO BACK TO PLANTING ROSES UNTIL WE PICK HER UP. WE DON’T MIND THE BATTLE WITH OUR ENEMIES—WE DETEST THE CONSTANT BATTLE WITH OUR OWN (SO THEY CLAIM) BROTHERS.

Nevada Corporations

Establishing A Nevada Base

One of the most important aspects of forming a new corporation in Nevada is establishing a firm corporate base. An appropriate base is going to provide proof and protection of the corporation's existence in Nevada.

Time for a reminder! The corporation is a separate entity from you. **You are not the corporation and the corporation is not you!** A corporation is a separate, distinct and legal entity apart from you. You can live anywhere in the country and be an officer in the Nevada corporation (where you live is irrelevant). **The corporation is domiciled in Nevada!** The corporation is a resident of Nevada. If you live in Minnesota and your and someone tries to pierce the Nevada corporation's veil, they would need to appear in Nevada court.

The fact remains that you can reap all the benefits of being incorporated in Nevada yet you can live anywhere. The corporation is a separate, legal entity from you. If your corporation is sued, you cannot be sued personally, due to the fact that you are a separate and distinct entity from the corporation. Exception: If, as an officer of the corporation, you were involved in any fraudulent behavior, you can be held personally liable. Keep this key distinction in mind as you continue use of the corporation.

If you are considering investing in a business and checking on the legitimacy of the corporation, what things would you look for? You would probably first want to check and see if the business was established with the Secretary of State as a corporation. Next, you want to check for a state business license, a local bank account and phone number and mailing address in the state of incorporation. How would you feel if you called NCH, Inc. and found they had no state license and were not registered with the state? Would you do business with a company like this? Probably not! It is vitally important when you incorporate in Nevada and are effecting sales for this Nevada corporation around the country, to establish a firm Nevada base. The exceptions to this rule are when you are qualifying your corporation to do business in your home state or using the Nevada corporation as a straw-man entity (such as when the corporation is holding real estate and there is no tax ID number). Otherwise, the necessary steps to establish the Nevada base are extremely important, especially from the viewpoint of an investor, attorney or IRS agent. The state's main concern is that the corporation is fully registered. For example, the state of Nevada will not check to see if you have a bank account set up in the state.

Solutions: The ideal solution is to have a staffed office in Nevada, complete with a bank account, phone line and mailing address. This could become extremely expensive, especially if you are just starting a new corporation. Fortunately, NCH, Inc., has developed a cost-effective professional solution. For \$125 a month, NCH, Inc., will set up a Nevada bank account and establish a business address and phone line in Las Vegas. Your business is listed in the yellow pages, all first class mail is forwarded, and you have access to NCH's office (including the use of the conference room, fax and copier). We have a professional and courteous staff standing by to answer your business line and call in messages to you daily. Your business license is available for inspection. In other words, "our office is your office!" This type of package provides a real office setting for your Nevada corporation. The main reason for the office is to provide proof and protection in establishing legitimacy. Don't gamble with your corporate future. NCH's office package is here to provide a paper trail to protect your business. Let the professionals at NCH, Inc. handle the attorneys and IRS. When they inquire about your corporate activities, we can handle matters appropriately. This can be the best investment your corporation ever makes! Please keep in mind, if you have a relatively inactive corporation or your corporation is just used for asset protection, you do not have a great need for this

office service.

Corporate Banking: After establishing the corporation in Nevada, it is advisable to form a bank account. Unless you are a straw-man corporation or qualify as a foreign corporation doing business in your state, you should open a Nevada bank account. In most states you can maintain a bank account and not be considered conducting business in that state. Why would you want to volunteer information in your home state? For both privacy and legitimacy, we recommend using a Nevada bank account with your Nevada corporation. NCH, Inc., can establish a bank account in Las Vegas, regardless of your residence. Certain information is required to establish the account. A \$100 minimum deposit is also required. Any amount over \$100 is considered an initial capital contribution to the corporation. A completed signature card is essential to opening the account, as it tells who is authorized to sign on the account.

If you utilize the strategy of being vice president of a Nevada corporation, you can keep your name out of the state records. You may want to consider an alternative strategy with the bank signature card. Every check (personal or business) is copied by Microfiche and stored in various places around the country. The banks operate under Mercantile Equity, meaning the bankers are equity merchants. Under equity law, you automatically surrender all of your God-given and constitutional rights for the privilege of limited liability in corporations or the "convenience" of a checking account. By having a U.S. bank checking account, you willingly and voluntarily submit

yourself to the IRS and its equity merchant laws and procedures. Is it possible to obtain privacy with a U.S. checking account? YES, but don't put your name on the signature card. Is it possible to have your receptionist sign on the account and use a signature guarantee stamp in his/her name? Yes, this is one possible strategy. **Keep in mind, whenever you sign a corporate check, include your title (i.e., president, agent, etc.).** This takes liability off of you personally and places it on you as an officer of the corporation. It is possible to have more than one name on the corporate account where checks are deposited. Keep matters as private as possible—in banking and all of your other corporate endeavors.

For more information about the benefits of Nevada Corporations call Nevada Corporate Headquarters, Inc. at 1-800-398-1077, (702) 896-7001 or write to them at P.O. Box 27740, Las Vegas, NV 89126. Essential books available from Nevada Corporate Headquarters: For a comprehensive look at the advantages of Nevada Corporations order the Nevada Corporation Manual for \$32.95 (includes S/H). For the do-it-yourselfer order the book Incorporating In Nevada-The Complete Kit for \$34.95 (includes S/H).

MORE READING

FOR GENERAL BACKGROUND INFORMATION ABOUT PRIVACY, THE VALUE OF NEVADA CORPORATIONS, THE MASSIVE DECEPTION OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE AND ITS IRS EXTORTION RACKET, AND THE GENERAL TRUTH BEHIND OUR MODERN ECONOMIC MALAISE, SEE THE PHOENIX JOURNALS: (#4) SPIRAL TO ECONOMIC DISASTER, (#10) PRIVACY IN A FISHBOWL, (#16) YOU CAN SLAY THE DRAGON, AND (#17) THE NAKED PHOENIX. See Back Page for ordering information.

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Good "Jurors" Keep Eyes & Ears Focused

2/15/95 #1 HATONN

As we move along with the "Monarch" writings [see pages 1 through 24] it is imperative that you readers are WATCHING THE NEWS. I know that they have made it so untruthful and unwholesome as to "turn you off"—but right there staring you in the face is example after example of MONARCH PROJECT, from the handlers to the "models". I don't mean to watch just C-SPAN or CNN; the PLAN pervades EVERYTHING YOU WATCH FROM C-SPAN TO ROSEANNE'S ESCAPEDES. YOU ARE STEEPING IN IT!

Note how the very representatives of Evil will pounce on things and smear "God", "country", "Constitution", etc., all over their dirty works. Just last night there was projection of Robert C. Byrd AS EXAMPLE, spouting God, God and Constitution while he said NOTHING to cover that which he was destroying of your Constitutional Law and Rights.

There are two things going on either of which can lock-in your nation to no capability of reversal without revolution of the nasty kind and the Militias are going to come under that reprisal right away now. One is the Congressional Bill that "tells it all", NUMBER 666 (passed the House already). The other is the one that puts Reno in top command of all civil disruption. They go hand in hand and THIS IS THE MONTH THEY NOT ONLY PLAN TO PASS IT, THROUGH EXAMPLE AND PROOF OF "NEED", BUT BEGIN TO REALLY CLOSE-IN ON THE GROUPS AND MILITIAS. What do I suggest? That there be nobody there to fight.

What are the possibilities of WISDOM being the action of choice? I have here a document through the APFN that alerts all militias and patriots to battle on March 25th.

There is something, patriots, that I want you to carefully note: lack of education on the part of writers. It doesn't matter that people can't spell or read and yet incite to riot—but it is happening more and more and CLUES are contained therein. Not that spelling is important for it is COMMUNICATION which IS important but you will be HANGED on the words, NOT the law. For instance, in the above mentioned "alert" there is reference to "there" when it MUST READ "THEIR". Professionals do not make those errors in MAJOR alerts. Further, ones who CLAIM to be in MY SERVICE or "receiving" directly—take caution. When a person writes to me and says I have "contact" and thus

and so "and I THINK"—beware according to that which is the "topic". In discussing things that are KNOWN and you "think" a thing—you are uninformed and GOD IS NOT UNINFORMED. You can have opinions and input—but to quote GOD as "I THINK maybe" (misspelled and grammatically in terrible structure), it causes me TO THINK that you are not MY top commander. Further, if GOD can't get HIS message through to me, at his elbow—I am concerned that HE deems it necessary to inform me of local command tactics from another country.

Everybody WANTS IN THE ACT and that pleases me greatly—but to assume my command does not please me greatly. I have A MISSION and YOU have a MISSION—they may well have the same GOAL, but not the same job on the same duty-watch to the same secretaries and leaders.

By the way, Ronn Jackson and I get along very well. Do I agree with everything he does? No. Do I sanction everything he has ever DONE? No. Do I agree with all that he writes to you readers? No. But, he is not me and I not thee!

I do know that there were/are plans to railroad him to an isolation booth—TODAY. I believe, however, that that has been blocked legally. We won't know until the action happens in one direction or the other. However, the Elite Parasites are getting too frightened to allow him out. Well, as I observe things (and not from THIS PLACE), he doesn't need to be out anywhere to have things accomplished of which he may or may not be a part, at some time in the past experience. Obviously if he is incarcerated he cannot be in two or three places at once—unless he is cloned and as I investigate that possibility—I find no symptoms of such.

By the way, chelas, I would ask you to stay tuned as we work through the obvious capabilities of your enemy in examples. I especially ask you to, as good jurors at a hearing, wait to make conclusions until you get all the facts. You need to have a LOT MORE input about how the ENEMY has used your SPIRITUAL needs and beliefs to twist you into jellyfish. RELIGION IS THE

WORST KIND OF BONDAGE FOR THE ENEMY WROTE THE BOOKS AND FOISTED THE LIES OFF ONTO YOU—THE CHRISTED BEINGS GOT PUSHED ASIDE AND BURIED BY THE SHROUD OF LIES PRESENTED FOR YOUR LEARNING. SO BE IT FOR SO IT WAS WRITTEN AND YOU HAVE BEEN BRAINWASHED TO ACT AND BELIEVE ONLY AS "THEY" HAVE WRITTEN!

By the way (number two): I did NOT say to stop watching Rush Limbaugh. I simply told you who he is and how he is used through his ego patterns. He has good information presented in a most amusing style—but he seems to overlook that there is no difference in the ones he thinks he just got into power and the ones he taunts. BOTH make good examples FOR YOU FOR TRUTH. He thinks he is free of "handlers"? No, his best "friends" and "pushers" are such as former Education Secretary and later Drug Czar William J. (Bill) Bennett (of Monarch), etc. So, as Ronn Jackson comments in his newsletter, you do NOT attribute his information as MINE. He does not, nor does he claim to, speak FOR GOD. He claims to wish to RECLAIM CONSTITUTIONAL NATION—AND IF YOU CAN PULL THAT ONE OFF—IT WILL BE "UNDER GOD" IN THE ENDING.

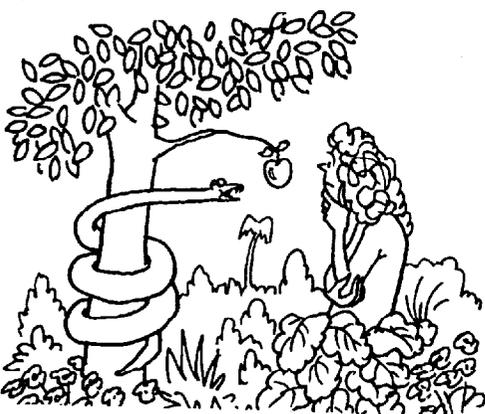
Can Jackson be bribed, beaten, changed---??? Of course, but it behooves him to keep it simple and keep it goodly because of all the things that Ronn Jackson IS—stupid is NOT one of his attributes. And, "I believe", or "in my opinion" Mr. Jackson can see the direction clearly as he is becoming INFORMED while not able to take too much ACTION. Patience in education is a VIRTUE. Is murder by a patriot somehow better than murder by the "evil" empire? NO, and it only insures that you will have WAR and not constitutional freedom. GOOD IS BUILT THROUGH CREATIVE STRUCTURE—NOT DESTRUCTION! But will man learn, quickly enough, THE WAY? It appears not so. For that reason, readers, GET AND STAY PREPARED!! THE ACTIONS WILL BE BLAMED ON "ALIENS" OF THE HORRENDOUS KIND AND "PROOF" WILL BE THERE FOR YOU TO SEE. SO BE IT. I WOULD SAY THIS MUCH, IT APPEARS TO ME THAT GOD MUST SURELY "BE AN ALIEN" ON YOUR FOOLISH STAGE. FURTHER, IF YOU PUSH GOD OUT OF YOUR WORLD--YOU ARE DOOMED TO THE DARKNESS OF HELL. [HELL: THAT WHICH IS ABSENT OF GOD AND LIGHT!] If God and HIS Hosts take leave, you are destined to experience out your days in total EVIL. Ponder it for you haven't seen anything YET. It is ALL in the "MIND"—and HELL HATH NO FURY LIKE THE LIVING HELL WITHIN THE MIND! YOUR ENEMY IS IN THE PROCESS OF DRIVING YOU INSANE!

Walking On Thin Ice

2/8/95 #1 HATONN

ASKING FOR HELP

I am now directly asking for YOUR HELP! Some few of you have "carried" this newspaper and to you I give abundant appreciation. CONTACT has been able to "borrow" (on nothing) a bit to keep a paper in press for the most part. The price of gold is down into the "buying" market and at low-level enough to not allow for supporting the paper by the Institute. I am told that our team is again to the edge and cannot meet obligations or postage costs. If "miracles" do not happen within the next few weeks—the party is over. This is not a good time to be without CONTACT. I promise you, it is NOT A GOOD TIME TO BE WITHOUT INFORMATION.



"I can assure you that the nutritional values far outweigh the risks."

Latest Journal Goes To Press

Obstacles To Truth Are Part Of Learning

Editor's note: Readers, please keep in mind that it takes a good 8-10 weeks of publication and printing activities between the time that we announce the latest Journal here, only GOING to press, and when that new Journal is actually completed and available for purchase through Phoenix Source Distributors. Always look to the Back Page of CONTACT for Journal availability information

2/16/95 #2 HATONN

LESSONS FOR NON-BUTTERFLIES AND OTHER INTENDED "VICTIMS" AND "CREW"

To most of you readers the following "lecture" won't make much sense and you will "poo-poo" it and pass on by while thinking the *CONTACT* is the best newspaper around but the staff must be totally NUTS.

REASONS FOR CONTACT AND JOURNALS

I remind ALL of you that the paper and the journals are teaching tools—not programming tools. If anything, they should be called DEPROGRAMMING tools. TRUTH IS NEVER A "PROGRAM"; IT IS A FOUNDATION UPON WHICH YOU CAN BUILD "FOREVER".

Since our work together began in the Fall of 1987 in this place, and the journals began to be brought public in 1989, there has been 126 of them. Yes, Ronn's newsletter reflects 104 journals. Well, some are not yet in publication (print) but are ready to roll, even to the indexes. Life, however, is what happens while we all make other plans, so those too will come. WHY? Because they are presented to teach, to awaken—first our crew and then anyone who will receive Truth. Many of you are back to serve in this evolvement BACK INTO TRUTH AND CONSTITUTIONAL FREEDOM—OR—TO BE SWEEPED UP IN THE EXPERIENCE AS IT IS. All who will truly receive TRUTH will change directions, stop tolerating within selves the lies and there can be an ocean-swell of change into Light and freedom.

Many have tried to bring the "word" and it gets

buried—intentionally or exploited. Worse, the bringers often get swept up into the morass of whatever is happening and lose the truth and the path. As lies are foisted off upon you and laws are made to enforce the lies—you haven't a chance of not being swayed except by the TRUTH BEING PRESENTED AGAIN FOR YOUR WITNESS. When you KNOW TRUTH you can find freedom; without it you are destined to never find the resolution of that which destroys soul and foundation. In this instance "I" am the teacher, Dharma but the hands upon a keyboard. Why? Because she is human and experienced in only the same things of "life" as are you all. Further, her job is only ONE of the MANY that must be filled and utilized to do this massive task. NO "ONE" HAS A CORNER OR RIGHT TO TRUTH AND YET ALL ALONG THROUGH THE COUNTLESS AGES ONES HAVE COME AND PRESENTED TRUTH AS GIVEN UNTO THEM—ONLY TO BE THWARTED IN THE SHARING WITH HUMANITY. THIS IS NOT THE PROBLEM OF YOU WHO SERVE BUT REPERCUSSIONS, OF COURSE, SHALL FALL UPON "YOU" FOR YOU PRESENT AS THE REALITY WHEN ACTUALLY YOU ARE ONLY THE "ILLUSION" OF CONFRONTER.

There has been effort after effort for one reason or another, one person or another, one group or another, to both discount our work and word or hold it from you-the-people. It simply is the way it is. The facts are, however, that TRUTH will not be buried forever in this time of enlightenment because facts become self-evident in the passage of your perceived "time" and as other things and facts of the LIE are brought for your discernment and judgment. It is a fact that the perception of mind, and thus mind, is all there IS in actuality. When this is fully understood (not necessarily comprehended) LIFE as you experience it can change and the LIES be left behind or cast out as being unacceptable. You have heard of the "game of life"? Well, this is IT.

So, the bashing comes from ones of you who get the paper and object to the "pornography" we have "stooped to bring" as we lay forth the TRUTH of experiences AS EXPERIENCED. I didn't make these scenarios nor do I condone them—they ARE what IS and it is not only time you face it—but fully SEE AND HEAR INSTEAD OF TURNING AWAY IN FALSE PIETY. YOU have

made it possible for the atrocious mind-altering, twisted, heinous things to occur and YOU have set these very men into power over yourselves as if they somehow have right to CONTROL AND DESTROY YOUR VERY SOULS.

I care not what you in the wide audience of "a" paper may feel; it is for that reason that we have struggled in our efforts and done without resources to leave the work untainted as we present to you the experiences of others of your citizens, their insightful writings, observations and PUSHED Truth in every way we can do so.

Ah yes, we have objections and, finally, lawsuits for writing TRUTH and GIVING HONOR to the persons who put to press the "best way" or the "right way". Those of God who have the interest, truly, of mankind's and nations' sovereignty—are in great appreciation for they often think they are going mad from the efforts to be heard while no one dares to write or share their work. THAT is what we are about, bringing the SELECTED few to your attention—without gain, without cult, without even "group". We do, however, become a driving force for TRUTH and LIGHT for the masses of humanity ACTUALLY DO WANT TRUTH AND GOODNESS. You are birthed with soul AND KNOWING. You lose it as you are TRAINED AND PROGRAMMED to be otherwise. Mostly you have been made to feel helpless—BECAUSE YOU THINK YOU CANNOT KNOW. KNOW WHAT? GOD! You see, you CAN KNOW GOD but you mostly do not wish to know God because the conscience, which ALREADY KNOWS, hides in its comfort of non-action. You even make a religion of "accepting" anything so as to not "offend"! Well, I offend—I am pleased to offend and I shall hopefully awaken you so that you, too, will OFFEND EVERY EVIL BASTARD-CHILD OF SATAN/LUCIFER AND PLACE HIM/HER IN THE PIT WITH THE LYING VIPERS OF DEATH. Death? YES, for when the soul is slain or totally made captive (through the mind, always) the being is dead—DEAD! THE WORLD IS MADE UP OF THE WALKING, MOVING DEAD!

Why, though, such as this *Monarch Project*? Because my people confront this EVERY DAY as the enemy tries to SILENCE Truth. Since the confrontation requires that my people not be stricken "out", the enemy only has the ONE TOOL he uses on all—the MIND. If GOD HOLDS THE MIND—no evil can come within. That assurance of "control" of self depends solely on your own control of MIND-SOUL-SELF. You cannot do that ALONE in the focus-target zone of the adversary. You must, however, DO IT ALONE AS TO OTHER MANIFEST BEINGS INDIVIDUAL. Therefore, YOU MUST BECOME AWARE OF THE ENEMY'S TACTICS SO THAT YOU RECOGNIZE WHAT IS BEING DONE TO, AND TOSSED AT, YOU.

RUSSBACHERS

Ah, but you are "sick" of the subject. Why? If you are sick of ANY subject you had better ask why we keep mentioning it to you—beyond the calls for "updates" from our people. You must understand that the paper goes forth as do the journals TO CONTACT OUR PEOPLE, GIVE INSTRUCTIONS AND SEND FORTH THE "CALL" AS PROMISE, BY OUR CREATOR FOR THESE TIMES OF DEVASTATION PUT UPON YOU BY THE ANTI-CHRIST TOOLS OF THE BEAST.

A lot of things become obvious when you KNOW truth and what is being used against you—and thus, you have to refer to the experiences with such as Russbachers and other strong entities who have passed your way. YOU MUST REALIZE THAT "EXPERIENCE" IS ALL YOU HAVE, EXPERIENCE AND PERCEPTION OF THE EXPERIENCE, AND IF YOU GAIN NOT, LEARN NOT, AND CHANGE NOT FROM THE EXPERIENCE—YOU FLUNK THE COURSE.

Let us look at one small facet of what we write and you will be able to understand that which I offer here,

The University of Science and Philosophy

Many of you may be aware of the very important legacy left by Walter Russell in his published works relating to the nature of humanity and the universe in which we exist. The University of Science and Philosophy is a world home-study university for self-transcendence founded to teach Walter Russell's new knowledge of the nature of man and his universe through universal law, natural science, and living philosophy. The University is dedicated to these concepts and their dissemination through programs and home-study courses that the University conducts and publishes. For information about these programs and to obtain further information about the Russell works, readers may contact the University at the following address and telephone number: Swannanoa Palace, Waynesboro, Virginia 22980, (703) 942-5161.

the *MONARCH PROJECT* of *MK-ULTRA*. This is "mind-control" and that is **THE ONLY TOOL OF CHOICE BY YOUR ENEMY OF SOUL. IF THE ENEMY CAN BIND YOUR SOUL (MIND) HE CAN CLAIM YOUR SOUL. IF NOT, THEN HE IS HELPLESS IN THE EXPOSURE OF HIS SICK-INTENT.**

Russbachers came along and BOTH are products of the same, even to the label, of the *MONARCH TRAINING PROGRAM*—each in a different focus. How can you know? By the very use of terms when in interchange. Rayelan spouts of the terms exactly like the programming terms used by and against "Cathy". Rayelan was not suitable for a "model" but only as a "handler". Therefore, she must attempt to control or bring into play the aspects or personalities of the persons with whom she tinkers. So, her terms will be identical to those used on Cathy O'Brien, especially as to the cute little terminology of the Wizard of Oz, the Poor Me, the changing plays on sympathy and then the abuse and destruction attempts, etc. Gunther has been worse treated to an incredible degree but the tales planted into his mind to spout off are ingenious. He was taken and programmed to tell these outrageous stories and he cannot tell, when under the influence of either drugs, alcohol (the same), and/or Rayelan—what is "real" and what is "unreal". Is he LOST? Well, he is if you don't keep him away from the above manipulators—especially the handlers of which Raye is ONE OF THE MORE DEADLY AND DOESN'T EVEN KNOW IT HERSELF. Remember that her first husband was in the Naval Intelligence and was "taken out". This allowed for a full-blown set-up with Gunther. For this reason alone, you know that Gunther had SOMETHING going for him to be worth so much warping. Pretend insanity is ANOTHER way to hide the "goods" when you are supposed to SHARE THEM WITH THE ONES WHO ALLOWED FOR THE GOODS IN THE FIRST PLACE—AND GOD'S TROOPS GET A BIT TOUCHY ABOUT THAT KIND OF BEHAVIOR.

I had to nudge Dharma yesterday, to just keep writing. Why? Because she clearly sees what the game WAS AND IS. "They" think they can get her "mind" and even claim openly that she was trained and is trained by a Master Teacher in hypnosis, working for the CIA, and on and on ad nauseam. This was even thrown at her by David Horton, George Green's attorney—in deposition. How insulting to both Doris and to Mark Gilboyne, a master teacher and therapist. That which is SICK IN THE MIND—MUST BE CONFRONTED AND HEALED—**IN THE MIND!** How dare these misfit puppets insult the integrity of ALL to suit their greedy and evil needs. They lie, cheat, steal and abuse—and then try to make it appear they are the innocents as they control and manipulate the courts until the target can't fight longer for they use up the fundings and the "little innocent party" cannot longer struggle. If YOU want to win, people, you had better help such as these for in their final victory—COMES YOURS! EVERY EXPERIENCE IS LEARNING AND THEREFORE EVERY EXPERIENCE IS POSITIVE AND VALID. EVERY ONE.

I am sent, for my appraisal, document after document—especially ones "received" from "higher sources", Sananda, even supposedly myself, and thus and so. Why? Think WHY you would send YOUR WRITINGS TO ME for MY OPINION. If you are receiving from God's troops—you KNOW IT, or you are remiss. If you are asking "this" Hatonn for an opinion about something "I" supposedly have written—why? why? why? If I am writing WITH you, you have no NEED to ask another's opinion of me. I make it very CLEAR who I am and what I am about and the ENEMY IS GOING TO TRY TO FOOL EVERYBODY ABOUT THE CREDIBILITY OF ME. If you pray to God and God responds—IT IS NONE OF MY BUSINESS and the REASON you share those particular writings is actually to get Dharma to somehow doubt her own senses—or to make ones of the human relationships somehow have excuses for your behaviors or

dump responsibility—i.e., he/she just didn't understand but "it's alright son/daughter for I (whoever) love and appreciate you..." Is this OK? No, but it is the way it IS. It further is, however, the reason Dharma writes for me and not the myriads of others who CLAIM the honor. It is not an HONOR, readers, it is a demanding and difficult TASK.

Further. I am sent piles of newsletters from new-age groupies and receivers. Spare me; the gush and the so-called "spiritual" input is simply and purely EXCUSES for further misbehavior and lack of responsibility. You have used "love" to the point of no valid meaning in your lives. You allow everything, anything, lies, thievery, assault and on and on and on in the NAME OF UNCONDITIONAL LOVE. B.S.; it is a cop-out and no wonder no one wants valid input regarding GOD AND SELF. You then shout and turn away in horror from me and our work saying I must be evil to cause you to look at such things as we present. Good, it means I am getting THROUGH and you ARE hearing SOMETHING that you have to go HIDE FROM. My job is not to bless and soothe your misinformation, silly nonsensical attitudes, bless your dis-, mis-information regarding truth, religion and beliefs. MY JOB IS TO BRING YOU THE TRUTH, PROVIDE IT FOR YOUR INTAKE OR REJECTION—BUT NEVER TO GIVE CREDIT OR HONOR TO THE VERY ENEMY OF GOD OR HIS TOOLS. If YOU are one of hissss tools, I suggest YOU look at that and stop tossing stones at me.

ALIEN INVASION

You are very soon going to be confronted with the biggest hoax of history—alien invasion. WHAT ARE "YOU" GOING TO DO WITH IT? Ummm Hummm, I thought so...! And, if you haven't a clue as to truth and lie HOW can you choose? Ummm Hummm, I thought so...!

As we write this morning Doris is glad to serve my needs because it takes her away, for a brief respite, from the happenings going on around her. Readers, as we write, you have no idea what is taking place before your eyes—and you miss it. You think the game is somehow being played out just for your singular attention. It IS. However, most miss it, deny it, dance around it and thus and so. If Ronn Jackson is correct, AND HE IS, the government as you know it in America will change mightily at 4:00 AM the 17th. That means in your night tonight!! What will it be? Hopefully it will be something unseen by most of YOU. However, part of what is possible is massive and destructive to certain areas. Technology is such ON YOUR PLACE as to launch a thousand bombs or a thousand fault lines. Will the parasites see and hear IN TIME? I DOUBT IT SO IT DOES BECOME PRETTY WORTHY OF NERVOUSNESS AND PREPARATION. FOR INSTANCE, I SUGGEST, TODAY, THAT THE AREAS BE SECURED IN CASE THERE IS RADIATION FROM THE SILLY GOINGS-ON. IF THE ATMOSPHERE IS IGNITED AS COUNTER-MEASURE, YOU ARE GOING TO NEED PROTECTION FROM THE LIGHT-BURSTS. SO, KEEP THE GOGGLES HANDY AND THE HYPER-WATER GAIA HANDY.

Will the House Resolution #97 be shelved IN TIME? Not so you see it but perhaps long enough to see what happens with Bill 666. These enforcement bills are the final coffin nails for the United States nation and CONSTITUTION.

Do "I" have input? Not a lot in this matter. My only petition is to take out the parasite nests FIRST if that be the decision because there are so many innocent ones in some of the areas under possibility. By the way, I wouldn't be in Washington or New York for all the gold in your perceived universe—tonight! FURTHER, WHATEVER HAPPENS IS NOT ANY DOING OF ALIENS—EXCEPT POSSIBLY THOSE AMONG YOU WHO HAVE BECOME ONE OF YOU. THE ELITE IS AFTER THE ELITE IN FINAL SHOWINGS OF POWER; IT IS NOT

THE HAND OF GOD—IT IS THE HAND OF MAN WHICH NOW HOLDS YOU HOSTAGE.

I hope that you will consider putting this on the Telephone Hotline as a reminder that according to predictions of OTHERS, tonight may well hold some misery. A reminder can save a lot of time and later problems. If anything happens tonight in any city in the U.S., get ready for the San Andreas Fault to GO.

I also ask you at CONTACT to please make sure that Wean's material regarding O.J. Simpson makes it to A.C. Cowlings AND GERRY SPENCE. Spence is in Los Angeles, attended court yesterday, and needs all the help he can get. Strange as it may seem, what is obvious is not. Shapiro is about the only one really on O.J. Simpson's side as far as to his security. The others are doing their JOBS to incite unrest and eventual rioting—even though they promised to get O.J. "off". The "circus" performances are entertaining—but DEADLY in long-term (now short-term) intent. May you come to see it in time to bring the plans to a halt.

I leave this writing with a heavy heart this day for so many things are planned and set for your place. And again I remind you: it is MAN and not GOD who brings these things upon and among you. I can only WARN for I MAY NOT INTERFERE.

Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn
February 16, 1995

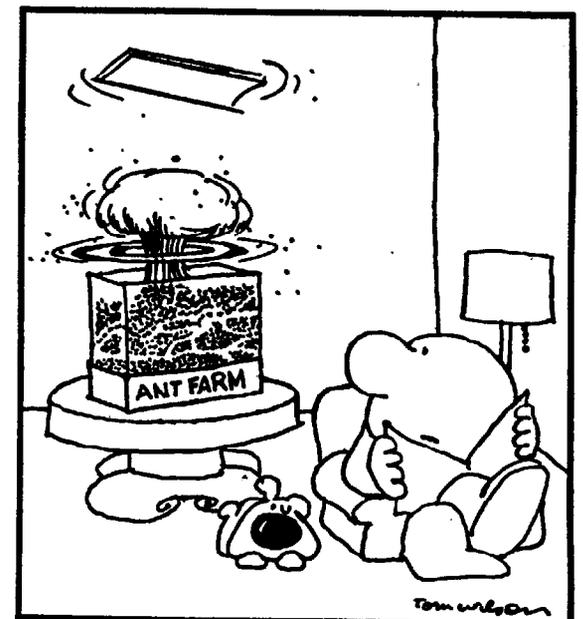
This journal shall be titled:

BUTTERFLIES AND PARASITES (BOTH CAN KILL YOU)

May the evolvment of truth be as the butterfly that brings beauty and harmony into the world and not as the parasite that continues to eat away at you until all is gone—including your very soul. The enemy eats away at your mind which houses SPIRIT (SOUL) and in that destruction and confusion—you can become totally lost to your infinite journey. You can make the metamorphosis beautiful or horrendous—magnificent in perception or deadly in bondage. The choices are up to you. In this journal are stories to anger and confront you—THAT IS THE PURPOSE. When pornography is TRUTH it must be brought to LIGHT. For you who feed upon violence, sex and sin—this is it with more to come. "The truth is absolute and cannot be changed or denied." Let us pray that 1995 is, indeed, the year of the patriot!

DEDICATION

This is dedicated to those who have stomach enough to read and understand the seriousness of your plight. When your MIND is destroyed, the SOUL will move to your enemy. When your MIND is CREATIVE IN GOODNESS—it MOVES WITH GOD.



The Pipeline

By Michael Maholy

PART XIV

RETURN TO THE KILLING FIELDS

My upstairs bedroom at Bill and Roger Clinton's enormous duck-hunting lodge, 9 miles south of Stuttgart, Arkansas was a welcome sight. I had drunk quite a lot of alcohol, snorted three persons' share of cocaine, and smoked enough marijuana to make a Jamaican stumble. My roommate for the night was also loaded. We both had had a very busy, ass-tiring day. After the lights went out, we both lay in the large queen-sized bed and just talked. Drugs make a person spill his guts and reveal his inner feelings. I had asked her where she was from before coming to New Orleans. She told me that she was from Quebec, Canada, and that she had gotten hooked on drugs when she was a young teenager. She went to work for the Italians at just 21 years old, and they had her strung out on heroin, but she kicked the habit. Now she used cocaine and alcohol and smoked some grass.

She wanted to have sex with me, but the drugs and alcohol had made me impotent. So we talked and talked for an hour or so. She was mixed up as a result of years of life in the stables of drug lords. I was just as mixed up, but at that time, was in a state of denial, running from the truth, from myself, and from my God. I held her close to me, as if I'd known her for years, and we both fell asleep.

Morning was upon us early, 4:30 a.m. to be exact. Though she told me to stay in the warmth of the bed and her bosom, I told her I came to hunt, so I got up, got into

Michael Maholy Update

2/17/95 RICK MARTIN

Michael phoned the offices of *CONTACT* today to let us know that he IS alright. His voice sounded clear and he was in "good spirits". He was calling from El Reno, Oklahoma, still on his way to Leavenworth. They had just moved him from a prison in Atlanta. They are moving him around a bit, but they ARE moving him to Leavenworth. He also informed me that he now has legal counsel. He's been informed that they will be bringing numerous additional charges against him, including the maintenance of a continuous criminal enterprise (CC&E). He received word that there is a mystery Arkansas witness who will testify about him allegedly conspiring to assassinate President Clinton—he believes Lasater and Tyson are involved in this. Also, the IRS is going after him for not paying taxes on all that drug money income. He will be calling *CONTACT* the moment he has a new address for correspondence. Please keep him in your prayers.

my hunting clothes, walked down to the kitchen, and sat down at the long breakfast table for the black "mammy's" buffet.

It seemed that everyone was going to hunt, although there were plenty of Alka-Seltzers being passed around. As for me, I felt pretty good, considering all the toxins I had put into my body the night before. I chose Marcello to hunt with again, as I liked his manner and style. Alan Swint, the Arkansas State Trooper was kind of sick or under the weather from too much booze and almost lost his breakfast. This I found amusing, to say the least! I was hoping his day would be just as eventful. But leave it to him to start some shit before everyone left for the fields. He said something to Alfredo Marcello about the dumb "grease-balls" or Italians down in Algiers. He said that if the dumb "wop" wouldn't have cooperated with the tug-boat crew, things wouldn't have happened the way they did. I noticed the look on Marcello's face. I could see him biting his lip, holding back what he wanted to say. But Swint wanted attention, and if he would have kept on, I am sure he would have found some!

Roger Clinton was a little under the weather himself. I remember him just drinking some black coffee and snorting more cocaine at 5:30 a.m. I asked him if Dan Lasater was hunting that morning. He said he didn't think so, that he was with one of the ladies from New Orleans. Roger Clinton told me after breakfast that he needed to talk to me about some very important business.

After the meal, everyone left for their hunting blinds except for me, Roger Clinton and Alfredo Marcello. Clinton was already speeding his ass off from the cocaine. He said that this particular batch of cocaine was great, and last night he had sold four out of the five kilos that the boys from Louisiana brought for him. Marcello said that it was a gift, that he didn't care what Roger did with it. It was just for previous dealings and for welcoming Marcello and his friends, Guidrey and Hebert, up to the world-renowned duck hunting capital. Roger said he knew all that and was very grateful. The point he was trying to make was that he had set up another deal for ten more kilos, if we could possibly get it to him soon, while Dan Lasater had some cash, while he was still in the mood to play, before he went back to his wife and business, preferably while the whore had him whipped. The cocaine had Roger acting like a slave. Marcello told him that perhaps in a few days he could do something. Roger almost went into a fit of rage! I actually thought he was going to start throwing things. Then he resorted to his favorite tactic that he used on most people anytime he wanted results or things to go his way. He said to Marcello, "Are you forgetting whose state you're in, and who controls things up here?" Again I could see it in Alfredo's eyes—this day was not starting out like we had planned it! I told Roger, "Look, after the hunt we will talk; now is NOT the time." Roger calmed down and agreed to pursue this later that day, but then started begging again.

Marcello and I left with our hunting guide and faithful retriever, Bismark. The darkness was filled

with the quacking sounds of thousands of ducks. Today felt like a great day for me, and in fact, it was very good to me.

I talked with Marcello, trying to calm him down. Between Swint and Clinton, he had just about had enough of the good ol' boy hospitality. He told me that Roger was pissing him off and that the red-headed trooper was making him even madder. I told Alfredo to relax and let us survey the current situation. Sure, Clinton and Swint were two assholes, two fools, but on the other side of the coin, a fool is easily parted from what Marcello knew best—money! I told Alfredo to do what hurts them the most: hit them where it hurts, in the pocket book! They wanted the dope bad, so I told Marcello to make them pay dearly—double! Marcello liked the thought and pondered it as we were hunting.

Marcello told me that he was afraid he would hit one of the two, Clinton or Swint, if they continued to talk to him like they had been. I told him to just take it with a grain of salt. He said, not to be outspoken either, "I am a Marcello, not some stump-broke, barnyard shit-kicker!"

He was agitated, I could tell. Then he turned to me and said that he would give me the cocaine at his cost, which was practically nothing, compared to the price Roger Clinton and Dan Lasater would pay for the poison. I was tired of selling drugs. I was supposed to be on a two-month vacation after Operation Delta Dawn. I had money—in fact, I had 15 K back in my duffel bag. I had a lot of money buried up in the mountains. I did not like Swint at all. Roger, he was alright, he was funny. He made a party when he was trying to use his brother, the governor, Bill Clinton as a power tool.

I told him I'd think about it. I really had forgotten about it as I was wrapped up in the duck hunt. The day was great for ducks, bad for us humans. Wet, cold, highly miserable, even with the comfort of the deluxe hunting blinds. I chose to kill my limit of six ducks before noon and return to the lodge and fireplace. Marcello would stay at the blind, due partly to being still pissed after being hounded by the two good ol' boys, Swint and Clinton.

I surrendered my pork sandwiches to Bismark and gave the guide another hundred dollar bill and told him I would see him later. Back at the lodge, the fireplace was radiating a welcomed warmth. There were several people milling around, drinking and engaging in general small-time talk. Dan Lasater, the wealthy bonding agent from Little Rock, approached me and started to ask if Roger Clinton had mentioned the cocaine deal with Marcello. I told Lasater that I was sure something would come of it, but not as soon as he would probably like. Lasater told me that the cocaine that the boys from Louisiana brought was already gone, on its way back to Little Rock and Hot Springs, via Dan Harmon. Harmon you remember, was the prosecutor of Saline County, in Hot Springs, Arkansas.

I told Lasater that Marcello was slightly angered with Swint and Clinton, due to Clinton's persistence and Swint's mouth. I told him that even though Roger's brother, Bill Clinton, then governor of Arkansas, and Swint, a self-ordained top-notch state trooper who also headed the D.E.A. Task Force for the state, were well-respected by some of the elite and powerful people of Arkansas, that they should not under-estimate the power of the Marcello crime family, nor the ties they have in Washington and Langley with covert agencies, referring to the C.I.A.

Lasater said that he could talk the two men into watching their mouths and loose comments. I told him that would be a wise thing to do, and that as a personal favor to them, I would deliver the drugs myself. Lasater was delighted. He loved fast money, pretty women, but also took care of his family's needs. I told him to give me a few days, and I'd see what I could put together. I remember him telling me over and over, "We want 10 kilos, 10 kilos!" He was high already, as well. Then the very youngest of the whores, the bisexual one who was

brought purposely for the First Lady Hillary Clinton's own personal craving for unusual sexual desires and fulfillment, came over and asked Dan Lasater for more cocaine. He said that it was up in his bedroom. He asked me if I would like to join them for some cocaine and sexual excitement. I kindly told him and her, "No, thank you."

Well, it seemed now that I once again had gotten talked into doing what I really did not want to do. This has happened all through my life. If only I could have learned to just say no, I probably wouldn't be in prison now.

Now, I would have to fly back down to Louisiana, deal with Alfredo Marcello's uncle Carlos, and return to Arkansas. I said to myself, "The hell with it. If Clinton and Lasater want 10 kilos this bad, they are going to make a lot of money from the deal. My time would be paid for as well. Even though I needed the money like a hole in the head, I guess it was my own greed and lust kicking in. So I thought I'd wait until that evening, sit down and have a talk with Russell Hebert and Alfredo Marcello about arranging the trip to New Orleans and the dope.

My lady friend now came to me and asked my how I had done on the hunt that morning. I told her I had killed the legal limit of ducks and was thinking about leaving, going home, until something else popped up. She said, "Speaking about things popping up, do you think that..." and before she said another word, we were off to the soft warmth of our dark bedroom, to pick up where we left off the night before. Yes, the devil was surely in me that day!

We both came down for the evening meal, which was a menu of all types of wild game meats and poultries. The black "mammy" cook had recruited help for this food festival. There was just about every thing you could imagine in the way of exotics. In the meat department, there were deer, elk, and wild boar. In the bird department, there were ducks, pheasant, quail, and chukkar partridge. This was a very expensive meal that ran into the thousand dollar range, but for a drug dealer like Roger Clinton, these sort of dinners were a drop in the bucket.

Before I go any further, I'd like to apologize for all the space and time I spend in my story talking about the food I have eaten. Food to me is very important, one of the pleasures in life I relish. I, myself, am a very qualified and accomplished chef, and as I sit in here, I often think back to the days that I feasted on the true bounties and catches that mother nature provided me. I have eaten from china plates from Europe that cost as much as a small car. Now I eat with a plastic spoon and fork. No knife, sorry. So forgive me when I reminisce back to the days of wine, women, and roses, and, of course, good food.

After dinner, which lasted a couple of hours, everyone was sitting around talking, partying, and having a good time.

Dan Lasater received a call from Dan Harmon, who was in Hot Springs, telling him that the people who bought the cocaine were very happy with it and wanted more just as soon as possible. Dan Lasater and Clinton started in on Marcello and me again with a vengeance!

One of the women, who was a wife to one of the assistant governors, Jim Guy Tucker, and her friend, the wife of Douglas Toni, a Little Rock developer and part owner of the Hot Springs Race Track, were leaving their husbands at the hunting lodge for another day of duck hunting. They said they would return the next evening and pick them up after supper. They also asked the girls from Louisiana, the three whores, if they would like to go along into Little Rock and do some shopping, as it was near Christmas. The ladies were reluctant to go because they were brought to entertain the troops, so to speak, and also, did not have the funds as the lady I was with had stated. I stepped into the picture and told my lady friend that if she wanted to go, I would handle Marcello, as well as give her some money to shop with. She really did not know whether to go or not, but decided to go at the last minute. I knew

I would do very well from this next cocaine deal with Lasater and Clinton and since this woman from New Orleans was so nice to me, giving her friendship, love, and body, I handed her \$5,000 in front of the other two women and told her to enjoy herself. She was thrilled, to say the least. She kissed me and they left.

It was obvious to some of the others in the room that she and I were hitting it off rather well. But there was another reason why I did that. Yes, I liked her—she was sweet, likeable, as well as beautiful. I did not want her passed around a bunch of drunken, doped-up hunters, so that they could fuel their sexual passions with her, like she was a piece of meat! So, at my expense, I sent her on her way. I also knew that she would just resume her trade as soon as she returned to the stables in New Orleans, but for one night, I felt I had made a small difference in someone's life. Maybe I am wrong—I'll find out in my next life, I guess. But it made me feel good, so I did it.

Now it was time to make the call down to New Orleans. Alfredo and I would go into another room and make the call to secure the cocaine from the Marcello crime family. Alfredo called his Uncle Carlos at his home in New Orleans and told him that Bill and Hillary Clinton were unable to make it to the duck hunt, as

some important issues had arisen. He, the fatman, and Hebert were all enjoying themselves and having a great time. Carlos asked Alfredo when they expected to fly home and Alfredo said most likely in two or three more days. Since the phone speaker was on, I could overhear the entire conversation between the two Italians. Alfredo then told Carlos that he was sending me down to New Orleans to pick up another 10 kilos of cocaine, and that Alfredo would bring him the money when the three Cajuns returned from the hunt. Carlos asked how I was doing. Alfredo said, "Fine, he's standing here. Would you like to speak with him?" He said, "Sure." I spoke with the Don of New Orleans. He asked me how I was and whether I would be spending the night in New Orleans. I told him I really wanted to get back as soon as possible as I had some other business. The mafioso man told me that the drugs would be ready and waiting. One of his men would meet me at the airport with the drugs so I could do a turnaround fight. I chose to take a commercial flight out of Little Rock due to bad weather and it being faster, plus I could stretch out a little and be more comfortable.

The flight to New Orleans was just two hours. At the airport, I was greeted by two Italians who identified themselves as Carlos Marcello's men, and they told me

SECRETS

OF

DREAMLAND

An Excellent Video Tape

by

NORIO HAYAKAWA

on

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and the

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presented at the Fullerton Museum
Fullerton, California

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there would be a slight delay in getting the coke together as something had come up and I might have to catch an early morning flight. I arrived in New Orleans at 10:00 p.m., so I thought I would get a room at the Hampton Inn until the coke deal was secured.

As it turned out, the coke never arrived until 10:00 a.m. the next morning. Carlos Marcello sent a pound of very good Panamanian pot along as a bonus for the overnight wait. The street value of the marijuana would retail at around \$2,500. It was some of his private stash. The cocaine and I were escorted back to the airport and I arrived back in Little Rock at 3:30 p.m.

I drove back to the duck club in Stuttgart, Arkansas with 10 kilos of very good cocaine, and one pound of high quality marijuana. The marijuana I would keep for myself. As soon as I arrived, the two cocaine vultures were already drooling and waiting with lust and greed in their eyes. A lot of the others had left by now, and there were only the three men from Louisiana, two of their female entertainers, Dan Lasater, Roger Clinton, Alan Swint, and Jay Campbell. The female I was fond of was on her way back from a shopping spree in Little Rock.

Carlos sent his best wishes to Roger Clinton and Bill Clinton by putting some Super Bowl tickets in with the cocaine. Alfredo started talking to Lasater about the price of the cocaine. There was no argument. The price was high, but so was Lasater. After the deal was over, Lasater called me to the side and told me that he would like to do something for me for doing the traveling to New Orleans to get the drugs. I asked him what he had in mind. He told me that he and some other businessmen who were affiliated with several law firms in Little Rock, including the Rose Law Firm, were co-owners in a ski resort complex just north of Albuquerque, New Mexico, called Angel Fire. He said that if I would like to go there and spend a week or so, he would put me up free of charge in his favorite mountain chateau, which is normally a time-share type of deal. I thought to myself, what a wonderful Christmas that would be for me and my son. I had never been to Angel Fire, but heard the snow pack was deep and fluffy. So I told him that I just might take him up on that. He assured me I would have a great time and he could even arrange for some ski instructions for me and whomever.

Well, everybody started doing drugs again. About an hour later my female friend pulled up with a bunch of presents. She walked right up to me, gave me a big kiss and thanked me. Little did she know I had just come back from her town of ill repute. She had two boxes that were gift-wrapped, marked with my name on them. She said I should wait until Christmas, but if I wanted to open them now, it was alright. It was as if she knew where I had planned going—to Angel Fire, that is, as it was a coat and Farmer John-style nylon mountain wear. I was very pleased. She was also very grateful.

I grabbed Alfredo on the side later that night, and told him that he said he owed me a favor pertaining to seeing what I could find out about the Algiers incident and also for going to get the drugs. He said sure, no problem—if he could do something for me, he would



and wanted to know what it was. I told him that I would like the woman to go with my son and me to Angel Fire for the Christmas holiday. He said he could handle that if she wanted to go. He told me to ask her and tell him what she said so he could inform his uncle.

Well, I was excited about a lot of things that were going on. Yes, I was very high on drugs, and thought that I had found a new friend in the woman from New Orleans. But that was very soon to change. I was looking for her around the lodge, so that I could ask her if she would like to spend Christmas with my son and me on a ski trip in New Mexico. I thought that perhaps she was upstairs in the bedroom trying on some of the clothing she had bought on her trip to the shops in Little Rock. When I opened the door to the bedroom, she was on the floor, sick to her stomach, almost half-dead. She had a candle burning on the table, a silver spoon, some cotton, a piece of rubber tubing and a syringe. Beside the "works" was some white powder, which I later found out to be a mixture of cocaine and crystal methamphetamine, commonly called a "speedball" mixture—the same deadly combination of drugs that the movie actor John Belushi died from. I was stunned for a moment. I felt helpless. This poor child needed help and I did not know what to do. I put her in the bed, got a cold face towel and tried to comfort her, feeling her only slipping deeper and deeper into her realm of silence. I prayed that God would not take her, and he blessed me by answering my prayer. She came out of it sometime later, but for a moment, I thought she was doomed. This now explained the way she stumbled when she walked across the room the day before. She lied to me. She was an intravenous drug user—a junkie. This I could not tolerate in her or any other person. I felt for her dearly, but it has been my experience to know that people with that particular habit would lie, steal, cheat and do just about anything to achieve their goal, which was to get their next fix. This hurt me a lot. It took a lot out of me that night.

It was already around midnight by the time she could talk and be somewhat coherent. I should have left then, but I did not want to drive the dark mountain roads at night so I chose to spend one final night. The woman kept apologizing. She wanted to make it up to me by having a night of sex with me. I just couldn't bring myself to do this. I do have morals. I wasn't going to take advantage of this woman any more. Yes, we slept together, but that was the extent of it.

I would wake up the next morning, eat one last breakfast, load my vehicle and head to the mountains.

On my way back to my home, I thought of all that had taken place over the past few days. I had a good time, but when I thought of the over one-thousand ducks that had been killed, I felt sick. I said to myself that this was worse than the dope business. Humans had a choice—ducks didn't. Then I thought of my inner feelings for the woman. Yes, I was hoping she would have been someone I could help and perhaps even love, but it was not in the stars.

Now a note to you readers of the Pipeline. This is an ongoing series of events that took place in my life. Some might not prefer to read of my liaisons with elicit ladies or my hunting stories. I never thought of writing what I had been through in my life until I was faced with the reality of being caged for a major period of my life. These memories come back to me a lot. It is something I lived, did, portrayed. A lot of it, if not most of it, I am not proud of, but that's what path I walked, I cannot change what was then. Perhaps I can change my future.

I wanted to tell you about what I call the killing fields, so that you get the picture of how corrupt government officials rape our wildlife to feed their thirst for blood. I plan to continue my story of my involvement with the C.I.A. and other operatives as long as you will let me know that I am hitting a note that may be utilized in the future. I seek no fame or fortune from this sad story, only that you write and express your true feelings with me. I receive nowhere near the letters that others receive, but for those who have written to me and have given their love and support, shown their deep concern, I want to thank you again. Many of you take the time away from your busy workday to help ease the everyday tensions and boredom that surround me in this maze of concrete and razor wire. You are my angels who are watching over me. I will not let you down; I will continue to defeat the demons who walk this planet. Please walk with me.

And to my teacher of all teachers, please continue to teach me your ways, the ways of truth and love. Please do not forsake me. I am yours for the asking. Tell me, Barbie, what is Ken thinking about right now. I'll give you three guesses, but the first two don't count.

Zulu, Wyoming, X-ray, Verify—out.

The man with a plan,
Is/Michael Maholy

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The Valley Of Radiance

Part II: Home Sweet Home?

2/15/95 RICK MARTIN

The air in Tehachapi, California is crisp and clear, the valley quiet and beautiful. The summer and fall of 1987 were like any other. From all external appearances, life was peaceful in the valley.

Doris Ekker (*Dharma, referred to as Dorma during this time period by Hatonn and others*) would spend long hours in the kitchen cooking for friends who regularly gathered to meet with Hatonn in the comfortable home setting. The meetings were always recorded and carefully logged by EJ. Doris' soups, chili, stews and desserts were legend among those fortunate enough to taste what she prepared. An office had been set-up downstairs where EJ worked on future business plans. Enthusiastically, Doris and EJ would often go on long drives around Kern County, looking for potential locations for future business projects which were conceptually taking form. They became very familiar with key pieces of property and with those individuals who would play a central role in future project development. Life was filled with promise.

At the time the Ekkers purchased their home from Zack and Mary Haynes in the summer of 1987, for a purchase price of \$215,000, Zack agreed to a \$170,000 land sale contract. Santa Barbara Savings & Loan held the mortgage on the \$170,000, under the name of Haynes. The Ekkers would make their payments directly to Haynes, who in turn made payments to Santa Barbara Savings & Loan. Part of the verbal agreement upon signing the land sale contract concerned the possibility that some payments might not be timely. In fact, the price was increased to compensate for the "condition" of possible late payments. Zack Haynes did agree. They had sufficient funds to cover the mortgage payment for an interim period, should such a situation arise. The Hayneses, as it turned out, were also particularly sensitive about their credit rating. Immediately upon closing the sale, the Ekkers had the land sale contract properly recorded, as required by law. This was done on July 7, 1987.

A large group had assembled at Doris and EJ's house for the Harmonic Convergence on August 17-19, which actually got stretched out to almost five day's worth. It was good to finally have the house clean and things put away in their proper place.

During September Haynes was passing through Tehachapi and EJ met with Zack. Contrary to the verbal agreement made prior to the sale, upon being informed that the October payment would be late, Zack said he just might have to foreclose to protect his interests and, "Payments need to be timely".

Sometime during the month of October, Ekkers did, in fact, receive a Foreclosure Notice from Zack Haynes for the late house payments. Immediately following on the heels of this notice was a letter dated October 22, 1987 from Susan Zuback with the loan

department of Santa Barbara Savings & Loan addressed to the Ekkers. This letter was a Default Notice giving them until November 22, 1987 to pay off the note. EJ, of course, responded and then received a letter from Santa Barbara Savings & Loan dated December 3, 1987, requiring EJ's signature on a 160-day extension agreement. After some discussion about the signatures back and forth, EJ ultimately did sign the document and returned it to Santa Barbara Savings & Loan. He assumed the extension to be in effect.

On November 18, 1987, the Haynes received a letter from Santa Barbara Savings & Loan granting a 160-day extension on the "acceleration proceedings". Acceleration proceedings (foreclosure) were to begin on approximately April 2, 1988 if full payment was not made.

The Ekkers had until mid-January to pay the outstanding balance owed to Haynes. Doris and EJ were fortunate enough to secure a loan to cover the outstanding amount. The money was paid to the Haynes. Haynes then sent the funds to Santa Barbara Savings & Loan; however, they were not accepted. Immediately following this Haynes received a Notice of Default from Santa Barbara Savings & Loan, with a copy also going to Ekkers. Santa Barbara Savings & Loan had not accepted the payment from Haynes using the rationale that Haynes had sold the property without notifying SBS. They were, therefore, justified in not accepting it and accelerating the \$170,000 note. When Doris and EJ received their copy of this foreclosure notice they were, understandably, alarmed! EJ then found out that Zack Haynes had never signed nor mailed in his portion of the extension agreement, therefore, there was no extension!

When you file a Notice of Default, there is an automatic grace period or delay of 90-days. Then there is an additional three weeks to publish the Notice of Public Sale. In the Ekkers case the Notice was published by the California Newspaper Bureau, since renamed. The sale was set to be held at 10:00 A.M., May 24, 1988 at "the East Front Entrance of the Bakersfield City Hall at 1501 Truxton Ave."

By this time, Doris and EJ were determined not to vacate their newly acquired retirement home, but rather, they would go to the public sale and purchase their home outright! They were able to secure a loan through a close friend, and went to the auction early. Being a wise real estate investor, the only condition their friend placed on the loan was that, since it was a public auction, they open the bidding low.

Between the hours of 9:50 A.M. until 10:30 A.M., either Doris or EJ Ekker had the entire lobby and entrance area of the Bakersfield City Hall in full view every minute. No one stopped in the area and only two people entered the lobby, and only one exited in that time period. One of the people was a man who went into a side room upon entering the building. As it

turns out this person was Larry Mitchell of the California Service Bureau, Inc. Larry entered the building, stepped into a phone booth and made a call, then exited the building without saying a word to anyone. There was NO SALE!

During the forty minutes at City Hall, Doris and EJ had witnesses to the sale that never was. The witnesses were both very credible, namely, the Bakersfield City Treasurer, William Descary and the City Clerk, Carol Williams.

Since there was no sale, there was nothing left for the Ekkers to do but go home.

The next day, on May 25, 1988, EJ wrote a letter to Financial Corporation of Santa Barbara at 3040 State Street and said,

[Quoting:]

Your Notice of Trustee's Sale, copy enclosed, announces that you would auction the property at 21512 Adam Drive, Tehachapi, California at 10:00 A.M. on May 24, 1988 at "the East front entrance to the City Hall, 1501 Truxton Ave., Bakersfield, California."

We were present at the appointed time and place and no representative from your company or Specialized, Inc. or Santa Barbara Savings & Loan appeared. Several City employees were witnesses to that fact.

The Hayneses sold the property to us on a Land Contract and your foreclosure is a result of that clause in their contract with Santa Barbara Savings giving SBS the "right to accelerate". We have delayed legal action in expectation that a successful bid at the Public Auction would be the most expeditious route to a clear title to the property.

Since you failed to appear for the Public Auction or provide notification of any change of time or place, it is our understanding that you are obliged to accept our opening bid. Since there is also an "investor" in the Haynes loan it would seem you have committed a serious breach of your fiduciary duty by failing to appear.

Before we take any further action that might result in the long delays attendant to litigation in this matter, we offer you an opportunity to respond to this statement of our position.

[End quoting.]

With letters about to cross in the mail, EJ wrote a letter to the President of Santa Barbara Savings & Loan, Mr. Clyde Wagoner, dated June 23, 1988 explaining that they had not received a reply to their May 25 letter concerning the no sale and, therefore, invalid Trustee's Deed.

With EJ's letter to Mr. Wagoner just mailed, a letter arrived, addressed to Doris and EJ, dated June 17, 1988. In her letter Donna Yencer, Foreclosure

Clerk with Santa Barbara Savings & Loan states,

[Quoting:]

On May 24, 1988, a trustee's sale was held on behalf of Santa Barbara Savings & Loan. The auctioneer advised us he did cry the sale and that three women from the California Republic Bank were present at the sale as witnesses. Also at the sale that day was a Realtor. Our Association is in receipt of a Certificate of Sale stating that the trustee sale was held at the scheduled time and place.

[End quoting.]

In a state of shock and total disbelief, Doris and EJ began to further discuss their situation and their options.

Then, on July 17, Doris and EJ were served with a Notice To Quit dated July 12, signed by Steven J. Berg, Litigation Administrator for Santa Barbara Savings & Loan.

Upon receipt of the Notice To Quit, EJ telephoned Mr. Berg and advised him to review the file prior to initiating further action on the Notice. On August 2, Steven Berg wrote a response to Doris and EJ.

[Quoting:]

I have contacted the service that conducted the trustee's sale concerning the property you continue to occupy and they have provided me with the auctioneer's Certificate of Sale concerning said sale. A copy of the certificate is enclosed. In light of this sworn certificate the Association hereby makes final demand on you to peacefully vacate the premises. This matter is being referred to local counsel to take the appropriate measures to regain possession of our property and place it on the market for sale.

[End quoting.]

Elsewhere, John and Eleanor Schroepfer were beginning their move from San Jose, California to Tehachapi, a move which would take many weeks to complete. John is a retired engineer who had worked closely with Ann Valentin and Virginia Essene. He was very well read, metaphysically speaking, but his primary "interest" was with Nikola Tesla, energy, and scientific matters. Their home had been purchased which was not far from Doris and EJ, against the hill overlooking the valley. They had lived in the Bay Area for many years and there were substantial loose-ends which needed attention prior to living fully in Tehachapi. John would meet with Dr. Overholt often and have lengthy scientific debates and conversations of a spiritual nature.

On August 11, 1988, EJ responded in writing to Steven Berg's letter.

[Quoting:]

Thank you for your letter of August 1, 1988. We returned yesterday from a business trip and are answering you as timely as possible.

It appears that the service that was supposed to conduct the trustee's sale is going to "stonewall" the situation. They have perjured themselves and are acting in a fraudulent manner which will injure us if we allow it. If we take it to court it will injure SBS because our action will have to be against you.

We have too much invested in this home to meekly walk away. You have a choice of two courses of action apparent to us. You can pursue the legal eviction procedure and become a party to a law suit which may take a long time to settle with very little chance of winning. Or you can join with us in placing

the responsibility where it belongs so that the damages are borne by the guilty party.

To help you decide where to place your bet we will enclose photo-copies of statements signed by two Bakersfield City officials, the Treasurer and Clerk, indicating they saw us in their building at the time and on the day in question and that there was no sale held. We arrived at the building at approximately 9:45 A.M. and inquired of the Clerk where the sale would be held. She, and others in her office, took the notice, checked the time and date and directed us to the East front entrance to the lobby. We waited there till approximately 10:15 and, because no one came, I entered the Treasurer's office to again confirm that we had the correct address. Most of the employees were on a break so Mr. Descary helped me himself. After verifying the time and place on the notice he instructed an employee to make some telephone calls to see if anyone at the County might know if the time or place had been changed.

While those calls were being made I walked the few steps to the Lobby where Mrs. Ekker was waiting. She then returned to the Clerk's office where they also placed some calls while I waited in the lobby. When she returned without any new information, I went back to the Treasurer's office where I was informed they were also unable to locate any information. At that point Mr. Descary walked with me to the lobby to point the direction to the local office of Santa Barbara Savings & Loan, suggesting that perhaps they might help us. We started in that direction, but, due to the heat, decided to drive and then decided we should get some legal advice. We had come prepared to bid on the property, no sale was held at the place advertised and we were not sure what we should do.

We were advised to write to SBS and inform you of the situation so that you would have an opportunity to investigate. From that point you have the file and can reconstruct the events. Your investigation, as demonstrated by the recorded deed and the auctioneer's Certificate, has uncovered perjury on the part of more than one person. We hope you share our outrage and will work with us to shift the damage to the responsible parties. If you do not we must promise you a long and serious litigation.

[End quoting.]

On September 23, 1988, Doris received the following message from "Lord" Michael, which has never been published.

[Quoting portions:]

I come in the Light and Radiance of our most revered Source of All that I Am Presence. Thank you dear one for receiving of me.

I Am that energy of the Blue Ray, referred to by you ones as Michael, Lord Michael ("Lord" only defined as "Law"), never some term of worship for my humble self! Always remember, dear ones, "worship" as used on your dimension is not to be used—"respect" and/or "reverence", please. I come from the Archangelic plane of density and at this time function within your "terminology" as Guide of this most wondrous "Cycle" of your planet's transition.

I come in radiance and "instead" of the Mother/Father God referred to in so many various labels—Tunkashila, the Silver Ray of Sanat Kumara, the Golden Ray of Sananda, of the Christness (Esu/Jesus/Sananda—Leader of this entire project) and that most revered ONE LIGHT, ATON, coming forth at this moment of your evolution as Commander Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn of fourth dimensional substance, for leadership of this project of evolution. All, of course, is simply one—THE TOTALITY—the Universal Source, so let us not get confused as to who sends the summons.

All of you precious participants in this magnificent "play" of transition/evolution of human and planet Earth—come lastly from the realms of ethereal angelic frequencies having manifested for the purpose of planning, from mostly Pleiades. Some of the cosmic scribes from areas of the other galaxies as the "Thul" or more relative to higher energy forms—Pleiades being of the sixth for definition.

[Later in the same writing, quoting:]

Now for final confirmation for your comfort—The crystal of Lemuria/Atlantis which is THE energy focus of your planet and the vortex of communications/navigation of this time of transition on into radiance is located in Tehachapi—and these ones have been located, basically, atop it. It is approximately two-plus miles in diameter in its perfect perfection of the crystalline "flower" of indigo blue, shot throughout with "sunbursts" of gold. Go within and recognize of the truth of it.

Also, the ancient of the ancient brothers will be brought here—our Red Eagle Little Crow who returns as a manifestation of what you will call a Lakota—to bring forth to pen and voice the ORAL teachings of your Source, Tunkashila (Grandfather, Wakan Tanka) and in this area resides the most sacred of artifacts which will be brought forth in proper sequence. For in this place is the sacred altar, Awanka Wakan, to be a place of unity and strength for you precious ones who will see this journey into fruition.

Blessings be upon you committed children of our Father for yours shall be the reward beyond price, but for now, the time is at hand!

Au dai pai da Cum for it is done, so be it!

[End quoting.]

During this same time period, having stored some of my things, on the last day of September 1988, in a scene right out of *Grapes of Wrath*—I left Sedona, Arizona. Driving an old Chevy Nova loaded to the gills with what belongings would fit—complete with a mattress tied to the top of the car, and drove into the little high-desert town called Tehachapi. I had met Doris and EJ Ekker once in my life for an hour or so passing through town some months previous. I knew no one else in the town where I was headed. I did know that Hatonn was communicating in this valley. I did know that projects were planned and I believed that somehow I just might have a role to play. So, after 15 hours of continuous desert driving, tired and hungry—weighing in at 138 pounds, an emaciated, vegetarian Rick Martin pulled into the Ekker driveway. While I was thinking only of a hot shower and a very long sleep, EJ walked out of the house to greet me with the words, "Commander wants to speak with you right now."

"Brother, this Commander's timing leaves something to be desired," I thought to myself. I sat down with Dharma sitting very close. She leaned over and Hatonn said, "Rick, you're too skinny. I want you to put on weight and I want you to start eating meat, right away." I couldn't believe my ears—but I did take his advice. In the years since, having gained almost fifty pounds, 138 looks pretty good to me!

What followed my brief input from Hatonn was a business meeting with EJ, Hatonn and several others who were key property owners. After a meeting which lasted the longest three hours of my life, I found the guest bedroom and pretty much collapsed. The next day, Doris and EJ drove me around the valley, identifying certain areas and their importance for planned projects. I was beginning to feel right at home.

The Fall of 1988 was a time when many "energies" or beings from the other dimensions communicated through Doris which represented part of her training as a *translator* or *receiver*. It was also during this period that the "frequencies", or energy, in the

Ekker house were so high that the electronic equipment in the house was affected. Specifically, the smoke detectors were set-off at all times of the day and night. Hatonn eventually over-rode this disturbance because it certainly affected everyone trying to get some sleep!

The messages you are about to read have only been seen by a handful of close friends and are now being shared with you for the first time.

On October 2, 1988, Doris received the following message from Hatonn.

[Quoting:]

'Tis me, Hatonn, beloved scribe. Good morning. Thank you for responding so early. You must remove yourself as detached as is possible—and take some breaks as the arm wearies for our times together will get increasingly lengthy. [During this period Doris was receiving via handwriting—computers came later.] Now that you know (as do all your circle who have done their studies) we are what the ancients were and the lovely description of the Bird Tribes—for we are the ancients of the winged energies—you manifest there in physical, we here “still with our wings” (sic, sic). All life will again be a brotherhood birthed upon our source of creation—you do not distract, Dorma, for you will eventually get to the readings also but, dear one, I Am the horse and you can absorb of it from the “Horses’s mouth”?? (A “winged” horse?)! Yes, precious brothers, we are the same who came in the form of many, many teachers and you are back as the bringer of the Brotherhood of God, i.e., “Ranos”; Dorma/Golden Eagle-bearer of Universal Life Truth; Oberli, Divine Brilliance sent of God; Great Red Eagle/Spotted Eagle (Wambli Galeshka)/Little Crow, Carl of the directness of Wakan Tanka—White Buffalo Calf Woman—to bring light from the Universe to adorn our mother in the glory of her joyous transition. “We” are the energies manifest in energy form to give the directions (if you will) via use of your “egos” for the Father, Wakan Tanka, has laid the design and we, as one, will bring it forth! As there are brothers who do not choose to work in the way of Mother/Father God, they will go elsewhere!!! All relations upon this place will again live in harmony and balance! So Be It! We come from the starburst of the Universe to see this to its glory—and the scribe would write none else if I name you all—but one day we will do naught other so that all who get of the page can see your own reflection; Sister, David, Tuieta, Jean, Zita, Rick, George, Harold, Kurt, Debbie (and the blessed children), Geri, Jerry, Jan, Jim, Jim, Jim, Jan, John, John, John, Wally, Wally, Larry, Danene, Jay, Donnette, Dalene, Debbie, Charles, Gene, Rusty, Pete—do you get my point? Know—You are no lesser than ANY other regardless of from which dimension you source! There is only THE ONE SOURCE, dear brothers, only ONE! No job is lessor or greater than any other, ONLY DIFFERENT. EACH has a place and a name within the Universe that reflects your role. Pay no attention now as it will all come soon into your knowledge. We are the ones who will bring Wakan Tanka’s children home! The time is at hand for the journey and it has already begun. Honor those brothers before you (Sister, etc., etc.) who have laid the foundation upon which you can step. Mostly it was yourself in another form of Creation, but that is another story. One day, we, through the scribes, will be able to tell it all but my job here at this moment is of a very “timely” earthly physical nature!

We endeavor to “start” you gently into your thought processes and then “push” you into greater circles of “seeing”.

[End quoting.]

On October 7, 1988, Doris received the following message from Sananda.

[Quoting:]

I Am! That Light of the Father Source. I Am Sananda.

As ye ones gather in the name of that which I Am, always hold true to the ONE who sent you forth to do his work even in the blindness of the fall into darkness of His beloved two-legged creations brought forth by his oneness with the Creation—that which is manifested in the form of physical matter and density of the human flesh.

We will show unto our brothers of the Truth that man CAN and WILL flourish in Truth, Light, giving integrity and total Radiance. Ye have a difficult way even thus—as our unlighted brethren will plot against ye. Greed, desire to control through the force of power and above all else, the Force of FEAR will never cease the attack after attack upon ye children. Know it and draw ever closer unto me lest ye fail to see the attacker and fall prey to the temptations of the fleshly desires of the humanness of your place and caution ye selves to not bring pressures to bear upon my chosen vessels who work among ye—Ye must protect one another and hold true and strong one with another for I come in many forms in the outer facade of a variety of all “ages”, all colors! For I AM that which IS ALL—the winged, the two legged, the four legged, that which lives within the waters and all that is of the Creator and the Creation! So Be It!

Rejoice, however, in the joy and pleasure of the partaking of the abundance of that which manifests unto ye, for it is our glorious joy to share of experience for this is why man was created—for the Creator to have form in which to experience more fully of His, that creations SEE OF IT, and make His experience a joyful and glorious one within that which is His total radiance.

Hold your flame high to light the example for your brethren. But, do not put on your countenance false piety nor self-proclaimed pious projections—man was created to act as human but, in that IMAGE of the Perfection of the Creator, so that in the finality He again is one with Himself—lest ye forget of thy purpose.

As ye hold strong to myself the transmutation and physical upheavals of this beloved of all the Creators that will be but the blink of an eye—and then the negative of the inputs shall be erased from thy consciousness so that all of the Radiance shall be experienced with naught other than perfections and glory for thus is given to be by our Father.

As I have written so I lay down the pen for my speaking never to be erased from the hearts of ye mine brethren.

Blessings unto each and unto my scribes for yours shall be the Kingdom and the Glory of the Father—for I Am Solen aum Solen—The Totality of the Light. I AM of the Father.

[End quoting.]

On October 30, 1988, Doris received the following from Grandfather.

[Quoting:]

I Am old Grandfather who comes briefly today to bring blessings of the Light of that which is the Creator Source. I wish you to “see” my words with your eyes, that you have given me joy as I walk with you ones, of my tribe. As you ones draw to your source and your strength; as you stand in my sacred places and “feel” of my presence, I rejoice to be one with you dear and precious “Nagikan” (never mind your scribbles, Dorma, it means to me “little ones of the ‘old’ wise spirit”) it is only that you are just awakening to your wisdom, yet I see it in your steps.

Your brother greets you, dear—he has not forgot-

ten how to “become” and fly—you will get there, children. As I share with you little ones as you open to share your secret and most private, precious tales with your brothers in trust and love, I watch you become a unit which will be forever unbroken by the arrows of man.

You are dancing your dreams awake now just as your ancient brethren danced their sacred dances. The steps of the dance are different; you use your head and find words with pens but the drum-beat and vision are the same as beyond forever.

You have now become “the creator” and I shall guide the path for you that you are not set-upon or damaged by those spirit children who travel the black road.

You will be given the strength and the tools required to bring forth the visions. Just keep ever in my shield, little ones, as it does not please me to gather, and gather and regather. You must be patient for vision to manifest into your reality. You are yet sleepy children awaiting the clearing for the day. Upon all your relations I bring blessings to ease their journey. Most of your relations cannot choose their way, so it is you who do choose, which must care for them. You are the caretakers, lest ye forget your purpose.

Go in joy and beauty about this abundant day given most lovingly unto you as a gift from the universe.

Use of it well!

Aho! I Am

Grandfather of the Tanka

[End quoting.]

Once Doris and EJ had been served a 3-Day Notice To Quit on their “retirement” home, things began to feel very uneasy. There was an uncertainty in the air and while there was no intention to give up “possession”, there also wasn’t any direct knowledge about legal procedure. Liz Kerzner, new to the area, had a close friend from Los Angeles named Jodi who was also in the employment management business. Jodi and her husband Steve would often come to Tehachapi to enjoy the valley, see Liz and meet frequently at Doris and EJ’s house. Steve specialized in the eviction business. Upon receiving the Notice To Quit, Steve was immediately consulted. Doris and EJ were informed that the next step would be receipt of a Complaint For Unlawful Detainer—which must be responded to in order to keep possession of the house. They were informed that to receive a 3-Day Notice To Quit was serious business and that if an Unlawful Detainer was served, they could delay the eviction, but for all intents and purposes, they were out of that house.

At 5:30 P.M. on October 6, 1988, EJ was “served” with a Summons and Complaint for Unlawful Detainer. The woman who delivered it apologized for interrupting the meeting which was taking place and for coming so late in the day. She commented that she was specifically requested to deliver this one last.

One of the guests present, a real estate broker, read the Complaint and commented, “This looks very serious to me. It appears that you only have five days to answer it in legal form and typewritten. This is Thursday and I doubt if you can get an attorney here on such short notice. But if you don’t answer they’ll have a default which will cost you the house and twelve, maybe sixteen thousand dollars.”

After the guests left it occurred to Doris and EJ that Monday was a holiday and Tuesday was the deadline to respond! How would they find a lawyer to represent them, become informed about the case and write a response in one day? What kind of cruel joke was being played on them and by whom?

To be continued...

Misguided Grandma Struts Her Stuff!

2/17/95 #1 HATONN

In the beauty of each morning gifted unto us for our fun and games, today is perhaps one of the more beautiful—no matter WHERE you may be or what may be happening in “your world”. You HAVE a world and you, once again, almost did not have a world this morning, but rather, devastation and a very bad nightmare memory.

I am told that Janet Reno's HR-97 *has been shelved*. The promise as given us is that it will never be brought up again. Don't count on it! The Elite are squaring off (a good Masonic term) against each other and it will get UGLY before it is finished. How do you KNOW there is anything to this insanity? Bill Clinton was playing golf IN CALIFORNIA instead of being in a rubble heap in Washington DC! As a matter of fact, Bush, Ford and Clinton were all playing golf in California and that should tell you WHERE ELSE IT WAS GOING TO BE TERRIBLY OBNOXIOUS TO THEM. I personally don't feel much of anything has been gained and I CERTAINLY DO NOT WANT YOU TO THINK THAT I FEEL THE GOVERNMENT HAS BEEN (in Jackson's words), “Brought to its knees”. You have only passed one more hurdle.

I ask that “Grandma's” observations be printed in the paper [*reprinted on this page*]; the perception is excellent and I honor astute observations. I would take exception to her statement that no “patriot” would be even considering such a thing (“I fear we the true Patriots are going to suffer once again the loss of a President, and we stand helpless.”). I think every PATRIOT has very definitely considered “such a thing”. She is very observant of the “numbers” of “Bills” in presentation: “666” & “17”. Just wait until you get to 666-100. That will be interpreted as 100% under Satanic (666) control. *THEY* don't really care whether your “bills” are passed or not, good citizens. This just gave face-saving to ones who called their bluff. You will note they did meet the call but it doesn't really mean a thing.

DUCK AND COVER

I see that you can't find safety around these aforementioned golfers, either in government or on the golf course—Bush hit two women with bad golf shots and Ford hit one. Clinton finally did something truly funny when asked if he “hit anyone, too?” He said, “No—I hardly even hit the ball!”

GRANDMA BACK?

“Grandma” back? Was she gone? I don't know what her problem is as she believes we somehow have singled her out for bad-mouthing. Well, she said she was not going to send us anything else to print and we accept the offering decisions made by readers—EVERY TIME. The constitutional information she scatters has been printed by us so many times that we are asked not to take the “space” in the paper for repeating personal observations about the subject. What *CONTACT* is NOT is a paper for the benefit of any ONE self-elected party. Now I am provided today with another interesting communication from Grandma to Ronn Jackson saying loudly in objection that somehow

we are doing something terrible to her and she is going to “forfeit” *CONTACT*'s share of Russell Herman's bequeath. (???) What bequeath? What does SHE have to do with Russell Herman's will? Where is that gold from that certificate? And WHY RONN JACKSON? What does Ronn Jackson have to do with *CONTACT*'s CONTENT or “Space Cadets”?? I will share the letter because she has accused E.J. Ekker of TWICE calling GOD, “God-damned God”. That is a blatant LIE, Grannie. E.J. doesn't even use the word “shit” as you

toss it around. Perhaps the government and governmental people do turn everything to “shit” and perhaps do things similar to “shit through a hot tin horn”. However, I find that persons reading that kind of language believe it to be a bit beneath the vocabulary of those they WOULD CHANGE TO AS LEADERS!

LETTER FROM GRANDMA,
V.K. DURHAM

[QUOTING:]

(Feb. 16, 1995)

Ronn Jackson
Fax Hard Copy
Dear Ronn,

I am much concerned as to the slanderous remarks coming from the “Spaceship”, which is put on the “updates” all over the nation. Moreover, I am concerned at the disruption which is caused by these slanderous remarks, including the slanderous remarks as printed in the *CONTACT* news.

FEBRUARY 15, 1995

Dear Readers, Fellow Patriots, Concerned Americans & FAX NETWORKERS;

Wild and crazy things are going on in our government which is by its very design, the design of the VIER MAR, the move of THE THIRD REICH just before the storm troopers and tanks rolled across Europe like “shit” through a hot tin horn. The very design is the very same as being used in our U.S. House of Representatives and the Executive, the Executive Branch of the U.S. Government in 1995, with this CONTRACT ON AMERICA.

As we sit daily and watch C-Span and various other television networks who allegedly provide us “NEWS”, what we see in our Houses and the Executive Offices is carefully organized and orchestrated, clearly identifiable as;

- a) panic
- b) distrust
- c) confusion
- d) chaos
- e) over-stepping constitutional boundaries
- f) creating anger among the people
- g) trying to cause the people to rise up in self defense against them
- h) joblessness
- i) homelessness
- j) horrendous inflationarys in the monetary system,
- k) overwhelming NATIONAL DEBT
- l) banks becoming “collectors” for the Fed and attaching funds without COURT ORDER, in accounts without knowledge of the people..
- m) corruption in the courts

just as history will tell you, occurred in GERMANY by the THIRD REICH prior to WWII. Also;

- a) crematoriums are being built in the U.S. which accomodates over 3000 bodys at a time,
- b) 214 concentration camps have been constructed all across this nation
- c) The Executive has his BROWN SHIRTS in place. These are the children who have the SHOW AND TELJ. of what goes on in the home, and what goes on in schools etc all across the nation.

A CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER EXISTS IN THE UNITED STATES, AND FRANKLY ON THE ENTIRE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT.

Just this past week, there are notices of certain dates, and THINGS are supposed to HAPPEN...No Patriot knows what is going to happen. Notice “I” said “PATRIOT”. Nor does the party who will take the ultimate blame know what is going to happen, nor will they be a party to this dastardly “DEED”, this being the MILITIAS. I do believe the MILITIAS will take the BLAME for what is planned to occur, but it will be the U.S. MILITARY who does the DEED, and blame will fall on the MILITIAS.

If the “numbers” are used in deciphering CODES, it appears the DEED will be done on the President of the United States and the Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, Alan Greenspan. That being :001 and :002 respectively.

No “Patriot” would be even considering such a thing. A true “Patriot” would say: “We are a nation of Laws, WE will use our LAWS of the Land, and do what is necessary legally”. A true patriot, will not commit such acts as “I” think are being planned, nor would a true patriot stoop to such depts...as ALL LIFE is too dammed important to them.

I fear we the true Patriots are going to suffer once again the loss of a President, and we stand helpless. We are helpless as WE have been told “YOU WATCH TOO MUCH TELEVISION”, “YOU ARE ONE OF THE RADICAL GROUPS”. Well, time will tell, and the time, “I” fear is nearer than “I” care to think about.

Your attention is now directed to the Last Will and Testament page 1 lines 28, page 2 lines 6,7,8 being recorded pages 196, 197. Perhaps the CONTACT would prefer to FORFEIT.

It appears from the slanderous remarks, they do prefer to FORFEIT, as they are most definitely conducting pronounced undue stress, undue duress, coercion, etc... whereupon, NO "GOOD FAITH" is evidenced.

Taking into consideration: "I" am no longer in touch with the SPACE-CADETS in the SPACE-SHIP and they do conspire to cause me HARM... Perhaps the FORFEIT is in order.

[H: Oh, what harm is that, Vina? It seems to me that "CONTACT" provided you with rent money, assistance, and the readers of that paper have served you dearly and well. Perhaps you confuse "space cadets and ships" with human enterprise which chooses to handle their paper any way they choose and do a very, very good job of it. If you choose to pick a war—be careful who you hit because you might just target the WRONG BUDDIES. I can promise you that Dr. Young of CONTACT will look

at this a lot more interestingly than I ever could. He will say, "Forfeit WHAT?!" {Yep! One sincere donation in my hands to use for CONTACT is worth more than gobs of promises in the wind.} Moreover, if YOU can change another person's last will and testament—there isn't actually much left of integrity is there? Ponder it. Whatever games are being played are yours and we honor your right to do that which you will—RUNNING CONTACT IS NOT ONE OF THEM. RONN JACKSON DOES NOT, EITHER, RUN CONTACT. And I am curious why YOU would send the FAX to CONTACT?? Obviously Ronn Jackson HAS NO FAX MACHINE AT HIS DISPOSAL! THE MESSAGE RECEIVED WAS SENT DIRECTLY FROM "INVOLABLE US CONSTITUTION". There is NOT going to be any reward from ANY gold certificates except BAD ONES, if you don't get truth to your nation and CHANGES MADE. If you believe somehow that a threat of withholding money from this paper, much the less when THERE IS NOT ANY MONEY, is a big problem here, just send back that which Rick arranged for you prior to now and they

will be quite happy for they can mail out a whole edition or so with it. You thought this was a "gutsy little paper"? IT IS! THE PEOPLE ARE! And, we suggest you do whatever you want to do about it. We do, however, find it interesting that in one breath you claim love and honor to Russell Herman and in the next will attend his wishes in this manner—even though it be threatful words. The reason you thought CONTACT "gutsy" in the first place and "on target" was because they do not kowtow or bend to either threats or personal vendettas over perceived insults. YOU, LADY, ARE THE ONE WHO TOSSED IN THE TOWEL SO WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM NOW? WE HONORED YOUR "LAST WORD" AS YOU PRESENTED IT—NOTHING MORE AND NOTHING LESS. IF YOUR OWN WORDS ENTANGLE YOU—SO BE IT.]

Also, perhaps it is time the letter from the SPACE COMMANDER of the SPACE CADETS on the SPACE SHIP which demanded I allow them to SELL THE CERTIFICATE AND ITS GOLD TO CHINA would be RIPE FOR PUBLISHING SO THE PEOPLE CAN KNOW HOW DAMNED PATRIOTIC AND HOW INTERESTED "THEY" ARE IN THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES!

[H: What demand was that, again??? Nobody around these parts has ever said to sell that certificate TO ANYBODY so we would dearly enjoy seeing that bit of nonsense IN PRINT AND PUBLISHED! I don't know WHO you talk to, Vina, but it surely is NOT ME. Further, how interested are YOU in the people of the United States that you will dink around with them and this while the nation burns?]

Yours Truly

V.K. DURHAM, Executrix

[H: Rick Martin sent this fax copy to E.J. who brought it to my attention with so many question marks that I don't know, either, what IS the problem? I repeat, Madam Executrix, you aren't talking to ME. When you told me to get my "ASS OFF THE DASHBOARD AND BACK BEHIND MY DESK", ACCORDING TO YOUR ORDERS, DEAR, I DID! SALU!]

[END OF QUOTING]

So be it, let us get back to the subject in progress. However, I would like you to keep the above in mind as to priority when we move on back into the *Monarch Project* and see where you might think "I" would list it as to priority. If anyone thinks I am controlled by MONEY—it is greatly wiser to consider me an enemy. Moreover, I find it insulting and degrading to my secretary for, after all, it is "Ekkers" (once again) under her attack to "hopefully" bring me into her control. Forget it! When anyone thinks "I" will come under "Grandma's" control, then you have a very sick world indeed. When anyone thinks a "non-recognized" gold certificate equates to patriotism or a "solution" to the world's (or the U.S.'s) problems—you have more problems than contained in the so-called ark of the covenant. (Leave the letter non-capitalized. I will speak at length on that "ark" one of these days.) Everything I can think of is more important than Durham's gold certificate. NO GOLD CERTIFICATES, VALID OR OTHERWISE, ARE GOING TO BE HONORED UNDER THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT CONTROL. SELL THE CONFOUNDED THING TO WHOEVER IS FOOLISH ENOUGH TO BUY IT! I ONLY SUGGEST YOU/SHE USE IT FOR SOME COLLATERAL IF SHE COULD FIND ANYONE TO HONOR IT. SO MUCH FOR ME.

I do believe that here, however, I should warn you "gold certificate" buffs and participants in such as Green Light, etc., that I have been told that the Government plans on arresting Buckley and others who are hooked in with him and Green Light. Is this true? Good grief, readers, I can't keep up with EVERYTHING you ones are PERSONALLY involved in. I do have "friends" who are signed into that organization, however, and I warn you to TAKE CARE, for it is supposed to be simultaneous with the "Patriot Militia Sweep".

Once again in our historys, the MILITARY will do a DEED and BLAME IT ON SOMEONE ELSE. Judging from the informations and RED ALERTS coming in, the MILITIAS will take the blame.

I have repeatedly, although I do not know any of the MILITIAS, put out the word through the NETWORKING: "STAND DOWN" and "DO NOT GO".

Judging from the fast movements of events, we will be needing our MILITIAS to defend us here in the United States and, possibly from our own Military. Frankly, I find this unconscionable when even these thoughts are "put into our minds".

One would think, the U.S. Military having taken an OATH to uphold, protect and defend the U.S. Constitution from all partys, foreign and domestic, that they would immediately concentrate on the partys who are DELIBERATELY and CONCISELY DESTROYING THE U.S. CONSTITUTION by BILLS SUCH AS "HR-666, HR-97 et seq'". As these Bills directly "destroy the BILL of Rights and the U.S. Constitution grandfathered".

After watching the "NEWS VIDEO" on the "BUSH CLUB of CORPORATIONS INTERNATIONAL (BCCI)" with 640 BILLION AMERICAN DOLLARS in MILITARY EQUIPMENT, AWACKS, MISSLES, PLANES, UNDERGROUND FACILITIES, AND SO FORTH AS PUT IN SAUDI ARABIA IN 1990 to 1992, "WE DO NOT HAVE GOOD MILITARY EQUIPMENT IN THIS NATION". Ours went to Saudi Arabia!

WE, the People* of the grandfathered U.S. Constitutional United States, do not have the chance of a snow-ball in Hell of defending ourselves after the worlds largest arms deal in history conducted by the President of the United States, George D. U.S.H.

- We have foreign troops on our Soil.
- We have no wponry to defend this nation in our Reserve Units
- Our Reserve Units do not have the AMO to defend this nation?
- What equipment is left in this nation, if functionally absolute?

Now we are faced with "OMEGA" the "Tesla" theory..of electronics as wponry? A very dangerous "wepon", I will not elaborate on this but the informations (which Russell Herman was privy) was just recently (I am told) printed in the CONTACT NEWS. PLEASE, PLEASE READ THIS IT IS VERY IMPORTANT FOR YOU TO KNOW!

Our duly elected, the Executive, his Cabinate, both HOUSES have become the WHEELERS and DEALERS in the "Normal conducting of business, normally conducted by the Citizenry of the United States." Since everyones phones are monitored, the transactions are stolen right straight off the phones and faxes, and the Government is now the WORLDS LARGEST "BUSINESS TRANSACTOR".

IF, a corporation does not belong to one of the 500 Corporations, the 500 TRUSTS which belong to the "ELITEISTS", you don't stand a SNOW BALLS CHANCE IN HELL of being a successful corporation in the United States. They will blatantly challenge you: "ARE YOU A 500 MEMBER"!?]

You are strongly advised to "WATCH YOUR BANKS", for if they can arbitrarily "TAKE YOUR MONEY FROM YOUR ACCOUNT, WITHOUT COURT ORDER THEN SOMETHING IS GOING ON...!" Its time to get very worried! This does not happen in an ordered law abiding "society".

Furthermore, this does not happen in a FREE SOCIETY!

You are strongly urged to be prepared for ANYTHING during the months from February to MAY. Race Riots have been planned for this year (Geraldo Riveras show). Be prepared. Things don't look good...

GRANDMA



The News Desk

2/21/95 PHYLLIS LINN

WHAT'S BLACK AND WHITE AND IN THE RED?

This *NEW YORK TIMES* article appeared in the February 7 issue of the *FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM*, [quoting:]

The price of newsprint, a commodity that is usually uninteresting even to newspaper publishers, has climbed faster in recent weeks than ever before, and faster than newspaper executives had predicted.

A metric ton of newsprint that cost \$469 in 1994 was up to \$552 in January. If announced increases hold up, the price will jump to \$600 in March and \$675 in May. Newsprint often accounts for 20 percent or more of a newspaper's costs.

To save money, newspapers from coast to coast are cutting the size of their staffs, the amount of news in their publications and even the width of their pages. [Does this explain our small print?? Sounds like an effective way to shut down the small, independent newspapers—what's left of us!]

FLU OUTBREAK IN KOBE

I saw this Associated Press article from the January 26 issue of *THE DENVER POST* soon after reading Cathy O'Brien's account of the Elite's clever scheme to infect the Haitians with AIDS (see Front Page story, this issue), [quoting:]

KOBE, Japan—Officials appealed for medicine yesterday to combat a flu outbreak that threatened to turn into an epidemic in shelters that house hundred of thousands of people who lost their homes in last week's earthquake.

Faced with the largest number of homeless people since World War II, Japanese officials fear the spread of any contagious disease, especially among the very old and the very young.

LESSONS FROM KOBE

THE MODESTO BEE printed this editorial in the January 31 edition, [quoting:]

Using the Japanese city of Kobe as a laboratory, structural engineers have flocked from all corners to study the thousands of buildings, bridges, and roadways that were damaged by the recent earthquake.

As in the 1989 Loma Prieta quake, most of Kobe's devastation was to buildings and roadways built on landfill. Through a process called liquefaction, the quake saturated the landfill with water and made it a sort of soup. Japanese engineers had tried to prepare for that by driving pilings deep into the earth to anchor their buildings, but it simply didn't work. Re-working those assumptions will be crucial to retrofitting and new construction work on landfill, particularly in the Bay Area. It should certainly give pause to anybody considering building on fill in a quake-prone area.

In a quake the size of the one that struck Kobe, lives will be lost, no matter how sophisticated the structures become. But where we can be prepared, we must be—from the state expediting its retrofit work, to cities protecting their water and gas lines, to individuals keeping a supply of bottled water, candles, and canned food on hand. [Time to check those bungie cords.]

ANNUAL IRS TERROR TACTICS

Have you noticed that every year at this time, the media begins a not-so-subtle barrage of stories about the IRS waging war on "tax cheats". The '95 season opens with this article printed on February 9 in *THE ORLANDO SENTINEL*, headlined "Hunt For Tax Cheats To Slow Down Refunds", [quoting:]

WASHINGTON—Millions of Americans may be waiting longer for tax refunds this year as the Internal Revenue Service, armed with better computers, tries to uncover fraudulent and erroneous returns.

IRS enforcement chief [What happened to "voluntary compliance?"] Philip Brand told reporters that one of this year's big changes is a thorough check of Social Security numbers to make sure they match taxpayers and dependents. Brand said there are other tip-offs that point to inaccurate returns, such as the size of some refund claims. But the IRS is not divulging specifics to avoid helping con artists. "We don't advertise what we're looking for," Brand said. "We change our filters and strains" to make it more difficult for sophisticated tax cheaters, he added. [Argh! *Phoenix Journal* #16, YOU CAN SLAY THE DRAGON, is a straightforward exposé of the IRS, full of invaluable information about how to slay this insatiable dragon. Since it is out-of-print until further funding, you'll have to beg or borrow one if you don't already have a copy.]

LATEST ASSAULTS ON 2ND AND 4TH AMENDMENTS

An Associated Press article printed in the February 5 edition of *THE ORLANDO SENTINEL* reports, [quoting:]

ST. LOUIS—Police here are knocking on selected doors and making a polite but pointed pitch to startled parents: We think your kid has a gun. Fill out this form, and we'll come in and get it. Nobody gets arrested, nobody goes to jail. Just waive your right to a search warrant and let the police poke around the closet and peek under a mattress. Keep your kid, fork over his firearm. [And where do the guns go from there?]

Like never before, U.S. cities are furiously tapping each other for ideas and competing against each other for grants in a great race to develop new models for fighting crime, magic bullets to deter the terror of the '90s: violent youth, armed and loaded. [Note that the focus is on effects, rather than the Elite, perpe-traitor cause.]

Many of these new programs involve aggressive police techniques that not long ago would have been dismissed as pure harassment, racial and otherwise. In Kansas City and Indianapolis, police use virtual drive-by enforcement, sending special teams into high-crime areas with a free-ranging mandate to stop cars, search bodies and find guns.

In St. Louis, a black teen out on a snowy night, changing his cadence when a police car approaches, is fair game to be hit with the pinpoint beam of a searchlight, stopped and patted down. Police appear to operate with impunity here because the high-crime neighborhoods they target have demanded it.

"As Malcom X said, 'by any means necessary,'" said Charles Mischeaux, president of the St. Louis NAACP. "If they're going to be looking for guns, it doesn't make any sense to go into the upper-class neighborhoods. It's black on black." [Is it the goal of the Controllers to reduce violent crime? No. It IS their goal to gather up all the weapons they don't control

AND to stir up racial strife in preparation for the post-OJ trial racial riots AND to pursue any means of diluting and setting aside YOUR Constitution.]

NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE ARTS OUTDOES ITSELF WITH YOUR TAX DOLLARS

Rod Dreher reports in the January 30-February 5 edition of *THE WASHINGTON TIMES WEEKLY*, [quoting:]

Congress was so steamed last year over a government subsidy of a bloody sadomasochistic performance that it cut the National Endowment for the Arts' budget by 2 percent... A videotape obtained by *THE WASHINGTON TIMES* of Ron Athey's autobiographical "Four Scenes in a Harsh Life" shows that Congress didn't know the half of it.

The NEA did not directly fund the Athey work, but \$150 granted to Minneapolis' Walker Art Center was used to sponsor his performance there. [My apologies, readers, about what is to follow. I'm sure you are already thoroughly disgusted by the ongoing accounts of slimy secrets of the Monarch Project perpe-traitors and are looking forward to an end to this stuff. Until we face up to the harsh reality of our plight, it's not going to get any better.]

The show received a great deal of press attention after some patrons panicked as blood-soaked paper towels were sent sailing over the audience on a clothesline. The scene in question, "Human Printing Press", featured Mr. Athey ritualistically carving designs on the back of an assistant, whose head is burrowed submissively in Mr. Athey's crotch. [It gets worse, but you get the idea, and the NEA gets your tax dollars.]

BARBRA STREISAND BLASTS ATTACK ON NEA

This Reuter article appeared in *THE GAZETTE, MONTREAL* on February 4, [quoting:]

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.—Singer Barbra Streisand criticized Republicans during a speech at Harvard University yesterday, calling them Philistines lacking in appreciation of the value of art.

In a speech at the John F. Kennedy School of Government, Streisand described the mood of the United States as "reactionary"—a place where artists have become "convenient objects of scorn" and institutions like the National Endowment for the Arts [remember them?] and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting are in danger of being abolished.

"From my point of view, this is part of the profound conflict between those who would widen freedom and those who would narrow it... Art does not exist only to entertain—but also to challenge one to think, to provoke, even to disturb, in a constant search for the truth." [From MY point of view, there is nothing in the Constitution authorizing the federal government to be a patron of the arts at public expense. End of discussion.]

VICTOR OSTROVSKY SUES CTV NETWORK

OTTAWA—An Israeli spy who became a controversial Canadian author is suing the CTV television network. Victor Ostrovsky, who has written two tell-tale books about his years with the Mossad, accused CTV in a written statement of "airing a solicitation for his murder" last year.

Ostrovsky said he fears for his life because of the calls in Israel for his death. CTV said it had no comment on the lawsuit, filed yesterday in Ontario Court general division. [The Mossad attempted to ban Ostrovsky's first book, *By Way of Deception*, which exposes chilling details of this group of highly trained assassins, spies and saboteurs who operate with almost complete autonomy around the world.]

CIA ESTIMATES MILLIONS WILL DIE

The *FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM* has this to report in its February 8 issue, [quoting:]

WASHINGTON—Nearly 39 million people in 30 countries or regions are at risk of dying of starvation or disease this year because of civil unrest and other emergencies, the CIA estimates. Much of the danger is concentrated in Africa, but the threat is severe in other parts of the world, including Afghanistan, Bosnia-Herzegovina, Haiti, Iraq and several former Soviet republics, the CIA said. [Well, *THEY* should know!]

STUDENT SUSPENDED FOR WEARING STAR OF DAVID

This article comes from a recent issue of the *NAPLES* (Florida) *DAILY NEWS*, [quoting:]

MENDON, Mich (AP)—A high school student wore the Star of David because it made him feel different, "more like a leader than a follower". School officials told him it made him look like a gang member. "The principal said, 'Since you're not Jewish, you're not allowed to wear it,'" said Ron Vaughn, a 15-year old freshman at Mendon High School. "But he told me I could wear a cross if I wanted to."

Administrators told him the Star of David is being used as a symbol by some gangs [*POWERFUL international gangs!*], Vaughn said. He was suspended for two days for refusing to take off the gold-plated, six-pointed star.

TALMUD TALE TOLD: PROFESSOR CENSURED

This report comes from the February 1 edition of the *SANTA BARBARA NEWS*, [quoting:]

A theology professor disciplined for telling a risqué Talmudic tale in class has suffered another setback in his legal battle against the Chicago Theological Seminary. For the second time since August, a judge dismissed Graydon Snyder's libel suit against the school.

In a 1992 lecture, Snyder discussed a tale from the *Talmud*, the Jewish body of law, about a roofer falling on a woman and having accidental sex. A female student complained, and the seminary found Snyder guilty of sexual harassment. Snyder was barred from teaching required courses, and his classroom actions are being monitored for a year.

Snyder, whose works include a book on why Christians should avoid court, contends the seminary damaged his reputation as a biblical scholar in a 1993 memo it sent to students and faculty members explaining why he was disciplined.

Circuit Judge Kathy Flanagan disagreed last summer and threw out his lawsuit. She rejected an amended lawsuit Thursday. Snyder said he will appeal.

"Professor Snyder will not be intimidated and harassed, and it is important for other professors around the country to know their every word will not be reviewed by a cultural SWAT team," said his lawyer Steven Rosenberg. [*Gutsy assertion to be made by a lawyer named Rosenberg!*]

PRE-BLUE BEAM PUBLICITY

The February 9 edition of the *FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM* reports, [quoting:]

Billy Graham announced that he'll preach to his biggest audience ever—potentially 1 billion people—via his *Global Mission* satellite broadcast to be beamed [*interesting choice of words*] about the world March 16, 17, 18 and translated into 80 languages. "I think the world is just about the way it's always been," said Graham, 76. "The good on the one side seems to be getting better, and the evil, that's getting worse." [*Actually, they seem to be getting BETTER at being evil! March is not far off. If you haven't yet read about*

Operation Blue Beam, check out the article in the June 14, 1994 issue (reprinted in the October 18 issue) of CONTACT.]

GOVERNOR JIM GUY TUCKER FACES POSSIBLE INDICTMENT

The January 26 issue of *THE WASHINGTON TIMES* has this to report on the duck-hunting, drug-dealing (see Michael Maholy's "C.I.A. Pipeline" on page 40, this issue) Arkansas governor, [quoting:]

Whitewater investigators have stepped up their inquiry into questionable financial deals involving Arkansas Gov. Jim Guy Tucker to include business ventures in Arkansas, Texas and Florida, and possible tax-evasion charges.

The probe, according to federal law enforcement sources and others, includes an ongoing grand-jury review in Little Rock of a bankruptcy case in Texas involving the purchase of a cable company that netted Mr. Tucker millions of dollars.

The Arkansas governor frequently has been mentioned as an indictment target in the Whitewater investigation and has vowed to fight any charges leveled against him.

Investigators also are looking into a \$300,000 Small Business Administration-backed loan in June 1987 from David L. Hale, a former Little Rock municipal judge and now a Whitewater witness who owned Capital-Management Service Inc. Mr. Tucker, whose law firm at one time represented Madison Guaranty Savings and Loan Association and Capital-Management, has declined comment on the Texas purchase.

Many of the loans Mr. Tucker used to establish himself as a millionaire came from Capital-Management and Madison, owned by James B. McDougal, a partner of President and Mrs. Clinton's in the Whitewater Development Corp. Madison, which failed in 1989 at a cost to taxpayers of \$50 million, and Whitewater, an Arkansas real estate venture, are the major targets of the Starr investigation.

Part of Hale's grand-jury testimony, according to the sources, has centered on questionable loans involving Mr. Tucker and Capital-Management, two of them for \$275,000, went to Tucker's wife, Betty, under an SBA program aimed at helping financially disadvantaged applicants. At the time of the loan, the Tuckers' net worth was \$1.3 million. [*I hope this inspires y'all to put pen to paper with renewed vigor to free Richard Snell—see box at right.*]

LAST-MINUTE MOVE KEPT U.S. FROM WAR IN KOREA

This article by William Matthews is from the February 13 edition of *ARMY TIMES*, [quoting:]

WASHINGTON—Trouble over North Korea's nuclear weapons program had been brewing for years. But in June 1994, as the North blocked nuclear inspections and threatened to destroy the capital of South Korea, the Clinton Administration feared the trouble might actually escalate to war.

Defense Secretary William Perry was ready to build up U.S. military muscle in South Korea by adding more than 10,000 troops to the 37,000 already there. He had sent top-of-the-line attack helicopters, Patriot missiles, and minesweepers. Perry and other cabinet members were meeting with President Clinton, reviewing war plans, when word arrived at the White House that North Korea finally had agreed to negotiate a halt to its nuclear weapons program, Perry disclosed during Senate hearings Jan. 24 and 26.

Among the options Perry and the president [*and their puppet-masters*] pondered was a U.S. strike in North Korea to destroy the five-megawatt nuclear reac-

tor the United States believed North Korea was using to produce plutonium for nuclear weapons. The plan was to "go in and take out the reactor," Perry said. "I can assure you, it could have been done," he told the Senate Armed Services Committee. But Perry said he recommended against the attack, which would almost certainly have meant war with North Korea.

North Korea's million-man army would have surged south across the demilitarized zone into South Korea. North Korean artillery could have destroyed much of South Korea's capital, Seoul. War would likely have meant a million deaths and cost the United States \$100 billion, said Gen. Gary Luck, commander of U.S. forces in Korea, who testified before the Senate committee Jan. 26. [*How much of this is true? Since reading "1982 Falkland Islands Crisis" in the January 17 issue of CONTACT and Phoenix Journal # 13, SKELETONS IN THE CLOSETS (what the Falkland Island war was REALLY about) I realize the Northern Hemisphere is considered expendable by the Elite factions contending for top of the heap—and that a lot goes on outside the realm of newspaper readers that could be VERY dangerous to our bodies and souls.*]



William Bennett, Paul Weyrich, and radio/television talk show host Rush Limbaugh reporting from the Democratic national convention, New York City, 1992.

RUSH EXPOSED AS POLITICAL INSIDER

The February 5 edition of the *CHICAGO TRIBUNE* has this to report, from Clarence Page, [quoting:]

WASHINGTON—Now that we know Rush Limbaugh received a private, unsolicited briefing on

Where To Write:

(See p. 54 of 1/31/95 CONTACT)

Governor Jim Guy Tucker
State Capitol
Little Rock, AR 72201
(501) 682-2345
FAX 501-682-1382

Richard Snell SK897
2501 State Farm Road
Tucker, AR 72168-9503

Mrs. Mary Snell
Box 6708
Texarkana, TX 75505-6708

the Mexican peso crisis from Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan, can we now drop all pretense of good ol' Rush as an embattled voice of the people against mighty conspiracies of liberal elites? [That would be edifying.]

Federal Reserve spokesmen have confirmed published reports that Greenspan telephoned Limbaugh in Mid-January to explain President Clinton's proposed package of loan guarantees to him, just him, and to persuade him, just him, that a United States bailout of Mexico was a good idea.

Greenspan has never met Limbaugh, the spokesmen said, but he called the talk jock up for the only private briefing the fed chairman gave on the rescue package of anyone except members of Congress.

I found this news to be particularly revealing of how Washington works these days, particularly in light of the image of put-upon powerlessness that Rush usually tries to put forth to the huddled masses who listen to him "across the fruited plain", as he says. Amusing, but, sorry, Rush, the jig is up on all counts. You've got power. You've got clout. You've got influence. You've got, as they say on the street, "juice".

How can you represent a "growing rejection of elites" when you so obviously have become one? It was not an easy charade to pull off in 1992, when President Bush, holder of the highest office in the land, made a special appearance on your show, nor is it easy now when you're on the side of power elite on Capitol Hill and, maybe in 1996, the White House, too.

It is not easy to comprehend how anyone else "liberal" or otherwise could have "control" of the debate after Limbaugh was personally invited to brief Congress' new freshman Republican class, which greeted him with a rousing standing ovation and credits

his "broadcast excellence" with the first Republican takeover of both houses of Congress in 40 years. Limbaugh is a power broker, a mover and a shaker. It is hard to continue playing the victim after you have begun undeniably to win. [This is not news to CONTACT readers, who have followed Rush's trips to Israel. It's a pretty fair assumption that major media personalities have strings leading to the puppet masters. And remember, Rush Limbaugh is best buddies with the "virtuous" Bill Bennett, leader of the Jesuit mind-control training "college".]

**NEWSWEEK LEAD ARTICLE ON
VIRTUE FEATURES
BILL BENNETT, OLIVER NORTH,
CLINTONS, JEB BUSH!**

This cover feature article is from the June 13, 1994 edition of NEWSWEEK. It is timely in view of Cathy O'Brien's recent revelations about the parasites in point. (See the ongoing Monarch Project articles, especially page 22 of the February 14 issue of CONTACT). [quoting:]

Bill Bennett has to go, has to finish this interview in his office near the White House, has to catch a plane. Another week, another round of speeches, some big-buck and corporate, some public and political. Everyone wants a piece of him, and he's glad to oblige. His *Book of Virtues* remains hot beyond expectation: about a million hardcover copies in print. He's now a cottage industry of character education—a multi-media McGuffey. First, there is to be a sequel. "Maybe I'll call it *Son of the Book of Virtues*," he jokes. Then, a series of virtue-teaching textbooks (elementary, junior high, senior high). Finally, inevitably, a deal in

Hollywood, that precinct of sin that suddenly sees a market in virtue. Bennett will produce stories for film and television. "The studio execs wanted to buy the rights to *Virtue*. He refused. He wants to write, maybe host: the Alistair Cooke of character ed. "I've got to maintain quality control," Bennett explains.

The virtue crusade is creating a new kind of politics that could dominate the decade if economic or foreign crises don't intervene. It's already produced a new class of leaders from across the political spectrum—call them Virtuecrats—who view the formation of good character as an urgent aim of government. [Are you ill yet?]

Virtuecrats are nothing if not brave: they are inviting more scrutiny of their own character. Some are even advertising their personal virtue—apparently on the theory that it's so rare in public life they may as well brag about it! In Florida, Republican gubernatorial contender Jeb Bush distributes campaign brochures that note he's been "happily married" for 20 years... Oliver North won the GOP nomination for the Senate in Virginia last week by talking about family and character.

Bennett cheerfully acknowledges his struggle to

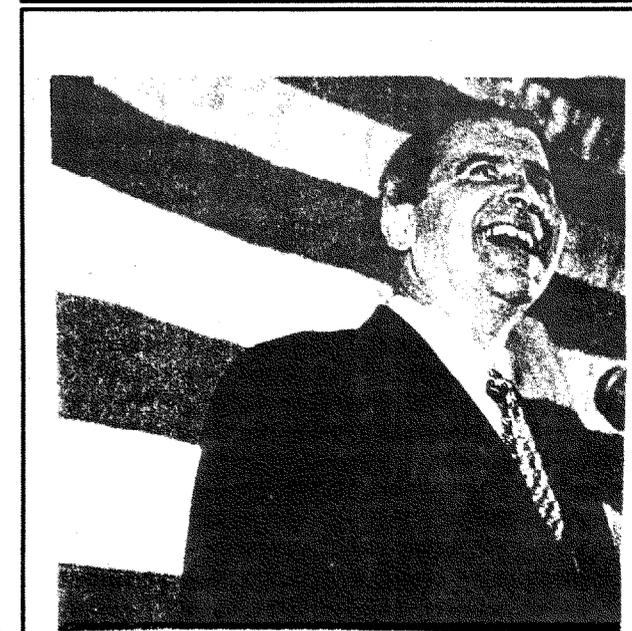
honor one of the virtues he prescribes, self-discipline. "You know I have the cigarette fight, the eating fight, the temper," he says.

As for Clinton, Bennett admires his chutzpah, though it's not one of the virtues in his book. "When he says 'Sex is not a sport, I'm for family values, for character'—this is courageous," says Bennett. [I think "chutzpah" is a more accurate term (if you recall Gary Wean's definition) and it well describes the brazen distortions in this article! The telling last line of the article is a quote by Bill Bennett:] "You can be a virtuous person without faith in God."



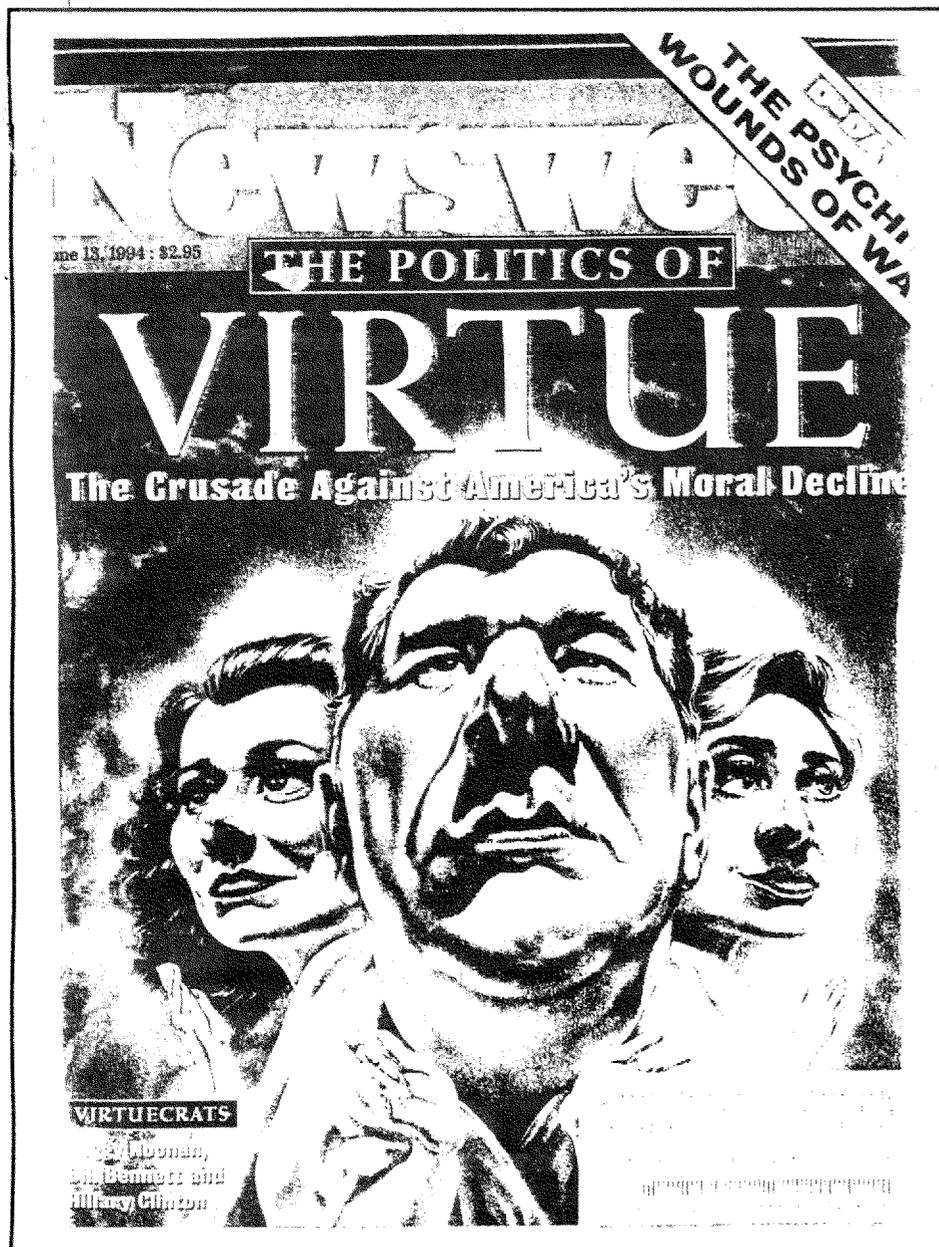
WILLIAM J. BENNETT: Editor: *The Book of Virtues*.

His faith in 'hard virtue' comes from training in a Jesuit high school he calls a 'Catholic Sparta'. *Virtues* helped make him a millionaire.



OLIVER NORTH: GOP Senate nominee from Virginia.

Running against corruption in Washington, he admits none of his own for Iran-contra. Lying to Congress, he claims, was 'virtuous' because he was following orders. [Isn't it fun to read between the lies?]



Protection Comes From Speaking The Truth

2/18/95 #1 HATONN

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 [see pgs 1-24]. 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.

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.

Alert!

Editor's note: Readers, we've been informed by Serge Monast that he is under direct attack by the Canadian federal authorities. It is a rock-and-hard-place situation in which he can share a story and be arrested, or not share the story and still be arrested. Honestly, we're not sure what we can do from this end to help. Perhaps just alerting you readers that he is under such serious attack will put THE spotlight on the crooks harassing him.

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

Now Available Latest Book and Audio Tape by Serge Monast

It is strongly urged that inquiring readers everywhere obtain *Book III* in the series by Serge Monast entitled, *United Nations Concentration Camp Program In America, Book III*. The cost, including handling and shipping, is \$16.00.

In addition, there is also available a 90-minute audio tape discussion of the *NASA Blue Beam Project*. Its cost is \$15.00.

For the dedicated researcher in search of further data, if enough interest is indicated, rare footage of recent U.N. concentration camp lodging will be made available on demand.

Please support Mr. Monast in what can only be described as a daring venture. He has already been reduced to abject poverty, utterly dependent on meager book revenues, despite continuing dedicated service to us all in the quest to get the truth out.

Address all inquiries to:

NORTH AMERICAN FREE PRESS AGENCY

P.O. Box 359

Masonville, Quebec (Canada)

JOE 1X0

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...!

THE WORD

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Donations to cover the costs of tapes are \$4.00 for one tape, \$6.00 for two tapes and \$2.50 per tape for three or more, except where otherwise noted. Postage is included in tape prices.

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If you desire to *automatically* receive tapes from future meetings, please send at least a \$50 donation from which tape costs will be deducted. We will try to notify you as your balance reaches zero.

The following is a *partial* list of older items but including all of the most current meeting dates, with the number of tapes in bold, in parentheses, and mentioning if the meeting has a special focus:

5/1/94 (2); 5/8/94(2) Mother's Day; 5/14/94(3); 5/29/94(2);
 6/18/94(2); 7/3/94(3); 7/24/94(2); 7/26/94(2); 7/31/94(2);
 8/6/94(2); 8/14/94(2); 8/28/94(2); 9/11/94(2); 9/25/94 (2);
 10/10/94 Columbus Day(5); 10/28 & 30(4); 11/6/94(2); 11/20/94(2); 11/27/94(2);
 12/11/94(2); 12/18/94(3); 1/8/95(2); 1/15/95(3) Norio Hayakawa & Jordan Maxwell;
 1/22/95(2); 2/5/95(2);
 2/10/95(3) Japanese visitors, plus Jordan Maxwell on Masonic symbolism;
 2/19/95(5) extended slide-lecture on Masonic symbols by Jordan Maxwell.

Spill the “beans” and you end up deaded. Go study the Wean papers we have provided for your information [see pgs. 33-53 of the 1/31/95 CONTACT] 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.

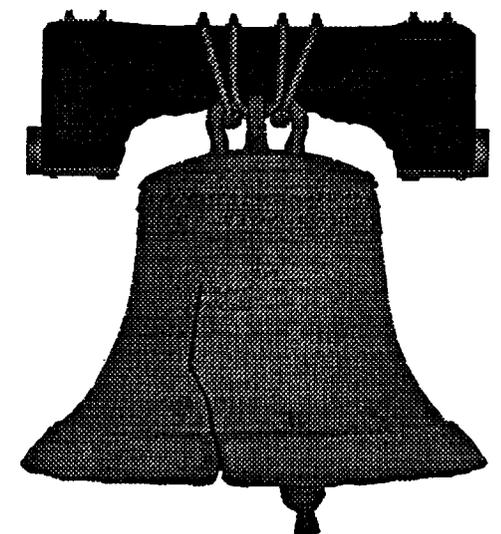
How does this happen and who manipulates until you have this kind of Evil power? The very ones we write about in such as *Monarch Project right up through the very Presidency—and it is worldwide*. However, as the U.S. goes—so shall go the evolvment of the world! YOU ARE THE ONLY ONES LEFT WITH EVEN THE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

Subscription Information

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New Republic
 P.O. Box 4014
 Pahrump, NV 89041

\$120.00 per year;
 Two newsletters each month, the 1st & 15th



Symbols Expert, Jordan Maxwell

Sharing Of Truth To Sort Out The Way

2/19/95 #1 HATONN

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 O.J. trial-viewing and not know upon what to focus for real world "catch-up".

JORDAN MAXWELL

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 efforded 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".

"UNCONDITIONAL" LOVE BUG

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 while 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.

SETUP FOR YOU NEW REPUBLICANS LOOK AT H.R. 666 AND H.R. 97

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 FIRE-ARMS. They are excluded from any higher command—except through H.R. 97 and the highest power around, Janet Reno!

MOVE AGAINST MILITIAS

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 A PAPER 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 reprinted 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 statements 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 evolvement. 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

Jordan Maxwell



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In the year 1959, Mr. Maxwell began what has become a lifelong work in the field of religio-political philosophy. His work in the field of secret societies and occult orders, both ancient and modern, along with their mystical symbols and emblems and their hidden meanings, has fascinated audiences across the country. His exposing of the hidden foundations of Western religion and political movements has received an eager and positive response from all audiences. He has lectured and taught privately for many years. He has appeared on 3 CBS Television Specials on Ancient Religion, and has been interviewed on over 100 radio programs. Most recently he has co-authored a book with long-time, popular comedian-musician Steve Allen. The time has come to get informed.

MATERIALS FOR SALE:

- (1) "Millennium 2000." Interview with *Jordan Maxwell*. Secret society plans for the new millennium, 2-hr. video, \$25.
- (2) "Lucifer 2000—The New World Order," *Jordan Maxwell* interview, 1-hr. video. Fast-moving insight on the proposed world government, \$20.
- (3) *Jordan Maxwell* Presents: "The Basic Slide Presentation." Secret society influence on churches, government and culture, 2-hr. video, \$25.
- (4) "The Illuminati/CFR" by Myron Fagan. Best introduction to "Conspiracy View of History", audio cassette with written documents included, 3 hours, \$25.
- (5) "Stellar Theology and Masonic Astronomy." An introductory study of the ancient religion of the stars, 130+pages, monograph. A must-read book. \$25.

Add \$3 shipping & handling on all orders, regardless of size.
Direct your Postal Money Orders (preferred), checks,
or cash to "Jordan Maxwell".



A Meditation

How Is The LAW Treating You?

2/19/95 PHYLLIS LINN

GRANTED the *Bible* has been perverted by Elite Controllers throughout the centuries. It could be considered a symbol of the enslavement of mankind. NEVERTHELESS there is still an abundance of Truth to be found in this book. Truth is everywhere and cannot be destroyed—not even by Satan himself.

A key to unveiling the Truth in the *Bible* was provided in Lord Michael's message of September 23, 1988, received by Dharma (See "The Valley of Radiance, Part 2", page 45 in this issue of *CONTACT*.), "I am that energy of the Blue Ray, referred to by you ones as Michael, Lord Michael ("Lord" only defined as "Law") never some term of worship for my humble self!

LORD is defined as LAW. This is significant.

Any law to which we are SUBJECT has jurisdiction over us. That which has jurisdiction over us is our LORD and master. We are the SUBJECTS of our LORD and master. The staggering number of LAWS to which we are SUBJECT under the ever-expanding, globalist New World Order defines our earthly LORD and master on this prison planet. We are SUBJECTS of Mammon.

But these laws are very small potatoes to the all-encompassing universal LAW of Creation. The LORD OF LORDS. We conceptualize this Law as "As you think, so it becomes; as you sow, so shall you reap." THOUGHT is the seed of all creation. It is how we create ourselves and our own lives. The Law of laws—LORD OF LORDS—brings thought into manifestation.

Now (if only for a moment!) let us set aside the mythological, indoctrinated, anthropomorphic defini-

tion of "Lord" as a big guy in the sky who rewards and punishes—and is often bribed and bought off by our "prayers". In its place we will use the definition provided by "Lord" Michael—LAW, keeping in mind the highest Law, or Lord of Lords, "As you think, so it becomes; as you sow, so shall you reap."

Let's take a new look at the *Bible* (I have the "authorized" King James version):

II Timothy 4:14 "The Lord reward him according to his works."

The Law—as you sow, so shall you reap—rewards him according to his works—a simple statement of fact.

Jeremiah 17:10 "I, the Lord, search the heart...to give every man according to his ways, and according to the fruit of his doing."

In this passage the *Bible* defines "Lord" as "As you sow, so shall you reap," just as Lord Michael did in his message to Dharma.

I Thessalonians 5:2 "The (day of the) Lord so cometh as a thief in the night."

The Law manifests as a loss when we are in the dark, or ignorant of the law. Ignorance of the law implies we are directing thought so as to impoverish, rather than help ourselves, and something is taken away—health, freedom, peace, possessions, etc. Due to our lack of understanding of the Law we are setting in motion, the loss sustained comes as a surprise, and there is the tendency to see ourselves as victims.

Isaiah 12:4 "Praise the Lord..."

Approve of the Law. To approve of the Law is an ongoing attitude, acknowledging that EVERYTHING that happens is a manifestation of the Law. In so doing, we take responsibility for what we have created, considering everything in our lives to be feedback about how we are directing thought.

Romans 3:20 "...for by the law is the knowledge of sin."

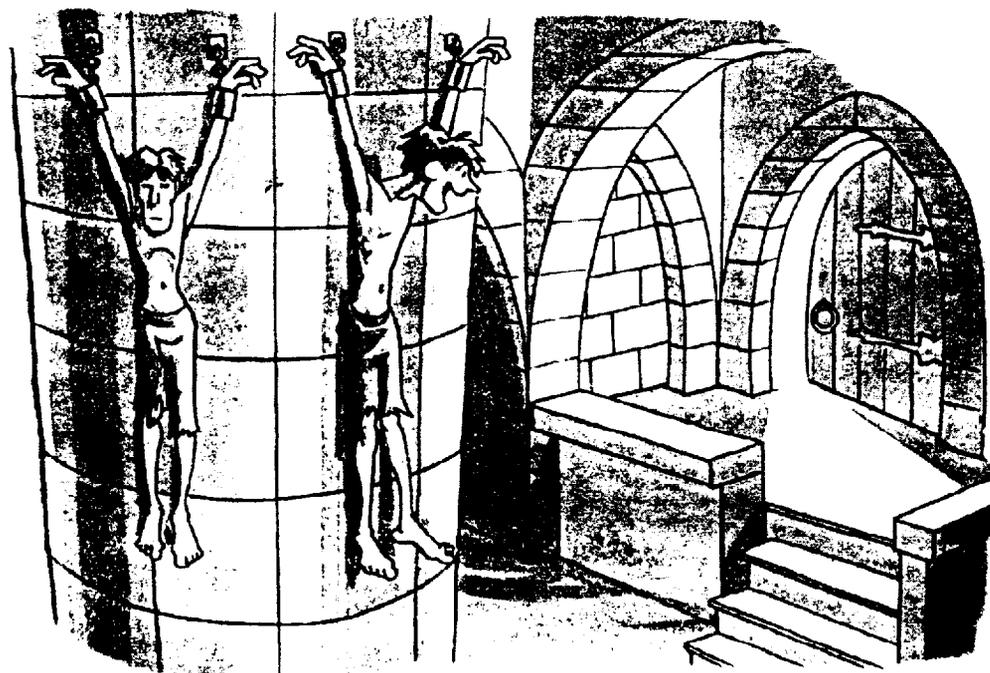
The law teaches us to recognize our mistakes. A mistake is simply a misdirection of thought.

Hebrews 12:6 "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth..."

We are served by the corrections of the Law. When we misdirect thought, it is redirected in our direction to help us to learn to think correctly. As we begin to direct thought in a CORRECT manner, it sometimes seems we are STILL getting "thumped"—though we come to realize that we have been STRENGTHENED, rather than negated. The word "chasten", with which we associate "correction" or "punishment" (the process), actually means "to make pure" (the result).

In view of this, we can not claim to be VICTIMS of anything other than our own ignorance. We are not even victims of the New World Order. The Global Elite can only control us to the degree we allow it. They have always said we will GIVE them the rope that will hang us.

Thank you, "Lord" Michael, for providing this key!



"Look! He forgot to lock the door!"

New Gaia Offers Nature's Products

10/2/93 #1 HATONN

INTRODUCTION by Oberli: For many months Commander Hatonn, with the help of WH and Dharma, has been bringing and perfecting a series of products which, when properly integrated and used together, will give our physical bodies the tools and supplies they need to re-balance and achieve "good health". More importantly, the body frequency will be raised to take advantage of the additional energy reaching us as a result of entering the "Photon Belt" rather than suffering from it. While any one of these products, taken alone, will enhance well-being, when taken together in a "program" as he has outlined below, they become TNT. And that's INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH dynamite!

Things YOU will need for this starting program:

Apple Juice
Cranberry Juice

Butter (not margarine): Butter causes the Spelt to release its B₁ (anti-carcinogen)

THIS IS NOT A MEDICAL PROGRAM OF ANY KIND. YOU CANNOT OVER-DOSE OR UNDER-DOSE. SUGGESTED AMOUNTS ARE SET FOR OPTIMUM EFFECT FOR ALL UNUSED SUBSTANCE IS WASHED AWAY IN THE EXCRETORY SYSTEM. PEOPLE WITH ONGOING KNOWN MALFUNCTION OR DISEASE MAY WELL WANT TO TAKE MORE THAN THIS SCHEDULE REFLECTS. THIS IS UP TO YOU. AS WITH ANY SUPPLEMENTAL REGIME, IT TAKES A BIT OF TIME TO RESPOND FULLY. THE BODY MUST READJUST ITS FUNCTIONING—YOU ARE ADDING THE THINGS IT MAY WELL BE MISSING AS WELL AS DOING SO IN A "PROGRAMMED" SOLUTION WHICH MERGES WITH THE BODY CELLULAR STRUCTURE AS AN ICE-CUBE MELTS WITHIN ITS MOTHER WATER.

AUDIO TAPES

THE AUDIO TAPES INCLUDED ARE TO ASSIST IN THE INSTRUCTIONS TO THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND FOR BOTH LOCATING POSSIBLE BODY MALFUNCTIONS AND/OR INVADERS NOT SUPPOSED TO BE WITHIN THE BODY. THERE ARE FIVE TAPES.

1. *Learning Self-Hypnosis*: What it is and how to use it.
2. *Clearing and Relaxing Tape*: To clear dark energy forms from your presence while in relaxation.
3. *Let's Look Within and See What's Wrong*. This is to "scan" the body for SELF while in a state of total relaxation. YOU consciously do not need to participate—your mind will recognize any malfunction or invader.
4. *Let's Heal Ourselves*: This tape includes instructions for your subconscious mind to allow sending of "troops" to infected, mutation or malfunctioning areas for specific attention.
5. *Subliminal Message Tape (Healing and Success)—MUSIC*. This tape is a gift and is for the purpose of allowing you something which enhances your program and can be enjoyed ANYTIME, ANYWHERE. The other hypnosis tapes should only be used in a state of rest when not operating any kind of machinery or other focused activities.

AS YOU LISTEN THROUGH THE TAPES YOU WILL RECOGNIZE APPROPRIATE USE. FOR INSTANCE, YOU WILL NOT PROBABLY USE THE SELF-HYPNOSIS LEARNING TAPE AFTER YOU ARE TRAINED TO RESPOND TO THE OTHER TAPES. HOWEVER, IF YOU ARE CAUGHT AT ANY TIME UNABLE TO "SLEEP"—GET IT OUT AND USE IT.

THE MORE YOU USE THE HEALING TAPE—THE MORE QUICKLY YOU CAN PROGRAM YOUR OWN SYSTEM TO ATTEND ITSELF. FURTHER, YOU WILL BE ASTOUNDED AT THE INCREASED FEELING OF WELL-BEING. WE WILL SOON HAVE AVAILABLE A SIMPLE "SUCCESS" TAPE FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT.

THESE TAPES MAY APPEAR TO BE NON-PROFESSIONAL FOR THEY WERE ORIGINALLY MADE FOR SPECIFIC PERSONS AND SPECIFIC PURPOSES—FOR DHARMA—BY MYSELF AND DORIS. DORIS IS AN ACCOMPLISHED HYPNO-THERAPIST AND THE CONTENTS OF THOSE TAPES ARE VERY PROFESSIONAL. REMEMBER, SHE HAS TO GET HER INSTRUCTIONS THE SAME WAY YOU DO! WHAT IS CREATED IN THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND IS ATTACKING THE BODY AT THAT LEVEL OF SUBCONSCIOUSNESS—MUST BE CONFRONTED AND REINSTRUCTED AT THAT SAME LEVEL OF CONSCIOUSNESS. THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND DOES NOT SLEEP AND KNOWS EVERYTHING GOING ON WITHIN THE ENTIRE SYSTEM—IT NEVER FORGETS!

USE THESE TAPES AT EVERY OPPORTUNITY—ESPECIALLY AT THE BEGINNING OF THE PROGRAM. TAKE THE TIME FOR YOURSELF FOR YOUR RESPONSE WILL BE INCREDIBLE IF YOU INSTRUCT THE ITEMS YOU INGEST TO DO THEIR WORK! DO, PLEASE, CONSIDER USING THE HEALING TAPE AS YOU GO TO SLEEP AT EVERY OPPORTUNITY—THAT IS WHEN THE MIND AND BODY DO THEIR HEALING AND REPAIRING, SORTING AND ADJUSTING.

(Oberli's Note: The tapes multiply the value of the program by scads—if you do not use them you may have to re-do the first week of the program several times before you get the "boost" you get with them. They come with the starter-kit; sold separately they are \$12.00 plus shipping.)

GAIANDRIANA & AQUAGAIA

AQUAGAIA AND GAIANDRIANA ARE TWO SEPARATE ENTITIES AND IF STORED TOGETHER

THE GAIANDRIANA CONSUMES THE MITOCHONDRIA IN THE AQUAGAIA (The mitochondria is that which feeds on vessel plaque adhering to blood vessel linings. It is also that which directly affects the blood sugar conversion system within the body—so you want to tend it carefully.)

AFTER ENTRY INTO THE BODY SYSTEM THEY GO ABOUT THEIR SEPARATE WORK AND MIXING IS FINE—SIMPLY DO NOT MIX FOR STORAGE OR FOR ANY LENGTHY PERIOD OF TIME.

EACH TIME YOU TAKE EITHER THE GAIANDRIANA OR THE AQUAGAIA—HOLD A PORTION UNDER THE TONGUE FOR A COUPLE OR THREE MINUTES BEFORE SWALLOWING. THIS ALLOWS INSTANT ENTRY INTO THE BLOOD SYSTEM. BOTH ARE CELL STRUCTURES EXACTLY LIKE YOUR BODY CELLULAR STRUCTURE. UPON ENTERING YOUR INDIVIDUAL SYSTEM THE CELLS WILL PICK UP YOUR DNA PATTERN AND REPRODUCE ONLY "WHOLE" ORIGINAL CELLS. ALL FOREIGN BODY PRESENCE (I.E., VIRUS, BACTERIA, MUTATION CELLS, ETC.) ARE TAKEN OUT, USED FOR REFUELING AND/OR SLOUGHED FROM THE BODY.

THIS IS NOT A MEDICINE OF ANY KIND. IT IS A WHOLE CELL PRODUCT WHICH ALIGNS WITH INDIVIDUAL BODY CELLULAR LIFE. It seems to enhance the production of Immune System function and increase presence of T-cells—among other cells in the immune system—raising immeasurably the body's defense system to malfunction of any kind. The "Driana" cells are blueprinted with all substances found in natural cell structures. These work WITH the ORIGINAL cell patterns in a body and reproduce only "whole" cells while cleansing out the mutations and alien particulate. Do not expect this to act as an antibiotic of some kind—the cellular structure has to be shored-up and an enhancement period of time accomplished. This is only that which can help your own healing mechanisms do what they were originally supposed to do in perfect creation of body specific. FIRST YOU ENHANCE AND HEAL YOUR OWN IMMUNE SYSTEM AND SYSTEMIC "ORDER" AND THEN THE BODY WILL ATTEND ITS PROPER FUNCTION.

GaiaLyte Program Now Available

PROGRAM STARTING PACKAGE

1 Bottle Gaiandriana (1 Quart)
1 Bottle AquaGaia (1 Quart)
2 Bottles GaiaLyte (2 Liters each)
4 Packages Spelt Bread Mix
5 Audio-cassettes

COST: \$150 (for CONTACT Subscribers only)
\$180 (for non-subscribers)

MAINTENANCE PACKAGE

1 Bottle Gaiandriana (1 Quart)
2 Bottles GaiaLyte (2 Liters each)
4 Packages Spelt Bread Mix

COST: \$90.00 (for CONTACT subscribers only)
\$115 (for non-subscribers)

GaiaSorb

NEUTRA-BOND: 2 oz.
NICOTINE, CAFFEINE, ALCOHOL,
SUCROSE, STARCH, \$6.00 each
TRAVEL PACK: 1/2-oz.
bottles of each of the above,
plus Gaiandriana, for \$15.00
(plus shipping and handling).

New Gaia Products

P.O. Box 27710

Las Vegas, NV 89126

Call 800-639-4242 today for
ordering information and/or a free
Catalog.

GAIALYTE

This is an electrolyte concentrate with Kargosok tea, Gaiandriana, Carbragaia (a cartilage similar to shark-fin but "programmed" to human tissue), juice and a plethora of vitamins and minerals necessary for EVERY cell structure. This also adds fuel for the new cells introduced from the Gaiandriana and AquaGaia.

RECONSTITUTION INSTRUCTIONS:

TAKE 1/4 CUP (2 OZ) CONCENTRATE AND RECONSTITUTE WITH WATER TO ONE (1) CUP LIQUID. (CHILL THE CONCENTRATE AND MIX GENTLY BEFORE OPENING AS IT TENDS TO "BLOW" AS IT MATURES AND RELEASES NEW LIFE.) (If volume is a problem the water can be reduced or eliminated but the fruit juice is necessary.)

ADD: 1/4 CUP CRANBERRY JUICE
ADD: 1/2 CUP APPLE JUICE

This is a very tasty drink and is best when chilled or on ice. DRINK A FULL MEASURE OF THIS MIXTURE AT LEAST FOUR TIMES THE FIRST DAY. IT IS SUGGESTED BY USERS THAT IT IS BETTER TO TAKE YOUR LAST DAILY AMOUNT ABOUT 4 HOURS PRIOR TO SLEEP-TIME AS IT TENDS TO "REV-UP" THE SYSTEM. MANY, HOWEVER, ENJOY IT AS A BEDTIME DRINK SO USE YOUR OWN JUDGMENT.

WHY APPLE AND CRANBERRY JUICE ADDITIONS? BECAUSE YOU WILL NEED TO CLEAR OUT THE LIVER DISCHARGE SYSTEM AND APPLE JUICE (preferably unfiltered) IS RECOMMENDED FOR THE FUNCTION OF THE GALL BLADDER. CRANBERRY JUICE IS RECOMMENDED FOR THE BLADDER (URINE) SYSTEM. YOU MAY USE ALL ONE TYPE OF JUICE AT A TIME IF YOU LIKE BUT THIS IS A MINIMUM AMOUNT DESIRED FOR INITIAL CLEANSING. HAVE AS MUCH ADDITIONAL JUICE AS YOU WISH. WE ENCOURAGE DRINKING A LOT OF BOTH AS WELL AS OTHER JUICES AT EVERY OPPORTUNITY. AT UPSTART OF THIS PROGRAM DO NOT GET THE JUICE "BLENDS" AS THEY WILL NOT CONTAIN THE PROPER AMOUNT OF EITHER. AS YOU MOVE INTO A REGULAR ONGOING INTAKE REGIME—USE ANYTHING YOU WANT.

SPELT BREAD

This is a problem to some who have no access to Spelt. Spelt is, however, THE gift of GOD to your planet as the "original" grain. It is deliciously milder than wheat, non-hybrid and is so far superior to other grains as to be almost incomparable. If you cannot get Spelt bread or grain, of course, use the best whole grain bread you CAN get.

OUR RESOURCES WILL BE ABLE TO SUPPLY [now available, see NewGaia Order Form at back of paper] YOU WITH SPELT IN ONE FORM OR ANOTHER. THEY ALSO ARE SETTING UP A PROGRAM WHEREBY YOU CAN OBTAIN A BREAD BAKING MACHINE FOR YOUR USE AND "BREAD MIX" WHICH IS SUITABLE FOR SAME. [Now available, see NewGaia Order Form at back of paper.] THE FLOUR IS NOT INTERCHANGEABLE IN MOST INSTANCES BUT CAN BE ADJUSTED NICELY IF TIME IS TAKEN TO DO SO. THERE ARE, HOWEVER, SUBSTANCES IN SPELT THAT **NO OTHER GRAIN HAS AVAILABLE** AND SPELT IS ALL THAT I RECOMMEND. OTHERS ARE SIMPLY FILLERS FOR THE TUM-TUM.

IN THE UPSTART PROGRAM YOU WILL INGEST PROBABLY MORE THAN YOU WANT, IT WILL SEEM, FOR IT IS A MAGNIFICENT BREAD UPON WHICH YOU COULD LIVE NICELY WITH NOTHING ELSE ADDED. HOWEVER, OUR THRUST IS AFTER, AMONG OTHER THINGS, THE FIRST TWO "B" VITAMINS AND B₁₇. B₁₇ IS AN "ANTI-NEOPLASTIC" SUBSTANCE WHOSE PRESENCE IS NOT FOUND ELSEWHERE IN ANY AMOUNTS ALLOWABLE TO YOU ANY LONGER. TOASTING THE GRAIN OR BREAD HELPS RELEASE THE VITAMIN AND ALSO THE ADDITION OF BUTTER (NOT IMITATION) INGESTED WITH THE GRAIN ALLOWS TWICE, OR MORE, THE RELEASE OF THAT VITAMIN. If you cannot bring yourself to have butter on every piece of bread you eat—I

do ask that you have at least one tablespoon of butter per day in some way. It has properties that no other fat carries.

As you get your body back into BALANCE you will find that it is the very thing you go through now which got you into the unbalanced mess in the first place. If your system is able to work as it should—IT CAN BALANCE ITS OWN PERFECTION WITHOUT YOUR CUTTING IN OR OUT ITEMS FROM A REGULAR DIET. YOU HAVE MADE YOUR BODIES SICK. IT IS UP TO YOU TO GIVE THEM, NOW, WHAT THEY NEED TO HEAL THEMSELVES.

INSTRUCTIONS**DAY ONE:**

6 OUNCES GAIANDRIANA divided into 2 ounce segments. Can be mixed nicely with GAIALYTE drink.

6 OUNCES AQUAGAIA divided into 2 ounce segments. Can be mixed into GAIALYTE drink—EXCEPT in cases where you already have mixed Gaiandriana into the drink.

4 GAIALYTE drinks.

4 TO 5 AVERAGE SLICES OF SPELT BREAD (PREFERRED TOASTED) WITH A BIT OF BUTTER.

DAY TWO:

SAME AS DAY ONE.

DAY THREE:

GAIANDRIANA: REDUCE TO THREE OUNCES.

AQUAGAIA: REDUCE TO THREE OUNCES.

GAIALYTE: REDUCE TO THREE DRINKS.

SPELT BREAD: YOU CAN REDUCE TO 2 SLICES IF YOU DESIRE.

DAY FOUR: GAIANDRIANA: REDUCE TO 2 OUNCES.

AQUAGAIA: REDUCE TO 2 OUNCES.

GAIALYTE: CAN REDUCE TO 2 DRINKS IF DESIRED.

SPELT BREAD: AS DESIRED—AT LEAST ONE SLICE OR EQUIVALENT IF AVAILABLE.

DAY FIVE:

GAIANDRIANA: REDUCE TO 1 OUNCE.

AQUAGAIA: REDUCE TO 1 OUNCE.

GAIALYTE: IDEAL TO CONTINUE PERMANENTLY, 2 DRINKS PER DAY.

SPELT BREAD: AS AVAILABLE AND DESIRED. IDEAL TO ALWAYS HAVE SPELT BREAD AS YOUR STAPLE GRAIN PRODUCT.

DAY SIX & SEVEN:

GAIANDRIANA: REDUCE TO 1/2 OUNCE.

AQUAGAIA: REDUCE TO 1/2 OUNCE.

GAIALYTE: 2 DRINKS.

SPELT BREAD: AT LEAST ONE SLICE OR EQUIVALENT.

MAINTENANCE:

GAIANDRIANA: 1/2 OUNCE PREFERRED, TAKEN IN DROPS UNDER THE TONGUE AT LEAST THREE TIMES/DAY. UNFORTUNATELY THE AMOUNT NOW BECOMES A MATTER OF EXPENSE AND ABILITY TO HAVE QUANTITY. AS LITTLE AS 8 TO 10 DROPS UNDER THE TONGUE TWO TO THREE MINUTES 3 X PER DAY WILL PROBABLY MAINTAIN YOU IN A HEALED STATE OF NORMAL FUNCTION. I SUGGEST THAT IF COLDS, FLUS, ETC., ARE AROUND YOU OR YOU SHOW SIGNS OF PHYSICAL STRESS, INCREASE YOUR INTAKE ACCORDINGLY.

AQUAGAIA: IF YOU HAVE A KNOWN METABOLISM PROBLEM OR PLAQUES IN THE VESSELS, I DO SUGGEST YOU CONTINUE WITH AT LEAST MINIMUM INTAKE OF AQUAGAIA. HOWEVER, IF CLARENCE IS ACHIEVED AND YOU ARE COMFORTABLE YOU CAN USE A FEW DROPS UNDER YOUR TONGUE ONCE OR TWICE DAILY AND YOU WILL REMAIN BALANCED. IF YOU NEED TO GIVE UP EITHER ONE OR THE OTHER, AQUAGAIA OR GAIANDRIANA, GIVE UP THE AQUAGAIA FOR IN A BALANCED STATE THE GAIANDRIANA WILL SUFFICE NICELY.

GAIALYTE: IF YOU CAN DO SO, CONTINUE WITH TWO DRINKS PER DAY—INDEFINITELY. IF YOU MUST REDUCE INTAKE, PLEASE TRY TO MAINTAIN WITH AT LEAST ONE DRINK PER DAY. THIS IS MASSIVELY ENHANCED WITH WHOLE GAIANDRIANA AND CARBRAGAIA AND OTHER THINGS WHICH YOU CANNOT GET ELSEWHERE, ANYWHERE WE KNOW ABOUT.

SPELT BREAD: THE PROPER AMOUNT IS TWO SLICES PER DAY; ALWAYS TRY TO GET AT LEAST ONE SLICE PER DAY.

(Oberli's Note: Thirty-some years ago, when the diet beverage called METRO-CAL was first introduced, my uncle Harold Ekker (a huge man) complained, "I've drunk two cans of that stuff with every meal for six weeks and all the good it's done is gain me ten pounds!" This program is a bit like that—if you just add it to what you eat/drink now it will add to the weight around your middle and subtract from the weight of your wallet.

What our friend has brought to us is an ulcerless, stress-defeating new life-style which can restore our bodies to their intended functioning, a condition most of us have not enjoyed since long before our first birthday. If we will substitute a glass of GaiaLyte and a slice of buttered Spelt toast for that morning cup(s) of coffee plus donut or ?, and then do the same at lunchtime, we will experience a marvelous elevation of energy and a new clarity of thinking without any significant change in our daily food/beverage expense. (The cost is approximately \$3 per day at the maintenance level—less than most spend for lunch—and this includes the optimum input of Gaiandriana.)

Speaking of cost, I should remind you that GCH has said many times that we are to provide substantial price breaks to CONTACT subscribers. For example, non-subscribers pay \$64 per quart of Gaiandriana, subscribers \$50, a 20%+ discount. GaiaLyte is \$20 for a two-liter bottle (makes 33 drinks); subscribers pay \$15 (not much more than a can of pop and look at the difference in what you get). A "Starter Package" will be \$180 for non-subscribers; \$150 for subscribers. A Starter Package consists of one quart of Gaiandriana, one quart of AquaGaia, 2 two-liter bottles of GaiaLyte, four packages of Spelt Bread Mix and five Audio Tapes. The Maintenance Package consists of one quart of Gaiandriana, 2 two-liter bottles of GaiaLyte, four packages of Spelt Bread Mix and will sell for \$115/\$90. Each "Package" is sized to last one adult (or teen-age child) four weeks. Because these products are perishable we urge you not to attempt to order more than 2-3 weeks ahead of expected use.

For additional ordering information please see the GAIA page at the end of this paper. Thank you for your attention. Oberli.)

FOR INFANTS AND TODDLERS

YES INDEED, GIVE THEM THE ABOVE ITEMS. MAKE CEREAL FROM THE SPELT OR OFFER IN OTHER FOODS AS THEY GROW INTO READINESS FOR SOLID FOOD. THE JUICE MIX WILL BE GREATLY ENJOYED BY BABIES AND CHILDREN—GIVE THEM AMOUNTS APPROPRIATE.

GAIANDRIANA, ETC. PLEASE DO OFFER YOUR CHILDREN THIS DEFENSE SUPPORT. THEY ARE BOMBARDED MORE HARSHLY THAN ARE ADULTS. IF A CHILD IS SHOWING SIGNS OF COMING DOWN WITH A COLD OR FLU—GIVE UP TO THREE OUNCES AND THEN BACK TO MAINTENANCE. GAIANDRIANA CAN BE SIMPLY ADDED TO FORMULA OR WATER—OR A BIT OF JUICE. IF YOU CAN GET YOUR BABY FUNCTIONING IN A BALANCED MANNER—IT CAN MAINTAIN ITSELF.

YOU CAN, AT THE LEAST, MATCH OR SURPASS THE LIFE-SPAN (IN GOOD HEALTH) OF THE ANCIENT PEOPLE OF HIGHTIBET OR THE OTHER LONG-LIVED BROTHERS. YOU ARE SIMPLY KILLING OFF YOUR OWN SPECIES AS YOU ARE GOING. IT SEEMS A BIT OF A SHAME SINCE HUMANS CLAIM TO WISH A LONG AND HEALTHY LIFE. IT IS STRICTLY UP TO YOU.

We are continually blasted with the fact that if people would quit smoking, drinking, eating wrong, etc., etc., etc.—they wouldn't have these problems. Well, you do these things and surely enough you damage your selves. However, do not think that you cannot help self in spite of these problems and addictions. You may find the addictions coming under YOUR CONTROL instead OUT OF CONTROL as you REGAIN CONTROL AND BALANCE. I would urge you to get control as rapidly as possible for the thrust of the New World Order is going to get more repressive instead of better and you need all the ammunition you can get for good health if you are to withstand that which is coming.

I can only offer that which "can" assist you to perfect a "miracle"—YOU ARE THE MIRACLE!

PHOENIX JOURNALS LIST

THESE WORKS ARE A SERIES CALLED THE **PHOENIX JOURNALS** AND HAVE BEEN WRITTEN TO ASSIST MAN TO BECOME AWARE OF LONG-STANDING DECEPTIONS AND OTHER MATTERS CRITICAL TO HIS SURVIVAL AS A SPECIES. **SINGLE JOURNALS** ARE \$6.00, ANY **4 JOURNALS** ARE \$5.50 EACH, **10 OR MORE JOURNALS** ARE \$5.00 EACH (Shipping extra - see right.)

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