

The River Between the Marylands

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What Oakland, MD and Monrovia, Liberia Reveal About Black-Site Programs—and the Families Caught in Between

There are two Marylands.

One carved into the quiet hills of western Appalachia—**Oakland, Maryland**.

The other, cupped by the coast of West Africa—**Maryland in Liberia**, once a full-blown American colony on foreign soil.

And between the two?

A river of stories.

A current of questions.

A web of unseen connections that refuses to stay buried.

Two Marylands. Two Realities. One Pattern.

In the 1800s, freed Black Americans were sent—or in many cases, *removed*—to Liberia under the guise of "repatriation." It was sold as compassion.

But the deeper truth? It was a colonizer's dream wrapped in righteousness.

The **Maryland State Colonization Society** funded and founded what became known as *Maryland in Africa*—a U.S.-modeled colony with its own constitution, flag, and military.

By 1857, the experiment had ended—but the **energetic signature remained**.

What most don't realize is that the original Maryland—especially towns like **Oakland, MD**—were part of a larger network. A **bloodline loop**. A **control grid** spanning oceans.

A Childhood on the River

From around **1975 to 1978**, I lived on the **Caldwell Compound** in **Monrovia, Liberia**.

A place that looked serene on the surface—a tight-knit neighborhood, nestled by a river that flowed straight into the Atlantic Ocean.

But if you peeled back the peaceful veneer, you'd find something else entirely.

A CIA compound.

A neighborhood filled with intelligence families.

A training ground.

A laboratory.

A playground for black-site programs that operated in the shadows of U.S. foreign policy.

This wasn't just a coincidence.

My father worked shift duty for the CIA, often gone on **TDY assignments**—sometimes for days, sometimes longer.

When he was home, he was almost always out on his **boat**.

He was known—and celebrated—for his fishing skills. Sailfish. Marlin. You name it. People from all around wanted to go out with him on the Atlantic. He had a kind of mystique. But when I look back now—knowing what I know about covers and covert ops—I can't help but wonder:

What were they really fishing for?

What was happening out there beyond the horizon line?

What was carried on those waters between the shores of memory and the depths of secrecy?

I'm not accusing my father of anything. These are not declarations.

They're **invitations to investigate**.

Because sometimes truth only surfaces when we dare to follow the tide of intuition.

The Epstein Current

There's one more current running through these waters that's impossible to ignore.

Jeffrey Epstein.

By the 1970s, he was already building a network of global contacts through covert financial dealings and alleged intelligence ties.

He moved in and out of shadowy circles—**CIA-connected, Mossad-affiliated, and always near the water.**

Private islands. Secret flights. Classified black books.

And here's what my intuition won't let go of:

What if Epstein's web ran deeper than we ever imagined—far beyond New York and the Virgin Islands?

What if the waters off the coast of West Africa held chapters no one's dared to name yet?

What if the fishing boats were also vessels for something else entirely—conversations, deliveries, trades we weren't meant to know about?

I don't know for sure.

But I **feel** the frequency.

It was all there: the ocean, the Agency, the patterns.

The Bloodline Mirror

Here's the cipher I've come to decode:

My **mother was born in Oakland, Maryland.**

My **brother was born there, too.**

And I would later live in **Liberia**, right near where the American government had once planted its *other Maryland*.

The loop was **closed with our bodies.**

The experiment continued **through our lives.**

Oakland, MD—a place many would call quaint or forgotten—holds secrets under the soil. So does the **Caldwell Compound**, where the river met the sea and the CIA met the next generation.

We were raised in these in-between spaces, between two worlds, **two Marylands**—both carved by colonizers, and both soaked in stories they hoped we'd never tell.

But here we are.

What Blueprint HOPE Offers Now

We don't share these stories to stir blame.

We share them because **truth is a frequency that clears distortion.**

Blueprint HOPE is not just about building a new world.

It's about naming the old one.

Dismantling the silent spells.

Giving voice to the ones who lived the programs—so the next generations don't have to.

This isn't just my story.

It's a mirror for many who've felt like a "mystery" to themselves their whole lives.

Maybe you, too, have lived between two worlds.

Maybe you've sensed the current running underneath the official story.

If so... welcome.

You are not alone.

Brenda

Brenda Jean Bullis

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Continue the journey:

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 **[Beautiful World](#)** by Michael Bolton

Editor's Note: This piece has been lightly edited from the original, with certain details omitted for privacy and discretion.