

# Phoenix Journal

## #125



**By Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn**

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## **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.

## FOREWORD

REC #2 HATONN

THU., FEB. 16, 1995 7:19 P.M. YEAR 8, DAY 184

THU., FEB. 16, 1995

### 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 evolvment 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 have 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 PROMISED 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 *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, paper after paper—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 one 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 hot-line 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 make it to A.C. Cowlens 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 that brings these things upon and among you. I can only WARN for I MAY NOT INTERFERE.

Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn  
February 16, 1995

## CHAPTER 1

REC #1 HATONN

THU., FEB. 9, 1995 7:06 A.M. YEAR 8, DAY 177

THU., FEB. 9, 1995

### J. BRAXTON JAMES & OTHER ENCOURAGING "FAMILY"

As we go through the mail we are continually touched by the work you out there are doing. This beloved compatriot has voiced best what many of you say. You thank US for our work and are gracious enough to allow us time to absorb, place in context and priority, that which you send. There is "2 X 6" (A 'two by four' wasn't big enough!) and several others who never miss a day of input. We could easily write a dozen papers a day and never touch it all—and yet, ALL is so pertinent to deserve its own focus.

Sometimes, as with Mr. James' material, we can't use it here for a while for we are pressing right along on your present and most urgent information—SO THAT **YOU MAKE IT**. However, as things begin to need attention as you "dig out" and set things to right, these research projects you do are going to be magnificently helpful. Mr. James, for instance, has sent us documentation on the "Treason Section" of Title 18 of the United States Code. These are THE points which MUST be brought forth, readers, and USED in the courts of TRUE law when we cleanse away the PARASITES!

The point I want to make now, however, is that even though you think your material is being put aside—IT ISN'T! EVERY PIECE OF MAIL RECEIVED IS VERY CAREFULLY STUDIED AND WE TRY TO COPY THE MOST EFFECTIVE BRANCH OF OUR TREE RESOURCES. I.E., THIS MUST BE WITH THE CONSTITUTIONAL LAW CENTER. So, please, do not feel hesitant to send the information you glean and one day when we have resources and each entity can grow—we will recover this nation and others will then follow.

### JAPAN, WATCH ACTIONS, NOT PROPAGANDA

Japan was NEVER your enemy in America or World—neither was Germany, Russia or any other nation. MEN become your traitors to the human race! MEN treason themselves for evil purposes. Don't ever forget this, readers—never.

We have a group from a most credible Japanese publication visiting tomorrow. I think the amount of information we can make available to them will boggle their minds. Japan is marked for TOTAL destruction, chelas. Why? Because they DARE TO TELL THE TRUTH! I would hope that they will not "simply go dead". A world is awakening, readers, and when you wash out your eyes—you are going to be angry, yea furious, and when you get "mad enough" you will regain your freedom and you don't have to do it through violence, you can do it through brotherhood and LAW.

I want no attention to “me” and Dharma demands even less. It is the sharing from various viewpoints and looking at the whole which will bring freedom. I cannot, for instance, go into detail about, say, Japan as I do for the US for here in this part of the US do I focus. **That does not mean that a WORLD cannot be brought into freedom BY THE SAME OBSERVATION AND ACTIONS as the most tiny village. FOR IT CAN BE DONE!**

Oftentimes I am interrogated (tested) by various ones who are going to “prove me false” by giving me tasks, false information and thus and so. I do not play in those games. I will usually refuse to answer and then “slip” in the answer and they are stunned. This is not what we are about. I do not live by names, places, time or space. When YOU understand that, we shall all work nicely together. If you cannot allow SELF to know truth—then you are not ready for the task and purpose of SELF. God needs not prove anything to anyone—it is far past time that YOU PROVE YOUR GOOD INTENTIONS TO GOD FOR MOST ARE STILL VERY WELL HIDDEN, GOOD BROTHERS.

### FOOTBALL STADIUMS AND TRUTH

I have been challenged by several to “show up at half time or on the 50-yard line of SuperBowl and everyone will know who you are!” Are you kidding me?? Your “Big Brothers” have technical capability of making you see and hear ANYTHING they desire you to see and hear. They are programming you as you exist minute by minute. They can holographically cover the sky in what will appear to be anything they choose. “MAGIC” will not do anything save defraud you. I am not here to “sell God”. GOD NEEDS NO SELLING. We are not here to coerce or cram something down your throats. We are given to bringing TRUTH and BRINGING GOD’S PEOPLE INTO UNDERSTANDING SO THEY HAVE INSTRUCTIONS AND INFORMATION. He who KNOWS GOD will also know truth.

No, we aren’t going to do magic tricks for your entertainment—you have been entertained for far too long. It is time to get serious.

I am gratified that we are reaching through to ones who even are residing on “death row” in your prisons. We cannot “save” anything. We can, when there is legal cause, hopefully gain freedom for some. Most, however, are incarcerated for unlawful acts against others. There should be NO DEATH ROWS anywhere. If you have a goodly man who finds God on death row—death is certainly no “punishment”—it is a gift. If the party in point is truly evil—that energy will return again and again and will be worse each time UNTIL HE FINDS GOD. FREEDOM IS A “STATE OF MIND”. IT IS THE PERCEPTION OF LIMITATION WHICH IS DIFFICULT TO BEAR FOR MOST OF YOU ARE WORSE THAN INCARCERATED AS WE SPEAK. THERE ARE AS MANY KINDS OF “PRISONS” AS THERE ARE MINDS. THE EVIL PARASITES HAVE IMPRISONED YOU ALL AND CONTINUE TO FEED UPON YOUR DYING CADAVER. EVIL, LIKE GOODNESS, IS IN THE MIND OF MAN (EACH) AND IN ANY CIRCUMSTANCE A SEARCH OF THE SAME THING WILL BRING DIFFERING OBSERVATIONS. One man may well find the image of Satan in the face of God, the next may well find the image of an Angel. However, it is with great perception that ones find paintings which are INTENDED TO BE AND ARE FILLED WITH IMAGES IMPREGNATED WITHIN THAT WHICH YOU ARE GIVEN TO SEE AND HOLD. Many, many of the most “sacred” paintings are filled to overflow with the images and symbols of whatever evil was representative at the time of the artist’s paintings. The greatest breakthrough to the single mind is the coming into ability to SEE these things, label them

and put them into perspective. WHEN YOU KNOW YOUR ENEMY—HE CANNOT LONGER HOLD YOU.

RONN JACKSON  
AND THE CIRCUS COURTS

Attention is most certainly being gleaned to Mr. Jackson. I hope all of you are paying attention and preparing your nests and larders as things get rough.

Ronn was taken into Las Vegas before the court yesterday. He thought he was being prepared for “furlough” which leads to rather imminent release. But no, the Judge announced that charges would be brought against him and sentence added to for “contempt” and “perjury” BECAUSE HE ENTERED A PLEA UNDER HABEAS CORPUS. Now this is some kind of new “record” of judicial misuse if ever there was such—and there is such. Mr. Dixon is over there today to see exactly what is happening and we’ll be better informed by evening. I’m afraid we are working Mr. Dixon to a total frazzle but if not us, WHO?

SUCCESS IS SWEET

Mr. Dixon is reveling in sweet success, however. Yesterday was Mr. George Green’s hearing in Federal Bankruptcy Court. Mr. Green and Mr. Horton lied their way through the whole encounter and are NOW IN SUCH HOT WATER WITH THE COURT AS TO BE **CRIMINALLY DANGEROUS!** They perpetrated FRAUD on the Court and lies one after another—AND WERE CAUGHT. Mr. Abbott has overstretched his own boundaries of poor and criminal actions in other matters and some of the legal “brothers” are going to “bring him down”, “if it’s the last thing we do”—is the word. Well, I don’t know about “damages”, perhaps a good return from Mr. Abbott, Esq. would be just to receive the law books he has for the Constitutional Law Center—and get Mr. Overton’s property back to him. FREEDOM IS CERTAINLY NOT INSTANT, NEVER WAS AND NEVER SHALL BE—ONCE LOST. HOWEVER, EACH TIME YOU HAVE TO WORK FOR ITS REGAINING, THE VALUE IS COMPOUNDED.

PARASITES, THE REAL KIND

We are having remarkable reports about “parasites” (the personal body kind). We have reports of actual flukes and other parasitic worms working themselves out through the nodes and even the scalp. (This is before hitting them with the anti-parasitic program.) Readers, this is serious for the little buggers are programmed and are epidemic (actually pandemic). They have been denied for so long that some of the new introductions into the system of living organisms are overwhelming. Daylene, for instance: if looked at under microscopes, the drainage from her ear would hold remains of the little characters. THIS IS A SERIOUS INVASION INTENDED TO HIT YOU WITHOUT RECOURSE FOR “GOOD PEOPLE DON’T HAVE WORMS!” IS THE ATTITUDE. “ATTITUDES” GET YOU DEAD, FRIENDS.

It is no big thing and no side-effects if you take the anti-parasitic regimen properly. You will get rid of the invaders easily and you will CURE more than you ever dreamed to “have”.

**I am told that the Gaia people now have their first fully integrated product. You will find it less**

**expensive than ANYWHERE. Please do not put off doing this cleansing. It is not uncomfortable and you will be amazed at the return to “feel good” status. You cannot handle the frequencies being pulsed at you and defend your system from the invaders who THRIVE ON THE LOW FREQUENCY PULSES.** I leave it up to you, readers, but this can save your lives. The reason it is now so urgent and focused is that these parasites DO THRIVE on the grid pulses while YOU CAN’T. It is time to get rid of them and then YOU can defend yourselves against the bombardments flung at you. Otherwise the parasites will “getcha” and nobody will be wiser until too late. Yes indeed, you have to be alert every moment of your existence for your enemy never sleeps.

Let us write a bit on *Monarch* this morning as I want to stay right on top of this. In March Rick Martin will be attending some conferences with Mark Phillips and we will look forward to updates for Mark has a lot more information now as others have come forward to work with him. When you undo the Evil Satanic work against you—in the mind where it was begun—you can heal and SEE and HEAR but you have to confront the “beast” wherein and whereat he first embedded his deadly darts. Undoing that which the mind perceives MUST TAKE PLACE IN CONFRONTATION WITHIN THAT SAME MIND FOR “REASON” IN CONSCIOUSNESS CANNOT TOUCH THE PROBLEM. THE MIND BURIES THAT WITH WHICH IT CANNOT LIVE. Just as “hypnosis” is part of the Evil training—so too is the CURE RESTING IN THE SAME METHODOLOGY. The “mind” must come to KNOW and in the KNOWING comes the CURE!

We won’t have time in this writing to get very far into the subject for today, *CONSPIRACY OPERATIONS*, but let us get as far as we can.

#### MONARCH MIND CONTROL, PART 7

QUOTING:

#### CATHY O’BRIEN ON CONSPIRACY OPERATIONS

The following information on Conspiracy Operations is intended to be read in conjunction with the Drug Distribution Outline. **[H: We do not have recognition of this information if it is in our “packet” so when we obtain this outline we will add it.]**

THIS ADDITIONAL DRUG DISTRIBUTION INFORMATION WAS DRAWN FROM MILITARY PROGRAMMED PERSONALITIES THAT NETWORKED DIRECTLY FROM WASHINGTON, D.C. AND U.S. MILITARY BASES TO MEXICAN AND CARIBBEAN GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS AND MILITARY PERSONNEL, AND INCLUDES TOP SECRET CLASSIFIED INFORMATION PERTAINING TO MONARCH PROGRAMMING AND COVERT ACTIVITIES THAT IMPLICATE U.S. GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS AND PARTICIPATING, IDENTIFIED U.S. INTELLIGENCE ORGANIZATIONS. **[H: Ronn Jackson also offered you a major drug dealing list. Do you see that if we work TOGETHER and assimilate the material—YOU ARE GOING TO GET TRUTH IN A BIG, BIG WAY?]**

Having been literally sold by my father into the highest organizational level of this alleged U.S. Govern-

ment Criminal Conspiracy, I had a “Byrd’s-eye” view of many aspects of its structure as well as first-hand experience networking on both the Political Set (I refer to the upper conspiratorial level of the Temple of Set as “Political Set” and the believers as “lower Set”.) and lower Set levels. Although I was unable to reason or comprehend events at the time due to the total mind control through Multiple Personality Disorder I was under, the constant trauma I was subjected to left me with a photographic memory and therefore the ability to avoid abreactive recall and ultimately to expose all I know.

U.S. Army Lt. Colonel Michael Aquino of the Psychological Warfare Division and the Defense Intelligence Agency held a Top Secret Security clearance permitting him access to “secret” mind control techniques...which he quickly personally utilized. Combining intelligence, knowledge, contacts, and resources with U.S. Senator Robert C. Byrd, 32-year incumbent and President Pro Tempore of the Senate, the two (with others) masterminded an ingenious conspiracy that manipulates our *U.S. Constitution* and laws under the guise of a church—the occult Temple of Set (Colonel Aquino, founder)—for cocaine importation/distribution, white slavery, and child/adult pornography.

**[H: I want you to see here what happens when you have a “CHURCH” wherein you have control by a top Committee or such as a Guru or Pope or “President” as in the Mormon religion. When the leader is corrupted—the entire of the body of the church MUST BECOME CORRUPTED. HEREIN LIES THE MOST DAMAGING AND EVIL FORCE IN ACTION IN ALL “CHURCHES”—THE WHOLE IS NEVER BETTER THAN THE LEADER OR DICTATOR. “THEY” JUST HAVE REVELATION AND YOU GOBBLE IT UP LIKE CANDY AT CHRISTMAS. YOU ARE THE “CHURCH” AND YOU ARE THE LEADER OF YOUR CHURCH—SO WHAT IS IMPORTANT IS RESPONSIBILITY THAT YOU LEARN TRUTH AND NOT BLINDLY FOLLOW THE RITUALISTIC PROCESS.]**

The proceeds then allegedly are funding Top Secret covert activities while providing our government “control” of cocaine trafficking and intelligence access to all drug lords and drug users.

The “secret” classified mind control techniques, which include combinations of physical and psychological trauma, electroshock, food, water and sleep deprivation, drugs, and hypnotic programming, produces Multiple Personality Disorder (a form of insanity) which allows the conspirators anonymity, their operations secrecy, and control through the resultant “slave’s” inability to discern right from wrong, reason, comprehend, think for themselves, or remember (unless deprogrammed). Furthermore, the Non Compos Mentis law (mentally incompetent to stand trial) protects the perpetrators from any retribution/prosecution if a victim escapes and finds someone to believe their seemingly bizarre claims, and further seek justice.

The sexual abuse I endured as a child from my pedophile father, prostitution and pornography provided a dissociative base and conditioning making me a prime candidate for this conspiracy’s old military Monarch Program mind control. I can only surmise my victimization began upon my being identified through child pornography whereby my pedophile father made an “unexpected and unexplained” trip to Boston when I was about nine years old. Immediately upon his return, both the occult and political influences on my life escalated and I began sexually servicing (among others) U.S. Congressman Guy VanderJagt on a regular basis at Mackinac Island, Cadillac, Lansing, etc.

By my mid-teens I had met Senator Byrd in Mackinac, “encountered” then-President Ford in Cedar

Springs, and the military programming commenced on military bases (McDill AFB, Florida).

Essential to my base mind control conditioning was the idea that I had “no where to turn and no one to call” for help. Having witnessed/experienced conspiracy involvement from law enforcement to the Presidency of the United States, and living in a totally “closed” environment, I was convinced my own moral integrity was out of step with “reality”, that my mother’s harping “You can’t change the world” was fact, and that **indeed** I had nowhere to turn and no one to call.

All victims of this conspiracy endure this nightmarish conditioning and “catch nets” are carefully and strategically placed making the very idea of escape a “most dangerous game”. Even the Covenant House Runaway Hotline: 1-800-999-9999 (Setian “magical” number) catches victims’ preconditioned eye and has been allegedly infiltrated/permeated by conspirators.

The proliferation of this conspiracy during the Reagan years escalated occult activity, serial killings, documented MPD cases from 200 reported cases in 1980 to over 24,000 in 1990, extended into the Iran Contra affair, and produced a well-oiled machine of political corruption. It was during these Reagan years that I had networked the highest political level of this conspiracy under the direct program of Colonel Aquino and as Byrd’s “own little witch” (Byrd’s term due to the vaginal mutilation carved on me for him.). Now, having escaped during the Bush Administration, I am finally witnessing a President’s apparent intolerance of the further proliferation of this organized political crime ring and the dismantling of its hierarchy beginning with the demise of Political Set’s/CIA’s Panamanian contact operative Manuel Noriega. **[H: Nice thought, readers, but HOW MANY OF YOU BELIEVE IT HAS STOPPED OR EVEN SLOWED UP?]**

By 1977, my father had sold me into Political Set’s Nashville, Tennessee white slavery market and became wealthy as a result. Traveling in the Country Music Industry under the control of conspiring “entertainers” made networking among the co-conspirators convenient, importation/distribution of cocaine easily accessible, and meeting with Byrd, Aquino, and other government officials inconspicuous.

From my “Byrd’s eye” view I witnessed/experienced an intricate web of corruption that incorporated many branches that inter-connect and/or meet in Washington D.C.

For years I had a sub-personality military programmed fragment that was used among Drug Lords, Air Force and Army personnel, bankers, U.S. and foreign government officials to deliver codes, bank account numbers, bank transfer transaction information, and commercial/private flight numbers and times pertaining to cocaine trafficking.

Colonel Aquino’s Monarch identifiers are known/shared among co-conspirators at varying levels according to purpose as a common thread inter-connecting Caribbean/Mexican voodoo, Santeria, Palo Mayombe, etc., branches of Political Set to insure a smooth running conspiracy and cocaine/child pornography cash flow.

The Wizard of Oz programming administered to me by Colonel Aquino was symbolized/identified by visual symbols such as emerald ear rings, and Monarch butterfly hair barrettes, indicating to those co-conspirators entrusted with the mind control keys how to access my programming. A tourist-type tote bag

depicting a “bird” symbolized/identified Byrd’s involvement with a cocaine transaction in process. Strategically placed electroshock prod scar/moles on my face and neck symbolized/identified what specific military mind control Monarch programming I had been subjected to for prostitution.

Therefore a typical drug transaction would occur as follows:

I was taken to a military base and programmed (through hypnotic command) with U.S. Air Force flight and bank account transaction numbers, and scheduled to travel via the Country Music Industry to a prediscovered location. Whether I traveled to meet my Cuban contact in the Caribbean/Key West, military personnel on other bases, government officials in Washington, Mexican military/government officials, or civilian contacts at a zoo or public place; all four identifiers were intact—the emerald ear rings, the bird bag, butterfly symbols, and ever-present prod moles. Upon trigger-command I would deliver the information and/or cash and pick up drugs.

A typical trigger command was that I would wait for my contact near a colorful parrot; either at a pet shop, zoo, Caribbean tourist area, or even a cardboard or paper mache display. The contact would identify me, and ask me, “What did the bird say?” I’d repeat the code/numbers on cue. I can only assume Byrd’s monumental ego inspired him to use his name as code. If a parrot was not available, my contact would begin with “a little bird told me”.

These codes and code systems were used extensively in the NCL branch of Political Set as it was the main cruise ship avenue of the entertainment industry’s access to the Caribbean. In addition to purchasing large quantities of cocaine and coordinating flight schedules, certain operational patterns were established and maintained through NCL’s Stirrup Cay “Out Island”. Stirrup Cay is owned by NCL and is located between Key West and Nassau and is a “Port of Call” for EVERY NCL cruise ship. In the center of the island, hidden from the path of the most ambitious tourist/explorer, is a communications center for directing and coordinating sea and air cocaine traffic. I was always taken to this center (AKA a “radio shack”) for delivering/receiving coded information. On more than one occasion, the back side of Stirrup Cay was being used as a drop/pick-up point for small planes and large yachts.

One yacht in particular, of sleek design and near small cruise ship size, was anchored off-shore and sent a shuttle boat in for extracting the coded information hypnotically embedded in my mind. This was in the same time proximity as one of Alex Houston’s (my controller) trips to Panama.

In the early 1980s during Baby Doc Duvalier’s regime, NCL routinely docked in Haiti. Sue Carper, coordinator of NCL entertainment and ultimately its cocaine trafficking, had organized an extensive operation stemming from Haiti. An old man referred to as “Old Charlie” was living at the El Presidente Hotel in Port Au Prince and would arrange meetings between Baby Doc, John L. Sullivan (resident “art” contact and “missions” man) and NCL. On at least one occasion I was subjected to a Haitian voodoo ceremony, which Baby Doc attended, as a means of disassociating me from the transactions I was instrumental in coordinating. Cocaine was being transported in hollowed “solid mahogany” carvings, pressed into what appeared to be bars of soap, and in specially sealed suitcases. Byrd and Baby Doc were working together much the way Byrd and San Juan Drug Lord Jose Busto did, on friendly and comfortable terms.

Jose Busto’s operation extended into the money laundering/banking aspect of the business. The El

San Juan casino is controlled through money laundering by my Cuban contact as is a large casino in Nassau and a Paradise Island hotel. (I've met him in all 3 locations.) The bulk of the money is channeled through Grand Cayman. St. John's and St. Croix funnel their cocaine operation through Jeff Merrit's St. Thomas branch, which is a relatively small feeder off Jose Busto's branch.

The Sea World/Zoo in St. Thomas—at the parrot—as well as the mid-town outdoor restaurant area—at the parrot—are critical Caribbean cocaine traffic areas, where Jeff Merrit has repeatedly arranged for me to meet with my Cuban contact.

The U.S. banking network from Washington, D.C. and Pennsylvania inter-connects with this intricate operation so funds can be transferred by computer/wire rather than have cash exchange hands. I witnessed/experienced an increasing utilization of this method throughout the later years where extremely large quantities of cocaine were concerned (over 100 lbs).

The “governor” of Youngstown Charm School, the sex slave training camp in Ohio, is said to have “all the money in the bank”, which gives him an enormous controlling power within Political Set. According to arrangements stemming from his many banks, Colonel Aquino programmed money transactions and codes into my mind for relaying to Mexican/Caribbean government officials. In December of 1987, I established a new cocaine route through this bank transaction method at the Juarez, Mexico border. Mexican government and border guards deprogrammed and reprogrammed me with “delicate” information establishing this mutual government agreement avenue of cocaine trafficking.

My Cuban contact vehemently disagreed with my being subjected to both drug muling and sex slave programming and therefore held an arrogant disrespect for Byrd, Aquino, and the Political Set Monarch program—and ultimately, me! As I was Byrd's sex “slave” and used/activated by the “governor” of Youngstown Charm School, my sexual programming by Aquino was on an equal par to my drug muling programming. While the triggers to “activate” these programmed personalities are different, they were crossed with sometimes disastrous results for my controllers. But for the routine network I was forced to maintain, the cocaine/sex combination was successful for my abusers.

For example, in Huntsville, Alabama, while being subjected to Colonel Aquino's military programming and networking, one of Political Set's original cocaine routes, two local law enforcement co-conspirators performed in occult personality division/programming pornography for Political Set's video tape benefit. My daughter, too, was subjected to both forms of programming and used simultaneously. While traveling the cocaine circuit, a well established entertainment agenda whereby co-conspiring performers are booked by corrupt political/law enforcement into their city for drug distribution purposes, a stop to Mackinac Island, Michigan was scheduled for satisfying the drug and sexual appetites of Michigan's former Governor Blanchard and other identified political co-conspirators. While traveling this Political Set “entertainment” cocaine circuit, I've often stopped in Washington D.C. to meet with Senator Byrd and satisfy his brutal perversions. At one such Washington suburb meeting, Colonel Aquino performed a rare Setian human sacrificial ritual as a Political Set cocaine operative “broke program” and was used as “an example to all mules”. Colonel Aquino literally ripped his heart—still beating—out of his chest utilizing his knowledge of the martial arts. For the most part, programmed sex, cocaine trafficking and use, and trauma are inseparable.

This established entertainment circuit, predominantly Eastern U.S., has both Political-Set-victim and

willing-participant entertainers networking within it. Knowing the key cities and the repeat performers who entertain there is an obvious clue as to when, how, and by whom cocaine is being distributed. The pattern to this day remains virtually unchanged. Often times the cocaine is distributed through Jose Busto's (Continental Shipping, San Juan, Puerto Rico) specialized cocaine packaging methods in thousands of audio cassette tape cases—an excellent means of transportation via entertainers and in ship containers destined for New York ports.

Alex Houston, other Nashville/NCL entertainers and/or even NCL cruise directors such as John Crosely bring the specially wrapped cocaine into Nashville. When on shore leave, John Crosely traveled, with cocaine, to Nashville to stay with Alex Houston. I then drove him to Gusto Records where Gusto packs the perfect-sized cocaine packets into cassette cases with the delivering Artists label (in this case Alex Houston), shrink wraps the “cassettes”, and packs them for shipment and sale. On this particular deal, John Crosely and Alex Houston both circumvented Political Set and skimmed these CIA profits for themselves. This is a “crime” worthy of death via Aquino's “heart wrenching” method as previously exemplified in Washington.

Other times, when cocaine is imported, either through NCL's Hank Cochran's (of Hendersonville, Tennessee) Bahamian routes, it is sometimes stored in the Sumner County, Tennessee's “Mormon” Bishop's Warehouse for Political Set distribution and is protected by ALL LEVELS of law enforcement in Sumner County, as well as Nashville's corrupt “justice” system.

The “entertainers” such as Alex Houston, Jack Greene, Oak Ridge Boys, the Gatlins, and many many more, pack it up or take it to Gusto for packaging and distribute it throughout Political Set's circuit.

I have witnessed a U.S. Government “propaganda machine” put in motion via the Country Music Industry's (victims) Barbara, Louise, and Irlene Mandrell (among others) “God and Country” programmed routines. The military/religious/flag-waving success of Barbara Mandrell (as programmed by father and friend of Byrd's, Irby Mandrell) was nearly brought to a tragic end in her 1986 traffic “accident” after she began to break program. One less “fortunate”, Keith Whitley, was forever silenced when he in fact broke free and recognized his wife's (Lorrie Morgan) and agent's (Reggie Mac) participation in this U.S. Government-sponsored criminal conspiracy. Loretta Lynn (victim) bearer of military programmed information in and out of the White House during the Reagan/Iran Contra years, unknowingly distributes cocaine/child pornography via her manager and neo-Nazi Ken Riley through Senator Byrd's channels in the Political Set circuit.

Pedophile Boxcar Willie established the flourishing Joplin, Missouri branch of Political Set that has turned this town into a cocaine/occult “Grand Central Station”, while Merle Haggard maintains supremacy of the West Coast.

### EVANGELICAL INVOLVEMENT

**[H: PLEASE PAY CAREFUL ATTENTION TO EVERY WORD OF THIS NEXT OFFERING!]**

Aside from the entertainment industry, Political Set has many other well established avenues of cocaine

distribution and child/adult pornography. By establishing their own market in lower Set among the true “Believers” and “Flock” of occult Set, a low level route of addicts is maintained. Where religious superstition dominates, “cult” rather than “occult” churches are established or targeted. Political Set has **heavily infiltrated THE MORMONS AND THE CATHOLICS, AS WELL AS PENTECOSTAL/ EVANGELICAL SECTS**. Although Jim Bakker was imprisoned for his “methods” of swindling people, Political Set focused their attention on **Jimmy Swaggart, friend of Manuel Noriega and cousin of another Setian Leader, Jerry Lee Lewis**. From Jimmy Swaggart, coded messages are delivered to Political Set “cover” churches such as Billy Roy Moore’s (Friend of Jimmy Swaggart and Alex Houston; Nashville church burned three times due to rituals/murders involved, relocated now in Arkansas) Lord’s Chapel, which not only utilizes mass **mind control to financially drain its members, but to also establish “Christian Missions” and “Mission Churches”** in the Caribbean, Mexico, and Africa for drug importation purposes. A world-wide leader, Jimmy Swaggart reinforces and entrenches victims in the Political Set mind control cultivated by these “Christian” churches.

**[H: NOW, how many of you old friends and regular readers and participants still can’t believe that someone from a “Witch’s Coven” would come to Tehachapi and take up residence WITH a member of our “family”, and be George Green’s self-asserted “emissary (agent) from Arizona”? How many of you STILL believe it is just “coincidental” that George ever showed up here in the first place? HOW MANY OF YOU STILL FEEL THAT WE ARE SO INSIGNIFICANT AND INVISIBLE AS TO NOT BE “REAL”? I SUGGEST YOU LOOK VERY CLOSELY AT WHAT EVOLVES FROM EVERY INCIDENT! This is why, for example, we do not GET MONEY, WE BORROW IT! WE INCORPORATE WHATEVER PROJECT IS IN PROGRESS AND NOBODY OWNS ANYTHING ABOUT IT—THE MONEY IS BORROWED AS PROJECT FUNDING AND WE ALL LIVE WITHIN THE LAWS HAPPILY (??) EVER AFTER.]**

#### HAPPY CAMPERS, TOO!

Yet another avenue of cocaine distribution is established via seemingly innocent campers in specially made Holiday Rambler motor homes (Elkhart, Indiana) that transport cocaine in secret holding areas. Coast to Coast campground/resorts is a network of “membership” campgrounds that is headquartered in Washington DC. Although “persuasive” techniques are utilized to sell exorbitantly high-priced memberships to campers, memberships are offered free-of-charge to Political Set members for cocaine distribution purposes nationwide.

The Park City Diamond Caverns, Kentucky Coast to Coast resort, includes a military-style sensory deprivation programming chamber for victims such as myself to receive drug distribution instruction/programming. Headphones provide the latest in harmonics programming, and even trauma (Byrd says, “tortures of the mind are far worse than physical tortures”).

Children’s activities at these Coast to Coast resorts include ritual and sexual traumas and pornography manufacture. Some Arkansas-based Time-share condominiums/campgrounds also work in conjunction with the Coast to Coast/Political Set drug operation as well as a few individual campgrounds such as Boyd’s of Key West.

Amusement parks and zoos are often used by Political Set, not only for the parrot meeting points, but

as trauma bases for children. Disney and storybook themes (see Disney Duck Tails cartoons for deliberate triggers), as well as animals are often used in base programming traumatization of children. Plus these public places are inconspicuous, convenient points of transaction. One abandoned amusement park in Ohio is one of Political Set's most frequented drop points for larger shipments of cocaine.

—Cathy O'Brien

[END QUOTING OF PART 7]

I don't think I need make further comment on this. I know it is shocking to you and I further realize that it is quite natural for the victims to at first believe "we" may be a party to the training, intelligence community, etc. It is when you KNOW better and lie about it that really gets in my "craw". This includes anyone, such as Rayelan Russbacher, who is herself (themselves) a product of this "Intelligence" SECRET WORLD. I cannot help it if the public is brainwashed into different attitudes but it is time you good readers KNOW WHO IS PULLING YOUR STRINGS—AND IT IS THE "BIG BAD BOY" HIMSELF! At times I have to agree with ones who think the best way is just blow these evil beings off the planet—but that doesn't do anything for the remaining citizens—WHO MUST LEARN AND **KNOW** TRUTH. **ONLYWAY** THE EVIL MONGERS CAN GAIN CONTROL OF YOUR SOUL IS TO FIRST GAIN CONTROL OF YOUR MIND. THAT CAN EASILY BE ACCOMPLISHED IF YOU DO NOT KEEP FOCUSED ON GOD! I did not say "become addicted to the false teachings as projected upon you." You have to have your own inner KNOWING **with** God. Until you move into a pathway towards Truth and God you are going to be continually pulled down—and therein lies your confusion and lack of direction. It has now come to the point where your most atrocious and sick-minded Satanic offspring can both warp the minds of the citizenry but have technology sufficiently advanced to blow the planet out of orbit. Yes indeed, it is "get serious" time. Salu.

## CHAPTER 2

REC #2 HATONN

SAT., FEB. 11, 1995 2:37 P.M. YEAR 8, DAY 179

SAT., FEB. 11, 1995

### MONARCH PROJECT, PART 8

[QUOTING:]

#### MIND CONTROL/PROGRAMMED SLAVE PROFILE

by Mark Phillips, November 1992:

The following information is based on compiled data from deprogrammed mind control (Multiple Personality Disordered) slaves who, by their own admissions, were extensively involved in trafficking drugs (cocaine and heroin only), child pornography and/or were transporting children for resale in and out of this country (USA). This profile is unfortunately limited to those persons interviewed.

Since the CIA still reportedly maintains “near death” trauma centers for programming slaves (i.e., mules) in Lampe, Missouri and Lake/Mt. Shasta, California for Mexican drug, porn and slavery sales, it is prudent to suggest at this time, you, as a law enforcement officer, could be confronted by one or more of the products of the Lampe/Shasta operations. **[H: Yes, to you inquiring readers, it says what it means: Mt. Shasta! This is the same PLACE that Bo Gritz claims I fly space trips out of, for some \$1,200 a ride. I suppose that little tale is one conjured and shared by George Green and/or ASSK—but alas—it isn’t ME!!]** These mules possess certain cryptic programming that responds to specific audible and/or hand gesture triggers. If you suspect you have one in custody... call me, and based on what you learn from the suspect I will give you the keys/trigger to (not so mysteriously) “unlock their memory”—and voice! Good luck!!

Age, race and sex is not applicable although most survivors interviewed were white, female, and between the ages of 22 and 29 years old. Posture would be good if not exaggerated towards a “military look”.

Weight would be below normal to normal limits. **[H: This may be found in the majority of cases but there are special circumstances where overweight is structured right into the programming to better “fit in”, gain sympathy or stop suspicions. This will often be the case in the “mystic” setting. For the most part with the “usual” butterfly presentation there will be major preoccupation with appearance to the point of overspending, over”shopping”, “class” perception and generally an almost fixation with style and appearance resulting in often “inappropriate” dress-up games.]** Body proportions for females are usually exaggerated due to breast implants for porn/prostitution. Complexion is always “waxy” and will be usually (but not always) light in tone for someone, say, just returning from Mexico or Central/South America. The second most important ID feature is the pupillary dilation of the eyes. The pupils will dominate the eye and in most cases no iris or color is visible. The eye

blink response is almost non-existent by “normal” limitations. The eyes will appear very wide and quite rounded. The face will support a “plastic type smile” that is inappropriate for the circumstance. These people have 44 times the visual acuity of normal people so even though they don’t appear to be looking around, they can see “practically” behind themselves without being obvious. Their body movements are as programmed, but usually are considered fluid and smooth.

Their “accents” will change to mirror the person they’re talking with. When asked simple questions like dates of birth for themselves and/or family members, they’ll usually “lock up” momentarily. This also goes for asking questions like, “Who is President of the US?” or “What happened recently in Iraq?” For example, one slave was asked to name the color of “Black Tar Heroin” and she said, after breaking her own fixed gaze, “uh, er, brown?”

One “real test” for checking programming is to evaluate suspects’ emotions through testing their facial/verbal response to a “fictitious” story involving some form of human dismemberment, heavy blood loss, etc., etc., as in the graphic description of an automobile accident victim. This kind of discussion, regardless of how “gory”, will incite virtually no response, but rather, a blank smile and fixed gaze.

This is a typical portrait of a DIA mind-control slave. I hope it helps.

### SECRET KNOWLEDGE EQUALS POWER

by Cathy O’Brien, compiled July 1994:

Imagine for a moment waking up in surroundings that are alien to you and being subjected to scientific technological advancements that, according to the most recent college text books, have yet to be invented. Compound this with realizing that the people around you who claim to be aliens are intelligent far beyond your own encumbered ability to comprehend, and their regard for humanity is one of contempt.

I experienced this phenomena for decades. As a totally (incest) conditioned MPD and programmed mind-controlled slave, I had long since lost my ability to reason or question which, in turn, further trapped me into the belief that those perpetuating my victimization were aliens—as they claimed. Now, as a 100% rehabilitated survivor of the U.S. Government’s MK-ULTRA sub-project, Project Monarch, I regained my ability to reason and I began to ask questions.

Simple logic provided the answers. There is no question that those **human beings in control of my mind had gone to great lengths to create the illusion** that they were aliens.

As a recovered “Presidential Model” White House/Pentagon-level mind-controlled slave, I am exposing all that I photographically recorded, experienced and witnessed at the Political Top of this mind control effort. I have documented this so-called “alien” aspect of my victimization, as I am aware that this disarming theme is widely used and has been chosen to ultimately control the minds of the masses.

The power-hungry perpe-traitors perpetuating mind control flourish under the ageless wisdom that “Secret knowledge Equals Power”. Their “secret knowledge” is in fact a collective knowledge gained through extensive research which includes precise inner-operations of the human brain and the mind’s subsequent behaviors. By withholding this vital information from everyone outside the so-called circle of

power and the mental health community through a manipulated American Psychiatric Association, these criminals have maintained control over the mind. This Top Secret knowledge, combined with high technology and computerization has even allowed wars to be fought in a manner often termed “Cold War”, which is in essence the battle for the mind. This war has been launched in America on America and worldwide to usher in the NEW WORLD ORDER.

These so-called “Masterminds”, A.K.A. criminals, behind this New World Order movement lose power at a rapid rate when their secret collective knowledge IS REVEALED. Scrutiny with a free mind quickly dispels their illusion of “alien” intelligence, as it becomes apparent that they are limited in their individual thinking by their diabolical immorality. More and more Americans are literally waking up to the realization that their minds have been manipulated through this secret knowledge and/or containment of this knowledge. The world dominance plan, once destined to distort the perceptions of the populace to believe like I did, that this inhumane behavior is “alien”, is crumbling down around them. Now, an enormous united effort to abolish their cloak of secrecy, the National Security Act, is destined to alter the course of a robotic mind-controlled society for as long as we continue to arm ourselves and each other with their no-longer-secret knowledge.

I consider myself extremely fortunate to have been rescued from my otherwise inescapable mind-controlled existence by Mark Phillips in 1988. I am now compelled to reveal the “alien” aspect of my victimization in my ongoing effort to arm the alert populace with the secrets that have kept power-motivated criminals in control of our country for too long.

Step one commenced in childhood when I was first introduced to “transdimensional travel”. It was my incest-induced Multiple Personality Disorder that thrust me into the MK-ULTRA Project Monarch genetic mind-control studies in the beginning. The concept of multi-dimensions seemingly defined what I was experiencing when I switched personalities. Anchored in my MPD experience, enhanced by resultant inability to question or reason, while steeped in a Catholic belief system, instilled through torture, magnified by ongoing trauma and, thus hypnotically locked into my subconscious, I operated on the instilled belief that I transported dimensions with the assistance of “aliens”.

### COMMUNION

May 7, 1966 marked the day of my first Catholic communion. I had attended all the necessary Catechism classes at St. Francis of Assisi in Muskegon, Michigan in preparation for my indoctrination into the Catholic Church. My ongoing Project Monarch mind-control victimization had further conditioned me for the radical mind-altering aspects of my first communion experience, which would in fact change my perception of life on Earth for decades to come.

Pedophile U.S. Congressman Guy VanderJagt (R-MI), who was responsible for my being a “chosen one” for Project Monarch mind-control, attended church that day. I was dressed in mandatory white, from my veil to my patent leather shoes, as I stood on the church lawn waiting for Sister to usher all the participants into the church for the ceremony. VanderJagt took me aside, crouched down to my level, and presented me with a necklace to “commemorate my first communion”. It was a “rosy cross” ruby red crucifix. I have it to this day.

VanderJagt's friend and presiding priest, Father Don, attached a blue Virgin Mary to the necklace. Father Don was saying, "This Holy Mother is to symbolize your service to both God and the Holy Catholic Church. You are entering into a covenant with God today, a promise to serve and obey from this day forward."

"Now you are dressed appropriately," VanderJagt told me. "You should be wearing red, white, and blue for this occasion." Although I was only eleven years old, Project Monarch had already conditioned me to spontaneously accept VanderJagt's word as "gospel" above and beyond established rules. I later learned VanderJagt's altering my mandatory white to red, white, and blue signified the merging of God and country above and beyond my established understanding. He was, in fact, linking the mind control studies/efforts of the Catholic Jesuits with the CIA's Project Monarch.

That evening, after my reception party had dwindled, VanderJagt took me to the old church and rectory across from St. Francis for "private services". It was there during a bloody ritual performed by him and Father Don that I learned the significance of my rosy cross, and the secret covenant I had just entered into "with God". Just as Satanists use the story of Abraham and his son to justify their human sacrifice, VanderJagt quoted the Catholic *Bible* to establish my interdimensional beliefs.

VanderJagt further explained on my level, "You must remember that he (Christ) died and came back to tell us everything that he saw on his way to heaven. He was gone three days, but it was much longer than that where he was, because time isn't the same in other dimensions. This means that you can actually travel through time. Purgatory is one dimension, Hell is one, and there are lots of others in between."

Using this opportunity to attach my previously locked-in (Project Monarch) Wizard of Oz programming theme to my religious beliefs, VanderJagt continued: "Look what happened to Dorothy—over the rainbow (Oz) is another dimension. The sky is not the limit to all the worlds out there waiting to be explored. You can travel in and out of these dimensions, learning the secrets of the universe. You can do it without dying so long as you follow the voice of God inside you. Christ taught us to come back. That's why he went to the trouble of coming back. He wanted us to explore these other worlds for the church. The rosy cross is like Dorothy's (Oz) ruby slippers. As long as you wear it you can always get back to this Earth."

Father Don joined VanderJagt in further explaining that the Vatican held all the secrets to these other worlds that Christ had revealed. Now that I had entered into the holy covenant and knew the secret, I was instructed to follow the ways of the Jesuits and take the Vow of Silence. "The secret is in the silence. The Jesuit monks have taken a vow of silence, not only to keep secrets, but so they can hear the word of God."

By the close of my first communion day, I had entered into a covenant with the Vatican. My Project Monarch mind-controlled victimization intertwined with Jesuit training in a cooperative effort between the Vatican and U.S. Government. I childishly believed that in order to avoid being trapped in Oz, Wonderland, the suspended animation of purgatory, hell, or any other alien dimension, I had to follow the voice of God inside me. What I did not know, until after my recovery, was that the voice(s) inside me were not the voice of God, or aliens, but of men manipulating my mind for their individual purposes.

The concept of interdimensional travel that was rooted in my childhood religion was capitalized on

throughout my tenure as a Presidential Model mind-controlled slave. Variations of the same theme were routinely used to distort my perceptions, traumatize my mind, compartmentalize my memory, and lock in sophisticated double-bind programs. From NASA's space-themed programs, to the military's time travel programs to the CIA's alien programs, the concept of interdimensional travel provided perpetrators infinite means of distorting reality to conceal their identity and ultimately their secrets. The concepts I was subjected to were as numerous as my fragmented multiple personalities, and as individualistic as my abusers. It was my experience that the Vatican/Jesuit influences were the only ones who remained consistent with their established biblical theme for decades, as though they follow rigid learned guidelines for mind control. The only concept that remained uniformly consistent on a global scale among abusers was that, once the New World Order was implemented through mind control, the traumatic controlling factor would be to shift the blame and future threat to mankind, to "aliens".

In later years, I was conditioned through the same Jesuit transdimensional theme, but from a more defined perception that applied to the comprehension levels of my age at the time. By age 13, U.S. Senator Robert C. Byrd (D-W.VA.) became my "owner" in Project Monarch. He determined my course of programming, directed my missions for Jesuits through his West Virginia Jesuit College, controlled my roles in U.S. Government operations, and combined my purposes for those ushering in the New World Order. I was Byrd's mind-controlled sex slave throughout my Project Monarch victimization.

At the Jesuit college in West Virginia, Byrd took my daughter, Kelly, and me through the compound. "This is my Christian retreat," he said, using the language of the Order of the Rose, "where I come for enlightenment. I am an honorary Jesuit by virtue of my honor alone. Besides, someone has to sit in the Confessional and gather data for the Vatican." Byrd was referring to the Jesuit espionage agents' use of the Catholic Confessionals world wide for relaying Top Secret information. The "college" was actually a programming center for "the Pope's Christian soldiers", and Byrd was preparing me for one of a number of programming sessions at the college. We walked past a computerized multi-screen viewer control room much like those of NASA's "Eye in the Sky" satellite system, and rooms of high-tech programming equipment including harmonics and a high voltage "Woodpecker" grid cage. Byrd was saying, "...when all is said and done, you will exist beneath the stillness of your mind, as you learn to listen to the word of God."

U.S. Army Lt. Colonel Michael Aquino, Jesuit programmer and founder of the occult Temple of Set, holds a Top Secret Clearance for the mind control knowledge to which he is privy. A friend of Byrd's, he subjected me to his near-death trauma techniques for nearly a decade.

"In my father's house are many mansions," Aquino quoted, "clearly defines the vast array of dimensions enroute to death. Christ spent three days caught up in the array. You have been given the keys to his kingdom in order to explore the great beyond for his church. You must take up your rosy cross and march through the dimensions in time in total silence. Listen to the voice inside you. Without your inner guidance, you would become lost in the kaleidoscope of dimensions, forever locked into worlds from which there is no escape."

To a multiple-personality-disordered mind-controlled slave, this equated to being switched to a specific programmed personality and never switching back. What occurred while switched into personalities/"dimensions" controlled by my abusers was as close to hell through systematic tortures of mind and body as anyone could experience, and I certainly did not want to be stuck there. Rooted in my religious beliefs, this depth of programming extended deep within my subconscious mind nearly to what I now equate as

being at the point of innate “spirituality” core. Considering that this depth lies in the primitive mind from where autogenic responses such as blinking and heartbeat emanate, it is easy to understand the strength of the programming instilled there. Aquino attached “Death’s Door” subconscious response to believe that if I were to break my Vatican “Vow of Silence”, I would burn in Hell.

Project Monarch is in one form a genetic, trauma-based mind-control study that utilizes extreme physical and psychological trauma to access the activities of the brain at the moments prior to death. I heard Aquino explain this to an understudy: “She has been so close to death on numerous occasions that a wide path has been worn in her mind towards that end. Therefore, she has increased her ability to enter other dimensions enroute to death.”

(Please note: In consideration to any survivors who may read this material, the following Death’s Door hypnotically designed verbiage has been paraphrased and condensed. This program directly affects histamine production.)

Aquino slowly and hypnotically led me, “You have deep within you the ability to slip through death’s door—an ability encoded in you since the inception of time... since your inception and birth into this world of time... this physical world of matter... the only world where time matters. Follow me now while I lead you on a journey through your mind right to the door that will set you free... free of this world, free of matter, free of this world where time no longer matters. Follow my lead... into another dimension... where yet another life awaits you... a life free of pain... a life free of time... a life that is mine to direct... follow me... follow my voice... heed my commands.”

Death’s-door programming is but one example of the espionage-level death programs that replaced the cyanide “suicide” pill to insure that secrets are taken to the grave before they are revealed. Should an “enemy agent” attempt to access another agent’s programmed Top Secret information, the death program kicks in before the vital data is revealed.

Likewise, the interdimensional experiences of dimension-themed programs trick the brain into compartmentalizing memory and “filing it” behind “alien experiences”, which creates amnesia unless the proper codes, keys, and triggers are used to access it. In the deprogramming process, I would naturally search my mind for the answers to “what work did I do for the Vatican” within religious or espionage personalities, were it not for Mark Phillips having taught me the ins and outs of my own mind to the extent that I could get directly to the root of the program. It was in the programming itself that the codes, keys and triggers were discovered that permitted me access to “alien transdimensional” vital information.

I was taught through NASA and Alice in Wonderland mirror programming that more dimensions were accessible “through the looking glass”. This is one of the rationales for whale and dolphin programming. Supposedly whales and dolphins exist within Nature’s only mirror—water. Water, “a mere reflection of air”, is therefore perceived by victims and some victimizers as the gateway to other dimensions. To a programmed multiple who has no ability to reason or question, it becomes “logical” to believe that whales and dolphins are aliens in a transitional metaphoric stage. They have breathing apparatus for both planes of existence and jump out of the water to communicate with humans. My mind-control owner, Robert C. (“Sea”) Byrd, claimed to be one such alien:

“Atlantis has long been the epicenter of alien activity. The path is so well worn that there are holes in the fabric of time and space whereby airplanes and ships, even people, timelessly seemingly disappear, transformed into another dimension alien to this world. Likewise, we (aliens) came in—entering through the mirror reflection of the hole in the fabric of space, the deep blue sea. Some of us entered Earth’s plane as whales and dolphins. Or is that flying in? At any rate, we are here. Watch for the flying fish when you are out to sea. (I often took cruises, muling CIA drugs, that routed through the proverbial Bermuda Triangle.) When you see one, you know it is kin to me. A flying fish by any other name is a C. Byrd. A sea-Byrd. Robert C. Byrd.”

Attaching this alien theme with the Jesuit-instilled belief that “riding the light” is the source of transportation through dimensions, Byrd cryptically explained his political position on the Clean Air Act. “If we don’t clean up our water and air, we’ll have no way of leaving this planet. Our mirror will lose its sparkle. Light won’t be able to pass through, and neither can we. We’ll be locked into this dimension forever.”

Byrd often gave me instructions by telephone, using a harmonic tone to prepare my mind for robotic response to his command. One commonly used tone was a static-sounding tone that confused my mind as to whether it was air/wind I was hearing or water/waves. NASA often used these same tones for programming purposes.

Byrd’s friend and leader of the Jesuit “college” training program, Bill Bennett, acted in the capacity of Education Secretary during the Reagan Administration. (Bennett went on to become “Drug Czar” for George Bush, and is now vying for the office of U.S. President.) **[H: HARKEN UP!! THIS IS THE SAME WILLIAM J. BENNETT WHO IS THE CLOSEST WORKING PERSON TO RUSH LIMBAUGH AND THIS SHOULD TELL YOU ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT THE PLANS FOR A “REPUBLICAN” GOVERNMENT PUSHED BY RUSH LIMBAUGH. WHEN RUSH RAVES ON AND ON ABOUT HIS WONDERFUL TRIP TO ISRAEL AND THE HOLY LANDS—HEAR HIM—HE IS A TOTALLY PROGRAMMED TOOL OF THE NEW WORLD ORDER!]** My daughter Kelly and I were subjected to **BENNETT’S programming and sexual perversions at the W. Va. Jesuit college, NASA headquarters in Washington DC, and the BOHEMIAN GROVE POLITICAL SANDBOX in Northern California.** Bennett conformed to the rigid guidelines of Jesuit mind-manipulation but expounded the ideals into NASA’s “infinity program” levels. His intellectual twists on spiritual beliefs distort perception in a seemingly logical manner:

“In the universal scheme of things, the Earth is out of sync with all other dimensions because it is two-plane (equates within the literal mind of an MPD as “too plain”). It is as though it is the blueprint, or drawing if you will, of the Master’s plan to create an Earth. By God’s design, it must come into being. This page of history is drawing to an end, and a new dimension in living is about to commence. Christ was sent to begin construction according to God’s plan. But once he entered Earth’s plain plane, he conformed to the confines of limited dimensions. Rather than do something constructive (this equates to Christ being a “construction worker” as he was a carpenter) towards bringing the Earth into multidimensional harmony with the rest of the universe according to plan, he thought in earthly terms and followed in dear old Dad’s footsteps and became a carpenter. He lost his way while cavorting with the sheep. Just as he lost his ability to conceptualize deeper, and thought doing something constructive was to become a carpenter. He forgot that the plan was to lead the sheep to deeper dimension. He lost his universal concept. He evolved from a carpenter to sheep herder and missed his purpose all together. As a result, history came into being

and mankind was destined to bide their time until such time as a window in time aligned to the ways of the universe, opening a doorway to the great beyond, whereby sufficient vacuum is created to suck the life right off the planet, eliminating those who would stand in the way of God's plan for universal oneness in order that the world come to order—a new order—A NEW WORLD ORDER.”

Bennett claimed to me to be an alien himself. **An elaborate NASA virtual reality programming experience provided the visuals to create and lock in the illusion that I was surrounded by lizard-like aliens. [H: Still think I'm a 12-foot lizard? Or is Col. Gritz a 6'1" product of MONARCH programming???** Frightened, I said, “Who are these people?!?”

Bennett responded, “They're not people and this isn't a spaceship. We are from a transdimensional plane that spans and encompasses all dimensions. Infinite dimensions. We hail from a dimension that knows no limitations, can span them all simultaneously. Jesus was an alien, the first to supersede time and space. He didn't need the proverbial spacecraft since the concept itself is confined and limited to the three dimensions of Earth's plain plane. We are not limited to three dimensions; we require no craft to span dimensions; we simply become. Christ blazed a trail from dimensions beyond into Earth's atmosphere and we are following his lead.”

The NASA virtual-reality experience was instilled into my subconscious mind while I was chemically and psychologically entranced whereby I had no capacity whatsoever for critical thinking. In retrospect, I can see the mechanics of the event to the point where the switching of scenes from humans to lizard-like aliens to dolphins and back to people again is clear. Nevertheless, Bennett's programming at the time was sufficient to cause me to robotically carry out my “mission”. **[H: Now what do you think of Whitley Strieber's book, COMMUNION? What, moreover, are you beginning to figure out about NASA's SPACE PROGRAM and shuttle triplets? Interesting, is it not—when you begin to see and KNOW TRUTH?]**

Bennett had said, “I have taken you through my dimension as a means of establishing stronger holds on your mind than the Earth's plane permits. Being alien, I simply make my thoughts your thoughts by projecting them into your mind. My thoughts are your thoughts. Be still and know **that I AM GOD**. I have a plan for you. I have a purpose (sounds like “porpoise”) for you. Follow the porpoise as I submerge to the depths of your soul. Finding my way to your heart—pulsating through your veins... one with your being... one with your soul... thinking the thoughts that will cross your mind... pulse through your veins... one with your soul... that comes into being when they cross your lips.” I was instilled with a message at this point that was later delivered as programmed.

The most traumatic experience I recall having endured during my mind-controlled victimization was perpetrated by then **Vice President George Bush**. Bush's brutal pedophilia **WITH MY DAUGHTER KELLY, since her age of THREE-AND-A-HALF YEARS, and his blatant vocalizations of mass genocide, conditioned me to readily accept that concept that he was not human. [H: Well, I certainly don't want you to think he is one of US ALIENS!! ANIMALS AND ALIENS DO NOT ACT IN THIS MANNER!]** Bush's “You Are What You Read” programming theme was used on me throughout the Reagan Administration. To condition Kelly and me to his program, Bush had us wait for our Secret Service escorts at the Smithsonian face-changing exhibit. Since Bush claims to be a chameleon “alien”, changing appearances to blend into any surroundings, the exhibit proved the viability of the phe-

nomena. **[H: Any of you who still doubt the programming of one Col. Gritz—I suggest you harken back to what he blasted me with in his tirade at his loss of election: “The only thing reptilian about you is your chameleon ability to change colors.” Everybody STILL WITH ME? Example is the best teacher next to experience. Am I worthy of the attention of the BEAST? Oh IN-DEED I AM! BUT UNFORTUNATELY FOR “THAT BEAST” I AM NOT LIZARD, SERPENT NOR CHAMELEON! AND I WILL HAVE HIS SOUL-LESS BEING HOOK, LINE AND DOWN TO THE CONFOUNDED SINKER FULL OF SCALES BEFORE IT’S OVER!]** The book that locked Kelly and me into Bush’s program was entitled “*ABOUT FACES*”, and poetically and metaphorically conditioned us to the concept of changing identities. Bush’s most effective example of “You Are What You Read” in his book *About Faces* occurred during his reading of the page depicting lizard-like “aliens” from “a far off deep space place”. Claiming to be an alien himself, Bush apparently activated a hologram of the lizard-like “alien” which provided the illusion of Bush transforming like a chameleon before our eyes. In retrospect, I understand that Bush had been painstakingly careful in positioning my seat in order that the hologram’s effectiveness be maximized.

Throughout my victimization, I was subjected to numerous variations of the alien and alien-religion themes. Senator J. Bennett Johnston of Louisiana provided a link between backwoods witchcraft and high-tech programming. Occult serial-killer Wayne Johnston directed much of the programming instilled in my traumatized, fragmented mind. Johnston flew me in and out of Barksdale Air Force Base near his Shreveport, Louisiana office. He accompanied me on a flight to Tinker Air Force Base in Oklahoma where he had other business to attend while I endured high-tech programming. At Tinker I was put in an all metal cage known as a woodpecker grid, which was electrified on all sides including the grid bottom and top. I was led to escape the near-death excruciating pain by “flying like (Disney’s *Peter Pan*) Tinkerbelle” and riding the light to other dimensions.

Part of the hypnotic programming included, “Go to the light. Go to the light. God is beaming with pride to see you go to the light. Go to His light. Become one with the light... once you earn your wings, you can fly with the Byrds with relative ease and carry on the time-honored tradition of interdimensional travel. ‘Die mension you’ll enter new dimensions now? I’ll create your inner dimensions as you enter dimensions light years ahead of your time. Go to the light. Follow the beam. The light at the end of the tunnel is growing brighter and brighter as you grow closer and closer to the light... your wings are as delicate as little Tinkerbelle and flutter at the rate of a hummingbird. Travel lightly. Just as Tinkerbelle travels the light, so must you. ‘Never, never land’ ... infinite light... infinite dimensions. You do the light work, I’ll do the rest...” I was programmed for specific actions at this point.

After Johnston and Tinker Air Force Base “tinkered” with my mind, I was led to believe that all air flight transportation was my “riding the light” like Tinkerbelle. This tied directly in with the Jesuit light travel, and other variations of the same theme. Being trance-ported by helicopter at night was hypnotically scrambled in my mind that I was “riding the light”, which was actually the helicopter’s headlight beam. Harmonics, no concept of time, and headphones while being transported, further distorted the perceptions of my programmed Tinkerbelle personality fragment to believe that I was “riding the light”.

Johnston had several personal purposes for subjecting me to his programming methods. He was running a secret mercenary military operation for which Cox and I supplied instructions and arms according to his orders. I was in his Shreveport office when he explained, “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 in under international laws, undetected, to carry out the work the military boys only dream of doing. 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.”

Johnston claimed to be an alien who has superseded time and space in interdimensional travel. He claimed to be part of the Philadelphia Experiment that launched him into interdimensional time travel. He further convinced me of his alien status by showing me a then-Top Secret Stealth (prototype) at a U.S. Air Force Base [*Barksdale*] near Bossier City [*LA*]. He claimed the ship—from the Philadelphia Experiment—had re-emerged from the future as a different kind of ship, a space ship, and he had been on it the “whole time”.

Johnston assured me that animals, too, are aliens. “Animals are not of this world, you know. Extraterrestrials have planted them here in order that they monitor the Earth. Some of them are called monitors (back to the lizard theme).”

Johnston’s own bestiality perversions compelled him to condition my mind to the concept of animals being aliens. He led me to believe it was my duty to breed with the “alien animals” to genetically alter them to more humanistic forms. “My pets are not just dogs. They are labs. Now when I say I own a couple of labs, my friends understand I have connections to the alien world. We need to bridge the gap.” I “did my duty for my country and humanity”, engaging in bestiality as ordered. Unable to question or reason as I carried out the program, I was terrified at the thought of becoming pregnant!

In later years, NASA compounded this terror imparted by Johnston. NASA created a “mind-control training film” for then Mexican President de la Madrid using Johnston’s bestiality theme. In fact, NASA was humorously refusing de la Madrid’s request for classified genetic mind-control information by producing a film combining Johnston’s theme with de la Madrid’s claims of being the “Lizard of Oz”. De la Madrid had told me his elaborate Shaman tales of the aliens emerging from the deep and taking on the form of Iguanas. He claims that this alien transition is what removed the ancient Mayans from the Earth. He, like George Bush, had performed lizard-like illusions to compartmentalize my memory of experiences with him. Since these experiences included sex, the NASA film was designed to depict his supposed offspring—a chameleon emerging from a concealed tube in my vagina. The resultant pornography amused de la Madrid.

Much of my NASA programming utilized the voice of astronaut Buzz Aldrin. The Huntsville, Alabama Space and Rocket Center uses Buzz Aldrin’s voice to narrate public attractions. Kelly and I were subjected to much programming at “Tranquility Base” in Huntsville. Buzz Aldrin has capitalized on his space travel experience to condition mind-controlled slaves to the concept of interdimensional time travel. Byrd introduced me to Buzz Aldrin at a White House cocktail party, which locked in all of my interdimensional programming at once.

“...I traveled the beam of white light...” he was saying, “...superseding time and space, and found that its source is blue. Once in a blue Moon the light is refracted enough to where its true color is visible from Earth. The Moon is, in fact, a globe of soft blue-white light. As you well know, the light is our only means

of travel through the millennium and dimensions of the universe. I explored the source of that light, our only means of universal trance-sport, and discovered the keys to the universe.”

As a deprogrammed, reintegrated, and fully rehabilitated MK-ULTRA Project Monarch mind-control survivor, I am concerned that the minds of the masses will be manipulated as planned to usher in a controlled, robotic society for the New World Order. High technology, classified secret knowledge, and the artificially created tumultuous times in which we live today have set the stage for implementing the plan devised by the “masterminds” behind the New World Order. Their smoke and mirror tactics could indeed distort mankind’s perceptions to believe these inhumane atrocities have been perpetrated by aliens. By arming ourselves with knowledge and spreading their secrets, we can disarm their world dominance effort. It is my fervent hope that this step-by-step documentation dispels their illusions, reveals their intent, and incites Americans to exercise critical analysis and freedom of thought while they still can do so. We must spread the word amongst ourselves as our free press is no longer “free”. Many of our churches are being manipulated by corrupt leaders [**H: No, you would be closer, Cathy, to simply say “ALL” (churches)...**], hate groups are dividing us for the conqueror, and our controlled media is conditioning us to accept the “alien illusion”. Regardless of anyone’s beliefs in aliens or demonic influence in relationship to these inhumane atrocities, I know for a fact that the **TECHNOLOGICAL AND COLLECTIVE APPLIED KNOWLEDGE DOES EXIST TO IMPLEMENT MIND-CONTROL WORLD-WIDE**. Now is the time for humanity to arm themselves with knowledge and fight this final battle for freedom of the mind, our last stronghold. When the plan to “blame it on the aliens” is unleashed through our no-longer-free press, please consider these questions:

- \* If these “masterminds” behind the New World Order are transdimensional aliens as they claim, why do they use airplanes and helicopters for travel?
- \* If their interdimensional travel is timeless, why are so many of them succumbing to the natural effects of old age?
- \* If they can project thought to control minds, why do they need harmonics, microwaves and “Star Wars” satellites to project through?
- \* If they are of a higher alien intelligence, why am I and so many others recovering our minds and memories?
- \* If they are an advanced civilization as they claim, why are they committed to stimulation of sensations... i.e., sex?
- \* If they are justifying their control of humanity as the only means for world peace, why are they destroying our peace of mind?
- \* If they are supreme masters, why do they take on the identity of God and use identifiable voices of corrupt politicians?
- \* If they are aliens as they claim, why do they inflict physical torture to instill their criminal ideals ultimately to hide their nefarious deeds through disassociation?

\* If they are of high intellect, why is their New World Order plan being overthrown by humans?

\* Why do “aliens” like Bush, Byrd, Bennett, Reagan, Johnston, Cheney, VanderJagt, de la Madrid, etc., need to use drugs and alcohol to get “high”?

\* Why did Bill Bennett TELL me VOCALLY that he could make “his thoughts my thoughts by projecting them into my mind”?

Why ask WHY? **Because the survival and future of humanity depends on it!**

[END QUOTING OF PART 8]

God blesses you, Cathy child, and HE shall see to Kelly as this rot is cut away from the very being of the cancerous Vipers bringing destruction to God’s HOUSE

## CHAPTER 3

REC #1 HATONN

SUN., FEB. 12, 1995 9:47 A.M. YEAR 8, DAY 180

SUN., FEB. 12, 1995

COUNT-DOWN IS ON

All sorts of things are going to be happening—and soon, yea, even as we speak or write. I don't care whether or not they seem to be “showing”—they are happening. We are writing as fast as we can to give you CONFIRMATION that we bring truth—but you have to wake up, get up and do something for yourselves.

### CHURCH AND MIND-CONTROL

I don't like to overload you readers but we have to whip right through this information because we have KEY players who must have the information and it must be sorted and come through the prioritizing of myself. I would like to move directly into the next section of the *MONARCH/Cathy O'Brien/Mark Phillips* writings. You have several MAJOR factions who use the same conduits for their ground rules—and yet they are actually NOT in coalition except that their “goals” are the same—only by different personalities. The bottom line is the SAME.

Perhaps it is time to rerun the Sister Charlotte material from the JOURNAL called *SATAN'S DRUMMERS?* **We are going to talk a lot about the Catholic Church as we move through the uses of religion(s) to gain World Control in pure EVIL INTENT!**

MK-ULTRA

MONARCH PROJECT, PART 9

[QUOTING:]

**Cathy O'Brien, writing released March 1993.**

### MY EXPERIENCE WITH CATHOLICISM/SATANISM

My father, CIA operative Earl O'Brien, had no religious/superstitious beliefs, yet made sure that he, my mother, brothers and sisters, and I were in Catholic Church every Sunday—just as he was instructed to do. When my father was flown to Boston, Massachusetts in 1966 for training on how to raise me in the Defense Intelligence Agency's Project Monarch trauma-based mind control, he was ordered to prepare me for occult traumas via a CIA cooperative Catholic Church, St. Francis of Assisi in Muskegon, Michigan. St. Francis is reputed to be one of the most expensive and elaborate Catholic Churches anywhere, and was rumored to become the “8th Wonder of the World” due to its twisted, 5-story concrete Cathedral structure as is featured on postcards of Muskegon. Considering the low income of the factory workers

that comprise Muskegon, St. Francis is a “Wonder” when you consider the cost of building such a monumental church structure.

My earliest recollections of my Project Monarch mind control victimization included the realization that the Catholic Church was involved and perfectly structured for its role. The Catholic teaching that followers “are not worthy” to speak to God and must therefore have a Priest (Father) intercede for them and then tell them what God “said”, coupled with the “spiritual guidance” of praying to/through and listening to long-deceased Saints, leaves them vulnerable to following the hypnotic commands of men who **suggest their** voice is that of a “Holy Ghost”. Furthermore, it is the Catholic Mass that is “satanically” reversed for occult ritual due to its own ritualistic/superstitious structure.

As a very young child, I had already learned the “trick” of Confession. My Catechism (CCD—a weekly class teaching Catholicism) teacher/nun explained to my 1st grade class that we were to think of something that we had done “bad” as we waited in line at the Confessional—and to “be sure and keep it brief” as Father had so many children to hear. Then we were to go in the dark little Confessional, kneel, and wait for Father to slide open the little 4"x6" window in the partition that permitted him to hear our confession from behind a veiled screen. As instructed, I said, “Forgive me Father, for I have sinned...” and proceeded to tell him I had sex with my father and brother. He told me that “God said I was to say Three Hail Marys and an Our Father and **I** would be **forgiven.**” (??)

I knew then that I had to either believe that this Confession thing was a hoax or that God condoned child abuse. That night, my father had a talk with me for apparently “he” was the “Father” that the priest had interceded to, because he instructed me that from now on I was to simply say, “I disobeyed my parents,” when I went to Confession “and nothing more!”

The next time I went to Confession I did exactly as I was told and the veiled screen came off the partition and a penis was stuck through the window. “God said your penance is to **treat me as you would your Father.**” After performing oral sex, I emerged from the Confessional where all the other kids from my class were waiting very impatiently for their turn in the Confessional. My teacher scolded me for taking so long and told me to add a few extra “Our Fathers” to my penance. When I told her I already did my penance, she told me again the “order of things” to the Confessional ritual—which did not fit anything I had just experienced!

From then on I dreaded CCD class, church and Confession. My father became friends with the priest, Father James Thaylen and my mother became “active” in the church by joining church groups that were designed to pull all the Project Monarch/mind control involved pedophile parents together, i.e., Bridge Club, Ice Cream Socials, and cleaning the rectory (the part of the church where the Priests live). Father Thaylen would come to our house from time to time and my mother would sexually gratify him there. Around 1967 Father Thaylen was caught in a sex act with a church woman and quieted the scandal by marrying her and quitting the Priesthood.

Father Don became our new Priest at St. Francis and I was relieved to note that he was younger, better looking, and seemed to be kind. He played the guitar and sang so “sincerely” that I just knew he was going to be “different”. My hopes were dashed when my mother took me with her to clean the rectory and he took me into his sleeping quarters to show me how “poorly” he lived. He “had no comforts at all

due to his vow of poverty.” He claimed that since he was “married to the Church” his only comfort was to “take little children in his arms like Jesus did”. Then he sodomized me.

Father LePres was in charge of this Catholic Church and therefore oversaw all area Catholic schools and operations. Father LePres had no legs, was absolutely vicious and ruled his church from his wheelchair with intimidation and fear. I found his temper to be explosive and feared he would be the one in the Confessional sticking his penis through the little window. Therefore I watched closely to see who went into the Priest’s side of the Confessional booth. It was always either Father Thaylen or Don when I went inside and I never did have to “go to Confession” with Fr. LePres.

The Catholic Church has its own political structure with the Pope presiding over all. **[H: It actually is EXACTLY like the Mormon church with the exception of a “more democratic” system presenting the “revelations” and the Mormons don’t have to expend so much funding on the lay ministers! You people have been “had” in every denomination, every creed, every shred of storyline.]** The politics of the church were to work in accord with our government but I was also aware of their Mafia ties. My pedophile Uncle Bob Tanis (who claims to be CIA), his friend Congressman Guy VanderJagt (who I was routinely prostituted to as a child), and other Mafia-tied individuals were either directly or indirectly involved in the politics of the Catholic Church. These same individuals were all aware of my Project Monarch victimization and helped perpetuate my sexual abuse and/or mind-controlled existence.

I often talked with my Uncle Bob about Catholicism because he claimed to be a Theologian who, while flying all over the world as a pilot with Air Force Intelligence, spent much time in Rome as part of the study of the Shroud of Turin. He explained that since this was “scientific validation of religion”, spies from “all over the world were trying to steal it”. “But,” he continued, “since Priests hear confessions all over the world, they already know what is going on before anyone can ever get to it.” In my young mind, he had confirmed my worst fears that “Confession” was just a trick to find out people’s secrets to perpetuate the politics of the church.

I told him I didn’t believe in Confession, hated to go, and how I wondered if I would ever get “stuck with” Fr. LePres. He laughed and said, “Only Fr. Don will be in there with you as Fr. LePres is too busy hearing those real important confessions like I was just telling your about.”

My father saw Fr. LePres for confession so I felt totally trapped. I had been sexually abused by my father, Uncles, politicians, policemen and priests—all of whom are tied to the Mafia porn branch that seemed to me, at the time, to be beyond reproach. My whole environment, which seemed like the “whole world” to a child, was corrupt and this was in accordance with the “Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide” conditioning of my Project Monarch mind control.

My father would take me to Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve, leaving the rest of the family at the house to prepare for “Santa Claus”. Midnight Mass was/is a candle-light service of Gregorian chants, incense, and bells. After one such Midnight Mass in 1972 as the congregation filed out to their cars (Father LePres wouldn’t tolerate any “millin’ aroun” after church), my father took me to the front of the church and knocked on the dreaded locked door of the “Altar Boy Pit”. Dr. Don had just arrived there with the Altar Boys to remove their church robes and he invited us in. Priests and Altar Boys wear black pants and shirts beneath their robes and I stood beside my father and watched as their white robes were removed to reveal the black. Laughing, Fr. Don said, “Welcome to the dark side...” and led us into the

rectory.

Directly on the other side of the enormous concrete slab that separated the church from the rectory was a mirrored reversal of the church's altar. Very few people knew of this "secret room" because the structure of the church produces the illusion that no such room could exist. We tiptoed down the dark passageway and emerged in the candle-lit room. The Altar Boys never said a word but then they had taken the "vow of silence". They followed Father's orders like machines. They laid a black felt cloth trimmed in red fringe across the altar. The "offertory", or, preparation for communion, is a ritual whereby "the gifts of Body and Blood" are offered up? to the priest for his blessings. Reversed, we had to "offer up" the Blood, then the Body—literally.

We drank from the chalice of Blood as ordered and I recall reeling from the trauma and the drug that was in it. I was stripped and laid on the altar to "offer up" my body. The Altar Boys silently undressed themselves. My father and another local "prominent citizen", Jerry Antekier, proceeded to have sex with the Altar boys and each other while Fr. Don brutally sodomized me on the altar.

My father quietly sneaked me into our house at 3:00 AM, and I spent another miserable Christmas Day hung-over from the drug, vomiting and depressed.

I was "too old" for Congressman Guy VanderJagt's pedophile perversions at age 13, which is when I began being prostituted to US Senator Robert C. Byrd at the Mackinac Island political retreat. It was decided back then that Byrd would become my "owner" when my father would officially sell me into Project Monarch government mind control at age 19, and therefore Byrd became directly involved in controlling my destiny. By my Sophomore year in High School, Byrd had ordered that I attend Catholic Central which was Fr. LePres' "pride and joy" High School. I had no choice but to comply.

Catholic Central was regarded as a "snob" school because due to the expense of the education only the "rich kids" attended. My father was not wealthy yet (he later became a millionaire from lucrative military contracts gained from selling me into Project Monarch) but my tuition was "provided for".

Since I had developed Multiple Personalities to deal with incest/trauma, I always had one dominant personality that dealt with school. School was my "safe haven" away from the abuse of home. I made good grades (due to the photographic memory consistent with MPD/trauma) and got along with everybody. When Byrd switched my education from public to Parochial he also switched my school personality because I no longer felt like school was my escape. Other personalities filled in—particularly the one that "took the vow of silence" of satanic rituals in the Catholic Church.

In Muskegon public schools tenth grade is the first year of High School whereas 9th grade is the first year of Catholic High School. So, when I entered Catholic Central in my Sophomore year the cliques and groups had already been formed. I carefully observed them. I had a personality that would fit in with the "good kids", one that would fit in with the "bad", and one for the other kids in the school who were occult victimized. It didn't take long for the "good" kids to notice that I also got along with the other victims. We clung together in a tight little group herded around like cattle by those in the school who **knew** we were MPDed and under mind control. We switched as circumstance demanded, most often in unison, as we were ritually traumatized, deeply tranced, and programmed during school hours.

Since I no longer had my “school personality” and was constantly switching instead, the compartment of my brain that held school memory was no longer retrievable. Therefore, I had no basis for learning aside from what I could photographically memorize from class. My grades appeared erratic while ranging from “As” to failing and some of the “As” I did not earn academically.

Brother Patrick (A Brother is the male counterpart to a Catholic Nun/Sister) taught my Literature class. He was 6’2”-3”, approximately 62 years old, and wore the old fashioned kind of black robes that dragged across the floor, tied at the waist with a huge, polished rosary. Brother Patrick was tipped off that I was MPDed from incest and began harassing me in a very perverse manner. He would suddenly stop whatever he was saying in the middle of class, point at me, then the door—and follow me out. I never knew what I was “being punished for”.

In the hall Brother Patrick would shove his hands deep into his pockets, and begin pacing around me, looking me up and down. Sometimes he never said a word but just looked. Then I noticed that he appeared to be masturbating himself in his robes. He caught my gaze and ordered me to stay after school that day or he would fail me in the class and I would have to take it/him all over again the next semester.

After school Brother Patrick was holding a book in his hands and scolding me, then told me to reach in his pocket and pull out his rosary cross for prayer. When I reached in his pocket I found it had no bottom but was just a slit in his robes. He laughed and said, “Now **you** know what Brothers wear under their robes... absolutely nothing! Why should we?” He reached in his “pocket” and put his hand over mine and wrapped it around his penis. When he was through he told me I could leave.

He continued to take me into the hall, hands in his “pockets”, while sometimes never saying a word. If he ever lectured me at all it pertained to “honor thy Father” themes. The class would wait, wondering what I had done to incite his wrath. When he came back into class he folded his robes around so as to cover the wet spot and sat down at his desk. I immediately left class and began skipping it as much as possible thereafter. I was used to sexual abuse but not this kind of sleazy perversion. Brother Patrick scared me. Another MPD, Ann Engel, would make “gross” jokes about what Brother Patrick **didn’t wear** under his robes as she had been abused by him also. We both received “As” in his class.

In my Religion class, Sister Ann Marie had been leading us in study on the topic of Confession to prepare us for the kind of Confessions we were to be giving Father Vesbit, who was also our school principal. The day Sister ordered us to Confession I refused to go as I feared I would be sexually molested in the Confessional, again, only this time it would be while my **teenaged** peers waited impatiently outside the door. Sister made an example out of me to the class and passed the word around the school that I was “a Satanist” and that I was “going to hell”. With seemingly no escape from occultism I no longer could differentiate between Catholicism and Satanism.

Whatever Byrd’s purpose in sending me to Catholic school, no one seemed to notice that I did not spiritually adhere to Catholic principles. Therefore, the satanic reversal held no “spiritual magic” to it, either. The wedge of anti-religion that Catholic High School was inadvertently driving in me only served to discount any occult principles that they were attempting to instill.

A group of victim/friends with whom I associated in my Sophomore year was comprised of Seniors and included my close childhood friend, Mary Chamberlain and her/our boyfriend, Larry Porter. Larry

was CIA Project Monarch “Oz” programmed, and was athletically trained to become the best two-miler in the state. Catholic Central had become heavily involved in buying athletes who fit the criteria for Coach Cheverini’s mind-control sports program. The unethical influence over these athletes caused a great deal of scandal for the High School in 1975, particularly since all Catholic Central sports teams won first in the state for years. After a while, like Tommy LaSorda’s Dodgers, folks began to question how one team could win so consistently. Their subsequent questions and investigations resulted in a public scandal that threatened to close the school.

I was involved in the track program as ordered by my father and was one of the only females that Coach Cheverini worked with because his wife, Dorothy, was in charge of all girls’ sports and gym classes. Both coaches taught me to trance deeply while I ran, which increased my speed and endurance. I held a state record for the 2-mile race in 1974-75. Larry Porter and I were often coached together, learning how physical capability need not be predicated on preconceived limitations. We learned how to shut out pain and fatigue and trance into a fast pace set in our mind with no comprehension of time or distance. We perceived the track as the “Yellow Brick Road” in accordance with CIA “Oz” theme programming. The starting gun and finishing line were all we were trained to focus on besides running. My father took an enormous interest in Larry and his younger brother Scott, (also a track star) due to their high level of mind-control victimization.

In school my Multiple Personality Disorder was creating noticeable problems for me and when teachers sent me to our Guidance Counselor, Dennis DeLaney, the counseling I received was in exact accordance with CIA Project Monarch mind-control. Realizing even my Guidance Counselor was skilled with CIA mind-control techniques, entrenched me even more deeply in my victimization.

Dennis DeLaney had a son, Patrick, who was in several of my classes and with whom I immediately became friends after my first encounter with his father. I **sensed** (I could not logically reason or think to question as an MPDed mind-control victim) that Patrick must be similarly abused and I approached him accordingly. Patrick was so withdrawn from being abused that he had few friends and my stated understanding of his abuse bonded the two of us.

As a Junior I spent a minimum amount of time in class, using my position as Editor of the school newspaper as my excuse to cut class. My in-school abusers had arranged that I was to be excused from class at anytime in order that I be available for ritualistic sex at their convenience. The other victims with whom I associated were all similarly excused from class for abuse and we would all converge in specific areas as directed. This particular group of victims included my classmates, Jayne Reinhold, Mike McDaniel, Carl Mahoney, John Strazanick, and Kris Antekier (son of Jerry Antekier).

All of us used our pre-arranged “excuses” to cut classes and when weather permitted we were often together outside sitting beside a stream that ran through the woods on the school property, where we would let our minds “drift” in the current as instructed—all of us silent and dissociative. The running water “washed our brain” of memory—of abuse. Deeply entranced we returned to class as studies **ourselves** in academic achievement of MPDs that were conducted by the Catholic church/school in accordance with government mind-control projects.

In the winter the group of victims were herded into a large room used for storage of Drama Club props

and sets, gym equipment, etc. This room was always locked, had no windows, and was considered “secret”. Father Vesbit provided us with the key to this room and instructed us on what to do while we were inside. There were enormous inflated cushions used for pole vaulting, etc., and large piles of foam that we would all lie on in the dark, silently “meditating”, listening to guided imagery and/or music through headsets. In retrospect I am convinced that these practices were used on mind-control victims to maintain non-disruptive, non-violent behavior. One time the “meditation” session turned into rowdy sex and the noise made caught the attention of a passing Nun who “reported” us to Fr. Vesbit. We no longer were sent to this particular storage room but were instructed to use a vacant class-room instead—until we were provided with the key to the school Chapel.

The school Chapel was a small room with no windows, decorated in blood-red velvet and black crucifixes. The Chapel was designed for individual classes or small groups, while the gymnasium was used for school masses. The Chapel had a small altar, podium, numerous candles, and a Confessional. It was my experience that occult sex rituals were conducted there.

Many teachers were involved or used at the school to further mind-control abuses of victims, though most believed they were simply applying advanced/modern teaching techniques and were not aware of the occult traumatization rituals going on in the school. Those privy to and working in conjunction with the government Project Monarch techniques as established through church leader Father LePres, were the Guidance Counselor Dennis DeLaney, Principal Father Vesbit, Coach(es) Cheverini, Religion teacher Brother Emmett, and St. Francis’ Father Don. Several other teachers noted who the sexually abused females in the school were and took advantage of their Multiple Personalities by keeping them after school for sex. The most widely known and discussed were Brother Patrick, Mr. Usmail (who referred to himself as “US Male”), and Ken Diamond. Although Usmail and Diamond were “under investigation” by the school principal, they were never reprimanded because they provided a diversion from the occult mind-control abuses that were proliferating. Additionally, these sex offenders were used for discrediting and scrambling memory of ritual sexual abuse victims.

I was provided a key to the Chapel through a rather bizarre twist of circumstances. When I was sexually assaulted by then President Gerald Ford at the Red Flannel Days festival in Cedar Springs, Michigan in late 1974, my Project Monarch victimization began to include sophisticated military mind-control programming on military bases. Guidance Counselor Dennis DeLaney was aware of my plight and prepared me for further programming via Dick Cheney’s Wyoming operation. WHO was I going to turn to for help now!?! At this point I suffered a total emotional collapse and existed deep within the body and mind that was totally controlled by others, particularly by US Senator Robert C. Byrd. When I learned that arrangements were being made for me to be taken to Traverse City, Michigan for the weekend as US Congressman Guy VanderJagt had arranged for me to be prostituted to US Senator Robert C. Byrd, I shop-lifted from a convenience market near the school in hopes I would be caught and jailed as a means of escape from the impending abuse. I was caught shop-lifting and the Police were called. But of course, my politically influential abusers would not allow for me to have a police record and the matter was immediately and suddenly dropped. My only “punishment” was to have a conference with the school Principal, Father Vesbit.

“Why did you do it?” Fr. Vesbit asked. “Are you having problems at home? I understand about such things and do not feel you should be punished if you’re willing to talk with me.”

I told him a little bit about my home life and how trapped I felt, how I had desperately needed to avoid the trip to Traverse City at all costs. He asked how things were after having been caught shop-lifting and I expressed my dismay over having only learned that Byrd's control over my life extended to the Justice Department! Fr. Vesbit's response only makes sense to me now in retrospect. He said, "I thought kids in your situation were all part of the Exchange Student program."

I was aware of the Exchange Student program through a CIA friend of my parents, Bill Curtis, who they had become associated with through Fr. LePres' intervention at St. Francis church. Bill and his wife Charlene became close friends with my parents through "Bridge Club" activities and I often spent the night at the Curtis house with their sexually (incest) abused mind-controlled daughters Heather, Hillary, Valerie and Christine. During this time I was sexually abused right along with them. They were involved in the CIA (mind-controlled) Student Exchange and had a beautiful young Scottish girl named Goohn who was horribly sexually and politically exploited during her lengthy stay with the Curtises. With what I knew about the Exchange Student program, I could not (at the time) comprehend why Fr. was so adamant about my father contacting him about the program. I actually thought he was "saving me" from their abuse by sending me out of the country.

Fr. Vesbit, obviously aware of my Project Monarch mind-control victimization, inquired whether or not I found peace of mind sitting by the stream outside (for dissociation purposes) as was arranged by the school? I reminded him that it was cold outside and complained that a Sister had run our group out of the designated empty rooms. He smiled and told me I could have the key to the school Chapel (which was always kept locked) and that he would have a small service for a few of my friends and me after school to "Bless the Chapel" for us.

Jayne Reinhold, Carl Mahoney, Kris Antekair and I were in attendance at Fr.'s special mass. He told us we would all have to be his altar boys and girls and began gathering up his *Bible*, chalice, crucifix, etc. He read from the *Bible* about "Honor Thy Father" and Mary Magdeline while explaining that although Jesus was married to the church he still had his sexual needs met by a prostitute. The four of us knelt in front of the altar as ordered while Father filled the Chalice with "the blood" which was actually Slo Gin. We drank the "blood" and then "ate the body" as ordered. Father, dressed in black, dropped his pants and stood in front of Jayne and me as we knelt, in order that we "eat the body" because after all, "even Jesus knew the value of a prostitute." Carl and Kris, who were primarily homosexual, watched as the ritual continued. Father ordered me to the altar where he pulled off my panties, pushed my skirt (school uniform) up around my waist, and laid me on my back on the small altar. By this time he had ordered the boys to perform oral sex on each other and Jayne to perform it on him while he masturbated me with his 9-inch crucifix. As he became more and more sexually excited, he became rougher and rougher, holding the crucifix by the head end and shoving it in me until I bled. Then he "sprinkled me with his holy water" by ejaculating all over me and then gave me a key to the Chapel.

Over the next two years I was in the Chapel on a regular basis, sometimes as ordered and at other times when I believed I was escaping. Even the teachers did not have a key to the Chapel and I was conditioned to dissociate here. Other occult rituals took place in the Chapel involving all school participants, DeLaney, Brother Emmett, Fr. Don, etc. My group of victim/friends met with me there for disassociation and/or sex as ordered. We had sex as instructed in the pews, at the podium, on the altar, in the Confessional, and in the isles. Father Vesbit (who now was referred to by all female victims as "Fuzzbutt")

due to his vast amount of body hair) had trained us in the “vow of silence” and therefore no outsiders ever knew what was transpiring behind the Chapel’s locked doors. The victims involved were Jayne Reinhold, Carl Mahoney, Mike McDaniel, Kris Antekier, Ann Engle, and Matt Lorenz. May Chamberlain and Larry Porter had already graduated.

In my Junior year religion class, Brother Emmett spent weeks teaching from Pierre Paul Reid’s controversial book *ALIVE*, that cannibalism was acceptable. I was appalled by having to consciously deal with the topic and exercised my freedom to cut class. Brother Emmett called me into his classroom after school and suggested that I “make my Curseal” (Catholic “religious” weekend retreat) that month with a large group of teens. The word “retreat” was enough to convince me so I signed up with him as he would be one of the “counselors”.

After 24 hours of sleep, food, and water deprivation and both individual and group hypnotic intervention, a small group of six kids with “special needs” was broken off from the rest to attend a “midnight mass” at St. Francis, which was directly across the street from where the Curseal was taking place. Tranced, we were led through the church to the “reversed” altar room on the other side of the concrete partition. Brother Emmett led us in an occult blood ritual involving the sacrifice of a lamb. All that I gained from this “religious retreat” was how to retreat even further inside myself. I no longer could even **think** to seek any kind of solitude or escape from that point on, until I was rescued from government mind-control enslavement in 1988.

Back at school I was often kept after class by Brother Emmett for sex. My father had become closely acquainted with Fr. Vesbit and they worked in tandem to insure my total Project Monarch mind-control enslavement throughout my Junior and Senior years. My “education” in Catholic school had totally destroyed any religious convictions I might have had but still prepared me for other occult traumas I would endure over the years to maintain me under mind-control.

Although I never went back to Catholic Church, my ordeal with Catholic schools was not yet over. When my daughter Kelly was 7 years old, her abusers arranged for her to attend Catholic school as well. Kelly survived a full year of Catholic school, leaving home at 7:00 AM and returning at 7:00 PM. Kelly often cried and hid in her closet on days when there would be mass at school, begging not to go. Under mind-control I was unable to think beyond following orders and Kelly was forced to attend. Kelly was so unruly and hysterical in mass that she began receiving “counseling” via a provided Sister who took no action against Kelly’s stated abusers. Instead, Sr. Patricia only further reinforced Kelly’s “No Place to Run, No Place to Hide” Project Monarch mind-control programming due to overlooking Kelly’s stated sexual and ritual abuse. What happened at St. Pius between 7 AM and 7 PM is for Kelly to report once she obtains the **qualified**, specialized rehabilitative therapy she so desperately needs and deserves to reintegrate and be deprogrammed.

When Mark Phillips rescued Kelly and me from our CIA/US Government Project Monarch mind-controlled existence in 1988, he also rescued Kelly from any further exposure to Catholicism/Satanism.

In later years I was privy to much hearsay pertaining to Pope John Paul and the Catholic Church’s role in establishing the New World Order using mind-control. I am acutely aware of St. Francis of Assisi Catholic Church and Catholic Central High School’s full participation in the highest level of government

mind-control operations.

### FACTS

Place of abuse: St. Francis of Assisi Catholic Church, Muskegon, Michigan 1964-76. Catholic Central High School 1973-76.

Abusers:

Father James Thaylon  
Father Don  
Father LePres  
Brother Emmett  
Brother Patrick  
Dennis DeLaney  
Jerry Antikier  
Coach Cheverini  
Ken Diamond  
Mr. Usmail

Victims:

Tom and Pat DeLaney  
Greg Langlois  
Kris and Kirk Antekier  
Mike McDaniel  
John Strazanick (sister Betsy suicided from abuse)  
Carl Mahoney  
Larry and Scott Porter  
Mary Chamberlain  
Ann Engle  
Matt Loren  
Marva Blais  
Collet Fox  
Fred King

**[H: The following comes from *SALT LAKE CITY MESSENGER*, issue No. 80, Nov. 1991; quoting:]**

### RITUALISTIC CHILD ABUSE AND THE MORMON CHURCH

***Mormon General Authority warns that a Satanic conspiracy may be functioning in the church.***

On July 2, 1991 we were presented with a copy of a very sensational memo purported to have been written by a General Authority of the Mormon Church. This memo was authored by Glenn L. Pace, Second Counselor in the Presiding Bishopric of the church. It is dated July 19, 1990, and is directed to the "Strengthening Church Members Committee" of the Mormon Church. In the memo Pace states that he

has met with “sixty victims” of “ritualist child abuse”, and that “All sixty individuals are members of the Church.”

The contents of the document are so startling that we wondered if it might be a forgery created by someone who wanted to embarrass the church. Because of our concern regarding the memo’s authenticity, we decided not to make it public until we could learn more about it. We did give a copy to a woman who was doing research on incest, and she was able to meet with Glenn L. Pace concerning the matter. She claimed that Pace informed her that he had now interviewed over one hundred victims of ritualistic abuse. **[H: Still with me, Little Doubters? I want to remind you that for years there has been NOTHING in the Mormon Church save Satanism. The chief culprit/Government Authority is Brent Scowcroft—GO LOOK IT UP FOR YOURSELF! I have no patience with you parents who subject your children to this possible fate just to be a part of this thriving evil. Not only do you participate—you PAY A TITHE JUST TO GET INSIDE!]**

On October 2, 1991, we gave a copy of the memo to another researcher who is very well versed in the operations and history of the Mormon Church. He was very suspicious about the authenticity of the document and noted that he did not think the church had a committee called “Strengthening Church Members Committee”, and was surprised to know that he had a copy of the memo on “Ritualistic Child Abuse”. She informed him that the document was prepared solely for the Committee and that he was not supposed to have a copy. She instructed him, therefore, to destroy his copy of the memo and to tell the person he obtained the copy from that his or her copy should also be destroyed.

We, of course, felt that the memo should be available to members of the church. Therefore, on pages 3-8 of this issue of the *Messenger* we have made a photographic reproduction from our copy of the document so that those who are interested can inspect it in its entirety and draw their own conclusion. The reader will notice that the words “DO NOT REPRODUCE” are printed by hand on the first page of the memo. These words were already on the copy when we received it. **[H: I note that our good Col. Bo Gritz did NOT resign from the Mormon Church over such as THIS—it took them demanding his Income Tax forms before he finally made a “political” break. He is a 32nd-degree Mason and it is hard to pull away from the very resource that birthed you.]**

At this point we do not feel prepared to take any strong position as to the conclusions Bishop Pace has reached with regard to his interviews. We are, in fact, caught on the horns of a dilemma. On the one hand, it is very hard to believe that such an evil conspiracy has been going on for so long without detection. We try to be very cautious about accepting stories concerning conspiracies unless strong evidence can be marshaled to support the accusations. We have seen too many people make the mistake of leveling serious accusations against individuals and organizations without carefully considering all of the facts.

On the other hand, however, we have to ask ourselves this question: Can the testimony of so many individuals, that seems to agree on some key points, be totally disregarded? Psychiatrists, of course, would point out that we cannot blindly accept the statements of those who are mentally ill because they sometimes have a difficult time separating reality from fantasy. **[H: And just guess how they got “mentally ill” in the first place!]** Since Glenn Pace presents only a general overview of the problem in his report to the Committee, it is difficult to really evaluate his conclusions. It is reported that there is a 40-page report which would throw more light on the issue. Unfortunately, however, it is not available to the public. In any case, if Pace has correctly read the situation and a satanic group like he envisions is

functioning within the Mormon Church, it would have to be one of the most diabolical conspiracies in existence today. **[H: Why? The Mormon Church is the U.S. BRANCH OF THE ILLUMINATI FREEMASONS AND IT IS EXACTLY WHERE YOU WOULD FIND HEADQUARTERS FOR THE GOD-BEAST OF THE ANTI-CHRIST!]**

Bishop Pace strongly believes that “these activities are real and cannot be ignored” (page 6 of this report) and states that “the Church needs to consider the seriousness of these problems” (p.4). Even though Pace goes so far as to charge that “bishops, a patriarch, a stake president, temple workers, and members of the Tabernacle Choir” may be involved and that “sometimes the abuse has taken place in our own meetinghouses” (p.5), he does not believe the Mormon Church itself is behind the satanic activity; instead, he feels that “the Church is being used” (p.4). If the activities Pace speaks of are actually taking place, we would tend to agree with his conclusion that the church is the victim of a group of pernicious deceivers. **[H: Yep, blame it on somebody else so that nobody catches YOU being responsible.]** The fact that “a stake president” and “bishops” may be involved does not indicate the church itself is implicated in a conspiracy. **[H: Oh good grief! How STUPID can you pretend to be? This problem is out about the Catholic Patriarchs—LOOK AROUND YOU, DOUGH-BRAINS! I have a precious couple who brought their babies OUT OF THAT BASTARDIZED SO-CALLED CHURCH AND, LOOKING AT THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG PEOPLE—NOT ONE MOMENT TOO SOON!]** It should be pointed out that there are thousands of bishops in the Mormon Church. Nevertheless, as we will explain later, there are some things in LDS Church history and doctrine that make the church vulnerable to infiltration by occultists who wish to use it for their own purposes.

In any case, Glenn Pace must be commended for spending a great deal of time and emotional energy in trying to help these people who are troubled with serious psychological problems. Even if he is unable to prove his theory concerning “Ritualistic Child Abuse” in the Mormon Church, he has had the courage to step out and call this matter to the attention of the leadership of the church. **[H: Well, I can certainly agree on that point.]**

Aside from the question of whether or not a group of Satanists are secretly functioning within the framework of the LDS Church, Glenn Pace’s memo raises another important issue—i.e., it brings to light an additional reason for the deletion of some of the oaths which had always been an extremely important part of the Mormon Temple ritual. The deletion of these oaths occurred in April 1990. As we will explain later, it is possible that the information that Pace was receiving in his interviews during 1989-90 could have influenced church leaders to remove the oaths. On page 4 of his memo, Bishop Pace noted that “many” of those who had allegedly participated in satanic rites claimed that they had “their first flashback” while “attending the temple for the first time”. When they took the oaths and heard “the exact words” in the temple ceremony that they had previously heard in the satanic ritual, “horrible memories were triggered.”

It is possible that when church leaders became aware of this information, they ordered the offending portions of the ceremony deleted so that they would not continue to have an adverse effect on some church members. Then, too, if satanic rites with similar wording actually existed, the General Authorities of the church may have been concerned that this would eventually become known to the public and cause embarrassment to the church. Whatever the case may be, the oaths which were a vital part of the temple ceremony at the time Glenn Pace began his interviews have been removed.

We have been somewhat apprehensive about bringing Pace's memo to light because of the effect it could have on other people's lives. If his conclusions are correct and the perpetrators of these evil deeds are apprehended and brought to justice, we will be very pleased with the result. If, on the other hand, it causes a witch hunt which leads nowhere, we will certainly be disappointed. The serious implications of this whole matter cannot be overstated. We hope that our readers will use good judgment and not spread unfounded rumors. If, however, they do have important information on this subject, they should report it to the proper law enforcement officials. **[H: Why? They are a part and parcel of the incestuous rat's-nest. Readers, we are now just beginning to touch the tip of the ice crystal on this subject. Hold your hats because you are GOING TO GET AN AWAKENING—LIKE IT OR NOT! THERE ARE ONES COME BACK TO YOUR PLACE JUST TO BLOW THESE EVIL PARASITE DEVILS OUT OF THEIR HOLES. IT IS GOING TO HAPPEN—COUNT ON IT! The Religious HOUSES are exactly that, HOUSES (AS IN ZODIAC) FOR THE EXPRESS PURPOSE OF DISINFORMATION ABOUT ALL SPIRITUAL MATTERS—TO DESTROY YOUR TRUTH AND BRING IN THIS NEW WORLD ORDER—UNDER SATAN! QUIT LYING TO YOURSELVES AND LOOK AROUND YOU AND REMEMBER THOSE CUTE LITTLE "SAYINGS" AS YOU WERE AND ARE INITIATED—THOSE ARE NOT THINGS OF GOD! YOU ARE PEOPLE OF THE LIE!]**

At the LDS Church's 161st semi-annual General Conference, the Mormon leaders took a strong public stand against child abuse. **[H: OF COURSE, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT THEM TO DO—PUBLICLY ADVOCATE IT? GET WITH THIS, READERS, WHEN YOU HAVE SECRET RITUAL SANCTUARIES YOU HAVE EVIL—PURE AND SIMPLE EVIL! GOD DOES NOT WORK BEHIND CLOSET DOORS IN THE DARK, DARK SECRET PLACES AND MAN, WHO DOES, IS AT HIS DASTARDLY WORK IN THOSE PLACES OF SECRET ACTIONS. EVERY TIME!!!]** On October 7, 1991, the *Salt Lake Tribune* reported:

"The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints 'condemns in the harshest of terms' physical, psychological and sexual abuse, said Thomas S. Monson, second counselor in the First Presidency... **[H: Oh, big deal...!]**

**"Offenders should be brought to justice for their 'wicked and devilish conduct. Liars, bullies who abuse children, they will one day reap the whirlwind of their foul deeds,' he said."** **[H: That is another understatement and I PROMISE YOU HERE AND NOW IT SHALL BE SO... YOU DON'T KNOW GOD AND THIS SHALL BE AVENGED FOR YOU ARE DISGUSTING AND EVIL IN THIS INTENT AND THOU SHALL PAY SORELY FOR THIS CORRUPTION OF GOD'S MOST PERFECT BABIES. SORELY INDEED—WITHOUT MERCY SHALL YE BE STRUCK FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH. SO BE IT FOR IT SHALL COME TO PASS AND IN YOUR DAY OF COUNTING. Some who object to my statement that you are "created" and can be "uncreated" had better harken up for ye dwell with the witches—and evil shall not endure and ye shall wish it would be as simple as a "zapping" to uncreation. What is in store for ye of the Evil seed—is mighty indeed, and being people of the lie, you realize it NOT. You think that somehow God's discipline is for "another" while you will "rapture" away to the Holy and Sacred place to be in luxury. NO, 'tis YOU, YOU AND YOU who will pay the mighty price in the accounting. KNOW IT!]**

Glenn Pace's suggestion concerning the possibility of an organized conspiracy to sexually abuse children is not new to residents of Utah. In a highly controversial trial, which took place in 1987, a man by the name of Alan B. Hadfield was convicted on seven counts of "sodomizing and sexually molesting his son and daughter". (*Salt Lake Tribune*, Jan. 13, 1988) In the same newspaper, under the date of Dec. 16, 1987, we find the following:

"PROVO—As many as 40 people in the same Lehi neighborhood were implicated as child sex abusers by their own offspring and other children in the area, a therapist testified Tuesday.

"Dr. Barbara Snow, the principal therapist who broke an alleged widespread pattern of child sexual abuse centered in one ward of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, spent nearly six hours on the stand during the second day of the trial of Alan B. Hadfield."

Many people felt that Dr. Snow planted ideas of sexual abuse in the minds of the children. A psychiatrist we discussed the situation with said that although he had questions about Dr. Snow's methods, he talked about the matter with another psychiatrist who had interviewed the children. He was surprised to learn that this man had reached similar conclusions—i.e., that there were probably many people involved in the scandal. Since he has a great deal of respect for this man's work, he feels there may have been something to the statement that there was an organized sex-abuse ring functioning in Lehi. However this may be, although officials indicated that additional charges might be filed, no one else has been prosecuted for the purported abuse. **[H: Right on—and this is EXACTLY the trail it takes.]** Many people in Utah still feel that Mr. Hadfield was innocent of the charges and that the accusations made by the children against him and other members of the Mormon ward in which he lived were without foundation in fact. This was certainly a very difficult case and it is very hard to know who was telling the truth.

On January 13, 1988, the *Salt Lake Tribune* ran a story that indicated that sex-abuse rings might be functioning in other parts of the state of Utah:

"A spokesman for the Utah Psychiatric Association has issued a startling message: Organized child abuse is not a far-fetched notion. Adults and youths in organized groups or rings appear to be sexually abusing children in Utah....

"Dr. Paul L. Whitehead, public affairs representative for the association in Salt Lake City, said mental-health professionals have identified clusters of *sex-abuse groups in several communities* in the state. But so far, only one member of what they say is such a group has been brought to trial—and convicted." **[H: The "Psychiatric Association" is as bad an influence as any groupie mentioned here!]**

At this point the reader should take the time to carefully read Glenn L. Pace's work on "Ritualistic Child Abuse". In the pages that follow after our photographic reproduction of the memo, we will try to throw some light on the important matters Bishop Pace has brought to our attention.

[END QUOTING OF PART 9]

We will break the writing here, take a rest break and then start offering the document in point. Thank you.

CHAPTER 4

REC #2 HATONN

SUN., FEB. 12, 1995 4:18 P.M. YEAR 8, DAY 180

SUN., FEB. 12, 1995

MK-ULTRA  
MONARCH PROJECT, PART 10

[QUOTING:]

**Cathy O'Brien, Mark Phillips:**

Continuing with the referenced (Part 9) implication of the ritual-abuse in the Mormon Church, we now offer a copy of that memorandum of Bishop Glenn L. Pace, from the Salt Lake City *MESSENGER* for November, 1991.

SALT LAKE CITY MESSENGER  
November 1991

Their address is P.O. Box 1884, Salt Lake City, Utah 84110. Extra Newsletters are free at the Bookstore. By mail: 5 for \$1.00, 25 for \$3.00.

MEMORANDUM

Date: July 19, 1990  
To: Strengthening Church Members Committee  
From: Bishop Glenn L. Pace  
Subject: Ritualistic Child Abuse

Pursuant to the Committee's request, I am writing this memorandum to pass along what I have learned about ritualistic child abuse. Hopefully, it will be of some value to you as you continue to monitor the problem. You have already received the LDS Social Services report on Satanism dated May 24, 1989, a report from Brent Ward, and a memorandum from myself dated October 20, 1989 in response to Brother Ward's report. Therefore, I will limit this writing to information not contained in those papers.

I have met with sixty victims. That number could be twice or three times as many if I did not discipline myself to only one meeting per week. I have not wanted my involvement with this issue to become a handicap in fulfilling my assigned responsibilities. **[H: That's right—prioritize to important matters.]** On the other hand, I felt someone needed to pay the price to obtain an intellectual and spiritual conviction as to the seriousness of this problem within the Church.

Of the sixty victims with whom I have met, fifty-three are female and seven are male. Eight are children. The abuse occurred in the following places: Utah (37), Idaho (3), California (4) [**H: Come now, only four in the land of HOLLY—WOOD?**], Mexico (2), and other places (14). Fifty-three victims are currently living in the State of Utah. [**H: Goll—ee, how hard can you look once a week?**] All sixty individuals are members of the Church. Forty-five victims allege witnessing and/or participating in human sacrifice. [**H: Can you think for a minute and reread that sentence. DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT IT SAID—HUMAN SACRIFICE? HUMAN SACRIFICE!!**] The majority were abused by relatives, often their parents. All have developed psychological problems and most have been diagnosed as having Multiple Personality Disorder or some other form of dissociative disorder.

Ritualistic child abuse is the most hideous of all child abuse. The basic objective is premeditated—to systematically and methodically torture and terrorize children until they are forced to dissociate. The torture is not a consequence of the loss of temper, but the execution of well-planned, well thought-out rituals often performed by close relatives. The only escape for the children is to dissociate. They will develop a new personality to enable them to endure various forms of abuse. When the episode is over, the core personality is again in control and the individual is not conscious of what happened. Dissociation also serves the purposes of the occult because the children have no day-to-day memory of the atrocities. They go through adolescence and early adulthood with no active memory of what is taking place. Oftentimes they continue in rituals through their teens and early twenties, unaware of their involvement. Many individuals with whom I have spoken have served missions and it has not been until later that they begin to remember. One individual has memories of participating in rituals while serving as a full-time missionary.

The victims lead relatively normal lives, but the memories are locked up in a compartment in their minds and surface in various ways. They don't know how to cope with the emotions because they can't find the source. As they become adults and move into another environment, something triggers the memories and, consequently, flashbacks and/or nightmares occur. One day they will have been living a normal life and the next they will be in a mental hospital in a fetal position. The memories of their early childhood are recalled in so much detail that they once again feel the pain that caused the dissociation in the first place.

There are two reasons why adults can remember with such detail events that happened in their past: First, the terror they experienced was so stark that it was indelibly placed in their mind. Second, the memory was compartmentalized in a certain portion of the mind and was not subjected to the dilution of experiences of ensuing years. When it is tapped, it is as fresh as if it happened yesterday.

The memories seem to come in layers. For example, the first memory might be of incest; then they remember robes and candles; next they realize that their father or mother or both were present when they were being abused. Another layer will be the memory of seeing other people hurt and even killed. Then they remember having seen babies killed. Another layer is realizing that they participated in the sacrifices. One of the most painful memories may be that they even sacrificed their own baby. With each layer of memory comes another set of problems with which they must deal.

Some have said that the witnesses to this type of treatment cannot be trusted because of the victim's unstable condition and because practically all of them have some kind of dissociative disorder; in fact, the stories are so bizarre as to raise serious credibility questions. The irony is that one of the objectives of the occult is to create multiple personalities within the children in order to keep the "secrets". They live in society without society having any idea that something is wrong since the children and teenagers don't even

realize there is another life occurring in darkness and in secret. However, when sixty witnesses testify to the same type of torture and murder, it becomes impossible for me, personally, not to believe them.

I mention multiple personalities because the spiritual healing which must take place in the lives of these victims cannot happen without their priesthood leaders understanding something about it.

The spiritual indoctrination which takes place during the physical abuse is one of the most difficult to overcome. In addition to experiencing stark terror and pain, the children are also instructed in satanic doctrine. Everything is completely reversed: white is black, black is white, good is bad, bad is good, Satan is going to rule during the Millennium.

Children are put in a situation where they believed they are going to die—such as being buried alive or being placed in a plastic bag and immersed in water. Prior to do so, the abuser tells the child to pray to Jesus to see if he will save her. Imagine a seven-year-old girl, having been told she is going to die, praying to Jesus to save her and nothing happens—then at the last moment she is rescued, but the person saving her is a representative of Satan. He uses this experience to convince her that the only person who really cares about her is Satan; she is Satan's child and she might as well become loyal to him.

Just before or shortly after their baptisms in to the Church, children are baptized by blood into the satanic order which is meant to cancel out their baptism into the Church. They will be asked if they understand or have ever felt the Holy Ghost. When they reply that they have, they will be reminded of the horrible things they have participated in and will be told that they have become a son (or daughter) of perdition and, therefore, have no chance of being saved or loved by our Father in heaven or Jesus.

All of this indoctrination takes place with whichever personality has emerged to endure the physical, mental, and spiritual pain. Consequently, there develops within each of these individuals the makings of what I call a civil war. As the memories begin to surface, there are personalities who feel they have given themselves to Satan, and there is no hope for forgiveness. The core person is an active member of the Church, often with a temple recommend. As integration takes place, the civil war begins. Sometimes, in an interview, personalities of the dark side have come out. They are petrified or perhaps full of hate for me and what I represent. Eventually those personalities need to be dealt with spiritually and psychologically.

Most victims are suicidal. They have been brainwashed with drugs, hypnosis, and other means to become suicidal as soon as they start to tell the secrets. They have been threatened all of their lives that if they don't do what they are told their brother or sister will die, their parents will die, their house will be burned, or they themselves will be killed. They have every reason to believe it since they have seen people killed. They believe they might as well kill themselves instead of wait for the occult to do it. Some personalities feel it is the right thing to do.

The purpose of this detail is to stress the complexity of psychological and spiritual therapy for these individuals. Our priesthood leaders, when faced with such cases, are understandably at a loss of how to respond. Orthodox counsel is completely ineffective. For example, some victims have been told that this all happened in their past and that they should put it behind them and get on with their lives. This is just not possible. Part of the spiritual therapy necessary is for priesthood leaders to assist with the conversion process of the personalities who have been indoctrinated into Satanism. Victims must integrate their

personalities so that they can function as whole persons and be able to deal with their problems and then get on with their lives. **[H: Don't you love this one? How many priesthood leaders do you think are capable of this kind of integration? Wouldn't it be far MORE LIKELY that a lot of priesthood leaders WILL SIMPLY FURTHER PROGRAM THE LITTLE DARLINGS? COME ON, READERS, GET PRACTICAL—THIS DEPROGRAMMING GAMBIT IS AS BIG A FARCE AS THE ORIGINAL THOUGHT AND RITUALISM.]** Often, some of the parts will begin to act out—perhaps promiscuously—and a good intentioned priesthood leader, following the General Handbook of Instructions, will disfellowship or excommunicate an individual. All this does is reinforce the satanic indoctrination of the victims that they are no good.

I'm sorry to say that many of the victims have had their first flashbacks while attending the temple for the first time. The occult along the Wasatch Front uses the doctrine of the Church to their advantage. For example, the verbiage and gestures are used in a ritualistic ceremony in a very debased and often bloody manner. When the victim goes to the temple and hears the exact words, horrible memories are triggered. We have recently been disturbed with members of the Church who have talked about the temple ceremony. Compared to what is happening in the occult along the Wasatch Front, these are very minor infractions. The perpetrators are also living a dual life. Many are temple recommend holders. This leads to another reason why the Church needs to consider the seriousness of these problems. In affect, the Church is being used.

I go out of my way to not let the victims give me the names of the perpetrators. I have told them that my responsibility is to help them with spiritual healing and that the names of perpetrators should be given to therapists and law enforcement officers. However, they have told me the position in the Church of members who are perpetrators. Among others, there are Young Women leaders, Young Men leaders, bishops, a patriarch, a stake president, temple workers, and members of the Tabernacle Choir. These accusations are not coming from individuals who think they recognized someone, but from those who have been abused by people they know, in many cases their own family members.

Whatever the form of abuse our main concern is for the victims, but there are legal ramifications. We are disturbed to receive reports that a scoutmaster has abused the boys in his troop. It is not difficult to imagine what would happen if we learn that a bishop or stake president has participated in the abominations of ritualistic child abuse. Not only do some of the perpetrators represent a cross section of the Mormon culture, but sometimes the abuse has taken place in our own meetinghouses.

I don't pretend to know how prevalent the problem is. All I know is that I have met with 60 victims. Assuming each one comes from a covenant of 13, we are talking about the involvement of 800 or so right here on the Wasatch Front. Obviously, I have only seen those coming forth to get help. They are in their twenties and thirties for the most part. I can only assume that it is expanding geometrically and am horrified by the numbers represented by the generation who are now children and teenagers.

Another reason for concern is that there are several doctrinal issues that need to be resolved. The Church and society in general are very skeptical as to whether or not the occult and its activities do exist. There is no First Presidency statement relative to some of the doctrinal issues: What does a priesthood leader tell individuals who come forward and say they have participated in these rituals—which may include human sacrifice? Should they have a temple recommend? Will they ever be forgiven? There are

questions regarding free agency and accountability. Is a person who had been raised in an occult from infancy accountable for things that take place in a dissociated state, even though those acts were committed after the age of eight? I have formed my own opinions to these questions and have done the best I can. However, I don't have the mantle to make these doctrinal and policy decisions. I have relied on the mantle of a bishop regarding discernment and being a common judge. **[H: My goodness—do you see, there is no place FOR GOD? THESE ARE “CHURCHES” OF “MAN”. WHAT CAN THIS MAN MEAN BY DISCERN, JUDGE, ETC.? THIS IS THE WORST POSSIBLE AFFRONT AND DENIAL OF GOD’S LAWS! BUT EVEN HERE WITH THE CONCERN OF THIS POOR MAN CAUGHT IN THE MISERABLE IN-BETWEEN—HE HAS TO MAKE POLITICAL DECISIONS—AND PROTECTION OF THE ORGANISM’S PARASITIC, SATANIC-ORIENTED ELITE WILL WIN—EVERY TIME—BECAUSE THEY CANNOT SURVIVE THE UNCOVERING.]**

A few priesthood leaders who have had to face these issues are crying out for help because they don't want to give their own opinions and yet there is no place to go for an answer. A bishop will go to his stake president who says he doesn't believe it is happening and that the member is just “crazy”. The stake president might go to an Area Presidency who will react in a similar way. Most people are afraid to surface it to the First Presidency for fear of getting the same reaction and don't want to appear crazy themselves for asking the question. **[H: Besides, the First Presidency may well be THE BIG HONCHO CULT.]**

I hope you will excuse me if I am being presumptuous, but I am concluding this paper with scripture I feel support my belief that these activities are real and cannot be ignored.

The things I have been writing about go back to Cain and Abel:

And Satan said unto Cain: Swear unto me by thy throat, and if thou tell it thou shalt die; and swear thy brethren by their heads, and by the living God, that they tell it not; for if they tell it, they shall surely die; and this that thy father may not know it; and this day I will deliver thy brother Abel into thine hands.

And Satan swore unto Cain that he would do according to his commands. And all these things were done in secret.

And Cain said: Truly I am Mahan, the master of this great secret, that I may murder and get gain. Wherefore Cain was called master mahan, and he gloried in his wickedness. (*Moses 5:29-31*)

All of the experiences I have heard about have to do with secrecy, swearing not to tell, murdering to get gain and power:

Wherefore Lamech, being angry, slew him, not like unto Cain, his brother Abel, for the sake of getting gain, but he slew him for the oath's sake.

For, from the days of Cain, there was a secret combination, and their works were in the dark, and they knew every man his brother. (*Moses 5:50-51.*)

And then in *Moses 6:15* we learn that as people began to fill the Earth, so did these secret works:

And the children of men were numerous upon all the face of the land. And in those days Satan had great dominion among men, and raged in their hearts; and from thenceforth came wars and bloodshed; and a man's hand was against his own brother, in administering death, because of secret works, seeking for power.

The *Book of Mormon* is replete with descriptions of these secret murderous combinations as well as prophecies that they will always be with us:

And our spirits must have become like unto him, and we become devils, angels to a devil, to be shut out from the presence of our God, and to remain with the father of lies, in misery, like unto himself; yea, to that being who beguiled our first parents, who transformeth himself nigh unto an angel of light, and stirreth up the children of men into secret combinations of murder and all manner of secret works of darkness. (*2 Nephi 9:9*)

Wherefore, for this cause, that my covenants may be fulfilled which I have made unto the children of men, that I will do unto them while they are in the flesh, I must needs destroy the secret works of darkness, and of murders, and of abominations. (*2 Nephi 10:15*)

And there are also secret combinations, even as in times of old, according to the combinations of the devil, for he is the founder of all these things; yea, the founder of murder, and works of darkness; yea, and he leadeth them by the neck with a flaxen cord, until he bindeth them with his strong cords forever. (*2 Nephi 26:22*)

In *Alma*, we find that the Lord commanded some of the prophets not to write any of the secret works, especially of the secret oaths, so that they would not become known by generations to follow, but that they might be warned that they do exist:

And now, I will speak unto you concerning those twenty-four plates, that ye keep them, that the mysteries and the works of darkness, and their secret works, or the secret works of those people; yea, all their murders, and robbings, and their plunderings, and all their wickedness and abominations, may be made manifest unto this people; yea, and that ye preserve these interpreters.

I will bring forth out of darkness unto light all their secret works and their abominations; and except they repent I will destroy them from off the face of the Earth [**H: COUNT ON IT!**]; and I will bring to light all their secrets and abominations, unto every nation that shall hereafter possess the land.

And now, my son, we see that they did not repent; therefore they have been destroyed, and thus for the work of God has been fulfilled; yea, their secret abominations have been brought out of darkness and made known unto us.

And now, my son, I command you that ye retain all their oaths, and their covenants, and their agreements in their secret abominations; yea, and all their signs and their wonders ye shall keep

from this people, that they know them not, lest peradventure they should fall into darkness also and be destroyed.

For behold, there is a curse upon all this land, that destruction shall come upon all those workers of darkness, according to the power of God, when they are fully ripe; therefore I desire that this people might be destroyed. (*Alma 37:21, 25-28*)

In *Helaman*, the name of Gadianton is introduced and becomes descriptive throughout the *Book of Mormon* relative to the secret combinations.

But behold, Kishkumen, who had murdered Pahoran, did lay wait to destroy Helaman also; and he was upheld by his band, who had entered into a covenant that no one should know his wickedness.

For there was one Gadianton, who was exceedingly expert in many words, and also in his craft, to carry on the secret work of murder and of robbery; therefore he became the leader of the band of Kishkumen...

And when the servant of Helaman had known all the heart of Kishkumen, and how that it was his object to murder, and also that it was the object of all those who belonged to his band to murder, and to rob, and to gain power, (and this was their secret plan, and their combination) the servant of Helaman said unto Kishkumen: Let us go forth unto the judgment-seat. (*Helaman 2:3-4, 8.*)

It was true then as it is now that these things were not known by the general populace or by the government: **[H: Well it is different now—BECAUSE THESE THINGS ARE STARTED BY THE GOVERNMENT AND ARE CERTAINLY WELL-KNOWN, ESPECIALLY TO THE GOVERNMENT!]**

And it came to pass in the forty and ninth year of the reign of the judges, there was continual peace established in the land, all save it were the secret combinations which Gadianton the robber had established in the more settled parts of the land, which at that time were not known unto those who were at the head of government; therefore they were not destroyed out of the land. (*Helaman 3:23*)

In chapter 6, we learn that in spite of the Lord's command to the prophets not to write these things, Satan is capable, and always has been, of revealing his secrets to his followers just as the Lord has revealed His will to the prophets.

And now behold, those murderers and plunderers were a band who had been formed by Kishkumen and Gadianton. And now it had come to pass that there were many, even among the Nephites, of Gadianton's band. But behold, they were more numerous among the more wicked part of the Lamanites. And they were called Gadianton's robbers and murderers.

But behold, Satan did stir up the hearts of the more part of the Nephites, insomuch that they did unite with those bands of robbers, and did enter into their covenants and their oaths, that they

would protect and preserve one another in whatsoever difficult circumstances they should be placed, that they should not suffer for their murders, and their plunderings, and their stealings.

And it came to pass that they did have their signs, yea, their secret signs, and their secret words; and this that they might distinguish a brother who had entered into the covenant, that whatsoever wickedness his brother should do he should not be injured by this brother, nor by those who did belong to his band, who had taken this covenant.

And thus they might murder and plunder, and steal, and commit whoredoms and all manner of wickedness, contrary to the laws of their country and also the laws of *their* God.

And whosoever of those who belonged to their band should reveal unto the world of their wickedness and their abominations, should be tried, not according to the laws of their country, but according to the laws of their wickedness, which had been given by Gadianton and Kishkumen.

Now behold, it is these secret oaths and covenants which Alma commanded his son should not go forth unto the world, lest they should be a means of bringing down the people unto destruction.

Now behold, those secret oaths and covenants did not come forth unto Gadianton from the records which were delivered unto Helaman; but behold, they were put into the heart of parents to partake of the forbidden fruit.

Yea, it is that same being who put it into the heart of Gadianton to still carry on the work of darkness, and of secret murder; and he has brought it forth from the beginning of man even down to this time.

And behold, it is he who is the author of all sin. And behold, he doth carry on his works of darkness and secret murder, and doth hand down their plots, and their oaths, and their covenants, and their plans of awful wickedness, from generation to generation according as he can get hold upon the hearts of the children of men. (*Helaman 6:18, 21-26, 29-30*)

In light of this scripture, it is naive for us to think these things would not exist in our own generation. We know this is the last dispensation, the dispensation of the fulness of times. Surely Satan would not “pass” on this most important dispensation.

In *Helaman 8:1* we learn that people in high places were members of the Gadianton band and secret combinations: **[H: Yep, just like the Elders of Zion (ZION! RING ANY BELLS??) WHO WERE FROM THE KHAZARIAN SATANIC ANTI-CHRIST ELEMENT OF LUCIFERIANS. THEY ARE HAVING A TOTAL FIELD-DAY DESTROYING THE LAST VESTIGES OF TRUTH, HONOR AND GODNESS.]**

And now it came to pass that when Nephi had said these words, behold, there were men who were judges, who also belonged to the secret band of Gadianton **[H: You see—nothing changes, does it?]**, and they were angry, and they cried out against him, saying unto the people: Why do ye not seize upon this man and bring him forth, that he may be condemned according to the crime which he has done?

We have allegations to indicate that this is true of people in high places today in both the Church and the government who are leading this dual life. The secret combinations were mentioned all through the *Book of Mormon*. In *Mormon 1:18-19* we read that these Gadianton robbers were still alive and well and functioning:

And these Gadianton robbers, who were among the Lamanites [**H: (Pharisees!!)**] did infest the land, insomuch that the inhabitants thereof began to hide up their treasures in the Earth; and they became slippery, because the Lord had cursed the land, that they could not hold them, nor retain them again.

And it came to pass that there were sorceries, and witchcrafts, and magics; and the power of the evil one was wrought upon all the face of the land, even unto the fulfilling of all the words of Abinadi, and also Samuel the Lamanite.

In *Mormon 8:27* there is a prophecy that secret combinations will be among us in our time:

And it shall come in a day when the blood of saints shall cry unto the Lord, because of secret combinations and the works of darkness.

The extent of the evil that mankind will perpetrate on another is told in *Moroni 9:10*:

And after they had done this thing, they did murder them in a most cruel manner, torturing their bodies even unto death; and after they have done this, they devour their flesh like unto wild beasts, because of the hardness of their hearts; and they do it for a token of bravery.

Many of us have read this all of our lives and click our tongues at how awful it would be to live in such a time. Those victims with whom I have spoken testify to these things going on **all around us today**. In *Esther* we are told that they will exist amongst us, the gentiles, and we are also warned that we should do something about it:

And now I, Moroni, do not write the manner of their oaths and combinations, for it hath been made known unto me that they are had among all people, and they are had among the Lamanites.

And they have caused the destruction of this people of whom I am now speaking, and also the destruction of the people of Nephi.

And whatsoever nation shall uphold such secret combinations, to get power and gain, until they shall spread over the nation, behold, they shall be destroyed; for the Lord will not suffer that the blood of his saints, which shall be shed by them, shall always cry unto him from the ground for vengeance upon them and yet he avenge them not.

Wherefore, O ye Gentiles, it is wisdom in God that these things should be shown unto you, that thereby ye may repent of your sins, and suffer not that these murderous combinations shall get above you, which are built up to get power and gain—and the work, yea, even the work of destruction come upon you, yea, even the sword of the justice of the Eternal God shall fall upon

you, to your overthrow and destruction if ye shall suffer these things to be.

**Wherefore, the Lord commandeth you, when ye shall see these things come among you that ye shall awake to a sense of your awful situation, because of this secret combination which shall be among you; or woe be unto it, because of the blood of them who have been slain; for they cry from the dust for vengeance upon it, and also upon those who built it up. (Ester 8:20-24) [H: AHO!!]**

In summary, we live in the last dispensation of the fulness of times and Satan is here with his secret combinations in all of the ugliness that existed in previous dispensations. The scriptures prophesy to that reality. I also believe that the scriptures cited and many others that could be quoted argue against our being passive about the problem. I don't want to be known as an alarmist or a fanatic on the issue. NOW that I have put what I have learned in writing to you, I feel the issue is in the right court. I hope to take a low profile on the subject and get on with the duties which I have been formally assigned. This is not to say I would not be willing to be of service. Over the last eighteen months I have acquired a compassionate love and respect for the victims who are fighting for the safety of their physical lives and, more importantly, **their souls.**

**[H: And now to finish off this lengthy subject we will return to the writings of *The Messenger* regarding the memorandum just published.]**

#### TOO SENSATIONAL?

While the report on ritualistic abuse appears to have been written by a man who is very sincere and really believes what he is reporting, many rational people will have a difficult time believing the statement that forty-five of the sixty victims “allege witnessing and/or participating in human sacrifice” (p. 1). Although we would not want to claim that this would be impossible, it does seem that it would be very difficult to cover up that many murders. It is possible, however, that there may be a way to reconcile this in the report itself. On page 3, Bishop Pace reported that “Children are put in a situation where they believe they are going to die—such as *being buried alive or being placed in a plastic bag and immersed in water.*”

If a child only saw someone being buried, but did not witness that the person was later “rescued” (i.e., dug up again), the impression would be left that the person was, in fact, dead. Furthermore, it would be possible to actually stage a fake human sacrifice. Individuals who are cruel enough to bury people alive and then rescue them at the “last moment”, would certainly not hesitate to perform a pretended sacrifice. Since these rituals were supposed to have taken place by the light of “candles”, it would be easy to fool children with a knife having a blade that goes back into the handle instead of penetrating the child. (We are familiar with a magic trick in which a large needle which resembles a sword appears to pass right through a person.) The use of some blood from an animal would help to make the whole thing believable. This, of course, is only speculation on our part. **[H: Yes, and another way of refusing to FACE THE TRUTH. MURDER IS THE NAME OF THIS GAME, READERS; QUIT LYING TO YOURSELVES—THIS IS SATANIC RITUAL MURDER!]**

In his book, *The Darker Side of Evil, Corruption, Scandal and the Mormon Empire*, page 109, Anson Shupe alleges that in the Hadfield case children told “stories of orgies where participants wore

costumes and the adults took photographs. Worship of Satan was demanded.” While we have not had time to examine the transcript of this trial to confirm that Satanism was alleged to have been involved, there are some interesting parallels to Pace’s memo in newspaper reports of the trial. One “little girl talked about one instance when people had cameras hanging from the ceiling, needles being stuck in her, ***blood being drawn and people coming out of graves.***” (*Salt Lake Tribune*, Dec. 16, 1987)

The reader will remember that Glenn Pace also wrote concerning the tactic of children being placed “in a plastic bag and *immersed in water*” to terrorize them (p. 3) and also revealed that if they did not do what they are told “their brother or sister will die, their parents will die... or they themselves will be killed” (p.4). On Dec. 17, 1987, the *Tribune* reported an allegation that Hadfield’s son was held under the water: “Whitehead said children who have been sexually abused often have also been threatened. Such was the case of Alan Hadfield’s children, who testified that their father said ‘he would drown them and kill their mother’ if they told. The 12-year-old Hadfield boy testified that when he was younger his father ***held him at the bottom of a swimming pool*** to dramatically prove his threat.”

We, of course, do not know whether or not there is any connection between the Hadfield case and Bishop Pace’s research. Although it is possible that Pace could have talked with some individual(s) linked to the Lehi scandal, he specifically said that those he interviewed “are in their twenties and thirties for the most part.” Since the Hadfield trial took place a little less than five years ago, it seems unlikely that these “children” would have been old enough to fit Pace’s description.

In any case, from his interviews Bishop Pace reached the conclusion that a significant number of people must be involved in the occultic activity: “All I know is that I have met with 60 victims. Assuming each one comes from a coven of 13, we are talking about the involvement of 800 or so right here on the Wasatch Front” (p.5) (Salt Lake City is part of the Wasatch Front). Glenn Pace seems to be multiplying the number of people in each coven with the number of victims he interviewed (60). On page 1 of his report, however, he made it clear that he believes there could “be twice or three times” as many victims—possibly as many as 180. He simply had not had the opportunity to interview them at the time he wrote the report. On page 5, he made this sobering statement: “Obviously, I have only seen those coming forth to get help.” It appears, then, that Pace envisions a large number of people participating in these satanic activities.

### FLASHBACKS IN TEMPLE

One of the most interesting parts of Glenn Pace’s report is concerning “flashbacks” which he claims those who have been ritually abused experienced when they went through the Mormon temple ritual for the first time:

“I’m sorry to say that ***many of the victims have had their first flashbacks while attending the temple for the first time.*** The occult along the Wasatch Front uses the doctrine of the Church to their advantage. For example, the verbiage and *gestures* are used in a ritualistic ceremony in ***a very debased and often bloody manner.*** When the victim goes to the temple and hears ***the exact words, horrible memories are triggered.*** We have recently been disturbed with members of the Church who have talked about the temple ceremony. Compared to what is happening in the occult along the Wasatch Front, these are ***very minor infractions.*** The perpetrators are ***also living a dual life. Many are temple recom-***

*mend holders.*” (Memo by Glenn Pace, page 4)

No one, of course, is allowed to go through the Mormon temple endowment ceremony without a special recommend. What Glenn Pace is obviously alleging is that some trusted members of the Mormon Church, who have recommends to go through the temple, have been using some of “the exact words’ and “gestures” found in the Mormon ceremony in highly secret satanic ritual which they participate in on other occasions. He gives no information as to where they meet, but in the same memo (p. 5) he says that “sometimes the abuse has taken place in our own meetinghouses.”

When Glenn Pace speaks of the “gestures” in the temple ritual, he is undoubtedly referring to the execution of the “Penalties”. There can be little question that these penalties were originally derived from **MASONRY**. Joseph Smith himself was **a member of that fraternity**. We find the following in Joseph Smith’s *History* under the date of March 15, 1842: “In the evening I received the first degree in **Free Masonry** in the Nauvoo lodge...” (*History of the Church*, vol. 4, p. 551) The entry for the following day says: “...I was with the **Masonic Lodge** and rose to the sublime degree.” (p. 552) It was not long after Smith became a Mason that he created the Mormon temple ceremony.

The Masons had some very bloody oaths in their ritual. Capt. William Morgan, who had been a Mason for thirty years, exposed these oaths in a book printed in 1827. After publishing his book, *Freemasonry Exposed*, Morgan disappeared and this set off a great controversy over Masonry. In any case, on pages 21-22 of his book, Morgan revealed the oath that Masons took in the “First Degree” of their ritual: “...I will... never reveal any part or parts, point or points of the secret arts and mysteries of ancient Freemasonry... binding myself under no less penalty than to have **my throat cut across, my tongue torn out by the roots...**” On page 23, Morgan went on to show that the Masons graphically demonstrated the penalty. They were told to draw “**your right hand across your throat, the thumb next to your throat**, your arm as high as the elbow in a horizontal position.”

There is an abundance of information from early sources to demonstrate that “The *First* token of the Aaronic Priesthood” in the Mormon temple ceremony was derived from the oath given in the “First Degree” of the Masonic ritual. In *Temple Mormonism*, published in 1931, p. 18, we find this information concerning the Mormon ritual:

“The left arm is here placed at the square, palm to the front, the right hand and arm raised to the neck, holding the palm downwards and thumb under the right ear.

“Adam—’We, and each of us, covenant and promise that we will not reveal any of the secrets of this, the first token of the Aaronic priesthood, with its accompanying name, sign or penalty. ***Should we do so, we agree that our throats be cut from ear to ear and our tongues torn out by their roots’...***”

***“Sign—In executing the sign of the penalty, the right hand palm down, is drawn sharply across the throat, then dropped from the square to the side.”***

The bloody nature of this oath in the temple endowment was verified by an abundance of testimony given in the *Reed Smoot Case*. For example, in vol. 2, page 78, J.H. Wallis, Sr., testified: “***...I agree that my throat be cut from ear to ear and my tongue torn out by its roots from my mouth.***” [H: Still think Nicole Simpson was not a RITUAL murder? This, good friends, leaves O.J. out of it!]

Some time in the first half of the 20th century, a major change was made concerning the penalties in the endowment ceremony. The bloody wording of the oath mentioned above was entirely removed. Nevertheless, Mormons were still instructed to draw their thumbs across their throats to show the *penalty*. In the 1984 account of the ritual, the working was modified to remove the harsh language regarding the cutting of the throat and the tearing out of the tongue:

***“The representation of the execution of the penalties indicates different ways in which life may be taken... We give unto you the First Token of the Aaronic Priesthood...***

“The sign is made by bringing the right arm to the square, the palm of the hand to the front, the fingers close together, and the thumb extended... This is the sign. The ***Execution of the Penalty*** is represented by placing the thumb under the left ear, the palm of the hand down, and **by drawing the thumb quickly across the throat**, to the right ear, and dropping the hand to the side...

“Now, repeat in your mind after me the words of the covenant, at the same time representing the ***execution of the penalty***.

“I, \_\_\_\_\_, think of the New Name, covenant that I will never reveal the First Token of the Aaronic Priesthood, with its accompanying name, sign and penalty. Rather than do so, I would suffer my life to be taken.

Joseph Smith borrowed two other oaths from Masonry which were very graphic. In the Second Token of the Aaronic Priesthood the participants agreed that if they revealed the secrets they were to ***“have our breasts cut open and our hearts and vitals torn from our bodies and given to birds of the air and the beasts of the fields...”***

*The Sign* is made by placing the left arm on the square, placing the right hand across the chest with the thumb extended and then ***drawing it rapidly from left to right and dropping it to the side....***

[END QUOTING OF PART 10]

I am going to leave this now for a couple of reasons: (1) I think you MUST be able to get the drift, and, (2) we are out of time. The third is perhaps the best reason of all, however: the paper has run out without having access to the end page(s). If you want to have the rest, please get it directly. Our task is to offer what we can—YOURS IS TO GET YOUR CONFIRMATION AND DO YOUR HOMEWORK—BECAUSE THERE IS NOBODY GOING TO DO THIS WORK FOR YOU OR MAKE YOUR JOURNEY FOR YOU.

Thank you for your attention and, Dharma, thank you for such a long, long day at this keyboard. Salu.

## CHAPTER 5

REC #1 HATONN

MON., FEB. 13, 1995 7:13 A.M. YEAR 8, DAY 181

MON., FEB. 13, 1995

### 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, ANYTIME!!**

### 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 KNOW-

ING, 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 information—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.**

So, with the above in mind let us move along and work for a half hour or so on:

MK-ULTRA  
MONARCH PROJECT, PART 11

**Cathy O'Brien, Mark Phillips:**

This segment: Cathy O'Brien, Aug. 1991:

[QUOTING:]

SYSTEMS OF MANIPULATION

My 11-year-old institutionalized daughter, Kelly, and I escaped the Political Top of a 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 conspira-

tors, 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 OF QUOTING]

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.

## CHAPTER 6

REC #3 HATONN

MON., FEB. 13, 1995 11:28 A.M. YEAR 8, DAY 181

MON., FEB. 13, 1995

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 banged 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.

MK-ULTRA  
MONARCH PROJECT, PART 12

Contact: Mark Phillips-Cathy O'Brien, P.O. Box 158352, Nashville, TN 37215.

WORLD VISION  
by **Cathy O'Brien**

[QUOTING:]

**"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 heart-felt 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 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 Liss..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 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. Liss..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 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 through 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 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.

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 Jesuit 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.

## CHAPTER 7

REC #1 HATONN

TUE., FEB. 14, 1995 6:59 A.M. YEAR 8, DAY 182

TUE., FEB. 14, 1995

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 a 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 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 mush-gush. 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 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 but perhaps THIS TIME you will, after having so much input in information on the subject, be able to better accept and relate.

MK-ULTRA  
MONARCH PROJECT, PART 13

Released by Cathy O'Brien, February 1993. (C.O'B. ref. 13)

[QUOTING:]

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 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 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 transpired 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 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 governments 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 “Presiden-

tial 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 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 Oil Co. and shipped in drugs to the [*disguised*] 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 CAN-NOT 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.

## CHAPTER 8

REC #2 HATONN

TUE., FEB. 14, 1995 12:11 P.M. YEAR 8, DAY 182

TUE., FEB. 14, 1995

MK-ULTRA

MONARCH PROJECT, PART 14

Released by Cathy O'Brien, June 1992 (C.O'B ref. #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! Would Rick and Zita care to offer a bit of confirmation as to those circumstances some day when our load lightens a bit? 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 instilled that involved traveling the Caribbean via Norwegian Caribbean Lines for the purpose of delivering messages and also used for sex.)

### 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 dispersement. 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 OF QUOTING]

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

## CHAPTER 9

REC #1 HATONN

WED., FEB. 15, 1995 6:52 A.M. YEAR 8, DAY 183

WED., FEB. 15, 1995

As we move along with the “*Monarch*” writings 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 ESCAPADES. 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 February 25th or 27th (needs to be checked for accuracy). Another major happening is set for February 17th at 4:00 AM. This one is THE one for which to prepare.

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 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!

Let us now move back to 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.

MK-ULTRA  
MONARCH PROJECT, PART 15

[QUOTING:]

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 Stock Yard (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.

"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 VILERS 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 Stock Yard 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 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 Stock Yard 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 Stock Yard 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 OF QUOTING]

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.**

CHAPTER 10

REC #2 HATONN

WED., FEB. 15, 1995 12:17 P.M. YEAR 8, DAY 183

WED., FEB. 15, 1995

MK-ULTRA

MONARCH PROJECT PART 16

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

[QUOTING:]

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 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 had been 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 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 overdid 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 ‘Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country.’” (The quote that 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 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 which 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: Hummnnn... 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 entranced, 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 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 'Contribution', 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 no where to run, no where 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. 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 OF QUOTING]

We will end this writing here, please.

## CHAPTER 11

SENATOR ROBERT C. BYRD  
West Virginia

PROJECT MONARCH, PART 17  
by Cathy O'Brien and Mark Phillips

Excerpt from Hatonn writing of Tue., Jan. 31, 1995

When I was sold into Political Set by my father in 1977, singer Jack Greene hypnotically programmed me to sexually gratify Senator Byrd in a Grand Ole Opry dressing room. Byrd, knowing I had just been initiated and enslaved on the Freedom Train, was in his boxer shorts confidently perched on the mirrored dressing table awaiting my arrival. Upon entering, I was immediately subjected to his far superior hypnosis and did as he instructed. From then on, Senator Byrd monitored my progress through Jack Greene and was responsible for my transfer from Wayne Cox to Alex Houston in 1980.

**[H: I should remind you that this is NOT a “typical” go of hypnosis. This is PROGRAMMING through torture, misperception, illusion and total control. A person will not respond or do that which is against their true belief system or their “will” in usual circumstances. When “hypnosis” is referred to herein in this program it is dealing with years and years of mental torture resulting in the personalities—it is the basic personality which is brought forth—not hypnosis as such. These bastard children of Satan USE hypnosis only as a means to “push buttons” and give cue commands. It actually has very, very little to do with “hypnosis”. As with anything—used well this hypnosis is a magnificent and sometimes ONLY healing tool. In the hands of such as Doctor Dante—it can be evil and detrimental. You should know, however, that Doctor Dante uses his training sessions to procure victims! So, if you have a certification from Doctor Dante, I suggest you look at that most closely for you have no idea of the man behind the paper. If you are going to be a therapist—you do not do that by becoming a hypnotist. Dante deals with ones seeking help for distorted personalities and ones who want power and control over “others”—he is not in the healing business no matter WHAT HE ADVERTISES. He is EVIL IN EVERY FACET OF HIS BEING.]**

Political Set's white slavery market, the Freedom Train, instructs enslaved women in specific sexual perversions and pleasures for the purposes of prostitution and pornography. As this was structured for members such as Byrd, my fate was sealed when, after having me, he said, “I've always wanted my own little witch.” Being a leader of Political Set, requesting a “witch” permitted my transfer to witchcraft for exposure to their training, rituals, and methods which vastly differ from Set's.

Enslaved under the mind control of Wayne Cox, I endured extensive tortures and was subjected to Louisiana backwoods witchcraft. Sometimes in the occult, ritual illusions are performed and tortures and murders are only staged to appear real. But the pain and death executed by Wayne Cox and his coven was certainly no illusion. His serial killings and other psychological traumas entrenched me deeply into dissociative behaviors conducive to extensive mind control. The hanging, cattle prod shocks, burns, knife

and machete cuts, the ritual abortions conditioned me to endure inhuman amounts of pain necessary to withstanding the brutal perversions of Senator Byrd.

After the birth of my daughter, Kelly, in 1980, Byrd instructed Jack Greene to transfer me back to Nashville to be enslaved by Alex Houston, where the sexual mutilation and military programming began.

Upon completing the transfer from Louisiana, Senator Byrd began ordering changes in me to suit his specific desires. The short chopped hair indicative of a “witch” in Wayne Cox’s cult, and Mormon rules that had been incorporated into the witchcraft, did not suit Byrd. He inspected me, poked, prodded and pointed with his slender walking stick as though I were merchandise rather than human, and began giving orders: “Grow your hair. Never cut it again. (I never did.) Witches have long hair. And take your vitamins religiously. Get plenty of fresh air and exercise. You will learn to eat like a bird. It’s healthy for you, and will make you feel good. Witches have long nails. Grow them long. Paint them red. Get some make-up; you’re no more a Mormon than I am.”

I was put on a 300 calorie per day diet and was programmed to work-out aerobically no less than two hours per day, and this was maintained throughout the next eight years. This was in addition to the torture, trauma, sleep deprivation, and heavy farm work used to keep me under mind control. The vitamins included drugs as needed for prostitution and/or withstanding tortures and as needed to maintain the mind control.

Set cult leader Hank Levine, under the direct instruction of Michael Aquino through Ft. Campbell, laid the base for future programming through personality division rituals. While the ritualistic “Oz” overtones would later be dropped, the “Good witch/Bad witch” and “tornado” spinning personality changes became necessary foundations for various personalities.

By the time I was forced to marry Alex Houston in 1981, I had been subjected to several of Hank Levine’s personality division rituals and military programming in Papillion, Nebraska and near Birmingham, Alabama. I’d been exposed to Michael Aquino and Senator Byrd, who had become a close working team. While the respect between them seemed mutual, I perceived Byrd as the leader relying heavily upon Aquino’s extensive abilities and knowledge of mind control.

Alex Houston completed the vaginal mutilation according to Michael Aquino’s instructions **for** Senator Byrd’s pleasure and perversion. The carved witch’s face, produced in the vaginal opening when certain muscles are flexed, represents the witch Byrd “always wanted”. My “other face”, or witch personality, was then programmed according to Byrd’s sexual desires.

Using the conditioning to vast amounts of pain, and the basic personality division foundation laid by Hank Levine, hand in hand Byrd and Aquino began specific sexual programming as well as cocaine muling and distributions instructions.

This occurred on various military bases encompassing several states, or during sexual encounters with Byrd and Aquino.

With Byrd detailing his sexual preferences, Aquino used military programming through commands and

electrical shock to create the witch/sex-slave personality.

The part of me that could withstand the greatest amounts of pain and torture was divided off and designated for Byrd. A “little witch”, a “bad witch”, and a “good witch” were created and locked under a combination of triggers and commands known only to them.

The process of the division, as well as the specific programming, were detailed in Set’s “How to Divide a Personality” and “How to Create a Sex-Slave” pornographic films that Byrd and Aquino used me in.

### DANCE INTO HELL

In Set, sex-slaves are programmed to dance or spin in counter clockwise revolutions with the “beat of hell” consuming them with sexual desire upon the 6th revolution. From there, the number of turns (revolutions) determines which specific sexual pleasure must be fulfilled, with the Setian number 9 being most predominant. **[H: This is a DIRECT INSULT to God of Light for it is the opposing “figure” to the Satanic symbol of “6”.]**

Aquino programmed me to sexually respond to and perform according to Byrd’s unusually **small thumb-size penis**, as well as **his brutal perversions**. **[H: Both of these characteristics become far more important later.]** A little girl “witch” personality would accommodate him with infantile oral movements usually equated with a pacifier, or through sodomy, leaving the vaginal opening to display the carving.

As Byrd displays secret homosexual preferences, his arousal is intensified when Aquino is involved. His secret exhibitionistic desires are fulfilled by always placing a guard at the door, and another nearby in order that they “can at least overhear”. Extensive **use of cocaine**, which he refers to as “sugar” to the little girl “witch”, also contributes to his arousal which is otherwise minimal to non-existent.

Most of the time, Byrd executed extreme brutality, for which Aquino programmed me with two specific responses. The ninth revolution was Byrd’s “bad witch” that displayed pleasure rather than pain while he whipped and cut me. Blood flow was to be minimal, if any at all according to the medical phenomena preventing it. The dreaded 10th revolution was Byrd’s “good witch” where pain was perceived as pain, blood would flow, and moans, screams, and tears were released. Byrd would decide which kind of response would be exhibited upon his brutality, often explaining “Bad witches like pain; Good witches feel it.”

Throughout the remaining years prior to my escaping Alex Houston in 1988, I was often prostituted to Senator Byrd, rarely with Aquino’s participation. I met Byrd in various states and places, including the Senate steps in Washington, D.C., political parties, military bases, State Fairs, Opryland Hotel, the Grand Ole Opry, West Virginia, Kentucky, Maryland, Alabama, Tennessee and more.

### SILENCE UNDER THREAT OF DEATH

Byrd’s mood of the day would dictate the treatment I would receive. If he was lighthearted, usually

after appearing musically in public, he would play with his “little witch” and/or his “bad witch”. During times like these he would converse, often voicing occult views, and have me use cocaine with him. Sexual games; preprogrammed, spontaneously ordered, and cutting were often his preference, with the “bad witch” displaying the “Pain is pleasure” reversal. Other times, especially in political settings, he would release his pressures by whipping me bloody.

All of my encounters with Byrd were sealed behind death and insanity programs instilled by Aquino. **[H: Remember that Aquino is just about the TOP BANANA in the Satanic practice.]** I was heavily programmed to forget, and usually taken to a waterfall or the ocean to have my mind “washed of the memory”. And always like Aquino, he would say, “You know this must be your imagination. No one with as much power as I have **would have anything to do with the likes of you.**”

At a hotel in White Sulphur Springs during the West Virginia State Fair, Senator Byrd delivered the worst beating I have recalled.

He began with his usual induction whereby he would cut an upside down cross between my breasts with this pocket knife while saying, “In like a knife, sharp and clean, I’ll carve out what I want,” followed by a command to spin. Upon the ninth revolution, having sensed his mood was more foul than usual, I began, “Please, sir...”

He hollered, “Turn around! 10!! Do it now! I’ll give the orders and you will heed my command!”

As I went into the 10th spin, while my back was still to him, the cross began to trickle blood, and he whipped me hard across the back without waiting for me to complete the revolution.

“You don’t need a whip notice!” and the whipping continued. I fell in a heap in a corner wedged between a desk and the bed.

He ordered, “Get up and go wash away all the pain. The bleeding will stop and the cuts will close. Wash it all away in the shower.”

I crawled to the bathroom, bleeding from my wrists, legs, back, sides, neck, and belly, smearing the tiles with blood, and did as I was told. The strong programming preset by Aquino had been according to the healing principles of “faith healers” that reduces scarring and promotes fast recuperation.

The next thing I recall was being at the State Fair, my wounds burning and sticking to my blouse, and the crowds cheering as Senator Byrd walked on stage.

In winter of 1987, at Opryland Hotel, in spite of the cocaine he was using, Byrd was more subdued and, as was often the case, used his fiddle to induce the little witch personality. “I’ll play something soft and pretty. Get on your toes. Stay on your toes. Dance for me. Spin for me. Nine times or 10? Dance for me until the music stops. Dance for me now. Six is sex. Seven is heaven. Eight is great. Nine—you’re mine...my little witch...my own little witch.”

#### SENATOR BYRD’S FRIENDS/ASSOCIATES

The following List includes individuals that I have witnessed interacting with Senator Byrd on a friendly and/or business basis.

U.S. Army Colonel Michael Aquino, Psychological Warfare Division.

Senator Alan Cranston, California.

Congressman Guy VanderJagt, Michigan.

Senator Ackerman, New York.

José Busto—San Juan, Puerto Rico (I did not witness Byrd and Busto together, but delivered business and friendly and very personal messages to and from one another. Busto is Caribbean Drug Lord.)

Merrill Osmond, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Alex Houston, Goodlettsville, Tennessee.

Police Lt. Ezell, Nashville, Tennessee.

Charlie Pride, Dallas, Texas.

Fack Green, Goodlettsville, Tennessee.

Audie Majors, Huntsville, Alabama.

Earl O'Brien, Grand Haven, Michigan.

Loretta Lynn, Hurricane Mills, Tennessee.

Roy Acuff, Nashville, Tennessee.

Earnest Ray Lynn, Hurricane Mills, Tennessee.

George Jones, Nashville, Tennessee.

Foster Mullenaxe, Leesburg, West Virginia.

George Moffet, Zanesville, Ohio.

**Please note that this is only a partial list.**

#### SENATOR BYRD: SPECIFICS

\* Byrd has an unusually small penis, approximately 2 inches in length and an inch in diameter; has difficulty obtaining or maintaining an erection.

\* He has little hair on his chest, a barrel shaped rib cage, and skinny legs.

\* He carries a walking stick, light colored and slender, that he uses as a pointer and a poker. He tends to carry it more in his personal life than in public.

\* He wears boxer shorts.

\* He carries a pocket knife approximately 4-5" long, with a double edged blade and dagger appearance, silver.

\* He has homosexual and exhibitionistic tendencies that he attempts to hide.

\* He prefers to travel by his grey stretch limousine driven by his chauffeur.

\* He has brutal tendencies and perversions that he attempts to mask.

\* He is a cocaine addict.

\* His musical preferences include train songs, for their "double" meaning.

\* He often uses terms containing his name due to his enormous ego, such as bird brain, birds of a feather, eat like a bird, and my favorite: jailbyrd.

\* He also plays with the word "whip".

\* He follows Setian (Satanic) rules, using titles rather than names when necessary, and is familiar with their terms.

**[H: I would guess you might well surmise that THIS non-man would not particularly be interested in Constitutional Law UNDER GOD with “liberty and justice for all”. This KIND OF PERSON is the “rule” in Washington, especially among the elder clique of old-times, rather than the exception. They will USE the term “God” and sound pretty good, but you don’t know the god to whom they give all this reverence! It is time you LEARN and WAKE UP.]**

## CHAPTER 12

REC #1 HATONN

FRI., FEB. 17, 1995 7:17 P.M. YEAR 8, DAY 18

FRI., FEB. 17, 1995

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 (a good Masonic term) off 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; 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” & “97”. 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.

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? 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 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.

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? 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 “INVIOABLE USCONSTITUTION”.*** 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, it is supposed to be simultaneous with the “Patriot Militia Sweep”.

MK-ULTRA  
MONARCH PROJECT, PART 17

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

[QUOTING:]

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.*

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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 impli-

cate, 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 testimony has 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 lain 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 OF QUOTING]

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 forfeit 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 ~~Clk~~ 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. Thank you. Salu.