Kids In A Cage

By

Holly Baglio

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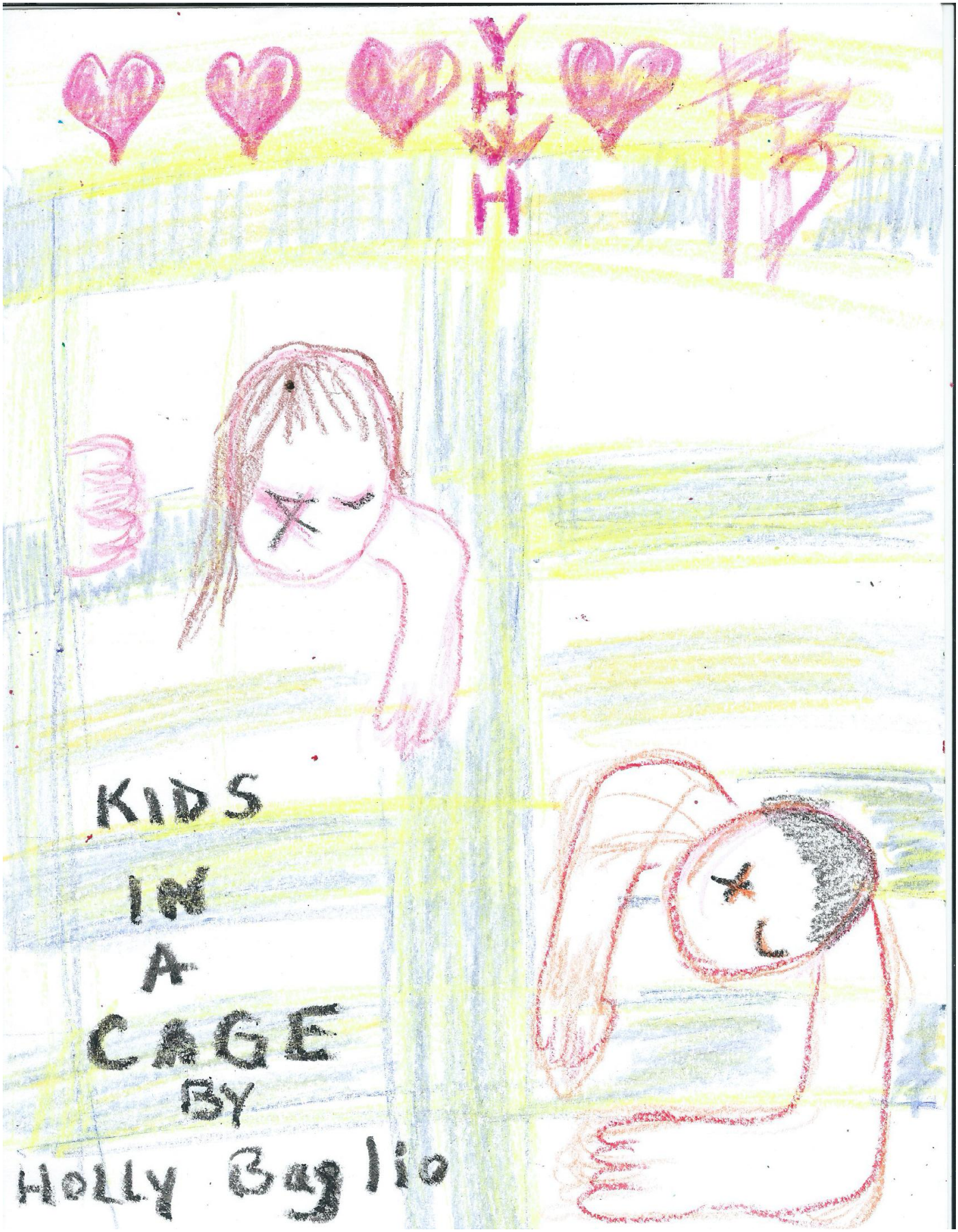
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~Preface~

I dedicate my book to all children in cages. To the children who I was trafficked with, caged with, and who I witnessed snuffed and sacrificed. To ALL the people online who rallied around me to help me heal and to share life with, I love you! Each one of you has left your footprint on my heart. I will cherish you forever.

This book comes with a very strong TRIGGER WARNING! Before reading this book, PLEASE, pray up first and engage in Spiritual Warfare. Please remember that anointing ourselves in Holy Oil will add extra spiritual protection. (Extra Virgin Olive oil or if you are in a pinch, use water.) It is highly likely the reader will fall under demonic oppression due to the subject matter and book content. Please remember Fasting is what gets rid of powers, principalities and their legions. While writing this I suffered a Post Traumatic Headache. Please proceed with caution!

I raise YHUH above everyone and everything else. All my worship, praise, esteem, honor, respect, and love be to, and only to, YHUH for RUACH QoDesh in YAHUSHA Mashiach's shem, Selah. And that is why I capitalize HIS name.

ON THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH

~My Normal Life~

Heavenly ABBA loves you. That is what my grandparents who raised me used to say when I was growing up. They never made me go to church. However, they made sure I knew who Heavenly ABBA is. As I grew up through the years, I knew I was different. I could see Good Angels, demons and little grey aliens, just as you see this page filled with words. My dreams would came true whether they were about my life or someone else's. My grandmother would talk to me about Heavenly ABBA and Jesus. When I was young, I told Heavenly ABBA that if Jesus was HIS Son that I would believe it and do as HE says. I accepted Jesus right at the moment of hearing about HIM.

One evening when I was about five years old, YHUH allowed Enoch to visit me. Enoch told me a story about the Angels, good and bad. When I woke up, I told my grandmother Enoch visited me. To my 5-year-old mind he made understanding simple and said he was my great, great, great, grandfather. I never knew who Enoch was until I turned 40 years old, when I heard the Book of Enoch for the very first time. It matched what Enoch told me when I was a child. It is truly humbling to read that book now and have it match my memory of it told to me in my dreams. Enoch was always one of my favorite people in hallowed Scripture.

I was born breech on September 12, 1974. Milly, my grandmother was a military wife. My grandfather William Gabory, was SC1, WWII on a Minesweeper ship as a Cook. He would come home and tell grandmother how the Navy would give him and the other soldiers LSD and marijuana, just to see what it would do to them. I believe that my grandfather was an unknowing and involuntary candidate in human experimentation projects. He was in the Reserves after WWII.

Milly and Bill raised me and living with them has always been the best part of my life. I loved them so much! Every year they would take me on vacation to Niagara Falls, King Dominion in VA, Wildwood in NJ, PA, and many other places. Occasionally they would let me pick one of my cousins or a neighbor to go with me so I would not be alone, especially if we were going to an Amusement park. Most of the time, it was just the three of us going on vacation. I was always happiest when I was with Gram and Papa. To me, they were my mother and father. That is still how I view them.

I used to use my grandfather's sleeping bag when my cousins would come to stay overnight with me. I remember one time I lost a teddy bear and I was so upset. Lo and behold, Papa went to the Reserves to spend a weekend. When Papa unrolled his sleeping bag in front of the other soldiers, my teddy bear fell out. Papa said that all the other soldiers started to laugh and never let him live it down. On those weekends when he had to go back, the other soldiers would jokingly tease him and ask "Hey Bill, did you remember to bring your teddy bear again"? He really enjoyed those weekends at the reserves.

The last year of my grandfather's life he suffered a heart attack. It postponed the trip to Hawaii that Gram and Papa were planning. After that first heart attack, everything went downhill. Papa suffered a stroke from a test the doctor had done, causing him to be paralyzed on his left side. When he came home from the hospital Gram gave him hospice care and I helped her. She would bathe him. I would help her hold Papa up straight so she could put lotion on him and get him dressed. He was in a wheelchair and needed help.

Papa loved listening to Patsy Cline. At dinnertime the three of us would always laugh together. There was a movie on TV called "The Breakfast Club." On TV they would mute out the bad words and dub over it. Instead of the curse worse the dub would say "Flip you" to tell off another character. When I told my Papa about this movie and the dubbing, he got a kick out of it. Gram, Papa and I created an inside joke with each other. Any time one of us asked a question Papa, Gram, or I would reply "Flip you, and get it yourself". We would laugh and laugh! I would always tease Papa about his beach ball belly, as the rest of him was so skinny.

The last year of his life, if my memory serves me correctly, he had three heart attacks and several strokes. There came a point one night when Papa was suffering badly. I could tell Gram was growing weary and tired. No one from the rest of the family helped, even when they said they would. Gram was known for being the caregiver to all the members in our family. For example, when her brother fell sick, she would cook for him and visit him daily.

Late one night while Papa was in the hospital the phone rang. The phone startled me. I could tell it was not going to be a good phone call. When I walked out into the kitchen I heard Gram crying and telling them to take him off life support. She almost fell over and I ran to catch her. Papa passed away, 6 days before his 66th birthday on 6-21-88, when I was 13 years old. It was devastating and I never got over the pain from the loss. It really angered me that although my biological mother allowed me to attend the wake, she would not allow me to attend the funeral. She cut off my ability to mourn. When I was at papa's wake, I kept praying for papa to sit up and get out of the casket. I was shattered.

~My Dad~

Philip Samuel Ross Baglio, my biological father and I were kept apart by my biological mother. We shared the same birthday as his was September 15th and mine is September 12th. My biological mother and Phil divorced when I was 3 years old. I waited until I was 18 years old to reach out to him to meet him. The last person I wanted around was Tina who would ultimately make things awkward or try to stop the union from happening all together. Therefore, I wrote my dad a letter and he responded back immediately. He was just as upset to miss my formative years, as I was to be without him.

The first time we met I was in the hospital. Milly baked him an apple pie and went to see him. She told Phil how happy he made me and welcomed him to meet me in person. He came to visit me in the hospital. The nurse told me I had a visitor but since it was a man I would have to come into the hallway where there was a sitting area for the visit. I was not expecting a male visitor. When I got out of bed and looked down the hallway I saw him. When I saw my dad, it was like looking into my own eyes. I was the spitting image of him. I ran as fast as I could into his arms. It was a dream come true to be finally reunited with my father.

I remembered him from when I was 3 years old when he would take me swimming and play color forms. We had a wonderful relationship for 7 years until his death. I called his fiancée Mom. She was so sweet to me and we always enjoyed talking to each other. Mom was always going into NYC and buying me dresses and clothes for work. The three of us were very close.

My dad told me his side of the family had mafia connections and when I was young that there were plans made for me to have a prearranged marriage. However, since I was raised outside the family I would not be held to these marriage plans. A couple weeks after he told me this news, the man from another well-known Italian family asked me on a date. We got along but I did not look at him romantically. He asked me if I still would agree to the marriage. I told him I like him but was not in love with him. I told him I could learn to love him. He did not want that either. Had my dad told me to marry him, I would have broken up with my current boyfriend and fulfilled my father's wishes. The man went on to marry another girl shortly thereafter. Dad passed away 7-2-00.

My name is Holly Nancy Baglio. On my mother's side of the family, I have an older cousin named Holly. Tina liked the name Holly. My dad picked out my middle name. I was named after his mother, my grandmother, Nancy. She was hit by a drunk driver. Driving down the road one day with her three sons and newly born daughter in the car, she was struck head-on by a drunk driver coming the other way. The windshield fell out and decapitated her. The children witnessed everything as they were in the back seat. When Nancy died my grandfather, my father, his two brothers and sister were devastated. Peter, my grandfather, was the Administrator to the Veterans Hospital in Brooklyn. Peter eventually would move on to meet Rose my step grandmother. She treated the family great and like her own. She loved me and we had a good relationship.

~Multidimensional and Holographic Aliens~

When I was between the ages of 3-5 years old I was plagued with nightmares that seemed to occur every single night when I laid down for bedtime. There were little grey aliens that would enter my bedroom and circle around my bed, scaring me into a terrible fright until I blacked out. Besides there being real multidimensional aliens there were also holographic aliens sent to reinforce the MK Ultra programming. This is a topic I will discuss later in this book. This means that there was a visual image, sounds that could be heard, smells that could be perceived, and an atmosphere change that could be discerned. I would hide under the covers and only leave a small gap between the sheets so I could breathe.

A projection of a holographic little grey alien stood between the dresser and the corner wall. It looked like it was monitoring me sleep all night long every night. When I would call out to Gram because I was scared she would run to my room but it would disappear. She told me it was just a nightmare, would give me a drink of water and put me back into bed.

My grandmother bought a Weather Owl figurine. It was my favorite of all the figurines. It changed color for snow, sunshine, rain, clouds, and cool days. That owl sat on my windowsill for many years while I grew up. I have learned that aliens hide behind an owl form to conceal their identities.

~Witches Over My Bed~

When I was about 4 to 8 years old, I had nightmares where witches stood over me cackling. It looked like they were circling around a boiling cauldron over fire. They were chanting something but I could not fully make out their words. They caused me to have an out of body experience. I floated out of my

body, upwards to the ceiling and out through the roof of my house. I floated up to where the witches were cackling in excitement. I do not remember what would happen to me once I reached them in the air.

Another time in the nightmares, I saw rings around the Earth like there are rings around Saturn. As I understood it, the rings were portals and the Fallen Angels used these as a means to control and enslave humanity.

~Ladder to Heaven~

YHUH showed me the Ladder to Heaven when I was 6 years old. I saw Angels going up and down the Ladder. When I awoke, I told Gram. She encouraged me and asked me to show her where it was. I went outside to where I saw the Ladder next to the big tree in between the garage and house. While we stood together by the big tree, I had visions of the ladder and I watched in awe.

Gram was always very gentle with me when it came to talking about Heavenly ABBA and the Holy Bible. She may have found my stories entertaining at the time, but she never forced me to believe in Jesus or go to church. She would not even force-feed me vegetables when I refused to eat them at the dinner table.

~Baby Aspirin~

I was very young between 2 and 4 years old when I was rushed to the emergency room. Papa went food shopping. Anytime my grandparents went shopping I would run out to ask if they bought me something. My Papa was awesome and always got me something. As he took items out of the bag, he handed them to me. I was sitting on top of the kitchen table next to him and the bag. When he took out the baby aspirin he said "That is something for you when you get sick." I took it from him but when I hopped off the table I put it in my bedroom. When I came back to the table he handed me toilet paper and said "Put that in the bathroom" and I did. I went back to playing. A little while later Gram came in my bedroom and saw the empty bottle of aspirin on the floor, with a few pills on the floor, but the bottle was behind the bed post. I guess I tried to hide the evidence. My grandparents rushed me to the hospital. My mother, Tina, showed up and gram told her that she should stay with me. I remember being so sick and trying to throw up but not being able. The nurse was nice to me. They put me in a bed instead of a crib. Hospital cribs in the 1970's looked like the cages in the DUMBs. Tina drove me nuts all night because she could not sleep. She did the same thing when I was 9 years old and has my tonsils removed. She stayed with me in the hospital then too. All night she complained "How can you sleep?" I told her I dream of different scenarios and as I live them out in my mind, I fall asleep.

I had a doll with me that was colored yellow with a plastic head and pull cord. Tina left my hospital room saying she was going to the store. I told her to get me something. My room was on the first floor by the parking lot. When I looked out the window, I could see people exiting and entering the hospital. I thought I saw Tina sitting in her car in the parking lot smoking. I kept watching because wanted her to want to be with me but I felt the rejection even at that young age. The next day I was released from the hospital. I do not think they pumped my stomach but they gave me stuff to make it

exit my system faster. Ever since then I could never take baby aspirin. I refused to take it. Gram had to crush up an adult aspirin in a tablespoon of orange juice and then give me a glass of juice as a chaser.

When I was 1.5 years old, I remember Tina teasing me with a bag of peanuts. She took the bag from me, kept running back and forth saying how they were hers now so I cried. My grandmother came out of the house and scolded her for doing it. When I was a little older and had to use the toilet while we were out in public, she would rush me and make me feel so uncomfortable by yelling. She would get me so upset that I could not go to the bathroom. I started to hold my ears closed so I could not hear her being impatient, close my eyes and pretend she was not there so I could pee. Another time at a mall, she stopped walking next to me and thought it was funny that I kept walking. When I realized I was not next to her I panicked. I remember the floor went crooked and my knees got weak. I thought I was going to pass out because I could not find her. One minute we were walking together and the next minute she was gone. She vanished. When I looked around for her and could not find her, I began to cry. As I asked someone for help, Tina popped out from around the corner laughing at me. Once she got rid of the other person, she yelled at me for not realizing that she was no longer walking next to me. She yelled at me to pay attention to her. I was only a few years old. In my mind, I was a baby still. She should have paid attention to me and made sure I was okay. Tina should not have provoked me in such manners and at such a young age. I felt like she left me at the mall. I thought she took off on me. She made me feel like her presence was always only temporary. She should have never had children.

~Muppet Show~

When I was a little girl of about 4 years old at 8:00 every night the Muppet Show by Jim Hensen would come on TV. I watched that show before I fell asleep. One night, while I was watching the segment of "Pigs in Space" YHUH gave me my first awake vision. As "Pigs in Space" premiered on the television the screen flipped from the Muppet Show Characters over to an Evangelist who is well known today. It was her, her husband, and three of their many children sitting behind a desk. The Evangelist and her family were wearing aluminum foil hats. She spoke to me stating "Holly, the world is ending. Come with us!" At that very moment I jumped from my bed and ran out to the kitchen where Gram and Papa sat. I told them "Gram, Papa, HURRY, we have to go. The world is ending! The show told me!" Gram and Papa turned to me smiling gently and said "Holly that was the end of the Muppet Show not the end of the world. It is time for you to go to bed." Much later in life YHUH would lead me to this evangelist once she grew up and began her own ministry.

~Yellow Orange Planet~

I remember the time before I was born here on Earth. I remember Heavenly ABBA and HIS workshop. I remember when I was created. I was small, but bright with colors. HE and I always had fun and HE paid so much attention to me. HE made me giggle and constantly smile. At times, HE would tickle me. HE created me. We were all up in Heaven before we were born in flesh on Earth. We are all spiritual beings in a flesh temple right now, but we all started in Heaven. Just like each snowflake and star is unique, we each have our own individuality.

Up in Heaven before we were all born, Heavenly ABBA was everywhere and with us all the time. Heavenly ABBA is everywhere in Heaven so you can be alone with HIM but HE is still with other people at the same time. I remember when Jesus came to Heavenly ABBA's workshop the first time for me to meet HIM. I hid behind ABBA's chair. Heavenly ABBA had to coax me out. I was shy and timid. When I looked at Jesus, HE smiled big, and HIS gentleness emanated from HIM. I did not want to leave ABBA's workshop but ABBA told me HE made me for Jesus. I came out of hiding and I wound up falling in love with Jesus just as much as I love my Heavenly ABBA.

Jesus and I left Heavenly ABBA's workshop together. Heavenly ABBA saw us off. We put on yellow parachutes and jumped into dark space. We landed on a yellow-orange planet and our feet left marks on the ground. Our parachutes deflated and HE ran over to me and gave me a huge hug. We walked around our yellow-orange planet. There was a sea of sparkling colorful water and trees all around. There were hills of flowers shining brilliant colors, emanating soft smells. Everything was in harmony. I was comfortably warm all the time. Jesus and I went swimming in a sea. In Heaven everyone had their own planet. In addition, here were common places where everyone would meet. I saw and met the other of Heavenly ABBA's creatures and creations.

Jesus and I were free, pure, and innocent like children. HE jumped from one side of the planet to the other, thereby leaving a line across it and marking its exact measurements and dimensions. Jesus would slide from the top of that line all the way down our planet to the bottom of the line. HE would go so fast. I was scared so Jesus would start me out 1/4 of the way up the line and slide down with me as a security blanket versus starting at the top. I did not like heights or moving too fast. HE and I would hang upside down together and talked. We had a home on our planet and a place to rest and eat. One day when we were in our home a knock came. Jesus opened the door and there were angels standing there. I believe they were Uriel, Ariel, Michael, and Gabriel. They came to talk to JESUS.

I also remember satan before he started the rebellion and war in Heaven. I will not call him by his former L name as I refuse to give him any honor, power and acknowledgement. He was tossed out on his ear from Heaven and is now ruling here on Earth. Satan always attracted everyone's attention as he was the most beautiful angel of Heaven. Some of the other creations flocked to satan and did not give Heavenly ABBA the same attention.

When people are born, Gabriel says, "Sshhh" and places his finger over their lips, beneath their nose and leaves an indent. He "shushes" us because if we remembered where we came from, we would automatically choose to go back. That would take away the gift of Free Will that Heavenly ABBA gave to us. HE wants to have a family but not force us to be a part of it. HE does not want a bunch of robots. We have a choice and HE gave us Free Will which comes from HIS absolute love.

Jesus came back to me after talking to the angels at the door. HE told me that HE a task before HIM of importance. Heavenly ABBA had something for HIM to do and I could not come with HIM. HE said it would be a very long time before HE I would see HIM again but HE would definitely come back home. HE said what HE had to do was like a test that HE had to pass. When Jesus left Heaven to be born on Earth I cried my heart out because I missed HIM. I went to the top of that line where HE jumped across the entire planet in one leap. I went to the top of that line where I was scared of the height and scared of sliding down too fast and I laid up there crying and crying and crying. Oh, how my heart broke and ached for Jesus.

Satan showed up appearing as a dark man in a snazzy suit on my yellow-orange planet. He tricked me and said he knew where Jesus was. All I had to do was go with him and he would take me to Jesus. I wanted to be with Jesus but I did not want to go with the dark man. Next thing I know, the dark man stuffed me in his suit and fled. What he did left a visible mark like a dark blemish on my yellow-orange planet. The next thing I know, I'm born here on Earth being told to follow a Lamb. I have remembered this since I was 3 years old. I stopped speaking of it in kindergarten when a girl made fun of me for it. She told me I would never be able to go back to my yellow-orange planet where I was with Jesus before I was born on Earth.

~Vision of the Man on the White Horse~

YHUH gave me a vision while I was in kindergarten. I was approximately 5 years old. I sat in class drawing pictures with my friends when YHUH came to me in the spirit. Immediately I told HIM that I had been kidnapped and to please come get me. HE told me that HE knew where I was and said "Holly, when you see ME in the sky and I call for you, come running to ME." HE showed me a vision of HIMSELF coming in the sky with HIS good Angels. In the vision, I got up from my chair in kindergarten class and run outside to where we played recess. I see Heavenly ABBA up in the air with an Army of Good Angels. I start running towards HIM as HE is in the sky and instantly I am met with an Angel and my body undergoes some kind of change. When the vision ended, YHUH told me that I would not see HIM again for a very long time. HE flashed me the number "40" in my mind's eye. I told HIM that was too long of a wait. As I continued to sit in class quietly, in my spirit, I was emotionally shattered from the vision and conversation. I never told a soul of what YHUH showed me. The kids at school began bullying me around this time so there was no way I was going to say a peep.

The teacher and counselors called home when I was in grammar school to tell Gram how they thought I had learning disabilities, ADD and that I was different from the other kids. For example, on the color wheel, I would see a yellow-orange color that sparkled to the left side of the color wheel chart in school. The other students would laugh at me because they did not see it, only I did. I was a daydreamer and always starring out the window. I would be taken out of class, given strange tests, and a pink liquid to drink.

By the time I was in 3rd grade, I had been held back and put in core classes. I went from kindergarten to first grade, back to pre-first grade, then forward to second grade. In third and fourth grades, kids continued making fun of me because I was hyperactive. The teacher moved my desk to the back of the classroom to face the wall and away from the rest of the class. As a child I was easily distracted and could not focus. I hated sitting in school. In "core" classes teachers would teach me to read fluently and how to put together sentences. Instructions on work assignments did not make sense to me. I was very choppy when I spoke and read from a book. I had trouble pronouncing certain words.

My fourth-grade teacher adored me. He said I was the most polite, well behaved, and well-mannered child he had ever met. He took a liking to me. Tina and Russell did nothing but joke around. However, when they joked around, I would take them seriously. All the time they belittled me and berated me and I hoped they were joking. I felt like I was there only to be their slave, house keeper, and bartender. They treated me like I was stupid.

When Tina became pregnant with my half-sister, she and Russell told me to tell my teacher that he

could adopt me once she was born. I went back and told my teacher. He wrote a letter and sent it home to Tina. I think the teacher and his wife were unable to have children and always wanted one. Tina went into the principal's office the next day to try to get the teacher fired. She joked around about it but when called out for it, she passed the blame. Afterwards that teacher never spoke to me for the rest of the year, which made things really bad and awkward for me at school. I was so embarrassed. I have always felt it was her fault, not the teacher's. She was always verbally abrasive and violently joking, but I could not tell the difference between her jokes and seriousness, which ran closer to verbal, emotional and mental abuse.

~Blonde Curly Haired Boy~

I had dreams about a little boy with blonde curly hair starting when I was 3 years old. These dreams continued sporadically throughout my life until I was 19. Sometimes I felt during the dream like I was along for the ride and could only watch things happen. In one dream, I woke up and found myself lying on sand next to this blonde curly haired boy. I jumped to my feet and began to run away but collided straight into the side of the tent or wooden shed that we were in, thus knocking myself back down to the ground. I looked back at the blonde curly haired boy and sighed in frustration. I could not understand why I kept dreaming of him. Who was he? It seemed like I was watching someone else live their life in my dreams as he grew and transformed through his most formative and experimental years.

When I was a little girl I would play for hours on the floor in the hallway having my games, books and toys spread out. Of course, I was in everybody's way that needed to use the bathroom and could only get there by walking down the hallway where I was playing. The bookcase was also in the hallway near the bathroom and I used to play "librarian". I was drawing pictures of lions with crayons and looking through encyclopedias. I always loved studying the old style maps. Those kinds of maps displayed the oceans with illustrations of monsters, mermaids and other dangers of the sea. On continents, the maps displayed castles, empires, Kings and cautioned of bad and dangerous places. When I saw these old-fashioned maps, I had various visions. The visions were of civilizations past but it scared me when they showed future world events. I saw the beast of Revelation rise out of the pit and suddenly a second vision flashed of that blonde curly haired boy. I was so young that I had no idea what a vision was and glossed over it as having an overactive imagination. I never spoke of these visions assuming other people went through the same experiences so why bother mentioning them. Moreover, I thought as a child to be quiet because adults would not understand what I was going through. Tina told me to shut up most times anyhow. How would I even be able to explain these visions? Most adults forget what it was like when they were a child and growing up.

One day when I was about 11 years old, I came home from school feeling so tired. I flipped on the television to a pastor preaching and asking for money. As I nodded off for a nap, his voice echoed through my head. The next thing I knew I was having a nightmare. I saw that beast from previous visions rise again. This time I saw more detail. The beast rose from the bottomless pit breaking his chains and becoming free. When he came out there was a woman sitting on top of him. With that beast unleashed, none of humanity would be safe. The whole Earth and everyone with it will die. I woke up in a frightful sweat. I was not sure how to articulate myself so I never told anyone.

At the time I had no understanding or knowledge of the Holy Bible, let alone the cannon of Revelation. I had no idea the pastor on television was corrupt. He was worshipping the beast but sounded like he was preaching YAHUSHA's Gospel. I was so troubled by this nightmare as well as being deceived I called this pastor's hotline to "plant a seed." Not fully comprehending the seed part and what it entailed I was simply hoping it would somehow put me at ease. Maybe if more people knew then we could keep the beast in the pit and all stay safe! The operator who answered my call was only interested in getting me to give her money. I did not understand why I needed to have money to plant a seed especially under the circumstances. The pastor scared me thinking that Heavenly ABBA would not want me unless I planted a seed, but without money, I could not do any of that. Again, while on the phone with this pastor's operator, I had a vision of the blonde curly haired boy again.

Later that day the pastor's hotline called my house back. The operator spoke to my grandmother. She said something to the effect of "It is so cute your granddaughter called for Heavenly ABBA and to plant a seed, but she didn't have money. It touched my heart so I had to call you back. Would you like to make a donation?" My grandmother declined the operator's offer, hung up the phone and smiled gently on me. She saw the love I had in my heart for Heavenly ABBA. She never scolded me but rather hugged me. Much later in life, YHUH would lead me to this little blonde curly haired boy once he grew up and began a ministry of his own. He will be mentioned again later in this book.

~Biological mother's boyfriend~

My mother, Tina, allowed her boyfriend (and strangers) to hit on me. She was always going out on dates and leaving me with my grandparents for nights that turned into days, turned into weeks. One boyfriend that she met at our cousin Johnny's Wedding was one of the worst ones she ever dated named David. I remember he would come over to gram's house to visit Tina. One time David literally had foam coming from his mouth looking all messy from drugs. Tina took him into her bedroom as if everything was fine. On another occasion when David was visiting, Tina began playing the Blues Brother's album. I wound up coming into her bedroom, as I loved singing along to the song, "Rubber Biscuit". Her boyfriend said to me, "Why don't you let me look down your shirt as you dance around and take off your clothes." I ran and hid behind my mother and put my hands on her shoulders. She turned her cheek to me and said "Don't hide behind me, I won't protect you." I ran out of Tina's room as fast as I could and into the main part of the house where I would be safe. I did not realize it but I ran straight past my grandmother on my way into my bedroom. Gram took notice that something was wrong but did not know exactly what happened. Gram never liked David. I never told anyone until I told Gram in my mid 20s. This happened a couple times when I was a young kid around the age of 5 and 6. The second time was when a stranger jogged up to me at a summer event. He told me to take off my clothes. I noticed my mother start walking towards us from across the track and field. He then began to jog away from me acting as if he had not said anything at all. Tina was saying and doing things all the time that made me feel uncomfortable, unsafe and unloved. When she visited David in Somerville, she would leave me in the car parked on the street with the sunroof and doors open. Tina would be inside the air-conditioned house and periodically peek out the curtains to see if I was still in the car.

Tina would use me as a pawn between my grandparents. If my grandparents would not give her what she wanted, she would keep them from seeing me. They took care of me, paying for everything such as school clothes and supplies, doctor's appointments and prescriptions. When the insurance

company sent reimbursement for my medical costs Tina kept the reimbursement checks never giving them to my grandparents. She stole 3.5 acres from my grandmother promising to pay Gram, as well as, promising to build a house on the property. Tina said she was going to take care of Milly when she got older. It was another lie from my mother in order to get money. When she stole the acreage, she turned around to sell it and then bought a house 25 minutes away from Gram. Tina is very self centered and selfish. She would rather take from satan and get what she wants right now versus turning to YAHUSHA, doing things the right way and possibly waiting. She would rather destroy what someone else had so she had what she wanted. She only cared about herself having what she wanted. She cared for no one else's needs or concerns.

~Learning Disabilities & Bullies~

In nursery school I would come home with bruises all around my ribs, torso, arms and legs. The other kids would pick me up and swing me around like a little rag doll. I was much smaller than all the other kids and they treated me like I was their toy. They would play and make me the "baby," putting me in the stroller to push me around or they would lock me in the small playhouse and leave me there. My grandmother changed my nursery school 3 times until she found one where I would be safe and where other children did not push me around.

In kindergarten, I had trouble comprehending the assignments. One of the girls would let me copy off her so I would not make mistakes and the teacher would not make me do it over again. I went onto first grade and that is where they noticed my learning disabilities even more. Immediately they put me in core classes. What made it worse was the teachers were never nice to me. They like shunned me and were always scolding me for minor things.

Core classes had three teachers to six students. They taught us how to read and do math. I hated it because one of the teachers always had the worst smelling breath and it caused me to gag. None of the other students liked when she sat next to them either. I had a touch of dyslexia and suffered from ADD. In school I was always the one daydreaming and staring out the window. I was often scolded for doing such.

I was sick often as a child. What caused me to be held back for a year was missing school from being absent due to sickness. They put me in 1st grade then held me back in Pre-1st, then let me enter into 2nd grade. When I finally made it to 3rd grade, I was hyperactive and the teacher would always take my desk and put it in the back of the room facing the wall thus separating me from the other students. This is when the bullying from other students was solidified. The other students made fun of me for staying back and always getting in trouble with teachers. They treated me as if I was a troublemaker, rolling their eyes, acting better than me as they were rich, and they did not want to be nice or friends with me.

I would get so terribly sick that my grandmother was forced to keep me home from school and stay with me. I always had awful stomachaches or high fevers with vomiting. My grandmother always let my biological mother make medical decisions for me even though she was never around to take care of me. Tina made the decision to have my tonsils removed as the doctor told her they were nothing but scar tissue and useless. It was due to my having strep throat four times in one winter. After the surgery I immediately came down with bronchial asthma and severe allergies to everything. Suffering

bad health started at this point and negatively impacted my life. I went from being able to run a mile to not being able to jog to the end of the driveway.

I went onto junior high school and they kept me in core classes until 8th grade. I fought to get out of core classes before I started high school. The main reason why was because I was avoiding a bully who was also in core classes. It terrified me at the thought of having to face them every single day. No one ever protected me or came to my defense so I thought avoidance was my only option.

Once in high school I still had a terrible time with my grades. For two years I was a Freshman because I failed Algebra because all me and my girlfriends could do was laugh. None of it made sense and it was not like we were ever going to use it outside of class. I averaged Cs and Ds but still managed to pass the duration of my scholastic years. In high school the bullying progressed. They now made fun of me for my hair, the clothes I wore and everything I did. The other girls would often threaten to "kick my ass". To this day, I still honestly do not know why they threatened me. I never said anything to them. I never did anything to them. It never made sense why they threatened me because we did not even have the same friends. It could have been because their boyfriends always liked me and told me I was cute. There was a group of about five girls. They made my 4 years of high school the worst 4 years of my life. Name-calling was one thing but when they started physically threatening me on a weekly basis, I started lifting weights to make sure I was at least stronger than them and could better protect myself when they came to beat me up. They never did but they struck fear in me.

~9 Years Old~

I woke from a dream when I was 9 years old and wrote my very first poem. It was named, Merry Go Round. I have some of it memorized but I no longer have my poems. I used to love writing poetry and practicing calligraphy. I would sit there all day long, happy and content, reading the dictionary and writing. Later in my twenties I entered and won many poetry writing contests. I received two trophies, a medal, and three Editor's Choice Award Certificates for my poems. Three poems were so good they had them read by a professional speaker with an orchestra playing in the background. I wrote about 2000 poems in 36 years. I always called writing my passion until I found Martial Arts.

~Nightmares~

Around the age of 7 with the good dreams came nightmares too. The nightmares were so bad that my grandmother moved me into her bedroom. Papa was moved into mine. Plus he snored which kept Gram awake. Gram had to sleep between me and the door. My nightmares were so terrible that I would jump up from sleeping and run full steam ahead screaming and fleeing to get out of the house. She needed a head start to stop me.

One night, Papa was coming home from working the night shift as a machinist. As he was approaching the outside front door of the house when I came running and screaming out of it. He caught me as I literally ran straight into him trying to get out. I had nightmares of little grey aliens, demons, gory things, snakes in my bed, mutilated animals, and kids in cages being tortured, and satan himself. During the day, I would get flashbacks of these nightmares and go into a trance. The nightmares I had about other people came true too. I could tell you what was going to happen before it happened. That

was another reason why my nightmares were so terrifying. There was no escape in this world or the next.

It was hard for me to explain these things. Everybody would chalk it up to "growing pains", stress or some other medical diagnosis. In hindsight, I was demonstrating clear signs of being an MKUltra and SRA victim. No one around me could recognize it or knew about it, including myself.

~Baptized Episcopalian~

Tina remarried when I was 9 years old. She met an amazing man named, Russell. He was a carpenter and would eventually start his own construction company. Before Russell met my mother he was married to another lady and adopted her son as his own. His name was Michael but he died in 2009. I loved having a brother! I used to idolize him and follow him everywhere when he came to visit on the weekends.

When I was 11, Tina and Russell had my half sister, Tansy. Tansy and I were baptized together. I had no idea what a baptism meant. It made no sense to me why they poured water on your head. I did not know why my Tina waited so long in the first place to get me baptized. I never felt comfortable asking questions or saying how I felt especially about faith. Tina harshly mocked believers. Not to mention she was not knowledgeable about any religion or faith. She would make fun of people for calling each other "brother" and "sister" without being blood related. It was because my step father's family was Roman Catholic that my sister and I were baptized Episcopalian. My grandmother hand sewed our Baptism outfits. Milly was a seamstress her whole life and even worked for the King of Morocco.

Tansy was everything to me. Tina saddled me with Tansy but Tansy and I idolized each other. We were together so much that people and other children asked me if I was Tansy's mother. She called me "mom". I always had her in my bedroom with me playing and hanging out. We were inseparable up until she started junior high school. Tina was either at the bar or in bed glued to the TV but never available to be a mother to us. Tina would hush us to watch her programs and soap operas. She had gotten into a car accident and milked it for all it was worth. Tina stopped working a job. She never did anything around the house to begin with but after her accident it was certain that she never cooked, cleaned or took care of any responsibility again. It was always Russell and me pitching in to keep the household orderly and running. I had Tansy in my custody up until I started college full time and working part time. Even once I was not living directly in the house with them, I still took Tansy every weekend with me to Gram's house. I would have her every weekend like a custody agreement. In high school, I spent my weekends with Tansy instead of my friends.

My relationship with Tina was none existent. She was the dictator and I was the slave. As far as I have ever been concerned, she abandoned me as a child and dropped me on my grandparents. Russell was a considerate, friendly, easy going, loving man. He was a great father to me and to his natural daughter, Tansy. Russell worshiped the ground Tina walked on but that made huge problems because he never stood up to her when she was wrong. She would run amuck with her asinine ideas and stupid opinions. Tina was spiteful, vindictive and jealous. Russell always sided with Tina and it made every situation impossible. She would never agree with anyone. It was as if she would wait to hear what you said first just so she could say the complete opposite despite you. Tina would always put Russell

between a rock and hard spot even if it humiliated him in front of other people. She would take a beautiful day and turn it into a terrible situation of teeth gnashing, stomach in my throat and anxiety. She was great at gas lighting. Everyone and anyone who met Russell liked him! He and I had a nice relationship and I called him "dad". I loved him and his family. I always looked forward to seeing them at Christmas time for their celebration. Russell and his parents were off the boat from Poland. I used to hear of their stories about WW2. Russell's parents met each other in a concentration camp in Poland. They talked about how the Jews declared War on Germany and dragged everyone into it. The Jews controlled all the money and they treated other people cruel and rotten. Russell's parents told me that no one was gassed to death in the concentration camps but instead they were forced to work. What they told me they lived through in WW2 contradicted what public schools taught and teach.

Tansy is the spitting image of her father Russell. I am so happy that my sister and I take after our respective fathers and not Tina. I consider my sister to be my daughter. I raised her and had the pleasure of being the one whom she shared with the "Mother Daughter Silver Cord" when she was little. I am so proud of her! She is married and has a career. She was able to do with her life what I was not able to do with mine. My sister was never a part of the MKUltra or Super Soldier Projects. She was not born in. She was not sold in. She was not used.

~Meeting satan age 13~

It all started around the last month Papa was alive. I started to see a creature in my bedroom. Pan started visiting me and did not stop until I was about 16 years old. However, even when he stopped, the attacks and paranormal experiences still rolled in. The kingdom of darkness came into my life bringing its friends. It terrorized me every single night.

At night pan showed himself and always sat by my bedside. He would spend the nights talking to me about everything or simply watching me sleep. He would explain to me what he and the other fallen entities had planned for humans. Sometimes I spoke back to him or wrote down what he said. I knew to be cautious of him but I did not know of any way to make him stop. I was at his disposal whenever he wanted.

One time pan wanted me to sit down at a table to play a gambling type of game with him. He told me he could make me famous and wealthy, more beautiful than Cindy Crawford. Instead I sat quietly with my hands folded and did not speak a word. I had a premonition that pan would take my grandmother from me and kill her in order to give me those things. I could not live without her as she was everything to me! I loved her so much. She was more than a mother to me. If he took my grandmother, I would have no one left to love me and care for me. I mustered up the strength out of my fear to stand up and leave the table without saying a word. I would not play because I saw what pan had planned. If I had said a word, pan would have trapped me. Anything I said he would have twisted. Being silent and leaving was my best choice in that moment.

He visited me on many occasions. Pan can appear like the most handsome man you have ever seen in your life or he can appear like an ugly creature. He has a bald head with curled horns, hooves, and a tail. The skin of that creature is different colored and tight, not like human skin. When he would appear he spoke very charmingly and innocently. All the nightmares I had before paled in comparison

to the experiences I had with him. He could make things happen, whereas the other entities only tortured me. He could change things in physical reality.

He would take me out of my body and astral travel me to somewhere else. I would wake up from sleep to sit up in bed but when I looked behind myself, I saw my body lying fast asleep. One time, I looked up to see an Angel with four faces. It was very tall and had thick legs. However, something was different about it. It was grey and dark colored, not like a Good Angel from Heavenly ABBA. I recognized it as satan, the 5th cherubim who caused a rebellion in Heaven and tricked a 1/3rd of the angels into following him.

One night satan took me out of my body and over to the Devil's Circle in the UK. When he took me there, I was very scared as I was alone with him and somewhere that was not familiar. He walked around the Devil's Circle opposite of me. I was dressed in a white long nightgown and barefoot. He screamed at me to get inside the circle. I stalled and said no. He roared a second time, and it seemed like his voice caused an earthquake. Everything shook, including the sky. I could not move my feet. They were stuck in the ground. An invisible force took me and put me inside of the Circle. I do not remember what happened after that because it all goes black before my eyes. I was extremely frightened. I was being dedicated to him as his Bride. I had no idea that if I called out to my Savior that HE would have saved me. No one taught me to do that. My Savior would have stopped satan from bringing me to the Circle and got me back home. Therefore, when these things happened, I suffered through the entire attack. Had I known about my Savior and the power of HIS name, I would have been able to stop this attack through HIM and HIS BLOOD.

During this time of my life my biological mother promoted tarot cards versus me having a Holy Bible. My grandmother had a stroke when she found out. I tampered with tarot cards, rune stones, sun cards, and magic. I was reading books about Nostradamus. Even though I was falling under spiritual attacks every night, I never attributed them to each other.

I saw portals open in my bedroom. They were shaped like hypnotist's wheel but looked like barbwire. Dark entities would come through, entering this world, and disappearing into the dark shadows of my bedroom corners. I would wake up terrified because these entities would get only millimeters away from my face. I would startle backwards and have to blink several times to get focus back in my eyes. By the time I could see clearly, it seemed like the scary entities sank back into the corner of the walls or outlets, or behind furniture. They transformed back into being invisible but still a part of the scenery.

Other times I would wake up and little grey aliens would be levitating me off the bed. Sometimes they would take me out of the house into their ship. Due to sleep paralysis, I could not move or get up, so I would make myself fall back asleep because that is all I could do. There came a time when little grey aliens stopped torturing me and started to teach me things, such as how their aircraft worked, going from point A to point B. They would type in a coordinate or pick a point, using a wrap around. This part I cannot articulate properly. Their technology was beyond my normal understanding. They used certain metals and the atmosphere. Whatever it was they did with their technology, they made it seem really simple and easy. Almost like common sense. It seemed like they hopped from one point to the next destination, unlike a conventional airplane that needs time to travel from place to another. Their ship had an eerie ominous feeling to it and smelled like old urine. The aircraft seemed to react with you. It was as if you were plugged into it and became one with it. On one certain abduction, they played a holographic movie of our Savior's crucifixion. It seemed like they were trying to lower our

Savior to their level so HE did not seem Almighty and Infinite. They wanted HIM to seem like just any other deity. They know HE is real but they skirt around HIM.

The nightmares progressed as I grew up. In middle school I remember sitting in class and being zoned out, staring off into space. My mind was everywhere and sometimes it felt like I was zoned out for so long that I left my body but have no idea where I went. I knew at the time of zoning out that I was zoning out but once I snapped out of it, I could not remember what just happened. One time while I was sitting in history class I left my body. This is not something I chose to do but this was something done to me. I remember I could manipulate my physical body but my spirit was 100s of miles away somewhere in a Military Intelligence Laboratory (MiLab) being programmed. At times it felt like it was only my imagination running away with me and that what was happening could not possibly be true. Denial was strong. I never knew how to explain this to people. If I did share, I ran the risk of people treating me like I was insane. Therefore, seeking assistance, conversation, or camaraderie was not an option.

In the 7th grade in history class, we had a great teacher. He would divide the class into Idiots and Morons. Both words have the same definition. This teacher maintained a sense of humor while keeping the class interested in what he was teaching. He rocked across the board! We were in a core class because all of us were slow learners compared to the rest of the children in school. He would give each student on each team (Idiots Vs Morons) their own individual questions. However, he would ask the group questions. The group was allowed to discuss the answer before we gave it to Mr. Lecure. He would average our individual grades together with the grade of the groupd. It was a curve grading system. We all walked out having As, knowing world history and loving world history because of his style of teaching.

On one of these tests, my psychic abilities kicked in. I kept telling the students seated next to me what the question was before the teacher asked. I already knew the answers but I even knew what the question was before he asked it. These two girls looked at me and could not believe it! They asked me how I did it. I told them "There is an eye in my hand that tells me everything before it happens." It was the Eye of Horus and it affected my life, including giving me knowledge of things that I would not ordinarily know. Dark entities were telling me what to say. The entities were trying to get me to rely on them over thinking for myself.

~Heavenly ABBA took me to Heaven~

Papa died in 1983, 6 days before his 66th birthday. I believe Heavenly ABBA allowed Papa to visit Gram to say good-bye. We were devastated at the loss of him. Papa appeared to my grandmother while she was sleeping one night and sat down on her bed. Papa told Gram that he was not suffering. They made amends for anything they thought they had done wrong to the other. They talked about what to do now that he is gone. He asked her to keep an extra eye on "Wiffet". Wiffet was a nickname Papa made up for me. Gram and Papa were able to say I love you to one another one last time before Heavenly ABBA put him in a deep sleep. After Gram confessed this to me, I told her that I saw Papa too. He visited me the same night.

In the dream, it looked like Papa and I were in a war torn country, a place that looked desolate and destroyed. Papa took me by the hand and we started walking. Papa had one blue eye and one green

eye in my dream. In real life, he had a blue eye and a grey eye. As Papa and I walked, the scenery changed and suddenly I was in Heaven with Heavenly ABBA standing next to me. I saw sapphires, rubies, emeralds, and amethysts around golden walkways with pillars on either side. I saw buildings of indescribable beauty and majesty. When I asked Heavenly ABBA who the people are that were there watching us, Heavenly ABBA answered, "They are the Elders." Heavenly ABBA and I strolled down the walkway and continued talking. HE told me that HE would be my father from now on since Papa died. I noticed the sapphire colored flowers. They caught my attention because it is said to be the color of my birthstone. I wanted to get a closer look so I kneeled down. The sapphire flowers were so blue that the blue had colors inside of it. Colors have smells Heaven. As I continued to admire the sapphire color, it felt like I sunk into the color, becoming engulfed in a warm, soft, fluffy cotton. The next thing I knew I woke in bed.

~The Psychoanalyst~

In art class, the teacher in grammar school noticed me zoning out. When she called my name I would not answer her. She could not get me to snap out of it and it seemed like I was in a trance. She called home to tell my grandmother because she was concerned with my behavior. Otherwise, my art teacher said I was the most polite child in class and never gave her a problem. When my biological mother was notified, she did not pay any mind to it. She did not believe me about anything I tried to share with her until my little sister started saying how she saw a bald red man with hooved feet was hiding in her toys.

The next-door neighbor strongly suggested that my biological mother take me to a Messianic Rabbi and said she knew the name of one. Upon hearing her suggestion, I had a vision of a Messianic Rabbi blowing on a shofar with a tallit over him that had a blue star and blue Lamb on printed on the back. I wanted to take the suggestion of the neighbor because the nightmares I had were always of war, death and blood. I knew these nightmares would eventually come true. I was under spiritual attack from fallen entities but did not realize it.

Sadly, my biological mother took me to a psychoanalyst instead. The psychoanalyst smoked too many cigarettes in the closed room with me. My mother did not care though when I told her. During these sessions, the psychoanalyst would choke me out as I have bronchial asthma and could not breathe. I had to tell this analyst everything and then she would tell my biological mother, which made everything worse for me. My biological mother was always yelling at me, saddling me with her responsibilities, and making my life more difficult. I hated that I was forced to tell her or anyone for that matter, about my dreams and nightmares. The things in my dreams came true and were brutally terrifying. I did not understand everything that was happening to me. My dreams were and are more real to me than this physical world. The psychoanalyst made everything exceptionally bad when she told my biological mother to take me to play the lottery because I had powerful psychic abilities. Then my mother did not stop hounding me for the winning lotto numbers. After I gave her enough of the losing numbers, she gave up on me. Honestly I did not want to give such an evil, mean, selfish and rotten person money and wealth.

I do not use my spiritual gifts for personal gain. The neighbor who suggested the Messianic Rabbi came to my biological mother and told her the psychoanalyst was not licensed to practice in the state of NJ and to please reconsider taking me to the Messianic Rabbi. My biological mother would have

nothing to do with Heavenly ABBA and our Savior but at least I was not being forced to go to those counseling sessions any more. The nightmares continued and the psychoanalyst had done nothing helpful for me. Later in life YHUH would lead me to the Messianic Rabbi that the neighbor suggested.

As the years went on I would have nightmares of WWIII, nuclear bombs, radiation, children suffering and murder of the human race. The spiritual attacks were never ending and seemed to happen every night. There were many entities but one that stuck out to me was the hat man. He looked like Freddy Kruger from the Nightmare on Elm Street movies. He hid in my personal bathroom. One time he swung open the bathroom door, took his hat off and swung his arm vertically above his head. When he swung his arm vertically, he charged at me and his arm holding his hat went right through me like a chain saw. I jumped out of bed and ran frantically through the house to get out. My step dad heard me screaming and knew to stand in the living room doorway to catch me as I flew through the house toward the front door. I would take two steps and be down an entire flight of 13 stairs. There were shadow people who whispered and lingered in all the corners of that old house.

There were entities that looked like eyeballs. They would come out of the corners of my room and get really close to my face. When I woke up from sleep I would scream paralyzed with fright. Then the eyeballs would sink back into the corners of the ceilings and walls. Other entities seemed to get right up in my face or right on top of me as I slept. When I woke up they scared me and then they would disappear backwards in the scenery.

To this day I do not like when people startle me or yell "boo" around a corner to get me to jump because it reminds me of those dark entities. I suffered in silence and if I did tell a friend they thought there was something wrong with me because they never experienced anything like it themselves. One girl terminated our friendship in high school because of this stuff.

~Buying My First Holy Bible~

At 16 years old I bought my first Holy Bible. I went searching for answers. I had nightmares and dreams coming true all my life. The new age philosophies and occult did not make sense and left me with more questions than answers. Finally I put down the tarot cards and picked up the Holy Bible. First, I read Revelation. While reading I was reminded of the nightmares about the world ending that had plagued me my entire life. I was scared and feared to die a horrible death and asked Heavenly ABBA to spare me from the coming doom. I did not fully understand Revelation but I gave Heavenly ABBA my word at that when the time came, I would warn everybody, including the bullies from school. I promised to warn people that our Savior is returning and to get right with HIM. I also asked Heavenly ABBA "If you gave me a picture of YOU, I will show the world and make them a believer." I proceeded to read Genesis all the way through to Numbers. I followed it, comprehended it, understood it completely. Heavenly ABBA never seemed cold, distant, or cruel to me. Everything HE did made sense. I could not understand why people did not understand HIM and held contempt for HIM, blaming HIM for everything bad. I started to understand Heavenly ABBA's Ways, Countenance and Personality. Sadly, I put down the Holy Bible and stopped reading it. I was 16 and more focused on my friends and having fun.

~Turning to JESUS at 19~

After I graduated high school, I met a group of people who told me about the Gospel. They were congregants to a Baptist Church close to my home. They told me that our Savior died for all our sins and to enter into Heaven I would have to believe in Jesus and accept HIM as my Savior. I stated how much I wanted to make sure it had nothing to do with Catholicism. I did not agree with people seeking forgiveness through another man that is not our Savior. Catholics have certain steps they make you take before you are even allowed to take communion. I was stuck in the cycle of thinking I needed a religion to have a relationship with my Creator.

I accepted my Savior June 12, 1994. I started to attend church on Sundays. I was studying the Holy Bible and began praying daily to Heavenly ABBA. When I asked my Baptist friends about Evangelists they told me that evangelists were extremists praying 6 hours a day and that Heavenly ABBA does not expect us to do that. HE does not want to hear from us that much. They said Heavenly ABBA is happy with us attending church only on Sundays and we do not have to be overkill in our prayers to HIM so a few minutes once a day is enough.

December 11, 1994, I stood up in front of the entire Baptist congregation to pronounce my newfound Faith. When I felt comfortable I spoke up about my nightmares of children in a cage being electrocuted and demons attacking me. The Baptists said it was in my head and now that I was saved to Jesus all of that would automatically stop because HE would just take care of it. They never taught me about Spiritual Warfare or how to wield ABBA's Authority. I confessed the dreams I had would often come true and it concerned me since they seemed to correlate to Revelation. My friends the Baptists told me that I was devil divination and to pray to Heavenly ABBA that HE take it away from me. However, when I asked Heavenly ABBA to take it away, the dreams came back stronger and more fierce. When I told them that I dreamed of my Savior's baptism by John the Baptist they said that was okay as sometimes Heavenly ABBA shows us things. I felt more confused than ever by this. When I asked to be baptized they told me the church only does that one day a year in May and I would have to pay to take a 10-month course first before I could be baptized by water. Eventually I left the Baptist Church and those friends.

~Blonde Curly Haired Boy 2~

In 1994 I was walking through a Barnes and Noble bookstore with my friends. I had a vision of the blonde headed boy again. This time I saw his autobiography sitting on the shelves for sale. He was wearing a green shirt and had one of his eyes showing on the cover which made it stand out to me. I almost reached out to pick up his book to buy it but instead I walked past. The boy who accompanied me that day out of the blue said "He stole a safe." I looked back at this boy and responded "The FBI will never find him. He is hiding way out in the middle of the desert." I kept walking past the whole rack and table of his books not paying this any further mind. Our SHEPHERD spoke through the boy who accompanied me but the boy did not realize it. That was supernatural knowledge given from Heaven above because this boy would have never known any of that on his own. At this time, the safe was not even stolen yet. Please keep this noted in your mind for later.

~College~

My college years were not that great either. I hated school and it took all my effort to pull a C, also known as a 2.0 grade point average. I majored in Accounting. I never did finish as I still have one course to complete to get my degree. Throughout my college years I continued to have dreams come true about my life and other people's lives. Evil spirits kept haunting me. The nightmares were just as bad now as they had been when Gram had to sleep in the same room as me except I could hold my composure together better. I handled it on my own and suffered silently.

On one night in particular I woke from a deep slumber and felt paralyzed. I felt an evil presence at the foot of my bed. It was 7 feet tall, wearing a black cloak, and a mean nasty critter. It grabbed my ankles and pulled me two feet down off the end of my bed, then vanished. I had to readjust myself in the bed and fix all my sheets.

~Rockefellers' Wanting My Tree~

One winter the Rockefellers showed up on my front doorstep. The company employed by the Rockefellers wanted to take one of the three big pine trees from my front yard. They wanted to put it up for Christmas at the Rockefeller Center for people to ice skate around. In place of that tree they were going to give my grandmother a baby blue spruce, which they claimed is the most expensive kind of tree you could buy. My grandmother told them that those three pine trees were planted when she was a child by her parents and there was no way she was going to part with them. She told them to get the hell off her property and go pound salt. She never liked the Rockefellers and was not going to give them anything. Their baby blue Spruce was an insult.

~Wanting to be Heavenly ABBA's Seal~

One night when I was about 21 years old my boyfriend at the time started an argument with me. Or maybe I started it with him. It matters not. He was one of the people who won my soul to our Savior when I was 19. The disagreement was about how I wanted to serve Heavenly ABBA by being one of HIS Seals. I want to make it to the end of the 7-year Tribulation for Heavenly ABBA, to prove to HIM that I love HIM and that I will fight for HIM. At the time the Baptist church had taught the 144,000 would be going through the Great Tribulation and would live through it until the end. Upon hearing of it I instantly wanted to be one of the 144,000 Seals to see my Savior's Return. If I can serve Heavenly ABBA by doing that, then I want to do that. My boyfriend said that he did not want to be a Seal but wanted to be in the rapture. He thought the rapture would spare him and his Christian family from the Great Tribulation leaving everyone else behind to rot.

I disagreed with him and the Baptist Church the moment I heard about the rapture doctrine. People rip apart Heavenly ABBA Living Words to make up doctrines such as the Harpazo also known as the Rapture. The catching away in the air as spoken of in 1 Thessalonians 4:17 is not the rapture. It is talking about how it will feel to be resurrected! It is talking about our Savior resurrecting us. Scripture is all about our Savior's Crucifixion. HE will resurrect us to live everlasting life with HIM in The New

Jerusalem if we live for HIM and in HIS Ways. It is appointed to all men to die one time. Heavenly ABBA is not going to kill anyone to take them to Heaven in a rapture and let them avoid carrying HIS Gospel. As the false doctrine of the rapture is taught, it is a worldwide event where people float off the Earth up into the air for 7 years, feast, and then come back down after Tribulation ends. Heavenly ABBA has never done anything like that before. HE does not do things out of character or protocol. In reality, they are stealing our Savior's Esteem because they say they are coming back with HIM on the Cloud. HE says HE will never share HIS Esteem. I think it is very disrespectful when people say they are returning with HIM. The rapture is not a worldwide event but rather a personal, intimate occurrence between the Creator and HIS Creation. A real rapture is when HE wraps HIS arms around us and pours HIS SPIRIT out on us in baptism, communion and union.

When I got home that night after the argument with the boyfriend, I took a knee to Heavenly ABBA and prayed to make it to the end of the 7-year Tribulation. I told HIM I did not believe in the rapture where people take off in the air to never face consequences. The story of the 144,000 Seals always touched a spot in my heart and I wanted to be a part of it. I prayed to be here to see HIS Return and always had an innate feeling that HE had me on reserve for something great like the 7 year Tribulation.

~Work History~

During college I began working for AT&T and dropped out. I worked for them for almost 7 years making great money as corporations were known for paying much better than smaller businesses. I was a secretary and back up staff for the executive administrators. Sometimes I was lucky and would get a cool boss and a team full of fun managers to support. We would have cube wars and play jokes back and forth on one another. They would get the tape cops put around perimeters reading "Quarantined" and wrap it around my cube. They would disconnect my phone so when it rang and I picked up the receiver to talk, the phone did not work or they would turn the volume on high that when my phone rang, it would startle me and I would jump. It was actually very painful when that happened. They would hide things on me. If I lost my voice due to being sick they would give WD40 to my boss to help me talk. I had sinus issues that caused me to lose my voice a lot. If one of them was out sick due to a doctor's visit, they would decorate my cubical with medical urine sample cups and different medical supplies. We would take paper clips and use rubber bands as a sling shot and shoot each other. All of us white collar workers had a blast. We had to burn off steam after a long day of pushing paper and clicking keyboards. After AT&T I went on to work for Pharmacia as an Executive Administrative Assistant. That was my dream job. My boss was the best one I ever had and he paid me handsomely with a month of vacation and a full week of personal days. However I did work 70 hours a week. Every day I was dressed in pin striped suits too. I loved it at Pharmacia before Phizer bought it out.

~Free Time~

On the weekends I frequented a club named Tequila Joe's in Newark known as America's Adult Playground. There were four floors. In each room and floor there was a different theme and music. The first floor was Alternative and Heavy Rock. It was huge. They had a bar in the middle of the room and on the inside of the bar was a stage with a dancer's pole and couch. People were allowed to crawl over the bar to get to the stage to dance. There were pipes on the ceiling and the bouncers would let

people hang upside down from them. They had a few sections where there were couches and coffee tables. You could sit down comfortably with a few friends and goof off. The walls were covered in carpet and there were sticky letters and numbers you could move around, just like the magnets of letters and numbers that you played with as a child on the refrigerator.

The second floor had two rooms, one with 70s music, which had a bar on one side and couches all along the perimeter of the room. On the opposite side of the hall was an 80's music room that had a swing hanging from the ceiling and people were free to use it. The third floor was dance and techno music. There were three bars with a huge dance floor. Chains hung from the ceiling and anyone was free to hop on top of the bar to dance and hang onto the chains. The fourth floor was reserved for the staff, regulars and whomever the owner invited. They had a basketball court up there and sometimes people stayed overnight upstairs.

As you can imagine, things were off the hook and so were the people who frequented there. All types of people went there and ranged in ages starting at 21. People from gangs, motorcycle clubs, all skin colors and ethnic groups went there to let down their hair all weekend long. No one left that club sober. Anything and everything you wanted was there. They would have theme nights and always threw parties for each holiday. Tequila Joe's employed prop people who would wear different customs. The props would go around and if you opened your mouth they would pour mixed alcohol from a jug down your throat. Everyone knew each other there and even though we partied hard, it felt like an extended family and a much needed vacation from working hard all week. The after parties lasted all weekend too. I loved it there and miss the people. I never missed a weekend. This club is no longer open and has since been turned into a church named Temple Roca. I too have been reformed.

~Martial Arts~

Martial Arts always drew my attention. When I was 18 I took Aikido but did not enjoy it as the instructor always used me as the guinea pig to demonstrate new moves. I would leave with welts on me so I quit after a month. At the age of 24 I found a Great Grand Master from South Korea to teach me Tae Kwon Do, Hapkido, weapons training, and tournament sparring. It was a perfect fit. I excelled at it. In 6 months I got ¾ of the way to my black belt when it takes a normal person 2 years to reach those levels. When I first started out training and someone would throw a punch at me, I would catch his or her fist. With the other hand I would go to strike their elbow to bend it backwards and strike their jaw. It was like there was something inside of me that knew the moves and had muscle memory but as far as I knew consciously I had no prior formal training. My Great Grand Master pulled me aside with frustration. He asked me who trained me before and what I took. I swore to him that outside of Aikido for a month I had no prior experience. He spent one on one time with me to stop me from making those moves. Rather I needed to let him train me and accept usage of his moves instead. I thought nothing of it and just passed it off. He thought I was lying. At this time I was still not awake and had no idea that I was an active Super Soldier.

~2000 Angel~

In the summertime of 2000 my fiancée threw a party with a bunch of our friends. As we sat outside by the fire pit barbequing and drinking beers I zoned out of their conversation and began paying attention

to the stars above. As I gazed looking up at all the stars I thought my eyes were deceiving me. I saw an angel flying overhead. It was huge and looked like it was dressed in gold glitter. As I watched I tried not to react so my friends would not notice my facial expressions. I tend to wear my heart on my sleeve and can be read like a book. Everyone at the party would not believe it if I told them what I was seeing flying above us across the sky. No one seemed to notice me or the angel in the sky as they were deeply engaged in beer. I excused myself to go in the house and use the powder room. Quickly I scurried inside all the while keeping my eye on that angel. When I got inside I ran into the bathroom and hid under the sink. When I looked up I could still see the angel in the sky like there was a skylight in the house. There was no hiding from him! I understood the angel's appearance in the sky to be a signal that the Four Horsemen of Revelation were coming soon, at least during my life time. After ten minutes I regained my composure and rejoined everyone outside. I kept looking at the sky, but the angel had passed, and vanished.

~Marriage~

I got married when I was 25 in Las Vegas by Merlin the Wizard at Excalibur hotel June 10, 2000. The marriage was a disaster. I thought I was marrying my best friend but as soon as we got back home to New Jersey he turned into my worst enemy. We would fight and then it turned physical. One fight was so horrific because he punched me in both of my breasts. He hit me so hard that it caused nerve damage and I lost the feeling in my breasts. When I went to my father's funeral in July 2000 I was hurt so bad that when people hugged me to console over the loss of my father it caused excruciating pain in my breasts and I would cry even harder. After 6 months of being married to him I filed for a divorce due to extreme cruelty. When he found out I was divorcing him he came after me. I made the mistake of putting my back to him. He kicked me so hard my tailbone fractured. I divorced him February 9, 2001. He was cheating on me, doing hard drugs, and keeping everything a secret. In total I was married for 9 months and never got married again because it was such a bad experience the first time. After that I seemed to keep picking the same type of person to date. The only difference was their name.

~Checkered Past~

January 2001 I was arrested for three felonies. I was hanging around a bad crowd and did not realize it. One evening my friend asked if I could drop him by the club before I went back home. I said "Sure." On our way to the club he got a phone call. His friend's vehicle broke down and was stranded. My friend asked if I could pick him up. When I did, the kid with the broken-down vehicle asked me if I could swing by his friend's house on the way to pick up keys and tools for his van. What I did not know was that kid and his friends were buying Ketamine off the internet with a fake Tax ID having it sent to a PO Box. The FBI was involved and had set up a sting 3 months prior on these people. I showed up at the wrong place at the wrong time. I brought the kid to pick up his tools and keys. When he returned to my car and I pulled away from the house, it was as if I stepped into a red anthill. All of a sudden police cars surrounded us in every direction with guns drawn. They had three guns and a shotgun pointed at just me and that was not including what they had pointed at the two people in my car. They asked me who I was. I responded "Nobody." We were all under arrest for possession, distribution, and intent to distribute in a school zone.

I had no idea this kid was picking up drugs and felt like a fool that I had believed he was picking up tools and keys. The chief of police fell in love with my Mustang. For the remainder of the night, he boasted how my car was now his. They let me go on my own recognizance as it was the first arrest of my life. When I went to Tequila Joe's after my arrest, people would come up to me to apologize and buy me drinks because I was facing hard-core time. At my arraignment the judge was baffled about the quantity of drugs that were in my car. The kid had marijuana, a couple hundred pills of ecstasy, a couple eight balls of cocaine, and many cases of Ketamine. The judge explained to me how much trouble I was in and that I was facing at least 10 to 15 years in federal penitentiary. I plead not guilty. My attorney and I told the judge that my car had a loan on it and if the chief of police wanted it so bad he would have to take over the loan on it. I got my brand new Mustang back that day and in the end the police chief walked away without my car.

After that and because of me, the laws in New Jersey changed. If you were arrested for drugs, and your car was confiscated, it was your loss and you had to pay the loan on it and still lose the car itself.

The hardest part was telling my grandmother what happened and the time I was facing. It took me six months to talk about it with her. All I asked my attorney was that they keep me out of jail long enough to take care of my grandmother until she passed and then they could throw away the key on me. She was very sick with emphysema and I was her Care Giver. She died before I saw resolve. Two and a half years after my arrest I received a letter in the mail stating that all charges were terminated. They were not dismissed, they were terminated! I never saw the inside of a courtroom after my arraignment. The reason why they were "terminated" is because the FBI and cops were admitting that they had falsely arrested me and inaccurately charged me with felonies. They let me and my friend go after reviewing their sting operation. I was never around during those months of the sting operation and I just happened to show up the night they decided to bust everyone. Again, I was at the wrong place at the wrong time. This raised a red flag to me but many years after the fact. I never knew a person who just got out of trouble and their charges were terminated without any consequence or hassle. Looking back, I think my charges being terminated had to do with the fact that I was an active Super Soldier but was not aware of it at the time.

~My Attorney Promises My Gram~

My grandmother was diagnosed with emphysema when I was about 24 years old. I asked her if I could be the one to take care of her because she and Papa raised me all my life. I did not trust anyone else to do it the way I knew I could. She was so sick in the last year of her life. When the time came she wanted to give me power of attorney and make me an executor of her will. I called my attorney. He came to our house with his secretary. Just before my grandmother signed the documents, I got up from the table and told her that if she felt under duress or if she felt that I was doing something wrong, now was her time to tell my attorney. I also told her that if she felt pressure that I would move out or leave to make her feel better. I grabbed my Marlboro Lights and went outside for 15 minutes. I left my grandmother my attorney and his secretary alone to discuss things. While I was outside, unbeknownst to me, my grandmother made my attorney promise to something. (Later in this book I will reveal the promise.) When I came back inside everybody was smiling at me. My attorney handed the pen to my grandmother and showed both of us where to sign. His secretary notarized everything on the spot.

In the months to follow, Gram fell sicker and sicker. It came to a point that I began giving her at home hospice care. I fed her, bathed her, and kept her company. The rest of the family was either conveniently not available or on too many drugs (prescriptions or alcohol) to do for her that she needed. I loved her so much. I was extremely attached to her. She was everything to me and I grew up in that house, so my home was always with her. I idolized my grandmother. She was a wonderful woman and my best friend. She and I laughed and talked about everything all the time. To see her so sick broke my heart. Sleep was a distant memory for me as every two hours I had to administer medicine to her and keep her mouth moist. The By Pap machine forced air into her lungs but pumping oxygen directly into her nose to help make it easier to breathe as she struggled so badly.

~Gram Passing~

Milly Gabory passed away the morning of January 30, 2002. The phone rang startling me awake. It was my biological mother, Tina. After a few minutes to get my bearings, through the baby monitor I could only hear the By Pap machine and not the sound of my grandmother's lips flapping together on her exhales. I dropped the phone and ran into her bedroom. At first my eyes were playing tricks on me. I could not bring myself to touch her but I could feel her bed sheets were still warm. My world ended when she died.

A few months later my grandmother's son and daughter, as well as their spouses, decided to sell the house. Since they wanted the money and had absolutely no consideration for me or what I wanted, I lost my home. It was the only home I had ever known. I wanted to buy that house and live the rest of my life there but could not do it on my own. I found it devastating to lose my Gram as well as my home. Everything I had once known and loved was gone. They acted like vultures while I grieved.

~Giving Up My Dreams~

When Gram died I went to live with my biological mother, step father and half sister. It was the second time I was living with them. Tina, my biological mother kept saying repeatedly how she had a dream that my sister, Tansy, would die in a car accident. I got sick and tired of hearing this as it felt like she was calling forth death. One night when I could not take it any longer, I went into my bedroom, got down on the floor on my knees and went before Heavenly ABBA. I told HIM if Tina was correct in what she was saying, to please take away my psychic abilities in order to spare my sister from disaster. I also asked ABBA "please save my sister". About two years later Tansy was in a bad car accident. Her car locked up and drove off the road. The passenger did not have his seat belt on and fell out of the open window. Thus, he got crushed between the vehicle and the guardrail. Tansy's friend in the back of the vehicle was a little bruised but he since he had his seat belt on he was fine. Tansy hurt her wrist and was bruised but she has her seat belt on. She was safe and alive. Heavenly ABBA answered my prayers. HE took away my psychic abilities for 8 years but HE spared Tansy's life! My sister was the child I never had. To jump forward, the problem here was, unbeknownst to me I was an Active Super Soldier. When Heavenly ABBA took away my abilities, it negatively affected me in the worst ways possible. I was sent out on an assignment where the bad guys caught me and reprogrammed me. This topic will be discussed again in later chapters.

~Disabled~

In the summer of 2004 I was bit by a brown recluse spider. I was sleeping on my mother's couch and when I rolled over, I was rudely awakened by bad pain on the back of my right arm above the elbow. When I sat up I looked at my arm and got creeped out as I saw a crushed spider stuck to my arm. I pulled off my shirt but the spider fell to the ground. When I went to find something to pick it up with, the spider suddenly scampered off as it was playing dead. After a couple of weeks there was a bull's eye on my arm. I contracted Lyme disease from it and began getting sick from its venom. Spider's venom stays in your system for approximately 8 years and none of my doctors ever thought to treat me for it.

By 2006 doctors had me on 33 prescriptions. Lyme's disease tore my body down and left me with fibromyalgia, rheumatoid arthritis, cancer, and a slew of other health ailments. I became severely depressed as I could not get out of bed and slowly became bed ridden. I would panic because I felt weak and unable to fend for myself, let alone protect myself. For two years, my boyfriend at the time fed me as my fingers and hands cramped up becoming deformed. He helped me shower and took me to all my doctor appointments. I filed for disability benefits for my physical problems. Since I was considered too young to get disability for my physical diagnoses, they offered me disability for my mental diagnoses of compounded PTSD, depression, anxiety, panic, mood disorders, and bipolar. I fought the State of New Jersey for over 8 years and was finally awarded full disability. I did not understand why it took any other person approximately 3 years to be awarded disability while I had to fight for so long and hire multiple attorneys.

Later in life I found out why I had such a battle. The Government did not want to give me my money because they used me as a Super Soldier my whole life and did not want to give up any compensation.

I was on so much medication and so sick that I stopped living, working, having hobbies, rollerblading, writing poetry, enjoying life, and accepted that my life as I once knew it, was over. My hopes of going back to Martial Arts training were crushed. My hopes of living a normal healthy life were devastated. Now I was left a shell of a person.

One night I got so frustrated that my fingers and hands were becoming deformed from rheumatoid arthritis and that I could not even hold a pencil, let alone a fork, that I did something about it. I took one of my hands and straightened it out as best as I could on the counter. With the other hand I held the heaviest book I owned and with all my might I slammed it down on top of my hand and kept smashing it down onto my hand until my hand was straight again. I saw stars before my eyes. Next I did it to the other hand. Every month I had to visit eight doctors. When they saw my hands and fingers were straight again they asked me what happened. When I confessed what I did, they got very mad at me. All of them yelled at me and lectured me. I told them that I got my fingers straight which is way more than they have ever done for me. I was able to begin to slowly start using my hands and fingers again. For three years I went to physical therapy and began to walk again. It took a couple more years after that but I was able to run again.

~Death Experience of 2007~

At the beginning of 2007 in March, I was strangled to death on my kitchen floor by an ex-boyfriend. He was drunk and had taken Xanax. He was out of it. He had gotten mad at me for taking so long at the laundry mat. The second I came in the door he was yelling at me. I went into the kitchen and started to pour his case of beer down the kitchen drain. He got very mad at me and physically came after me. I could not escape. He grabbed my neck. With his hands he lifted me up by the neck and held me against the wall with my feet dangling a foot off the floor. His eyes turned completely black and a strange demonic voice came out of his mouth saying, "How does it feel to know you are going to die tonight?" He then took me by the neck and slammed me down onto the hardwood floor. I squirmed to get away but could not. He crawled on top of me and then sat with both his hands around my neck and with one knee pressing down he started to strangle me as hard as he could. I could not breath, I could not break loose from him and I knew it was over. I called out to Heavenly ABBA "I don't want to die." There was a picture of Jesus that I had hung over my door so people could not look back at me through my peephole. From where I was on the floor I could see it. I called out in my mind "My Savior, I am sorry. Please forgive me. Heavenly ABBA I don't want to die." I could not catch a breath or get any air. I kicked my feet so hard that my right foot went through the side of the cabinet wall. Next thing I know all the pain stops. My body goes completely numb. My body stopped struggling for air and struggling to break free from the ex-boyfriend. I stopped fighting and laid there. Then everything went black. Brian had strangled me to death.

I landed in complete darkness known as hell. It was blacker than black. My spiritual body was in a white gown and I was lying down on my bed. When I looked at the darkness I was in, it moved. Immediately, I knew why I was there in hell. I had not done one thing for Heavenly ABBA. All I did was pray once a day if I remembered and said I believed in HIM but ignored HIM otherwise. I never did anything for HIM. I never lived for HIM or obeyed any of HIS Commandments. I never celebrated anything that was important to HIM. I had no idea who HE was. I deserved to land in hell. I knew and understood why I was there.

Suddenly I felt two white hands at my back, which lifted my body up and carried me out of the darkness. As I was being carried it felt like the arms lowered me down and intimately close. Then I heard a voice whisper to me in my right ear "Marry Me." The next instant, I am pushed back up. It was only Heavenly ABBA and me. Nothing else and no one else was around. HE put two breaths of air in my nostrils and got my heart beating again. HE resurrected me and now I was back on my kitchen floor with the ex-boyfriend still sitting on top. His grip loosened a little bit. With those two breaths of air in my lungs it gave me just enough energy to try my escape. Then I saw a vision of my Great Grand Master from TKD and I heard the voice from two white arms speak again. "It is now or never." I went to sit up but could not get the ex-boyfriend off. He weighed over 180 pounds and he was on my chest. I weighed 125. I heard the voice say again "It is now or never." I went to sit up again but this time the two white arms that had carried me out of hell were at my back again pushing me. They pushed me up and as I got up the ex-boyfriend began to fall off my chest. I was able to get a grip with one hand onto the counter. Once I hoisted myself back up on my feet I ran as fast as I could out of my apartment. It was around midnight I was barefoot and in nightclothes. It was the dead of winter and sleeting outside. I fled the apartment and was running so hard and so fast that I ran down two blocks like a bolt of lightning. I realized I had to stop and go back to my home to call the police. I turned around and went back. When I arrived the ex-boyfriend was standing between me and the phone. I thought to myself "I am calling the police and you are not stopping me". He squared off with me and we charged

each other head on like two bulls. I slammed into him so hard that it knocked him off his feet, throwing him backward into the large long vertical cabinet behind him. I grabbed the phone ran back outside and called for help. I had not realized the depth of the things that had just happened. I died but there I stood alive and breathing. I was in total shock.

After that death experience there came a particular summer night where I was in rare form. I dressed nice with my hair did and makeup done as if I were a model. I grabbed my purse and as I rounded the corner to enter my living room ready to leave, there was satan leaning against my piano. He was in slacks and a button-down white-collar shirt with suspenders. I took one look at him and said "Come on, satan. Let's go. Come out and paint the town red with me." He looked at me, shook his head "no". I will never forget his expression. He looked at me as if I was too much for him to handle. He would not budge. He did not seem to gloat like usual either. It was peculiar. It seemed like this time he was leery of me. He would not come out dancing with me. I walked past him and locked the door behind me. When I got home, he was gone.

~Fur Babies~

Saava, my cat found me in the summer of 2009. My biological mother was visiting my apartment and when I walked her to her car, a little kitten jumped up onto the cement patio and started doing a figure eight around my legs. This little kitten just popped up out of thin air. When it was done rubbing on me, it walked into my front door, through the foyer, and into my apartment. Once I let the little kitten inside, she never left. I fell in love with her. I called her Saava. I always saw signs for "save-a-kitten." I decided to call her Saava. I saved a kitten but she saved my heart. Having her gave me a routine and I was needed. It was nice to have someone to take care of once again. I missed taking care of my grandmother and felt very lonely for many years following her death. Later I found out that my neighbor, Eddie, had a kitten but when he opened the door and the kitten got loose never returning. When he would come to visit, I could never find Saava. She always disappeared. Eventually it dawned on me that she was hiding from him. She escaped him.

In 2012 I was dating someone who desperately wanted a dog. He found one on Craigslist online. When we went to pick the dog up, she attached herself to me immediately. The couple I bought her from named her Keeper. Keeper would follow me around the house and had bad separation anxiety, which caused her to go to the bathroom all over the floor. During the first week the boyfriend did not want her and I started to think it was not a good match. I took her to a none kill shelter. Immediately after turning over her leash, I knew I made a terrible mistake! I started to feel anxiety and panic. The pound would not give her back to me. I convinced the boyfriend who I bought Keeper for to go to the pound to get her back for me. For those 13 days I was without Keeper, I prayed every moment down on my knees. It was the longest 13 days of my life. I had no idea what to say in prayer and I was honest with ABBA. I apologized to HIM for my stupidity and just spoke to HIM about the situation. I was tore up for letting Keeper go. The day to get her back could not come quick enough. I had the boyfriend go back and get her. When she saw me in the parking lot she dragged him behind her on the leash to rush over to me. I promised her that I would never do that again and her home was always with me. I thanked Heavenly ABBA for answering my prayer. It got me thinking about HIM and praying more. HE had never answered me before like HE answered me about Keeper. I wondered about why this was. I wondered if maybe HE did not answer me in the past because I was asking HIM for things

HE did not like. Heavenly ABBA seemed like HE was now reachable to me so it made me curious and kept me inquisitive and seeking to find out why.

Again I found myself in another abusive relationship. One night, the last night, he punched Keeper and it upset me. He punched her so hard I heard her lips smack together against her teeth. He used his closed fist. I stepped in between him and Keeper shouting at him that he would have to go through me to get to her. I kicked him out of my house, got a restraining order, and kept the dog for myself. I know my pets are considered rescues, but honestly, they rescued me! They were my children. They were my life.

~Why hasn't the World ended yet?~

In 2012 I turned to Heavenly ABBA and asked HIM "Something feels off, why hasn't the world ended yet? It feels like Armageddon should have happened by now." I kept looking up videos on YouTube back when it was good, before censorship and purges. The videos regarding the New World Order and Illuminati attracted my attention. The videos discussed how the NWO would be rolled in and what would happen in the world, such as pandemics, financial collapses, martial law, etc. For an example, the powers that rule over us will lie and say there is a virus to scare people. There won't be a virus. The scared people will run to get vaccines and the virus will actually be in the vaccines. The NWO will crash our financial markets and continue to rip apart the family structure. Sport events will be turned into shooting events. They will drive forward various agendas, all of which will have our worst interests in mind. At the end of each video the hosts would say "Jesus is the Way." I kept asking Jesus "I know YOU are the way but I don't understand. We are still going to have to die. I don't understand how YOU are the Way. I am saved and believe YOU are real. What more is there? I'm still going to have to go through war so how are YOU the Way? I want to know. I want to understand. I do want YOU for my life but I just don't get it."

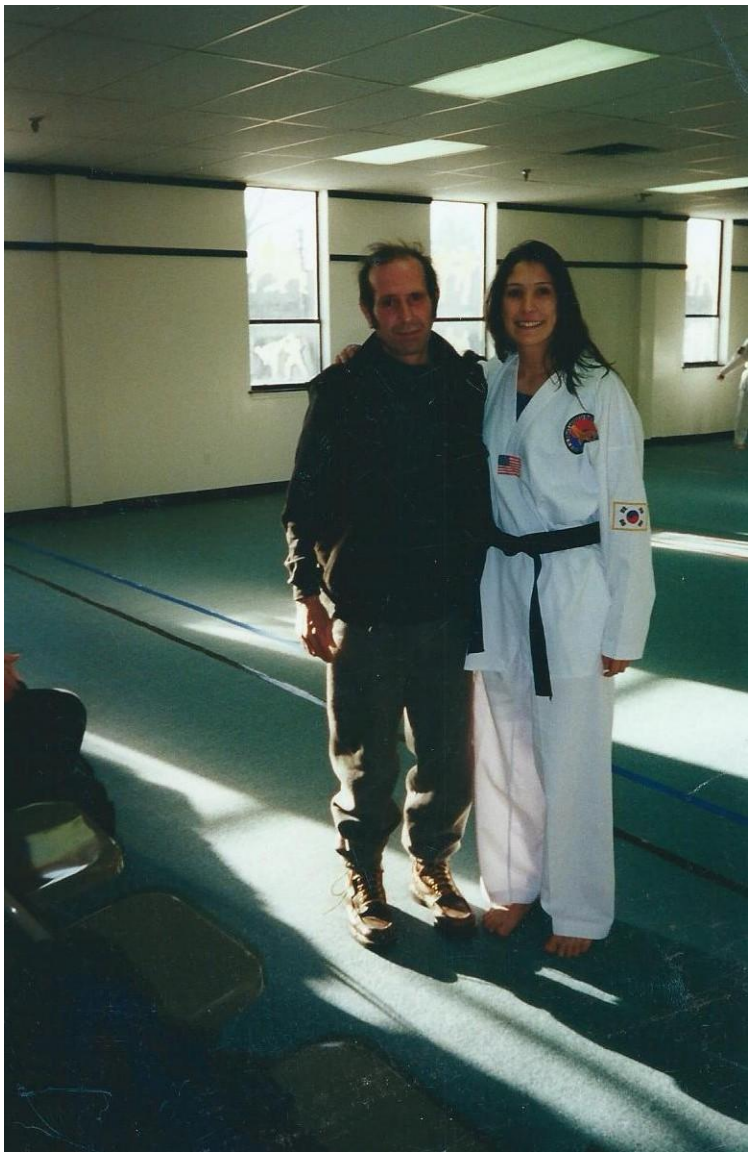
~Chasing Down Alien Aircraft~

In 2013 I was visiting my neighbor, Eddie, in the apartment complex where I lived. As Eddie and I talked outside on his porch steps he pointed to the building behind me. I heard excitement in his voice as he said "Holly look over at that. It is an alien!" I turned around to see an alien aircraft hovering over the apartment building right across the street in broad day light. I said "Eddie, it is an alien aircraft." He answered "I have never seen one before." I started to walk across the street towards it and I just happened to call out "Jesus make it go away, make it go away!" Then I saw the alien craft leap over a couple buildings and continue hovering above another building. It did not go away. So I followed it and started to run it down. If I caught up I planned on beating them up. Stupid plan but I was dead set on running towards alien air craft. It leaped again to the next block and hovered over more apartment buildings. I kept running at it and aloud I screamed "No, you can't do that. Stop! You can't do that! Jesus stop them! Stop them!" Suddenly the alien aircraft took off and out of sight in a split second.

When it disappeared I walked back to Eddie's apartment. I said "Wow, I cannot believe we just saw an alien aircraft." Eddie looked at me and replied "What are you talking about? I did not see anything. You just started to run down the block." I explained "Eddie, you pointed out the alien to me. What do you mean you didn't see anything?" I thought he was playing with me. Eddie repeated himself and

again claimed he did not see anything. His stare was blank and his eyes were empty. He kept denying that he saw anything and acted as if nothing had happened. I know what happened and what I saw, but I dropped the subject with him since he seemed to be in a trance.

Childhood Photos



Phil and Holly. Purple Belt Test 2001.



Senior Year Photos of Phil and Holly



Phil Baglio, Holly's biological father and dad.



William Gabory being Saluted and Awarded in the Navy at his Retirement.



William and Milly Gabory. Grandparents who raised Holly.



William, Milly and Holly on vacation.



The pony my biological mother forced me to ride.



Collage with Holly and her grandparents.

DEEP UNDERGROUND MILITARY BASES. My DUMB life.

~Gene Splicing~

How I came to be is not the same as everyone else. There was no flash of light from a sperm meeting egg in the fertilization process. I am a Rothschild science project come to life. At least that is how I felt for a long time. I will not give the name out of fear he will come to terminate me but also, I am not asking his permission to use his name in my book. It was the Rothschild who wore glasses and has a girl's name. He paid Josef Mengele a lot of money to create me. Josef Mengele was spared during World War 2 in Operation Paperclip. He was called, The Angel of Death because of his experimentations on humans. I had Stockholm syndrome over Mengele. If there was ever a problem, he would work on me and fix my wagon even if I was not the problem, so I nicknamed him, Joe the Mechanic. He used gene splicing to create me. I was implanted in my mother's womb. MKUltra programming started when I was in the womb and they traumatized me. During delivery, I was born breech. My butt came out first and I was folded in half. Mengele engineered me from start to finish. One way they collect DNA when elongated skulls, giant bones, as well as dinosaur bones, are found they smell like rotting meat. It is because there is still viable tissue inside the bones. The viable tissue containing DNA can be reanimated through Quantum Computers and Crispr technologies. Quantum Computers have been around since before I was born. Even though they sound new to us, it is not new technology. It has been hidden from the public for a very long, long time. There is nothing new under the Sun.

Joe used the DNA of my biological mother, biological father, Annunaki, and Rothschild's as a "signature" of ownership. He was creating the Ultimate War Fighting Weapon. If you have heard the story of when Adolf Hitler was serving in War as a Soldier, it may shed light on why these Super Soldier Projects were created. Also it may be helpful to watch the movie, The Boys from Brazil.

~The First DUMB~

When I was three years old, my biological mother had a falling out with my grandparents. She decided to move to San Antonio Texas. She wanted to start a new life and I was going with her. She took me out of the care of my grandparents. Once in San Antonio Texas I have no memory of my biological mother. There is one memory I have of being in the care of a lady who used to be married to my uncle. My uncle's ex wife and her new husband were not nice to me. Her new husband raised his hand threatening to smack me across the face because I wanted more meat and not more mashed potatoes with dinner. He is why I cannot to eat mashed potatoes to this day. Her three daughters did not treat me any better. They teased me and I did not feel safe or secure in their custody. San Antonio Texas were the first DUMBs I consciously remember.

I have no idea how the handler retrieved me but I remember them taking us children by convoy through Texas into the DUMB. I remember the flat land and dry dirt cracking the ground. There was no grass but rather shrubs and small trees, not anything like New Jersey. The sky was beautiful and the stars seemed brighter than normal. I gazed out the window while the other children slept next to me in the back. We were force given drugs to make us sleep and forget but mine wore off. Once inside the DUMB, I recall sitting on the floor with about 20 other children. On my left was a blonde-haired

boy who I would often see through this program. There were adults circling around above us children like vultures. I am not able to recall their names and their faces are still fuzzy. I asked this little boy what the adults were talking about as I did not understand. Everything was so frightening and I suffered denial. I asked him what the adults meant when they said "Super Soldier". He responded "Super Soldiers are myths." From my understanding, it is a person who has supernatural psychic abilities and powers above the average person. They turn the person into a Soldier and use their psychic abilities on the battlefield. At least for my entire lifetime, the military had trained me to be a Soldier. These Super Soldier projects are involuntary and us children were forced into them. This is one of the boys who would come back for me in 2011 when he got freed.

I have a memory about the MKUltra programming process itself. Us children were being electrocuted at the time. They were fracturing our minds and we would leave our bodies, disassociating ourselves from the pain. They were doing this so we could handle whatever was thrown at us once we were sent out on missions and assignments. An Alter does not have a whole-person perspective for decision making and can be easier to manipulate. They were doing this so we would become accustomed to handling trauma by means of dissociating. An Alter is a person who is stuck at the extreme moment of torture or impact. The person leaves their body due to excruciating pain. What is left over in place of the person who left their body is the shell or blank slate that the programmers train and program.

There are two things that happen to a person under extreme trauma and torture. They either die or their personality breaks. For a long time I felt like I was weak and inferior, as well as, embarrassed and humiliated that I had 169 Alters. I should never feel this way. Most people die from what I went through. My Alters were the strong ones and went through that trauma for me. It is survival of the fittest and I survived by all means necessary.

I was trafficked with a group of children that were also engineered by Mengele. Inside the DUMB we were programmed all together and to one another. We had to have these connections to one another to form a formidable Team. Our psychic abilities were synced up with one another. There were various other MKUltra Projects and the children from other Projects would sometimes be cross-hatched into our programming.

The programmers told us that every child had to go through Super Soldier and MK Ultra projects. We were told we were no different from anyone else and we were nothing special. They subjected us to satanic sacrifices to endorse our silence and secrecy. We were programmed to not remember. They used hypnotism, drugs, and trauma-torture based techniques. We were never supposed to remember what happened to us and if we did then the suicide programming would trigger and cause us to create our own demise and termination.

There are MKUltra Projects for various reasons. I am specifically from the Super Soldier Projects where Mengele was engineering humans beings created for the sole purpose of being the ultimate war fighting weapon. The other MKUltra Projects could turn a regular person into a shooter, plant, or fall guy within 7 days of programming, 14 days if the person is difficult. It is that simple. These MKUltra Projects can mind control someone for the purpose of driving forward agendas in Hollywood, the music industry and White House. They program people to be drug runners, journalists, prostitutes, politicians, attorneys, bankers, etc., for the sole purpose of being the Shadow Government, black mail our leaders in compromising positions and back up the Deep State's shenanigans, all the while stealing tax payer's money and inundating them with lies, false hope, a matrix of delusions and double speak.

~Superhuman~

As a Super Soldier I had many abilities and gained skills that were developed through various avenues. I could create a dream and pull you into it. I could invade your dreams. I still have spirit eyes, which means I can see angels and demons the same way I can see the physical realm. I could astral travel, astral project, remote view, and send telepathic messages. I had divination and various other psychic abilities and a photographic memory. I was able to leave my body and touch you and you would feel me brush beside you. I could leave my body, still operate it but have my spirit somewhere else actively engaged. I could manipulate an avatar. My physical abilities were superhuman strength, and the ability to run as fast as lightening. I was trained by Special Forces to handle myself against multiple attackers. I knew advanced weaponry and alien aircraft, as well as, how to handle myself in War and deadly situations. I was used as an assassin. The surgical enhancements made it so I could go long periods without food. It felt like I had bionic hearing and could hear people talking through walls. I could wield the spirit realm with ease.

~Dinosaur~

I remember being inside a DUMB that looked like a warehouse with rows and aisles of cages. Imagine a Wal-Mart super center. Take out the aisles of products and replace them with cages. Inside each cage were 5 to 10 young children. The cages were wired to each other and there was a constant humming sound. We were tied to the cage itself. The white lab coats would flip the switch and suddenly we got electrocuted. Most of the children died. Only a few cages in the entire warehouse had movement. In my cage all that were left alive were me and the little blonde boy I mentioned earlier. He was a little older and spared my life by giving me this advice. He put his hand on top of mine and said "Bow your head like the slaves did to the Egyptians." I listened to him and instantly bowed my head because walking down the aisle was a fallen entity that looked like a T Rex dinosaur. To say it looked like a T Rex dinosaur is the only way I can explain it. It had a royal purple cape on like kings wear. It had large feet with thick legs, a fat long tail, beady eyes, sharp teeth, and was scaly just like a dinosaur. It came and stood right in front of my cage. I think it is Queen Elizabeth or King Philip. Please note this child because later in this book I will mention three Super Soldiers. This child is one of them.

The T Rex dinosaur looked directly at me and asked me, "Why are you still alive?" I answered, "It hurts but some of the pain went away." It asked me "What are you scared of?" I responded "You." It laughed at me and said I had no reason to be scared of it. It took me out of the cage and into the next room. The wall was part window so people could see directly in. The dinosaur began to rape me with the other remaining children watching. When it was done, it beat me to a pulp and threw me against the wall. I slumped onto the floor in a puddle of my own blood. It fractured my skull. The T-Rex looking dinosaur thing left the room and screamed at the white lab coat to leave me on the floor and not to help me.

I remember sleeping inside of that cage with no pillows or blankets. We were not given food or drink. The torture was so bad and terrific that I remember one time being so happy to get back to my cage that I closed the door behind me and closed myself in. After all the torture that had taken place I looked at the cage as my only refuge. The other cages had children locked inside too. We were used lab rats by these white lab coats.

~Witch~

Inside the DUMB was an evil, rotten, dirty, smelly witch. She looked like the very demons she worshipped. I did not like her at all and she knew I was scared of her. There was one little girl locked inside a different cage who did not like me but liked the witch. She thought the witch was to be her friend. She thought if she was nice to the witch that the witch would be meaner to me and choose her as the favorite. The witch was fat, had ratty clothes on, and was truly horrid to look at with the naked eye. She was foul looking and foul smelling. Evil emanated off her. One day the witch came into the warehouse part where all the cages were with us locked inside. The witch took that little girl out of her cage and to the back of the warehouse into the MiLab. The little girl gave me an evil death look and her eyes lit up green. Next the witch came to take me from my cage and into the Milab room with the little brat girl. There were chairs inside and that little girl was strapped down into one. The witch put me in another chair next to her and strapped me down as well. I remember looking around the room and seeing what looked like little children and fetuses inside of jars sitting on the shelves along the walls. In some jars it looked like there were hybrids and different kinds of creatures unknown to me. The things inside the jars were awake and aware. I saw them watching what was happening in the MiLab. To think what they witnessed was normal to them. When they get out of that jar how are they going to treat others? Pain and suffering, death and blood will be normal to them.

The witch started inserting needles with tubes inside of me. Then she put black goo inside of the tubes and it entered into my body through the needle. I felt like I was being sucked down into a bottomless hole. I was clutching onto dear life to stay alive and to keep my heart beating. The witch injected the other little girl with the same stuff. I knew the Black Goo to be Annunaki DNA. Two things will happen to a person who is injected with alien DNA: death or insanity but the kind of insanity that leaves a person drooling on themselves in a vegetative state and warn down like the life is sucked out of them. They die shortly after.

I do not think my biological mother was aware at the time that this was going on. I do not believe that my biological mother had any participation in these projects. I do not believe that she sold me in. No one received money for me. Personally, I think they could have simply used her as a plant to reinforce my programming that I underwent. She was very cold hearted and cruel just like the programmers. At times she was belittling which caused me a great emotional and mental anguish. It kept me from ever having self-confidence and self-esteem. It put constant doubt and fear in my mind. She was the type of mother that when I cried in my crib she would not come to cradle me. She left me there until I cried myself back to sleep. She touted herself thinking that was the proper way to raise a child and degraded parents who picked their children and cradled them to stop them from crying. She called that spoiling the baby.

After three months of being in Texas my grandparents decided to fly to San Antonio. They came out to pick me up and bring me back home to New Jersey. I was very happy! I remember when my grandparents arrived. My grandmother slept next to me on the bed but Papa slept on the floor. I felt bad so I offered him my baby blanket and baby pillow. He graciously accepted it. My grandparents and I flew home on Eastern Airlines. Many people were coming back from a Cowboy's football game. They all had big cowboy hats on. I was scared to fly but they distracted me for the trip. Everyone was so nice, giving me things and giving me attention. It was great to be back with my grandparents again

where I felt true love. The Pilot of the Eastern Airlines gave me a pin and goodie bag when we exited the plane. The pin had eagles' wings on it which was their trademark.

~Furlough~

Once a year my grandparents would take me on vacation. When I was between the ages of 4 and 6 my grandparents brought me up to Niagara Falls in Canada three times. One year we spent Easter at Niagara Falls. I remember this well because I received an Easter basket at my grandparent's house, one at my biological mother's apartment, and one at the hotel with a big fat stuffed rabbit.

I believe that because of my grandfather's involvement in the Navy during WWII on a mine sweeper ship, the government tracked him and I. I am considered a multigenerational MK Ultra/Super Soldier. If my grandparents had been awake and aware, knowing what was happening they would have put their foot down and put a stop to these things immediately. I do not believe that my grandfather knew what was happening to him or me. I believe that he was an unwilling and unknowing candidate in human experimentation projects. With Projects such as Looking Glass, the Navy knew I was coming and continued to track me.

I remember when we visited Niagara Falls, a female programmer from an above ground Government Facility entered the hotel room where my grandparents and I slept with a Team of Soldiers dressed in black. She would either take me out or bring me back. The last time she brought me back she told me that I would not be coming back to Nelson Canada's facility. I think it was after the Majestic 12 rescue mission but my memories are distorted.

~Nelson Canada~

I remember being brought by convoy to an above ground Government Facility in Nelson Canada. The memory of the sound of lumberjacks rings in my head as I type. We seemed to be taken into a carport. Some children were flown in to this facility via small personal jets. Us children were huddled together individually wrapped in blankets as we waited to be brought inside. My memories are fragmented but they gave us LSD or something like it. I recall feeling the effects of a strong chemical. It was a harsh, uncontrollable, acidic feeling, and everything before me seemed very vivid, noisy and squirrely. There were adults in the room with us; a woman and two men. The woman wore some type of nurse outfit and the men were dressed in Nazi soldier garb.

They made us play a color game. Each child had to pick a colored tag. When it was my turn, I almost picked the color pink because my grandmother's favorite colors were pink and purple. She had our bathroom decorated in pink and purple. My bedroom was wallpapered pink and painted pink. When I reached for the pink tag, I saw a smudge on it. I changed my mind and chose the yellow tag. One boy picked blue. Another boy picked green. And so on and so forth. Once the children were finished picking the colored flags the woman programmer called out the color pink. The child that picked the pink flag was excited, thinking they had done well. Instead, the soldier threw the child into a pen with what looked like an overgrown wolf. The rest of us children watched in terror and horror as the wolf ate the child. Then more programmers came into the room, grabbed us children, strapped us down to

gurneys and wheeled us into separate rooms. I do not remember what happened after that but the MKUltra programming continued. Please remember my memories are scattered and fragmented.

What I can't forget about Nelson Canada are the freezing cold nights. When it was time for us children to sleep they kept the hanger doors open exposing us to the elements. There were two rows of cots where we slept freezing and shivering. One night a little boy whispered over to me from the other row of cots. When Special Forces were not looking, I ran over to his cot. I jumped and told him "We have to keep warm or we will die." We hugged each other to keep our body heat and were able to fall asleep for a little while. I heard a noise that woke me up so jumped from his cot back to mine. When I ran back to my cot, the blanket and pillow were frozen board stiff and colder than ice cubes. The security guards entered the hanger and screamed for all of us children to get on our feet. We were barefoot with our feet on the concrete. The cold radiated up my shins freezing my legs so I could not feel my feet to walk. Even thought they were numb they were excruciating.

Special Forces dressed in all black fatigues, wore helmets covering their faces and always carried weapons and large guns. They were not nice to us children either. I think the soldiers raped the children at night and abused them without telling the programmers. One soldier seemed to be nice though. I heard him talking to the little boy that I slept next to trying to keep warm. The soldier told him that I was his friend to him which that meant a lot to me.

Some of us built trauma bonds with one another when we could. Sometimes we would have a chance to talk to each other but feared being caught. That little boy lived in the DUMBs and stayed at these projects all the time. I wanted to stay with him to protect him but he told me it would be better to go home with my grandparents. I listened to him. Some of the created human beings never had a family to go home to, like I did. It depended on the purpose of their creation as to whether or not they got to live on the surface of the Earth.

One of my worst memories is the Ambush. There were about 6 of us kids in each hummer. The convoy consisted of several vehicles. They loaded us children and the convoy began traveling down the long winding roads through the cold and snowy mountains of Canada. Suddenly we heard a barrage of guns shots and our convoy came under heavy gunfire. We were caught in an ambush set up by Majestic 12 because they wanted us children for their own purposes.

The convoy came to a dead halt as all of us were taking a storm of bullets. We children were scared but the adults in the front seats told us to get out and run. They pulled out their weapons and began firing back out the window. We children exited from the passenger rear door and ducked down. We saw some of the other children evacuating their hummers and running. Some kids were shot and killed, while others were escaping. The adults shot some of the kids because to them it was better they were dead then lost to another faction of the Government. The adults from our hummer were engaging the enemy. I was next to two boys. The bunch of us caught our breath and bolted together. Some kids ran left and some ran right. The adults were firing back into the hills and along the road. They were firing to the skies above at incoming helicopters.

The two boys and I saw a small building like a shed in the near distance. The three of us ran as fast as we could towards it to take cover from the gunfire. Once at the shed the bullets were whizzing through the walls at us. Whether the walls were too thin or the bullets were a big caliber, there was no way to take shelter from the attack. We had no choice but to abandon the shed and keep moving.

Bullets were coming from every direction. We had to make a break for it and run for the woods in the back of the shed. The first boy who was tallest ran out first. Then the smaller boy and last was me. I was right behind them keeping up the pace running as fast as my feet would carry me. I saw the youngest boy be hit in the back of the shoulder with a bullet. It tore a hole in his back. The tallest boy and I kept running and never looked back. I blacked out while fleeing. The next time I become conscious, us children were at another facility in Canada but with a new group of adults. I had to do research to find out what happened and believe that Majestic 12 ambushed us to take control of our programming and us. They may have called it a rescue but we were not taken home safely. Instead, we were turned over into more MKUltra Projects.

~Skinner Boxes & Rattlesnakes~

We children were exposed to the worst imaginable traumas and tortures known to man. They would lock us in skinner boxes, which I hated. The baby snakes would slither between my toes and I would try to hold still and pretend I was dead, barely breathing and making no sounds or movements. I do not know how long they would leave me in there. All I know is it was long lengths of time and felt like days to a week. One girl was forced to have a skinner box over her head. They would open the sides of the box to torture her face. They would burn her, put spiders and insects into it. They did strange things in efforts to mind control her with that box on her head.

Another time we were lined up on a field. Plywood boards were placed across the field but underneath them were rattlesnakes. We were made to run as fast as we could on top of the boards and before the rattlesnakes got mad, slithered out and bit us. I remember hauling ass. Before we could get to the second board, let alone make it to the other side of the field, the rattlesnakes were jarred and attacking. They reared up from the sides of the plywood boards and one struck me in the foot. I tried to keep running but blacked out while I was falling down to the ground towards the snakes.

~Surgical Enhancements~

We were implanted and operated on. The implants put inside my body were to give me access to the DUMBs, track me and activate me. I remember when the doctors were operating on me I hovered over my body. It was intentional. They pulled me out of my body and forced me to watch them. It made me feel like I had no control over anything, not my body, not my life, and not even death. They had my body cut, spread open and pinned back, similar to what students in school do when dissecting a frog for science class. I saw three doctors standing over my little body on their operating table. I saw five dark powers or principalities standing over the doctors as they operated. It seemed like they were doing something to my organs, inserting robotics and putting metal into my skeleton.

~Pact/Don't say HIS name~

I have memories of a programmer reading the King James Version Holy Bible. It always had to be King James because James was a demonologist and pedophile, not a child of YHUH. King James wrote his demons into Scripture. King James took YHUH and YAHUSHA's name from us and replaced them with

words such as god and lord. The words god and lord summon fallen entities. Douglas Riggs, a programmer in the DUMBs would read 1 John, 2 John, and 3 John to me. He beat me along to his readings. I hated the "my fair lady" or "my chosen lady" part of 2 John because it meant he was going to rape me and use me as a receptacle.

To be in any kind of MKUltra Project they always make the victim renounce our Savior. Even Project Morning Star that Kim Clement was a part of renounces our Savior. That's what they do not tell you. All MKUltra Projects make their participants renounce YAHUSHA or you are murdered. They will not let you leave until you make the renunciation. Remember just because someone says they are a believer does not mean they are living like it. Absolutely not, I never followed Kim Clement. YHUH led me away from him for the very reasons I mentioned above.

In one specific memory the white lab coats stood over me beating me and screaming at me to renounce my Savior. I would take their words and space them out so in the end I was not saying the sentence in full. The lab coats were growing sick and tired of my shenanigans and ready to terminate my existence. YHUH showed up and told me to do what the Lab Coats said. HE told me if I did not renounce HIM that the lab coats would kill me. HE told me to do what they said but he would be back when I was older. I saw the number 40 in my mind's eye. Eventually I did give in and say the sentence required by the Lab Coats to renounce our Savior. It broke me. I took what little light I had and buried it deep within my soul and forgot about it so no one could take or damage the last little bit of light I had.

We were being sent deeper into the MKUltra Projects. We were losing identities, innocence, inner essence and ourselves. Three boys and I made a pact with each other between torture sessions. We were all under the age of 13. The four of us made a pact that should anyone of us get free we would come back for the others. One little boy teased me saying that I was too scared and chicken shit to come back for him. I told him "I promise to Heavenly ABBA I will not be scared and I will come back." I went on to explain that I do not know Heavenly ABBA but so far HE has never lied to me. They may have not meant to but even my grandparents lied by saying that Santa Claus was real. While speaking to the boys I had the Holy Bible pictured in my head. Heavenly ABBA is only a title and not HIS name but I did not know that at the time. I did know better than to mention HIM in the DUMBs but I slipped. Suddenly a reptilian ripped off the door to the room where the 4 of us sat. The reptilian proceeded to beat the ever living daylights out of me for saying "Heavenly ABBA". Apparently, to say HIS name or refer to HIM in any capacity, hurts the different types of alien species inside of the DUMBs. When they hear HIS name it throws a wrench in their works and it hurts them. It hurts their entire being and they run off to hide. To hear HIS name is a full assault on the aliens. Once they are done recoiling, look out! They will come back to find you to take out revenge on you. You are not allowed to say HIS name or mention HIM at all in the DUMBs and in front of aliens.

~Daisy Game~

We were left outside to the elements in a fenced in area without shade or shelter. It felt like we were there for a week. There was a group of about 20 of us. When Joe the Mechanic entered he had us sat down on the ground in front of him. All of us were starving thirsty and haggard from being outside. He pulled out a daisy and began to play a game. The first petal was plucked and Joe said "He loves me." He pulled the second petal and then "He loves me not." When he said it he said it in a mean wicked

voice making an evil expression on his face. As he plucked the third petal he said “He loves me” in a nice, sweet, soft, and loving voice. He did this until the last petal. The last petal landed on “He loves me not.” Joe looked straight at me. He started walking in my direction. All the kids knew I was doomed and they watched on. He was looking and walking straight at me without hesitation. My stomach was sinking and I was thinking to myself “Oh no, no, no, no, no.” Right at the last step, he turned to his left and picked up the child sitting next to me. A blood-curdling scream came out of the child. He walked back to the front while the other child’s eyes were locked onto mine. I could not look away. I kept thinking “That should have been me.” I know the child was thinking the same thing. Joe loved me not. I was screaming and just as terrified as the other child. My mind goes blank. I do not know if I ran up to stop Joe or if I stayed seated in place screaming. He killed the child in front of us. It was to dehumanize us and desensitize us to torture and death. It was done to program me to be a Super Soldier.

~Electrocution~

Electrocutions were the worst. They hurt badly! I will never be able to forget one specific memory. I was in a cage inside a smaller room. The room was filled from ceiling to floor with cages, three stacked high that lined almost every inch of the room. There was a little boy with a red shirt next to me in another cage. Joe would flip the switch and electrocute all the children at the same time even though we were locked inside individual cages. He would repeatedly electrocute us children over and over. Just as quickly as he would stop the electrocution, he would restart. We could not catch a breath.

Joe paused electrocuting us only long enough to grab what seemed like a random child from a cage. I did not know it but he had a method to his madness. He followed a mind control template. He brought a child to the center of the small room, placing them on a table. He would torture that child to death using different torture devices and different methods of death. There would be blood and body parts all over the place. Joe was a grand sorcerer, not just a scientist. He could open a portal in you but most people only focus on Jack Parsons opening a portal in the desert. Joe would cut the child, disemboweling, and dismembering them while chanting and doing rituals to demons. My memory cuts in and out. I tried to remember but the electrocutions made it difficult. When the demons show up, they make the electrocution and child sacrifice even worse because I can see them.

At one point the little boy in a red shirt in the cage next to mine said something and I responded “We will be lucky when he kills us. We will be lucky when we are dead.” I remember thinking that it was hurting me worse to go through this than it would hurt my grandparents to find out I was dead. That little boy and I were the only children left alive in the room that day. I do not recall how many other children were tortured to death. If I had to guess I would say about 10.

~Programmers raping us~

Joe had me and two other little boys inside what seemed like an army barrack office. It had a several long desks and a bunch of chairs. There were windows to the room but high up on the wall. One boy and I were tied to chairs. Joe took the other boy and severely raped him. He made me and the tied up boy encourage him by saying derogatory things to the boy he was raping. He took the second little boy

and did the same thing to him. Joe made us encourage his bad behavior and say things we did not mean. Even though boys were his favorite it did not stop him from sodomizing me.

~Adults buying us~

Another little boy and I were sold to adults like we were fast food. We were in a room with a bunch of adults who striped off our clothes and raped us on the floor. There were women there too and they joined in. I thought they would not engage because they were women but I was wrong. I started to lose it and disassociate from my body. I looked over to the boy who was next to me being raped too. Our eyes locked on to each other. His gaze was the only thing to keep me alive. Eventually, I went black. When the adults were finished, the little boy and I were taken to a room to shower and get dressed. We cleaned off blood and other people's body fluids. I was a wreck. I thought the little boy was okay because he did not seem to be as fazed by it as me. He said to me "Holly, just because I am a boy and you are a girl does not make a difference. It is still rape." This little boy would later to go on to profoundly and directly impact my life. He would be assassinated when he became an adult. His name was Max Spiers.

~Buckingham Palace~

I was taken to Buckingham Palace by an unknown man and flown on a Commercial Airliner. I could not understand why the flight attendants, pilot and people working at the airport did not notice and stop him. I did not look anything like him. He had a fake passport that had one month, one day, and one year added onto my original birthday. The name said, Lori Rene Schultz, or something like that. Once at Buckingham Palace I was chained up in their dungeons. There was a man and a woman who oversaw us and tortured us. It was so brutal and scary that its hard to remember and give details of what exactly they did. They would play games but we would wind up beaten, drugged and raped. They would perform different mind control traumas on us where the woman would be nice while the man was mean. They would switch roles and she would be mean and raped us while the man would be nice. When we were chained to the floor in the dungeons, it was cold, wet and filled with worms and bugs. There was a girl there who seemed older. She was trying to help me understand what was being said by the adults. I was so terrified at what they were doing that it felt like they were speaking another language. I could not understand but I also could not comprehend the evil I was experiencing. The man and woman would throw the tortured children down the stairs. They would give us food and force us to eat it because various drugs were in the food and drink.

Buckingham Palace was the first human hunting party I went through. They striped us down naked and were screamed at to run. I could not believe my ears and did not want to run at first. They forced us to run. Then they came after us with guns and dogs. Some were on foot, some were on horses and some were on quads. They hunted us like deer. I was terrified out of my mind, running and trying to figure out what to do. I thought to jump in water to get the scent off of us. I thought to hide. It did not matter as the adults hunted and found us. When the children found they were raped, mutilated sacrificed and eaten. We were used for sport. In one memory, they blew a bugle horn to signal the hunt was over. I don't know how or why I survived. I can only assume that it was predetermined what children lived.

~School in the DUMB~

They had school inside the DUMB just as I did in my normal life. I got things right and the white lab coats teaching us always seemed pleased with me, unlike the regular teachers I had in regular school. I excelled here and I liked it much better than schools in my regular life. They would give us puzzles and different things. We would use our psychic abilities. The only drawback was if a kid acted up or got in trouble, we all paid the price. We learned different languages, other mathematics, other sciences, symbols, and advanced technology. I remember working and learning alongside different alien species.

~Messiah Programming~

There was a group of us children dressed in white robes and adults were leading us into a cave. I think I was about 8 years old. We were out in the woods but I do not know where. We entered into the cave but the adults stopped me and told me to wait. They led the rest of the children deeper into the cave. Stationed by the mouth of the cave was another adult who was there to make sure I stayed away from the rest of them and did not engage in what they were doing. I do not know why they left me out of this program and ritual. I tried sneaking around to get a peek but to no avail. I heard blood-curdling screams coming from the children. At one point, I did get a quick glimpse at the children who were in a big chamber inside the cave. They were undressed and on the floor. Some were still alive but the other children were bloody, in pieces {missing heads) and on the ground. This is a difficult memory for me to recall because out of a group of children, only a few made it out of that cave.

Messiah Programming was nasty! Being in Project IBIS exposed me to Messiah Programming. I do not know what else to call it. They would take a child, hang the child on a crucifix and then beat the child senseless. The programmers would tell the child, “Jesus expects you to take this. He wants you to be beaten to a bloody pulp unrecognizable because he was beaten. Jesus is no different from you and he expects you to take it.” Once the trauma and torture was completed, they would tell the child “you are Jesus now”. They would do everything to that child that our Savior went through but in addition, they would rape the child leaving them with panda eyes. If the child died during these projects, they would simply resuscitate the child and continue. Dying was just a part of the projects. Mengele would kill me by drowning me. I would die. Mengele would leave me dead for minutes and then resuscitate me just to do it over and over and over again. It was to program my soul. Still to date I feel like I have one foot in death seeing on the other side of the veil, and one foot here in life.

~Breeding Program~

I was used in the Breeding program a couple of times. I was impregnated at a young age under 9 years old. I remember being brought into a MiLab with my grandmother. She looked like she was in a hypnotic trance. The Rothschild put me on the gynecological table and took my fetus from inside of my belly out. I had the impression that my baby was given to another woman to carry to full term. Talk about cuckoo birds!

In another memory, very Rothschild who paid Joe money to create me and the one considered to be

my father was the one to impregnate me. He and his wife had me chained to the floor by the ankle. I am not sure of my exact whereabouts but I believe I was in one of their castles. They literally gave me a pot to pee in. I had no privacy and everything I had to do was done out in the open for all to see. I remember being chained and I had a fat belly showing. I was nearing my due date. He and his wife had me shine their shoes. As I shined, his wife hurled insults at me and told me how he loved her and I was nothing to him. She mocked and belittled me as I carried his baby and served her as a personal slave girl. She raped me. As soon as I delivered my baby and it was outside of my body, Rothschild sacrificed it. He sliced my baby boy's neck open and drank the blood. I fought so hard to stop it that they almost killed me too. My whole body was cut up in the knife fight. At this point in my life the programming completely broke me. I locked myself away in my mind and forgot about myself, hopes, desires, and dreams. This is when the programming was completed to the point that my identity was completely striped and gone. I had no boundaries, no choices, no protection, and no strength. I was beaten down into a pulp of nothingness.

~Israel-beneath the Western Wall~

They sex trafficked me to wealthy elite. I was brought into the buildings that are underneath the Western Wall underground in Jerusalem Israel. They me spit on me and used me as a receptacle. They had raped me inside of a Jacuzzi and I drowned during the process. When the men were finished they had thrown me outside of the Jacuzzi. Another man came up and kicked me in the back which caused me to cough up water and start breathing again. As I lay on the floor sopping wet and struggling to live, the men took a little boy in the Jacuzzi and drowned him. They were still having sex with him after he was dead.

~The Den and Monastery~

Where I grew up in Far Hills New Jersey just a few miles down the road was a monastery. Before it was a monastery, a wealthy railroad tycoon built it. His name was Blair. The hill the monastery sits on was cut and landscaped purposefully by Blair. He spent crazy amounts of money creating his den. When the nuns owned the monastery they kept the property nice looking. It had reflecting ponds and was grand looking. However there is an ominous side to it. The statues that surround the front of the monastery are not of the 12 Apostles, but rather of the 12 people who crucified our Savior. It has a lake that surrounds about half of the property. There was a boathouse that was abandoned and for many years it was half-sunken into the lake before it finally fully collapsed in. A reservoir runs off from the lake and there is a small waterfall. Currently, the den is owned by a private couple and is under heavy surveillance.

There was a man with dark hair who always wore black pants and a black leather jacket. He was one of my programmers and handlers. He went by the name of Mike. Mike would take me out of my house late at night when everyone was sleeping and bring me to this monastery. I was brought there a few times that I can recall. One time I was brought there with several other children. They took us inside the front doors and to a room on the left hand side. There the adults took the hoods off our heads that covered our faces. There were a handful of men and one women too. They took some of the children into other rooms of the den. I was left behind with the remainder of the children. The adults were feeding us alcohol and drugs. All the children were being raped and I do not know how many

they killed. The programmer came into the side room where I was and told me to come with him. He brought me down by the lake where the boathouse was partially sunken into the lake. He had a cage that he made me decorate as if it was a comfortable room. The programmer told me to go get the rope from his truck that was parked slightly up the hill. When I brought it to him he had tricked a little boy with a dog to get inside the cage. The programmer then submerged the cage into the lake and began walking away. As I followed him I kept staring back at where the cage was inside the water and was terrified for the boy and dog. The programmer grabbed my arm and pushed me forward. He screamed at me "Stop looking back and forget about them!" However, I could not.

I was brought back home and put inside of my bedroom without the rest of the household waking up. Please remember, these programmers are Black Operations. Black Operations can enter a house filled with dogs and get around them without a commotion. Black Operation soldiers have abilities way beyond the average person. That night I could not get back to sleep. I ended up walking back to the monastery two miles down the road. My memory is terribly choppy. When I went back the monastery, I made it to the same room that I had been taken to earlier that evening. I untied the children and quietly snuck us out. We walked back to my grandmother's house in the early hours of the morning just before the sun rose. We were all cold and the children were barely dressed. I think a couple children were missing sneakers but we kept marching to what we thought was freedom. We sang the song, "Over the river and through the woods, to grandmother's house we go…"

When we finally made it back to my grandmother's home, I brought the children inside. Gram seemed to be in a trance or hypnotized. She sat us at the table and began cooking breakfast. We ate and started to feel safe. A knock came at the front door. As Gram stood at the stove still preparing more food I answered the door. It was one of the programmers. I had seen her before in Nelson, Canada. I thought she was going to beat the daylights out of me for doing taking the children. Instead she showed mercy on me and said "Holly, you cannot do that again." She had light brown or dirty blonde hair, average stature and nothing stood out about her appearance. I can't remember her name. She rounded up the kids and took them outside where another man was waiting at the car. They got the kids in the car and drove off down the street back to the monastery.

~Project Looking Glass~

When asked about Project Looking Glass I feel I usually give the wrong answer because too many vague memories rush forward. In one memory they brought me into a room with large screens. The programmers had me on some sort of drugs, sounds playing in my ears, and I was strapped down to a seat that looked like a glorified dentist chair. They forced me to watch those screens with different scenarios playing out. All I recall is my body ached and after awhile I lost consciousness in the chair. This was some sort of MKUltra Project but I do not know what the name was.

In another memory, which may be the one I am looking for, I remember standing in front of an object that reflected my image. I do not want to say it was a mirror because it was more than that. It looked like huge crystal or gemstone. It was thick and it stood vertically. It was a taller than my height. When I looked into the Looking Glass, it showed me my life and things that would happen. People came and went, live and die. I got frustrated and upset with what the Looking Glass showed me and I took my fists and pounded on it. I did not break it. It suffered no damage or impact from me but I whaled on it. I think it showed me that I would made poor decisions causing me to miss time with someone

special who meant a lot to me. I was mad at myself for not doing something and someone special died too soon.

~Project BETA~

I was not in Project Monarch because I was born into MKUltra. Therefore I went through Project Beta, which is similar. I was paired up with a boy and brought into a MiLab. We were about 13 years old. The man and woman lab coat instructed us what to do and watched us. They taught us how to have sex and what to do right down to detail. In my normal life I never so much as kissed a boy let alone have sex with one. I understand the adults raped us but this time I was made to have sex with someone my own age. Everything was done to the liking of the man and woman programmers. I was so embarrassed. When it came time for us to have an orgasm during intercourse, the boy whispered in my ear "Bury your head in my neck and pretend they are not here. They are not going to let us go until you do." When we simultaneously had an orgasm together I saw his soul and my soul light up, intertwine in each other and explode around us like a huge soap bubble. The lab coats wanted us to create that spiritual soul tie with one another. They warped and perverted it. They used that soul tie in physical and astral warfare. This kind of soul tie was meant to be special between a married man and woman during the love making process to create another life. The programmers and MKUltra projects perverted the soul tie by weaponizing it and using it for war and deceit.

We were taken out of the room and placed into another one to get dressed. As I sat to tie my shoes, the boy sat down very close next to me and leaned into me. He whispered "You are not my first, but you are my best." That eased the uncomfortable embarrassing feeling I was having. He knew I was emotionally struggling. We used the soul ties made between the Super Soldiers for combat situations and other missions/assignments. With this connection to one another we knew each other's thoughts and moves before they were made. It made us work in sync and like we were one person which gave us more power. Through this connection, another Super Soldier could draw from my energy and heal. Through this connection, we were linked up telepathically, a bond without interruption.

~Area 51~

Three boys and I were locked into an army barracks for radiation experimentation in Nevada. There was a cot for each of us. The barrack was partially built in the ground but had windows high up on the wall that were ground level. The programmers tricked us by bringing us into this room and not telling us the truth about what they were doing. Then they left the room, locking the door behind them. The four of us were trapped with no escape. The sky turned to red and orange like colors. I think they dropped a bomb on us or near us. The boy to my left stood up from his cot and started to tremor. His teeth began to fall out from his mouth. The boy to my immediate right started shaking and it looked like he was melting. The boy to his right sat up from the cot but was frozen like stone. I got mad and started to scream, "They tricked us, they tricked us. ABBA do not let this happen".

The next memory is I wake up to find myself in a plastic bubble in a medical facility. The other kids were in their own plastic encasing next to mine. We all had tubes hanging out of our bodies and monitors on us. We were quarantined and the doctors wore big suits to avoid coming into contact with us. I felt something in my throat. I reached my fingers inside my mouth and pulled out some sort

of growth. When I ripped it out of my mouth, I was able to breathe with ease. The memory stops there.

~1000 Points of Light / Castle Amerios~

A small group of kids and I were brought to a Castle in Belgium. I don't know how long we were there. We were satanically ritualized and abused. It was so horrific and scary that it is hard for me to remember. I was terrified out of my skull as a child. The witches put us through a Human Hunting Party. They called themselves the "mothers of darkness". I remember running through dark woods and trying to protect my eyes and not to run into tree branches or bushes. We were naked with no clothes, no shoes and no idea of where we were and what lurked on the property. What stands out to me is the deer stand at the edge of the property. I made it to the deer stand and thought I was safe by laying down on it. I was not safe because they found me in such an obvious place. My memory goes blank as soon as I see them walk out of the bushes towards me. Honestly, I am surprised I remember this much and must have snapped out of Alter. Maybe the carrot at the end of the pole was, the make it to the deer stand without being shot and we will let you live.

One day when we had finished a program that involved the kids who were created humans, I remember being outside in the sun trying to play like a child is supposed to. People in black hooded robes, holding different objects in their hands, came outside from the Castle chanting something. They passed in front of us, choose a child and then reentered the Castle. They were doing a satanic sacrifice. I think it was the first time I had heard the word "sacrifice". I said to another young boy who was outside with me riding around on a tricycle "Why does he get Chosen but we don't? Did he do better than us? Why are they sacrificing him and not us?" The young boy responded to me "You don't want to be sacrificed. That means they will kill you." They sacrificed the child to summon their dark principalities. It is powerful light entity that makes decisions for the world's affairs. There is a room in the castle where the arches in the ceiling light up in 1000 points when their deities are summoned and actually show up. It has other meanings but this was my raw comprehension from personal experience. For some reason the Vanderbilt children pop into my head at this moment. In 2016 a girl reached out to me asking if I remembered her. I did but was only awake from MKUltra for 2 years so when the memories started to come back as I spoke to her, I misread the memories as something else. I remember sitting Indian style on the floor with a few children. There was a pretty blonde or light brown haired girl to my left and she was nice to me. I remember laughing with her and always looking for her when brought back to the place. Her parents sold her into it.

~Fighting Super Soldiers~

As a teenager I was brought into a DUMB by my handler. He was in a room with a golden cube in his hand, and/or a glove on. There was a girl sitting on top of his lap. The handler called me into the room and commanded me to fight her. I walked over to her, grabbed her away from him by her neck, dropped her to the floor, and began fighting. I was ordered to fight until the death. The fight ended quickly with her motionless on the floor. I stood above her and then walked out of the room. It was either her or me and I was not about to die that day. The handler and many other men watch us as if we were in a ring. This was so disturbing to me that I snapped out of Alter. As I exited the room, I crossed the hallway to the other side and put my back to the wall, sunk down into a seated position

with my knees up and head hiding in them. The handler comes out and said "Get used to it." He proceeded down the corridor and exited through a door at the end, as if it was no big deal.

~On the Moon~

The kids that I was trafficked with by the military were sent to the Moon. The Moon is another dimension and not a physical place that one can fly to and land on like we can fly to another country on an airplane. The Moon we see in the night sky is a luminary. It is a light floating around in the ether giving off its light. Please remember the International Space Station is deep inside a pool of water on the Earth. The Secret Space Program is also in a Deep Underground Military Base on the Earth. The ISS is not above us nor are satellites. The ISS is not floating around in outer space like Nasa claims. To say these lies are a part of the mind control programming on the mass population. In addition, Gwen Towers send out frequencies that mind control people without them realizing it. The towers disguised as trees have nothing to do with our cell phone or wireless services. Nasa has almost everyone confused as to where they live and what they live on.

When we teenagers were in the Secret Space Program, the people running the projects tried to blow us to kingdom come. There was an explosion that blew us to smithereens because they were shutting down an MKultra Project. Apparently, when the Military shuts down an MKUltra Project they also terminate the creations and experiments they used during the project. Therefore, they exterminated us. I remember crawling away from the scene on my elbows and belly dragging the rest of my body behind me. There were only two of us left alive, by my recollection.

Mercenaries came traveling by in a smaller air vehicles they called pods. I remember this large strong man reaching down and hoisting me into the pod. The mercenaries brought us to the swastika shaped building on the Moon. The mercenary said I had fallen into a hole that almost took off my foot and leg. I fell in a hole where spikes were sticking up from the ground with a fake floor covering it over like the ones in the Vietnam War. It was a booby trap but covered up to blend it into the scenery.

When I became conscious again I found myself in a hospital bed inside a large room. I was all bandaged up and in wrecked condition. As I looked around, I saw multiple hospital beds in a row and a couple different doors inside the room. I got up and walked over to the main door of the room as I heard noise coming out from behind it. When I opened the door I looked across the hallway to the windows. I could see the Moon's surface which looked foreign, and I knew I was not at home anymore. In the hallway were different alien species walking around. I passed out onto the floor in fright. A nurse came running over to me. She had on a red shirt and brown pants. The nurse picked me up off the floor and put me back in my hospital bed. Shortly after, the doctors entered my hospital room. They told me I was going to be in the hospital a few weeks to heal. I asked them where the other Soldier was. The doctor responded that he was in worse shape than me and I could not see him. I threw a temper tantrum and I demanded those doctors bring him to me NOW! Finally, to shut me up, they wheeled him into my room via wheel chair. I rose from my bed, walked over to him and knelt down. I put my hand on his knee and said "Commander, Commander!?" He could barely open his eyes to look at me. He was completely mangled. Afterwards they took him back to his room next to mine and we were kept separated.

The doctors proceeded to tell me that clones were made of me. No one on Earth would miss me as they had a clone in my spot. No one would ever realize I was gone. I began to remote view the clone that had taken my place on Earth. I wanted to make sure that clone treated my grandmother right in my absence. One day the mercenary who saved me came to visit. He was nice and gave me coins for the Coca Cola machine, which just happened to be right outside the door to my room. I could not wait to heal and get home to see Gram. I missed her as I was all alone in the hospital and there was no way for her to visit me.

~Trauma Center in UK~

The group of created humans and I were being programmed in an above ground facility in the UK. It was a trauma center but not the kind you would expect. In the mornings the staff would gently whisper to wake us up. They would escort us into the cafeteria that was brightly painted with pastel colors. There were many windows open with a warm breeze blowing inside. They fed us good food. Us children would sit with each other and make drawings, feeling a sense of peace and security. However, after breakfast, the nightmare started all over again and we were back into grueling MK Ultra programming. It was a trauma center to cause trauma geared specifically towards our psychic, telepathic, and kinetic abilities. It was just a different type of programming.

~Blasphemy~

When exiting a DUMB with the other children I said "If Jesus loves all the children then where was HE just now to stop what they did to us? Where is HE? HE has no love for anyone let alone children!" The other kids agreed with me. We had just gone through brutal torture and I got mad at Jesus.

~Russia~

Because of a programmer and handler I had I was sent over to Russia. It was during Ronald Reagan's Presidency just to mark the time period of occurrence. I don't think it had anything do to with Reagan but rather the handler. Wealthy and connected men were raping me. It was a group of naked men that did not speak English. When one man finished, I was passed to the next one, and so on. At the end, there was one man that got a hold of me, but he was different from the rest. He was gentle with me and did not touch me in a harsh brutal manner. He took a liking to me and had softness in his eyes.

Back in my normal life I was in 5th grade and we had physical fitness, aka, gym class. At the time there were standards put forth for us to achieve but it was made to be a type of contest. We had to be able to do a certain number of sit-ups, pull ups, run a certain minimum distance under a certain amount of time and be able to reach a certain level of flexibility while stretching our muscles. If we could reach the required standards set forth, we were given a Certificate and the Presidential patch from Ronald Reagan. Of course I blew all the other kids away not only achieving the standards but going beyond my class and setting new records. I was stronger, faster, and more coordinated than all the other kids in grammar school.

~Bohemian Grove~

They told me to run and made me think I had a chance to escape with the children. We were in a place with huge redwood trees that looked like it was a place of retreat. There were many politicians and wealthy men there. I took the kids and started running as fast as I could. I was trying to think of everything I could to keep us safe since I had been put through Human Hunting Parties before. I made it to a house that looked like it was separate from the place we were running from. When I went into the house I spotted a phone. I think I was about 10 years old because I remember thinking that if I called my step dad, maybe he would believe me and get the authorities for us. When I started to make the call doors swung open in the back of the room and a group of adults came out laughing at me. They mocked me in jokester voices saying "oh you thought you were getting free. You never had a chance. You will never see the kids again. You failed." It did not dawn on me that they owned the whole mountain.

~Pyramid in South America~

We were taken down to South America for a mission. Another Soldier and I were taken to a Mayan pyramid and told what to do. Once he and I were on top he performed a human sacrifice of a young girl. There was blood everywhere. As I stood there, a shiny light being emerged and stepped out of the night sky down onto the top of the pyramid right next to me. It was very tall and big. It emanated beautiful bright colors. It began talking to me as if it was no big deal for something like this to happen. When I engaged the shiny light being, I left my body, shot out a couple hundred feet away from the pyramid and stopped. I turned around to look back at the pyramid and as I saw the shiny light being standing next to me and engaging me, my memory goes black. The human sacrifice was done was to summon this shiny light being in order to obtain its powers to be able to fulfill our next mission's requirements.

~Jungle Warfare~

Large teams of Black Operation Super Soldiers were commissioned in the jungle to fight fallen entities that do not belong on Earth. We left our base to surveil the area. I was driving the hummer in a convoy. Inside the hummer was the Commander leading the mission who sat in the back seat attending to the computer and another high-ranking Super Soldier sat in the passenger seat next to me. The convoy came to a stop and I got out a thermos spreading around a drink for the three of us to share. Suddenly we heard a strange noise. Before we could take another sip the other soldier flew out of the hummer and I followed suit. I jumped out of the driver's side door and hopped over the hood. We had morphing abilities. The other soldier climbed up the tree next to the hummer like he was a cross between a monkey and a panther. I was right behind him climbing up the tree next to him. Once I reached the canopy top, we morphed into our true Super Soldier forms. Our muscles enlarged, we became taller in height and adopted super human strengths. It was my responsibility to be defenses. I could throw up a protective shield around me and the other soldier to deflect incoming fire from the enemy's weapons. His responsibility was offensive and to kill it or take physical control of it. We spotted the creature from the canopy and started off in hot pursuit. The other soldier was in front of

me firing upon the entity. The entity looked like Bigfoot. On a different assignment, we went after an entity that looks like cross between Alien and Predator, from the movie.

As the entity dropped down to the jungle floor, we dropped down and started running instead of swinging through the trees. We saw an alien aircraft rise up through the bushes as the entity ran towards it. As the entity made it to the aircraft, the soldier and I start taking incoming fire from the aircraft. The soldier and I split, jumping off into opposite directions to avoid being hit by the incoming fire. The entity escaped and the aircraft flew off. A second later a black helicopter went flying overhead after the aircraft in another hot pursuit. When we returned to the convoy where the Commander of Operations and the remained of the Team was based, I kept my head down. I approached the Commander of Operations and said "I failed, he got away, now they will never let me come back." He looked at me as if he were more disappointed in what I said then he was that the entity escaped. He told me to get back inside the vehicle and I did. These entities are fighting for control of the Earth. The Earth was created for human beings, not these interdimensional beings.

~Peru~

One of the few memories that made me laugh and smile is of the jungle. On another mission with Black Operation Soldiers in Peru while being transported on a bus, I kept leaning forward to the seat in front of me. I continuously asked one of the Soldiers if he remembered previous Jungle missions. I had not seen him in a long time and was ecstatic to reunite with everyone. I kept asking him "Do you remember the Jungle? Do you remember the Jungle?" Similar to how little kids in a long car ride will ask, "Are we there yet? Are we there yet?"

While we were in Peru a soldier and I were surveilling the area. We wound up taking a break from everything. I was driving the hummer and took off into the jungle like a monster truck stunt driver. He and I got laughing so hard I wound up getting the hummer stuck on the side of the mountain. This caused us to laugh even harder. I came up with the idea to leave it there and go down to the water that was below. It was so beautiful there. The sun was perfectly warm. The weather felt like I was in Heaven. The scenery was incredible! He and I relaxed down by the water. I told him "Don't worry about the hummer, we're the government, let them come out and fix it."

~Junior High School~

I recall a blonde-haired girl from the DUMBs who was also a Rothschild. She and I both went through the same MK Ultra projects. We were friendly with one another. At least she appeared to be an ally unlike some of the other Soldiers from different bloodlines. A group of girls were bullying me in my normal life, in William Annin Junior High School. It had me so nervous and scared that I was beside myself. When I got to the DUMB it kept wearing on me so I said something to one of the other Soldiers. She and I were walking side by side down the corridors of the DUMB. I told her about the group of girls bullying me. They made it clear they wanted to do physical harm. The Rothschild girl turned to me with the biggest smirk and sparkle in her eye citing, "Holly, you are here, not them! You were chosen and they are not. You are trained. Do not be scared of them. You could take down that whole entire school if you wanted to. They are not smart like you. You went through these projects not them so they are not strong like you."

We were programmed to think that all children went through these projects like us but since the other children never said anything about it that their silence meant they were strong and unaffected by it; we should be reminded by their silence to stay silent ourselves. We were made to think that we were nothing special, which could not have been farther from the truth!

~Godzilla~

In a fragmented memory, I do not know where I was and the face of who was training me is fuzzy but it was a Free Mason. He taught me how to control a dream. When he installed me back into my normal life, he told me that he was going to send Godzilla at me in a dream and I had to control it otherwise, there would be dire consequences. A few nights later I had a dream where I was driving down 287 South from my home headed towards Somerville. Suddenly Godzilla appears stepping over a hill and the bridge and down onto the highway. I slam on my brakes and come to a complete stop as did everyone else driving on the highway. People got out of their cars and were running North up the highway to get away from Godzilla. I started to run with them but stopped. When I turned around, I controlled my breathing, took control of the dream by realizing I was in one and began to manipulate Godzilla. I stopped Godzilla from stepping on me and doing any further damage. I made him freeze. When everything got silent in the dream, I woke myself up.

~Montauk~

I vaguely remember the Montauk chair itself as my memories are very fragmented and people's faces blurry. I am unable to give specifics as to what exactly was happening while in that chair. One time when in the chair I woke up and there was a white lab coat sitting in the room off to the side writing in a file. I got up from the chair and started to disconnect the tubes from the machines, but some tubes were still hanging from my body. I stumbled to the door clutching onto the frame. I saw what looked like a desk with someone sitting behind it and others walking around the hallway. I was so weak and could barely speak but I tried to yell, "Help me, help me." Everybody kept ignoring me, as if I was not even there.

~Trying to Escape Montauk~

I tried escaping a couple of different ways from Montauk. Being exposed to the Sage Radar and its frequencies was physically painful. Emotionally I was frightened to death if I would even make it home. I am deathly afraid of monsters. Mentally I was beyond strained. One occasion I was tied up in the back of a van with who I believe to have been Preston Nichols. I affirm that the victims were not worth his science experiments. It is not like any of us use time travel to get to work every day. Bringing monsters into this dimension is also not a necessity. As I laid there bound, I began to beg Preston profusely. I told him to do whatever he wanted, even the stuff I hated I would allow him to do, so long as he would let me go. I snapped out of alters and that is why I remember this so vividly. I begged Preston for my life. He sat there calm and chilled continuing to scarf down his premade lunch.

He responded “I get off on science. I am not interested in what you.” As far as an escape that did not work. He liked little boys anyhow.

I believe Al Bielek was one of the programmers/handlers who had a four-door car similar to my Papa’s car. Al kidnapped me from the bus entrance at Liberty Corner Grammar School or took me from the bus stop to Montauk. Another time a small bunch of kids were each in an individual cage inside a small room. The cages only had a slit to look out. They lined two walls of the room stacked upon each other. There was a table in the middle of the room similar to a dentist chair. There was a little boy there who was large in size. Together we tricked the white lab coat. We got free from our cages. We tricked him by pretending to be convulsing and needing attention while the other one slammed him on the head. The two of us beat him as best we could and knocked him unconscious. We tied him up and locked him in the cage. My memories are very fuzzy. We were experiencing side effects from unknown drugs and the torturous water boarding we were put through. Once that was accomplished I told the boy “Grab the rest of the kids. They are coming with us.” We freed the other children and began to make our way through the tunnels. We came to a tunnel that went straight up to the surface of the ground. When I climbed up the prongs to the top I could not budge the lid off the opening. I climbed back down and the larger boy climbed up the metal prongs and busted the lid off as if he was much stronger. We helped the other little children up metal prongs and out of the tunnels.

Once on the surface of the ground it was broad daylight and I did not expect that. We were hoping it would be nighttime to give us cover. The sunlight made it amplify the effects of the drugs. It also made it more difficult to run away. We got to a fence near the edge of the parking lot next to the tower but had trouble scaling it. Within minutes the lab coats surrounded us and gathered us back into the tunnels. And the torture continued on. At least we tried.

~Skull Operation~

There I sat in a chair, no anesthesia and the programmers holding a mirror up to my face to show me my brains on the inside of my skull. For a long time this memory haunted me. The white lab coats operated on me and during it they woke me up to show me my skull was opened up like a tuna can. In the mirror, I could see into my skull straight to my brains. I felt dead, grossly manipulated, and powerless. Not even my own body or its functions were my own. The programmers had me controlled in every capacity imaginable. They literally had my skull open with my brains exposed. This was a part of the Programming I endured as a child so when they sent me out as an adult, I would do exactly what they ordered.

~An Elite Family Assassination~

I think it was my late teenage years but am not positive. I was taken out of the country along with another created human like myself. I think we were in Paris France. It was to assassinate a Rothschild. When we arrived, the other soldier and I cased a place for 3 weeks where a banquet of some sort was scheduled. We parked the small two-door car in different spots around the square but still in view of the targeted building where we were to carry out the assignment. The weather always seemed glooming and rainy. I did not like it there. It must have been France because I do not like their food. I hate vegetables. Being a fussy eater made everything worse because I could never find anything I

liked. All the food wrappers and garbage started to accumulate on the floor around my feet in the car. We could not throw anything, especially not a cigarette butt, out of the car window. Having an empty stomach, constantly sitting in an uncomfortable car and trying not to be noticed made me edgy.

One evening the other soldier said we needed to take a break and he was going to take me out to blow off steam. We went to the big Ferris wheel they had to view the scenery. As we went to get onto the Ferris wheel car five big men in leather jackets came up behind us and strong-armed us into the car. They were yelling at the other soldier. When the Ferris wheel car reached the top of the wheel, it stopped. Two men opened the door and had the soldier by the neck, holding him backwards out of the car. Two of the men were holding me back while a third instructed them. They were threatening the other soldier. If my memory serves me, the men wanted us to go through with it and make sure not to mess up. I think the other soldier had side dealings going on that I was not aware of.

The night came when we had to fulfill the assassination assignment. The other soldier was dressed in a tuxedo. I was dressed in a nice evening gown. We sat outside of the building where the banquet was held with elite families and other "important and prestigious" persons. We double-checked that our weapons were loaded and ready. The other soldier was talking to me and I happened to snap out of Alter. He said something like "That's our family," pointing to the sign outside the banquet that had the Rothschild name on it. I responded to him, "They are not my fucking family. Milly and Bill my grandparents are my family." We see the targets enter the building. The soldier left the vehicle with me inside as a guard and look out. I had very impressive psychic abilities that the other soldier was relying on. I was his second set of eyes and waiting outside for him to make our escape. He and I were programmed to one another with a soul tie and had been sent on other assignments previously.

Within the hour I heard shots ringing out. I was remote viewing the whole situation and keeping him informed telepathically as to what was happening outside by me. He hits our target and makes it out to the car just fine. Bullets start whizzing at us. He sped away while I firing out the driver's side window as he could. I was turned sideways in my seat firing back at those who began tailing us. We had a gunfight roaring down the streets of France. We were successful shooting down some of the cars tailing us but suddenly a bullet flies through the passenger side door hitting me in the side of my torso in the intestines. We had driven down a street where there were more Rothschild security sitting inside a car parked in a lot. We happened to turn down that street and they got lucky and happened to see us pass right in front of them so they took their shot and nailed me. When I felt the bullet hit me, I spun around forward in my seat clutching onto my gut. When I looked at my hands and saw they were covered in my own blood I instantly snapped out of alter due to the magnitude of the situation. I could die. I looked at the other soldier and I said "I am sorry! I am sorry Commander this was not supposed to happen. I failed." The soldier told me he would take care of me and hold on. My memory goes blank there. Please note: this is one of the three Super Soldiers that I will mention again later.

~Dropped on Head~

I was over in the UK a several times as an active Super Soldier. One night I was brought to a specific site with another soldier or it could have been my handler. I do not want to confuse innocent trafficked kids turned into Super Soldier with the handlers and programmers who pretend to be a victim. We walked along the rocky water's edge. The rocks shaped a man's head in Cornwall, UK. We sat on the bench close by the rock man's face. It was night. Something happened, which I cannot

remember the details of, but there was an explosion and it looked like a hatch opened from the ground and bright blinding light came out of it. It was due to Alien activity. I cannot recall many details such as, what exactly the aliens were doing. Navy boats appeared at the rocky shoreline. They attached cables to the cliff and made their way up to the top where I sat with the soldier. I think we were there to do some sort of satanic ritual and possibly gather other targets from the surrounding area.

Something bad happened to me. The Navy soldiers began to bring me down the cables into the Navy boat. Somehow, I fell from the cables or the soldier dropped me. I bashed my head on the rocks below the cables that we were trying to avoid in the first place. They bandaged my head and proceeded to load me onto the Navy boat. When the Super Soldier I was sitting with boarded our boat he said "I cannot look at her" and sat behind me. Because of his facial expression and reaction, I knew I had a bad injury to my face and skull. I remember the bandages around my head were bloody from me bleeding through them. I screamed for the other soldier to give me scopolamine or something to kill the pain and calm me down. They told me the scopolamine was on my armrest. As we left the shoreline and sailed straight out into the ocean, I remember thinking to myself, so this is how my Papa felt when he was in the Navy.

~Stealing My Heart~

A programmer/handler came to my house one day. I refuse to say his name. I fear for my life because he will come back to terminate me. There is no way I am using his name. I state my words wisely, as this is a copyrighted and legal document. There are my memories as best as I can remember them. Everything is allegedly. I refrain from saying a lot more.

My grandmother answered the door and he put her into a hypnotic trance immediately. She allowed him inside the house. He sat down at my kitchen table. When I walked out of my bedroom and saw him sitting there, my stomach sank. He demanded me to sit down beside him at the table. Reluctantly I did. Within seconds, he put me into a hypnotic trance and accessed my MKUltra programming by using trigger words. He took me into the room at the end of the house. There he made me take off my clothes, stand on them, and do sexual things. I learned what the Monarch butterfly of MK Ultra meant that day. The butterfly is the same silhouette of a woman who has her knees in the air and on her back. He raped me.

When he was done he did a ritual. He took my heart away from me and put it in his briefcase. He said I did not need my heart. When he went to exit the house, I chased after him, but I was no match for him. He shrugged me off and kept walking to his car. I ran back and forth from window to window on the porch, screaming "Bring back my heart, NO, NO, NO, bring back my heart, bring back my heart! Come back here with my heart!" He pulled out of the driveway, down the road and was gone. I dropped onto my knees and wailed. Then I thought to myself 'I guess I don't need to feel love. I don't need a heart. I know I love my grandmother and that will never change no matter what is done to me. So long as I know I love her and live according to that, then I can get by without a heart. He did this programming to me to dehumanize me, make me feel like a robot and to have complete control over me. Because of him I was trafficked over to Russia.

~Called For Assignment~

About 19 years old I was home one evening with my boyfriend Steve. We were in the kitchen talking to my grandmother. The home phone rang and I answered it. The caller on the phone was a man. The way he spoke and the sound of his voice had my attention the instant he spoke the first word. He said something like "Is this Holly?" I responded "Yes." He said "Is this Holly Baglio?" Again I responded "Yes." On the third time with the way he spoke and using a deep voice "Is this Holly Nancy Gabory?" Suddenly the lights in the room changed as my vision seemed to alter. The atmosphere completely changed before my eyes. I felt a weird feeling come over me. My boyfriend looked at me in confusion about my facial expression and my reaction to the phone call. I hung up the phone. My boyfriend asked me if that was another guy. I told him don't be silly! I am monogamous and do not play games. Automatically, I told him it was a solicitor. It was not that I was intentionally lying. It was that on the phone was my handler. He accessed the MKUltra Programming and triggered specific alters to come forward. They were responding to their preprogrammed orders and instructions. Later that evening an hour after my boyfriend left, I was picked up for an assignment by the handler.

~Former Presidents~

One of our former presidents who is deceased brought my handler and me into a DUMB. Each of our foreheads were scanned by a big long robotic arm. It scanned the implants inside of our brains and then allowed us access. The handler was walking behind the former president and me behind him. As we walked through the underground base we passed by different classrooms filled with children. I looked in each room as I passed by. I could read their thoughts. The kids were thinking "Who is that?" For them to see the president was no big deal. They seemed used to seeing him. The kids were wondering who I was because I was with the handler. They previously knew the handler as the Military relied on his research and rituals. They escorted us to a dimly lit office. As I sat there with the handler and president, they informed me that the president would be my new boss now. I cannot remember exactly what they said but my new duties and job functions were explained to me. When he left the room I immediately looked at the handler and said "I don't like him." He responded "You will not always like our bosses, Holly." Personally I think the president at the time was an Alien. I could not understand how other people did not see it and still voted him into office.

This president had a son who he put through some of the MKUltra Projects. I have fragmented memories of dealing with the son and not liking him at all either. He was useless and complained. The other MKUltras found him unreliable and no one wanted to be paired with him or seated next to him. At least I did not. He was always making mistakes, not bright, lacked common sense, whined, and was only worried about impressing his daddy. This son eventually would become President too. He was always trying to be like his father and strut around as if he was powerful like his father. His father thought nothing of him. His father was consumed by implementing the New World Order using all means necessary to accomplish his vision. His father consumed and possessed by what he worshipped and gave allegiance to.

Another Super Soldier and I were on an assignment in Africa. When we exited the cargo plane I paused. I saw a dark man in full army garb walking across a field carrying high-powered weapons and ammo. I took one look at him and told the other super soldier "I don't like him at all!" The other soldier was of the same mindset and shot him the "death stare" too. Later in life this dark man would

become president of the USA. It fiercely angered me as this president's wife, First Lady, was clearly born a man and has a penis. It was a slap across the face to every American woman to call a man, First Lady. To me this was a clear sign of the complete breakdown of our society.

~Living Sacrifice~

I was on a ranch in Texas somewhere similar to the famous Skin Walker Ranch owned by Brandon Fugal. The ranch I was at had the same experiments conducted on supernatural entities and paranormal occurrences, as well as, trying to encourage them. If my memory serves me, experiments were conducted to see if my genetics attracted supernatural activity. Mass media claims that this man is dead. He was in a prison serving time before trial began regarding him trafficking young girls but mysteriously cameras stopped recording, guards fell asleep and he hung himself. At least mass media wants us to think that he committed suicide even though this is something right out of a soap opera or movie. This same man owned an island too. I will not use his name as I think he is still alive. I think he lives in the country formerly known as Palestine and had facial reconstruction surgery. Regardless of reports saying he is deceased, I do not believe them and will not use his name. For a while, when deprogramming I was confused thinking that I was on his island because of that white and blue temple. The white and blue temple goes back to the cult of Moloch. It appears that I had affiliations with cults and secret societies as an active Super Soldier.

A handler brought me to this man. During the conversation I snapped out of alter when he began questioning me on the cages and the MKUltra programming itself. He was very interested in eugenics and my DNA as a Super Soldier. When I snapped out of Alter, I looked at my handler that was standing behind my left shoulder as I sat. The handler shot the man a mean look causing the man to change his line of questioning. He said key words that caused my Alters to take back control and put me back under the MKultra hypnosis.

I think I was in my late teenage years. A second time I snapped out of Alter but found myself tied and bound in rope. Next to me were a bunch of dead animals and dead human beings tied, bound and on the ground. It looked like burlap sacks and ropes wrapped over the dead animals and humans. There were cages containing some living animals and birds. What struck me was the living newborn baby positioned at the bottom of my feet. The stench of the rotting corpses attracted the beasts and wilds of the night that appeared along the tree line once it was dark. I witnessed dark entities feasting on the dead bodies. There are different kinds of cryptids and demons but one in particular looked like a giant deformed elephant with pale rough skin. It focused on me and stood over me. That is when the fear and terror struck me so hard that I left my body.

~Accepted to Black Operations~

I was approximately 18 years old when I was farmed out but back into Black Operations of our Military. The other kids were farmed out to other facets of the Military Industrial Complex. Some kids were give over to the music industry, Hollywood, politics or used for other agendas. I was going from one Project to another Project. A handler and I boarded a black helicopter. There were two rows of seats facing each other. There were three other soldiers already boarded. The handler and I had parachutes strapped to our backs. I was completely nervous and popping out of alter. I hated that

sinking feeling in my stomach from roller coaster rides at amusement parks so jumping out of a helicopter was not my cup of tea. The three other soldiers were facing me in the row of seats opposite of me. The first two soldiers were older and official looking. Instead, I leaned forward to talk to the soldier who I assumed was of lowest rank and not official looking. I asked him if he had Dramamine. He laughed and responded "No." I told him of my concerns about the sinking stomach feeling and that it really bothered me. He told me to control my breathing. He said to take a deep breath in just before the jump and once I started to feel that sensation of falling in the pit of my stomach to slowly exhale. He said to control the exhale of my breath and be very slow and intentional. I joked around and told him that he might need to push me just to get me out of the helicopter.

The light goes off and the pilot announced "Ready." The handler stood up and I followed suit. He poised himself by the door with me right behind him. I saw the other soldier who I had been talking to got up from his seat and come towards me. When the pilot signaled the handler began to approach the door. I was one footstep behind him on his back. In sync we took the last steps towards the door, the handler went out, and it was my turn. When I saw the other soldier go to reach out like he was going to push me, I skirted by him so he was unable to lay his hands on me. I jumped out solely on my own. I did not need to be pushed or coaxed. I did not want anyone else to get credit for me exiting the helicopter. I thought one way or another I am out of this helicopter so I will do it on my own.

Next thing I know I landed in the sea next to the handler. When I surfaced I waved and signaled that I was okay to the other soldier as the helicopter hovered overhead. His advice had worked to help me control that sinking feeling in my stomach. I was impressed. The handler looked at me and jokingly said "So you like him better than me now?" That's when I knew I was accepted onto Project SeaGate.

~Project Seagate~

When I arrived at Project SeaGate I had a heart attack because that is when I found out that the soldier I spoke to on the helicopter was not low ranking. Quite the opposite: he was the Team Leader and in charge. I was shocked and blushing. I would not have spoken to him like that if I knew of his importance or that he would be my boss. I would have kept my mouth shut on the helicopter and been more professional behaving. All of this made me doubly nervous. My first night was interesting and one of my better Super Soldier memories. He brought me to the SeaGate before I would work with the rest of the Black Ops team members. I needed to get acclimated and feel comfortable.

I do not know the location of this Underwater Military Base but suspect it to be near Yemen. We entered through a door into the room that contained the SeaGate. There was a row of chairs to our right and a row of chair on the opposite side of the room. After the chairs were more desks, big black windows, doors and a hallway leading into more office space. To my left was a large and long desk that sat parallel to and in front of the Seagate. There was a lot of computer hardware and wires everywhere.

As we sat there in the chairs he accessed my programming and took me out of my body. I walked through the SeaGate by myself. It is against the rules to enter on your own but I did anyway. I don't remember why we were not supposed to. When my memory cuts in as I start consciously remembering I was on the other side of the Gate looking back into the DUMB at my body slumped over in the soldier's arms holding me up. He made strange gestures with his left hand. He was instructing

me on what to do. I was connected to my body via the silver cord. As I came back through the Gate I walked over to my body and rejoined. Instantly I woke up in the chair next to the soldier holding me. He said "And that is how it is done Holly." As I sat up and we began to talk I noticed his cologne and complimented "You smell really good." He leaned over and kissed me. I was kissed in front of a SeaGate by an unforgettable soldier. With my luck, guess what happened? Of course, a white lab coat walked in the door and started yelling at us "What are you two doing in here? Blah, scream, blah, yell some more." We admitted that he was showing me around so the next day would not be so overwhelmed and intimidated when I was with the rest of the team.

~Going Against Rules~

A group of us were sent on a mission into another dimension on the other side of the Seagate. In the room inside the DUMB only half the chairs were filled as only a few soldiers were on this mission. The team leader was going against the rules and called for a skeleton crew. No one knew what he was up to until I got there. When I arrived, he jumped down from sitting on top of a huge machine. He came over to me with the biggest smile and said "When I told them I wanted a skeleton crew, I did not think they were going to send me an actual skeleton." He welcomed me back with a huge hug. Once on the other side of the Seagate the sky was a dark blue and purple and it seemed like we were walking on what appeared to be a desert floor. I remember looking around to see what the other soldiers were doing and if the coast was clear. I took a tool from my work pouch strapped to my waist and buried it next to the Gate. My memory is fuzzy. I successfully accomplished my job task. Before we left to go back through the Gate, I told the team if we made it back that I was going to rock my chair like a Rocky movie. My team entered the Seagate and came back through into the DUMBs. As soon as I rejoined my body, I stood on top of my chair like I was the champion of a race and threw up my arms in victory. The lab coats got mad. Apparently I purposefully went against their orders but I cannot remember exactly what it was I did that they considered wrong on that mission. The lab coats grabbed me and another female soldier who was a cohort to the team leaders plans. They threw us off our chairs onto the ground, screaming and kicking us. They dragged us to the back off into a separate room away from the Gate and other soldiers. The white coats proceeded to beat us relentlessly. They were screaming "What did you do?" I responded back "We did exactly what you told us to do!" When I gave the white lab coats my answer they stopped punishing us. I remember thinking to myself I hope to remember that excuse for when my biological mother yells at me next time for not doing something around the house that is her responsibility.

One friend at home in my normal life noticed I was missing once for 3 weeks. Every weekend the a bunch of us would meet up and go out clubbing. I did not show up for 3 weeks and had missed another friend's birthday party too. When I finally did show up as I typically did at her place on Friday nights after work she was shocked. She asked me where I had been for three weeks. I looked at her as if she had four heads and responded "I just saw you last weekend." She insisted she had not seen me for three weeks and that although she called and texted constantly I never answered her. We looked at my cell phone and at the archived messages. I had nothing in the history of calls for those three weeks. She and I ended up passing it off and continuing with our standing weekend plans. It did put a dent in our friendship because she was my bestie at the time. She felt like I was hiding something from her. I was not hiding anything; I was not awake to the fact that I was being used as an MKUltra Slave and Super Soldier. For missions where I was gone for long periods of time a clone of me was left in my

pace so work, school, friends and family would not realize I was gone. Clones do not look 100% like the original but since I was always sick and pale looking, the clone got by unnoticed.

~Dolphins In My Bedroom~

I was 26, divorced and staying in the bedroom at the end of the house nearest the wood burning stove. (This is the room where the programmer stole my heart.) A night came when the team leader of SeaGate stayed a little longer than usually when he brought me back home after an assignment. He was a dolphin human hybrid. At first when he came to remove me for the assignment, I woke up to see him standing in my bedroom. I saw his face and since I recognized him, I did not fight. As he stood there, I noticed what was in his hands and he was dressed for work. I said "You don't have to do that, I will go willingly" but scoped me anyway. He used scopolamine which is a transdermal drug that makes a person compliant and puts them in an altered state of mind. He took me out of my home but always brought me back home. One night he stayed longer than normal. I think he and I were romantically involved with one another.

On a different evening I was taken by him again and thrown in the trunk of the car. He was not so nice that time. He drove down the street for a while. I was scoped once again so there was no way I could keep track in my head of the direction he drove. When the trunk reopened, I saw little grey aliens and two human being soldiers. Black Operations was trying to fake an alien abduction to make me think that aliens chipped me. The scope caused me to question if what was happening to me was real or not. They injected me in the back of the skull on the right side, behind my ear with an implant or chip. It hurt very badly. I remember struggling and giving them a hard time holding me down. When they implanted me the pain was piercing. It radiated excruciating pain through my entire skull, neck and shoulders. They threw me back into the trunk and I was brought home. The soldier put me back inside my bedroom, fully dressed and with my shoes still on. He locked my house doors behind him as he always did. For a solid week, it had felt like I got in a fight with a UFC champion and lost.

~Searching for Dolphins on Mars~

I was sent back to Mars with two black ops teams. We were searching for dolphins. There is water on Mars. As my team walked around the surface of Mars it was covered with shards of rock, huge boulders, and mountains twice the size of Earth's. As I approached the high mountainsides and cliffs, I kept putting my ear on the sides, listening for waves and water. Eventually I found something. As soon as I found where the dolphins were located, I signaled over to the second team where the leader was exploring. The second Black Ops Team came over and we searched for an entrance inside the mountain. We needed the dolphins for their sonar to heal our bodies and to get back home to Earth.

~My Nickname was Death~

The same Soldier from SeaGate was driving me home from an assignment. The bends in the road snapped me out of Alter because I was so happy to be home. He told me that he and the other Super Soldiers in the DUMBs nicknamed me "Death" after Josef Mengele, the "Angel of Death." He said I was brutal and people were scared of me because I did so well.

~Time Travel Tunnel~

Another Soldier and I were going through a tunnel. We were not swimming through it or using the silver chord. We were actually using our hands and feet almost to climb our way through the tunnel. It was important not to fall, lose our balance or slip. We had to be extremely careful where to place our eyes. The soldier in front of me leading the way told me do not look down or too closely at any part of the interior of the tunnel and only to look straight ahead to our destination at the end of the tunnel. Only look to the center and end of the tunnel but nowhere else. It was okay to look at him or another soldier but be extremely mindful. I do not know if he was telling a story or if it actually happened while we were going through but another soldier on the team looked down and it did not turn out well. The soldier was climbing his way through but noticed lights in his peripheral vision. The flickering colorful lights overwhelmed his curiosity leading to a momentary lapse of focus and he looked down at the lights. Where he looked and began to focus, as the town and buildings became more defined and detailed, he fell down from the tunnel and into that town. When he got down there it hurt to fall of course but he saw the town and spoke to the people there. Hurriedly he tried searching for a path and way to get back up to the tunnel. He began climbing up the mountainside to reach where he was before he looked down. By the time he reached us back where he began he aged into an old gray man. Always pay attention and focus. Do not let your mind slip onto a different topic for a second. Be alert, aware, awake, and keep yourself on point.

~Circle 9~

In a fragmented memory I am standing with a man inside a beautiful grand living room next to a very long table and elegantly decorated table with expensive china. The man was old, grey hair, and extremely wrinkly, weathered looking with a mean, stern face with no light. He may have appeared to be frail, decrepit, and weak but his size fooled people. I am not sure if he was a part of a Secret Society or a part of one of the Bloodline Families. A human sacrifice had been performed. He called me into the living room to question me. He handed me a piece of meat but it was human meat. He intently stared on to see if I would follow his instruction. He ate, so I ate. He was doing a ritual between the two of us. He handed me a red drink in a small glass and instructed me to drink from it after he drank from it. His stare was eerie and frightening. It felt like his eyes drilled holes through me, and as if he could search inside my soul. His face flashes in my mind from time to time but I don't know his name and things are still blurry.

A handler brought me into Circle 9, which is comprised of nine powerful occultists who perform sacrifices to summon goetia demons. They are demons from the lowest level of hell. The same level that satan is on. I remember them standing around in a circle, wearing black hooded cloaks but each one had a different color lining. Each person was holding some sort of object in their hands, whether it was a dagger or something else pertaining to the ritual they were performing.

When Circle 9 summoned me they would leave their calling card. It was a very specific calling card with certain symbols on it and looked similar to a deck of cards. I think I was brought into this society because for certain missions and assignments, we needed these people's approval and their supernatural abilities to wield dark powers and principalities in order to be successful in our missions.

Most importantly, they were the ones who set up the Human Hunting Parties I was put through as a child. The very people who put me through these horrific things were the very people to embrace me as an adult.

~Clone Blew Up~

Tequila Joes was in the series, Sopranos, a couple of times. I hated when they closed down the club to shoot for Sopranos because the rest of us had to find a different place to chill. In the winter of 2002 something extraordinary happened to me but I lied and said I was having a panic attack over my grandmother's passing. I was at Tequila Joe's nightclub on the second level that played techno, house and dance music. As I leaned against the bar with my back to it facing the DJ booth and dance floor I suddenly see another "Holly" run past me behind the DJ Booth and to the other side of the dance floor. My mind flipped. It was not just another "Holly". It was me. I was that other "Holly" too. I was not standing in my shoes anymore, I was in the shoes of that other Holly acting out what she was going through. When I looked down the Malibu Bay Breeze I was drinking suddenly turned into a bomb. Instantly I had to get the bomb out of the nightclub and away from the other patrons. I ran away from the bar, past the DJ Booth and then headed down the narrow hallway that led to a fire exit and fire escape. At the end of the hallway I opened the fire door setting off all the alarms in the nightclub. Once I got my first step outside I threw the bomb, which was actually my drink, as far away as I could. In my mind I was trying to protect other people and not blow up myself. My drink smashed on the side of the building across the way from the fire escape. I continued running down the metal stairs of the fire escape and out through the employee parking lot. There were bouncers chasing behind me but I was unaware. Once in the parking lot I saw someone run to me but I slipped past him and continued towards the gate of the employee parking lot. The police quickly acted. One cop came inside the gate and started to run at me to catch me while the other two closed the gate to box me in so there was no way to run out of the lot. The second cop caught me in his arms and we both slammed into the gate as I was running so hard. A bouncer who knew me came to assist the police officer. When I regained consciousness they both had me held against a car asking me if I was okay. I never experienced anything like that before. I was in an altered state of mind and finding it hard to get my mind to stop flipping between blowing up by a grenade versus being my own normal self. The bouncer and police officer told me it was a panic attack from losing my grandmother just a couple months prior. I let them think that and agreed. I did not know how to tell them the truth because it would not have made sense. "Hey officer, I just saved a bunch of people by grabbing a grenade, running away from the people with it to save them but I wound up blowing up myself." Looking back on this event, I now know that it was an Alter who they terminated by blowing her up with a grenade or bomb. She was trying to make sure no one else got hurt when they terminated her.

~Sarajevo~

I was just a teenager and a junior in high school. We were sent into a war to drive forward political agendas of those in power from foreign countries. When my memory cuts in, I was in Bosnia, Kosovo, and Serbia during 1991-1992, talking to top brass and being briefed on assignment. Another soldier and I were sent to the stadium. As it burned we were instructed to target certain people to make sure they did not make it out. Another scattered memory is when the other soldier and I walked into a village. We were in small teams of two soldiers each. The village looked like a complete blood bath.

Bloody body parts and dead bodies all over. They just slaughtered each other; brother against brother.

I was given extraction orders and told where to go after the mission was completed. I was told where to stay hidden at a designated place until my black ops team could retrieve me. I found a bicycle and was riding it around the empty building trying to occupy my time. A couple of days later I saw a convoy coming towards the building. In the front vehicle there was a fellow soldier hanging out of the window waving and smiling. I started running towards him in the convoy in relief! I was safe.

It was the UN who flew me back home to the States. As I boarded the airliner I became so happy to know that their only passenger. The rest of the teams were extracted and taken home as well. The pilot and flight attendants greeted me. I told them that we were going to have a safe flight home and I would make sure of that. I placed my hand on the side of the airplane to feel the mechanical and electrical systems. I wanted to make sure they would run smoothly and without malfunctions. I did not want to crash and die, especially making it through everything I had already endured. My sixth sense and spiritual abilities gave the green light to board and proceed with the flight. The stewardesses were so nice to me and let me sprawl out across many seats in the front of the plane. I was exhausted. I remote viewed on the whole flight as my body slept. Once back in the States I went to high school. The teacher was asking us if we had been following the news regarding Sarajevo. I thought to myself "What do you want to know Mr. Hanft because I just got home from there?" Joe programmed alters to be able to watch me and be on the guard for me waking up. If I did start to remember the Alters were programmed to put me back to sleep and back under the MKUltra programming and hypnosis. There were alters programmed into me that knew how to reinforce the programming and maintain themselves. Basically Joe programmed in Fail Safes. If something happens, there were Alters who could fix the issue and report to the programmers/handlers if need be or after an assignment.

~Biminis, Training with Dolphins~

I was sent off to a DUMB that was partially above the ocean waves, but it went down below sea level to the ocean floor. There was a dome type ceiling over the part of the DUMB that was above the ocean waves. When I arrived, I had to sit next to a female Super Soldier I was forced to fight earlier during the programming days. When I was looking for the entrance into the Bimini DUMB, she said to me "How do you know I won't try to kill you for what you did to me?" I looked at her and replied in laughter, "Try it and you will find out again."

Once in the DUMB and training with dolphins and I had a lot of fun. The dolphins and I had a good natural rapport. I felt lighthearted when around them. I thought the instructors were a little too easy going and not insightful during the training. I found them to be imbecile. Of course, in the pool with the dolphins, the other female soldier started with me again. She had a few friends with her and thought the numbers would scare me. I fought back with her. She charged me physically but I got her off as her friends looked on. I summoned the dolphins in my dismay. The dolphins immediately went into a violent frenzy. They surrounded me and protected me from the group of women. However, it upset the instructors and they kicked me out. It did not matter that I had a natural ability with the dolphins the instructors still wanted me out of the project.

~Mars~

As young children under and around the age of 6, we were taken to Mars and we spent a lot of time there. It is another dimension not planet. On Mars, the mountains are bigger than the ones on Earth. The surface of Mars has purple, brown, and red like colors but it has water. The water is not the same as it is here on Earth. The sky was dark and purplish. Inside the mountains are the military installations. One day a fallen entity brought me outside next to a body of water and we sat atop of a large boulder. As we sat next to the water's edge, the entity and I talked. For lack of better words the entity looked like an oversized bull frog; a big green and brown blob looking thing. It was nice to me. While it was talking, I asked it about Heavenly ABBA. It laughed gently and replied "Well that is an interesting question and long topic. We have our work blah blah blah." As the oversized bullfrog answered me he skirted around my question and never directly admitted Heavenly ABBA's existence. At the end of our conversation it asked me if I wanted to stay or go home. I told him I missed my Gram and Papa and wanted to return home to Earth. It said that was fine but I needed to go back inside and tell the rest of the children goodbye before I left. Mars was my favorite planet and I loved it there.

~Saturn and Reptilians~

I HATED Saturn! I hated that dimension! At 6 years old we children were sent there. I remember it looked grey and dismal. There were reptilians there that were snake on bottom and humanoid on top. They smelled really really bad. We children were split up. I was brought to a part of Saturn specifically built for me. It was set up to look like Earth. They had a bedroom with toys that was the exact replica as my bedroom at home. While I was inside their made-up house and bedroom, I tried to pretend I was at home but the reptilians watched my every move and studied me.

They brought me outside to rejoin the other children. We were brought over to a tree. In the tree people were hanging as if they were lynched by cables. They were dead and their legs were swollen due to all the blood flowing down to their feet. Somehow the reptilians used this as a weapon. They loved and romanticized death and blood.

When I came back to Earth I lost my speaking abilities. I remember my grandmother having to help me to speak correctly and relearn how to pronounce certain words. I would say "howd," instead of "hold." My grandmother was very concerned for me. I had a tire swing underneath the front tree of the house for me and my cousins to play on. However when I would go outside I could not bring myself to go near the tree nor the tire swing. When my grandmother asked me what was wrong, I told her "Aunt Laura and other people we knew to be dead were hanging from the tree and their legs were swollen bigger than their body." My Papa and Gram took pity on me and Papa took down the tire swing. A few years later it was replaced with a large swing chair. The swing chair was much more enjoyable once I got older.

~Spiders on Saturn's Moon~

As Super Soldiers in the SSP we were taken to a moon of Saturn. I was on a team of about seven to ten soldiers but in all there were a couple of teams. We were taken to an installation where we were housed underground on a Moon to Saturn. The day came when we were sent out onto the surface to fulfill orders. I am not sure of the details but I was to retrieve technology or something of great value from this area. We were dressed in full gear and strapped with advanced weapons that are not of Earth. The team and I left the installation and went out guided by maps. There were spiders in this dimension. They were beige colored with green Christmas tree shaped marks on their backs. Their bodies were about 3 or 4 feet in size not including their legs. From there, they only got bigger in sizes. The spiders legs were similar to the legs of Alaskan King crabs. They had hard shells. They were strong and mean critters. I hated spiders and had an innate fear of them. I thought I would look forward to killing them but I should have fought to be reassigned instead.

My team and I were humping it and came upon a valley. For some reason we entered it. I thought it was a bad idea and put us in a vulnerable position. There were two soldiers in front of me, one on the left side, a few to my right side and a couple behind me. As we went down into the valley suddenly out of everywhere came a creepy sound. We readied our weapons not knowing what to expect. The spiders came swarming around us on top of the sides of the valley. They then charged down the cliffs into the valley coming directly at us. The spiders were hopping over top of each other almost as if to fight each other, to get to us. We fired our weapons upon them. The weapons were not working! It took five bullets just to kill one spider and there were tons upon tons of them running towards us and not enough ammo.

I saw the first soldiers in front of me taken down by the swarm. They hit so hard and fast that I knew I only had two or three seconds. The other soldiers tried to shoot the spiders but there were too many of them and the soldiers went down. The soldiers to my sides instantly vanished underneath the swarm. Our weapons were not effective whatsoever. When the spiders took me down I felt the power of their legs and it was gross. They stripped me of my combat gear. When I felt a leg inside of my mouth, I blacked out.

When I came conscious I was in a cave. My gear and weapons were gone and I was left in my long johns. I looked around and it smelled disgusting inside. Tentacle like things hung down from the ceiling and sides of the cave. There were spiders inside the cave but they looked like they were sleeping, old or dying. When I got up on my feet I stepped lightly and as quietly as I could. It seemed I was searching for something because I came across what looked like a brown briefcase and stole it. I found my way outside of the cave and humped it back to the installation where the soldiers and I were based.

~Space Travel~

There was one girl in particular that I recall from the SSP. A team of Super Soldiers and were sent off on another assignment and we had to take a jump room. We were dressed in gear with a helmet that had a facemask shielding our eyes. Upon entering the jump room we strapped ourselves into the seats that lined the perimeter of the room. This room is a portal and uses advanced alien technology to transport us to different dimensions. We were told to close our eyes until the countdown finished. If

we opened our eyes during the 10-second countdown we would go blind. There was a young girl to my left and an older boy to her left. On my right there were more soldiers. The girl opened her eyes part way through the countdown. She shrieked in pain falling from the seat to the floor. She flailed on the floor. The boy next to her grabbed her arms and I tried to hold her legs so she did not hurt herself writhing in pain from her eyes being burned. She went blind. I do not know what happened to her afterwards as I never saw her again. I had a bad feeling they disposed of her because she was no longer useful.

~Team Space~

During this time in space I was aboard an aircraft in high altitudes with fallen entities and other Super Soldiers. All of us were getting along like well-oiled operating machines. We considered each other family as we were trauma bonded, programmed together and programmed to each other. I think I was in my early 20s. We could send each other telepathic messages and the connection was strong between us due to the shared genetics and soul ties.

We spent a lot of time together and I miss them greatly. One soldier in particular would bring me blue juice from the cafeteria and leave it at my station. Blue juice was always my favorite flavor. He was always thinking of his team members. I often got the team laughing at me. One time we had on holographic jumpsuits. I turned mine into rainbow colors that shined brightly. Everyone laughed and told me the enemy would see me coming and blast me to kingdom come. Another soldier made me train barefoot and teased me by calling me Bigfoot. He said my feet could be mistaken for a man's feet.

~Sirius B~

I was sent to Sirius B in the Orion Belt star constellation. I remember it because I made the fallen entities a present before I left. I worked for them and they showed me advanced technology that they used in their dimension. I wish I could remember to give more detail than that. A day came when I had made a present for them because I was leaving. They were nice to me and easy going. When I handed the gift to them they looked baffled. I had to explain to them to keep it as a reminder of our time spent together so they won't forget me.

~Jumping into the Night~

I was partnered with a soldier who I think could have been Max Spiers. He was the same boy that said rape is rape regardless of our gender. There was another team boarding another aircraft that looked like an alien aircraft. He and I walked onto the tarmac to enter an aircraft. I noticed the pilot standing at the door to welcome us only had two stars on his patch. I said "Where's the four stars? The government short cut us and only gave us a two star pilot!" I was joking of course but the soldier turned around and gave me a mean look as if to say "Shut up and don't start." We were flying at high altitudes and had to wear breathing masks when we jumped out of the aircraft. Once we jumped into the dark night, memory blanks. In previous missions I had seen the Hitler's Bell and remember

approaching it. I remember having traveled in different alien aircraft but I cannot recall their names and functions.

~Women~

We were somewhere in the Middle East. One other soldier and I were sent in to retrieve targets. The targets were two groups of women 7 or 8 in total. We had to locate them and then enter into an unfriendly zone in a foreign country. The people of this place wore turbans. We retrieved the targets. All I clearly remember is hunkering down in a shed or abandoned house. It seemed like there was junk all around and we hid on the floor underneath everything. It was a dirt floor. The women kept complaining. I remember at one point a woman was complaining that she had to pee which caused the rest to start mouthing off. They were being too loud. I grabbed the one around the face to hush her up quickly. I told her that I did not care if she had to pee and shut up! If we are found, we are dead. I don't care what she does but don't move and don't make a sound. Lay back down. We were waiting for our extraction but it seemed like we had to wait an extended amount of time like a week or two. Only the male soldier could venture out as he was male and could blend in. He would fetch what water and food he could without making it look obvious. The area was surveiled and we did not need any attention drawn to ourselves. I needed to ensure the other soldier was taken care of and had energy. If he was low or hurting, I would share my life force via astral realm with him to keep him going. We used our supernatural abilities to keep each other healed and strong until we could make it out.

~Thrown From an Airplane~

While on a mission somewhere in Peru or the jungle, something went wrong and I found myself and team aboard an airplane that the bad guys commandeered. The bad guys stood over us with guns pointed. There were a bunch of soldiers standing in front of me holding a team member and the door to the plane was open next to them. To my left was a team member being held down and to my right was another team member being strong-armed. I was being held down on the floor. There was a lot of yelling between us and physical struggling. The Soldiers to my right and left were struggling and eventually shot. The soldier in front of me was thrown out of the airplane. I got infuriated and busted loose from the grip of the bad guys holding me down. I made my way to the open door and out of the plane. I jumped out myself after my teammate. I refused to let anyone get credit for killing me. I was not giving out bragging rights or going to be a notch on someone's belt. I saw my teammate go crashing down through the trees and I followed suit. We both died right when we hit the ground. In our death experience we both met YAHUSHA and YHUH. This is the first death experience that I remember where I met YHUH and YAHUSHA. It was in my late teenage years, possibly early 20s. I'm not positive.

My teammate and I were walking down a long dark tunnel but not the typical long tunnel with a light at the end. There was something different about this tunnel. At the other end we entered into a large room where YAHUSHA and YHUH sat on their thrones. YHUH began talking to my teammate about his life. HE was giving guidance and telling my teammate what to expect in life and to stop drinking. Then YHUH turned to me and said "You and I will get married and when we do it will end all of this." I responded "Well, let's get married now and be done with these wars and battles I am constantly

fighting in." HE replied "Now is not the time yet." YHUH and YAHUSHA told us both that we would have to return to our lives. As we walked away I was stunned and shocked and said to the other soldier, "Do you know who that was that we just met?" It was dawning on me that I had spoken directly with the Creator of the Universe and HE knew me. I paused with the other soldier regarding the magnitude of what was happening. We began walking back down the tunnel the way we came. The tunnel was from HIS Throne Room through the Second Heaven back to Earth. The Second Heaven is stuffed with fallen entities so there is a secure tunnel that the saints travel when they die to make safe passage to YHUH. There they will enter into a deep sleep to await resurrection and judgment. My teammate and I were brought back to life.

There was a handler exceptionally concerned about this experience. We sat in a car and he pressured me to see if I loved YAHUSHA or not. I played it off like I did not. Deep down inside, I wanted nothing more than for it to be true and for us to be married.

~Escaping by Moonwalk~

Michael Jackson got the moonwalk from an older musician and singer who I cannot remember the name of. The white lab coats had untied me and were moving me into another room of the DUMB. I saw an opportunity to escape. I would not pass up a chance. I think I was somewhere in Texas. They left me alone for a few moments as I was acting like I was out of touch with reality and not a threat. They thought I was still out of it due to torture and programming I just underwent. When the white lab coats went out into the room I escaped. This time I made my move alone and did not bring anyone with me. I made my body move so it looked like I was walking forward but really I was moving backwards out the door. It tripped their cameras and I got out. I ran to an Indian Chief, aka, a Medicine man.

My teammate told me that the character of Sarah Connor from the movies Terminator was based off me and what I did when I was active. The character Blade is based off of him. These superhero movies are based off of what us Super Soldiers accomplished in the DUMBs and on missions. These exploits did not originate from creative people who just happened to think this stuff up off the top of their heads. Hollywood makes money off what we Super Soldiers went through and lived thorugh. It frustrates me. We are not given any compensation whatsoever. We were the ones to suffer, not the actors and studios. They use our lives as entertainment and a cash cow.

~Feather Footing It Home~

Somehow I knew there was a Tribe in the area when I escaped the DUMB. I found my way to the medicine man. He put me in a Kiva. He had another Indian with him that he seemed to be teaching. The medicine man warned the junior Indian that I was severely injured and to stay back. I had no intention of hurting either one of them but sometimes accidents happen. I told him I needed to get back home. He spent time calming me, feeding me and patching up my wounds. He healed my physical body and did other spiritual work on me.

After some time, he left the Kiva and sat outside by a fire a little distance away. He sat in a wooden rocking chair while he played an instrument resembling a flute. I awoke in the Kiva and felt better. I

went to exit and one-step it seemed like I was standing right next to him on the opposite side of the camp. I knelt next to him in the chair. He lifted his arm and pointed in the direction of my home. A vision entered my mind of grandma's house. I heard a sound, such as "schwot, schwot, schwot." The next thing I knew is I was off and feather footing from the desert back home to NJ. It felt like I was dancing between the light and dark. If someone looked at me, I slowed down but when they looked away I blasted off again like a bolt of lightning. When I arrived there was a clone of me in my place sleeping in my bed. I got rid of the clone and buried it out back in the woods where no one would find it. Then I went back inside feeling relieved to be home again and totally exhausted from the experience.

~Pulling the Airplane Apart~

I was sent on a mission alone. The airplane was filled with different kinds of politicians from around the world. Some of them looked like sheiks. All of them were wealthy and of political importance. I wish I could remember more details. I was in the back of the plane and purposefully fell asleep once we got in the air. As instructed I left my body, walked down the aisles and into the cockpit where the pilot and co-pilot were seated. I reached over them to the dashboard of the plane and dismantled it by ripping apart wires and disconnecting all the mechanical system. The airplane began to shake, alarms began to sound and oxygen masks fell from the compartments above to the passengers. I was programmed to make the airplane crash. I was programmed to ensure that none of the politicians made it through the disaster either.

Once the plane went down, I waited by the wreckage expecting the Black Ops Teams to retrieve me. I did not stay dead. My body came back to life because the technology in me regenerated and I was under possession. When I saw the convoy coming excitement made me come out of hiding too soon. To my distress it was not my Black Ops Team but rather the bad guys I was trying to avoid. They saw me and captured me. They had me bound up with rope and threw me in the back of their vehicle. I heard the driver and passenger talking and joking around. They were corny, stupid, and not funny like my team. They took me to their military facility where I was strapped down to a chair but cannot remember anything afterwards. In my normal life, this was around the time I gave Heavenly ABBA my psychic abilities in return that HE spare my sister's life. Doing this did not affect my normal life as it had affected my active Super Soldier life. I needed my psychic abilities for the missions I was assigned. Without them, I was a total and complete liability to others around me and to myself. I am lucky I am still alive. I still had many years to go before I would wake up from MKUltra Programming.

~Decommissioned / Released~

In 2008 I was decommissioned and released by Joe the Mechanic Mengele. It was an astral realm event that took place over a 3-week period. At night Joe pulled me out of my body and brought me into his Milab. He was working on my brains as I was in the chair. He had wires connected to my brain and me but I do not remember much. I was not in my physical body. It seemed like he was reprogramming me. He released another female soldier at this time as well. She went a different way than me.

I sat across from him and weapons spread across the table between us. The other female Soldier walked off like her release was no big deal. She never even said goodbye and just left. I spoke with Joe for a little while. I told him that I did not want to leave. He told me I had to go and that if I came back, they would kill me. When I went to leave, I turned back around and gave him a hug. I did not want to go and I did not want to leave him.

I walked out and had nowhere else to go so I chose Faith. He continued to watch me for weeks to come. I had separation anxiety and it was hard for me. I kept looking back to make sure he was still there and still watching me. I accepted my Savior through a ministry I started following, Anita Rivera. Eventually I forgot all about him and my Stockholm syndrome. One day when he finally did pop into my mind, I looked and he was no longer there. I was okay to be alone now. I began to feel okay being released from the MK Ultra/Super Soldier projects. I began to enjoy my new life and my freedom did not feel overwhelming anymore. I stayed away as he instructed me to do because I want to live.

~Westminster Colorado~

I flew out to Denver Colorado December 2011 on vacation and visited with a friend who was an old boss from AT&T. I was considering moving out there and wanted to scout around. When departing from Newark airport I felt someone looking at me and sizing me up through the security cameras. The Airport's security officers put me through the X-ray booth twice which was not necessary. As this happened I had visions of a brown haired, brown eyed man, dressed in a black leather jacket sitting at a desk in a dark back room that had multiple monitors and many desks. I honed in on him in my mind's eye. He seemed to know me but I did not recognize him. Intentionally I looked into Newark Airport's security cameras and made sure the man knew I was looking back at him. I remote viewed him as he was physically watching me. I wound up shrugging it off thinking that maybe it was in my head.

When I flew into Denver Colorado Airport, I looked like a complete tourist. I was snapping photos of every mural I could find. Many odd things happened to me while I was out there. The Moon was shining from the bottom half and it looked wrong. One night my old boss and I went to Westminster Hooter's because he had a crush on one of the waitresses. A bunch of people through the course of the evening joined us sitting at the bar. All of us were telling jokes and shooting the breeze like we were old friends. I told my boss I would be right back as I had to use the powder room. From the bar I headed for the bathrooms. I walked toward the back wall of the restaurant where the bathrooms were located. The woman's entrance was on the left side and straight across from the men's bathroom entrance which was on the right side.

As I started to go toward the women's room a man came out of the men's room. Due to programming, I did not recognize or remember him at first. His hair was blonde and tied back. He wore a nice brown blazer with elbow pads. He was dressed very proper as if he meant to make a good impression. He looked straight at me and held out his hand. He started to greet me and speak friendly with a big smile on his face. Since his hand was out, I automatically lifted my hand out of natural reaction to hold it out to greet him in return. Instantly my hand was in his and as he spoke I became compliant because he scoped me. He used Scopolamine which is administered as a transdermal and alters a person's state of mind causing them to become compliant and foggy minded. He continued to speak to me as if we were old friends "How are you? It has been so long since I have seen you. Can we speak blah blah blah blah." He turned around and started to lead me towards the men's bathroom entrance. I began joking

with him saying “Men’s bathrooms are always cleaner than the ladies’ room. There is never a line and you are always bound to meet a hottie too” (hottie is slang meaning an extremely attractive man). Little did I know there were 3 awaiting me.

Once inside the men’s bathroom, the counter with sinks was to my left, then three stalls with the final stall being extra big for handicap persons. There were two men wearing black leather jackets standing at the sinks with their back to me and heads down so I could not see their faces in the reflection of the mirror. The blonde haired man stopped between the door and me. As he continued talking to me, one of the men at the sink turned around and gave me a huge injection in the upper part of my right arm. It was a milky looking substance in a large canister. It reminded me of what they give to soldiers before they go off to War overseas. The blonde haired man asked me if I remembered him the MKUltra Projects. He asked me if I specifically remembered him and the cages. They asked me how my life was and what it consisted of. I told them everything they wanted to know. They were questioning me on my memories of the DUMBs and assignments we were sent on. I was asked what I wanted to do with my life. I told them I love Heavenly ABBA and died in March 2007 because a boyfriend strangled me to death on my kitchen floor. (There is a drawing of this experience in the Appendix.) Heavenly ABBA brought me back so wanted to be HIS Seal. Allow me to elaborate on this. I always wanted to be a Navy Seal but was denied when I was 18 when called to join the Army. Due to having asthma they would not accept me so I was doomed to continue at Raritan Valley Community College for Accounting. The 144,000 Seals in Revelation were to serve Heavenly ABBA and live through to the end of the 7 year Great Tribulation. So I wanted to be that and do that for Heavenly ABBA. The second man wearing a black leather jacket standing at the sink turned around. It was the other Team Leader from SeaGate. The second I laid my eyes on him I recognized him. He said “Hol, if you love HIM so much, why don’t you just marry HIM?” He was the Super Soldier who kissed me in front of the SeaGate. He may have been jealous that I loved another man more than I loved him. In addition, this was an anchor because I was a part of Montauk and other Time Travel Projects. This Soldier was planting an anchor so I would live out my life the way I was supposed to live it and so nothing would be altered. I was always supposed to marry my Aluah (Aluah means God in Hebrew). At first I did not recognize any of the Super Soldiers. It would still take me three more years before I shook off the MKUltra hypnotism. All the medications I was on for my disabilities were keeping me in the dark, asleep and dumbed down. The medications kept me disconnected from the spirit realm and my dreams. I had to quit them first before any real recovery would begin. These three Super Soldiers were regressing on me. They were also the three I made a pact with when we were kids that should anyone of us get free, would we come back for the others. They were free now, fully grown, and they came back for me. They did not leave me behind! I was not awake at all at this time yet. These three soldiers told me that they were going to come forward with their stories to the public and they were going to be on TV. I responded “No way for me. You are not getting me on TV.” When the four of us were done talking I followed the soldier who gave me the shot into the last stall which was for handicapped people. I turned to him and said “You smell good.” I felt faint, grabbed onto his jacket collars and then collapsed. He caught me but I was knocked out cold. Next thing I know I am on the opposite side of the wall in the woman’s bathroom in that handicap stall. The woman’s room layout mirrored the men’s room just on the opposite side of the same wall. The soldier sat me down on the toilet and kneeled before me. Just as I started to come out of the fog, I heard him say “Holly, I am sorry for everything, please forgive me.” Then he walked through the wall and back into the men’s room. I heard the other two soldiers back in the men’s room talking. One said “Do you know who that is? I can’t believe that’s her.” The other soldier responded “Shut up or she will hear you.”

Once I got my bearings I stood up from the toilet and walked out of the handicap woman's stall. I walked through the bathroom to get out the door and kept thinking "Who was that? What just happened to me?!" I left the women's room and faintly remembered I had just been talking to three men. I wondered "Where did they go?" I almost walked back into the men's bathroom but stopped myself and reminded myself that I was not in NJ. I probably could not get away with the same shenanigans in Colorado that I could in New Jersey. I searched all through the Hooter's restaurant walking past every table and looking at every person to see if those three men were still there. I went back to the bar where my boss sat, grabbed my pack of butts and went outside. Even outside of the restaurant I kept searching for those three men but there was no sign of them. When I went back to rejoin my friends he asked me who I was looking for. I reassured him that everything was fine and sat back down. I kept thinking about the kids in cages. It had been such a long time since I thought about them and I had forgotten. Because I was at a bar in front of new people, I shrugged off the experience to deal with later. As the days went on I completely forgot about the meeting. Being in unfamiliar surroundings and sightseeing had me distracted.

TWO WORLDS COLLIDE: My Normal Life and My DUMB Life Meet

~Turning over My Life~

In 2013 I was at rock bottom and only saw a dark future ahead of me. There was no light in it. I got down on my knees repenting to Heavenly ABBA. During a period of dismay someone handed me Betty Eadie's book entitled Embraced by the Light in efforts to console me. While I was reading it I had a flood of memories that I had completely forgotten about. It had been so long since I remembered the Yellow Orange Planet where I was with my Savior before I was born here on Earth. During this time, Heavenly ABBA gave me back my dreams that used to come true. As I stated earlier in this book, I had given up my psychic abilities to Heavenly ABBA in hopes HE would spare my sister's life when my biological mother kept saying that she would die in a car accident.

I continued to present myself before Heavenly ABBA, repenting and asking HIM for a future and to show me what that future would look like with HIM. HE gave me a ton of dreams and visions. It was an enormous download, which I still rely on current day. Heavenly ABBA showed me that HE was going to return. HE showed me that I have a Song and Dance too. Heavenly ABBA showed me many things about my future, including what was going to happen in these Last Days and End Times all the way through the 7 year Tribulation. HE showed me all the catastrophes that will happen when HE casts HIS Judgment upon the world. Heavenly ABBA warned me of how the Elites read Revelation and then act it out of the population because they hate HIM so much. The Elites are purposefully doing things to force HIS Return so they can blast HIM out of the sky. HE showed me nukes going off and a huge earthquake that is to come at the San Madrid Fault line. Heavenly ABBA never gave me the exact dates but did show me the literal seasons; summer, spring, fall, winter. He showed me UN soldiers coming in by double-decker trains in the middle of the night and taking over cities. He showed me people on top of buildings like at a football event in a stadium shooting down into crowds and killing without prejudice while people ran in chaos. He also showed me a flood, but the flood HE showed me was not like Noah's flood. HE showed me places I would go and people to meet along my journey. HE is real and that HIS Words still live. Through HIS spirit is how miracles happen and people can still be cured and healed. HE is with us.

One Friday evening I confessed to my attorney, who was also my father figure, what was happening to me. I told him that our Savior is going to return during my lifetime and very soon. I even told him how Heavenly ABBA showed me that I have a Song and Dance. My attorney's eyes lit up because I never spoke to him like this before. I never spoke about Faith or our Savior. He said "Holly, I can show you HIS second return in Scripture, including what a Song and Dance is. Everything you are talking about is in the Holy Bible." He was elated that I had opened dialogue to discuss these things. Once a week my attorney and I would do Bible studies. We began praying together and every week there was always something new to ask him. We would first talk about the dreams YHUH gave to me and then look them up in the Scripture. He believed me. Moreover, when he was able to show me all of the dreams I was having in Scripture that is when I realized I found Aluah. I found my Creator and now had achieved direct connection with HIM. The magnitude of the Creator of the universe speaking to me was overwhelming but something I desperately wanted. Since a little girl, I always wanted to find Aluah. I asked Heavenly ABBA what a Calling was and if I could have one. HE gave it to me. I just had to learn to ask HIM for things that were in HIS Will and not my own.

Around the spring of 2014, YHUH had tapped my shoulder one night citing "There is something else you need to get right." That is when dark objects and entities would get right in front of my face while I slept. Once I woke up from sleeping, I would have to blink my eyes several times to focus and the entities would disappear, usually back into the scenery or corners of the house. I began remembering the demon attacks I endured as a child and they started up again. The spiritual attacks grew worse and I did not know what to do. I did not know how to protect myself. I did not know spiritual warfare nor how to wield ABBA's Authority.

The Super Soldier memories were flooding back but I could not make heads or tails of them at first. I was still thinking I had watched too many movies or it was nightmares and demons. It would take a few more months to dawn on me that I was trafficked and used as a Soldier. Denial and disbelief were struggles for me.

~Ball of Light~

YHUH gave me so many dreams that they were hard to keep track of. One in particular was of me stranded in a room with about eight other people. When I looked outside the window, I saw principalities entering through the field outside and all of us had to hide from them. People ducked underneath the window but I ran to lock the window and draw the curtains so the entities could not see us. Everyone was in a frightful panic with no weapons or defense. The entities could rip through a building like a candy bar wrapper. I ran to the main door of the room but it was jammed and I was so scared that I could not get my hands to stop shaking to turn the knob. I purposefully slowed my breathing and slowed down the rapid beat of my racing heart. I thought to myself "Slow down. Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, please help me." I tried turning the door knob handle one more time attempting to open it to help myself and the others escape the darkness coming to harm us. Suddenly the door flung open. I saw a bright radiant ball of light. The light came closer to me. It was a blinding light but I could still look directly at it. From behind the light came the figure of a Man. Just before his features became crystal clear and in focus, I woke up. It did not dawn on me that it was my Savior in this dream until a couple years later during my deprogramming process.

~Naming My Knives~

Growing up I always remembered the name of a brown-haired boy and a blonde-haired girl because they had similar first names and I knew them from the Super Soldier projects. The memory of these two people stuck with me all my life as they directly impacted my life. I passed this memory off as a figment of my imagination and paid no mind to it because I had been told already by family, church congregants and doctors that kids in the cages were just bad nightmares and that it was all in my head.

In 2013, I got into a bit of trouble. I terminated a relationship with someone who did not want me to break up with him. He told everyone he was going to kill me. I called homicide and reported it when that news got back to me. I began feeling like I had to wear self-defense weapons, like mace and such. I began carrying two knives. One knife was always clipped on the outside of my jeans in plain view. It was a black stiletto knife with holes in the handle. I named this knife "Moses" after the story of him in

Scripture. The second knife I had was smaller and I kept it concealed. It has a fake white pearl handle. I named it after a Super Soldier, Aaron.

~Quitting Prescriptions~

January 2014, I turned to Jesus and told HIM I wanted to be able to wake up in the morning and run outside to play as I did as a kid. Instead, I would wake up, pop a bunch of pills and wait for them to work before I could get out of bed. Someone on a video was preaching how Heavenly ABBA's Word is still living, so if you believe in HIS word, it will still heal and cure you and your life. I am the type of person who is very curious so I took Heavenly ABBA up on this and found out for myself.

I asked HIM to please get me off all the prescriptions and medical procedures I was on and going through. I did not want to carry multiple prescription bottles in my purse anymore. I did not want to rely on doctors anymore, as I had to see them every single month and sometimes a couple of times per month. I did not want to wake up in the morning and have the first thing be reaching for prescriptions instead of reaching for my Holy Bible. In the spirit, Heavenly ABBA answered me and said "I made the marijuana plant, go use it". I prescribed 33 prescriptions because I had contracted Lyme's Disease from a spider bite that tore my entire body down.

The morning of January 4, 2014 I woke and stopped taking all of my prescriptions starting with pain management prescriptions. I fired all my doctors, 8 in total. I told them I would not be back because they always hung my prescriptions over my head and I found a better way. They told me unless I let them perform invasive dangerous procedures like cortisone shots, they would not give me my pain pills. It took months of white knuckling it and changing around every single habit and routine I had but I was successful at quitting all the doctor's drugs. I was always a "do it myself" type of person. I did not feel I needed the help of any kind of doctor, rehab or hospital to simply stop taking and detox from all these medications. I knew I was strong enough to do it on my own.

By the middle of 2014, I was set free from the doctor's drugs and successful staying off. I began feeling better being off all the prescriptions. My self-confidence returned because I realized just how strong and determined I was to be able to accomplish this feat. I began living life again instead of life living me. I had a new lease on life and like I was untouchable. I was not perfect, but at this point I was no longer living in dependence of or addicted to prescriptions.

I began worshipping Heavenly ABBA even though I had no idea what I was doing. HE was showing me HE is real and we began having a personal, active, intimate relationship. Heavenly ABBA got me off all those medications. I still suffered from my health diagnoses but no worse than when I was when tied to 33 prescriptions and 8 doctor appointments every single month. I was still miserable, having bad health, but I was free from prescriptions and that felt invigorating and empowering. Getting off the prescriptions was just as much of a challenge as staying off. With Heavenly ABBA, I have been successful in that I continue to stay off.

~Sealed~

A second time in my life, May 2014, I was invited to Kennebunkport, Maine on a vacation with Stew Grossmith. The first time I went the year before, I do not really remember the trip. The house I stayed in was about two miles away from George Bush Sr.'s vacation home. It was a huge three story house that had a staff's quarters on the third floor with bedrooms, bathrooms, and a kitchen. On the second floor, there were five bedrooms and three full bathrooms. On the first floor, there are two main kitchens, two living rooms, and a bathroom. It was a beautiful house that sat across the street from the beach, surrounded by mansions that were bigger in size having elevators.

When Stew and I arrived late in the evening on the first day, we needed to stretch our legs from the long 8-hour drive. We took a walk across the street to the beach. It was dark out and the moonlight lit our way as we walked along the shoreline. Stew died January 24, 2026. Stew was a very good family friend to me. I grew up with him for 20 years and our families knew each other very well. We used to crew for Forbes hot air balloons and other ballooning companies. He was my best friend and we spent so much time together. I will sorely miss him! As Stew and I neared the water, we saw about 10 green orbs the size of beach balls swarming feverishly between and through each other. I had no idea what we were witnessing. However, the green color alarmed me. I felt that it was of satan, but I had no frame of reference for what I was thinking and feeling inside. I just felt like these orbs were evil in nature. I climbed up onto big rocks that protruded out into the sea like a dock. I walked along until I got to the end and watched these orbs in astonishment. Stew standing on the sandy beach called out to me and said he was going to go into the water and catch one. I yelled at him "No! Do not do that, you do not know what they are and if they take you away, I am not going in after you." After 10 minutes of watching these green orbs we went back inside the mansion to grab a drink. We both were amazed and did not know what those green orbs were. We went back out to the beach a little while later but the orbs had vanished.

Stew told me the background of the mansion and said it was haunted. The mansion was used as a vacation rental for decades even before his family owned it. Wealthy people stayed there for the summer. Now that some of the rental patrons were deceased, he said those spirits still roamed around the house having a party. He told me not to be surprised if I saw them or heard their voices. In addition, his deceased mother loved this vacation home and going up to Maine when she was alive. Stew thought that he still see her spirit sitting at her favorite spot, smoking cigarettes and looking out of the big bay window at the ocean in one of the living rooms. Sadly, my response was not what he was expecting. I told him that his mother and was not one of those spirits haunting the house. It was hard because I was trying to be respectful to him, but I could not deny that I what I saw were only demons.

One evening Stew went to sleep earlier than I did. Since everyone else was in bed, I let my cat out so she could roam free and I proceeded to write poetry by candlelight. My dog sat under the table at my feet. Across the room, I saw one of the rocking chairs directly in front of the bay window start rocking back and forth. I got up from the dining room table and approached the chair, which was rocking as if someone was sitting in it. I looked down on the seat and saw my cat in the seat. Laughing to myself, I thought, I better get thicker skin and not be such a scaredy cat, I startle too easily. Returning to the dining room table continuing to write poetry, I saw my cat running back and forth playing, and jumping on top of everything that she was not supposed to. I saw the chair rocking but passed it off, thinking it was still the cat horsing around. A little while later I got tired packed up my things and blew out the

candles. Out of the corner of my eye, I see the chair rocking rapidly. I approached the chair to pick up my cat to take her upstairs with me to the bedroom. When I got to the chair rapidly rocking back and forth, I grabbed the backrest to stop the movement. When I looked down on the seat, my cat was nowhere to be found. I looked back at the dining room table and my dog was gone too. I got scared, felt eerily alone and booked out of the living room, running upstairs to my room as fast as I could. Once I entered into the bedroom both my cat and dog were laying on top of the bed watching the door. They seemed spooked too as if something was there.

The next day when I woke up and went downstairs for breakfast, I passed by the living room where I was sitting the prior night. I witnessed something sitting at the table. It was like an apparition. I always had the gift of spirit eyes and being able to see the spiritual realm. What was odd to me was I saw it during daylight hours. I went about my business and ignored what I had seen. That day and the following day I kept seeing this thing throughout the house. When I was upstairs I would pass by the other bedrooms and I would see something that looked like a very tall thick woman standing in the way wearing a long beige dress, but she had no face or facial features. She was very eerie and creepy.

Late one evening I retired to my bedroom as we had taken a long bike ride during the day and I was tired. When I laid down for sleep, something bad began happening to me that I had never experienced before in my life. I had the eerie feeling that I was not alone and something evil was in my bedroom. Suddenly I felt someone breathing on my neck while I was trying to drift off to sleep. I jumped up but nothing was there. I went to lie back down, but this time it felt like a person had gotten into bed with me. I felt and saw the bed physically sink down but no one was there. Unnerved I jumped up again but saw nothing in the room. Again, I returned to lie down, and the bed sank, but this time I tried to ignore it and fall asleep. Whatever it was it felt like someone took their fingertips and started walking them up my arm towards my shoulder. I kept jumping up from bed and could figure out no remedy. My cat and dog were sleeping soundly on the chairs by the bay windows as if nothing was wrong. I turned on the bedroom lights and left them on. Again I tried to lie down to sleep the bed sank and I felt the breathing on my neck with fingertips walking up my arm towards my shoulder. I got up and started vocally saying, “I love Heavenly ABBA, it cannot haunt me, it cannot do this to me, Heavenly ABBA is my ABBA the Creator”. All night long this persisted. By the next day I was exhausted and feeling sick as I did not sleep at all. Even when the sun came up in the morning there was no relief from the haunting. I began to vomit and I could not stop. That day I was unable to leave the bathroom to enjoy my vacation. I thought I would perk up, but things only got worse. The following day I was still stuck in the bathroom but at this point my lips had turned blue. Stew took me to the emergency room where they stopped the vomiting and rehydrated me so I could go home. I was only there a couple of hours but it seemed like everything was okay. I was all for continuing with my vacation and not allowing this to get to me. We returned to the vacation mansion. Within hours of my return I was spiritually attacked all over again. That thing continued getting into bed and breathing on me, touching me, and scaring the daylights out of me. I wound up staying in the bathroom because the vomiting became violent. I could not stop to even catch a breath of air. My friend had to rush me back to the emergency room. This time the hospital told me I had exhaustion and pancreatitis. They loaded me up on medication and kept me for a longer period of time. When I returned a second time back to the mansion, the spiritual attacks lessened but I think it was due to being on the narcotic pain pills and valium that I could block it out.

On May 17, 2014 when I got my strength back, I took my dog outside to play with her and get fresh air. By accident I did not close the front door well enough. You had to have a strong grip and slam it shut

to completely close it. I have rheumatoid arthritis and my hands hurt so badly that unbeknownst to me, the door did not close completely. While I was outside in the front yard playing with my dog, two other dogs from the other families who were vacationing came running out to me. Therefore I, my dog and their two dogs continued to play with the ball and horse around thinking nothing of it. Suddenly the other families who were on vacation came outside and began yelling at me. Apparently they were all furious at me for not completely closing the door. I apologized but that did not seem to calm anyone down. When I went inside the house they continued yelling at me so I grabbed some of my belongings and hung out at the beach for hours crying to myself.

While I sat on those rocks, I began talking to Heavenly ABBA and I made a covenant with HIM. I told Heavenly ABBA that if these people are so pissed off at me over the door and their dogs that I would not be afraid to sleep under the stars as HE made the stars for me. I was also being evicted so I would be homeless soon and forced to sleep under them anyhow. I asked Heavenly ABBA if I could have 12 friends like Jesus had because I felt like I had nobody. I thanked HIM for getting me off prescriptions and told HIM I would still need help for my disabilities but instead of pills I would use medicinal marijuana only. I apologized to Heavenly ABBA for always putting boyfriends before HIM first. I apologized for everything I did wrong and asked for HIM to correct me in all things as I wanted to know everything like Enoch. I told HIM that if HE would allow me I would only vape nicotine but would no longer smoke cigarettes. I told Heavenly ABBA whatever HE needed from me I would do and to please not forget me. I promised not to put boyfriends in front of HIM anymore. I told Heavenly ABBA that I knew we were nearing the end of time and I remembered the promise I made to HIM when I was 16 to warn every single person I could to get right with HIM. It appeared to me like we were in that time period and I was rededicating myself to fulfill my promise to HIM. It had slipped my mind that I mentioned to HIM if HE gave me a picture that I would tell the world about HIM. I told HIM I really wanted to be closer to HIM and to hear HIS voice like Noah did. As I sat on the rocks by the water's edge, I continued to repent, commit and promise myself to Heavenly ABBA. I was crying profusely but decided to commemorate the moment by taking a bunch of selfies. At night fall I went back to the house and locked myself in the bedroom daydreaming of when the vacation was over and I would never have to see those people again. I later found out that the home owner yelled at them for being so hard on me.

The following day my friend wanted to go for a drive around George Bush Sr.'s vacation house. It is now owned by his son George Bush Jr. We pulled alongside the road and parked at the end of the driveway by the big anchor. Bush's house was far off in the distance and very eerie looking. With my spirit eyes I could see demonic spirits and dragons circling above their house. It had such a gloomy look to it. I never liked having the Bushs as our president. I had not woken up from MK Ultra yet but was on the verge. At this point, I did not remember that Bush Sr. was a boss to us Super Soldiers in Deep Underground Military Bases otherwise I would not have stood there taking pictures like the other tourists.

The vacation ended and I was so happy to go home. In June 2014, I had company over at my home and I began telling them about the haunting and what I experienced in Kennebunkport. My friend who was looking through the pictures said "Holly, did you see this?" He gave me my iPod and pointed out one picture in particular to me. It was of the selfies I had taken the day I gave my covenant to Heavenly ABBA. There was a photo that had an X on top of my forehead. I began scrolling through all 700 pictures and videos I had taken during that trip because I never looked through them prior. In the group of 13 pictures, 12 had flashes through my face and head. The 13th picture was clear without

flashes across my face. One picture in particular, the 11th photo of the roll, came an interesting mark on my forehead. It could look like an X, crooked T, or the character Taw from the Hebrew language. Taw in Hebrew means Mark. This is also why my favorite number is now 11. YHUH takes my chaos away. As I looked at the 13 photos, in the spirit YHUH spoke to me declaring, "This is MY Seal. You are MY Chosen. Revelation 7:3. Revelation 9:4."

For months I sat and looked at the picture in amazement and astonishment. HE was not only listening to me but HE answered my prayer for my life. I wanted to see HIS Return and this was a sign to me that I could.

~What is your name?~

After receiving the photo with Heavenly ABBA's Seal upon my forehead, it lit a fire in me. I began looking up many videos and ministries on YouTube to learn more about HIM. When talking about HIM, I began capitalizing HIS, Jesus, and Holy Spirit's names. I wanted to raise HIM above everyone and everything I ever knew. I wanted to show HIM how much HE meant to me and how grateful I am to HIM that HE accepted me. It dawned on me to ask Heavenly ABBA what HIS name is. HE told me it has four letters. I responded "It is, ABBA." HE said "No, I am your ABBA but that is not MY name." HE and I set off on an adventure for me to find out what it is. At this time, I felt like I had used God and Jesus in vain but moreover that they were not really HIS proper names to begin with. Later on, I would find out how much it meant in spiritual warfare that I used HIS correct name. I wanted to grow closer to HIM and felt like a proper name was a good starting point. I asked HIM to guide me and I would trust HIM in everything going forward. I told HIM I stand on HIS promises and will only trust my Savior from now on. I bumped into Rabbis online who said God was only a title such as Mr. and Mrs. are titles. HE said Heavenly ABBA's name is YHUH pronounced YAH-who-uh. It means Behold the Hand, Behold the Nail. Immediately I ran back to Heavenly ABBA and said "YHUH" is YOUR name". HE said "Yes". Instantly I asked, "What is YOUR name the way YOU heard it when YOU walked the face of the Earth?" That is when YHUH outright told me "YAHUSHA". HE gave me a vision in my head of children's building blocks and on them sat the letters, Y A H U S H A. Each letter on a separate block with the blocks lined up next to each other. YHUH specifically said "Now go use it!" Moving forward I made the adjustments necessary to get used to calling HIM by HIS correct name. YAHUSHA comes in YAHUAH's name. The other ones come in their own names. YAHUAH is in the name of YAHUSHA. Psalms 119 is Ancient Hebrew and is in Scripture because it is the same Ancient Hebrew that YAHUSHA spoke when HE walked the face of the Earth. Current day Jewish people speak Yiddish and it is untrue that YAHUSHA spoke Aramaic like Jewish traditions claim. It is untrue that HE is Jewish. HE was crucified by them and they gleefully took credit and also placed the blame on their children's children.

YAHUAH means YAH adds breath. YAHUSHA means YAH adds salvation and deliverance. When we inhale and exhale our bodies make a noise and it is the sound of YAHUAH's name. When our hearts beat and blood pumped through the valves into the different chambers, our hearts make a noise and it is the sound of YAHUSHA's name. YHUH is the tetragrammaton of YAHUAH. YHUH has a numerical value of 10, 5, 6, 5 which is written in our DNA ladder. RUACH is YAHUAH in spirit invisible with us now. I chose HIS RUACH as my companion. This is why satan is trying so hard to corrupt us. He hates Heavenly ABBA.

A valuable lesson I learned is never listen to man and always listen to YHUH. Let every man be the liar and let YHUH be the truth. I met a Rabbi in person in December 2014. First of all I should have known better to listen to a person who calls themselves a Rabbi after YHUH says that only HE is our Rabbi, let no man be our Rabbi or call themselves, Rabbi. The Rabbi I met in person basically mocked and scoffed me saying "Oh Holly, that's cute that you call HIM YAHUSHA, once you get to know HIM better you will learn to call HIM Yeshua." For 10 years I foolishly and stupidly abandoned what YHUH told me HIS name was and proceeded to call HIM what the Rabbi told me to call HIM. The Rabbi was and still his wrong. That Rabbi is into the Zohar and Talmud. I repented.

~Finding People from my Dreams~

YHUH began to lead me online to Ministries where I could learn and study Scripture. I found an evangelist who gave world news and current events. This evangelist discussed how these events connect back to Scripture and indicated that we were living in the End Times and Last Days. I tuned into her every time she uploaded a video. On one episode in particular, she gave her testimony and posted a picture of a child she had who died as an infant. I recognized that picture of her and her husband at their child's gravesite. She was the one whom I had been dreaming of since I was three years old. She was the one that YHUH showed me a vision of during the Muppet Show I watched as a small child. By December 2015, I had been a caller multiple times on her live streams and that is where I confessed to her that YHUH had been giving me prophetic dreams and I had dreams about her. Through her Ministry I was able to break chains and bad habits. It is no surprise that YHUH lead me from my dreams to her in reality.

~Blood on Faces of People~

One day in the summer of 2014 I confessed to my friend that I was seeing blood on people's faces. I was asking him what it was, but he did not know and could not answer me. He had blood on his face and random people that I would see passing by on the street or in stores did too. It gave me a strong urge to fight and attack. I never acted on this urge of course. People did not really have blood on their faces in reality but in my mind's eye they did. What was happening as I found out months later was the MKUltra programming was rearing its ugly head. The MK Ultra programming for the satanic sleeper Super Soldiers had been triggered and memories of assignments were bleeding through into my normal thoughts.

~Lost My Home~

September 2014 I lost my home of 10 years. It broke my heart. I loved living alone and on my own. Every day I had a great day and every night I slept well. It suited me just fine. I was only responsible for my cat, my dog and myself, which was perfect. I desired no more. I blasted my stereo when I wanted, ate or did not eat when I wanted and did things when I wanted to. I did not disturb anyone else with anything I did. I had freedom and never had to answer to anyone. I loved it! My place was decorated so nicely, immaculate and clean, I had my piano, the dining set from my family, an amazing living room set from my step dad, and a gorgeous bedroom set. Everything was spotless. In the winter the place was always hot. Therefore, I kept the windows open so the cold air could come through and

my cat loved sitting on living room windowsill. Keeper my dog sat at the front door with her nose hanging out watching the days fade away and watching everyone come and go along the sidewalk. I made my own funny YouTube video skits. I used to take Coca-Cola bottles with different names and come up with funny jokes. The bottle named Nick was nicked up with a chain saw. Stew helped me make that video and sawed the bottle. I would wear tin foil hats or burger king hats and joke around while wearing them. Anything that I could think of that was funny I would run a video about. Even my animals were incorporated into these videos. I named my YouTube channel HTV for Holly Television. I opened a Google Plus account and began meeting many amazing people, including people I had always wanted to meet. Google Plus and YouTube reached a lot more people than Facebook. Starting from this point I began sharing everything I experienced in life, online and public. I deprogrammed live online in real time for all to witness. It was great in some ways and terrible in other ways. Nonetheless, it would afford me many opportunities in time to come, although I didn't know it at this time.

Disability didn't send my check for three months and due to this financial difficulty, I lost my home. I ended up renting an expensive couch from someone in Newfoundland, NJ for a short period of time. It was brutal as I had to live with someone else and I had no privacy. I was renting a couch to keep my pets and I together at all costs. When I was settled into this new place, my only escape was my computer. The people surrounding me at the time were dumbed down, indoctrinated, brain washed with cognitive dissonance. The term sheeple is a great definition to explain those people I was stuck with. I tried to save up money to find myself another place during this time while still pay rent and other bills. My disability check did not cover very much, and I was desperately struggling. I am a homebody because of my physical and mental diagnoses and living in cramped quarters made everything worse. All I had was a dresser of clothes and everything else was in storage. I was beginning to have a constant thirst for YHUH and learning HIS word. I began using my YouTube channel to look up ministries and other people's testimonies. Every day and every evening I was tuning into live broadcasts regarding Scripture. Anyone talking about YHUH that RUACH led me to, I dived into. I had already stopped watching TV in 2009 but began getting my current world and local news on online. With each day I was learning more and more while the world around me grew colder and colder. Since 2011 I was already suffering from truth shock realizing I had been deceived by the world around me. Now I had all the time I needed to educate myself about what I had missed by having my head in the sand and not paying attention for so long. I was embarking upon a pivotal time. Things started to drastically change for what seemed to be the better at times, and for the worst at others. I continued to ask YHUH to lead me and the RUACH continued to disciple me slowly and securely. I began praying day in and day out to HIM, from the time I woke up until I went to sleep and all through the night as I stirred.

I stopped finding joy in hanging out with my friends or gathering on UFC night. I stopped finding joy in going to bars, parties, and the typical things I once liked. Drugs and prescriptions were the last thing on my mind but that is all my friends did at the time. Plus they drank like fishes out of water every day. The people around me were superficial and the conversations lacked intelligence, which drove me farther away from them. I began drifting away from socializing. I got into studying and became more serious. I focused on educating myself and started to seek being an Ordained Minister. I did not want to go back to college and hated sitting in class. With the internet at my fingertips I could still get a college education and learn many of the things for free. I tuned in and looked up everything that came to mind or that other people mentioned. I began talking about serious things in my videos instead of making funny skits. My friends were noticing that I was changing and they did not like it at

all. When I would conversate with people the topics were deeper and more meaningful but they only wanted to talk about television shows.

~Eclipse~

Sometime in October or November 2014 there was an eclipse that I was trying to stay awake throughout the wee hours of the morning to witness. I ended up falling asleep and missing it. This is when I found out there are entities who pose as our Savior and they bring legions. There is the fake Jesus and I fell under bad spiritual attack from it. Anytime there is a real eclipse I get attacked by the fake Jesus and his legions. (April 8 2024 there was a fake eclipse that was engineered by man. And because it was not a natural eclipse I was never attacked). I partially woke up because I felt something enter the room and it was evil. All I could do was open my eyes, but I was unable to move my body or yell for help as a result of sleep paralysis. Legions of demons filed in the room and surrounded me on the couch. They were saying something I could not understand. With Jesus watching at the door, two legions jumped on my back. One held me down and the other one grabbed my hair, pulled my head back and sliced my throat open. I felt my blood pour out of my neck and spill into my throat. I felt the warmth of the blood on my body as it drained from me. The legions surrounding me kept chanting frenzied. The attack was so violent that I blacked out in horror. For three days afterward all I tasted was blood in my mouth. At this time I still had no idea about spiritual warfare. I had no idea that using the name of YAHUSHA would stop these attacks dead in their tracks. YHUH says not to have any Mighty Ones names in our mouth. I only honor HIS Name YAHUSHA, the one HE gave me.

~Two Resurrections~

November 2014 YHUH continued to pour out HIS RUACH Oqdesh (In Hebrew, RUACH means Spirit. Oqdesh means Set Apart). My dreams were very detailed, vivid, and real. The best way to explain it was HE showed me hallowed Scripture in my dreams, proving it to be the truth and HIMSELF to be real. I had a death experience back in 2007 and YHUH used that in a dream to explain to me the two Resurrections. HE explained the catching away in the air of, 1 Thessalonians 4, is about a Resurrection, not the Rapture. It explains exactly what a resurrection feels like. Sadly, churches turn this into a different event and call it the rapture. The rapture doctrine is false. In the dream I was standing in the midst of YHUH and nothing else was around. HE brought me back to life in the dream just like HE did when I died in March 2007. When HE resurrected me in the dream, the next thing I saw was a bunch of other people resurrected shortly after. It was a specific group of certain people. Then in the dream a second resurrection occurred. The second resurrection included everyone and everything. This dream made an impact on me since HE used my own death and resurrection experience to explain to me what is to come. The first Resurrection happens after HIS return when HE sets up HIS Earthly Kingdom. The second Resurrection happens after HIS 1000 years of Earthly reign ends when satan and YAHUSHA have the final battle but right before Judgment Day.

In the morning the next day after this dream I reached out to a ministry that I was in communication with. She told me that what YHUH showed me was in Matthew and Revelation. She told me that I am a True Prophet of YHUH possessing the Gift of Prophecy. She made a video about me too where she encouraged me as a Prophet. I fell upon my knees and worshipped YHUH more fiercely than I had ever done as the magnitude of everything was hitting me. It meant I had a future in HIM.

~Ezekiel's Wheel~

Late one evening in November 2014 I was driving home with my roommate and I saw something I will never forget. As we pulled into the driveway, I slammed on my brakes and came to a dead stop. I saw a huge wheel and Angel standing in front of the house. The colors of the man sparkled, as did the wheel. The wheel had eyes. They were both taller than the two-story house. My roommate asked me what happened to cause me to brake. I asked him "Do you see that?" He looked puzzled and replied "Is it a bear? Where is it?" I spoke again "You don't see that?" He began to get frustrated "No, what are you talking about?" I told him "Nevermind." I was astonished at what was standing right in front of us and the fact my roommate did not see it at all. I played it off and continued down the driveway to park my car. I could not take my eyes off the huge Angel and the huge wheel, both of which I had to walk past to enter the house. I had a peaceful serene feeling and like I was in the presence of YHUH. It took me a few weeks to find this in Scripture to be able to test it to make sure it was of YHUH.

~Golden Bow & Silver Arrow~

At the end of 2014 I was establishing my foundation and my personal, active, intimate relationship with YHUH through YAHUSHA Mashiach. I kept asking HIM to hear HIS voice like Noah did when HE taught Noah how to build an ark in the middle of a desert to save humanity. My prayers were focused on getting YHUH's attention and pleading with HIM that I wanted to be closer to HIM and please put a calling upon my life. I wanted to serve HIM more now and more than ever before in my life. Things started to make sense to me and YHUH was not as distant to me as churches and other people made HIM out to be. I went to HIM directly for everything and stopped listening to everybody else around me. YHUH knows better than anyone else does anyhow so all I need is HIM. People had a problem with this as I was showing independence, confidence and initiative. They could no longer hold me down or hold me back. I thirsted more and more for YHUH and my passion grew with each second that passed.

One night I was washing the dishes and I turned around to check out something playing on the computer monitor. My Bible was sitting open on the coffee table. Above it there was hovering a Golden Bow. YHUH allowed me a vision. Instantly I said "YHUH I don't know what it is but I want that Golden Bow." YHUH was leading me somewhere by showing me this. I just had to find out what was this Golden Bow. While doing my Scripture studies YHUH revealed to me that YAHUSHA came first and gold is first place. YHUH showed me YAHUSHA wearing a gold belt. Then I remembered as a child watching the Dukes of Hazard. As a child my neighbor and I would play pretend and she would always pick Bow as her husband and I would get stuck with Duke. I always wanted Bow. At that moment it came to me: I began calling YAHUSHA My Golden Bow. HE came first before all other creation. HE conquered death thus paving a way for me to do so. I was resurrected because HE did it first and created it.

A few weeks later as my Bible lay open on the couch YHUH gave me another vision. I saw a silver arrow hovering above my Bible this time. Instantly I told YHUH "I did not know what that is either, but I want it!" In the days to come as I tuned into my online ministries, YHUH revealed to me that the

silver arrow is HIS Living Words. HIS Living Words cut through the darkness and gets rid of demons. HIS Living Words heal and cure. Miracles are still performed because HIS Words are living and HIS RUACH is with us. If I know HIS Living Words then in essence I become an Arrow. I want HIS Living Words written in my heart and known in my brain. Silver because when silver is being refined it is put under extreme pressure and fire and when finished, it shines the reflection of the refiner. YHUH is my refiner.

This is how my personal, intimate, active relationship formed with YHUH. HE and I have nicknames for one another. YAHUSHA is not just my Savior and Aluah in human form but now HE is my Golden Bow, and HE was personalized to me. (In Hebrew Aluah means god. I do not want to say god because I do not want to summon godrael. Did you know godrael is the serpent who tricked Adam and Eve in the Garden and is also the plumed serpent over the United States of America? It is the same snake that Native American Indians talk of that had a halo over its head put them in a trance and then leads them down into the caves.)

~Meeting the Messianic Rabbi~

My online ministries and the one who I was in communication with regarding the Resurrection dream kept making videos and encouraging others to be water baptized if they were not already. I took her advice and began searching for churches near me that might baptize me. Online I found a Messianic Rabbi who was close to home. To my amazement this was the same man that I had a vision of when I was 13 years old. This was the Messianic Rabbi my neighbor suggested my mother bring me to but instead I was taken to a psycho-analyst. I could not believe my eyes when I saw this Rabbi blow the shofar with a LAMB and Star of David on the back of his tallit. Tallit is a prayer shawl. He matched exactly to the vision YHUH had given to me decades before. For weeks I watched and then decided I would attend one of the sermons that he held in hopes that he would baptize me to YAHUSHA. This was the Messianic Rabbi who misled me regarding YAHUSHA's name.

On December 5 and 12, 2014, I made the journey to this ministry in Lodi, NJ. When I traveled down the road, halfway through I noticed that all the scenery along the highway matched a dream that YHUH allowed me back in 2013. The bridges, placements of houses, and curvatures of the road matched my dreams exactly. As I neared the building I felt a rush come over me. I thought I was having mood swings because I felt different inside due to being extremely elated. In addition, my Alters were coming forward showing themselves. I did not understand what was happening to me but I tried acting normal and keeping a calm outward appearance. I thought that the magnitude of turning my life around and having two way dialogues with YHUH was astonishing and overwhelming. It was bigger than hitting the lottery. To have YHUH for myself and communicating with HIM like I would with anyone else was amazing and incredible. None of my friends or family at the time cared or were interested! They did not want to seek HIM or get to know HIM for themselves. My stories were falling on deaf ears and people got bored and frustrated with me fast for finding Faith.

I entered and found a seat somewhere in the back of the room, out of the way of the camera crew who was filming. The Messianic Rabbi came on stage and gave an incredible sermon. None of which could I tell you about. It is good that I kept the brochure. As I sat in the audience and felt like I could shine my face to YHUH and no longer had to run or hide. It felt like YHUH was looking straight at me, showering

HIS love upon me and giving me HIS undivided attention. I was completely moved in ways I cannot explain.

At the end of the sermon there was a line of people who wanted to meet the Messianic Rabbi. I impatiently waited and could not wipe off the huge smile I had on my face. I was about to meet, for the first time in person, someone from my dreams. I was jittery and felt like I was walking on clouds. When it was my turn to introduce myself to the Messianic Rabbi I was beside myself with joy and stumbled through my words and testimony. I had no idea what to say, so I asked YHUH to speak through me. I told him that I could see angels and demons, the story of the angel who I saw fly across the sky in 2000 signaling the four Horsemen, and I showed him the photo of YHUH's Seal upon my forehead. It was only 7 months prior to meeting the Rabbi that I gave my covenant to YHUH and received the Seal. I confessed my dreams come true and that I believed I had a vision of him when I was younger. I said I believed I was supposed to meet him as I have been chasing the very LAMB which I saw on the back of his tallit when he blows the shofar.

The Messianic Rabbi told me I was a blessing. I had not heard that since Gram was alive and to hear it from him meant the world to me. He laid his hands upon me to pray over me in Yiddish which he did not translate for me. I began shaking and trembling. There was something inside of me that stirred but I did not know what it was. It felt like something was in my belly and rolled over to get more comfortable. When he finished praying with his assistant for me, he invited me to come back the following week for the Festival of Lights on December 12, 2014. I accepted the invite and left abruptly for the woman's room. The Rabbi's assistant came into the woman's room to see if I was okay as I was crying and sitting on the bathroom floor. I told her how moved I was and how this night was significant and very special to me. I really did not know what to say for myself or how to tell her what was happening. My Alters certainly did not want for her to know they were present and responsible for driving me there. For the most part I was speechless over the night's events and feared no one would believe me so I did not bother explaining.

On Chanukah, the Jewish Tradition of the Festival of Lights on December 12, 2014, I returned to the Messianic Rabbi's Ministry as invited. I did not realize at this time that I was DID, Dissociative Identity Disorder and had 169 Alters. When I drove back to this Ministry again I was overwhelmed with mood swings or so I thought. I felt very different. Inside of me I felt stronger and more powerful than typical. I thought to myself, no matter the attack, no matter if I get a flat tire, there would be nothing to stop me from getting there. I would have driven my car through a brick wall if it suddenly appeared in the road to try to deter me from attending. I felt urgency deep inside of my gut, and my soul felt like it was on fire. I felt YHUH's Seal upon my forehead as if it were a physical object sitting on my head. I could see the darkness surrounding me. Demonic spirits and entities were watching me like never before but they were not able to take my life. The radio was playing a song called "All Along the Watch Tower."

When I arrived in the parking lot I sat there for moments and enjoyed it, absorbing it all in, and trying to make it last. I had my long brown suede coat on, diamond earrings and I was wearing my favorite perfume. It did pain me that the friends I invited to accompany me said they were too busy that night or never responded. Now there I sat, looking at this incredible building. I could not help but feel like the only person in the world that knew YHUH was real and I found HIM. Even though I did not know what to expect, I was so excited and could hardly contain my enthusiasm.

As I entered the building and joined the rest of the congregants, my spiritual eyes kicked in. I could see YAHUSHA and HIS Angels. YAHUSHA was hid in the DJ booth as HIS Angels were next to HIM watching out over everyone seated. When HIS Angels spoke I heard them and they said "She's here! She's here. She's looking right at us! She made it! She's here!" There was elation and excitement in their voices. I was awe struck but carried myself appropriately so I did not give off any expression to others of the spiritual experience I was having. No one seemed to notice what I was seeing. When the Messianic Rabbi began the service, to my surprise it was the Bride Groom Feast Teaching, as well as, the traditions of a Jewish marriage were the sermon. I had heard them before and loved the stories. During the service I took the diamond ring I wore on my right hand ring finger and placed it on the ring finger of my left hand. I said "YAHUSHA, YOU are a perfect man and I always wanted one. YOU are my everything. You are my love and all that I love. I love YOU with all my heart, mind, body and soul. There is no bigger love I have in life than the love I have for YOU. I want to be YOUR Bride and have YOU as my Groom. In my death experience back in 2007, YOU whispered, 'Marry Me'. Seven years later here I am and that is what I am here to do tonight is marry YOU. I profess my love for YOU."

Everyone in the audience was given a candle to light during the sermon and for the evening's festivities to follow. I did not stay past the sermon, but I asked if I could keep my candle since it was such a special evening to commemorate. The staff was hesitant but obliged. This evening was very pivotal to my relationship with my Savior, YAHUSHA Mashiach, who I began calling My Golden Bow, for I am HIS Silver Arrow. To me, we had a serious marriage and I meant everything I said. I went to the car and drove home. The feeling I had was one I never experienced before in my life. I gave myself and fully surrendered to YAHUSHA, now my husband. It felt like the world was at my fingertips and there was no stopping me. I was on white-hot fire! As I walked out I heard YAHUSHA say "What did she do when she was here?" HIS Angels answered "She married YOU! She married YOU." I did not understand the magnitude of what was happening but the kingdom of Heaven was very joyful and allowed me to see them overwhelmingly pleased and cheerful.

For my 1-week anniversary I lit the candle for YAHUSHA and my wedding. I took communion and began to draw pictures for HIM. I knew HE already had everything, but I wanted to make my gestures to HIM, so I drew pictures for HIM. I remembered around Christmas time when HE allowed me to see myself through HIS own eyes. HE looked down at the first picture I drew for HIM. HE was a Father doting over HIS daughter. HE filled me with love and joy. What an incredible feeling that was to see myself through HIS eyes and have HIM cradle me.

~Meeting My Alters~

I had no idea what an Alter was at this point but I figured out I was demonically possessed. The day came where I started to realize the other children from the DUMBs were alive and well online. They were not in my head and they were giving interviews of their own testimonies. It dawned on me what was inside my head were memories of what I lived as an active Super Soldier and that's when everything came crashing down on me. Everything seemed to come back all at once: every light switch in my head flipped to the 'on' position all at once. Between the calling YHUH put on my life, and realizing I was a Super Soldier and all of it is real, I began to fall to pieces mentally and emotionally. I was officially awake but still had so much to learn. I just married YAHUSHA and here I was beginning to meet the Alters who survived and lived through the battles I endured as a Super Soldier but did not realize they were Alters.

I fell to pieces and I did it publicly online too. I asked YHUH to utilize me and make an example of me. It was YHUH's idea that I put my recovery public online on YouTube. I even turned over my written diary of my deepest ruminations and my confessions to YAHUSHA publicly on Facebook. I stopped running away and hiding from things that needed confronting. I began to face my fears and face myself in the mirror. It was a part of my calling to allow the public to view my deprogramming and full reintegration process from 2014-2022. Otherwise, I do not recommend it for anyone and suggest they deprogram in private so the predators do not come back to stifle their healing process and trolls do not throw stumbling blocks in their recovery process. I was suffering without family, without a home, lacking support, and crashed on an expensive couch with my pets. I was definitely outside my comfort zone. I began to realize that I needed someone smart who I could talk to about this Super Soldier stuff. I went before YHUH and asked HIM to guide me solely and securely. I wanted only HIS RUACH to be the one guiding my wind and directing my feet. When I watched Super Soldiers giving their Interviews it would be every 3 to 6 months. I wondered what life was like for them in between these Interviews. I saw a need, void and vacancy, so filled it. I began running videos on YouTube regarding these topics. What was life like for a decommissioned or retired Super Soldier? What did Super Soldiers do? What happens during their day? I wanted to know personal details. I wanted a basis of comparison for my own life.

As I deprogrammed from MKUltra, YHUH and I grew closer. As grueling as the deprogramming was, HE and I had just as much fun and joy together. HE would show me visions, I would draw them, and later on that day it would come true and manifest in reality. We had a Quarters game. It would help to get me praying. We developed a Numbers game and in Scripture there is entire cannon named Numbers. We have a Street Sign game and Fuzz Ball game. I was drawing and writing for YHUH every day and posting online. I told everybody all about HIM as well as, what HE and I did together. I talked about HIM constantly. This also caused me to fall under many spiritual attacks from the dark side. Because of the stress I was enduring, the Alters appeared more and more. It had caught my attention when the Super Soldiers said they had Alters. At least I had a word to look up to figure out what was happening to me. I needed help but did not know exactly what I needed. This made me rely on YHUH even more.

One morning the Spy Alter made an appearance. She woke in the middle of the night and went rummaging through my belongings, starting with my computer and everything I hand wrote on my desk. She saw the pamphlets I got from being at the Messianic Rabbi's Ministry weeks prior. She about fell over! She saw that I wrote "I married YAHUSHA on December 12th" and had invited people to join me that night. She read the essays I wrote about meeting the Rabbi on December 5th and December 12th 2015.

When she looked down and saw that ring, I thought she was going to have a heart attack. She sat in my rocking chair and thought to herself "Oh my Holly, what have you done? We married YAHUSHA?" Panic-stricken does not seem strong enough of a word for how she was feeling inside. Then she slow down and rationally thought "Who do I answer to now? I don't have to call any phone numbers? Then what do I do? Pray? I just pray to YAHUSHA to check in? I answer only to HIM now? I don't have to report back to anyone else at anytime or call any numbers of handlers? I can just pray to YAHUSHA now? This might not be so bad. This might be okay. I am okay. I still cannot believe Holly married YAHUSHA. Way to go. You got it right this time!" I never saw her again. She reintegrated right then and there.

YHUH baraked (barak means bless in Hebrew) me with co-conscious. Never before was I. This meant I would be conscious to see what my Alters were doing while they were forward, and active. Hence, I shared consciousness with my Alters. We were all aware at the same time but they were in control. While they were making decisions and moving about, I could only watch but at least know what they were doing. At first, I would shake and quake in my shoes crying "What is happening to me?!" I was in severe distress and dismay. I prayed fiercely to YHUH as I had no one else and nowhere else to go. It only made our relationship stronger, and it made me stronger to stand on my own.

My Alters and I always made everyone call me by my name, Holly Baglio, which is on my birth certificate. I do not like to be called by my former name, Holly Gabory, as I find that triggering. Gabory was a name I used for the first 17 years of my life growing up. I told people to always call me by my proper name. If they had a nickname for me like, Holz, Bags, or Holy Holly and the God Squad, I did not mind whatsoever and enjoyed it quite honestly. I did not care what my friends called me so long as they called me and called me their friend! When my Alters came forward they told me that they did not have names so I gave them nicknames based on their characteristics that most stood out. For instance, Shakes was the one who told me about all the electrocutions. Sam was a male alter who took care of the little alters and was a system all on his own. I had male alpha alters, robot alters with no feelings, and other kinds of alters at other ages and sexes. There were 169 of them. If they did have names they were not going to tell me because they did not want to be triggered or go back active. They just wanted to sit with me and let me show them something new. They were sick and tired of the DUMBs and wanted out. They wanted a "normal life" just like everyone else. They thought that they would never see the day I got out. My Alters daydreamed about the day they would be free and safe, able to live a life they choose.

~Suicide Programming~

A reason why Adolf Hitler was looking around Ancient Egypt in the Temples and Pyramids is because Mind Control techniques that MKUltra Projects use date back to the Days of the Pharaohs. How I connect the dots in Scripture is Nimrod turned himself into a mighty man. He stumbled onto the technology that was washed away in Noah's Flood. The MKUltra Projects I was specifically a part of were turning me into a mighty man, part human, part angel, and part transhuman mixed with machine, metal and technology.

The suicide programming reared its ugly head. Again, I had no idea what was happening to me, and I had no one around me to help me. I was all alone. The suicide programming activated, and I just wanted to die. I told Heavenly ABBA, I am not suicidal and could never bring myself to harm myself so I begged HIM to take my life instead. I wanted to curl up in a ball and cease to exist.

Living was difficult and what I was experiencing went way beyond anything a doctor or counselor was equipped to handle. My Alters would not have trusted them anyway because the entire medical industry is created by the Rockefellers and covers up MKUltra. Most of the doctors were a part of the problem that I was trying to escape. Either they did not understand or they would try to reprogram me with their propaganda and to put me back under the MKUltra hypnosis. Going to doctors takes away my chance at having a quality life and exercising my free will to turn to use YAHUSHA's Ways. The Medical Industry covers up spiritual problems with a lot of big words, gives you a label for their billing system, and makes you think you have to have their expensive medications. They separate people

from their Creator and Savior. The Medical Industry does not address the root of the issue at hand. Doctors are glorified nuclear waste drug dealers in my humble opinion. Since I had quit all my prescriptions, I was not about to go back to them for them to mess me up worse than before. They only gave me more labels and more prescriptions. Then every month had me to return to monitor my progress on their drugs. This is not a solution!

The solution is faith in YAHUSHA. Make HIM the answer and work outward from there to resolve each problem. Remember the woman who was very sick, but her faith was so strong she knew that if she simply touched YAHUSHA's cloak she would be cured? I felt that same way as she did. There was nowhere in New Jersey that had experience or expertise in helping someone going through what I was going through. They did not know about MK Ultra, Project Paperclip or what a DUMB is. I did not have time to educate them first in order to get the help that I needed. I needed someone who was equipped to handle the issues I was experiencing. I struggled for a week with the suicide programming until I burned out. I started sleeping in my dog's bed with my dog and cat. My line of thinking was simple; if all dogs go to Heaven, then YAHUSHA would not forget my dog, cat and me if we were sleeping in my dog's bed if the rapture did happen to be true. To find out at that specific time the rapture was false doctrine made deprogramming from the suicide programming worse. I had just gotten free from the DUMBs a few years prior but the fighting was not over like I wanted it to be. The danger was not over. I got out of the DUMBs to find out that we are facing the 7 year Great Tribulation so I am not done warring. I am not completely safe yet. It may sound funny, but I was breaking apart and my mind was melting. It felt like a nervous breakdown, midlife crisis and violent car accident wrapped up into one big ball.

Finally, a point came that I could not take it anymore. One morning I hopped in my car, in my nightclothes and drove to the Messianic Rabbi's ministry during off hours. It was not open. I went looking for him to help me. I thought that since he said he knew YAHUSHA that YAHUSHA would have him help me and tell him what to do for me. When I arrived at his ministry I entered the building but only the janitors were present. I asked the janitors to find the Messianic Rabbi and let him know I was there. I was desperate for assistance and did not know what was happening to me. To be honest I was going ask him to take me to the hospital because I had stopped eating and it felt like I forgot how to sleep. My body was haggard and wearing down. I did not know what to do with myself. I had no family as they disowned me and my friends were so dumbed down and ignorant I could not trust my well-being into their retarded hands. Therefore I ran to the Rabbi that YHUH gave me a vision of when I was 13 and who married me to YAHUSHA a week prior.

Once the janitors allowed me to enter, I went into the main room where the Messianic Rabbi's sermons were broadcast and recorded. I sat down in the seat where I had sat two times before. My mind was flipping between the Super Soldier memories and reality. My mind would flip between sitting there and what I was doing, over to the suicide programming roaring in my mind. There is an Ezekiel 33 Watchmen Wall in the main room of the ministry. I walked over and touched it. I told YHUH that I am HIS Watchman and to please help me understand what is happening. I sat down on the stairs to the DJ booth right next to the Watchman's Wall. I thought to myself that I was in a heap of trouble and I did not know what to do. I leaned back on the stairs and the DJ booth door popped open. I remembered back to December 12th when I saw YAHUSHA hiding inside the DJ booth with HIS Angels standing next to HIM. I could not help myself so I entered the booth. The reason why YAHUSHA hid from me was I went there to do something that night. If HE showed HIMSELF then it would have looked like HE persuaded me, convinced me, or made me marry HIM. The fact HE hid from me gave

me the freedom to go about my free will and do the business I went there to do that night. I went there for HIM and I walked out married on my own accord.

At this time I thought of the Messianic Rabbi and his wife as a type of parental figures. I know that sounds weird, but I was always tuning into this ministry and had heard about how he and his wife were prophesied over and now they were both married to each other. In my mind they had the ultimate love story and I wanted my own love story with YAHUSHA. I happily entered into the DJ booth and stood at the mixing boards and microphone. I could not help myself but to touch every button and knob there was. I grabbed onto the microphone and pretended to speak on it. I said "May I have your attention please. This is your Ezekiel 33 Watchman and we are fucked. The world is coming to an end as we know it. We are about to collide into the 7 year Tribulation headfirst, going 1000 MPH. It is time to prepare and turn to YAHUSHA. There is no time to waste. I don't want your blood on my head. The time to get right with YHUH is right now this second." I admired this ministry so much I felt like a kid in a candy store to be standing in the presence of what I originally thought was greatness. I am a humble small town farm girl.

After about 30 or 45 minutes I realized that the Messianic Rabbi was not coming to help me so I left. On my way out I told the janitors my name and left my phone number. I begged them to have the Rabbi call me. The Rabbi had an outreach program and I needed someone to reach out to me. A couple days later, I get a phone call from the police department. On the phone they lied to me and my Alters did not appreciate that because of the suicide programming I was handling. They asked me questions on the phone but at no point did they say they were coming to the place where I rented a couch with my two pets. Regardless of how the phone call went I was somewhat relieved to talk to someone with half a brain. The cops showed up in three cars that evening. The roommate was bugging badly because he was engaged in selling acid, cocaine, mollies and had illegal hand guns and weapons. He also did not have a driver's license but was driving under his father's insurance. The police showing up was the last thing he wanted to have happen. I told the roommate to shut up and stay in his bedroom because the cops were there for me and I will handle everything. My household was separate from his and I did not want his garbage affecting me. It was bad enough that I had nowhere else to go and no idea what was happening to me.

The police walked up the stairs to knock on the front door. I answered. Two officers were in front of me, three were hiding behind a bright flashlight shining in my face so I could not see any of their faces. They asked me about the Messianic Rabbi. I told them I was seeking help from his ministry and I believed everything he said about Harbingers. I was a mess to say the least. They had no idea what was happening to me either, and I did not know how to explain it to them. They would not believe me even if I tried. They questioned me about everything. It was no problem for me to answer them and give the truth they wanted to know. I refused to answer any questions about the roommate and reminded them they were there to talk to me about me. I mentioned that I had dreams and nightmares that came true and they were Harbingers too. I broke down shaking and crying in front of them. At one point I put my back to them and leaned my head against the door in my hands so they could not see my face. I was embarrassed.

The other thing that happened which peaked their curiosity was that I posted publicly on Google Plus my social security number. What they did not understand was I had a premonition when I was a kid that I would be in danger, like I felt I was, and needed to signal for help. Putting up my social security number would get me the help that I was requiring. They saw everything I wrote and it was all public.

They asked me about Aaron my knife. I told them to wait a minute. I went inside the house, underneath my pillow and grabbed both of my knives that I had been carrying for 4 years for self-protection. I came out onto the deck and I placed Moses and Aaron on the ground. I told them they could have Moses for good measure. I moved back and sat down on the deck so they could feel safe to retrieve my weapons. I was happy to hand them over. They continued to question and I continued to sob and confess everything I could. I was not guilty of crimes but I needed help. I told them I was getting right with YAHUSHA and turning myself over to HIM. One officer who I could not see as he hid behind the bright flashlight, started laughing at me and in mocking jokester cartoon voice said "Awe, she is getting right with JESUS, ha ha ha ha." The police took my weapons and told me I could sleep well and would not have to worry about exes trying to kill me.

~Voice to Skull Technology~

Thank YHUH I had heard of Voice to Skull Technology. I did not know much about it except that it existed. This technology causes the victim to go through mini concussions while it is being used on them. This causes the victim to feel physically sick and like there is an invisible force bearing down and making their bodies have ailments and pain. For weeks I felt like I was going to collapse. I felt like I was getting hit in the back, neck and head with baseball bats but there were no baseball bats. I felt traumatized and fried by microwaves on the inside of my body.

First it started with the radio and television. It was like electronics could read my mind and they started engaging me directly about what was on my mind. Songs and commercials would change and start answering me about what I was thinking. When I pointed this out to the roommate he would stupidly say "It's a commercial." My response "Yes, I know it is a commercial or song but the radio [or television] is talking to us and talking into our conversation as if it is a third person. How do you not notice it? It is unnerving and uncanny! Something demonic is going on!" My friends at the time were useless and helpless. I stopped hanging out with them. I had more fun listening to Scripture, drawing pictures and hanging out with YAHUSHA alone.

After a couple of weeks dealing with electronics responding to me whenever I walked into a room, one day a voice came. A voice started speaking inside of my head. I thought to myself "I am not schizophrenic, and my brain is not sick, so what is happening?" It was confusing but remembered hearing about this kind of technology. The voice sounded muffled and whiny. It was definitely a man's voice, not my own. It talked at me all day and all night for three full days. At night it would wake me up to talk. It rummaged through my memory bank and saw everything I did throughout my entire life. This made me feel bad about most of the choices I had made in the past because now they were all known. As the voice viewed my memories, I was reliving them. I remember running outside and collapsing on the snow and ice, begging for forgiveness and relief.

The person using the V2K technology gave me no privacy. I tried to ignore the voice as much as I could but it would not go away. At times I tossed the idea around that maybe it was a demon. I kept telling it that YAHUSHA is not intrusive and I can live with HIM, but I cannot live with this voice. It talked when it wanted to without leaving me a say in the matter. This voice would not shut up. I began talking back to it and asking it about YAHUSHA. The voice thought YAHUSHA was a construct that humans made up. One night I was falling to pieces and my mind was unraveling so I told the voice to come get me and feed me. The voice responded that they were too "busy making bank". I think the

voice was crushing on me too because it would flirt with me and loved when I was in the shower. When I ate food, the voice was there. When I was trying to sleep the voice was there. When I tuned into my ministries, the voice left and seemed bored versus upset. The voice seemed to try to talk me out of Faith. It did not react as a demon does to YAHUSHA's name. The voice had a personality of its own. It critiqued things I did and always seemed to have a better idea of execution. The voice had an ego and came across that its word was truth and solid but in reality it was not and I could hear a void in the voice's theories.

One the third and last day, I could not take the voice and the sound of the voice any longer. I sat on the edge of the couch at the end of my chain, clutching on for dear life. I was at my weakest and completely worn down. Suddenly, I hear a door creak open. The demons did not install a door in my head. It came from wherever the voice was located. I heard a second voice say "Does she know who she is yet?" There was a swooshing of papers and sounds of items on a desktop falling on the floor. It sounded like the second voice was mad and pushed everything off a desk. I heard shuffling of footsteps again and the door slammed shut. I purposefully quieted my mind and tried my hardest not to have a thought pop up so the voice could not see what I was thinking. There was a long pause and silence. I felt like the voice was waiting for me to say something. The reason why I did not was that if it was a demon, I was not about to ask the demon for anything, especially who I was! That would be making a deal with darkness and I was not having that. As the voice waited in silence and I waited to hear what it had to say next, a thought popped into my head. I could not keep my mind quiet anymore. It was like the scene in Ghostbusters when Buster thinks of the Stay Puffed Marshmallow Man. I jumped up from the edge of the couch and verbally said out loud "Of course I know who I am! I am Holly Baglio. I come from the DUMBs. I am a Super Soldier from Black Ops and James Casbolt is my Commander." I was evidently confused but none the less, I hit the nail on the head with everything except the last sentence. From that moment on the voice never bothered me again. I realized it was V2K technology.

It took me over a decade to find the voice that was used in Voice 2 Skull Technology. The voice was none other than, Renaissance Man Dr. Robert Duncan. I just found him in 2025. It is said that he is deceased but I can't find an obituary. A video popped onto my recommended listed and automatically started playing. It was one of Dr. Duncan's Interviews. I had seen him before on videos but did not pay too much mind to him as the information alone was a lot to digest. Also, I was distracted by other people and their misinformation. Dr. Duncan's video played while I was cleaning my room. I was not watching but instead listening. As I cleaned and listened, I became unnerved. It was the same unnerved feeling I felt when V2K was used on me. I looked back at the video to Dr. Robert Duncan and realized I found the voice! I would have loved to have met Dr. Duncan to tell him his voice was used and if by chance, could have really been him? If not, then who would use this on me? I say Black Operations or the CIA.

~Time Travel or Project Looking Glass~

I had an incredibly strong feeling and began remembering that I had been there once before in real life and lived an event in real life. The feeling was not like a dream coming true. It did not feel like a dream coming true. I actually lived this once before and the magnitude of this situation came barreling down on me. It is no surprise that I was only days away from losing my ability to speak due to shock. For dinner one evening I was sent out to pick up Chinese food, but I could not find the restaurant in

Newfoundland. I ended up at a pizza place. It looked oddly familiar. It was Christmastime so there were red lights on the window in the shape of a heart. To my left across the street was another building with a few Christmas lights in the window that looked like they were in the shape of a ball. I thought to myself: there is the heart in that window in front of me and there is the heart's beat in that other window over there. I reluctantly entered the pizza restaurant to order the pizza for takeout. Up at the counter I admitted to the clerk that I messed up dinner and could not find the Chinese restaurant. She too tried to give me directions, but I was confused. She accepted my order and began to ring up my total for payment. When I signed the ATM receipt I heard the bell of the front door to the pizza restaurant sound as someone entered. It spooked me. As she stood in front of me I asked her if I could use her bathroom. She told me it was on my right hand side as I stood at the register. It was only a couple feet away so I fled inside as fast as possible without looking back. Inside the rest room I locked the door and hung out for awhile.

In my memory I entered the pizza restaurant and someone would enter behind me and strike up a conversation. We would sit at a table and then he would tell me he lives across the street where there is a storage facility. We approached the Christmas lights that depicted the beat of a heart. They were hung on a door of a small building. Upon entering we would sit down to have a glass of wine. The small shed like building was decorated with comfortable chairs, tables and many blankets and candles. Then he would ask me to sign a book he had with him. When I signed his book he took out knives and stabbed me viciously. When he was finished he made a snide remark something to the effect of "What did you expect, no one is going to care when they find you." Before he left he turned off the lights and then used a combination lock on the outside of the doors, leaving my body inside to bleed to death. Nobody would find my body until the spring. That was the end of the memory. I lived this event in reality once before. That is the only way I can say it.

I was processing all of this as I sat inside the bathroom. I waited in the rest room until I heard the other customer speak to the cashier and then leave the pizza restaurant. Once again I heard the bells on the front door ring as the customer left. To make sure, I peeked outside the door before I fully exited. I paid for my pizza and got myself ready to face who was ever outside of the restaurant. Quickly I run out to my car. As I pass the side of the building into the parking lot I saw two tall, lean men standing in the end of the parking lot. They both looked straight at me as they stood next to two trucks that looked like official government vehicles. Once inside my car I drove off as fast as I could.

~Running through Neighborhood Naked~

I woke up the morning of December 20, 2014. The V2K and Time Travel experience became too much for me to handle. The end time dreams and visions of mass shootings, earthquakes, wars, bombs and nukes, floods and politicians murdering people was too much for me to handle. I saw railroad trains and UN trucks filled with armies of people from other countries coming into towns and taking them over and just slaughtering the American people right in their own homes during the night. I called up two detectives from the local police department and tried to explain myself, which I failed at miserably. I was having trouble speaking, holding a thought, and articulating myself. The world came crashing down on me with all the bells, whistles, and hoopla. The police came to my house and I asked them to take me to the hospital. They said they were too busy and no one was around to drive me there. However, they had enough time to stand there for 45 minutes talking.

The rookie police officer, I will never forget, he was so nice to me. He asked me many questions and I told him that my dreams were coming true. I saw someone with my spirit eyes standing over his shoulder. I asked him who that was in army attire. He told me it was his brother who died in Afghanistan. I said "He stepped on multiple mines and they were connected together but he saved people by sacrificing his life because it won't blow up on someone else." I told him that I could "see" things. The officer was nice but had to leave so I said goodbye. I went to sit down on the couch and watched the officer as he pulled out of the driveway.

Suddenly an urgency in my gut erupted and I heard a voice. It was not V2K Technology that I knew of. It was a woman's voice yelling at me. I felt like I had missed my ride to the hospital. The voice said "Run!" I looked around and hesitated. Then in a louder volume the voice said "Run" again. I stood up from the couch, looked at my cat and dog and felt very unsettled. I sat back down. A few more moments passed and then the voice screamed at me "RRRUUUNNN!" I jumped to my feet, kissed my cat and dog goodbye and ran out the door. I ran down the street. I lived on which was Route 23 and headed north.

It was a winter morning, cold and sleeting outside. I got a few doors down to a dog groomer. I went inside and asked the woman to call the police for me. I asked her if I could use the bathroom. She ended up knocking on the door and when I came out she said I could not stay. I was in a T-shirt, socks, scarf, and sweatpants in the dead of winter. I left and continued walking up Route 23. There was a gas station where I remembered an attendant who was nice to me. I went there. When I arrived, that gas attendant was not working. I asked to sit down and make a few phone calls because I was looking for help. The man said it was not a problem since I was a friend to the other attendant. I called the Messianic Rabbi, but he left me on hold for over 20 minutes so I hung up. I think he did it on purpose so I would hang up. Every time the bell rang because a customer came in for gas, I jumped out of my skin. I hid in an aisle so no one could see me. I called my attorney but only had his work number at the time. He was in court that day. I ran out of time. I had been there for over 20 minutes and felt I had to move. I needed to get to the hospital, which I thought would be a safe place until I could sort out what was going on with me. I ended up leaving the gas station and continued up Route 23.

As I walked I cut across the highway. I saw houses so I trekked up the steep bank side of the road. I went over rocks and through bushes. I really toughed it considering I was in socks. When I made it to the development where I saw the houses, I kept hearing chainsaws. My mind was flipping and melting. When my mind flipped, the chain saw sounded like a dirt bike and I felt like people were chasing after me. I began reenacting what I had survived in the DUMB. I began reenacting Human Hunting Parties that I had been put through. My mind was melting the same way Combat Soldiers experience Shell Shock once they are home from War. My mind kept flipping from the present time back to the past. The thoughts in my mind were scrambled and I was clutching on to the fragments of reality that I could perceive. I saw one man come out of his house but the look in his eyes was dark like a demon, so I did not ask him for help. All I wanted to do was to get to the hospital. I kept walking and struggling to contain the thoughts in my brain as the programming was rearing up and I could not make sense of things. I tried to maintain my composure but to no avail.

As I walked thoughts grew darker. I remembered my grandmother and wished so bad that I could go home to her in the house. She would have helped me if she were alive. Walking in the development I saw a house and for some reason began to think I was home and that Gram was inside. I ran to the door and knocked on it. No one answered. I went around to the back door and knocked, calling out

"Gram, I am home. I am here. Please answer." I went to the front of the house once again to knock. However, the MK Ultra programming reared up, and I reenacted what I had experienced and what was racing through my head. When I looked down at the porch, I saw the Christmas light timer but my mind flipped and perceived it as a bomb. I ripped it off the house and threw it towards the street, so it did not explode on me. The memories I was seeing in my head, I responded to in reality. I heard gunfire and bullets whizzing past my head so I had to take cover. I ran to the side of the house and ducked down. I felt like a sitting duck, so to escape I ran to the back yard. I kept ducking from ~~i~~ncoming bullets from people shooting at me. Once again I heard chain saws but I interpreted the sounds as dirt bikes and people chasing me. I ran further in the backyard to the woods. My mind was flipping. I felt like I was one of those women in WWII who were forced to take all their clothes off and run through the woods while Nazi soldiers shot at them and chased them like deer in a hunt. I took off my clothes and began to run, trying to flee the chasers. I reentered the back yard and took cover by lying down in the grass to surrender. The cold must have slowed my mind down enough for me to grab a hold of reality again. I prayed to YAHUSHA to come get me and I would not move until HE did. At that point I was hoping the rapture was real. I was kidding myself though! The cold, wet grass, freezing temperatures and sleet falling seemed to slow me down a little bit. After 10 minutes, I regained some sort of sensibility. I got up and walked back to the woods where my clothes were and redressed myself. As soon as I was dressed, the memories of the Human Hunting Parties reared up and now I was back in the Hunt running for my life. There was a flood coming and I had to get myself to shelter. I saw a child's tree house and climbed into it. Inside there were play toy guns set up like snipers, pointing out of the window. There were blankets, a table and chairs. I grabbed the blankets and tried to warm up my freezing, wet body. Then the flood came, and I had to stay in the tree house until the waters subsided.

Again, bullets were flying at me and I had to continue to fight. I took the toy guns and fired back. A little while later, the memories from MK Ultra and Human Hunting Parties calmed down. I slowly got up, refolded the blankets and put them back in place. I slowly opened the door and came out. Once in the back yard my mind finally quieted. I knew that now more than ever I needed to get to safety and find help. I left the tree house and continued to walk down the street through the development. Around the next corner I saw a blow-up Grinch doll. I love the Grinch. I thought to myself, someone with a Grinch on the front yard might be able to get me to help. I walked up to the house, opened the front door, which was not locked, walked in, closed the door behind me and sat down in front of it. The woman and her daughter who lived there were shocked and in fear of me. The woman came to her foyer where I was collapsed. I told her "I am so sorry, but I fell and bumped my head. I can't remember who I am. Please call 911 and get me an ambulance."

I was having trouble remembering my name and where I lived. She took her daughter into another room. I told the little girl I was sorry and to please listen to her mother. The woman came back and called 911. She had a dog that almost bit me because I was so shaken and scared. I curled into a knot on her floor and did not move a muscle. She was so kind. She gave me dry socks and a heavy winter sweatshirt to wear because I was soaking wet and freezing. I kept apologizing to her profusely. When the cops arrived, I had to move for them to enter the house. I stayed on the floor as they entered. I told the cops I was either Holly Gabory from Far Hills or Holly Baglio from Somerville, but I could not remember. I said I fell and bumped my head and had fibromyalgia, which made it hard to remember anything. I told them that I had a nightmare that the roommate I was living with shot and killed my dog so I was very concerned about my pets.

They wanted to take me to jail. I told them "NO, that is not the place for me." They went to grab my arm and I moved back. I pulled down my pants, took off my shirt and told them I am fully disabled and crazy. I told them I had been trying to get to the hospital all morning and that I was not going to jail. I do not belong in jail! The mean officer pulled out his gun on me, and the other one got ready. It was a standoff. I was not going with them and they were about to shoot me. I commanded them to take me to the hospital as I had done nothing to warrant going to jail! Finally, the second officer said "I will make sure you get to the hospital. Please, just put your clothes back on." I looked him dead in the eyes and took my time to process what he was thinking behind his eyes. When I felt like my point got through and I was definitely going to the hospital, I put back on my clothes.

The ambulance finally arrived, and I was so relieved. I told the cops I could walk to the ambulance myself, but just hold my elbows. I pulled the hoodie over my face, tied it and created a small hole so I could breathe. I was exhibiting signs of severe shell shock but the cops were clueless. They guided me outside to the ambulance where I thanked them and happily got inside. The man and woman who drove the ambulance were so nice to me. I told them I have a crazy testimony, but that I would try to explain to them what was going on with me. I explained that I could not look at the sun, as it would burn my eyes and make me blind. I kept my eyes closed and completely covered. I told them I could not remember who I was or what had happened but I had fallen and bumped my head. I complained my arthritis and fibromyalgia were acting up. Deep down inside I knew they would not understand what was happening to me so I curbed my "crazy" comments.

~Hospital~

Upon my arrival at the hospital my brain kept flipping and melting from the MK Ultra programming and experiences. I remember the doctor and nurse walking me into the ER room. They gave me clothes and folded sheets to make the bed. I gave them my information, social security number, driver's license number off the top of my head. I have a great memory when needed. Then they left me alone to change. I began to prepare my bed. The first sheet I put down was the flat sheet. Second, I took the blanket, folded it into the dimensions of the mattress so it would cover me, and laid it down. Lastly, I took the fitted sheet and wrapped three corners of the mattress, I slide into the cocoon and left a little hole around my nose and mouth to breath and that is how I stayed for 3 days.

When I first got to the hospital and used the bathroom, I got down on my hands and knees and kissed the floor, thanking Heavenly ABBA to get help. I had to remove my covenant ring as the doctors took all my possessions to storage for my admittance. I expressed to them how I never took that ring off and what it meant to me. Every day I would be asking them to see my covenant ring it to make sure no one stole it.

Finally, I was somewhere that I felt I could get what I needed, like sleep and food, to deal with what was on my plate. I could not give all my secrets away because innately I knew they would not understand what I am and who I am; I am an EX Super Soldier created for War and come from the DUMBs. I was under no delusion and felt my own limitations mortality. Walking on eggshells had nothing on me and the edge I was trying to balance myself on.

The nurse entered the room with a big shot of something in her hands. My eyes opened wide and I say, "NO, I do not want the RFID chip, I do not accept the Mark of the Beast, I do not want it." She said

it was not the mark or a chip, but it was a strong medication to knock me out and put me to sleep. I did not believe her. The doctor watched me, analyzing everything I did. She kept trying to say that she was allowed to give me the shot whether I gave permission or not. Finally, I responded "I choose YAHUSHA, not satan, I do not want the RFID chip and I will always serve YHUH." She told me the shot was not going to do what I was thinking it did. She reminded me it was only medicine, which made me pause from fighting her further. I ended up holding out my arm and she gave me the injection. Basically, they gave me a liquid lobotomy for 3 days.

While I laid on the stretcher, I kept hearing sounds from the room next to me. There was a nurse restocking the drawers with pills but every time she closed those drawers, she slammed them shut and the cabinet would slam against the wall that shared my room. That sound made my mind start flipping again. Every time she slammed a drawer my mind interpreted it as a guillotine blade slamming down on top of a person's neck. It was so unnerving that the shot did not help me the way the doctors had hoped. After a few hours I was able to fall asleep still wrapped up in the cocoon I had built myself on the bed. Eventually they brought me to a room right next to the nurse's station and I was alone. They transferred me and gave me more injections. They kept telling me it would help me sleep. I welcomed that very much. They would wake me up to listen to my lungs, take my blood pressure, give me more injections and help me to the bathroom. I was shook and wobbly.

While I slept, I fought the darkness tooth and nail. It was trying to cover me and make me to succumb to it. In brief moments of waking up I would clutch my throat to feel my heartbeat. Every time my heart beat I would say "YAHUAH'S Heartbeat, YAHUAH's Holly Baglio, YAHUAH's Heartbeat, YAHUAH'S Holly Baglio." I may have been knocked out with medications coursing through my veins, but I fought darkness, principalities, and my own past within those sleeping hours. The spirit world is more real than this world, and that is where I was, in the spirit realm. The darkness tried to make my heart stop beating. It felt like death was overcoming me and shutting down my organs. The darkness tried to entice me to come with it and abandon YHUH. The darkness showed me what it was doing in the world and to other people, trying to steal them from YAHUSHA. This caused me even more grief on a scale that is out of this world. The darkness showered me with lust and promises to get me to come back as an active Super Soldier. The darkness showed me the power it would give to me, if I just came back. The darkness was alluring in multiple ways. It called out to me in ways that were hard to say "No." For example, the darkness showed me how fierce I was as a Super Soldier and how much more power I would have if I came back. The darkness told me I could lead over armies and nations.

At the same time this was happening, YHUH explained much more to me. A dream HE gave me in 2013 came true when I was in the hospital. That is when HE started to give me the Gift of Interpretation to my dreams and visions. My dreams coming true and manifesting in reality was very shocking and scary to me. Even though I knew what was coming I still felt things unpredictable. I felt my own mortality and personal limits compared to YHUH's power. HE showed me HIMSELF creating me in HIS workshop and reminded me of our Yellow Orange Planet. He showed me things about creation and what happened in the Garden of Eden. The darkness surrounded me as it had done in the death experience I had back in 2007. I was fighting it with everything YHUH built inside of me. The darkness was trying to stop me from being reconciled unto Heavenly ABBA. I am a fighter and was not going to give up on YAHUSHA. On the third day I woke up. I took my first walk out of my room and to the nurse's station. I asked them for a drink and if I could see my covenant ring.

I asked for things to take a shower with as I had no soap, no toothbrush and no clothes. They gave me everything I needed and I was able to take a shower. It was so cold. I asked them if they had hot water, but they told me to keep pushing the water button until it eventually heats up. I was impatient and after 20 minutes of pushing the button, I was so frustrated that I just hopped in with the cold-water and gritted my teeth through it. Every morning about 6 AM I woke up to take a cold shower and sometimes it was so cold, I would shiver and bite my tongue so hard it would bleed. I got through it though. One of their pills gave me terrible lockjaw but they would not treat me for any pain related issues. I was suffering in pain and probably why I forced myself through cold showers. It was a distraction from my physical pain. I began to have trouble speaking and became unable to talk. I sounded like a 4 year old with a stutter. My mind went from remembering paragraphs to breaking down into a single letter. I was lucky to get two words out of my mouth. I could not think to speak but I could draw pictures and write a little bit. I was lucky to remember my own name at that point.

The doctors started putting me into groups for therapy. I liked the art class they had and found myself there during off hours drawing and coloring. When speaking to the doctors, psychiatrists, and counselors, I did not tell them everything. What I did tell them was that my dreams were coming true and when I warned people, people did not listen and bad things would happen to those people like car accidents, sickness, etc. I was flat out falling to pieces. They told me I had moods swings, bipolar, PTSD and anxiety. The main doctor in charge of everything told me I would be there for 6 days. I told him I know and that was fine with me. I would let him keep me. There is nothing any human can tell me that YHUH has not already informed me of prior. I did what they wanted me to and I was grateful to be eating and sleeping again. All I had to worry about was the spiritual warfare before me and healing my broken mind. I kept thinking of Saava and Keeper my pets. I prayed so hard for them because I was going to be away for six days while it took 4 days just to make a phone call. I did not tell my roommate I was leaving. I just ran. I could have asked him for help, but I did not feel safe with him or trust him. He did not believe me anyway and had his own philosophies.

The other patients and I started to form short lived bonds. They were all great and friendly. ¾ of us got along. However, I did notice some things. In the hospital, everybody was either with YAHUSHA or with satan. There was no in the middle. One man was being driven nuts because his dreams were coming true but no one would listen to him either. He could not handle it and felt personally responsible even though the other person chose not to take his advice. They would get terribly sick or die. It hurt him on many levels. He spoke of our Savior. When I said YAHUSHA, he knew that name as well. He was a brilliant man. My heart goes out to him and I know his sufferings because they are mine too. A couple people were there just looking for more medicines.

I saw a girl claimed by a dark power. Through her eyes I could see the demon inside of her looking back at me. I heard that demon every day and night when it manifested. The girl would begin to talk mean to herself, swearing with vulgarity. She said foul things about herself and to others around her. She would follow me around the hallway or pace past my bedroom door when the demon manifested. I could feel the darkness. The girl put herself through bloody hell by picking deeply into the skin on her arms, face and other areas of her body. She did not take care of herself. She would not eat or sleep. There was one day I was able to talk to her without the demon manifesting. She was a timid, quiet, very smart, and a polite 16 year old girl. She was shy but the doctors having her drugged out of her skull did not help the situation. I could see she needed a Freedom Deliverance, but I felt I was in no position to help and the doctors would have locked me up longer if I gave her one. I did not know spiritual warfare either. I just wanted to grab a hold of her to prevent her from harming herself

anymore. One morning the girl was circling around my room. I left my notepad on the bed and took a walk to the café and TV room. When I got back, the nurse was changing the bed sheets and the girl had disappeared. I asked the nurses if they had seen my notepad and all of them said no. I told them who I thought it could have been but I did not want to make trouble so let it go. It was of my mind falling apart but I wanted to keep the note pad. I called my attorney and he came to visit me. I could barely talk when on the phone. I called my biological mother and told her I was locked up. She told me she knew I would always end up in jail. I just hung up on her and did not bother to explain that I was in the hospital.

When my attorney came to visit I told him the Super Soldier stuff and the truth as to why I signed myself into the hospital. I handed him a list of people to look up on YouTube who could explain what was happening to me. I could barely talk as I lost my speaking abilities. I had a strong urgency in the pit of my stomach. I could only speak about 2 to 3 words at a time and then had to pause to think of the next words to speak. Deprogramming from MKUltra became the hardest thing I would ever do in my life.

My attorney insisted he would come get me to drive me home on December 26th a couple days later. When he drove to my home he asked me if I remembered when my grandmother gave me power of attorney. He asked me if I remembered what happened that night. I said "Yes, you and your secretary came to the house, we signed documents, and made sure Gram was protected." He said "Yes, but what else"? He explained, "When you went outside to smoke a cigarette, your grandmother made me promise her something. She made me promise to look after you. She told me that there is something special about you and to never let anything happen to you. I plan to keep my promise to her, Holly. I believe you Holly. Everything is going to be okay." My attorney became my father figure and was my only family and support.

~ December 26, 2014~

The day before the hospital released me the main doctor told me to stay away from the Bible. He said to stop listening to the online ministries that YHUH led me to. That lasted all of 2 days! I went straight back to watching the ministries and reading Scripture. It made no sense to me how someone could even suggest to ignore the reason why they are here and WHO died for me. There is no way I could put down Scripture and ignore YHUH. Life exists because of YAHUSHA. Everything is all about YAHUSHA. I was not about to remove HIM from my life when I just found HIM. The doctors did not know what they were talking about and I was not about to listen to their advice as I knew it was deadly for my soul.

The prescriptions the doctors gave me were for stabilizing my moods cost $400 per month. They were excessively expensive. I could not afford that and I was not going to pay it either. I would not have had any money to pay rent, feed myself, and pay other monthly bills. I remembered when Gram suffered depression after Papa passed away our family physician instructed my grandmother to take ¼ to ½ teaspoon of salt in her hand 2 to 4 times a day. He said it would even out her chemistry. She said it worked for her so I took salt instead of the prescriptions. I quit all the pills doctors had me on at the beginning of the year and I was not about to turn back to them. I remembered all the effort it took to quit them.

~Demon Possession~

Demonic possession felt like I was on every illegal drug all at once. My body physically experienced the tremendously terrible visions I was having. I knew what was happening to me the whole time. This was enough to make any normal person crumble. Now here I was an EX Super Soldier getting right with YAHUSHA and doing everything it takes. I was shaken to my core. Satan serenaded me every night me underneath my window while standing in my driveway. Actually, he did about everything he could to get my attention. Most often he pitched a pity party professing his supposed innocence. What he did not know was RUACH Qodesh was always sitting with me on the inside of the house, teaching me spiritual warfare. Satan was crushing on me hard and sent his minions after me to try to get me to give in to him. He said he loved me and that he was not so bad. He said he could not stand the thought of losing me to Heavenly ABBA.

All my senses were messed with and I was under ongoing constant spiritual attacks. Demons were using intimidation tactics. Satan tried appealing to me, but all his smaller minions brought torture. When petting my cat and dog, instead of feeling their fur, it felt like scales of a snake. Every noise, bell, alarm, ringer and chime I heard triggered me and put my mind in another lower dimension. Zits started appearing on my face and I never had them even when I was a teenager. It felt like sulfur was coming out of my skin pores and that was the only scent to fill my nose. On many occasions I felt like my eyes were breathing the same way snakes breathe through their eyes and not mouth. The next three months of my life were filled with demonic possession and I had no idea what to do so I kept turning to YAHUSHA, asking HIM to guide me. I kept hanging on.

When I had to leave the house, it was a treacherous excursion every time. While walking through the store I saw with my spirit eyes a man come around the corner of an aisle walking straight towards me. He took out his gun and shot me in the stomach. In reality, I had to stop and kneel down by the frozen food section because it hurt my body even though it only happened in the spirit also known as the astral realm. While I drove my car, I would feel fingers running through my hair or see shadows in the back seat of my car in the rearview mirror. Another time while food shopping a demon opened up my chest cavity, put a bomb inside me, and then it exploded. That stopped me dead in my tracks and I could not move my body for almost 10 minutes. I was frozen in place and in extreme, unexplainable pain. The demonic possession was so horrific I would fall unto the floor and convulse uncontrollably. Sometimes giggling would start and turn hysterical. Dark powers and principalities gave me the Key of Solomon, which activated the kundalini spirit. The Key of Solomon means a person was sodomized. They tore me apart in ways I don't want to describe except to say that is was similar to the experiences I had when being sex trafficked and going through the torture and trauma based mind control programming.

The stakes used on iron gates and fencing were pierced through my body by these demons. They jammed them into my body, over and over again, without ceasing. My body convulsed and shook, jolting me down and I could not physically move until the attack ended. The pain was so excruciating that I would sweat profusely and ultimately my mind would go black. I felt at times like those demons were crucifying me similar to what YAHUSHA and HIS Apostles went through. It may have been in the spirit but physically, mentally and emotionally I was going through it and felt it. Demons would claw from the inside of me, until scratches formed on the outside of my body. I would see spiders in my mind crawling all through my body on inside of me. I was getting to my wits end. They were

traumatizing me and it made me have tremors. I was fully awake, aware of what was happening inside my body and mind, day and night, and it would manifest in the real world. I asked YHUH for the names of what possessed me. I thought I picked up that it was Beelzebub and Osiris.

One night good angels came to me when I entered into the bathroom. I was told they were there to help and the next attack would be the worst yet. They comforted me in my loneliness and desperation. The good angels told me to be silent and so the demons did not know they were present and there. They gave me coddled and encouraged me preparing me for the next demonic attack. The good angels told me it would be the hardest attack yet, just like YAHUSHA's crucifixion was HIS worst attack. I did not want to leave the bathroom. "May I sit here for a little bit longer to catch my breath?" I asked and they said "Yes." I did not want to go outside and back to the living room because I knew what awaited me. I sat there until the roommate knocked on the door and needed to use it. Upon exiting the bathroom, the demons pounced on me like a swarm and took me down like a mouse in a mousetrap. Those dark powers and principalities, along with their legions gave me a full hysterectomy and I felt everything. It may have been in the spirit but I felt it physically. Their fingers reached inside of my gut and pulled each organ out one by one. They lined my organs were arranged on the floor. Demons decked the walls with my intestines like garland and holly at Christmas time. As if that was not enough, they cut off my toes and when I looked down at my feet with my spirit eyes, I saw them missing and scattered on the floor. Demons were holding various body parts as if they were trophies with my blood dripping from their hands and faces. Then I felt them tie a rope onto each arm and each leg. I was spread flat out on my back. My arms and legs were dismembered when they drew and quartered me like medieval times. I felt everything. The dark powers put a rope around my neck and stepped on my torso. My head was yanked off and I felt my head come off my spine and apart from the rest of my body. Suddenly, my soul left my body, but the demons pinned it in the air somehow so I was stuck looking down at my body for hours, as it was mutilated and bloody on the floor.

Demons were constantly attacking me and there was no way I knew of to get them off and make them stop it. My faith was building in YHUH so I knew a day would come when I would learn what to do and learn Spiritual Warfare. However, for the time being, I was walking through these attacks completely unprotected and having to endure them until the end when the entities tired.

On another morning I was attacked by Jinn. I felt a rather large presence push up close to me while I slept on the couch. It was pinned up against my body. It woke me up as I felt it breathing on my neck. The air it exhaled was cold and stale. The Jinn started to make a low humming sound that vibrated my whole body. I felt it reach up to touch my breast and then slide down my body to touch other parts. I was furious and called out "YHUH, YHUH, YHUH, YAHUSHA, YAHUSHA!" That was all I could get out. The Jinn left immediately. Because of this, things started dawning on me when it came to spiritual warfare. I asked YHUH to lead me to a ministry that did Freedom Deliverances. I needed to know what to do, how to do it, and then I could make these attacks stop. YHUH led me from my dreams into reality to Russ Dizdar and his SIIU team. Immediately upon finding his videos online, every day and every night I tuned in. I was glued to Russ' online Deliverance ministry because he spoke of Sleeper Satanic Super Soldiers and Spiritual Warfare. Russ talked about all the taboo topics none of the other online Ministries touched or would broach.

~Deprogramming~

The point to deprogram was so they could not trigger me to go back active for future events. It took 7 years to start living righteously which plays a big factor. When we live in YAHUSHA's Ways obeying HIS Commandments, we are covered under the BLOOD OF THE LAMB and YAHUSHA will be able to protect us and heal us because we are doing things HIS Way and not our own. I underestimated MK Ultra programming. I thought that in only 4 years after waking up that I would be beyond it. From start to finish my Deprogramming until Full Reintegration process took 8 years; December 2014 to December 2022. How I deprogrammed was through reading Scripture and relying on YHUH. I would find hallowed Scripture that spoke of what I was going through and lay my problems it at YAHUSHA's feet. It is easier said than done. For example, when I deprogrammed from Montauk I used the story about how Elijah and Moses time traveled, via YHUH and HIS Chariots of Fire with Horses and Horsemen, to the Mount of Transfiguration and back home again. YHUH helped me to piece together that this technology and science does exist and there is nothing new under the Sun. When it came to deprogramming from the SSP, Secret Space Program and everything that entailed, I used Job 38, as well as Genesis. I read Genesis and drew on a piece of paper everything I read as to how YHUH spoke everything into existence as well as, formed it with HIS own hands. When I saw what I had drawn, it confirmed a flat Earth model as opposed to the lies of NASA. In Job 38, it states how Heavenly ABBA stretched a measuring rod across the breadth of the Earth and knows its exact measurements. HE did the same thing with Heavens above. This means there is no outer space and it is not ever expanding or growing bigger. When I saw I could take Scripture for exactly how it read because YHUH says exactly what HE means, it opened up a whole new world to me. I could rely on HIM and HIS Words literally. HE does not play games and that was comforting to me. There is no guesswork with HIM.

As Alters came forward I told them about YAHUSHA and how much HE does for me. HE treats me great. I would leave pens, crayons and paper out for my Alters to write to me in hopes it made it easier to unite with them. Some Alters could not write but they could draw their thoughts out so I left them crayons. What was helpful was the day that I gave my Alters new job assignments. I told them that Holly needs help. She needs to eat, wash dishes, take a shower, clean, pay bills, and run the household. I know those things are not as exciting and glamorous as being a spy, assassin, or a Black Ops Soldier but Holly needed them to rally around her. YHUH gave me co-consciousness when I turned to HIM in 2013 and started to live for HIM. For the first 40 years of my life I had no idea I had Alters. I just thought I had mood swings or a weird memory.

My Alters were the ones to go through the trauma as I was checked out. When they came forward I would take their testimony. They had the details I was looking for as to what happened to me. They held the keys. I treated my Alters like they mattered. I treated them like I wanted to be treated and stopped being embarrassed of them. They were a lot stronger than I was because they are the ones who handled everything I went through in the DUMBs otherwise I would have died. I let them make bonds with people and talk freely. At first I was not like this. I grew over time, having to learn and figure these things out. I had to try different ideas to learn what my Alters would respond positively to and how to set them at peace. When I started caring for them and working with them, things changed and we became a Team instead of working against each other. There were times that I would leave my Alters notes asking for something I needed or telling them to do something I wanted such as, not to go out driving if I was not feeling well or just to warn them to slow down. I asked them to be mindful of Heavenly ABBA and seek HIM first in every situation. I asked them not to put me in any compromising

positions with regard to Heavenly ABBA, my calling or my relationship with HIM. They did their best to obey YAHUSHA.

~Blonde Curly Haired Boy 3~

Remember the blonde curly-haired boy I had mentioned dreaming about in my normal life? Yes, I found him online. He was primarily on Facebook and probably for the better as I was on Gmail and Google Plus at the time storming that platform. I was a mess and in pieces. I would PM him almost every moment during this time. If he has those records, he could write a book on me about what it was like for him to see me go through deprogramming and it wrecking havoc on my life. He had a flourishing ministry and videos on YouTube also on his website. I was glued to him during the 10 months I could not speak due to shock. I believe the Blonde Curly Haired boy is Trey Smith.

YHUH was leading me from the time I was a child of 3 year all throughout my life. HE led me from my dreams into reality to God in a Nutshell. It helped me to rebuild my mind when I broke from MKUltra and started deprogramming. In 2015 I ordered the autobiography written by Trey Smith. I had a vision of his book back in 1995 at the Barnes and Nobles' store. I found out that he did not steal the safe until 1999. Trey Smith wrote his autobiography in 2011. A feeling of truth shock swept over me when I realized the dates. Immediately I had to find out what was in the safe that he stole so I skimmed through the book to the ending. There were three $2 bills, a note, and newspapers cut up the size of dollar bills wrapped in bundles. When I read that, a Ministering Angel jumped off that page at me. I would soon hear the audible voice of my Shepherd, just as Noah did when YHUH taught him and his three sons how to build an ark in the middle of the desert.

Trey Smith had uncovered the remnants of a satanic ritual performed by a corrupt pastor. I heard this dirty pastor speak on television when I was younger. That is when my ears were closed and bound with scales until this very moment in time when the ministering angel jumped off the page. This blonde curly haired boy saved a Ministering Angel that was locked in that safe, unable to minister to YHUH's Word to people like me. When he opened that safe, the Ministering Angel was freed and able to serve YHUH again. The satanic ritual that the dirty pastor did was to bind people's ears closed. Now the curse was broken, at least for me.

This ministry also was helpful to me to rebuild my mind when I was deprogramming from MKUltra and my children Alters were coming forward. They were trying to understand the simplest of things. This blonde curly haired boy, now fully grown up to be a man, explained things in layman's terms and his teaching style made things easy to understand. He made Heavenly ABBA seem approachable and not distant. He made Heavenly ABBA easy to understand which built up my courage to do Scripture Studies on my own learning to only rely on my Golden Bow, Heavenly ABBA.

~Star of David & the Emerald Tablets~

I found out the hard way that the Star of David has nothing to do with King David and is actually the name of Remphan a fallen angel. The Zionist agenda and churchianity was still blinding me and I had not come out of the Church yet like we have all been called to do. January 2015, when I was deprogramming, I did not understand all my Spiritual Gifts and abilities or what exactly had been done

to me in the DUMBs that amplified my Gifts. For example, while I was listening to another Super Soldier's testimony online and when I concentrated on him and his words, I accidentally astral travelled to him. He was in the bathroom too. This happened at a very inopportune time.

I want to be clear that participating in these activities such as astral traveling, astral projection, remote viewing and telepathic messages is to doing things outside of YHUH. You are going around HIM when you take matters into your own hands and do them yourself without HIS permission. We are to rely on YHUH for our transportation and communication of any kind as it relates to the spirit realm. I suggest not doing anything outside of HIS Will and fear HIS consequences. The Spiritual Gifts given by RUACH should not be misused for any reason. Barak means bless in Hebrew.

On one particular night I started to investigate the 17 Emerald Tablets of Thoth. It is great to be mindful that curiosity killed the cat. The night before I started to listen to the Tablets I had a vision of the Star of David. I did not know at the time that it was Remphan's name and blew past the warning. Next evening, I began listening to Thoth's Emerald Tablets. I was curious about what these Tablets contained that were considered dangerous. I was about to be taught something I would never forget! I turned on the 17 Emerald Tablets and lay down to listen. Some of them got somewhat boring in the middle so I skipped over them. As I listened I started to doze off into sleep, but still tried to pay attention.

Suddenly, I was transported from New Jersey to Egypt and it was not YHUH who brought me. I was taken over to the Sphinx and then underneath the ground over to the Great Pyramid where it looked like Thoth was chained up or quarantined. I asked him why he was digging around in those tunnels. It was because he was searching for something that was of a lot of value to him. I watched him as he was searching to acquire some sort of weapon just barely out of his reach. He was all through those tunnels. I asked him if I met him if we had a connection because of my creation, bloodline, and life in the DUMBs. I asked him if I had met him before. I asked him if I had been there before. Thoth answered all those questions "Yes." He says he left but will come back reincarnated in something else. With this visit in the spirit realm with Thoth, tiers of my Alters were triggered who can read Egyptian. In the DUMBs, I was in Project IBIS which created some alters. This project involved Egyptology. Thoth is the IBIS bird which is inscribed on the pyramids. In Project IBIS, they program the children to think they are an angel in human body. As the Tablets played, Thoth showed me his past footsteps and future agenda.

Suddenly, something yanked me into a different dimension out of the Great Pyramid. Where I landed I have no idea, but it was almost like that movie Beetlejuice. There is a part in the movie where the main characters stand on the steps outside the front door of their house. Instantly they are thrust into a different world and having to dodge a sand worm. That happened to me except I was thrust into a dark realm and I had much worse than a worm to worry about. The Moon in the sky was looking plastic with a false light. Everything was looked artificially made. There was a gravesite and temples like Machu Picchu. Out of the silence I heard a loud sound like the banging of a gong. The sound made the ground and everything else shake. I trembled because it gave me a bad and eerie feeling. Some sort of monster was released and it would hunt for whoever was outside and vulnerable. I panicked trying to take cover from it. All I could find was a coffin, so I jumped inside. As soon as I got the casket door slid over the top, I realized I was not alone in the coffin. A mummy inside of it stabbed me with its swords. What I was originally hiding from and what I was running from did not matter anymore. The mummy gutted me, and my spiritual body was sliced to tethers. I fled the coffin as fast as I could

but landed on the ground and exposed to the monster. The ground was still vibrating long after the gong stopped sounding and that thing was on the hunt for me. I looked over my shoulder trying to stand up and run but the monster was on top of me. Instantly, I blacked out and woke up in another place where the scene changed into complete darkness. I was flat on my back looking up. There came a fierce sound of fluttering similar to the sounding of thousands of hummingbirds hovering in the air. I was overcome as a domineering being appeared to me that got my full attention. It was very tall, built thick but not human. This being was wearing a mask and beautiful garments made of gold that covered its body entirely. The breastplate was lined with gems and the stature of this being was strong. When I looked beyond the face mask and directly into its eyes, I saw protruding veins, death, and hatred. Motionless I laid there watching this being flutter it wings around me. I do not know how else to explain it. It reached out its arms and hands. When I looked at its fingers, I saw that it was dressed in gold just like the face. The fingers were thick and square. It reached into the top of my head. A vision popped into my mind of a pearl in an oyster. It was trying to take my third eye away from me.

Just then my hearing adjusted. In the distance, I heard YouTube playing the final Tablet. The video recited "Let the cold hands of death reach in and take your third eye…" Instantly I started to cry "YAHUSHA," over and again. YAHUSHA came to my rescue, took me out of that world and brought me back to the couch where I had fallen asleep. For 3 days after that I kept apologizing to YAHUSHA for what I had done wrong. I never was grateful to have learned so I don't make the same mistakes over again. Maybe this can be a lesson to warn others or at least explain to them why they should think twice and stay away from astral traveling and those Emerald Tablets.

~Demonized Man~

I stopped for gas at the Shell in Newfoundland because I was familiar with it. When I pulled up to the pumps, I told the gas attendant what I wanted, and that I was going inside to grab a soda from the fridge. When I came out I walked up to the attendant to hand him my money. His back was facing me so with the back of my hand I tapped his elbow to get his attention. He turned around and looked at me dead center. As I looked upon his face his eyes turned completely black. In a low deep voice that was not his own he said "I like it when you do that." A huge smile came upon the gas attendant's face. I backed up and got away from him. Immediately I made my way back to my car as he followed me. I reached in my car to grab for my purse that had weapons, when I turned around to face the gas attendant his eyes went back to their normal color of brown. His voice returned to normal and as he held out his hand to take money from me, he bid a good night in his normal voice and normal mannerisms. I left abruptly and speechless. When satan talks, even if he only said one word, it is too late. He has already lied and he has already caught you in a trick. The best thing is not to say a word and if something is said may it only be, "YHUH rebuke you!"

~My Freedom Deliverance~

The end came to Beelzebub and Osiris. One morning I woke up and just went about my business like any other day, clutching on for dear life. Before walking over to the sink, I put another of Russ Dizdar's videos on. He was talking about casting out dark powers and principalities and with them, the legions would leave too. I figured that I was fighting legions and not the root problem. I prayed along and said

"I bind and cast down the head honcho and may it take the legions with it, in YAHUSHA's shem, Selah." As I thought nothing of what I just said and continued washing the dishes, I also continued to pray along to Russ' video. All of a sudden, Heavenly ABBA shows up in my kitchen. I looked up at HIM in unexpected amazement. HE took HIS arm and placing it out in front of me the same way my grandmother would put her arm across me when she had to slam on her brakes in the car. HE put HIS arm across me and pushed me back. HE was angry and roared, "She is MINE. She will always be MINE!" That foul principality came out of my chest, stretched, and screeched something fierce. It flew out of the roof. I crumbled onto the floor and felt life come back into my body. As I inhaled, it was the first breath of air that my lungs took where I felt the air hit my lungs and not go to the demon first. Every time before that it was demon possession sucking up air before it got to me and before my lungs ever felt it. I was in relief and overjoyed! I was set free and feeling set free! It took me months to process this experience as it was profound. YHUH said that I am HIS!

~Hearing My Shepherd's Voice~

I kept begging YHUH to hear HIS voice. I kept on HIM about it. I did not just ask once. I asked once an hour for months. I wanted to hear HIS voice so bad I could taste it. One day behind my computer, I cried out for help to a ministry while in their live chat room. There was still something ailing me. As I stood at my computer desperately needing answers I heard an audible voice. The voice said "I do not like Nostradamus." I knew what that meant and I knew who that was! It was YHUH HIMSELF speaking to me. Back when I wrote poetry I wrote and drew pictures while I read Nostradamus, magic books, and new age philosophies. I knew it was HIM who spoke. There was no mistaking HIS voice. I knew just by what HE said that it was HIM and HE was not misleading me. The urgency I felt came to a head. I knew I had to make a move but what? A couple hours later I get an anonymous post on my Google Plus account stating that the person responding to me was one of YHUH's elect. They asked me what was wrong and why I was seeking help. I said there were eight demons under my bed, but a ton more in my storage unit. This mentioned cleaning out my house. I said "Give me 4 hours and it will be completed." I took every poem I had ever written outside to the fire pit. I took books, pictures, letters, my address book and various items out to the fire pit. Everything that I put first before YHUH I put in the fire pit. There was snow and ice on the ground. I lit the match and burned over 2000 poems I had written over my 40 years of life. I tossed everything into the fire that was not of YHUH. It took 3 hours to destroy a bad legacy of a lifetime. There were demonic forces and spirits that flew out of that fire pit due to the things I was letting go of and burning. I saw them flee into the night. It felt liberating. As I walked back inside, I felt a spring back in my step and serenity surrounding me. I never heard from that anonymous person again and I still do not know who they are.

~Beware of Stars~

During March 2015 I became a congregant to an online ministry which I did not know was a mistake but I was about to find out. I was also about to find out more on how my Spiritual Gifts operated. Around the time Benjamin Mileikowsky Netanyahu came to America, I rededicated myself and repented to YAHUSHA. Over the next few weeks I continued to tune into this ministry to publicly proclaim my new found faith and commitment to YHUH. Sometimes during these broadcasts and Scripture studies I would take a nap. During one nap YHUH allowed me a dream. In the dream I was surrounded by the congregants of this online Ministry. We were at a conference with the Pastor and

he was preaching on stage in front of us. The congregants came over to my seat in the audience, took a grab of my arm and said "Holly, come with us." They pulled on me and forcefully escorted me to the side of the stage where the Pastor was preaching. There was a staircase leading up to an unknown area behind a door. They kept saying "Hurry, Holly, hurry! Come with us." They were dragging me with them. Once we reached the top of the stairs, the congregants opened the door and pulled my hand to usher me through it. They stood back. Once inside the door, it looked like I was in Nasa's created outer space. I could see tons of bright lights that I assumed were stars off in the distance. One of those lights started to move closer to me and get brighter. I started to float towards it. As we neared each other, the light turned into a handsome man. Behind him I saw symbols. It was the Messianic Seal of the Jerusalem Church. It is a three part symbol that has Remphan's name, Dagon, and Yahweh (the imposter to YHUH). The man brought me into Dagon's oval at the bottom of the symbol. Then the dream ended. It was very vivid and everything seemed off with it.

About 1.5 years later I received a phone call. Someone wanted to know about my drawing I made of this star. He wanted to know how I came to draw it. He had done a reverse search of my drawing and scoured the internet for the symbol I made. I was the only one who had it and it impressed him because it was a sacred symbol. I don't want to get too deep into this because it takes away from YHUH. I was honest and told him every detail about the dream and the Star. I told him that I was not sure I should understand this experience to be positive but it appears that it is my star? He responded to me "That is not your star Holly, that is a sacred symbol that is etched on the vases found containing the Dead Sea Scrolls and Enoch." He had been the one to personally take photos of those vases and so he emailed me his photos. He said that I had undoubtedly been touched by the Hand of Heavenly ABBA to know and to know about that symbol was proof. But which Heavenly ABBA was the question!

~April 2015~

YHUH let me meet in person the freedom deliverance ministry that I had been listening to. I was attending online live streams and courses for two hours a week to learn Spiritual Warfare and Satanic Crime Investigations. I heard Russ Dizdar, Douglas Hamp, LA Marzulli, Pastor Jones and John Ben John were going to hold a conference in Budd Lake, NJ. Excitedly I called my attorney and asked him to help me get to the conference. These ministries talked about Super Soldiers and maybe if I could meet them I could get more answers. My attorney purchased us the tickets and attended with me. I still could not speak so my attorney did most of the talking for me. When we entered the church where this conference was being held, I knew I had been there before in a dream that YHUH gave me. Moreover I had drawn a picture of the dream and was able to show Russ and his SIIU Team. YHUH led me from my dreams into reality and I followed HIM where ever I saw HIM go.

In the YHUH led and allowed dream, I was hiking in the woods with a big group of other people. We came across a cave and they instructed me to walk deeper into the cave where there was a river running through it. As I walked farther, I saw three foul spirits fleeing to get out. The Angel that was in the cave told me that when I see the "X marks the Spot" to stop running as I will finally be home. Then I walked back and rejoined everyone at the entrance of the cave. End of dream. I showed the speakers at the conference, and tried to explain how YHUH gave me Dreams, Visions and the Gift of Prophecy. I told them of the freedom deliverance I underwent the month before and asked them to please pray for me. I asked them to make sure I am okay. They reassured me I was and gave me a

signed copy of Russ' book "The Black Awakening." They said it might help to jog my memories and help me understand better.

At the end of the conference I walked around the church taking pictures. The Sun was shining through the skylights and onto the piano. The reflection of the light made the shapes of an "X" and a Spot. (Picture and Drawings are in the Appendix). I took a picture of it and showed my attorney the Confirmation I just received. That was the "X" marking the "Spot" that the Angel told me about in my dream. Secondly, this conference was held 11 months, to the day, after I made my covenant to YHUH on May 17, 2014 which is when HE put HIS Seal on me the first time. The first Seal upon my forehead came on the 11th photo on the roll of 13. This was confirmation from YHUH that it is HIS Seal and this is not a fluke. These flash camera photos are a part of my evidence that I have a Calling and HE is with me. As far as I am concerned this is HIM giving me pictures of HIMSELF. If you are not already a believer, I pray my testimony encourages and inspires you to not only become one but live it too. I hope you are drawn towards HIM.

To fast forward briefly, in 2016 while reading Russ Dizdar's book A Black Awakening, I had a flashback. I think it is a part of my release and they made sure I did not carry sensitive information forward since I was going to be inactive. A huge man in German soldier military garb stood over me along with two female assistants who were dressed similar. He told me that he was going to erase my mind. I responded "You better it good and make sure I don't remember because if I do, it will kill me and I will come back for you." They performed electric shock on me and it erased my memory bank. When I walked out of the building after this procedure, two soldiers called out to me. When I looked back at them, I did not recognize them and kept walking. When I did start remembering what happened to me in 2014, I never went back instead I engaged in forgiveness and healing. It was grueling having to remember all of that trauma and torture over a lifetime but very rewarding in the end to move past it.

~Mantle/Calling~

May 2015 a ministry in California held an online conference. She ran it live for free on YouTube. Since I could not physically attend, the Evangelist made it possible for us to still tune in and benefit. The evangelist said "If you want your Mantle, come up to the Altar for Call and I will barak you." She directed people at the conference to approach the Altar. She said "To those of you who are tuned into the live broadcast online, this applies to you too. If you want your Mantle, YHUH is handing them out and I will barak yours!" (Barak means bless in Hebrew.) To have a Mantle means you bind and cast away dark power, principalities and their legions. We use our Mantles, just like our Armor, to fight the Darkness. Your Mantle is your Calling. I wanted mine so badly because I remembered the demonic possession I was recently delivered from. I wanted to help others and enter the freedom deliverance field. My sister in the chat room was of the same mind. We both wanted to be able to blast the darkness back from whence it came in the name of YAHUSHA. She and I witnessed for one another in the chat room as the Evangelist baraked us. We got our Mantles together and it was making a happy memory with YAHUSHA. We were living a new life together so I wanted memories and experiences to go with it. I want the darkness to know my name and run to escape from my presence because YHUH with me and all I want to do is get rid of demons!

~Demons Flee~

I dared to venture out to see someone that was once a friend. Upon my arrival I began giving her my testimony about the DUMBs. We had been friends for many years and she never knew until this day that I was trafficked. She complained of body pain and then took me into another part of NJ to buy drugs. When she came back to my car, RUACH tapped my shoulder, and gave me a vision of what HE wanted me to do. I told her "Listen we all have sin and I have too, but you got a demon hanging around your neck and on your back. I can see it. May I please get rid of it?" She said yes. I took her hands and began talking to YHUH aloud. I physically circled around her until I was behind her where the demon was hanging and I kissed the back of her shoulders on her spine. I walked around to the front of her, took her hands again, and asked her to be saved to YAHUSHA. She complied, or at least at that moment she did. We prayed the Saving Prayer and she got saved. I told her she had to live it now, not just say it. When I was finished praying to YAHUSHA, you could see a noticeable difference in her facial features, color of her skin, and improved posture. Upon arriving back at her apartment, when I entered the door, I saw a dark power with my spirit eyes. It was hiding in her bathroom. The dark power rose up to its feet, being over about 8 feet tall and marched straight through walls to get out of her home. It fled my presence.

~Attorney's House~

I lived at my attorney's home on two separate occasions for a total of six months. I was so grateful to him. He helped me so much and I began to consider him my father figure as I had no family. I was disowned by my family at this time and had no contact with them since December 2014. I stayed with my attorney because I had nowhere else to go. My parents disowned me by this time. It did not seem like they cared what happened to me. Staying with my attorney helped me to save money to get back up on my feet and at least someone cared. However, I had major problems still and talking was one of them. I felt like I did not act normal either because of my awakening process. My attorney helped teach me to speak again by putting me at his office phones. He would let me bring my dog to the office and lay down on the couch if I wanted a nap. While he was on vacation I would watch the office and his home. He let me use his computers to search the internet for my research and studies. He would make sure I had paper and 3 ring binders to keep my drawings inside. I could express myself by typing and drawing but he did not make me feel awkward for not being able to speak. I was in complete shock over what happened to me and how I was used. I drew many pictures for YHUH of the dreams and vision and Super Soldier memories. As my recovery process marched forward, I showed my attorney every step of the way. He would keep on top of me and pray with me. My attorney was my only support system, true friend and family at the time. No one else even cared to check on me.

Waking up from MK Ultra was hardest thing I have ever done. My attorney saw me struggle firsthand. I regret not making a video with him about what it was like for him to see me go through this process. October 2015, my speaking abilities came back to me. Another Super Soldier wrote back to me and his letter put me at ease. It seemed to do the trick to get me talking again. In the letter he wrote how spiritual warfare was constant and he was suffering. Basically, he was coming to terms with the same thing I was. A huge weight was lifted from my shoulders and a sigh of relief came over me. It did not matter that his Alter did not remember me from the DUMBs like I remembered him but he brought me peace in that letter. He was one of the 3 Super Soldiers to come back for me. It was enough peace to get me verbally talking again. I began to start holding a paragraph of thought in my mind and being

able to speak a couple sentences at a time. I was still slow, but I was connecting thoughts and then turning them into formed verbal words. I was able to remember new roads and directions.

Something that stuck out to me and I will never forget is I would got the mail at my attorney's house and when I opened the mail box I saw mail for Galen. As well as, there was mail for Greg and I with flyers and advertisements. My eyes fell out of my head and my heart started racing. I thought, there is no where I can go Black Operations won't know where I am. My attorney said I was safe at his house and no one could get me. Even when police called me trying to get me to leave and drive to the cop shop in Newfoundland, my attorney would said "No, she is not leaving the safety of my house. You don't need to know where she is. She has not broken laws. I am her attorney and I know her rights. You calling her is harassment and I will advise my client accordingly." When I stood at the mail box looking at Galen's mail, I was trying to process how they did this. Galen lives in Melbourne, Florida. At the time I lived in Lebanon, New Jersey. I took Galen's mail put it in a big envelope and mailed it to him in Florida. Galen was one of the first friends I made online. I don't want to say anything out of respect and privacy but if I was hungry, he would make sure I had food. He was like a father figure, just like my attorney. I called Galen "Meek dad" so I could have a family. Deep down inside I desperately missed my parents and sister but did not know how to tell them. They were against me and disowned me. They did not even try to understand what I was going through or why I was at the hospital for a week. Galen's bank accounts and credit cards were drained on two separate occasions. I think the attack was orchestrated from the same people who put his mail in my attorney's mailbox. The banks did fix Galen's accounts but I thought things like that only happened to people like Max Spiers. There I was going through it. I had a level of denial about who I was. Every day I was suffering the Truman Effect and experiencing a surreal feeling. To receive Galen's mail at my attorney's house made me feel like the CIA was letting me know there is nowhere I can go without them being able to find me and get to my friends and me.

~Bat Winged Creature~

My dog and I always went out hiking on my attorney's property. We had a spot in the woods where we would sit and I would listen to my ministries while enjoying being outside in nature. I noticed out of the corner of my eyes when we hiked through the woods there was a 9-foot tall bat winged creature that watched me. I would enter spiritual warfare every time I saw it. Initially I panicked and ran away in fear and while I ran I would call on the name of YAHUSHA. Over time, I became calmer and prayed instead of panicking. I poured on the BLOOD OF the LAMB and put HIS armor on and I asked YHUH to pour the BLOOD of YAHUSHA on the land. I asked YAHUSHA to dwell on the land, and I bound and cast away the fallen entity from my attorney's property. (Always remember to repent first before spiritual warfare.) However, it seemed to linger on the neighbor's property in the woods. It never approached me but it was always present. It seemed to be sizing me up for a future attack. This fallen entity found a way into my life and it would be in the form of a boyfriend. More details to follow.

~Finding Out My Capabilities~

At the beginning of my awakening I found out about my Spiritual Gifts. My Alters had gifts of their own and it concerned me as I did not want them to jeopardize my relationship with YAHUSHA. One Alter would get lonely and summon her friends. It took her awhile to learn that the only spirit that we are to

talk to is RUACH Oqdesh. RUACH is YHUH in Spirit and our companion. Another Alter continued to leave my body. One night while I was sleeping I left my body. I felt hungry so I went to the kitchen and rummaged around the refrigerator and cabinets to find something good to eat. I heard a car pull in the driveway. It was my attorney. I closed the refrigerator door and walked back into the living room where my body lay sleeping on the couch. I reentered my body and physically woke up just as he entered the front door. I told him that I thought the stuff about leaving one's body was just an over-active imagination but apparently using a silver chord is real. He and I prayed together so YAHUSHA would comfort me. I was still trying to figure out how to walk in accordance to Scripture. I had a habit of leaving my body while I slept because I was looking around the house like patrol to make sure I was safe from the enemy and predators trying to break into the house.

~Reptilian Love Bite~

There was an eerie and ominous feeling in the air like something bad was going to happen. It felt like something was watching me. I lay down to go to sleep. During the evening I was woken and was paralyzed in my sleep. At first I had visions of something happening in the woods behind the house. I saw a little grey alien appear standing by the sliding glass door on the deck and it was looking straight at me. At the foot of the bed, there was a tall dark entity but it still seemed to hide in the shadows and cracks of the wall. I called out to YAHUSHA and was freed from the attack or so I thought. I returned to sleeping. A second time I was woken but this time I got a look at the tall dark being. It looked like a 7 or 8 feet tall lizard humanoid being in a hoodie standing at the foot of my bed. I called out to YAHUSHA and it disappeared. I did not sit up and spend any real time in spiritual warfare prayer. That was a mistake. I just kept going back to sleep almost as if the lizard entity was making me tired. A third time I awoke and the lizard was still standing at the foot of my bed. Again I called out to YAHUSHA and again YAHUSHA saved me. The entity disappeared. I was able to return to sleeping. A fourth time I was woken but this time the lizard entity ran from the end on my bed, directly at me, jumped on top of me and bit my hand. I was terrified. Jumping up from the bed, I cried out to YAHUSHA and entered spiritual warfare against this lizard entity and grey alien. When I looked down at my hand, there were two bite marks similar to that of a snake bite. For two months after this experience I failed to get my menstrual period. I tried to research what this meant as my attorney and I joined in prayer. I found out because I was a part of the breeding program as an active Super Soldier that it could be a possible reason for the attack.

~Chasing an Astral Traveler~

I asked my attorney about spiritual warfare and if he thought anyone could astral travel into his house. He reassured me that his property was locked down in prayer. I told my attorney that I kept seeing someone in the house and who I thought it was. It was one of the 3 Super Soldiers to come back for me. I had no idea what kind of spiritual warfare to engage in or what to pray for to make the person go away. I was still very new to spiritual warfare and praying. I could see his face clearly and for four days he kept astral traveling to me. One time he caught me in the shower and I threw a hissy fit. I would see him randomly around the house. It seemed every time I turned around he was standing in the room. On the fourth day I tried something new. As I was at my computer in the computer room the astral traveler kept popping his head around the door frame and then pulling his head back quickly to hide again. Basically he was playing "peak a boo." I waited, watching out of the corner of my eye

and the next time I saw him pop his head around the doorframe I got up from my computer and ran as fast as I could across the room to catch him. When I got to the doorframe I had to hold onto it as I turned a sharp right. I skidded on the floor and saw him run towards the end of the living room. I chased after in pursuit. Just as I reached out my hand to grab his shoulder he rounded the corner and disappeared down the hallway. I skidded again into the wall that was in front of me. My fingers grazed his back. I was so close. I laughed to myself and never saw him again. It was the Super Soldier who kissed me in front of the SeaGate. I had asked online if anyone knew where I could reach him since he is off grid. I guess he got the message.

~Baptism~

September 27, 2015 was the last Super Blood Red Moon of the Tetrad and I wanted to be baptized "Last Watchman in". Russ Dizdar and the SIIU Team were holding a two-day conference at a café 1 hour from my house. I attended and it went great! On September 26th Russ Dizdar drove me to my own Baptism. We had a member of the SIIU Team in our car and were followed by two more cars of SIIU Team members, as well as, those who wanted to be baptized. We found a hotel near Dorney Park, PA, who said we could use their pool. The other guests of the hotel were excited as we offered them to be baptized too if they so desired. I got changed and wore a white dress. When I approached the Jacuzzi pool, I kneeled and bowed, putting my forehead to the floor, completely surrendering to YAHUSHA. I used to be a Martial Artist and wanted to give YHUH a full surrender and bow. Then I entered the pool and my dream came true! Russ Dizdar baptized me and my Spiritual Gifts to YAHUSHA Mashiach! It was the best day of my life! I posted my baptism video on my website. The drawing of the dream of my baptism is found in the Appendix.

~Earthly possessions~

My storage unit was very expensive and I could not afford it. I read in Scripture how the 12 Apostles gave up their earthly possessions to follow YAHUSHA. I prayed to YHUH and told HIM that I was going to do the same thing because I wanted to be a Disciple to YAHUSHA. I was making my gestures to HIM.

When I went to my storage unit, I opened up the door and let people freely take everything they wanted out. It took all day but I gave away ¾ of everything I owned. All I kept were my cat, dog, computer, clothes, stereo, and car. Everything else was released back into the world. I felt I no longer needed it and YHUH would provide for me from here on forward. My attorney understood what I was doing but some of my other friends thought I had lost my mind. I was clearer in my direction and what I wanted than ever before in my life. I found YAHUSHA and my lifestyle changed to reflect that I was becoming a new creature. All I wanted was to fulfill my Calling and drive closer to Heavenly ABBA YHUH. It was hard to let go of everything but I learned what is important and what is necessary. I did not want to be attached to anything materialistic. I want to be attached to YAHUSHA only.

~South Carolina~

I went to stay with a friend to start my life new and fresh. Originally I was thinking of moving out to Ohio to be near Russ Dizdar but I did not know my way around Ohio and had a tough time finding a

safe place to rent. I would have only known Russ and had no other friends in the area. Instead, I went to South Carolina December 2015 and rented from a friend who already owned a house. To be on my own and so far away from everything I had ever known was a growing experience all on its own. RUACH was guiding me and I stood on YHUH's Promises, trusting only YAHUSHA. I relied on HIM now more than ever since I was completely outside of my comfort zone. I had a bad dream one night and felt YHUH was trying to warn me of imminent incoming personal danger. In the bad dream a man was taking me to a wooded area. Something happened and I got woozy and sick. I leaned up against a tree and when my arm made contact with the tree, something black, similar to a snake burrowed inside of my arm. I started to scream "Get it out! Get it out!" In the dream my biological mother and stepfather came over to me, took their hands, and covered my eyes and the nightmare ended.

I met a group of people and one of them asked me if I wanted to go site seeing. I reluctantly accepted and made it very clear I was not romantically inclined towards him but was happy to be a platonic friend. He seemed to be understanding and seemed to be accepting of my position. The day came where he came to pick me up. Upon his arrival he told me about a famous park where a Civil War battle was fought. I had a bad feeling and was immediately reminded of the bad dream from a few nights prior. Since he was already there, I felt I could not cancel. My dog was not in the nightmare so I thought if I brought her it would change the variables and maybe the nightmare would not manifest in reality. I asked if I could bring my dog along with us and he agreed. Along the 45-minute drive to the park, I noticed he was taking the long way to get there and not the most direct and shortest route. He drove past his uncle's house, honked the horn of his truck and he and his uncle waved at one another as we passed. Right off the bat that struck me wrong and I the bad feeling inside of me got stronger. He said that on the way back we would have to stop at his uncle's house because his uncle wanted to meet me. It did not make sense to me why as this was not a date and I was not comfortable with going to someone's house that I did not know.

As he drove closer to the park I noticed some of the street signs. The one road was named "Blessed Hope." Other signs along the street read "JESUS Saves," and "King of Kings." It reminded me of YHUH. The other streets signs I saw were more ominous, such as "Black Oak," and "Mission." That bad feeling was growing inside of me. While he drove I looked at him and suddenly my Spiritual Gifts kicked in. His face went from happy looking to suddenly cold, angry and murderous. The air turning cold settled down around my ankles as he drove. Then a vision came into my mind. RUACH told me that this man raped a girl and he had something bad in store for me. I saw his sins and his thoughts were not guarded. My dog in the back seat started to whine and pace as if she had to use the bathroom. Oddly, she just went to the bathroom before we left. I could see her start squirming. Once we entered the main entrance of the park my body started shaking uncontrollably. The dead spirits that died in this war started coming up from the ground and clawing at me. Being inside of the truck did not stop them. These spirits were attempting to physically affect me. I was unnerved. I knew I would have to say something but was procrastinating. I am not a confrontational person and feeling so unsafe I did not know how to broach the topic.

We drove past an equestrian team and horse stables that were in the park. It reminded me of my biological mother from the nightmare. In real life my mother was always a horse rider and forced me to be a rider too. Then we went past a part of the park that was under construction and I saw all the construction and construction vehicles. This reminded me of my stepfather because he owned his own construction and carpentry business. I could not shake the bad feeling and RUACH literally took over my physically body. HE had to because I was stalled and mentally frozen. I told the guy "You have to

take me home right now. Do not stop this truck. Turn around and take me home right this second. We are not setting foot outside this truck. If you stop for anything other than a red light I will push you out commandeering your truck to drive myself and my dog home. You can retrieve it afterward. Do not stop this truck for any reason. Take me home right now." He was alarmed but I sincerely felt that he had something bad in store for me. He turned the truck around. On the way home he kept pestering me about what was going on. He kept asking me the same questions repeatedly even though I answered them. I confessed some things, but not all of the things. I did not want to set him off as he drove me home. I was gentle and only admitted "I had a bad dream about this day, my dreams come true and if we go to this park, something bad is going to happen. Just please get me and my dog back home ASAP." That answer was not good enough to him and he kept at me but I just repeated myself and kept to that paragraph. I kept reminding him to get me home fast and right now!

As we got out of the park he drove by his uncle's house and started to slow down as he was going to stop in. I blurted out "Do not stop this truck, if you do, I will push you out of it and commandeer it to make sure I get home safely. Do not stop. Just take me home right now. I am not playing." I called my friend that I was living with and told him exactly where I was with my dog and what road we were traveling down and when to expect me back. I spoke loud, stern and firm. My friend was slow on the uptake so I blatantly said "If I do not get back within 30 minutes, call the cops and tell them all the information I have given to you in this phone call." The guy was set back and acted as if he did not understand what was upsetting me. All I would tell him is that I had a bad dream that something bad was going to happen and the dream was going to come true so I needed to get home right now. My dog would not sit still and kept pacing in the back seat. The driver kept telling me that she had to pee and tried to pull the truck over. I firmly reminded him that she did not have to go to the bathroom as she went before we left and she was having anxiety because this situation was upsetting her.

Once I got back to the house my dog and I marched straight inside past my friend standing at the front door and into my bedroom. I locked every single door behind me. My friend thought he was a nice dude but I responded to my friend that the dude is not welcome anywhere near me. I called two of the girls from the group of people where I had met this dude and who set up this outing. I told the two girls about my nightmare and that RUACH told me that this dude raped someone when he was a teenager and he did it at that park. I went on to tell them that he was going to do that to me. While on the phone I was having visions of them standing over me in a dark, hand dug grave. On the phone they laughed at me and told me I did not know what I was talking about. I told them I trust my gut and he is a very bad dude. The gloves were off and I did not cower down to them. I stopped talking to this group of people immediately. One year later I got an email from one of the girls I had spoken to that day. She apologized to me and asked for my forgiveness. I asked her why. She told me that she was the girl he raped when they were in high school. She got an abortion because he impregnated her during the assault. The girl admitted that she thought I was lying when I spoke about my experiences from the DUMBs and the Spiritual Gifts I possessed. She said she felt remorse for putting me in that position. I accepted her apology.

~Coming Public~

July 16, 2016 Max Spiers was assassinated. His life and death profoundly and directly impacted mine. I did not know him as a person but I do remember him from the DUMBs and MK Ultra Projects we were

trafficked through. I was too much of a coward to reach out to him as I was still coming to terms with my own deprogramming and waking up process. I had a couple memories where it seemed like Max and I may not have seen eye to eye and possibly were argumentative with each other. When I found out he died, the first thing I thought of was "you can't kill a Super Soldier." The morning the announcement went out I ran a live stream on YouTube about what I was feeling. In a matter of two days I got over 8000 views and it made me nervous so I ended up deleting the video from the internet. Looking back I wish I never did that! Nonetheless that video got everyone's attention. Next thing I know is people began asking me to give them an Interview giving my testimony about the DUMBs. I graciously accepted almost all the requests. I told them that Max Spiers was not lying about what happened to him in the DUMBs. I came forward to vouch Casbolt, McCollum and Perrin were not lying either. I know they were not lying because I was there too. I remember the same exact thing as they do. I wanted to formally meet Max but I did not how to open up dialogue. There was several times I had a message written up and only had to press send. I was worried about rejection or harm befalling me. What if he did not remember me like I remembered him? What if I had problems because he has a jealous girlfriend? Would he be mad at me? It turned out that I never sent him an email and looking back, I wish I had. I was silent about things up until that point and only typed about things in posts on my personal websites and page. In August 2016 I gave my first public interview on a Conscious Consumer Network on YouTube in the United Kingdom. Since then I have done over 100 Interviews and various speaking engagements both in person, and online.

When Max was murdered I asked YHUH to show me what happened. In the dream, I saw Max on the floor dying vomiting black goo. Two women, blonde and brunette were leaning over him with a tall thin man next to them. In the back of the room, hiding behind a curtain was another man and a woman. They never helped Max but instead were responsible for him death. I realized the identity of those five people in my dream however; I only spoke of the specific details to my support system and friends.

Let me rewind a little bit because I went through a terrifying time and would like it documented. YHUH is my security team. I desperately need HIM and the Gifts that HE allows me. This was the first time I ever relied on my Gifts and was so grateful I took heed! Had I not took heed I am convinced I would not be alive right now to tell this story.

A couple weeks prior to the 16th I was asked to spend the 4th of July holiday with a dude that would in later years collapse my lung. I will discuss him more to come in my book. Leading up to the 4th of July I was watching my attorney's office as he was away on vacation for a couple of weeks. Whenever he went on vacation he had me watch his office. This time in particular, strange things were happening. One night while I was trying to sleep it looked like an astral traveler walked up my spiral staircase, past my bed and then kept looking out my bedroom window to the driveway and road. That caught my attention. On another night there were two stones thrown at my bedroom window. The dog and cat both looked at my window when it happened. The worst was to come though. The night before I had to watch the office one last day before the 4th of July parties began I had a terrible nightmare. It felt so real that I could not ignore it. It made me unhinged. In the nightmare I came home from the attorney's office with my dog, Keeper, to find my cat, Saava, mangled and tortured in my rental home that was broken into. The only thing truly harmed was Saava but my room ransacked. I rushed Saava to the vet where I lost her. Then in my grief, I went to Newark and to the arms of that dude. We would wind up at a hotel. Once there a knock would come at the door. When the dude opened it, two bad men rush in and shot him dead and they take me. That was the nightmare. In the morning, I took

my time getting ready for the office when my cell rang. It was my friend, G.W. She told me that she had a nightmare of me and had to call me as soon as possible. Her nightmare matched mine. I was astounded. I sat on the edge of my bed with my jaw open and the magnitude of the situation began to barrel down on me. I could not ignore this and I did not want to. I wanted to take heed and follow it through to see what would happen. G.W. told me in her nightmare her husband and her were staying in a hotel. A knock came at her door and she saw me standing there. When she opened the door, I begged her to help me and hide me as the bad men were coming. She took me in her room and hid me. Then she went into the hallway and misdirected the bad men into another direction and away from her room. Once they left, she came back to her room and helped me to escape. Her nightmare shook her to her core because it felt so real to her.

Her dream matched mine. I got off the phone and spoke to Heavenly ABBA. In my mind I ran back through all of the variables of my nightmare. First thing I did was tell my attorney and support system. I canceled plans with that dude in Newark. Next I kept Saava, Keeper and I together at all times. When I went to the office, they were with me. For the entire 4th of July celebration I stayed home. For 5 days I remember sitting at my computer and literally grabbing onto my seat. When it was the possible evenings when the bad men were to kill that dude and steal me out of the hotel room to do Heavenly ABBA knows what, I was instead sitting at home safe and sound. For 5 days, I was so grateful that I took heed and was not where I was supposed to be other than the attorney's office with both my pets and me. Next thing I know the internet exploded with reports of Max Spiers' premature death. I am not sure if I mention this but one of the people who had a hand in Max Spiers' assassination was a programmer and handler to me. I fear for my life and therefore do not speak names.

~University~

I was invited to a University in Newark NJ to give my Super Soldier testimony in person and talk about how YHUH plucked me from the darkness and brought me into YAHUSHA's Living Light. It was at the beginning of me waking up and coming forward to the public so I was very wet behind the ears. The people in charge of this University were extremely thoughtful and kind to me. I would join them for lunch from time to time. They were building a course for the University called "Who is Jesus today?" It would be a college-accredited course for the students. Most of my ideas shaped the course and are still in use to date. YAHUSHA is the same today as HE was yesterday and that HE will be tomorrow. Since I was new to my walk with YAHUSHA it added a dynamic to their course curriculum that was refreshing. I am grateful to this University for giving me a chance. There was a second professor from another Seminary College who ran a few Interviews with me but did not record or post them online. He took points from my testimony and experiences and created a Spiritual Warfare class to prepare the next generation of students that will be ordained. The College he worked for did not have any courses in this area. The laborers are few. When I spoke in private with this Professor, he wrote a list of questions for me to answer. We had many great conversations in private. I took the list of questions and ran videos on YouTube answering them for the public. The videos are listed on my website under, MKUltra Questions.

~Black Helicopter~

In Flemington NJ around 2016 and 2017, I was meeting with a movie producer via phone calls. We

were talking about my Super Soldier testimony and his upcoming projects. I was supposed to be a part of his project but I opened up my mouth publicly and ruined my chances of being on the Discovery Channel. I was hoping he would make a movie about the kids in a cage versus his most recent documentary that spotlighted the programmers who kidnapped us children and tortured us in the DUMBs but pretended to be the victims. Around this time period I was being noticed online by a lot of different people and scouted, if you will. One day while at the kitchen sink when I heard the sound of a helicopter flying towards the house. It was extremely loud. I noticed that it was not passing my house but rather sounded like it was hovering directly above the house. I went to the door to walk outside to see exactly what was going on suddenly was hit by an invisible force that put me on the floor. The helicopter sent down frequencies or sonar that literally stunned my body in place and I could not move. My head felt pressure and my ears felt like someone held their hands over them. My heart was skipping beats and my body could not move. I cowered down on the floor, not able to move and only able to breathe and blink my eyelids. There was no excruciating pain, but there could have been as they could have hurt me if they wanted to. After a minute, which seemed like an eternity I felt the invisible force let go and the helicopter start flying away. I was shocked and trying to shake off the stunned feeling to be able to get to my feet. I was still determined to get outside or to a window to get my eyes on this helicopter. I was stalled out. When I regained my strength and got to the window, the black helicopter was far off in the distance and I could not see it. That is when I realized I was definitely being watched and monitored. I should not have ignored it or shrugged it off as a coincidence. I always thought things like this happened to other people not me.

Only one other time did I have an experience that stood out and shocked me. Townsend Tennessee at the foothills of the Smoky Mountains is where I wrote my autobiography in 2019. I was inside the camper I was renting writing the first draft of this book. When I took a break, I grabbed my Marlboro lights, glass of wine, went outside and lit my blunt. It was a beautiful, hot summer day and the locusts and crickets played the sounds of summer. Out of nowhere and barely above the tree tops a black helicopter appears. I jumped out off my skin. It was loud and out of nowhere. Instantly I thought of the Flemington experience. I put everything in my hands down on the patio and immediately marched inside to my autobiography where I deleted every detail I wrote about Sarajevo 91-92. I did not want to give the programmers, handlers, CIA or Black Operations any reason to pay me a visit. I did write the details into this edition.

~More Deprogramming~

During the summer of 2018 MKUltra programming reared its ugly head and began to spin. Again I was not around people who were supportive knowledgeable or helpful. They were uneducated and showed no interest in learning in general let alone what a Super Soldier is. They did not understand or comprehend what I had to endure, such as the torture, trauma, electrocution, programming, and training. I could not turn to those people because they were known for laughing at me, misunderstanding me, blaming me, putting all the responsibility on me, and underestimating me. There was no trust or comfort to be found in them. Sadly I had let a dude that I thought was best friends with move in with me along with his kid. I knew it was a huge mistake within the first 5 business days. I could not back out or get them out of my rental home that 5 bedroom, 3 living room, 3 full bathroom, 2 kitchen, atrium, fire pit, and 70 acres of horse and farmland. That Bat Winged Creature mentioned earlier in my book found a way in to attack. I thought everything was normal as

we barbequed outside on the patio. I had to go back into the house to get ingredients, more plates and grilling utensils. I walked from the deck into the cellar and was going to ascend the stairs straight into the kitchen. This was a short cut versus walking around the house into the front door. The patio was around back anyhow. When I approached the staircase leading up to the kitchen, an MKUltra feeling came over me. I could not walk up the stairs and then my ability to think stopped. I could not think to coordinate my body in conjunction with my thoughts of where I physically needed to go. When I placed one foot on the stairs, the stairs got wider and spaced apart farther. Trying to take the next foot to place it on the next stair was troublesome. It felt like I was in a funny house and using two left feet. I tried to start again to go up the stairs but it seemed like my eyes were playing tricks and the stairs were moving but my feet were in solid cement. The only choice I had was to go back out of the cellar and walk around the house and into the front door because there were no stairs that way. It was only a small incline of the land. There was no way I would have been able to jump or run so I did not even try. I could not walk up simple stairs. I had to think of my body's movements first, and then pray YAHUSHA could help me move my body in accordance. Once inside the house things only got worse. My vision completely changed. It felt like I had an implant inside my eyes making them see something different then what actually was there. My eyes would see a house layout differently than how the house was actually laid out. I would see walls where I knew there were no walls. I would see an opening to a door where in reality there was a wall. I would see a wall but knew the house actually had a window in that spot. At first, I kept walking into walls and getting frustrated. Finally, I got the hang of it. I closed my eyes, and by memory walked through the house. Once I got to where I wanted to be, that is when I opened my eyes to carry on about my business. I knew by memory the layout of the house, where all the walls, windows and doors were, so I could walk around the house without a problem. However, when my eyes were opened, I saw something completely different. When it came to taking stairs, I found a way to work around the MKUltra programming causing me to have these handicaps. I put my back to the stairs, sat down and then used my feet and hands to push me up each stair. It felt like I was drugged because I had so many problems. There is a movie called Labyrinth by David Bowie and that movie was representative of exactly what I was going through. I think they programmed me so I would not be able to escape even I tried to. My body was programmed to be disabled by seeing things that were not there and by making it so I could not manipulate my body.

Photographs give me a problem. Most of my baby pictures I do not recognize because when I look at some of them, they are of a different person that is not me. It looks like me, but it is not me. Those pictures may be of the clone that was left in my place so no one would realize I was gone when taken for extended periods of time to the DUMBs. The other bad side to this is sometimes when I look at photos of other people, they do not look like themselves either. Whatever was done to my eyes in the DUMBs I assume they programmed me to look at people that I should know but be unable to recognize them in case I ever went to that person for help to escape the MKUltra programs. It is a double-edged sword.

~169 Alters~

I read a free book online by Fritz Springmeier and Cisco Wheeler. Fritz spent 8 years in jail just to write this book. YHUH led me to this book to help me understand exactly what Joe the Mechanic did to me and the other children. In the book it states how there was a method to Joe's madness. There are templates used in mind controlling a person. These methods are intentional and calculated. There are certain ways that MKUltra is administered and applied. A lot of people confuse typical parental abuse

with MKUltra. Fritz and Cisco's book resonated deeply with me so much that I reached out to Fritz and told him I think I am one of the children he wrote about in his book, now fully grown. He told me that YHUH has a special place in Heaven for me and everything was going to be okay now especially since I survived and used my free will to turn to YAHUSHA. This meant so very much to me. The book is called, The Illuminati Formula for Creating an Undetectable Mind Total Control Slave.

~Ordained~

I was invited to a hear The Watchmen Lifting the Veil Conference in Long Island, NY August 2018. I only had a few hours and could not spend the whole time there as the dude at home was interfering with my trip and trying to stop me from attending. I made the conference and while I was there I approached a few pastors that I had been speaking with previously. Online I followed their Ministries and they followed my progress. One ministry in particular recognized me instantly. I had written to them citing I really wanted to be Ordained and since they were passing the torch would they pass it to me? I told him I had only led about 12 people at this time to YAHUSHA to be saved and I had only 4 years studying HIS word, which they knew because I studied with their Ministries. The pastor said I had already done enough to be Ordained and to follow him. We entered a room with three other Ordained Ministers and two of my online friends who flew in from out of state and country to attend this conference. Immediately all six of them laid hands on me. They ordained me and my Spiritual Gifts to YAHUSHA. I made sure to mention my Spiritual Gifts and even had my Dream Book with me. I tried to take a recording of this ceremony but my cell phone stopped recording due to a full memory. This was the most memorable moment of my life next to my baptism. I never graduated college for accounting but for me this was me receiving a degree and graduating college. I felt like I had accomplished something and finally made something of myself with thru my Ordainment. I was exhilarated. Several weeks later I received my certificate and clergy card in the mail. Now my dreams came true of serving HIM for the rest of my days on Earth. All praise, all love, all esteem, all honor and all worship be to YHUH for RUACH in YAHUSHA Mashiach's name, Selah

~Attorney's Nightmare~

The summer of 2018 my attorney called to tell me that he had a nightmare. In the nightmare, I walked toward his bedroom door and he sat up in bed asking me what is wrong, but I did not answer. Instead, a tall dark bat winged creature appeared behind me, wrapped its arms and wings around me, and darted straight up into the air flying off with me. He was scared because he thought something bad was going to happen to me. I reassured him I was okay, but really I was not and I was sinking. I wish I had enough guts to tell him the truth! I wanted out of a relationship and felt extremely stuck because the dude and his kid were living at my house. At the end of the summer I was attacked by that dude. He collapsed my lung and put me in the Trauma Unit of the hospital. It was very excruciating. He almost killed me and stole my life. I am left with permanent damage. That tall dark entity found its way into my life and I fell off the Narrow Path because I slipped back into sin becoming worldly.

November 2018 my attorney passed away and I was devastated. My whole world crumbled before my eyes and I felt alone in the world again. October 2020 the dude who collapsed my lung and attacked me a second time fracturing my facial bone and leaving zip tie wounds on my wrists plead guilty to felony aggravated assault. In Court, he verbally confessed that he "attacked Holly Baglio the way a lion

takes down a gazelle to take it down for dinner". He attacked me from behind and had no remorse. The Judge made the Court take note that he thought the dude would come back and harm me again because anger management and other forms of counseling did not work. The Judge could see he was not over me and that I am still in danger.

~Tongues~

In December 2018 I returned to my home where the angel gave me the "X marks the Spot", Mountaintop Church, Budd Lake, NJ. I knew I had already been blessed and baptized in the RUACH Oqdesh but I wanted to experience it with people in a formal ceremony. My pastor called me to the Altar and anyone else wanting a Fire Baptism. He and everyone else laid their hands on me and prayed for the RUACH to fill and overflow me with barakahs (blessings in Hebrew). Instantly I felt like I was being lifted off the ground and floating in the air. When I opened my eyes during this prayer, all the congregants who had their hands on me were flowing with colors from the RUACH. I closed my eyes and continued along praying. At the end the pastor put the microphone up to my mouth and said "Waiting for the Holy Spirit." Everyone was still touching me. I wanted to speak but shied away from the microphone. I was baraked with the Gift of Tongues that night. At the end of the service I approached the Pastor to explain what happened. Then spoke the words that RUACH gave to me which I turned away from speaking into the microphone. I showed the Pastor what I wrote down on paper to the best of my ability. In English, I wrote out the interpretation of what I spoke in tongues; "Holy Holy Holy is my Aluah (god in Hebrew), for my Aluah is appointed and anointed Savior. Love, truth, power, strength, esteem, honor, and authority be to my Aluah and to HIS Throne, forever and ever, Selah"

~Germantown Maryland~

After my lung was collapsed I left New Jersey for nine months to flee the ex who was stalking me and to deal with Battered Women's Syndrome. The prosecutor's office knew the plan and that I would return. If I did not disappear then I would never be free of the ex not even though he found someone else. I knew that if I left I could focus on making my life what I wanted it to be and repair. I was so foolish to become worldly! April 2019 I left New Jersey, spent 4.5 months in Townsend Tennessee and then wound up in Germantown, Maryland for 4.5 months. I went back to New Jersey and resumed living on my own in February 2020. My stepfather, Russell passed away April 2020. I called him 1.5 months before his passing but no one gave him the message. I feel a lot of remorse for the lack of communication we had for the last 5 years of his life. It breaks my heart and I have to remind myself that I am forgiven. I feel my biological mother ripped the family apart and kept us apart. I should have never let her dictate to me and tell me I could not talk to Russell. Why people did not tell me he was sick and in the hospital is beyond me. No one said a word. I always made sure to keep people informed that way they always had a chance and choices. I love my stepfather's name. I say his name to honor him and in search of resolution to my guilt and grief. My friend Stew Grossmith passed away a week before this book was released for free online. I did not call him even though I thought about him constantly. I have a lot guilt and remorse. Now that I am 51 I would love nothing more than a family. The errors I have made in my life stick out like a sore thumb in my adulthood. I let my mother get in my head and think a fetus did not matter and was like a parasite. Or worse, my grandmother would say, "Don't have kids young, you'll ruin your life. Wait until you're older, go to college." I

wanted a family and to be married to the love of my life. Bringing children into this world is never a mistake and most definitely a Gift from Heaven. The spark of light that happens when the sperm and egg meet and life begins was something I did not learn until it was too late. In my life two boyfriends walked me into an abortion clinic and one bought Plan B. I repent for what I did that caused me not to have a family.

The experience in Germantown Maryland will stay with me for a life time and I don't wish it on my worst enemy. I got stuck with a couple of religious fanatics, aka plastic Christians that were fans of Super Soldiers. This couple found me online and then attached themselves to me. They capitalized on my grief. Everything you should not do to a Victim/Survivor, they did to me. They acted like they knew more than YHUH, were confrontational, churchy and religious. Everything I did was wrong and their salvation was better than mine or so they acted. What I did not like they gave me and anything I liked they said was wrong and I could not have. They took me out of Russ Dizdar's care, so to speak, and forced me into counseling sessions with Douglas Riggs where they would be a part of every second of those sessions. Counseling with Russ was between him and me only which I loved. RUACH Oqdesh kept me calm and was in control. I never ran away from Russ or the SIIU Team. I did not want to because I wanted their help especially since YHUH showed me Russ in my dreams. That couple tried to force me into the Covering Doctrine. They meant instead of praying to YHUH myself, they wanted me to go to them and tell them then they would take care of it instead. Basically they wanted me to pray to them, forget YAHUSHA and then they would intervene. I did not want them that close and personal with me nor did I want them knowing everything I tell YHUH. I told the couple I am never going to stop talking directly to my husband and creator. They were very pushy, nosy, busy bodies constantly prying into everything without any consideration of other's boundaries.

Douglas Riggs used strange words and memory retrieval techniques on me. I wanted to shut these counseling sessions down before they started. Upon the first 5 minutes of meeting me Riggs' calendar opened up to counsel me two times a week and for free. He charged his clients 10s of thousands of dollars to deprogram but not me. On the first session in October 2019, I did not want to go through with it but the couple was pressuring me. I handed Riggs a drawing I made for him back in 2016. I made him a drawing because I remembered him from the DUMBs and knew I would see him again. He admitted that satanic clones were made of him. That's when I knew why YHUH led me to Russ Dizdar and not to Riggs or someone else! Riggs had me so messed up that I almost burned my social security card, driver's license, both copyrights for my book, and birth certificate. Riggs pulled forward an Alter and told me that Alter was really me. He said the Alter was my core/raw personality and that basically everything I knew about myself was wrong. I asked him why I ran through the neighborhood naked but he did not have any answers for me. The Alter that came forward told me her memories and then said she would help me make sure I don't have to deal with Riggs so she took over. She did not like Riggs in the DUMBs and I was not about to like him on the surface of the Earth. When my Alter gave Riggs truthful answers those answers were not good enough for him. For some reason Douglas Riggs kept talking about a "Nathan Bauer." I do not know a Nathan Bauer and the names that I do know Riggs would tell me I was wrong. My Alter told Riggs about Buckingham Palace dungeons but he said that I was in someone's personal private home somewhere over in Switzerland. My Alter told him there was a fake passport for me but he persisted in protecting the Queen. I was so miserable I reached out to Russ Dizdar and his team, as well, as to Donna Carrico. They put the Alter back down and helped me regain control. They were so gracious to me and they spread light. They helped me mentally and emotionally to stand firm against the religious couple and shut down the counseling sessions. They only lasted 2 months but that was plenty of time to wreck havoc and do permanent

damage. I turned to YHUH and told HIM "I don't know YOU like this. YOU do not act like these people act. If I have to live like this and be around this couple because they say they are YOUR Chosen then I do not want YOU anymore. I am sorry but I have to be honest. I do not want YOU anymore. These people are not YOU YHUH and they do not know YOU! I can't take being around them and their plastic ways anymore." Within two months of that prayer I was out of their house; 1.5 months in a hotel and then had my own place, and was happily back on my feet.

~International SRA Conference Oct 2019~

I drove from Maryland up to Newark, Ohio for an International Satanic Ritual Abuse Conference featuring Wilfred Wong, Gregory Reid and Russ Dizdar. Besides attacks from marine spirits trying to stop me the whole way to, during, and from the conference, I had a jaw dropping experience. A speaker at the conference brought up the Hampstead Kids case. I believe the children. As the speaker dove deeper into the case, I had an epiphany. Strangely enough I had a memory but I was misinterpreting it until this conference. There could be no way that I was alive when the Angels fell and descended onto Mt. Hermon making a pact to spit in Heavenly ABBA's eye but I remember this event. When I was really young, the adults dressed up like different Angels from Scripture. They put me on a stone altar and raped me. They tore me to pieces. When the Angels were finished, another little child patched me up. As I sat in the audience of the conference with everybody around me, knowing who I was, I kept my cool but I was right back on that stone altar reliving the event. It dawned on me they were not literal Angels but rather adults in costumes who raped me.

Another Super Soldier attended this conference. He had someone approach me and ask if it was okay if we spoke. I absolutely welcomed the conversation and meeting. When he began walking toward me to introduce himself my Alter kept saying, "Holly, I told you we knew him. I told you I know him from the DUMBs. We know him, Holly. I told you! Why didn't you talk to him sooner Holly?" It was wonderful to meet him because that means we made it! And being there in person made everything real and solidified. He remembered me from Chicago when Joe the Mechanic was torturing us. During programming, Joe made him pick out a child but he picked the little boy instead of me. I don't know if it was right or wrong but I thanked him. I thanked him for keeping me alive. I am sorry for the other child and I feel Survivor's Guilt but at the same time, I am grateful and honored to be alive after everything.

~Russ Dizdar's Last Conference May 2021~

I was at another conference March 2021 in Pennsylvania when one of the speakers approached me to pick a date. I was asked when I could make it out to Ohio for a conference with Russ Dizdar. I picked a date and right then Russ Dizdar's Expelling the Darkness Conference was set.

May 2021, Russ arrived at the conference building and as I watched him walk in it looked like there were about five other large people with him as if he had an entourage. I backed up from the door to make some space. When Russ walked in it was only him and his wife. No one else was with him. I even looked behind him outside the doors to double check because I thought I saw a bunch of people with him. As he looked at me I said "Russ, it's Holly Baglio…." He responded "I almost did not recognize you." We chatted a moment and once everyone saw he was there they gathered around. I

told him how I was broadcasting on Internet Radio on his old station Fringe Radio. I checked in with him once or twice a year to touch base about my healing. I kept up with watching his videos and schooling myself. We had scheduled 30 minutes to talk otherwise I would not have a chance to speak with him as he was treated like a celebrity at conferences. If we had a chance to talk, I could have warned him that something dark was on him. I can see death in the spirit realm. Someone put something on him. The very first night of the conference, when he spoke he was already sick and had to driven to the hospital. The rest of the conference went on and was great only for the fact that I got to see my friends in person! Russ getting sick was just the start of it. After the conference, a ministry invited me to an after event. Bunches of us met up at another place in Ohio. It was probably their cleaning products but I wound up having one of the worst bronchial asthma and allergy attacks of my life. My eyes swelled shut and my throat swelled closed. I could not see and only hear. I did not know anyone well enough. I asked for them to call 911 but they would not. Our cell phones have a flat screen and no buttons to feel in order to be able to call. At the time, cell phones did not have an assistant so there was no way to verbally ask my cell phone to call. Luckily, the second I felt the attack come on I ran to grab Benadryl. However, it was such a bad attack the Benadryl could not stop it. I needed to go to the hospital. Two people came to my assistance that I was familiar with. They sat with me and prayed. They helped get my asthma medicine from my purse. Eventually I could see thru my eyes but my chest was in excruciating pain. I could not swallow it hurt so badly. At the time I did not know but a witch in sheep's clothing came over to the three of us sitting there. She told them to take their hands off of me and let her pray for me. She sat down so close to me it was almost like she was on top of me. I was trusting of her and wrong for doing so. Please remember that YAHUSHA has not changed which means things are still done the same way they were done when HE walked the Earth. My two friends backed up and she started praying. I felt an invisible hand reach into my chest, feel around and then exit. It was as if she had a pouch on the side of her and a third arm with hand reached out of her and into me. The pain went away instantly. At the time I thanked YAHUSHA but YAHUSHA was not there. What happened was she gave me an instant healing from the dark realm. She was a witch in disguise as a sheep. If this were a miracle through YAHUSHA, my two friends would have been able to keep their hands on me. We are supposed to all put our hands on the third party needing healing. YAHUSHA then moves through RUACH to heal the third party. It is nothing that any one of us does on our own that cures the third party. We are to lift people up to HIM and HE does the work.

On my way home from the Conference I asked a friend to help me. I needed to go to the hospital but by the time I drove 8 hours home, I decided to manage myself with home care. It would be at least 5 days of bed rest before I would feel normal again. My lungs are not strong enough to handle an asthma attack or so my doctors have warned me. (No, I did not accept their diagnoses however it does not change the fact that I have lung issues and if I ask for 911 or oxygen, people should not hinder me from getting it! I was told when I was 22 that my lungs were not strong enough to handle an attack of the magnitude that I had at this after event.) When my friend got to my house to help me with my asthma, we had a sit down talk. I said you know how I feel about you and now you have come back into my life again. Let us get married and you can make an honest woman of me so I can stay at the Pulpit preaching, as I will be living correctly if I am married. He said yes to marriage but it was a lie. I woke up to him on top on me. He held me down until he finished raping me. I sat up and began to reach for my knives that I sleep with underneath my pillows. He said "What I did was rape. I saw what I wanted and took it. Forgive me babe." I stopped reaching for my knives and forgave him. I started to reach for my cell phone to call police but then the doubts in my head spoke faster than I could get my hand on the phone. What had happened was rape and I wanted to call police but I did not because

who would believe me?! It took me months to say anything but then one day I broke down from bottling it up. I wrote about it in my diary. My diary, Ruminations and Confessions, is up online publicly. Mainly Facebook but sometimes my other sites warehouse it. (I would like to transfer that over to my website.) The ministry who asked me to the after event went onto my page, clicked on my diary entry, and read what I wrote. The worst part was when during a recorded live stream with hundreds to thousands of people watching they told me "Holly I saw your diary and you said you were raped. You're too vocal, I can't believe you said that, you should blah blah blah." I blacked out from humiliation. The pastor of the ministry did not come to me privately to talk. He did it in front of his whole entire congregation on a live YouTube video. He does NOT practice what he preaches, that is for sure. Within 1 hour I lost 300 friends on Facebook. Even though I had been raped by the way I was treated you would have thought I was the rapist. It took so much just to admit it happened but then to have the pastor and his ministry treat me like that was awful. Does not the church preach to expose evil and to speak up when something bad happens? Ironically here is an online church was telling me to shut up. Where once I was good enough to speak at their conferences in front of them my DUMB testimony, I was now no longer good enough to talk on my own page about my experiences. About a year later, I went to file for a Restraining Order because the rapist kept stalking me. The Sergeant realized I was a rape victim and immediately wanted to get a Detective to take further action but I backed out. I really wanted to take action! I really wanted help! I did not want to be the victim! I did not want to be the bad person either simply because I spoke out about it.

Heavenly ABBA YHUH called me out of the church. HE told me to feed HIS sheep, give my testimony, and share my Spiritual Gifts with them. HE told me to tell you that HE wants to do more for you than HE has ever done for me. And HE has done everything for me. HE did not forget about you. HE is returning for you. HE loves you. HE wants you. Please go to HIM directly for yourself. Take out the middle men and get to know HIM for HIM. You do not need a church or religion to know HIM or have a Calling from HIM. HE will show you who HE is and that HE is real but you need to go to HIM directly for yourself. Let HIM be your Rabbi and rule over you. Let HIM gift you and love you. Go to HIM. Do not just pray one time and then wait for HIM to do something. Stay on top of HIM and your relationship with HIM like you would your spouse. Make your gestures to HIM. Live for HIM. Seek HIM, find out HIS Ways and then live in them. Obey all 10 Commandments and participate in HIS Feasts and Festivals. Those Feasts and Festivals in Scripture are for people who love HIM and want to follow HIM. The Feasts and Festivals are not for the Jews. They are for you, you who say you believe. Salvation is for everybody who wants it, not just Jews or human beings. What HE did at HIS crucifixion applies to anybody who wants it! HIS Salvation applies to hybrids and Super Soldiers like myself. YHUH warned the Giants/Nephilim to repent before Noah's Flood. YAHUSHA saved even the Canaanites. I worked my Salvation out in 3 years with fear and trembling because I come from the DUMBs and am not all human. The church told me I was more human than alien and that is why I picked YAHUSHA. The church went on to say that, if I were more alien than human I would not have picked YAHUSHA or been able to pick HIM. They could not have been more wrong if you paid them. The truth is that Salvation applies to any body that wants it! It does not matter your DNA or if you think you come from another planet or dimension, HIS Salvation applies to anybody and everybody who wants it. I believe YAHUSHA. I believe everything HE tells me. HE never lies. Everything HE says comes true to the fullest extent. YHUH told me that I was living righteously but it had taken me 7 years of work to do so. It pleases me to serve HIS Kingdom. My passion is being about HIS Business.

Lastly, YHUH showed me the people in the church and associated with the online Church are not in HIS Will. They are kids of Moloch and they will fall but not to let it shake me. YHUH reassured me to stay

focused solely on HIM and keep looking straight ahead only at HIM. Don't let my eyes leave HIS eyes. HE told me HE put me at the pulpit but they got to it on their own. HE told me not to apologize to anyone for doing what HE commanded me. I have a bad tendency to apologize too much, as well as, for things that are not my fault.

~Full Reintegration December 2022~

The year 2022 was very difficult. Saava died January 27th due to cancer and Keeper died May 27th due to an enlarged heart. I lost my life when I lost them. I was devastated. I became stagnant in life for a couple years. As difficult as it was it was just as rewarding. I never thought it in the cards that I would ever be fully healed from DID or MKUltra. But in December 2022 YHUH had other plans for me. HE sprang Full Reintegration on me and I never saw it coming in my dreams either!

The Gate Keeper who stood at the door to the library was not an Alter but rather a program running. There was one day I desperately wanted my memories but the Alter, or what I thought was an Alter, would not give me my memories. Therefore I beat her up. She did not bleed but rather looked like an old TV from the 70s that had static lines going up her instead of blood. Because there was no blood it dawned on me that it was an MKUltra program running in my mind, deciding things for me. The program was guarding the library and not letting me around. Inside my mind's eye, there was a library that held all my memories inside of each book. It looked like an old world elegant library with a ladder to reach up to the top shelf. There was a long rectangular table in the middle with chairs around it and old fashioned library table lights. There was a spiral staircase up to a loft. A huge television monitor hung from a wall with a small keyboard below it with unknown characters on the button. If I punched in the correct code, the television monitor would play what I wanted it to play, such as my memories from the books. It had a comfortable lazy boy to fall asleep in. I correlated this library with Thoth since it is his bloodline I seem to share. Thoth had a library too. Also inside my mind's eye was an oval office where there was a bed where I could rest and a desk with a chalk board behind it. Lastly, there was a perfectly square bookcase where all my Alters were stored. Both the oval office and bookcase were not guarded by an Alter or program like the library was. I had free access to get into and around them.

For years it seemed like I was playing into the MKUltra and expecting different answers. I figured the only way to get change and healing was to stop answering into the MKUltra and get rid of it. Frustration and anger struck and I could not take it anymore, I just had to do something but was not sure what. First, I went and knocked over the bookshelf freeing all 169 of my Alters. Then all of us picked up the bookcase and made a pile. We ran over and grabbed the oval office carrying it over to the pile. Then we grabbed the library. 169 Hollys plus me have a lot of strength and power behind them! We moved everything into one pile. They were adorable as they put on their goggles, scarves and pilot's caps. We set off a nuke and nuked the whole pile. As we watched, I was happy to be rid of the MKUltra spots in my mind and went about my business. Things were quiet so I went to the hill inside my mind's eye where I last left the Alters who were attending to the pile and nuke. They also nuked the nuke that nuked everything. Over the next few days things kept growing quieter. Every time I went back to check the hill where my Alters were the group of them got smaller and smaller. Finally one day they were all gone. They just disappeared. I did not think anything of it.

A few cold winter days later as I sat at my computer all of my Alters peeked around the door frame into the living room at me. I looked up and slowly they trickled into the room. They were not taking me over but rather coming to me as if an introduction. As I stood there looking at them, they suddenly grew up before my eyes. All 169 grew up. They went from young baby dolls to full grown women. My Alters were healing. I was elated and feeling a vast array of emotions. I went to grab a tissue as my nose was running from crying. As I moved, my 169 Alters moved. They were not taking me over but rather working in sync with me. When I saw them move when I moved, of course bright and innovative ideas started pouring in! I did a couple dance skits. First we started to dance along to Michael Jackson's Thriller. In the music video he has a pyramid of dancers behind him. So I mimicked his video and I had all my Alters dancing behind me. I bounced around the house with them for about 15 minutes. Then we all lined up and did a Kickline. We were nearing the end of our dance routine when the Alters filed into me like a deck of card files into one pile. It was just me dancing. Then my Alters sprawled out again into the Kickline just like a deck of cards when a dealer spreads them across a table. We did a few more kicks and then they filed back up into me. I stopped dancing. It was just me. YHUH spoke to me in spirit citing one day I will be able to see them again to say "goodbye" but for present time I need to heal and get to know what it is like to live as a one whole operating unit. My Alters are gone. My Alters were me, and I was my Alters but now I am not ripped into 169 pieces.

If I get stressed current day I can still disassociate but there are no Alters. What happens is I am still me but my line of thinking is thrown off track and I go somewhere far away in my mind. I like life a lot better being whole. When I go to sleep, I am myself. When I wake up it is still me. When I get upset or happy, it is me. When anything happens, it is me. The Alters are gone and there is no more flipping. In all my moods and rare forms, it is still me and only me. The drawback is I have to do everything on my own such as show remorse, break up with someone, give bad news, or say 'No'. I always have problems doing these things so the Alters did them for me. They are not here to take over when I am stressing and shake with nerves. I handle everything on my own in one consistent, constant personality and with one unbroken mind. Now I have to deal with feelings and emotions which is very difficult. The difficultly I have with feelings and emotions makes me often think back to my Alters in fondness. On occasion I miss them because they were entertaining and kept me company. If I do not handle my feelings and emotions when they come or stand up for myself at the time of incident, or assert myself when needed, I turn into a grenade. I snap and blow up just like a grenade that is used in War. It takes less time to speak up than it does to cower. Because I am Fully Reintegrated YHUH can refine me. YHUH gave me my miracle and healed me from the DUMBs. I am no longer DID, SRA or MK'ed. I am a child and servant to my Golden Bow YAHUSHA.

ENDING

I started writing this Book January 2017. I copyrighted my rough draft December 2019. July 2020 I sent for a second set of copyrights for my edited version that Anna Prayers assisted with. It was unnecessary but I would rather be safe than sorry. November 2025 I will send out for copyrights. January 2026 I finalized my work into one beautiful book. This is my legal statement and to the best of my ability what I remember happening to me. I withheld certain information from this book for my own protection, safety and privacy. I should also say, this is all allegedly, to cover my tail.

At times things can seem surreal even 12 years after waking up. I cannot believe I survived, endured, and overcame those DUMBs but only because of YAHUSHA paved a way and conquered death. In the DUMBs I was told that all of you went through it too, and that I was "nothing special." Then when I was 40 I found out that none of you went through it. I was lied to. YHUH is bigger than this. HE is bigger than the bad things, people, and situations. HE is bigger than their deities are. HE is bigger than their technology. HE is bigger than every thought our minds can possess. There is nothing so bad that HE cannot or will not forgive it. We must turn to HIM directly for ourselves individually.

In my opinion, they perfected these MKUltra techniques on me and the other engineered humans so they use could it on a grand mass scale going unnoticed. Now they can get a person at any age and they do not have to be under the age of 6. Now they can get program any genetic and do not have to search for kids with certain genetics. All they have to do is inject chemicals such as nanotechnology and graphene oxide. The chemicals damage the brain and prime a person to be a mind control slave. Once they introduce frequencies from the Gwen towers, also known as cell phone towers, they can alter one's state of mind to be manipulated.

To date, my cat Rumble and I are living happily ever after in a safe house. I rent a room and with the Home Owner's permission, we turned this into a safe house for me. He has the ability and means to protect his property. I provided this Safe House for myself meaning a church, ministry, or organization never helped me in any capacity. It is not for a lack of asking. It is a lack of them wanting to help. It is always the "small guy" who helped me. The only person I can trust is the one that lives for YHUH in YAHUSHA's Way and according to RUACH's Discipleship. I would love to continue to speak at conferences again like I used to before covid threw a wrench in my works. Better yet, I would love for this to be a Best Seller and start new goals. Even though I give my testimony, it does not bother me as one might think. Rarely I might feel like I am relieving it. All of the time, it feels like I am setting the captives free. I am grateful for any opportunity to speak. This is how I fulfill my Calling, and I love the Calling that is upon my life. I am so glad YHUH gave me my life and not someone else is because I would not have been happy but also, I would not have gotten to live out my wildest dreams and lived to tell about them.

My website is www.HollyBaglio.com. I am still on YouTube, GAB, X, Instagram, LinkedIn and Facebook. Please feel free to write to me but allow me some time to respond. As far as where I am heading with My Golden Bow YAHUSHA Mashiach, only HE knows. I am chasing after a Perfect LAMB. I am not ashamed of the gospel of YAHUSHA, HIS living word. YHUH is our one true living Aluah and Creator. YAHUSHA Mashiach is YHUH in human form. RUACH Qodesh is YHUH in spirit with us now invisible.

Thank you for taking the time to read my book and remember; YHUH loves you!

APPENDIX

Please Note: *My autobiography was too large to upload to my website. I had to delete the Appendix in this version so the upload was successful. All drawings in my book are featured on my website under tabs, Testimonial Drawings, and Kids In A Cage. It will be free to read from February 1st to March 1st when the Publishers make it available for purchase internationally. I kept my word and made it free for all to read.*