

CHAPTER 1 LIGHTNING SONG

In the kitchen at 568 President St. in late December 1989 I was almost out the door with my bulky luggage when my intuition said bring an umbrella. I'm going to the desert I am not going to need an umbrella. Take an umbrella. I'm not taking an umbrella I have too much to handle already. Take an umbrella. I didn't take an umbrella.

One night after work at Henson Associates Bill Eisele, one of the receptionists, gave me a ride home to Brooklyn. Bill's other part-time job was on David Sanborn's Night Music show -the coolest music show ever. We were talking about spiritual things and he showed me a picture of his guru Sri Hariharananda Giri, brother disciple of Sri Yukteswar with Yogananda. Soon the 82 year old swami was in NY and I was blessed to receive his darshan. I began practicing his Kriya Yoga meditation technique at home. The meditation is supposed to be completed in fifteen minutes. I would start and soon be overcome by feelings of bliss and after a while my mind would be like honey and it usually took me about 2 hours to complete. Sri Hariharananda also taught that visions should be ignored, tossed aside. This was the opposite of Native American thought, which I was also interested in. One morning I was in the middle of a particularly honey-minded kriya meditation when I suddenly saw what "Reality" was. It was a projection on a screen that was actually a curtain. As I looked the curtain began to part. I realized I was about to see what was BEHIND reality. At that exact moment the telephone rang loudly in the kitchen and jolted me out of the

meditation. The answering machine got the call and I tried unsuccessfully to return to where I was in meditation but I couldn't. So I listened to the machine. It was INTERVIEW magazine calling out of the blue to ask me to go to Las Vegas please and interview Wayne Newton for them. I had no connection to either INTERVIEW or Wayne Newton except my best friend and I used to make fun of the latter relentlessly in high school. Luckily my mystical girlfriend Peggy Preheim knew he was an 'Indian' so I had something I wanted to talk to him about.

They needed to do the interview right away so the magazine flew me first class to Vegas. Because of this I was entitled to a free stopover in a third city so I was able to visit my sister Ellen in Tucson and spend some time with my brother David in Sedona. This constellation of factors occurring simultaneously with a particularly profound moment in meditation indicates to me that there is a higher intelligence paying attention to the inner processes of my mind and it can control events.

Every time I closed my eyes on the flight to Las Vegas I imagined myself flying high over the earth, 'seeing' what an eagle would see.

I was treated very well in Las Vegas. I drank with Wayne's posse in a private little bar somewhere in the Hilton, where he was appearing nightly. His people wear a silver lapel pin in the shape of a feather. The main guy was a larger black man named Bear. I had a room on the 20th floor. It looked out over Vegas and all of its tacky colored lights, fake pyramids, etc. They were no

competition for the glorious sunset spread out across the entire horizon above them.

I saw three of Mr. Newton's shows at the Hilton and I was blown away! The waves of love he was fielding from and returning to the audience were palpable and I was amazed. And the musicianship on that stage was jawdropping. Wayne has perfect pitch, knows hundreds of songs and chooses them spontaneously while onstage. There is no set list for the musicians to refer to. He just starts singing the song -on pitch mind you -and Don Vincent and his amazing 30-something-piece orchestra were unfailingly up to speed and fully playing the song within a second or two.

There were two violinists in the band, both quite attractive women. One night after the show one of them told me she had a headache. I thought I could help her get rid of it, as I had helped many, with a massage that I do. I invited her to my room for a massage. She came to my room and I asked her to lie on the floor and she got spooked and left before I could work on her headache. I wondered if there was any subtext to her visiting my room. I also wondered if they thought I was gay because I didn't try to make a move on her.

I was supposed to do the interview at his grand property on the edge of town. As the cab pulled past the gate I had a powerful feeling of "this too shall pass," and one day fade back into this dusty desert. As it turned out he was having a minor but nagging medical situation that had to be taken care of before that night's show. He came out to say hello and I mentioned the wonderful birds and the fact that I was interested in feathers. He gave me

permission to pick up any I found there. He had pet flamingoes, peacocks, pheasants, penguins and more, including an African eagle. The eagle had a common ailment called bumblefoot. Later it was reported that Bumblefoot was Bush 2's nickname for Colin Powell but I can't find it online this morning in 2022. I spent my time collecting feathers and talking with the caretaker of the birds. I was supposed to take pictures but my efforts in that regard were substandard. Mostly I got forgettable pictures of the bird lady and one unimpressive one of what was actually a very impressive fleet of a dozen or so luxury vehicles gifted to Wayne by Saudi sheiks and other well appointed fans.

Besides the eagle the other most notable bird was an all-white peacock. I was aware of the Native American notion that white animals are holy and I think I also knew by then that peacocks were sacred in Hinduism. So I was thinking maybe this bird was a very high being and I approached him with that in mind. He looked at me for a minute and then advanced and started pecking at me. I jumped back to get away from it. A group of ranch hands had been watching and probably waiting for this to happen. They had a good laugh at my expense. I had a wonderful time picking up feathers, which I used to make art. Eventually I would give many of these feathers to Native American elders. I didn't visit his herd of 100 Arabian horses, which he had recently downsized from 200. Two years later he declared bankruptcy.

This would not be the last delay and as a result I stayed longer than planned, seeing three shows.



I used flamingo and peacock feathers from Wayne Newton's ranch in artworks c.1990

The interview kept getting put off until the very last minute but when we finally sat down we hit it off famously, both interested in Native American mysticism. He takes his Powhatan ancestry very seriously and said he hired a pair of 'Harvard anthropologists' who were in England working to get his relative's remains returned to Virginia. She died in England at the age of only 21. Perhaps they succeeded because I read an account which said the exact location of Pocahontas' tomb in Gravesend is unknown.

After I was back in Brooklyn I got a call from INTERVIEW. They said Wayne had sent me an eagle feather as a gift. This was remarkable enough but what made it all the more remarkable was that it was not an eagle feather that was in the plastic florist's shipping container. It was one of the long brown underfeathers of a peacock. I was very happy to receive it anyway and joined it with two more I'd gathered on his ranch. They are in the feather bedecked crown I wore in 1996 at my ordination by Joseph "Beautiful Painted Arrow" Rael and the (ir)Reverend Betsy Stang (RIP) in the sacred sound chamber outside of Woodstock.

I turned my interview in and the magazine sat on it for months. When it appeared, it had been shrunk down to a fraction of its original girth. I think they wanted a lot more reportage of his bling lifestyle and a lot less on native American shamanism. I wasn't interested in the 100 Arabian horses or the gold-plated Rolls Royces etc. When I saw his big ranch in the desert it just seemed so dusty. At the outer gate I had a strong feeling of 'this too shall pass'.

We finished the interview only a few minutes before my flight was scheduled to take off to Tucson. With a light misty rain falling Wayne's manager Mark Moreno raced to the airport in his forest green Mercedes sports car with gold plated bumpers. Meanwhile he was calling the airport on his cell phone. It was late December 1989 and I think it was the first cell phone I ever saw. The airport held the plane. When I got to the gate the attendant was practically genuflecting as I rushed through. It was

then that I realized the importance of Andy Warhol for gay men in the hinterlands.

Once on the plane I was invited by the attendant into the first class section -big white leather(ette) seats that tilted back, very nice! When we were in flight my intuition said look out the window I was sitting at. I thought maybe I'd see a UFO, but instead I saw lightning flashing off to the left and just below the level we were flying on. Then more and more lightning, and it kept flashing for the whole flight to Tucson. As we descended we were hit by the heavy rain we had been flying above. By the time I got to my sister Ellie's car I was soaked to the skin. I wrote a [song](#) about it.

CHAPTER 2 ENCOUNTER WITH THE GODDESS

In Tucson it kept raining for days and when it turned cold the rain changed to snow. It's odd to see snow on palm trees.

In Sedona I stayed with my brother Dave's friend, also named David and on the morning of January 1, 1990 we went rock climbing on Bell Rock. Bell Rock is famous for being an energy vortex and a site of intense UFO activity. It is red rocks. My brother decided not to climb past the lower levels. The other David and I continued up. It was my first time rock climbing. I was wearing sneakers. We were pretty high up and rested for a moment on a narrow but comfortable ledge above a twenty or thirty foot drop onto stone. Two crows flew close by making almost conversational guttural sounds. I was sure they were talking to me but I couldn't understand what they were saying. As we considered possible alternatives to finding a way to the top it became clear there was only one possible way and there were serious problems with it. For one thing I could tell if I made it up to the top of the rock I was facing there was no way I could come down if I was boxed in up there. And I simply could not see what was up there. I was also not at all sure I could even make it to the top of this rock. The second David decided not to continue and was going back down the way we came up. These were early days of my spiritual awakening and I sometimes erred on the gung-ho side. I had come to suspect that if I believed I could make it then I could make it. All I had to do was

convince myself that I believed I could. When I thought I believed I could make it, I actually threw caution to the winds and made the move. My upward jump was pathetically insufficient to the task and I started falling backwards. I had a split-second awareness of the certainty of my death or worse before David's hand in the center of my back adroitly broke my fall.

That night my brother Dave took me to my first sweat lodge. As we waited for the ceremony to begin a woman approached me and said the spirits were there tonight. She could see them in the trees. She told me if I felt a light touch in the lodge, like from a feather, it might be spirit touching me. My brother entered the lodge before me so he sat between me and everyone else and I was the last one in, so he was the only person next to me. The lodge leader was telling us about the importance of the directions. He spoke about the north and the goddess who dwells there, called White Buffalo Calf Woman. As he went on about the north I felt a light touch on top of my head. I thought my brother had touched me because I didn't see how anyone else could have. I completely forgot what the woman had said. After the ceremony it occurred to me that I may have been touched by White Buffalo Calf Woman because She was being talked about when it happened.

The next morning I was meditating on a white sheepskin which my brother's friend had. For some reason a white sheepskin is supposed to be the best surface to meditate on. After the meditation I wrote down the names of everyone I met in Sedona. At the time I was planning for a lifestyle of driving from town to

town, couch-surfing and playing music wherever I could. I remembered 16 people but my intuition was saying I was forgetting someone. I counted again. 16 again. Intuition again tells me there's someone else. Finally I let myself wonder if I met White Buffalo Calf Woman. At the exact moment I had that thought a bluebird flashed past the window in front of me. It was the first one I had seen in a dozen years. I went outside. There was a pretty strong breeze blowing and there were about a dozen bluebirds frolicking in it. Extraordinary. I had written a song a couple of years earlier based a tune I had just heard in a Chinese market on Mott St. The words came very quickly and the song was all written in an hour or so. Bob Dylan was once quoted, "I don't write the songs. I write them down." Some songs seem to exist on their own and somehow get downloaded to the songwriter. That's the way [Bluebird](#) was for me and I regard it as a sacred song.

Bluebirds play a central role in the stories woven into my life story.

The White Buffalo Calf Woman appeared to the Lakota Sioux people many generations ago and brought the sacred pipe for them to use in a sacred way to be connected with Her. That pipe (chanumpa) is kept to this day in a place called Greengrass, SD and there is a pipekeeper charged with the honor and responsibility of taking care of it. A year or two after my trip to Sedona, the current pipekeeper, [Arvol Looking Horse](#) came to the Wittenberg Center, where I lived and worked. He stayed overnight and in the morning he saw a bluebird there. Long after I left the Center I learned that the director, [Rev. Betsy Stang's](#)

spirit name was Bluebird. She was given the name when she was adopted by Grandmother Caroline, clan mother (leader) of the Hopi Bluebird clan.

Hopi prophecy plays a big part in the story too, and I have reason to believe the Bluebird clan was in charge of matters related to the prophecies. I heard a terrifying version of them in 1970 from Thomas Banyacya, who eventually addressed the General Assembly of the UN on the subject on December 10, 1992. I was there for that and the spirit storm that blew up right after he finished and shut down New York City for a couple of days. Called the Storm of the Century due to the havoc it wreaked it was somewhat magically forgotten within months due to a snowstorm in February.

CHAPTER 3

DECEMBER 10, 1992

Sophomore year at Pomona was 1969-70. My room was the inner of two rooms, with a door to the bathroom. I had to walk through my roommate's room to get to mine and he had to walk through mine to get to the bathroom. The bathroom served two more rooms on the other side. My suitemate in the inner room on the other side was an earnest and spiritual guy named Mike Caldarola. In the spring of 1970 a very large Native American Teach-in suddenly materialized on campus. This was the time when AIM had taken over Alcatraz Island and was occupying it. I suspect the teach-in was a way to get some native people closer to that but I have no evidence.

Native elders and others from all over the country needed temporary housing and students were asked to offer their rooms. Mike offered his and it was occupied by Thomas Banyacya, a Hopi.



After Hiroshima Hopi elders conferred and in 1949 decided it was time to fulfill their ancient covenant and follow instructions to present their prophecies at the UN. They were to deliver a warning to the world to live in peace and harmony with each other and the natural world or face a Day of Purification not altogether unlike the Book of Revelation.

The word Hopi means people of the peaceful way and the Hopi, like the Tibetans, have a record of centuries of peace and a harmonious culture informed by deep spirituality.

In antiquity, probably over a thousand years ago Hopi met with their god in human form, Masau, who gave them stone tablets which had pictures and glyphs to remind them of instructions he

gave them then. The pictures are imbedded in the stones; two colors of stone. Unlike the ten commandment stones, the Hopi still have these tablets. The place where they met Masau was a very large rock near what today is Tuba City. This rock was an important sacred site for that reason. Here is an illustration of the cultural genocide Hopi were subjected to: in the early twentieth century Hopi men in shackles were forced to dynamite that rock in order to make way for Highway 666. Strange but true.

Masau told them to watch for certain signs: the swastika, rising sun and atom bomb (gourd of ashes). When they saw the signs they were instructed to go to the east coast, where they would find a great House of Mica (this was before glass) where people from all over the world are sent “to make rules and regulations and correct what’s wrong”. In 1949 a delegation of four men was chosen to carry out the ancient assignment to warn the world of the impending Day of Purification. It consisted of three elders and one young man. That was Thomas Banyacya. He was chosen for his trustworthiness. As a faithful Hopi pacifist, he refused to enlist in WW2. As a result he spent the war in jail: allegedly the most jail time of any conscientious objector in American history. In addition he spoke English and had an idea of how things worked in the outer world. Therefore he was chosen to be the eyes and ears of the delegation: to make arrangements, find lodging, etc for the elders. The Hopi were instructed to knock four times at the UN and if the door was not opened they should return home and prepare for Purification. I had the occasion to ask Robert Muller, one of the first officials

of the UN and he confirmed the fact that Indians were there very early on in the UN's first years.

Many times it seems that spirit has reached out to me. What are the chances that Thomas would be billeted right next door to me? But if he hadn't been I probably wouldn't even have seen him speak. As it was I was deeply affected by the Hopi prophecies I heard that day. They have been an enduring and mysterious strand of my life story. I suspect the teach-in was facilitated by Guy Carawan the folksinger, who was also on the faculty at Pitzer, the furthest left of the five colleges in the 'Claremont Cluster'. After Thomas' address Guy held a little reception at his bungalow in the barrio section of Claremont. In his talk Thomas had said people should touch the earth with their feet. We should walk, not ride in cars or planes. Being a bit of a stickler I challenged him on that point at Guy's house. I asked him why it was okay for him to get in a car then, which he must've had to, to be in Claremont. He said the birds told him it was ok and I probably didn't hide my skepticism. Much later I learned a lot more about that kind of stuff.

One of the people I learned a lot of that kind of stuff from was [Grandfather Thundercloud](#). He was my first Native American spiritual teacher. In 1990 I was living in Brooklyn and getting more interested in shamanic sacred knowledge. It was becoming clear that I would need to leave the city and when I asked him where I should go Grandfather suggested I move to Woodstock,

since there were artists and musicians there. I started looking in the area. Somehow I had the idea that the place I was looking for would have a tree growing out of a rock. I looked at a few places that were not quite right. Funnily enough most of them also had a tree growing out of a rock, or something close to that.

In the beginning of September Grandfather Thundercloud was holding a medicine wheel ceremony at the Wittenberg Center, just outside of Woodstock. I was his firekeeper this day, as I had been a couple of times before. In his teaching the sacred fire is literally God. It must be started with the heart wood of cedar and it must be allowed to die out completely by itself at the close of the medicine wheel. For this reason the firekeeper stops feeding it a little ways before the end. Usually the fire goes out fairly soon but on this occasion it just kept smoldering on and on. It's hard to explain why but this triggered a deep introspection in me. I was angry. I was frustrated that the fire would not go out but that didn't explain how I felt. Who was I angry at? I had spent years in therapy understanding my anger toward each of my parents and letting go of it. Finally I realized I was angry at God. I was angry that I had been born knowing I was going to have to die. Once I realized I was angry with God it changed things. The fire went out as if on cue but it was now pitch black night. I had wandered out into this field during the daytime without paying much attention to the lay of the land. Now I found myself quite lost. Eventually I found my way to the main house. There was no one there but a large bearded man in orange robes who introduced himself as Swami Bob. I had planned to drive back to Brooklyn in my friend's car but I was exhausted.

Swami Bob invited me to sleep on the floor of the video studio and I did. The next morning the director, Betsy Stang was working in her office across the hall and I asked her if she knew of any available housing in Woodstock. She invited me on the spot to be an intern at the center. I would get a room in exchange for 20 hours of work per week. So I was able to move to Woodstock and hang on to my apartment in Brooklyn until 1996, when I was finally able to consolidate all of my worldly possessions in this house where I sit happily typing.

In addition to workshops with shamans the Center, and specifically Betsy was deeply involved in networking native spiritual elders. One of her main projects was to get the Hopi prophecies spoken at the UN. She was a powerful advocate for that and in the end perhaps more responsible than anyone else for getting it done. December 10, 1992 was the kickoff event for the Year of the Indigenous Person, later changed to the Decade. On that day indigenous people worldwide spoke at the UN General Assembly. Most talked about how 'civilized' nations and people are killing them and killing Mother Earth for gold. There is only one group of 'white' people who are recognized as indigenous. Those are the Laps, or Salmi of Finland. The afternoon went on quite a while, well beyond the scheduled ending time. Thomas Banyacya was the last speaker. At the rostrum with him was Chief Oren Lyons, Faithkeeper of the Turtle Clan. He delivered four loud whoops. The Hopi have a very long history of peace, largely because they require a very high degree of unanimity before they take action. Thus there is a lot of 'red tape' about how the prophecies are presented and by

whom, etc. Thomas was the eyes and ears of the original delegation but he was not one of the elders designated to present the prophecies. The three of them had all died by 1992 so Thomas, not authorized to deliver the actual prophecies, demanded the UN invite properly qualified spiritual elders to do so in the Hopi language. Within a year, and largely through the Herculean efforts of Betsy Stang, the Hopi prophecies were spoken at the UN in the 'Cry of the Earth' conference in 1993. Not only Hopi but six other indigenous nations' prophecies were spoken and recorded.

When Thomas Banyacya was finished all of the participants, guests and diplomats stayed on for a dinner.

The Wittenberg Center was heated by a stove in the living room. Since I was low man on the totem pole there it was my job to run home and keep the fire lit so I left when the speeches were done. I was amazed at the strength of the storm I walked into in the parking lot. The East River looked like the middle of the ocean and a seventy mile an hour wind was blowing the rain sideways. I headed up the Palisades Parkway into the teeth of a powerful rainstorm. I had the choice to turn off onto the thruway but chose to stay on the smaller road. Within seconds the rain turned to snow and I was heading north in a blizzard.

Impoverished person that I was I was driving a 17 year old Volvo wagon with four unmatched tires in whiteout conditions. I had the adventure of my life. 100% in solidarity with this spirit storm whipped up by Mother Earth in support of her indigenous children I was like Chill Wills riding the bomb in Dr.Strangelove yelling Yahoo! and pushing forward as fast as I could safely go.

Conditions were so impossible that by the time I got halfway down the long road connecting the Palisades with the thruway literally every other car had pulled off the road. I drove on virgin snow for several miles. I dared not stop because I doubted I'd be able to get back on the road if I went to the side. When I finally reached the thruway driving became a lot more manageable. Back at the Wittenberg Center I watched the weather reports with great interest. Local weatherman Storm Field explained that this storm was unusual for a Nor'easter. Normally these storms are like stacks of pancakes not centered above one another but leaning increasingly toward the Northeast in the higher layers. The layers of this storm were stacked straight above one another and its center was directly over the UN. Instead of tracking Northeast it was sitting stationary over NYC and gaining strength. Convinced of the significance of the storm I immediately wrote a song detailing its effects on New York City. I attempted to tell the story to the Village Voice but soon realized it was against their 'religion' to entertain, must less report on matters of spiritual agency. The only newspaper to report it from this point of view was the Woodstock Times in a piece by Irv Yang aka Gary Alexander (RIP). I could find no mention of the storm in Native American newspapers either.

[DECEMBER 10, 1992](#)

ON DECEMBER 10, 1992

THE WORST STORM OF THE CENTURY BLEW

AS A HOPI ELDER ADDRESSED THE UNITED NATIONS

WARNING OF THE DAY OF PURIFICATION

*A LONG TIME BACK MANY YEARS AGO
THE FUTURE TO THE HOPI PEOPLE WAS SHOWN
IN HUGE NUMBERS THE WHITE MAN WOULD COME THEY WERE TOLD
GREEDY FOR LAND GREEDY FOR GOLD*

*THEY WILL HAVE FORGOTTEN THEIR RELATION TO SPIRIT
WHEN THE EARTH MOTHER SPEAKS THEY CAN NO LONGER HEAR IT
MANY SIGNS THEY WERE SHOWN THAT HAVE COME TO PASS
YOU MUST KNOCK AT THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE OF GLASS
FAR TO THE EAST BESIDE THE SEA
A GREAT HOUSE OF MICA YOU WILL SEE
WHERE PEOPLE FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD ARE SENT
REPRESENTING ALL THE GOVERNMENTS*

*TO THE HOUSE OF MICA YOU MUST GO
TO WARN THE PEOPLE YOU MUST KNOCK AT THE DOOR
KNOCK FOUR TIMES, IF YOU'RE TURNED AWAY
PREPARE FOR PURIFICATION DAY*

*HE KNOCKED THE FIRST TIME IN 1949
BECAUSE THE ELDERS HAD ALREADY SEEN THE SIGNS
THE SWASTIKA AND THE RISING SUN
THE GOURD OF ASHES THAT'S THE ATOM BOMB*

*HE KNOCKED THREE TIME AND A FOURTH TIME TOO
THAT WAS IN 1992
HE WORE A RED BANDANA, IN THE GOLDEN LIGHT IT SHIMMERED
IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY THE MESSAGE WAS DELIVERED*

*THE EARTH ROSE UP TO CLAIM HER CHILD
THE WIND AND SEAS AND THE RAIN WAS WILD
NINETY MILE WINDS HIT THE JERSEY SHORE
HOUSES COLLAPSED BEACHES WERE NO MORE*

*THE EAST RIVER FLOODED THE FDR DRIVE
THE HUDSON ROSE UP AND COVERED THE WEST SIDE
THE WEATHER PEOPLE WERE ALL CAUGHT OFF GUARD
BUT THE FEATHER PEOPLE KNEW IT WAS THE WORD OF GOD*

*WHAT WILL IT TAKE BEFORE WE LEARN TO BE HUMBLE
MUST ALL OUR CHILDREN DIE AND ALL OUR BUILDINGS CRUMBLE
LISTEN TO THE WISDOM OF THE NATIVE BROTHER
RESPECT THE TRUTH, HONOR YOUR MOTHER*

*MANY PEOPLE SPOKE AT THE UN THAT DAY
INDIGENOUS LEADERS FROM VERY FAR AWAY
KEEPERS OF THE EARTH, KEEPERS OF THE FAITH
WHO STILL WATCH OVER THE LAND OF THEIR ANCESTORS' GRAVES*

*FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE THE MESSAGE WAS THE SAME
WE KILL 'EM FOR GOLD IN JESUS' NAME
WE'RE KILLING THE EARTH AND IT'S GETTING LATE
WE'RE ALL CONNECTED, WE ALL SHARE THE SAME FATE*

*YOU KNOW THAT STORM COULD'VE LASTED A WHOLE LOT LONGER
IT WASN'T GOING ANYWHERE AND IT WAS ONLY GETTING STRONGER
BUT ALL THE NATIVE PEOPLE THAT WERE THERE THE NEXT DAY
THEY PRAYED TOGETHER AND ASKED THE STORM TO GO AWAY*

*WELL YOU MIGHT BELIEVE ME AND YOU MAY NOT
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO LOOK INTO YOUR OWN HEART
ONLY YOU CAN DECIDE WHAT YOU BELIEVE IS TRUE
BUT YOU WON'T HEAR ANY OF THIS ON THE NIGHTLY NEWS*

*ON DECEMBER 10, 1992
THE WORST STORM OF THE CENTURY BLEW
AS THOMAS BANYACYA ADDRESSED THE UNITED NATIONS
WARNING OF THE DAY OF PURIFICATION*

C. PAUL McMAHON 1992

From WALKING IN THE DAYS OF THE PROPHECIES
album by Paul McMahon, 1994.