

Rising: A New Era



Inspired by Jesus
Written by Lana Trauts

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FULL HONOR

*To the God of all creation, love, light and compassion
and to His Holy Only Son Jesus Christ,*

*I thank you for the blessing of your Holy Spirit and
humble myself in service to you, that you found me
worthy to use me as your instrument. There are no
words for my endless love and devotion for all you
have done for me. Praises and glory are yours and
yours alone.*

Amen

Faith is seeing with no eyes.

Trust is doing with full surrender.

*Belief is knowing without boundaries who we really
are.*

DEDICATIONS

To my husband who has never abandoned me, loved me through all of my many changes, supported me by sacrificing yourself and for always being my knight in shining armor.

God made you just for me, and me for you. I am always yours.

To my sister who has faced many challenges of this life, and others, together with me. I am grateful for your patience, your guidance and leadership, and for letting me grow at my own pace while being ready to catch me when I fell.

There is no greater bond than sisters.

I love you both beyond words.

Prologue

It All Makes Sense...Now

This is the story of my journey. The story of looking back over a lifetime of events and recognizing that He really did have a plan from the moment I was created. I came here to do a job and had been in training my whole life without knowing it. I am to share my story so that you can look at your life and perhaps recognize how, you too, have possibly been in training since your beginning.

While you may already know this, I am going to state the obvious. Looking back, things always make far more sense than they did at the time. The challenges we face as we traverse through our lives always serve a purpose, and more often than not, much more deeply than we even realize.

This is not a story about how I've overcome adversity and devastating life events so that I can puff myself up or make anyone think of me as "strong" or "courageous". This is a story of becoming more self aware, to expand your thinking, to look more deeply. Sometimes when we experience things in our lives, we think about it, but not quite deeply enough. We scratch the surface and because it becomes uncomfortable when e-motions arise, we cut

short the evaluation and convince ourselves we have dealt with it, and voila....done.

The process we must endure as human beings is complex, but once you have become more self-aware, the process simplifies and dare I say, becomes predictable. The trick is getting to that point.

I was asked to write this book about my story, or rather commanded, to assist others in finding their way. My deepest and sincerest hope is that something that lies within will speak to you, even if just subconsciously at first. Many of us know this process as “the awakening” and what is to follow in these pages is just my individual story of how I’m getting there. I share some of the challenges I faced and overcame, revelations I have had, and the thoughts and emotions that I experienced throughout my process.

My purpose of this writing is to show others, who are already awakening...that they aren’t crazy, perhaps allowing them to compare their own journey, or to simply make them feel less alone. For those who are just about to begin to arouse from their trance state, what they might expect to experience, or even open their awareness into understanding how to move through this sometimes painful process, more quickly and with more clarity.

For me, I did it alone for a while, until, thankfully, I was led to a group in my neighborhood that at least had some idea of what was going on. But somehow, I was always ahead, knew more, and connected the dots to help events

that were happening make more sense. I certainly didn't always have things correct, and made tons of mistakes, and still do, but my process helped me to gain clarity and learn things quickly that led to comfort, growth, and ultimately a faith that I never could have imagined.

I want to share my journey with you. To bring you comfort, laughter, insight, clarity and deeper understanding of the self. I pray I can touch just one other person to find the peace that I found through this process.

1

A Little Background

I was raised in a more rural area of Arizona, in a suburb of Phoenix called Peoria. My parents worked together restoring antique cars out of our home, and I have a sister 2 1/2 years older than me, and a brother 2 years younger. While I don't remember much of those younger years, as I'm sure many of us don't, I do remember snippets. A wonderful friend once made the comment that those of us who don't remember much, likely it is because there was no purpose in most of it. Our brain maintains only the most important and impactful so that we may carry it forward to show us our true path. The rest gets filed in with what I like to call the junk drawer.

As we all do, I have some happy and fun memories and some not so fantastic. Pretty normal right?. Jamming a lincoln log down my throat, being punished for things I didn't do and Christmas mornings with bridges made from the presents for the model train to roll over and wandering in a cotton field, squishing the cotton and their seeds between my fingers. A story my mom loves to tell is when I was asked in kindergarten, we were asked to draw a

Christmas scene. I vividly remember drawing the needles on the tree, the bricks in the fireplace and my teacher was shocked at the level of detail for a 5 year old.

My sister often times would trick me into doing something by promising me a candy bar (she still owes me a lot of candy bars) which usually ended up in one or both of us getting in trouble. She always demanded to be the teacher when we played school and we were so very close in youth. She would try to protect me and keep me from being frightened during punishments, and we would giggle and laugh and scratch each other's backs after being told to go to bed.

Then when our brother came along, she being a tom-boy, began connecting with him more, and eventually, and I became odd man out. They would play sports, and I wanted to play Barbies and stretch my imagination. I remember loving stories on records like the Hobbit and all of the princess fairytales like Sleeping Beauty, Cinderella, Snow White, you know, the classics. I would even have my mom use my baby brothers' diaper pins to pin my sheets down after she tucked me into bed so I could wake up with perfectly straight sheets like Sleeping Beauty.

I loved to draw horses and once my mother bought me a book that showed me how to draw them, which kept me busy for hours. Yep, I was the girly-girl. I loved fairies and horses and unicorns, Herself the Elf, Strawberry Shortcake, Care Bears and Cabbage Patch dolls. I was always drawing and imagining, and very creative overall. I loved this world

I had created to escape the fighting and screaming of my parents, and battle the isolation of being the odd man out.

Our family ended up being pretty transient after a while because my father didn't always make the best business decisions. After we left the first home that I remembered, we moved into a 30 foot travel trailer, all five of us. After a while, we found ourselves in a strange little apartment that was somehow built-in amongst the garage-style workshops where my parents were doing their work. Then things got really bad and we moved to a different garage, and actually slept on the floor of the office in sleeping bags for quite sometime.

Eventually we landed back in a rental house, and things were no better between my parents. And while I won't point fingers at anyone in particular, eventually, it ended in divorce when I was nine. At the same time, after years of bedwetting and punishment, my parents finally discovered that I had a congenital defect of the ureters that caused frequent urinary tract infections, and required reconstructive surgery. Overall, it healed quickly and life moved on, and so did we, to a townhouse with our mom, and dad moved in with the woman he would soon marry.

My new stepmother had allowed me to be girly and took time to teach me to sew, painted my nails and made me dolls. Things my mother never had time to do because she was always in survival mode. Even as young as I was, I remember feeling guilty about liking my stepmother and

recognized that it was kind of a betrayal of my mother, so I tried to never let on.

My sister on the other hand was not dealing with it all very well, of course not, she was 12. She ended up going to live with our dad and stepmother who eventually picked up and moved to Texas, and she went with them. So from about the time I was 10, my sister and I had lost that deeper connection. My brother and I did get a little closer but we were still very different. My mother would like to assert that this time was when I got an opportunity to become my own person and felt as though I blossomed a bit during this time, outside of the shadow of my older sister.

Then, in between my 8th grade and freshman year of high school while visiting my dad for the summer in Texas, he convinced me that he wanted us to stay with him for the school year. When I broached this with my mother, I know it broke her heart, but she left it up to me telling me if I decided to stay, that my brother would need to stay too, because she didn't want us split up anymore. We ended up staying for what would be my sister's last year of high school, and it did not end well.

Just prior to her graduation, my sister went to go and live with her then boyfriend and his mother because of the violence and abuse she was enduring at the hands of our father. While I had not escaped punishments of various types, he tended to see me as a nurturer or something and I didn't get the brunt of his wrath or witness first hand the things my sister was enduring. There were CPS interviews

in which I admit, I defended my dad, and ultimately, after that year, we all went back to live with our mother. Looking back now, defending my dad was in part because I feared his wrath myself, but his ability to manipulate perception was also quite the talent.

By this time my mother is married to her second husband, of whom did not care for my sister, and was one of the reasons my sister went to live with our dad in the first place. This created animosity and so my sister, now 18, was provided an apartment and was still kept at an arms length.

At this time I was recently 16 and had just gotten my driver's license. Finally, when I was allowed to take the car, I went to go and see my sister. Unfortunately, I had lied and said I went to a movie with a friend and was immediately caught in the lie when my stepfather asked what my favorite part of the movie was, and he had already seen it. So now I was grounded from using the car, but no matter, I didn't have many friends anyway.

Memorial Day was approaching and my mom and stepdad decided to take us on a road trip to see a good friend of his who had moved to Mission Beach, California.

It was a strange weekend, looking back now. My brother and I were stuck in a car for a 5 hour drive but I remember it being a pleasant trip. We didn't really know my stepdad's friend's children, so we stuck together like glue the entire weekend. We were actually having fun, getting along, an

unusual feat for the both of us.

We went to the beach to walk down the sand and explore the pier. As my brother and I were walking along the boardwalk, my brother turned to me and asked, “Can I go get in the water?” The big sister instinctively kicked in because my mom was already ahead on the pier and I said, “be careful, don’t go in too far and stay where I can see you”. He took off down the beach as I continued to head to the pier.

As I started down the pier to look for my mom, I was feeling good, enjoying the sunshine and the sea air and really soaking it all in. Suddenly as I realized I was responsible for my brother, I looked over the edge of the pier to find him in the water. An overwhelming panic came over me immediately, and it grew as I scanned the water with my eyes, not finding him. I started back down toward the beach, growing more panicked with each step when his head finally emerged from the waves. With a big breath of relief, I turned back to find my mom, keeping an eagle eye on him the whole way.

Sunday came and it was decided we would wait until Monday to travel home to try to avoid any holiday traffic. So Monday, we said our goodbyes and stopped at an In and Out Burger to have lunch before heading out of town. As we hit the highway, my brother and I were messing around in the back seat. He was making keychains out of plastic strips braided together and I was probably listening to Depeche Mode on my portable CD player. We both got tired

eventually and played rock-paper-scissors to see who got to lay in who's lap. I won.

As we settled in to nap, I laid on my brother's lap while he leaned his head against the door. After a few minutes his seatbelt was digging into my shoulder so I reached over and unbuckled the belt, and fell to sleep.

Sometime later I suddenly sat bolt upright. It was dark now and I looked out the windows and noticed that we were almost home. I quickly laid back down and must have immediately fell back to sleep. Then next thing I knew, I felt an intense and heavy pressure. Disoriented and eyes still closed, the pressure released for a moment, and then a sudden pressure again. I thought I was dreaming. My world was about to change forever.

I hear sirens and voices around me and my mother was screaming, "help my babies!" I heard the voices of those who came to help. I could hear a woman to my right talking and I started talking to get her attention, but I couldn't move. I realized at this point that we had been in a car accident. I felt as though I was upside down with my head on the floor and my feet up on the back of the seat. I got her attention, and she said they were here to help and not to move. I tried to move but couldn't and then I heard from my left side men's voices saying "young male, approximately 10 years old, bleeding profusely from the head". My brother!

All my attention now went to him as my mother's

screams had now become distant. I was trying to tell them “he’s 13, he’s 13” and kept thinking I needed to stay calm. As I became more anxious and still unable to move, I realized I was struggling to breathe. I redirected my attention to the woman who was still at my window and told her I was having trouble breathing.

She explained that she was going to help me in a calming voice. “Try not to move”, she said again, “your face is in a pillow and I’m going to help you.” I felt her fingers slip across my face and ever so gently lifted my face from the depths of the pillow. “Is that better?” she asked. Yes, and my attention returned to the unfamiliar sounds around me. If I close my eyes I can still feel her fingers sprawled out across my face.

I kept listening to hear my brothers voice, but never did. Now I hear the mechanical sounds and noise of bending metal as they began to use the “Jaws-of-Life” to cut us free from the car. Soon I felt the scraping of what I thought was the doorframe over the tops of both of my feet and I think I briefly lost consciousness as they placed me on the backboard and strapped my head down. I aroused again as they lifted me onto the ambulance, seeing only the door opening above me and then the lights shift by my vision. Now the back of my head was in excruciating pain. I felt as though the entire back of my skull that rested against the board was crushed and had become a pool of broken bone and tissue. Quickly, the paramedics dosed me up and off to sleep I went.

I woke again at some point in the hospital, with doctors asking me to wiggle this, and wiggle that. I tried with all my might, but my thoughts were still about my brother. I asked, “where’s my brother, is he okay?”, and did not get a response. Out like a light once again as the drug they administered took its hold.

The next time I am allowed to become conscious, the doctor continued with his instruction. This time I really tried but he gave no indication of whether I was successful at following his commands to wiggle. He proceeds to tell me I have broken my neck and that I am in the hospital. I asked him again, “is my brother okay?” and he told me coldly, that he didn’t make it.

As I painfully began to sob and cry, my sister came into view over my bed from the left. She too was already crying and she was angry because she had told the doctor that she wanted to be the one to tell me about our brother saying, “I told them that I wanted to be the one to tell you!” After we calmed down a bit, she asked me to wiggle my toes. I tried with all my might and thought I was doing it. She looked at me and said excitedly, “You’re doing it!” Years later my sister informed me that I hadn’t in fact wiggled my toes, but somehow she knew to tell me otherwise. Now that I know what I know, I realized that this was my first lesson in “your thoughts and belief create your reality”.

I remember the pain of one of the halo brace pins being placed as they had not quite sedated me well enough at first. I remember opening my eyes to see the light above my

bed and it had a landscape scene on the fluorescent light, for patient entertainment, I suppose. Then finally, the sedation was stopped and I awoke fully to the challenge of what lay ahead.

My sister was with me. Our brother was gone. I had no idea of the extent of my injuries at that point. My mother was in another nearby room with a concussion and my sister said she couldn't remember anything and still thought Ronald Regan was President in 1991. My father had flown in from Texas and made a brief appearance to see me while he worked to make funeral arrangements for our brother in his zombied state of grief.

I was assisted to a chair and sat up for a while, but after being returned to the bed, my left arm got trapped behind my body underneath the brace. I finally realized something was strange and asked for help, and then it hit me. I can't feel my left side.

As the tears began to roll and my sister comforted me while telling me what the doctors had told her, she informed me I had the brace on. I had broken five vertebrae and they believed my spinal cord was severely bruised. Luckily I didn't have a partial or full transection of the spinal cord, but as a 16 year old girl, who had just made the cheerleading squad as the Junior Varsity Captain, the idea of being paralyzed on my left side was devastating. She brought a mirror closer and the sight I beheld was unrecognizable.

The bulky brace surrounded my skull like a halo with pins that pierced the skin of the forehead and behind in the hairline to hold my head stable. Four bars were attached to the halo and led down to a chest and back plate that surrounded my upper body. The left side of my face drooped and my whole neck and head was swollen with my hair a matted rats nest. Who is this person staring back at me? I'm not sure how long I cried. No one could touch me because every nerve was on fire and felt like constant stabbing needles on fire.

At first it was a swallow eval to see if I could swallow liquid nutrition. I quickly moved onto pureed food, and preferred the shredded chicken drowned in watery gravy. Then came shower day. They rolled me into the shower on a gurney and the torture ensued. They had no idea that every nerve ending was heightened and when they tried to wash my hair I screamed bloody murder until they finally gave up. When my sister returned I told her of the trauma and she marched right out and told those nurses that no one was to touch me except for her. She spent the rest of the day painstakingly combing my hair to remove the matts and as the hair fell out, she placed it in the waste bin beside the bed. When I later saw that, I cried mournful tears for my hair.

My cheer coach would come and spent the most time trying to distract me with her cheerful attitude and words of encouragement and kindness. My new cheer friends would come and bring balloons and stuffed animals and flowers and cards. To this day, I still have all of the dried

flowers sitting in a glass jar. The word was beginning to spread about the accident and the deaths.

At one point even the girls I barely knew from physics class who would bully me came to visit. When they came into the room, I was surprised and asked why they were there? Did they just want to gawk at me? And I told them to get out. I'm still not really sure where I got the courage to shew them away, but I know it now as one of the first times I ever stood up for myself.

My brother had died from a crushed skull and the impact had disintegrated parts of his spine. The other car had impacted ours right where he was leaning against the door. My stepfather who had been driving was actually thrown out of our spinning car and was found 180 feet from the impact site and over a 6 foot fence, a considerable distance given he weighed 285 pounds. The 20 year old drunk driver had run a red light at 65 miles per hour and slammed into the rear driver's side of the car. The car spun in 360's until finally coming to rest after a front-end impact into a telephone pole. The driver of the other car escaped with a bloody nose, so we were told. My mother was released from the hospital now, but had other family caring for her at home. They were planning the funeral for my brother and my stepfather would be sent back to his family in Pennsylvania.

The day of the funeral arrived and was to be held at the chapel at the hospital. As my sister wheeled me in the wheelchair down the hallways and outdoors, the cracks in

the sidewalk became like earthquakes sending pain shooting through every part of my body. So we continued slowly and carefully to the doors of the chapel that was absolutely filled with people. People were standing in the back and along the sides, people were everywhere. As I was wheeled to the front of the chapel, the casket laid open and I didn't see him until we were right next to it. Now the wailing really began.

As my sister and I comforted each other, we looked at this body that bore no resemblance to my brother. They had put on his favorite collared purple polo shirt, but it was buttoned to the top, far too formal for my brother the athlete. He was pale and his hair seemed slicked back, not like he wore it at all. It was all becoming real now, seeing him this way. He was gone now and we couldn't get him back.

As we found the seats reserved for us, the tears were streaming. As each tear began to fall it was like needles shearing the skin on my face. My sister dutifully and sweetly caught each tear with the corner of a tissue before it had a chance to roll down my cheek. Mr. Tom Brown, a teacher I had in the seventh grade, was also now my brother's teacher and coach, delivered a beautiful eulogy. I wish I could remember more of what he said, but he shared stories about how my brother would always include everyone in the game, and stood up for the odd man out. Even so young, he was known as the kind boy who was so giving and gentle and always worked the hardest at whatever position he got to play. He informed us that the

school intended to plant a tree in his honor. The tree is still there today.

My brother had recently come to me a month before he died. We usually got along like cats and dogs but that day he came to me to ask me a question. He had a girl at school he liked named Janelle, and her birthday was in April too. He had bought her a stuffed bear with the little money our mother could spare, but wanted to give her something more. So he came to my room and knocked on the door.

He asked, “Do you have any jewelry you don’t wear anymore that I can give to Janelle for her birthday?” My heart swelled with amazement at how sweet this request was. He liked a girl for the first time and he wanted to make her feel special. I essentially took him to my jewelry box on my dresser and told him to pick anything he wanted. As he fumbled through the jewelry, he found a gold chain and told me he wanted to put it around the bear’s neck to present it to her. I could have melted into a puddle with the sweetness of his words.

After the funeral service was over and people were filing by, we had guessed that his entire elementary school had shown up to say goodbye and honor him. So many children were there, upset, crying and seemingly stunned, of course. Soon, Janelle came by amongst the line of endless people, holding her bear tightly and together we cried.

I was taken back to my room because I could not leave the hospital yet, and everyone else went to the graveside

service. I'm sure I likely slept the rest of the day and don't remember much else. The next day the work would continue for my recovery. Physical and occupational therapy had already started but now it was time to work hard. Fishing for different coins in a bag with my numb left hand, walking for longer distances, advancing the foods I could eat. I remembered how much I liked my occupational therapist and thought briefly to myself, that one day I might want to do that job.

Once I graduated to the rehab unit, we had outings to the nearby outdoor mall across the street so we could find clothing that would fit over my brace. We found a blouse style at Lane Bryant that I found acceptable and we just went with a few of those. As the people stared, I would get very angry inside.

Finally, one day as an adult walked past and stared, I yelled, "what are you looking at?" The self-conscious teenager that I was, was offended, but at the same time appalled that adults didn't know any better. Eventually on later outings, we would hang the shopping bags from the bars of my brace and I would swing them from side to side as we walked. I figured if they're going to look, may as well have some fun. I stopped caring in that moment what others thought of me.

All of my sophomore teachers and the school had agreed to pretend that I had passed all my classes. They just took whatever grade I had in the class as what I would get on my

final exam, and averaged it together so I wouldn't have to repeat Sophomore year, and it was almost over anyway.

I was later released from the hospital with follow up appointments for therapy and x-rays. They had rearranged the house so that my sister and I would share the master bedroom while she was still helping me recover. She had moved into the house now that my stepdad was gone to help take care of me and my mother both. We got a shower chair and they had installed a sprayer so I could shower the lower half of my body independently. To clean my hair, my sister would get me up on the kitchen counter and help me lay back so she could wash my hair with the kitchen sprayer. She became quite adept at french braiding my hair through the brace.

One evening we walked to the park with one of my friends. As I sat on a curb watching them bump a volleyball back and forth, I wanted to participate. My sister took her place on the curb to gently toss me the ball gently enough where I could bump it back to her. I bumped it back to her, and she prepared to toss it again. I had noticed something strange but wasn't sure if I had imagined it. She tossed it again and as I hit it back, nope, this time I definitely felt it, the pins pressing against my skull were shifting with the impact. I told my sister and then we returned home to tell our mom. I had a follow up appointment with the neurosurgeon the next day, so it was decided we would address it with him.

We arrived to the doctor's office and were sitting in front of his big wooden desk. Dr Pittman was a sweet old man, he must have been close to 80 at that time. I told him what had happened and he said, "well, we may have to tighten those pins". As the words I feared came out of his mouth, I started to audibly cry and sob. During my stay in the hospital and rehab unit, I had met a man, Lawrence, who was also in a halo brace. He was a sweet man who had also been in a car accident and had actually severed his spinal cord, and he was now quadriplegic. He befriended me and I remembered him telling me once that it really hurts when they tighten the pins.

I think this sweet old doctor wasn't sure what to do when I started to sob that way. So he quickly said, "well, maybe we'll take an x-ray and see how you're healing first". That was good enough for me and gave me a glimmer of hope so I was very agreeable.

They took me to the x-ray area and shot the films. After a few minutes, Dr Pittman came back to me and said, "good news, it looks like you've healed really quickly and we can take the brace off."

I was stunned, excited, relieved and perplexed all at the same time. As the techs began dismantling the hardware, one was holding me by the back of the head and under my lower jaw. They were explaining that the muscles in my neck would be weak and I would have to do therapy to rebuild the muscle strength again. Yea, yea, I didn't care, I was just too excited to be rid of this contraption. They

removed the back plate and then the chest plate and then cut the nasty, smelly body sock off that had been on to create a softer barrier between the wool inner surface of the brace inside and my skin. They fitted me with a soft collar to support my head and helped me back to my feet. I said, “I really want to hug someone!” After all the pain and sorrow of the last 3 months and 5 days, I really needed a hug where I could feel someone else against my own body to be comforted. My mother was standing right there and, of course, was ready to accommodate my request immediately. We hugged for a long while and cried with joy, finally. They said what’s the first thing you want to do? No question about it, “A real stand up shower!”

I did end up cheerleading that year, although was somewhat on light duty, but I did get to go to cheer camp to participate as an observer, and did my Captain duties critiquing their routines and going to all the games. As the school year progressed I made different friends, friends who seemed to really care about me and stuck with me through the trauma. I no longer felt like I needed to fit into a clique or to change how I looked to be part of the “Mod” group, or the “Goths”, or even the cheer group. I got introduced to a boy by a good friend, and we ended up dating for about 2 years and he was my first love. I finished up cheering during my junior year and didn’t want to be part of that group anymore, so I elected to go to classes half days my senior year, and worked after school instead, just focusing on my few good friends and my boyfriend.

My boyfriend and I parted ways around the time I

graduated, as he was a year ahead of me. I started off the next year at a junior college which was quite fruitless, as I had found my freedom moving out onto my own with a roommate and partied a little too much. Unfortunately, I ended up getting pregnant and elected without much thinking to get an abortion. I informed the boy and gave him no choice in the matter, and asked that he pay for half of the cost, which he did. The day of the procedure, my girlfriend took me and dropped me off back at my apartment. I laid on the couch recovering while my mom and her new husband moved me out of my apartment and back to their house.

The shame and trauma of what I had done would follow me for years. Shoving the guilt down, knowing I had broken a commandment. I pushed it far into the back of my awareness so I wouldn't have to deal with what I had done. I did my best to justify it in my own mind to assuage my guilt.

The next year, I enrolled at ASU and decided to get my act together, so to speak. My first semester I spent in a dorm while attending the College of Architecture, Interior Design program. There was still quite a bit of partying during this time, but certainly much less promiscuity. The following semester, I moved into a townhouse renting a room from two older students. I was studying hard and decided not to date anyone.

I look back on this time as an almost surreal time of personal growth. I was truly alone and I enjoyed it. I didn't

need to be a social butterfly or go out drinking or to the “FRIENDS” watch parties at the local college bar. I mostly did my schoolwork and stayed in my room watching movies I loved over and over again without another soul to which I was accountable. It was quite liberating, and although only a short 6 month or so span of time, I learned something about myself. I can be happy even when I’m alone.

Spring break was coming and on the spur of the moment, one of my classmates and I decided we should go down to Rocky Point Mexico for a couple of days. We didn’t have much of a plan, and didn’t have a hotel booked to sleep in, but decided we would figure it out when we got down there. And worse comes to worse, we will sleep on the beach.

The first night we were there, at JJ’s Cantina, I had run outside to get a taco from the taco stand, and I ran into a guy I had seen on campus. He was friendly and seemed to recognize me as well so we got to chatting, and of course I was pretty drunk. I ended up crashing on the floor of the hotel room that this guy and his friends had rented. The next day, while hanging out around the hotel pool, nursing hangovers, I noticed another guy.

He seemed a bit haughty and full of himself and I wasn’t quite sure what to think of him. The other guy I had run into the night before was now irritating me and being clingy, and I’m sure I made it pretty obvious that I was annoyed. We returned to JJ’s Cantina that night and while I

was attempting to continue to avoid that guy, I was belly up to the bar. Suddenly the haughty guy bellied up next to me. He leaned in on his elbows and turned to me and said, “I think you’re gorgeous.” I lamely replied, “So are you.” We proceeded to buy each other shots of tequila (still haven’t had a shot of tequila since) and left the bar with the bright idea to walk back to the hotel.

As we walked away from the bar, the other annoying guy decided to come out to chase us down, as though I was his property. I had expressed how annoyed I was with the first guy, and the haughty guy then turned back toward the annoying guy now pretty much chasing us, and he spun around on his heel and said to him, “man, she’s not interested in you, now back off!”

I had found my white knight in shining armor. This man became my husband, and we are still happily married today, though not without times of challenges. But I wouldn’t have wanted to fight those battles or learn those lessons with anyone else. As a funny aside, when I picked my husband up from the airport just yesterday, he immediately wanted to play me a new song he heard from our favorite band. Before the song began to play, he said “this is my new song to you.” Some of the song lyrics are:

*“Define the trail that I’m supposed to lead,
you’ll find I roller coaster everything.
But how you kill me with your princess deeds.
What a smile, I’d walk a mile to see.
Life’s a crusade, God made you for me.*

*But I don't wanna just coast through everything.
Life's a crusade, God made you for me.
You'll find I roller coaster everything.
Hear my plea, I'll give you whatever you'll take me for,
So would you take me far away?"*

- Blue October Band

We dated for 5 years while we both finished college, yes it took us both about 5 years. He had just graduated and I had one more semester to go, and he was doing an unpaid internship to gain more flight experience in the middle of nowhere in New Mexico when one night, he came into town. I picked him up at the airport and he asked if we could stop somewhere on the way back to my moms where I was living.

Turn here, left there, as we snaked through the city. He led us to a neighborhood in Paradise Valley and had me pull over on the end of a cul-de-sac where there was a green grass median. It was about to monsoon and the big raindrops were beginning to turn loose from the clouds. The sky was orange, painted by the sunset through the aerosolized dust and he asked me to get out of the car.

He led me to a big, green electrical box and told me to sit down. I was pretty confused at where we were which had me distracted and wondering what was going on. The next thing I know he is down on one knee and proposed very sweetly and simply telling me he had asked his dad how he would know he should marry a woman. His dad asked him

to imagine his life without her, and if he couldn't, she was the one.

I accepted and we both stood to embrace. The entire time we were dating I always imagined if he did ask, he would do it somehow with an airplane. He's a fourth generation pilot and it's a big part of his identity, so it should have had something to do with a flight somewhere or something, right?

Rather, still confused after becoming engaged, I asked him, "where are we, why did you bring me here?" I had known that he was close to his paternal grandparents and had spent a lot of time with them as a child since his parents were very young when they became pregnant with him, and needed extra help getting started. He particularly had an amazing relationship with his grandmother who had been deaf from childhood due to a bout with Scarlet fever. She died after a battle against breast cancer in 1991, and she had passed away in her home. During his last visit with her when he was 20 years old, she had told him that she wished she could have seen him get married.

He had brought me to her home where he last saw her and she made that wish, so that he could symbolically grant her wish, even after she was gone. I knew in that moment, the impact and seriousness of his desire to marry me. This is a most cherished memory that I hold deep in my heart with such gratitude and humility, fondness and love. We love you Grandma Virginia.

Years earlier when he and I were getting to know one another, I asked if I could take him to see where my brother was buried. He agreed, of course, and so I drove through the city until we got to the cemetery. We parked along the curb and got out and he followed me as I headed for my brother's resting place. As I squatted, brushing off my brother's headstone, he was meandering between the stones nearby. He beckoned me to come and look. His Grandmother Virginia was buried 5 plots away from my brother.

There are no coincidences.

2

The Marriage Years

Career

After college we moved to Washington state to chase my husband's dream of flying float planes or maybe getting on with Horizon airlines since his dad was the 4th pilot ever hired for them when they started up. At first things were pretty tight and I found a job doing retail sales while he fueled float planes in Renton. We rented a bedroom in a woman's apartment with our chocolate lab, Bear, in tow. Eventually, I went back to waitressing because I could make more money and became friends with a regular customer who offered me a sales job in her company selling merchant services and credit card machines.

I quickly became her top salesperson and we found an apartment in Renton four ourselves, got some furniture and things were starting to take off. He got a position flying a twin engine plane to gain his multi-engine hours and ended up risking his butt for what turned out not to be enough money. Eventually, after he had risked his butt once too many, he decided to look into a job back in Phoenix, flying

for an air ambulance company. He got the job and so we made arrangements to return back to Phoenix and by this time, I was working in a different sales job for a publishing company that had an office in Phoenix as well.

We loaded up a truck and slept on the floor that night and were awakened by a phone call from his mother. “We’re under attack!” she screamed into my ear. I handed the phone to my husband who learned of the 9/11 attack. There was concern about other cities being attacked at the time so we got in the truck as fast as we could and headed out to drive back to Phoenix on the back roads, away from the big cities as best as we could.

That night in the hotel room somewhere on the coast of Oregon, I cried uncontrollably as I watched the images on the screen and the horror of people falling to their deaths and the buildings finally collapsing. I’m sure we all remember that day and no matter what you believe about it now, the goal of mass mourning and trauma was certainly achieved.

We found a great apartment and settled into our new life. Once I arrived at my new office, the owner of the office announced that he wanted to get out of the business and corporate wanted me to take over the office. I had always wanted to be an entrepreneur like my dad. I wanted to do things my own way and always liked the idea of not answering to anyone else. Not realizing the impact 9/11 would have on our economy, I agreed and was excited to think that someone else also believed I could run my own

business. So I went to work, and eventually, the economic downturn took its toll and I was starting to miss payments on bills so I closed the office.

Desperate now, feeling beaten and defeated and now struggling with finances, I didn't know what to do. In my desperation, I turned to God, begging for him to tell me what to do. One day as I was pleading in a prayer, I heard audibly but in my head,

“Be A Nurse”.

I'm certain I must have looked around to see who had said that, but there was no one there except me. I had never even considered being a nurse, much less desiring to go back to school which I had only recently escaped. But I knew all in the same moment that it was God that said those words to me, and I knew I just had to do what I was told. So I told my husband my (God's) plan, did the research and signed up for courses at the community college to get my Associates in Nursing. I found a job at a nearby restaurant that would be flexible for classes and started down the new path that God had laid out before me.

The schooling seemed to fly by and I got a job as a Nursing Assistant in a nursing home, and then as a Certified Nursing Assistant after my first year, working in a local regional hospital. It was a small hospital and eventually, I was competent enough to float to whatever unit needed help. In my third semester, we were required to go to a nursing job

fair. I had no intention of changing hospitals because I liked where I was and felt like a big fish in a little pond.

As I passed by the table for St. Joseph's Hospital, I was stopped by a recruiter asking if I might be interested. In the days of the nursing shortage, they were pretty aggressive. I explained that I already worked for Chandler Regional Hospital and I liked it there. She explained that they were owned by the same hospital system and I could just transfer so I could get more experience, and more money. After \$10 per hour for so long, this sounded like something I should look into.

So during the last semester of my schooling, I accepted a position as an extern as part of my curriculum in the ER at the big hospital, expecting to go into ER when I graduated. But that was not a paid position, so I applied as a Patient Care Technician in the Neurological ICU. I interviewed and got the position and showed up for my first day of orientation.

One of the nurses was charged with showing me around and as we began to tour through the unit, I followed her into an empty patient room. As she was chattering away, I looked up and suddenly and unexpectedly erupted into tears. Confused, she tried to comfort me and asked me what was wrong. After only half way collecting myself I stuttered, "this was my bed. I laid under that light. I remember the landscape scene."

As she led me to the break room to collect myself, the

other nurses began to gather wondering what in the world was going on with the new girl. Once we explained my outburst, I looked up and realized I was looking at the faces of the nurses who cared for me during the most difficult time of my life. I would be working with and learning from these nurses who saved my life.

Again, there are no coincidences.

After graduation, luckily I passed my state exam on the first try. I had interviewed for positions in both the ER and the Neuro ICU and chose the ICU, of course. I cherished those nurses and all they had done for me. We had a bond, and a love, and I am so grateful to have started my nursing career there with them.

When I had been hired as a new grad nurse, all my peers were being offered more hourly than my hospital. My manager didn't want to lose me after all her time invested in my training. She told me about a program where if you drove more than 50 miles one way to work, you could get a travel stipend that ended up bringing me up to par with my peers at other hospitals. I qualified, so I accepted the position.

After two years there as a nurse, I received a letter from HR in the mail telling me they would be cutting the benefit I was getting that made my salary competitive with the other local hospitals. In the letter ,they had cited that it didn't attract as many potential candidates as intended during the nursing shortage, so they would be doing away with the

program. This dissolution of the program would mean a \$4.44 per hour wage reduction for me, that ultimately amounted to a lot of money.

In response, I wrote a very heartfelt letter telling the President of the hospital, who supposedly had an open door policy, about my story of being a patient there, my relationship with my nurse peers, and asking why couldn't those of us that the benefit did attract just get grandfathered in rather than cutting our pay? After all, it was the agreement that convinced me to accept the position there and if it wasn't producing the results they had intended, they wouldn't have to offer it to potential new hires if they didn't want to. It seemed common sense to me, so I sent off my letter anticipating a positive outcome.

A couple of weeks went by and I got a letter back from HR with a copy of the employee handbook. The letter stated simply which page in the manual it said that the hospital could remove any benefit at any time as they saw fit. I tendered my resignation the next day.

After standing up for myself with hospital administration who essentially responded with a we don't give a crap what you feel letter, I completed my 2 week notice. The following week, I found myself working back in the same unit under the employ of my new registry company for almost twice what they were paying me as staff. "Take that", I thought. I won. It does pay to stand up for the truth, literally.

In all the units I ever worked in, that was by far the best, most disciplined and conscientious group of professionals I ever had the privilege to work with. To all those who trained this nurse, if you read this, I salute and honor all of you.

Family

We bought our first home on the east edge of town in Gold Canyon and the next logical step, now with careers in place, would be to start a family. My husband got a position flying jets and I was now a full fledged nurse, so of course, a family would be next. I had never been on birth control, mostly because I was awful at remembering to take the daily pills, so we figured it would happen very quickly just by not preventing pregnancy in other ways, as I wouldn't have to let my natural hormones correct first.

Month after month I became impatient, and soon so did my mother-in-law. Always commenting and wondering if we had any news. While I understand her excitement, it was certainly a lot of pressure. Eventually it got to the point where I would cry every time I started my period. My husband was distraught at my obvious disappointment and I had a friend at the time who worked as an embryologist in a fertility clinic. I discussed with her what the process was to see what was wrong, and ultimately decided that it didn't matter who was having an issue, I didn't want either of us to feel guilty for not being able to conceive naturally. After many difficult conversations, my husband and I both agreed to leave it in God's hands, and if we were meant to

have children, we would.

I'd like to interject here that my husband and I both believed in God, but were not going to church or reading our bibles, or any thing of that nature. We both believed that we didn't need to go to a church to have a relationship with God, and my husband subscribed more closely to Native American religions more than anything else. It was never much of a topic of conversation between us.

So we began focusing on other things and what better way to distract myself than a project. I had really grown to love Washington after we lived there, and missed the trees and the green and the mountains. So we bought an investment property in Bellingham, and the project to gut and remodel it would be a serve as a good distraction.

After we had completed the work, I took travel assignments and we stayed in our condo and enjoyed getting out of the summer Arizona heat. Later after I was a bit tired of being a transient nurse, so I took a position at another smaller regional hospital on our end of town back in Gold Canyon. The economy was still reeling from 9/11 in 2010, and my husbands job kept being threatened with lay offs. When it finally happened, another pilot friend who feared the worst, but didn't get the axe, offered some information about a job he had been looking into in Thailand.

We sat and debated for about 5 days straight deciding what to do. I was all for the adventure and loved to travel, and since we didn't have any kids, it would make the

transition easy. I was thinking a change of scenery might be a good thing for us because we were struggling as a couple at the time and my instinct was to run away from the problem. So he left for Thailand, accepting the position and I stayed behind to have hernia repair surgery, rent out our home and quit my job.

Thailand was an amazing experience overall. He was paid well and I got to travel locally, while he travelled the world. A couple of times I got to meet him in amazing resorts in the Maldives and on various islands, but most of the time, I was alone. Not being one to sit still for long, I eventually decided to start online courses to obtain my Nurse Practitioner degree in anticipation of returning, one day, to the U.S..

It kept me busy for a while, but ultimately a depression began to take hold and things weren't improving on our relationship either. I had friends who had gotten their NP and they would tell me about their jobs and it just sounded awful. Either you were the grunt for the doctor in the hospital, or you were stuck in a clinic or doctor's office for 8 hours a day five days a week. That didn't sound like work-life balance to me and I decided I didn't want to proceed, even after I was interviewed and accepted to the program.

My husband and I ended up separating at this time, and I flew home to where my sister now lived in Sacramento, wounded and scared and lost. After not working for 2 1/2 years while in Thailand, I was struggling to even get a hospital to interview me. So I hung out with my sister and

niece while licking my wounds, more depressed than ever and trying to deal with the after effects of the separation, when I was introduced to my sister's friend.

She was an Organ Donation Coordinator and told me about her job. As she described what she did in great detail, it seemed to check every talent box I had. Autonomy, critical care skills, helping people, 3 day a week work schedule and decent pay, more than I had ever made in Arizona. So I researched it that night and sent my resume to her manager at about 2 o'clock in the morning. She scheduled an interview the next day and I got the position. I was excited about this new role in nursing that I had never even heard of, and after being off of work for almost 2 1/2 years, was looking forward to the challenge of something unknown.

By this time, my husband and I were reconciling and he would finish his contract in Thailand and return back to the U.S. where I was renting a house for us to live in. He came back and we patched things up while he found another job that would allow him to live in Sacramento where my job was but the problems were not yet resolved. Years passed, we bought a home, but the struggles continued. The economy was still not stable in his industry and he went through several companies, amplifying the stress on our relationship.

In his depression, I didn't know how to help him, so I said get in the car, we're going on a road trip. At the time, a friend had been telling him about looking for an investment

property in McCall, Idaho. We were searching around on websites for another possible investment, and so when the road trip opportunity presented itself, we headed to Idaho.

We fell in love immediately. After being in California for 7 years and watching the decline of our beautiful neighborhood being infiltrated with drug addicts and crime, we were easy to impress. We stopped just on the outskirts of Boise to gas up and get a snack at a convenience store. As we approached the door, a man who was leaving held the door open for us. My husband and I shot a glance at each other and said “thank you” to the man, who actually replied “you’re welcome”. Believe it or not, this stunned us both. California had trained us to believe that this kind of behavior was no longer common place and we often commented how rude people were becoming. We walked into the store laughing and giggling at the ridiculously simple interaction and the shock it gave us both.

We checked into our Air BNB and decided to drive around. I had called a local agent from a listing and asked her to show us some of the properties that we were looking at online. She took us around and we saw some beautiful cabins tucked in the hills, and a house out on a ranch. When these didn’t quite meet our desires, we parted with her with the intent to drive up to McCall the next day to look around.

As we headed up from Boise, I was looking at my realtor app and found a house that I really liked online that was on

the way. We detoured to Garden Valley and as we turned off the highway, I felt our collective breath slip away. This place was so open and the sky was so wide, and the mountains so tall. As we drove next to the Payette River winding our way toward the valley, we both just kept oooing and awing. We wound our way through the steep mountains hugging the river until finally, it opened up into the valley. Green and lush with a sky as blue as I'd ever seen it. Elk dotting the mountainside and wide open spaces in the foothills. We thought we arrived in heaven.

We wondered our way into a hillside neighborhood with sprawling lots and lovely picturesque cabin-style homes. As we slowly rolled down the gravel road, we saw a man walking his dogs and stopped to ask him some questions. He was immediately welcoming and approached the car to answer our questions. He spent 30 minutes standing there with his dogs waiting, and even offered if we had any more questions to feel free to go knock on his door. "What the heck kind of utopia is this?", we thought.

We stopped for lunch in the tiny town and I noticed a real estate office across the road the the Open sign lit. We finished our lunch and we walked over to see if an agent was available to show us the cabin and property we had seen. The kind woman was accommodating and took us to the cabin property that definitely piqued our interest, but it didn't have the wow factor. Typically when we have bought homes in the past, my husband and I always agreed right away and knew it when we saw it. So we asked her to show us which lots were available in that first neighborhood we

had driven into.

We left Garden Valley excited and dreaming about the possibilities of building a cabin that we had talked about since we had started dating. As we drove down the highway toward McCall, we soaked in the scenery and wondered if this could be home. I spent the journey back to Sacramento designing the house we would eventually want to build on the property, and essentially had it designed before we got home. Two weeks later, after many calls about how one would go about building a home from the ground up with a septic system and a well, and talking to several contractors to try to get some questions answered, we made an offer on the lot we loved.

So we went to work, both looking for jobs that would let us move to Idaho. My husband almost immediately found one and started working for the company he still works for today. I on the other hand, doing the specialized work that I do, was not having an easy time. I didn't want to go back to bedside nursing and Idaho nursing pay scale was far below what I was used to, so I was trying to stretch my imagination for how I could **make it happen**.

One day while working a case, I called to make an offer to another coordinator with a 208 area code. I recognized it from all of the calls I had made before we bought our land so I asked her if she lived in Idaho. She did and we got to chatting and I explained how I wanted to move there. She provided me with her bosses contact information and I set about getting my resume to him. He called after receiving it

and sounded like a kind man. He said he was quite impressed with my resume, but they had no positions available at that time. He would keep my resume on file and let me know if anything came up. Disappointed, I kind of dropped the ball in searching. Hoping something would happen.

As time went on, things finally came to a head in my marriage and something had to be changed. I had finally figured out that me trying to control things would never be the solution. We separated again and my husband moved himself to Boise. This surprised me as I assumed he would go back to Phoenix where he still had family. At the same time, the security I thought I had achieved in my career to enable me to sustain myself was also beginning to crumble. My employer was in financial trouble and in attempt to save themselves, elected to cut the pay of me and my colleagues' positions by two thirds. Additionally, my mother was struggling mentally and ended up in the hospital for care to stabilize her condition. I was experiencing the collapse of my world around me.

So as I had done before, purely out of desperation, I reached for God. Thoughts were chaotic and I won't deny that the darkness seemed to overcome me and a foreign voice in my head kept trying to implant suicidal thoughts. I resisted and continued to pray in my moments of despair, impatient for answers and feeling the most alone I had ever experienced. As the events unfolded, I began to have moments of clarity.

I was always played the caregiver role, and as a nurse, it was my duty, and my love for my mother that showed me she shouldn't be alone once she was released from the hospital. I made plans to move her into my home with the hope that it would be temporary, as I knew she valued her independence more than anything, and to be honest, so did I. Since my husband was no longer in the house, I didn't have to clear it with anyone, so I purchased a bed frame and mattress and prepared to bring her home with me.

One morning I awoke with thoughts burning through my mind. I didn't know it at the time, but God was etching the solution into my consciousness in an answer to my prayers. I had some money put away as a cushion, and we had a downstairs basement that was fully finished that we used as an extra bedroom and theater room. We already had the bedroom set up and the theater room had comfy furnishings and plenty of space to add a kitchenette. If it ended up that my mother could no longer be independent, I would be able to create a private living space just for her, or for me if she couldn't be safe on the stairs. If nothing else, if I had to sell the home later, it would add value to have a fully livable space as a mother-in-law, or in this case mother's, suite, or a rental unit. All I had to do was add a bathroom and a kitchenette.

When we purchased our condo in Bellingham, it needed to be fully remodeled and gutted. My husband and I did all of the work ourselves and all of it was planned by me. So I knew what I needed to do, and I had the nest egg to invest. So I got to work, planning, drawing, pricing out materials and researching solutions to unique issues associated with adding a bathroom and kitchenette to a basement level. Soon, I had an entire list of materials and my plan was to go to Lowes, order everything I needed and have it delivered to my garage in one fell swoop, so that I would not have to drag my mother back and forth to the hardware store.

With this plan etched in my mind and my determination on fire, I was also given another divine solution. With my mother being ill and needing full time care, I could use that “excuse” to go on FMLA leave of absence from my employer who had just stabbed me in the back after 6 years of dutiful service. Rather than having my pay cut to 1/3 of what it was previously, I would take a leave of absence on FMLA that would protect my position until I could figure out what to do. This would also force them to continue to pay me my normal rate of pay so I did not have a sudden and drastic drop in my income. Secondly, I would have the time at home to care for my mother AND be able to do all of the remodeling that needed to be done. I would have enough time to see what other job I could find that would take its place. I had up to 12 weeks to get it done.

I had all of the materials dropped on my driveway by the delivery truck on February 1. I had picked up my mom from the hospital who was better, but still needed help, was unstable and needed full time monitoring while her new medications were being adjusted and balanced. A friend let me borrow some additional tools that I needed and I got to work.

I started on the demolition. If you have never had a chance to knock some holes in a wall with a sledgehammer and you need to get out some anger or pent up energy, I highly recommend it. With the demo done, I framed in a new doorway, built two walls to enclose the marked out bathroom space and hired the electrician and plumber to come in and do the work I needed. I framed it out, hung the drywall, installed and connected the fixtures, tiled the shower and hung the barn door. The most fun part, of course, was outfitting with the details.

Simultaneously, I installed and leveled the kitchenette cabinets, had the counter installed, connected the sink and tiled the backsplash. I had found a fantastic solution to allow some cooking and found a convection cooktop that could be stored in the cabinets when not in use. I refinished and installed an old door, added a lock and it was finished by February 25.

I had a lot of time to think while I was working, mostly

in silence so I could hear my mom if she needed me upstairs, but also just allowing myself to focus on the task at hand. I had since connected with some nurses I had worked with many times and knew me well who vouched for me and got me an interview with an ICU in a local hospital. I had gotten the position and told them I would be able to start work in April. I needed enough time to get my project done, but more importantly to see what was going to happen with my mom.

I was pleased with the work I had done and eventually my mom was ready to return to her own home. By this time, the goings on at my employer was getting worse as reported back to me by my co-workers, and then there was finally a last straw. I had already written my scathing letter of resignation weeks before, knowing what was coming. After hours one day after a particularly horrible meeting where they basically said we don't care what you think, I drove over, dropped my equipment and my resignation letter off on my manager's desk. I was done and I do not allow employers to walk all over me. This was the same type of thing that happened that forced me to leave my first nursing job at St. Joseph's in Phoenix.

No matter, I had another job that started in April and with mom doing better, I decided to take myself on vacation. My husband and I were still separated and we had a joint custody thing going with the dogs. So while he had

the dogs, I would go to my favorite place...Italy.

I decided to go to cities in Italy that I'd never been before. I'd been there many times already since it was my go to, big travel destination. I planned to stay in lovely Air BNB's and do some tourist things from their associated excursions. I would fly into Naples and stay in an 18th century apartment building, and take the ferry to Capri and Anacapri on the first full day. The couple who greeted me were so kind and lovely and the home had been in their family for a long time. Capri was refreshing and I bought some perfumes made by local monks and some jewelry to remember the experience. (I learned after herniating a disc in my back during one Italian trip, that it's better to purchase souvenirs that were much smaller and lighter, and every time I wear the jewelry it reminds me of that trip.)

The next day I took the train into Pompeii for an archeologist guided tour of the city. I had been there before but couldn't afford the guide, but I wanted to learn more and get more detail because I'm a history nerd and love architecture. After the tour, I walked into the town of Pompeii to meet my next group. I had made a new friend, another female traveling alone, who walked with me and we sat in a cafe until my tour guide arrived. She ended up coming along after I explained my next tour was a horseback ride around Mount Vesuvius to a winery for

wine tasting and dinner.

The third day, I was to do a walking tour around Naples itself and saw wonderful architecture, ancient Etruscan underground ruins and a real fortified castle straight off the *Game of Thrones* set. I enjoyed a leisurely lunch followed by a leisurely dinner later and packed up to leave for San Marino the following morning.

I boarded the train headed for Rimini. I think I stopped perhaps in Rome or Florence to change trains and headed for the Eastern Italian coast that I had never been to before. When I was researching my trip, the photos of San Marino drew me in. A hilltop fortified city that still had its ancient walls and towers. The entire city was constructed from large stone blocks and looked like it came right out of a storybook. San Marino is actually not even part of Italy, it is its own sovereign nation surrounded by mother Italy, from which it was liberated by its leader centuries ago.

I arrived in Rimini, a university town and headed out on the bus from the coast inland to San Marino. The bus climbed up the mountain and dropped me off in the lowest part of the city. I dragged my bags up the winding stone streets looking for my hotel. After a kind woman helped me with directions as I had asked in broken Italian, I checked in and dropped my bags.

I had a lovely dinner at a restaurant nearby, eating alone and watching people drink their wine and laugh and talk. I began to remember why I had come on this trip in the first place, since I'm so good at distracting myself with activities or a project when there's something I want to avoid. That night, I crawled into the hotel bed and prayed out loud to God, with tears streaming down my cheeks, and soaking the pillow. I had come here to decide if I would file for divorce when I got back. I prayed and asked God to bring me clarity and lead me down the path I was supposed to go. I was also very honest and told God, "you're going to have to be obvious, because you know how stubborn I am."

I woke the next morning to the sight of snow on the rooftop outside my hotel window. I hadn't even considered that I would be dealing with snow during my trip. I usually had been to Italy during tourist months and it was always hot, so I didn't even think of it. I got up and thought, "well, this is a good excuse to buy an Italian leather jacket." I bundled up the best I could and went back to some shops I had noticed on my walk to and from dinner the night before. I spent the day walking through the city, walking the wall and visiting the towers, strolling through the shops and bought myself a ring. A ring that I still love and cherish today.

After I watched the sun set from the top of the wall, I strolled back toward my hotel, finding a bar to sit and have

a glass of wine along the way. It was dimly lit and there was no one there but the bartender. I found a seat and ordered a glass of wine and noticed that he was watching *Hawaii 5.0* dubbed in Italian. I laughed to myself with a big smile, suddenly finding myself so present in the moment and aware of this amazing experience I was having. As the bartender chomped on chips from a Lays bag standing behind the bar, my phone sitting on the table suddenly rang.

It surprised me since I had my data and roaming turned off on my phone because I didn't want any contact with anyone while I was on my trip, and I didn't want to pay roaming charges. Perplexed, I picked it up and tried to answer. I didn't hear anyone, so hung up and set the phone back down. A moment later, it rang again. Now I was really confused and I think it crossed my mind that it must be really important, but I didn't know anyone with a 530 area code. I tried to answer again and still didn't hear anyone. I hung up and turned my data and roaming back on and called the number back.

On the other end of the line, a man answered who introduced himself again. It was the manager I had spoken to to inquire about a job in Boise when I was trying to find a position that would allow my husband and I to move to Boise after we had bought our land. I laughed and let him know I was actually in Italy on vacation and we chatted

briefly about how he loved to travel too. He proceeds to tell me that he had kept my resume on file and although the position is not officially posted yet, he would be having one available and wondered if I was still interested. I knew immediately, this was God giving me his obvious answer to his stubborn child.

I made plans to schedule an interview upon my return home and hung up the phone in utter awe. God had answered my prayer so very loudly, there would be no denying His response. I couldn't swipe the grin off my face as I sat and finished my glass of wine, laughing to myself.

I spent the rest of my trip in Genova, staying in a converted former noble's palace wondering the streets of Genova. I had booked a cooking class from a wonderful Genovese woman who taught me how to make focaccia, a Genevan signature staple, an Italian quiche of sorts and homemade pasta. When I arrived, the rest of the participants had cancelled so it would just be a private class. She let me bend her ear the entire day together and we shared our personal tragedies and even cried together. After the class, she walked with me along the seaside boardwalk for a while to lead me to the path to walk back. I strolled down the boardwalk back to my hotel stopping for dinner along the way.

I would return home the next day and start the next chapter of my journey.

3

New Beginnings

Once I returned to Sacramento, it was time for my husband to bring the dogs back from Boise so he could go back to work. I had told him that this time, rather than hiding from him at my mom's house when he came to town, I was ready to talk.

It was late March now, and I met him at our door and saw him for the first time since our separation in early January. Without a word we embraced in a hug. I could feel us both trembling and the energy of our hearts reaching out for one another. I had never experienced such an obvious and powerful energy force before, as though we were magnets finally finding their way back together.

I was truthful about my feelings and honest about what I thought the work would have to be for us to fix things. He shared his thoughts as well and ultimately, we were both ready to make the needed changes to try again. We went about making and discussing a plan and what would have to happen to make the move. I never even really considered that I wouldn't get the job that would move me

to Boise, as far as I was concerned, God made that man call me and the job was already mine.

I went to the interview in Portland, which went quite well in my opinion, and returned to Sacramento to start the ICU position I had already accepted as planned, just in case. After a couple of trips to Boise to see where my husband had settled, and meeting my to-be co-workers as a final approval for the job. I hadn't formally been offered the position yet, but I put the house in Sacramento up for sale with full expectation of getting the job. I had gotten my California Real Estate license just for fun-zies, and as a possible career change in the future. I had already been decluttering the house to make it show ready and held the house open every weekend for a month straight. Eventually we got an offer and an intended closing date. Now to arrange the move to Boise.

I sold much of our furniture we didn't need since we would be living in a one bedroom apartment and socking money away while we decided what part of Boise we would want to settle. We had to put our second beloved lab Grizz down in April, so we would just have our little Pene girl, a perfect apartment size dog.

On a visit to Boise, we decided to drive around to look at various areas. As we were driving, I noticed a sign for a new home development. Something inside me wanted to go check it out, maybe because I love touring model homes, and mentioned maybe we should go check it out. He said, "yeah, maybe" and continued down the road. A little while

later we passed another sign for the same community. I blurted out, “I really think we should go check that out.” Something was telling me to take note. He turned me down again and said, “we will, but I’m trying to find this one place I found because I think you’ll really like it.” So he keeps driving, down the back roads and finally onto the main street. He turns on the highway we once took when we had first come to Boise that led to McCall and then turned again onto what seemed a country road.

I asked, “where are we going?”

He said, “I think we are getting close to what I wanted to show you.”

A windy road and a couple turns later, we saw the sign for the same community I had pointed out along our drive. We both laughed at the synchronicity of it all as we pulled into the community to look around.

At the entrance, there was a little makeshift town. A restaurant, a salon, a real estate office, a little market and a library and preschool. It was built to look like an older historic town and had the community graphic painted onto the brick and an old gas pump outside for decoration that had a lighted glass globe on the top that said “Flying A” with wings on the logo.

We looked at each other strangely, scanning the trees and the green manicured grass and the people milling about. As we drove through the main street we were awed as this

neighborhood looked just like our Sacramento neighborhood did at one time before the crime tainted its' appeal, and new! No home was like the other, long front porches and decorative gables greeted you as you passed by. The homes were fun colors with an inviting complimentary door. Children were out playing and riding their bikes and each lawn was a picturesque garden. This neighborhood was newer, unlike our old one that was built up from the early 1900s to the 1950s. It's what we loved about it though, since we both love old world quality and the variation of style: a Tudor next to a Victorian, next to a Craftsman style. Much better than the sea of beige stucco that is Phoenix.

We wound our way through the neighborhood now following the signs to the model homes. We walked into the office and introduced ourselves to the agent and it just happened to slip out of my mouth, "we're going to buy a house here, but we'd like to see the models you have and the lots that are available." As per our usual modus operandi, we both liked the same floor plan and the same lot. The agent informed us of our options if we wanted to proceed, and we elected to go sit and have lunch back at the little make-shift town and discuss the decision.

We found an outdoor table and I went in to order our food. When I returned to my husband sitting at the table, he had his legs crossed, sunglasses on so I couldn't see his eyes, and that familiar contemplative look on his face with his chin in his hand. I had decided that I didn't want to be too excited, since we hadn't barely looked around Boise,

and he wasn't typically one to make snap decisions, but inside I was bubbling. He's my researcher and I figured he would probably want to look around more.

I sat down and was shoving my excitement down deep inside my belly and keeping my mouth shut, when he finally looked at me and said, "we need to live here." Excited and relieved, I spouted back, "I was hoping you'd say that!" We returned to the agent, signed the contract and left our earnest money deposit.

God's hand was all over this series of events. The utopia we had found beckoned us in at the first glance of that decorative gas pump and old west town replica area. For fun, we used to travel around the old mining towns in California, staying in restored Gold Rush days hotels and loved the feel of it all. More importantly, when my husband was doing that unpaid internship in the middle of nowhere New Mexico, the name of the company was "Flying A" with the exact same logo we saw on the glass globe. The way we found it after seeing three literal signs, my intuition that we should check it out, and his desire to find this ONE neighborhood he thought I would like. Agreeing immediately on the floor plan and lot, and it all was touched and planned by the universe itself.

I returned to Sacramento to continue packing and preparations and it got to a point where I could no longer juggle doing the new job working nights, and packing and showing the house to potential buyers. After discussing it with my husband, we agreed that I should quit the job so I

could focus on the move. I had just gotten off of all of my orientation shifts and prior to my first shift off of orientation, I tendered my resignation to an understanding manager, who had taken pity on a nurse who hadn't worked bedside technically for 10 years. I am grateful for her kindness and understanding during that strange time.

The move ended up taking two trips with a 23 foot truck. I'm still not sure how we amassed that much stuff in only seven years since moving from Thailand with almost nothing in the beginning, and even after selling off lots of large furniture. But most of it went into storage while we waiting for our new home to be completed.

Just as I was coming into Idaho with the last haul in the truck, the sale of our Sacramento home started to fall apart because of an inept agent on the other end of the deal. We were set for closing just prior to our final earnest deposit being due on the new house we were building and I sure as hell wasn't going to let this other agent screw things up. My previous sales experience kicked in just when I needed it, and I righted the deal, pushing it forward to closing just in the knick of time to make our final earnest deposit for building our new home.

We settled into the one bedroom apartment, and took some time to get acquainted with Boise while I was waiting for my new job to start. While my husband would go to work, Pene and I roamed the greenbelt on warm, sunny days, her in the basket on my bike and me with a feeling of contentment in my heart. After I got off of orientation for

my new position that sometimes required me to work in Portland, we decided it was time to add a little excitement to our little family. We found a farm outside of town with Labrador pups and added “little” Kodi to our lives. We were starting over fresh this time, instead of running away.

My husband and I have since had many conversations about the how all these events unfolded in such a way that we know that God was leading us. If any one thing had been different, we wouldn't be where we are now, and that God wants us together. I think we finally passed the test.

4

The Pan(ic)-demic

We closed on our completed home and began moving in on March 9, 2020, one week before the “lockdown”. The first significant awareness we had about the pandemic actually crept in several weeks ahead of the lockdowns.

When they first started talking about this virus, it didn't alarm me much, assuming it was being overblown and wouldn't be that big of a deal, kind of like the Ebola scare years earlier, or Swine flu (H1N1) that my husband and I both caught when living in Thailand. But my husband had gotten a call from his employer who had some government flight contracts and the government had asked their company to ask for pilots willing to go and pick up passengers from that first quarantined cruise ship. I thought to myself, “why aren't they using military planes for that? The plane my husband flies only seats 9 passengers.” They were already throwing ridiculous amounts of money around and offered my husband and his fellow pilots \$10,000 to do the flights. When no one took the bait, they upped it to \$15,000....per flight!

When he called me to discuss doing it, I remember distinctly standing in a furniture store paying for a dining table for our new house. I had gotten pretty friendly with the sales lady and after overhearing me tell my husband, “I don’t want you to do it, we don’t know what this thing really is yet”, she said she wouldn’t want her husband to do it either. Ultimately my husband agreed and declined the offer. As a nurse in training, I once had a doctor or nurse tell me,

“Never be the first to jump on the bandwagon, and never be the last to jump off.”

I’m not sure why that stuck with me given my historically poor memory, but it certainly did, and whoever it was that said that, God bless you. I often would forget about places I’ve been or people I’ve met, and never seemed to have a file box for that kind of stuff in my brain. My husband, who has the memory of an elephant, would often get frustrated when I couldn’t remember things. Eventually, he would just end up saying, “don’t worry honey, if you get Al Zheimer's later in life, I’ll take care of you and just make you fall in love with me all over again every day.”

SWOON

As a nurse working in the field of organ donation, I was working exclusively in the ICUs in the area hospitals in Boise, and sometimes Portland. When things started getting loud about this virus, we began paying attention more diligently. We were having meetings at work discussing

concerns and what was going on in our local hospitals. I would watch Trump and Fauci and Birx in their daily press conferences. The news was spreading the fear quite effectively already with their case counter and constant airing of local officials announcing their numbers. The fear began to seep in.

One day, I think triggered by all of the things I was witnessing in the ICUs I was working in, I burst into tears with the visualization that if I caught this virus, I would end up face down in a hospital bed on a ventilator and die completely alone. I was now in full blown terror, wiping down groceries with Lysol wipes (pure poison), leaving delivered boxes on the doorstep for 72 hours before bringing them into the house, making homemade hand sanitizer for my husband to poison himself with while he was off at work, and even went so far as to make homemade cloth masks that I knew wouldn't help, and sent them to our whole family with strict use and care instructions. My husbands mother didn't want to isolate herself as we were instructed to do, and given her historically poor respiratory health, the family requested that I was the one to have a talk with her and convince her not to go out, which I did.

I was watching as the hospitals were restricting visitors, not letting them in to see their loved ones. People dying alone in a glass cage, suffocating to death with organs failing from the barrage of poisonous drugs. I couldn't hide my distress and fear from my husband and I terrified him with my own fear, making him concerned he could bring

the virus home and kill me with it. We had an entire plan for him to come home, strip in the garage and throw all his laundry into the washer immediately. Then he would live in the upstairs rooms while I'd leave food for him on the landing of the stairs. Yes, seriously, this was "the plan", I'm ashamed now to say. (Luckily we figured things out before it went this far.)

I had severe iron deficiency anemia that I had discovered when I was about 40 years old and struggled when I was exposed to high elevations and low oxygen environments. One time on a hike near Lake Tahoe, I literally thought I was going to die as the tunnel vision took over and I was about to pass out and I could not catch my breath. I ended having to have an iron infusion because, just like the birth control pills, I couldn't be consistent with the iron supplements and they wreaked havoc on my gut. After I had moved to Boise I had to have my second infusion, and shortly after I started my new job, my insurance denied another infusion only 6 months after the last one because "my numbers weren't bad enough", despite the fact that my symptoms were returning with a vengeance.

I turned to a hematologist (blood specialist) because my primary doctor wouldn't go to bat for me against my insurance company despite my expressed fears of being working in a "high risk" area of the hospital. The hematologist drew labs again to check my levels, and made some alternative more natural recommendations to support my iron levels. She also broached the subject of getting an IUD to stop my heavy periods, as we had

determined that this was the primary cause of the anemia through a battery of previous tests when I was still in Sacramento. That doctor had also made the recommendation for an IUD and my reaction was probably not what she expected. I burst into tears at her suggestion and abruptly declined the idea entirely.

Later after analyzing my reaction, I realized it was because the idea of officially preventing a pregnancy with the use of formal birth control, I knew my chances of pregnancy would be gone. I suppose my subconscious was terrified by the idea, and I was still holding onto a glimmer of hope in the back of my mind that we would have a child later in life, if it was God's will. At this second presentation of the idea almost 5 years later, I was more receptive and the fear of Covid and dying alone forced the decision for me in April 2020.

I continued working in the ICUs doing organ donation cases and began seeing things that were quite disturbing. I would advocate for families to be able to come in to be with their loved one, but to no avail. At first we were not even considering Covid positive patients as potential donors, but working in the ICUs with other donors, we would have to work with hospital administration to let loved ones in to see them. Some hospitals were more strict than others. In a small regional hospital on the other side of the Oregon border, I watched a family stand outside of the room window while myself, the doctor and two nurses stood in the room and they were on an iPad video call. Literally this family is standing outside in the cold by the window in the

name of protection, saying final goodbyes through an iPad, despicable.

This, of course, was obviously extraordinarily disturbing to me. I kept thinking to myself, “how could these ‘care providers’ allow this as they are telling the family their dad, brother and husband was going to die.” The inhumanity of it hit me and the callous attitude of the hospital’s administration was infuriating. Some hospitals would allow just 1 or 2 family members in, but only if the family had agreed to “pull the plug” so to speak. Some were not allowed in at all and the inconvenience to the staff of having to wear not only a surgical mask, but an N-95 in a double layer for whatever time it took for them to die. It had become an inconvenience to stay in the room after they terminally extubated the patient. The nurses would watch the monitor from their desk just on the other side of the glass and patient’s were dying, alone, maybe occasionally entering to push more sedative or pain med if the patient “looked uncomfortable”.

At one point we had a case where a man had sustained severe head trauma and a brain bleed after being the un-helmeted driver in a motorcycle accident. His condition was truly life-ending and family had agreed to organ donation, so we were called in for the case. As part of our protocol, we were required to test him as well, even when the hospitals had tested them upon admission, which was ALWAYS the case now. We had accepted him as a potential donor because he did not have a positive test, and why would he, he was the victim of severe trauma.

So we get the case going and send of our own test to be run in our Portland lab. When it came back, the result was positive. Gee, that's strange. He's been in his single patient room since admission and the staff was in a constant double mask. Something wasn't right. Because he was positive, we shut the case down and had to go back to the family and break the news. This is always devastating to a family when donation cannot move forward once the family consents, because now, at least they had the consolation that their loved one can save another's life.

I started being more curious and bold with the nurses and asking questions about what was being said around the unit, by their managers and in meetings. About their experiences taking care of Covid patients, in the mostly empty Covid units. At one point during a supposed second wave of Covid where I live, they had one third of the ICU at one of our biggest facilities closed to have new flooring put in. Gee, I wonder where the money came from to re-floor a large unit, not to mention, the loss of the revenue due to empty rooms, especially in a time where hospitals were actually cutting staff pay and laying off entire practitioner groups to supposedly accommodate for the canceled elective surgeries.

Then, in one of the press conferences, Fauci was asked if all Americans should be wearing a mask to protect themselves. As I would have expected, he said it was unnecessary and masks wouldn't help. I knew, from being tested yearly for every nursing job I'd had since I graduated in 2007, that the only even potentially effective mask would

have been an N-95, and even then, those had to be fitted properly. Then, a short while later, is when he and his team suggested that EVERYONE should be covering their nose and mouth with a mask, a bandana or a scarf to help “slow the spread”. WHAT???. What the hell is going on here! It was absolutely contradictory to science and everything I knew about infectious disease protocols and that’s when I really knew something was horribly wrong.

As time went on, we had few and far between cases since we weren’t accepting any Covid positive patient’s and now, as we all should know now, it was due to the ridiculous PCR test being cycled too high in the laboratory testing, creating 80-95% false positives, and was never designed to be a diagnostic test. During this time, I began to do research in alternative circles, social media and YouTube primarily, trying to figure out what was going on.

In the meantime, fellow neighbors who were tired of not being social and weren’t afraid of getting Covid anymore, decided we would have little get togethers for wine night. We would gather at someone’s house, everyone would bring a dish to share and we would chat the evening away. It started with 7 women getting out of the house.

Then in September 2020, another friend and neighbor, to whom I will be eternally grateful, sent me a couple of videos to watch. I had them for a few weeks before I actually had a day to sit down and watch them. Little did I know, my entire world view was about to change, again. I sat there and watched as the films played through for about

5 hours, *Out of Shadows* by Mike Smith and *Fall of the Cabal* by Janet Ossebard, a woman from the Netherlands.

I sat there stunned. It all actually made sense the way that it was presented and I was in absolute shock. As I was watching I realized I had the worst, contorted look on my face and snapped a selfie just to see how my face was reacting. I sent the picture to my friend who shared the videos and told her I was finally watching them. It was the worst experience I could have watching a video, but I am so grateful that it was shared with me. For those who are interested, you can still find these videos on Rumble and Bitchute at the time of this writing. The day my awakening began was September 16, 2020.

This kick-started a process of research like I had never attempted before. I had to validate what I had seen, could it possibly have any truth to it? Was there really an elite cabal doing all of these horrific and unthinkable things? A global conspiracy of secret societies? Are there really people that evil in this world? Is it even possible to have a worldwide network of power hungry, Satan worshipping political leaders, movie stars and government and health officials? Could there really be a worldwide secret underground human trafficking ring that tortures, rapes, kills and eats the flesh and drinks the blood of children? This is far too unreal. So for 3 weeks I barely slept, I barely ate and I researched everything I could get my hands on. Down the rabbit hole I went.

5

My Awakening

Step 1: The Grief Cycle



Denial

I could never dream of explaining exactly the path I took during the early days of my research. It was as though I was being led from one thing to the next, as if by magic. And ultimately now, the path I took is unimportant because everyone's is different. Things seemed to be presented to me in a way that would build on the last bit of information. Ultimately, what I learned was that pretty much everything I believed was a reality, fact or truth, was no longer what I could believe based on the evidence I was uncovering. Everything I thought I knew was rooted or connected to, a provable lie. Somehow, despite my historically poor memory, I was able to now retain details within information that I would be able to connect together with other information from various

resources. As my husband will attest, this would not be normal for me to be able to retain such a vast storehouse of information.

I think one of the most shocking things I learned early on, was how G.W. Bush was complicit in the 9/11 attack and that it was our own government who executed it. I remembered how I cried the night the towers fell, the fear we all felt, the entire nation mourning and scared. I remember the anger that welled up in side of me listening to the rhetoric about who we were being told was responsible, and my reaction was exactly what they had intended. A call to war, retribution, anger and permission to go to war. Bush at some point came to Phoenix while I was in the middle of nursing classes, just before they sent our troops in to attack with “shock and awe”. I had gathered my friends and we made signs to stand at the roadside along his route, encouraging him to “Get ‘em”. I was duped, just like most everyone else. Ultimately learning that 9/11 was a planned mass sacrifice to the god that they worshipped, made me angry as hell for being so naive and duped.

During my manic search for answers, the friend who shared the videos asked if I had come across something known as “QAnon” in my research. I hadn’t yet so I figured I should look into it. I did and found the messaging boards where Q was posting cryptic messages, and anons would post links of their thoughts and research they had conducted. I read many of the posts and looked through the message boards but overall, I had no idea what these

people were talking about. They would post copies of official looking documents that I would read, receipts, some grainy videos and audio recordings, transcripts and their thoughts on the connections or what the information may have meant. Overall, I didn't understand much of it but the "Q" posts themselves did serve as a springboard for topics to research and dig in for myself. Unfortunately, I did run across some material that I wish I had never, ever seen and would never encourage anyone to seek out. I will say this, seeing those shocking images, words and videos led me to the conclusion that this was indeed, a spiritual war, regardless of the intent of "Q" or the "anons". World War III was already in full swing by the time I caught on.



Anger

Once I had enough research under my belt and had a clearer picture of how deep the rabbit hole went, my denial that any of these things could even be remotely or partly true, turned to anger. How could I be so blind to the truth about some of these things? How could I have been so apathetic in the face of what now seems like such obvious and overt corruption and evil? The cruelty and unimaginable things I was learning about the human and child trafficking and the satanic ritual abuse was all just too much. I learned about what they were putting in our water, in our food, and spraying over our heads for us to not only breathe in, but soak into our skin to poison our bodies

directly, and into our soil to poison our foods. How could anyone be so insane and callous and without conscience?

During my anger phase, I wanted to tell everyone what I was learning. It didn't matter to me if they wanted to listen or not. I would post on Facebook, Twitter and anywhere else I had access, trying to spread the truth about what I knew. I'm certain I was blocked by more people than would admit it, or was also likely shadow banned since every single one of my posts caught the "fact checkers" attention. I would talk to friends and family on the phone and do my level best to work as much as I could into the conversation. Eventually, my husband forbade me to say anything about my "conspiracies" or the election fraud to his family due to the wedge it was driving in their relationship with him. I felt very alone.

I would go to stores like Walmart or the grocery store and defiantly walk in with no mask, ignoring the greeter who was trying to enforce non-laws. I would walk proudly with a smile on my face, shining like a bright star, just waiting for a reaction. Mostly I got side looks, or people just walked way around me. If I went into a store and they demanded I wore a mask, I would argue, tell them I'm a nurse and spew 10 facts at them before leaving my full cart where it sat and informing them I would never be back.

I went to protest after protest. "Stop the Steal" rally, "Stop the Mandates" rally, "Support 2nd Amendment" rally to protect gun rights, "Burn the Masks" rally, "Stop the Vaccine Mandates" rally, "Save the Health Care Workers"

rally once all of our local hospitals mandated vaccines, “Save the Children” rally to remove mask mandates from schools, “Support the Truckers” rally for the truckers convoy across America. All of my posters were filled with information and facts, too busy to read unless you got up close.

My ladies group was growing now and we were up to about 30 or 40 participants. I would send out mass texts and emails to invite people to write their government officials and express their support or displeasure, depending on the issue, or invite them to rallies. When people faced concerns and issues, we prayed together sending prayers to one another and lending a supportive ear and encouragement.

When others needed to fight vaccine mandates or get resources for how to get an exemption, I was your go to gal. When they’d get sick they’d ask for advice on what to do because no one wanted to go to the hospital, the trust was gone. We held tight to one another and I am proud to say that these wonderful friends and neighbors trusted me to give advice, or be a resource. What an honor to have that responsibility.

My husband has since taught me that anger does serve a purpose. It serves to motivate us out of our complacency and allows us to push ourselves forward, beyond what we thought were our limits. Appropriate expression and direction, however, is necessary.



Bargaining

The bargaining phase of the cycle was me essentially formulating plans on the best way to “red pill” people. Unfortunately, being nonchalant is not my forte. I was no longer able to engage in small talk conversations. How could anyone talk about the weather or the newest spring fashions? Didn’t they know we were in a war? The frustration was real. I knew I had to reach more people, what if I just set an example for others?

I went to the store, sans mask of course, and saw a woman pushing her cart toward me. I knew she was going to stop and say something. As she approached she pulled her mask down below her mouth and whispered to me, “you’re so brave”. I replied back to her, “I’m a nurse and I’m telling you you don’t need it. It doesn’t work and you can be brave too, take it off.” She timidly removed her mask and we proceeded to have a lovely conversation for the next 30 minutes and I shared all I knew with the intent to help her not to fall for all the lies and stand up for truth.

A few aisles down, I was approaching another man who had his mask down below his nose, obviously not wanting to wear it. I looked directly at him and motioned with my hand and pretended to take off my non-existent mask and mouthed “take it off” since he was still at a distance, smiling my best smile at him. I ducked into the aisle I was

looking for and he followed me and pulled his mask down to chat. I proceed to tell him too that the masks are useless, once again sharing my credentials, and he said, “you just made my day”.

“You catch more flies with honey, then you do with vinegar.”

I tried to reach my co-workers, telling them not to be scared, appealing to their professional education and common sense. But the fear had its claws in deep and I was still trying to keep my job at the time while I finished studying for my real estate test. I knew my job wouldn't be there much longer. I knew I would never agree to the experimental vaccine. Thank you to Dr. Carrie Madej and Dr. Kary Mullis for speaking out for so long.

So this was the deal, the bargain so to speak. I would work at my job as long as I could. Once the vaccines started rolling out, I knew it wouldn't be long before I would have to refuse the vaccine and face losing my career. I also knew I could not continue to work in an industry filled with liars and apathetic, weak practitioners who were refusing to speak up and use common sense. So I put the plan in place. Get my real estate license and start transitioning to get experience, and wait for a sign from God that it was time to let go.

Once the vaccines rolled out, I became very uncomfortable in my work. There were reports of people collapsing, having neurologic side effects like uncontrolled

full body tremors, and now sudden blood clots and strokes. Stroke victims were often good candidates for organ donation given the cause of death is not related to any transplantable organs' function.

Our Portland office received a referral for a woman who was hospitalized with a non-survivable stroke, and this was the first directly correlated proven vaccine-associated blood clot death related to the vaccine. Our surgeons and practitioners however, didn't seem to think it important for transplantable organ donation, and so proceeded with the case, despite the cause of death being directly related to the vaccine. I already had a good idea based on my research the damage that was being done internally with this genetic modification experimental therapy. The carnage was beginning. It seemed to me common sense that if the vaccine caused clots in the brain, it could also cause clots in the organs, compromising end-organ function in a transplanted patient. While this occurred on my off days and in our sister office, I was not involved, but hearing about the case put me on high alert.

On a subsequent case, there were similar circumstances for the cause of death. A relatively young person, not typically prone to strokes or any underlying conditions, was brought in and got referred when family was convinced by doctors to elect comfort care because there was nothing left for them to do. When I took over the case, there was no mention of vaccination status, so I asked, and my co-worker hadn't bothered to ask either. So we clarified with the family and sure enough...a second Moderna shot a few

weeks before. I could not, and would not, be a part of this potentially deadly and sinister charade.

My administrator on call that day happened to be a long time friend and co-worker, the same woman I met through my sister who had told me about her job in organ donation and gotten me into the field. I expressed my concerns to her, saying we didn't have any evidence of what these experimental vaccines do to transplantable organs, and that I felt it was wrong to offer them out to transplant centers. She was the one who had informed me that we took organs from that first patient who it was confirmed died from a stroke related to her vaccine. She understood my concerns, but given her position, had no reason to officially shut the case down per our administrative rules. She compromised and said we should put the information that the patient had been recently vaccinated in the case highlights, to ensure the transplant center would review the information and thereby shielding our organization from liability. I did as I was told, and was relieved to hear later that the kidneys we had procured for transplant were ultimately discarded and not usable, and thereby never transplanted into another person.

After a while this same friend returned to work in Sacramento and left the Portland center. Months later I had checked in with her and certainly there was a very substantial increase in the number of suicide cases as well, young suicides. This pandemic lie was taking its toll in more ways than just job loss and vaccine deaths. This was genocide from all angles, and I knew it was getting worse

as time went on.

On the next case I was called to work, I had an orientee fly out to work with me from Portland for the day. As we were getting report, again, the suspicious signs of sudden and unusual circumstances surrounding the death were being relayed. I asked my questions and this time, we already knew that the patient had been recently jabbed with the experimental poison. I new I could not be a part of the case. I would not play a role in these organs getting transplanted into some poor unsuspecting person who was already suffering at death's door waiting for the miracle of transplant. We finished getting report and then I shot up and ran to the bathroom without saying a word. After several minutes, I returned, looking as green as I could, told them I threw up and didn't think I would make it through my 24 hour shift. I called my administrator and essentially told them I was going home sick. I spent the remainder of the day at the park, lying under a tree, wondering what I was going to do next and mourning my career. God was telling me the time had come.

My employer mandated vaccination by September 1, 2020 or to submit a medical or religious exemption. I was already doing research about how to successfully submit an exemption. I was angry, disappointed, frustrated and disgusted to work for this employer. I decided rather than going down kicking and screaming, I was going to go down with my head held high and take as many as I could with me.

On August 8, I had finished compiling all of the documents and drafted the email to my employer explaining my position. I would not comply. I would no longer wear a mask to compromise my respiratory health, be subjected to unnecessary testing of any kind, including temperature monitoring and I would not be submitting any kind of medical or religious exemption request, because it is simply my right as a sovereign living human woman to refuse and experimental drug. I provided 700 pages of documentation including 580 pages of single-spaced spreadsheets from VAERS of the already reported deaths linked to the vaccines: 10,000 men and 10,000 women. And that's because that was the limit to what I could download at one time. (And this was just deaths, not even including other reports of injuries or adverse events.) I provided a copy of the Bill of Rights, the U.S. Constitution, the Nuremberg Code in which they were violating all 10 points. I submitted copies of a 24 study meta-analysis with evidence that hydroxychloroquine and ivermectin were both safe and effective *preventative and treatments*, and individual studies on their effectiveness and safety records. I provided copies of each of the vaccine manufacturers own inserts of "Information for Patients and Caregivers" regarding the vaccine and highlighted the portion which stated that it was a "choice" to receive the vaccine and participate in the experimental study and that one should not be discriminated against should they elect not to participate. And finally, a highlighted copy of the FDA Emergency Use Authorization policy direct from their own website that stated that under EUA, that if an effective *preventative or treatment* were to be identified, that the EUA

would be subject to immediate revocation.

In my letter I urged them that as health care administrators who are beholden to the public trust, they should review the information provided, as well as their vax mandate policy for the good of the public, their employees health, and for the safety of their own families. I made it clear, to ensure that there would be no confusion, that I insisted they reconsider and rescind their mandate in direct violation of Constitutional law. I also made clear my utter refusal to submit to their administrative scrutiny by “asking” for an exemption, that my answer was simply no, I will not comply.

So I sent myself a test email to ensure all of the links and files would transfer properly, and then entered the email addresses of my manager, our director, the university president and the entire board of directors. I knew that once I sent that email my career would be over. So I just stopped, heart pounding, and closed my eyes. I said out loud, “God, should I really do this?” I felt an enormous and enveloping peace spread throughout my body. I knew he answered me, yet again, and I hit “send”.

The next day I had a conference call with my boss and HR. I was placed on paid administrative leave for the next 10 days while they “decided what to do” with me. Suffice it to say, since there is an active legal case, I was terminated.

Now here’s the kicker. One might think this was brave or bold. THIS was true surrender. I had been talking to God,

asking what I should do, how would I live and make money and he just kept on giving me answers that seemed to just be deposited into my mind and heart as I needed them.

After I hit send on the email that would be the end of my 15 year nursing career, I came downstairs to start to make dinner for myself and my husband. Not sharing with him what I had just done. He knew that I would refuse to get vaccinated and that I would be fired because of it. That's why we had the plan in place for me to get my real estate license. But I wasn't ready yet to share with him.

As I began to get ingredients from the refrigerator, my phone rang from a number I didn't recognize. Not typically for me as I can't tolerate robo calls or telemarketers, I answered anyway, feeling a nudge to do so. On the other end of the line was a woman who began to explain to me who she was and that we had met at several protests we had both been to in the last months. I thought I remembered who she was, but wasn't certain to be honest. She explained to me with urgency that she needed to sell her house right away and in conversing with another mutual acquaintance, had remembered I had mentioned I was going into real estate. She was begging me to meet her the next day to take a look at her home and list it for sale.

Within 45 minutes of having the faith to surrender to God's will, uncertain of what the future would hold, God swooped in and caught me just as I had stepped off the cliff.

TRUE SURRENDER



Depression

What if I really didn't know the truth? I didn't feel completely alone because I had others on social media sharing the same content about these topics, but I didn't know anyone I could talk to about it who agreed with or believed me, much less knew anything about the more dark information I was finding out and dealing with inside.

I couldn't sleep, I couldn't eat. Nonetheless, I couldn't stop researching, gathering more information and trying to find the truth. As time went on, I joined Twitter because by this time, the election fraud of November 3rd had occurred and I was hopeful that we wouldn't be subjected to the inauguration of the 'basement dummy' pedophile, mafia-style criminal that we were being told had won the election. After learning the power of prayer in numbers, I gathered some ladies led a guided meditation with everyone focusing on...let's call him "Brandon", getting arrested in the middle of the ceremony. To no avail unfortunately, but God had far greater plans.

My poor husband would come home after 2 weeks away for work and I would be unrecognizable each time. He knew there was something going on, as I don't have much of a poker face or a filter, and he also happens to be far more intuitive than I ever gave him credit for. He was so confused as to what was happening and I'll be honest, I know I sounded nuts. I was still processing things myself,

still learning and didn't have the full real story about anything, and likely never will. But I believed that I had to warn people and first of all my husband because he was my everything.

This led to me sharing far too much information and straining our relationship more. Needless to say, it did not go well at all. I was creating an enormous amount of strain on our relationship and he once told me that he was even considering moving out of our home because he didn't know who I was anymore.

I think it was around this time, we were standing in the kitchen, I think after I had at least gotten him and his brother and his brother's wife to sit through the *Out of Shadows* film, and I was trying to justify the changes he was seeing in me. I remember yelling out "We are at war! We are at war!! We are at war!!" I went on to express passionately that I knew this is a spiritual war, and I wasn't going to be lukewarm, or be a fence-sitter about it! I was choosing God's side and that was that.

I had also been struggling with trying to find a new purpose in my life. My career was over and while I had real estate in my pocket, it was new and I was unsure of myself. I was certainly feeling lost, to say the least. I was vascillating between being angry and resentful of the industry that had dupped me, and depressed because I had felt that I had lost an important and large piece of my identity.



Acceptance

One day I got a text from two separate neighbors who said they were having a “MAGA Girls” conservative women’s meeting in the neighborhood and invited me to come. After I had already accepted, one texted again and asked if I could have something prepared to share? Confused but willing, I agreed. As I found my way to the gathering, I found myself praying out loud.

“God, please don’t let me embarrass myself or talk too much. I don’t want to alienate myself. Please help me to hold my tongue.”

I didn’t know any of these women except for the two who had invited me, but I showed up and found a seat. As people were settling in, one of my friends loudly introduced me to the group of about 15 women who had joined us. She reported to the others that I knew a lot about a lot of stuff and then I began to get peppered with questions. I wasn’t even aware that she thought I knew so much.

What was strange was that they kept asking about all the various conspiracy theories and wanted to know what I knew about it all. I proceeded to talk and connect dots for everyone based on all the crazy research I had done and everyone seemed amazed at the level of knowledge that I had about each subject. Three and a half hours later after

almost non-stop talking, I had made new friends and found my new tribe.

One day, I was expressing my anger to my new friend who hosted the “MAGA Girls” party. She was a holistic health coach and sold an essential oils line, and she had been teaching me more about the benefits of oils and how to use them. I was sold when she suggested Frankincense to help with my migraines, and it actually worked. Since I was the girl who relied on Excedrine and had a terrible diet, this would be a huge alteration in my lifestyle and a big learning curve to boot. I’m so grateful for her time and love and willingness to share all of her knowledge. You know who you are, and I love you.

To quell my frustration, and help me to see more clearly, she simply told me, “yes, but because you are a nurse, people will listen to you when you tell them about holistic alternatives.” Such a wonderful and simple statement she made, and I didn’t want to hear it at the time. I was pissed that she said it because it rang true in my mind, and I knew she was right.

A glimmer of hope.

6

Step 2:

God Just Kept Showing Up

At this point, in search for answers, I had already been turning to my Bible. This level of evil needed some serious intervention and I wanted to know what was going on, and what better way to get answers? I would often pray before opening my Bible at random asking God to show me what he wanted me to see that day.

I had opened one day to the book of Daniel and read the story about how the king had the dream of the statue and had summoned Daniel to interpret the dream. Someone on YouTube had also done some research and was breaking the story apart to explain the symbolism of the story and its relevance to current events. This symbolism would also translate into some of the information that I was reading in *Isaiah* when the disciples were asking Jesus about the last days, and in Revelation, which is rich with the symbolism of visions and dreams.

While my memory has faded of all of the details exactly, Daniel's explanation of the king's dream detailed the destruction of his kingdom and of future kingdoms. The statues' feet of iron and clay represented the poor foundations that would one day crumble.

Simultaneously, one of my neighbor ladies who is Catholic had just gone to a religious relics show and she brought me a little card that she had laminated. She had touched the card to every single relic in the exhibit and was telling me that the energy gets transferred to the card for good luck. We somehow got on the topic of Guadalupe of Fatima and the story that relates to that Saint.

As the story goes, three children were playing sometime during the years of WW I together when a woman appeared to them and gave them three prophecies. The first was that the war would end soon, which it did. The second had to do with another War to End All Wars, soon thereafter, and the third prophecy that was given was to be sealed up and only revealed after a certain date sometime in the 1960s.

The children were all threatened at one point or another by church officials, attempting to get them to say they were lying. By the time it was time to reveal the prophecy, 2 of the 3 children had already died and the third, took it to her local bishop for the prophecy to be unsealed. The bishop dutifully then travelled to Rome to handed the prophecy directly to the Pope at that time. Apparently, every pope had seen the prophecy since WWII but none elected to

reveal its secret. It was Pope John Paul II, who finally revealed the prophecy in 2000.

My friend explained that the third prophecy foretold of the Pope who would be revealed as the Anti-Christ and that he revealed it because he did not want it as his legacy that he would be the one to fulfill the prophecy and be revealed as the Anti-Christ. At least that's how I can remember it now. Something was making me very interested in learning more about how these things tied into what was happening now.

Just after the fraudulent election and before the "Resident's" inauguration in January, my husband was out on the road again for work. He called me to ask if I had heard about the big revival event that would be happening in D.C. the next day. This event was a 2 or 3 day event, organized by Jericho March and Phyllis Schlafly Eagles and with promotion through Christian media that would be live streamed on YouTube. Johnathan Cahn, the author of the book *The Harbinger* spoke a powerful message.

During the event he spoke about how America had turned its back on God and our collective faith, and our country, was suffering. He and guest speakers who were other pastors or church leadership at different levels would quote scripture and shared their perspectives of how today's current events relate directly to the time before the prophesied return of Jesus to the earth. How the only way to get ourselves out of this mess was to have a revival and a return to God's laws in our country. If we would return to

God and pray, he would hear our prayers and heal our land. It was a powerful message and I was getting the point.

I was also following a woman who was often a guest commentator for the Right Side Broadcasting Network, Anna Khait. She shared her story of how she used to be an atheist living the party life and that she had been invited to an event she didn't really want to go to. She had been struggling in her life and came to a point where, in her desperation, asked God if he was real, to give her a sign. She travelled to the event anyway and while there, a man approached her with a message he told her was from God. Her life began to change from that day forward and she has committed her life to spreading the message that God is real and he loves us all.

So by this time, I am getting the message and feeling the call. I was raised in a household where we went to a Christian church and later my dad joined a Southern Baptist church where mostly, I got the fire and brimstone point of view. I had been baptized in his church as a teen but couldn't be sure it wasn't motivated by the fear and pressure rather than true commitment.

Prior to the car accident at the age of 16, I had been very active in my local Lutheran church youth group and enjoyed it. But after the accident, well meaning people would always approach, give me the held tilt and "How are you?" with the sad face attached. It made it difficult for me to move on, despite their good intentions and I just stopped going to avoid the reminders of the tragedy. I hadn't

returned to a church since then.

When my husband and I first moved to Boise, he expressed a desire to start going to church. Since we loved Garden Valley, he wanted to go and try one out there, which was an hour drive from home. We did once and actually found ourselves at the small church that the realtor who helped us buy our land went to, and we were greeted with welcoming kindness. Ultimately, we never went back and never really discussed it again, but I felt that we both thought it was too far away and it didn't feel quite right.

One of my neighbors and I would get together occasionally to discuss the politics and current chaos in our world, and she had mentioned where she went to church, just down the hill from our neighborhood. Another friend and neighbor who does my hair was chatting with me and also mentioned that she went to the same church. I was getting the distinct feeling I was getting a message to go. My husband was out of town for work, but I decided to go on my own that Sunday to check it out. I arrived and was greeted warmly, got a welcome bag and a cup of coffee and found a seat in the main auditorium.

I loved the music and the atmosphere seemed warm and inviting. The associate pastor gave the sermon that day and while I don't remember the topic now, it was exactly what I needed to hear. When the service was over, I had been thinking about how I wanted to show God I was not on any fence, I was choosing His side of this war. I wanted to re-dedicate myself by being baptized again, but didn't know

how to ask.

I found the pastor and approached him and began to tell him tearfully how much I appreciated his message. I was trying to get up the courage to ask about what I would have to do to get baptized and he stopped suddenly, cocked his head to one side and asked, “Do you want to be baptized?” Now I’ve bursted into tears again and I said “yes, yes I do”. His kindness was genuine and he was so happy to hear of my decision, we made arrangements for him to check the schedule later that day and let me know when we could do it.

I went home feeling wonderful with a plan to show God I was serious and this time, I wasn’t going to back down or fall away again. I also wanted my husband to understand that the changes he was seeing in me were not transient or temporary changes, that they were real and genuine and I was committed. I was excited to tell him when he got home and nervous all at once, wondering what he would think. Was his wife becoming a Bible-thumper?

I picked him up from the airport and along the drive home I said I had some news I wanted to share, but wanted to wait until he came home to tell him in person. He knew that I went to the church to check it out and had told him how much I really liked it. So I announced that I am going to be baptized on Friday and I wanted to ask him if he would come with me to be my witness. He, of course, said he would right away, and the topic of conversation drifted elsewhere.

The next morning after I got up, I met him in the living room for coffee. As I sat down with my cup he asked again when I was being baptized. My heart jumped a little bit thinking he may have had something else to do and didn't realize it when he said he would come. So I repeated, "Friday at 8 AM". After a short pause he responded, "can I be baptized too?"

Another sudden burst of tears, but tears of joy this time. What a beautiful experience to get to be baptized with my husband of 20 years. Of course, I reached out to the pastor right away and he was more than happy to accommodate the request. We were baptized together that Friday in the glory of the morning with just the pastor and his wife there to pray with us and bear witness to our renewed commitment.

I began going to church every Sunday with a spring in my step and it truly became the best part of my week. Several of my neighborhood friends noticed the light I seemed to be emanating and I shared how much I loved my church and would invite them to join me if they wanted to try it. For a while it seemed as though I had a new friend sitting with me every week.

I enjoyed the messages and the music and the Christian music station was all I would listen to, especially after learning about the entertainment world agenda and its' evils. I joined a bible study that was run by the pastor who had baptized us, and his wife, and began my education as what I called, "a new baby Christian". I had already been

studying Isaiah and Revelation and was trying to figure out if I could identify a timeline or some events that would validate the timeline we were on. But when I would read I noticed that when I read a certain word, it was as if it was replaced with another word or meaning or I could just see that it was talking about something current. At least that's the best way I can describe it.

A friend had also shared a book with me around the same time called *2 Chairs* by Bob Beaudine. This is a lovely book that I didn't even read all the way through because I was reading 5 other books at the same time, but I got the message I was supposed to: make time each morning to sit with God and listen. After I had read that advice, I woke up the next morning, made some coffee and pulled out the chair at the head of dining table for God, and then I sat in the side chair next to it. I said a short prayer asking God for guidance. "Here I am Lord, send me", I prayed. The pastor leading my bible study had relayed a wonderful story about how God had used him once when he offered himself up. It was a powerful story that I found inspiring, so I went with that.

I sat quietly for a while to see if God would speak into my head as he had done once before when he told me to "be a nurse". After a while and as I had done many times before when seeking guidance, I closed my eyes, put both thumbs on the pages and just opened at random to start reading the first thing that caught my eye. I opened to 1 Chronicles 22 and read the entire short chapter.

The gist of the story and what I got out of it was that God told King David that he wanted a temple built for Him. When David went about collecting the materials, God interrupted and said oh no no, you're not going to build it, your son Solomon will reign after you and he will build it. Then it goes into God's instructions for what must be done and how He will provide what is needed to build the temple.

So like I said, I read the words, but I see them a little differently. To me this chapter was telling me to build a church, so to speak, this was the message for me. The thought then popped into my mind that I had already been doing that, by inviting people to my home for social time and to support one another through all the challenges we had been facing. I somehow interpreted that He wanted me to share the things I was interpreting in my studies of Isaiah and Revelation, to bring hope, rather than the story of destruction I had always believed when reading Revelation. When I would read it I could see, the destruction and scary stuff isn't meant for His children, he will protect them.

So that evening I sat down to make a powerpoint presentation to help me to organize my thoughts with the notes from my Bible. I had already planned to have the ladies to my house the next evening so this would be an opportunity to share and obey what I believed was God's command. After two hours, I had my 20 slide powerpoint done. It flowed as though I had done it a million times, but I knew even in the moment that it was divinely inspired. I went to bed feeling like I was obeying the command and

excited for being used in this way, thanking God for helping me to prepare.

The next morning, I was running around the house cleaning and preparing for guests. As I moved from room to room listening to some podcast or video interview, I kept thinking thoughts in my head. Now not even listening to the podcast, I just kept hearing, “Don’t do it! They’re going to hate you! They won’t want to be your friends anymore! They’ll think you’re a blasphemer!” After quite sometime of this mind chatter, I started to become anxious and had basically talked myself out of doing the presentation. I would instead, treat it like every other past gathering and just have wine and be social.

Right at that same moment I made this decision, a text message notification interrupts my podcast that I wasn’t even listening to anymore. I looked at the message and it was from one of my friend’s mothers who I had been asked to add to our group text for prayers and support. I had never met her or even spoken to her on the phone and she lived all the way across the state. She had sent me a video with a short message saying:

“God asked me to send this to you. Start listening at minute 21.”

This is very strange, first of all because I have never even met this woman. We had had a few exchanges in the group text and often times I even thought of her as a little arrogant in her responses, so this certainly was a surprise.

I clicked on the video and fast forwarded to minute 21. It was two Christian women doing a video podcast who were just beginning to talk to one another about how when God gives you a task, the devil will do everything he can to stop you from doing it. Well, you can probably guess by now, I burst into tears yet again. As I listened I realized that what I had been hearing in my head was the influence of Satan trying to talk me out of doing what God himself had asked me to do. I sure as heck wasn't going to let that happen now that He sent me a direct message through his messenger.

Thank you to the woman who sent that to me, you know who you are, and I am grateful you were obedient to His command.

So that evening, sure as I had planned, I let my friends know that I was acting on God's command. That it was also okay if they don't agree with what I have to say, but told them the story of how I had almost been talked out of it, so I was going to make sure I was obedient. They were all gracious of course and listened intently. A few of the ladies fell away for a while from coming to the meetings, but I am happy to report, they have almost all returned, more open and accepting than they may have been before.

As my bible study group came to an end, the last thing we did was take a little test or evaluation, to help us to identify the Gifts of the Spirit with which we might be blessed (Romans 12). I have taken a lot of similar tests like this through my psychology education and my nursing

career, but this one was the most accurate one I had ever experienced.

It told me I was a helper and a leader, check....check. But another spiritual gift was the gift of teaching and of interpreting God's word. It was interesting to say the least because certainly I had not told anyone in the Bible study about what I was interpreting as I was studying the Bible. I didn't want to be the blasphemer, or arrogant to make a superfluous interpretation of a book I had hardly touched in years, THE book!

Interestingly enough, I had missed the meeting where we got to share our results so one of the leaders of the group administering the evaluation offered to meet me for coffee after I took the rest of the test at home, and she would help me to review it.

On the day of our meeting, I was excited to share and just before hand, she let me know she invited a couple of other ladies from the group. I found it a little intimidating since I was only expecting to have to share with her, but figured it would be fine. So I get there and all of the women from our group had showed up. We spoke about my test and I was led to share about what I had been reading in my bible and what had happened when God sent me a message. They were all so caring and encouraging. Though I had expected to be ridiculed or chastised, but they instead enveloped me with hugs and support.

I ended up giving a second talk when feeling called to do

so and it also was well received. I was happy to be serving in whatever capacity God felt I was capable but there was still an uncertainty regarding my path for work. I felt like I should still be helping people in some way, since this too was a spiritual gift according to my evaluation and my career that was also divinely inspired. Without working in a hospital setting though, how could I help?

One day while speaking with a friend, I was talking about how our ladies group started with 7 and now I was up to 52 women. It was never 52 all at once of course, but I had 52 people who had come at one point or another for a gathering at my home, or women I had met through church. In mid sentence, I stopped and said to my friend, “well, I guess I did what God had asked of me, I built the church”. Maybe it was now time for me to ask, “what’s next?”

So the next morning, I sat down for coffee with God again to ask the question and seek the answer. Again, I said a short prayer and opened my Bible at random. I opened the pages and found myself staring at 1 Chronicles, Chapter 23...the very next chapter after the one that instructed me to build the church. I was shocked, laughed out loud, and began to read. This can’t be an accident or coincidence.

There is no such thing as coincidence.

Chapter 23 literally lays out Gods very specific instructions about how to go about building His temple. Who is to build what, what it should be made of, the

dimensions and the duties of each family of builders. It's so detailed in fact that as I read it, I was visually building the temple in my mind. When I read this, I felt as though the message in response to my question of "what's next?" would be revealed to me in detailed instructions as I was ready for them. After all, God doesn't ever give us more than we can handle, right?

7

Step 3: Reality Check

Early on in my new walk with God, I came up with a special prayer that I would pray each morning before I would get out of bed.

“Please show me what you want me to see today, give me eyes to see and ears to hear. Please bless me with the gift of understanding and discernment and the wisdom to know what to do with the information. Walk behind me to encourage me. Walk beside me to guide me. And walk in front of me to lead me down the narrow path you want me to take.”

I still add this into my prayers most days along with my meditation. I know now if I ask, it will be given.



During my period of depression and trying to figure out to what to do with myself after my nursing career had ended, I began researching everything with vehement motivation in search of the truth. I began reading books,

something I never even did in school, and just generally trying to find some truth and direction in my now, upside-down world. If world events like 9/11 was a lie, what else were they lying about? The history of civilizations? The rise and fall of empires and governments? Rationale for wars? The Titanic or Hindenburg tragedies? What is actually at the antarctic and why is no one allowed to go there? Is the Earth really round, flat, or an oblate spheroid as that ridiculous lying and arrogant puppet Neal deGrasse tried to tell us? What about the alien cover up, what really did happen at Roswell and what is going on at the myriad of secret bases throughout the world? Which of our politicians, leaders and entertainment superstars were involved in the insidious and satanic crimes against children? How have they been poisoning us to reduce our longevity so we no longer burdened the government purse or stayed strong enough to resist them? Why did people seem so much unhealthier than in prior generations? I needed answers!

I already realized by this time that most of what we have been taught throughout our lives, throughout our parents lives and for many generations past, was mostly lies or distortions of the truth. After all, that's what Satan does, twists and distorts and deceives. It kept running through my head, "why do we believe what we believe". From the time we are small children and becoming vocal and curious about the world that we live in by asking questions, our parents and family become our first teachers. Kids always as, "why? why? why?", and our parents begin relaying what they had been taught or observed about our world. Then

we go to school and the same wrote memory items are reinforced over and over again by more adults. We trust them, they are authority figures, so often, we do not question more. But where did they get their information from and how long has this been going on? So it seems it would be pretty easy, if you wiped out a population, much like what happened in Germany on a smaller scale during WW II, the victorious then get to write the history. The question then becomes, who won, and what is their agenda? What do the winners in the game want the losers to believe so that they can maintain power and control?

I was questioning absolutely everything and hungry to find the truth about anything I could. I have never been one to discount the possibility as well, that we are not alone in the universe. I felt it was egoic and silly to not even consider the idea. To assume that God would only make we humans and didn't have enough creative gum-shun to imagine many worlds and many peoples, seemed ridiculous to me, and kind of insulting to God. My God, that I knew, was certainly more creative than I could possibly imagine.

In the midst of all of the political and national chaos, the pandemic lies and the vaccine rollouts, layoffs and shutdowns, I did my best to continue gathering the "church" as I felt I was instructed to do in 1 Chronicles Chapter 22. (Keep that number in mind for later, 22.)

I was exhausted from trying to "red pill" my family and old friends or co-workers who now fully believed I either belonged to one of those Idaho religious cults they had

been warned about, or I had completely gone off my rocker due to isolation from the lockdowns.

I started to accept that most people were not ready to hear what I had learned and they would rather bury their head in the sand than to even begin to consider that there was any kind of master, global conspiracy going on. I knew it all sounded nuts, and a few months earlier, I would have responded the same way to someone saying the kinds of things I was saying. But once someone would give me an opening, I would take the baton and run like a cheetah, spewing everything I could think of to mention before they turned to run away.

Alas, it got to a point where I learned slowly to be more gentle with my approach, allowing them to bring something up before I'd launch into a dissertation. Boy oh boy, if they did though, you'd have thought I heard a starting pistol fire. The final phase came when I finally learned that it was not my place to convince them. They were on a journey of learning and awakening just as I had been. Who did I think I was to steal that experience away from them? Everyone deserved to learn at their own pace like I had to do. I would give information if an opening was presented, but I was no longer going to spend my energy on those who didn't want the information, and tried to muster as much love and compassion as I could for the delivery, although it required a lot of practice.

I certainly know now why God didn't begin my awakening until He did. Had He woken me up any sooner,

there would likely be a totally different story in these pages. He knows me and He knows my heart, and He knew I would be that cheetah He designed me to be before birth. Once He opened the floodgates of knowing, and I would turn into a relentless, flooding torrent. I'd also have been likely to be divorced if I had to hold onto this knowledge longer than He had planned for me, and I wouldn't have blamed my husband one bit.

Interestingly enough, I had a friend who started a group of like minded people, exploring new concepts and wanting to grow spiritually. In one of their sessions, we were led on a Shamanic journey to identify our spirit animal. "Fun", I thought. So I joined the zoom, doubtful that I would have any success, as I was new to this meditating thing. We began and she led us verbally to a doorway where on the other side, we would generate our private garden in our imagination. Once we had some time to imagine this space, she said our spirit animal would present itself.

I laid there trying my best to create my garden. I decided I could make flowers and trees pop up from the ground as I walked along a dirt path, doing my best to imagine the flowers and colors. I put a rocky stream to my right because I love the sound of flowing water, and then set a concrete bench under a tree and sat down.

As I sat on my bench, through the nearby bushes on my left, I saw the head of a cheetah with big blue eyes begin to emerge from the bush. I could see the defined black lines

around her eyes, making it look like she was wearing eyeliner like an Egyptian queen, knowing immediately it was a she. As she slowly and gently moved in front of me, it was as if she was beckoning me to follow her. I did and we crossed the rocky stream where she then made a graceful 360 degree turn to lay down like a cat would, curling her tail up close to her back legs. She then seemed to tell me telepathically, “when it is time for you, you will be ready to spring forward, but now it is time to rest.” As she completed her message, the shaman began to call us back from our meditation. I said goodbye to my cheetah and my garden and returned to this reality, excited that I had had some kind of experience, even if I just concocted it in my own mind. After thinking more about the experience, I realized that right now, my job was to learn and try to rest and just allow whatever was happening to happen. I already knew intuitively that there would come a point where whatever God had in mind for me, would require me to spring into action. So I needed to remain patient.

My husband was also concerned for a while about my safety given my brazen, persistent and vocal opposition to the elitist narrative, and my constant attempts to spread truth and actual facts that few people believed at that time. There was little hard evidence that I could locate and provide for what I believed I knew, but I knew in my heart I was right about many things, even if they sounded nuts. I had connected dots that made logical sense to me but had a difficult time articulating it. It was so impossible to retrace the steps of what I had learned to make it coherent for anyone else to follow. I had simply done so much research

and digging, my memory had become such a deep well of knowledge and seemingly random facts.

I had intended to go to Washington D.C. for the January 6, Stop the Steal rally at Trump's global invitation. Begrudgingly, my husband agreed I could go if I needed to, but at the last moment, my husband expressed he didn't want me to. Suddenly, I felt a little nudge that maybe I just shouldn't go, mostly to avoid household conflict, and just before I was going to buy the plane ticket, stopped and told him I agreed not to take the risk. It eventually got to a point where my husband would actually joke about me getting arrested at one of the rallies I was going to, and he would assure me as I left with my fellow patriots, that he would bail me out if I did, he even came to one as our protector if something went wrong. He was concerned for my safety, but he knew how important it was for me to stand up for what I believed in and he trusted I would keep my head on a swivel.

One of the last rallies I went to was to protest "Brandon's" presence in our city to talk to our National Forest Service, or so was the excuse. We never even saw Air Force 1 land, and that sucker is impossible to miss in the open landscape surrounding our international airport. I still don't think he was ever here, it was likely some sort of diversion of attention. I realized during the rally cries that I felt that I was no longer making much of a difference by doing this, because I already knew that the system would have to implode before it would be able to get better. It was a good distraction at the time I was participating, and

allowed me to connect with the other ladies on another level, standing up for our rights and freedoms. I will always be proud of how involved I became and that I fought for the truth.

But at that last rally as we waited in line to turn at the light to leave, I glanced across the street and saw a woman sitting in her car with the window rolled down. She honked to get attention and as I looked back I saw her flash the sign of the devil with her thumb and pinkie fingers extended and the other three curled into a fist. She grossly stuck her tongue way out and shot me such an evil look. It shot me back into remembering the reality of the fact that we were fighting a spiritual battle, and the enemy is everywhere.

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Step 4: Follow the Yellow Brick Road

I was trying to find my way to my true purpose, waiting for God's instruction and guidance. After my anger had dissipated from being fired for refusing to be vaccinated, leaving it in God's hands and ultimately relieved to not be in that situation anymore, I finally got a signal that my true purpose really was healing, and teaching others how to do it too. I knew that eventually the lies of our existing medical system would come to light and no one would be able to trust them anymore. The whole paradigm would have to change. They would need help, answers, a new way to take better care of their own health rather than relying on a now, untrustworthy system.

The Old Paradigm

Now let me interject here for one moment and make a short disclaimer that I learned much of this new to me information, at a time when my wounds were still very raw from losing my job unjustly, and feeling what I called

“duped” by the western medicine system. At the same time, I began learning the value of “alternative” or “natural” or “holistic” medicine, I had a crystal clear moment of clarity.

For years, my sister and I had fought back and forth about the best way to handle our mother’s struggle with anxiety and depression. Being the nurse, of course I was convinced that she wouldn’t be able to ever be off of medications and that she needed them in order to function or live independently. My sister, on the other hand, was adamant that she needed to deal with the emotional roots of her problems and that it would cure her and she would be able to stop the medications. “Quackery”, I thought at the time.

Over the years since my brother’s death, our mother had been on and off of psychotropic drugs like Paxil, and Xanax and Prozac and all sorts of things until they found something that struck a balance for her. She was inconsistently taking the meds only as needed for the most part. At one point, and after her third husband died from complications after a surgical procedure, she elected to go and live near my sister who was then living in Texas to be closer to her grandchildren. After her recent divorce however, my sister was struggling herself and ultimately my mother called me suicidal one day.

I calmed her down enough to get her on an airplane to come back to Phoenix where I could get her some help. She stayed with my husband and I for a while, but soon, the

strain became too much in the house. I needed to find her an apartment nearby where I could keep close tabs on her. We got her to a psychiatrist who prescribed some pills and voila.....problem covered up.

She was living independently again and beginning to behave normally and her functionality improved considerably. She had been living off of the life insurance from her last husband, but it was time to get some purpose back into her life to keep her busy and fulfilled. She found a position at another school in her field of experience, was hired and we moved her down to Tucson and found her a cute place to call home. She did well this way for a good while, but eventually would move back to Sante Fe to care for her own ailing and aging parents.

It wasn't until years later after her parents had died and she had finished dealing with their estate, that she moved to be near my sister and her grandkids again, who was now living in Sacramento. She was able to secure another good job with another secondary education institution for more pay than she had made in her life, given California cost of living wages. Eventually though, something happened and she struggled again with depression, and now, really severe anxiety. We assumed it was the stress she endured after her mother passed away, she had to put her father in a memory care facility and after he died, had to deal with an overwhelming mess of an estate left behind.

After moving to Sacramento from Thailand, I had taken my mother to lunch and we planned to go shopping, and

after we sat down and ordered our food, she and I were just chatting. She would say an unintended word or forget a word altogether and was having significant difficulty word-finding with a blank and emotionless stare. As a neurologic trained nurse, I started doing a little neuro exam on her. When I asked her the first question and she couldn't answer, I became alarmed but she played it off and made an excuse. Then I decided to ask her something I knew she could never forget, my brother's name. When she couldn't answer and tell me his name, I pretty much freaked out thinking she was having a stroke. Expressive aphasia (inability to express thoughts in words) and sudden memory loss were huge indicators. Luckily we were close to a hospital and I rushed her to the ER and told them to call a stroke alert as we got her in a wheelchair from the car.

I was relieved when the scan came back negative for stroke and they decided to keep her for a 24 hour observation. The doctor on duty was actually one that I had worked with professionally many times before, but typically we butted heads pretty bad, which made me nervous when we were waiting for the results of the scan. I was pleasantly surprised when he revealed his bedside manner to myself and my mother with great compassion, and he promised to keep me well informed if something happened while she was there overnight. They ended up chalking it up to anxiety and panic attack and we elected to put her back on meds and have her see a mental health professional.

It took much longer this time to get her stabilized and she ended up living with me for a while while my husband finished up his contract in Thailand. She moved out again and did well for a while, but her behavior became more erratic and I didn't know that my sister had talked her into weaning down her medications. My sister and I would fight, my mom wouldn't tell either of us the truth about what was going on with her, and it became a constant battle. This time when she called me suicidal, I ended up sending over a crisis nurse because I was at work and needed someone to get there urgently before I could.

My mom agreed to a short stay in a mental health facility while we could get her stabilized again. My sister and I really had it out this time and we ended up not talking for a year. My mom eventually became independent again and during that year, and my sister was diagnosed with uterine cancer. Our mom would keep me updated on what was happening, but neither my sister or I reached out to one another. On the morning she was to have her hysterectomy, God woke me up in the wee hours and I knew I had to go and be with her.

I walked into the hospital knowing she would be checking in at the admitting desk. The admissions clerk informed me she was completing her paperwork in the waiting room and so I went to find her. She was sitting there with her husband and my niece, and all animosity was forgotten as we embraced.

LOVE CONQUERS ALL.

My “New” Paradigm

Not long after I moved away to Idaho, my awakening began and I learned how “duped” I was by my own profession. I knew once the reality of realizing I was wrong had sank in, that the first thing I would have to do is heal things completely with my sister regarding our varied opinions on how to really address health issues. I had now learned from other resources that all physical problems originated in the emotional body. Undealt with feelings and traumas that led to disturbances in our energy body, and left unchecked, would eventually turn into illness and disease.

One of the books I was reading was the *The Map of Consciousness Explained* by David R. Hawkins, M.D.. Again, I never finished the whole book but I got what I needed from it which was an understanding of the various frequencies of the range of human emotions.

Lower frequencies are associated with negative emotions such as fear, anger, jealousy, resentment, etcetera. This basic understanding about how frequency and vibration impact the physical body, allowed me to connect some more dots of the bits and pieces I had been collecting. I understood now that resonating with negative emotions within the emotional body would also impact the physical body via transference, and thereby, illness or disease would eventually result. By contrast, the other end of the spectrum is also true. If we have higher vibration emotions, we will be resonating at a higher frequency associated with

e-motions like love, joy and bliss, facilitating homeostasis and health.

I had learned that wellness is a continuum and most everything can be traced back to an emotion because emotions are *energy in motion*, e-motion. Now I had to swallow my pride, humble myself and admit how very wrong I was to my sister. She was the first person I had to heal things with and she of course, was waiting with open arms. Thus began the process of healing thyself.

HEAL THYSELF.

Introduction to the Alternative

Soon after moving into our new home, I met my next door neighbor. She eventually shared that she had been studying Chinese medicine for the last 40 years. Just prior to her moving to our neighborhood, she had been preparing for her doctorate, but ended up letting it slide so she could be free to spend time with her grandchildren. When she learned I was becoming interested in holistic healthcare, she was more than happy to share what she knew, that actually healed people. In all the years I was a nurse, I realized I never gave anyone a drug or performed any therapy that truly healed anyone. Covered symptoms, yes. Created other symptoms, yes. If I was witness to any healing it was usually because the body had time enough to heal itself. When I had this epiphany, it was a big lesson for me, and a humbling one.

My new neighbor told me of a friend of hers who was diagnosed with a pretty advanced breast cancer. She was told by doctors that she would need radiation and chemo and likely a mastectomy. She wasn't interested in that avenue and decided to research holistic alternatives, and joined a support group who gave her some ideas. My friend had gone to Mexico with her as she underwent the treatments with natural plant-based medicines that had been used for generations.

As my new friend watched me go through the turmoil of losing my career, she would share her knowledge with me because I was trying to learn about alternative or holistic healing methods. She showed me photos of how her friend, after applying a salve and also taking the plant medicine internally, the cancer came to the surface of the skin, sloughed off and healed from the inside of the tissue, out. The photos were astonishing, although not for the faint of heart, and I was shocked. After completing her treatments with the indigenous peoples in Mexico, she returned to the western medicine doctor and was told the cancer was gone and she was in complete remission.

This sent me into a rage and utter disgust. They've known about a cure for cancer and they've been hiding it? Why? Why in the world would you allow millions of people over the years to suffer and die with cancer and cancer treatments, if we already knew of a cure? What the hell were all these cancer charities for research funding about? Why would they hide such a thing? What kind of evil and

horrific individuals would do such a thing? And the children, oh the suffering of the children!

Within my many resource channels in the alternative news community, I kept hearing about something called a Med-Bed. There was little to no detailed information to be found, and honestly, I had no idea if it could be real or not, but my gut was telling me it was real.

This same friend and I had talked about these new subtle energy healing technologies and we shared a passion for helping people. She helped me to gain an understanding of healthcare from a perspective that made far more sense to me now. Many of these holistic healing modalities were actually the original medicine, and if we added advanced technologies that were being hidden from us, it would change everything. It opened my eyes up to things I was never taught about in health class or nursing school.

To my fellow musketeer, friend and neighbor: you know who you are, I thank you for opening my eyes with deepest and heartfelt gratitude.

She also loved trying out new therapies and technologies and had some equipment that she offered to try on me when I got a migraine. She had told me about some of the pretty incredible success she had with it treating various injuries, and that it used scalar wave technology. It certainly helped and I was stunned at its effectiveness, after all, it just looked like a flashlight, was non-invasive and didn't cause any pain. But this stuff is "quackery", right?

She shared information with me about color therapy and tuning forks and different Chinese herbals. Expanding me more, and making me more curious.

One day she told me about a new technology she had just checked out with which she was quite impressed. I was already reading information about holographic theory, vibrational medicine, frequency and resonance and getting into quantum theory and mechanics at the time. I was probably reading 5 books at that time too, depending on my mood and curiosities that day. When she told me about this torsion wave energy device, it certainly sparked some interest, but at that time, I was struggling with the last few months of my job and didn't look into it. After I was terminated however, I suddenly found myself with time to check it out.

I was in a pretty frightened space emotionally and beginning to feel a little desperate for some direction. One morning I just had an impulse to make an appointment to check out this new modality. After all, if I was going to end up working with these new therapies, I should check them out for myself first. As I drove to the appointment, I was crying with anxiety and worry and praying out loud as I gripped the steering wheel trying to see through my tears. "Please God, guide me to my purpose" I begged. People in passing cars must have thought that I just got news that someone had died.

I pulled into the lot, collected myself, swiped the mascara off of my cheeks and went inside. As the

practitioner told me about the technology and what to expect, I became emotional again, but now I was thinking, ‘God is answering my question!’ At a break point in the conversation, I told him I had been fired from my nursing job for refusing to be vaccinated, and that I think that this may be what God is leading me to do next. He got excited too and we became friends with a plan to meet up again so I could ask more questions and we could both explore the idea.

We got together and I was very frank about how I was very interested in learning about this modality, and likely came on a little strong and overzealous. I was also asserting pretty strongly that I wanted to be my own boss and would not want to work for him, but perhaps work with him if he would be willing to teach me. He had some ideas too about what he wanted for his business and what role I may be able to play. We became friends and over the subsequent months we got to know one another and see where things led.

As I continued to flounder trying to figure out what I was going to do with myself, I had a little breakdown. I was learning so many things that were challenging every belief I had. It was impossible to determine what was up and what was down. My husband at this time was also struggling, understandably, with the weird and uncharacteristic things coming out of my mouth.

SOMETIMES WE MUST TAKE A STEP BACK.

My First Big Break

One day while I was walking my dogs down by the creek, I was feeling very lost and overwhelmed. Wondering what I was supposed to do with all of this information. What is real and what is a lie?

While I was on my walk my sister called me to tell me that one of her clients just called her to tell her about a dream she had about my sister. She went on to explain that she saw my sister and a young girl she thought was her daughter walking down a dirt road from behind. The daughter had long dark hair and they were wearing what looked like togas. In the dream, my sister had gone to this client telling the story, sad and crying and upset because her daughter had died. My sister called to tell me about this dream because as the woman recounted from her memory what she had seen, my sister recognized that the daughter in the dream was not my niece, it was me. And I knew it too as she was relaying the dream to me.

She had already expressed her support for my awakening, and she told me she had been waiting a long time for it to happen. I would call her when I had some sort of revelation or some questions to ask about what she thought on certain things I was digging into. At first she was trying not to get her hopes up because so many times in the past, she had thought I was waking up and then I'd go right back to sleep for some reason. She had all but lost hope in me until the day I had called her to tell her I was wrong

about everything when it came to helping our mother, and apologized for not believing her.

So after she told me the story, I began expressing my emotional state. As I continued walking along the creek, crying out loud to her about my confusion, she stopped me suddenly to re-tell me a story I had heard her tell before, but didn't really believe. She described being on an airplane once at some point during her awakening experiences, and the plane suddenly shifted and started going down like it was going to crash. As the people around her began to panic and scream, she said that Archangel Michael appeared to her and simply told her that everything would be okay. She stayed calm and the plane righted itself and came back under control of the pilots, landing safely at their destination.

As she finished her story, I cried out in tears, "Well where's my angel? I need an angel? I need someone to help me too!"

There was silence on the other end of the phone. Then it hit me like a ton of bricks and I realized, "You're my angel aren't you?"

Before the accident happened when I was 16 and our brother died, my sister knew that something bad was going to happen. She had shared with me long ago that she had gone to Mexico with friends the same weekend we had gone to California, and that along their drive home, she knew that our brother was dead, that he had come to her in

spirit form. Later that night after she returned from Mexico was when she got the call that we were at the hospital and to come right away.

Perhaps as a result of the trauma and abuses she had endured, but something had cracked her open when she was young. She had seen ghosts before and had many interesting experiences that I always chalked up as her imagination. Even when we were children, she always tried to protect me, and later my brother. She would comfort me when we got locked in the dark closet and tried to keep me from getting the brunt of our father's wrath. Then when we got in the accident, she was the only one who could care for me that didn't add to the pain and suffering. It was certainly the most nurturing she had ever done for me, and to say the least, it did bring us much closer for a while until I began judging her for her life choices.

I had often followed in her footsteps in many ways through the years. Agreeing to go and live with our dad that one year for my freshman year. After the accident, my first job was at a mall restaurant where she had also worked before me. Then I worked for Bank of America for a while after she did. It was when I found myself pregnant and getting an abortion after she had just done the same thing, that I made a very conscious decision to separate myself from her path. The guilt was so overwhelming for me, and if I am honest, I did blame her somewhat, for my own mistake. To hide from the pain, I became judgmental of her, now realizing it was really judgement of myself. We drifted apart and she ended up getting pregnant again later

with her college boyfriend, married him and moved away.

Over the subsequent weeks, I would gain more and more clarity, little pieces at a time, and I would call her and talk about it. We still didn't agree on everything, but rather than shoving information down my throat like she tried to do when she was first awakening and I wasn't ready, she just let me go at my own pace and develop my own understandings. Our conversations were so fun now, talking about things that she had known or learned long ago, and things I was just now opening up to.

But now I realized I had an angel in the flesh to help me and it made me feel much less alone. She shared she was impressed with how quickly I was waking up and having realizations and epiphanies, asking good questions. Although I still kept a distance on purpose to ensure I would come to my own conclusions, it was nice to have an angel by my side.

I will be forever grateful for your patience and respect and willingness to wait for me to catch up.

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The Power of Three

During this time, I kept my eyes and ears open, looking and praying for God to give me a sign and clarity about where I should focus my attention. I remember feeling so confused most of the time and it would cause great anxiety and a feeling of being lost. I decided to go to the bookstore and see what might jump out at me.

During this excursion to the bookstore was the first time I saw the word Solfeggio. I didn't know why the word caught my attention, but it did, and then I just went about my day not thinking much more of it. Within 24 hours, I came across something else that I just happened to notice also had the word Solfeggio. That's strange, I wonder what that is, because I had just seen it somewhere very random but there was no explanation.

I had started reading a very thick book that was actually more like a textbook called *Vibrational Medicine* by Richard Gerber, M.D.. He was gently introducing what I considered to be very complicated topics. Holographic principles,

frequency and vibration, the concept of resonance and quantum physics. I really had to focus as I read.

At the time, I was still watching many of the alternative news personalities that I felt were interesting and had been learning from. I was watching one of my favorite “truthers” and she had someone come on her show to talk about tuning forks. Since tuning forks was already in my awareness from conversations with my next door neighbor, and our other friend had let me borrow his tuning forks to play with, it captured my interest.

The gentleman on the video that day began talking about his line of tuning forks and this made sense to me with the study I was doing about resonance. Then he introduced his Solfeggio set of tuning forks to the audience.

Jeeze! Okay, okay, I get the hint! I realized in that moment that I had been led to these tuning forks and became interested for some reason through the word “Solfeggio”. I knew now God was showing me I was meant to understand it more and begin working with them. Three times He sent me “Solfeggio” to get my attention with this unusual word.

I was beginning to internalize that I am still supposed to be helping people to heal, but needed some new tools to work with than I had used during my nursing career. The knowledge I had of the human body would help me as I moved forward in this process of discovery. I ordered my own set of Solfeggio tuning forks and began seeking out as much information as I could find on the subject.

Resonance: Frequency and Vibration

I started playing with the tuning forks, first on myself, and then convinced my husband to let me try it on him because he was having difficulty sleeping and very stressed out. I had watched a few YouTube Videos by Eileen McKusick and a friend had randomly offered me her book (that I never got a chance to read) to learn more about BioField tuning. I felt kind of silly whacking the forks against the puck and trying to feel or hear any variations in the vibrations that might give me a clue about what I was doing. I tried to be as serious and dutiful as I could and set my intention to help him relax and improve his sleep quality with all my love behind it.

My husband, who I thought would be my biggest critic sat up after his first session, and described for me what he noticed. He seemed genuinely impressed and even let me do it again another day. So I started offering sessions to friends who would let me practice on them too. After getting repeated positive feedback, I started to gain some confidence.

Another friend called me one day concerned because she needed to go and have an MRI on her hip and she didn't want to have to get a covid test just to get the exam done. I advised her on how she could handle this situation and at the end of the conversation, said if she would like to try the tuning therapy to see if I could help, it might be worth a shot. She later agreed and came to see me and while I felt that she was likely pretty skeptical, allowed me to do the

session on her. She complained that the pain was keeping her awake at night and was usually a 9-10 out of 10 on the pain scale. As a former athlete, she had had to have hip replacement on the other side already, and explained that this was the same pain as before.

Five days later, she was at my home again making signs with a group of other women for a protest we intended to go to. I overheard her tell another woman how her pain had improved to around a 5-6 out of 10 and was telling the other woman about her session with me. I didn't say anything but inside I was proud to hear it had improved somewhat.

Then a few days later, my friend called me on the phone. She said she didn't want to say anything to me until she knew for sure, and she was trying to make sure what she was experiencing was a direct effect of the treatment we had done by not doing anything else differently until she knew. She reported to me that her pain was all but completely gone and that she was cancelling her plan to have the hip replacement surgery.

Whoa, did I do that? No, I already knew immediately it wasn't me. It was the power of God that healed her and I was just the one wielding the tuning forks with good intention to help my friend. I knew already not to let my own ego get in the way, that it was my willingness to help and submission that allowed God to heal her. Little did I know, it was also God's way to build my confidence, but he wasn't done with convincing me just yet.

Sometime later another neighbor called me and said that her son was complaining of severe ear ringing. She said that he had told her that it was so bad that he “wanted to die”, and she thought to call me. She asked if the tuning forks might help and I said, it’s worth a try, and we made a plan for him to come that afternoon.

As I stood in the shower that morning I was praying to God asking him to support me in helping this young man. I knew I couldn’t do it unless God was helping me, so I was asking for direct advice on how to go about it. So far, I had done everything intuitively and just chose whatever forks felt right and tried to focus my own energy and intention on helping whomever was on the table. Just then, as I stood under the hot shower, God gave me the word “aluminum”. Yes, I thought. That makes perfect sense...ringing in the ears, metal, aluminum contaminating our environment and bodies in the food, soil and water and air. Sure that made perfect sense!

A month or so before this session, I had also gotten some advice when I was asking how I should go about helping people who had been vaccinated. A man I knew had had a severe reaction to the covid vaccine and my heart just wanted so badly to help him. Long before the vaccine came out, I just knew it would be bad. I didn’t know why or how but I knew I would never get it and had worked for months to warn my family and friends not to get it either.

My mother later broke the news to me that despite my repeated preparations and warnings and her promise not

to get the vaccine, she had gone and gotten her first shot. I was heartbroken and collapsed into tears on my driveway when she told me over the phone. I believed at the time that it was a certain death sentence for everyone who took it, and the thought crossed my mind that I may never see my mother again alive.

People were being convinced to get it with the fear mongering and guilt tripping about needing to protect other people. Some people were getting it to avoid losing their jobs, others truly believed that they were doing “their part to help protect the vulnerable in their community”, and still others were simply doing it out of pure fear or political posturing to “follow the science”.

In my daily work before I was terminated from my career in organ donation, I had already been seeing evidence of the neurologic damage, sudden cardiac deaths in younger people, and strokes and blood clots that I knew were resultant from the jab, but being suppressed. If I couldn’t save people by convincing them not to get it simply because they wouldn’t listen and believe me, I would have to go to plan B and figure out what I could do to mitigate the damage after it was already done. If for no one else, for my mother.

I had seen a woman in an interview who went by the name Jenny Sight, who had successfully helped law enforcement to solve cold case files and find missing persons through her remote viewing skills. She was able to do remote viewing, and I had already been learning about

it through another avenue I had been investigating. So I made an appointment with her when I was desperately seeking answers and clarity on where to go with my career.

She made confirmations that my path was still to be a healer, and she was the one who told me that ionic foot baths would be helpful for those who were vaccinated and needed help to detox. The ionic foot bath would use the power of polarity and voltage to draw out the negative ions and heavy metals that were toxifying peoples bodies, including the elements of the vaccine. This seemed to make sense to me, as that was around the time when people were making videos of themselves sticking magnets on their vaccine injection sites. I did some research about the available products and ordered one right away. I wanted to be ready when people started needing help, and my mother was supposed to come to visit.

So when this young man showed up at my door, I told he and his mother that I thought the foot bath would be helpful and gave a basic explanation why. I told him that he could think about it during the tuning fork session and if he decided to do it, we could do it afterward.

We went upstairs and I got him settled onto my table. I had also looked at my essential oils guide to see if anything else would adjunctively help for tinnitus. We started the session and he followed instructions for the guided breathing quite easily. I instinctively used different forks, holding them near his ears, transferring the tones back and forth. I ended the session with the application of specific

oils and voila, we were done.

As I returned to the room after getting him some water and to see if he wanted to do the foot bath or not, he told me the ringing was a lot better already. With a little bit of shock and excitement, I offered the foot bath again and he accepted. Two days later I followed up with his mom and surely enough, the tinnitus was gone. Her son had even asked her to thank me for helping him to relieve this discomfort that he had only 2 days before, made him “want to die”. I saw his mother again months later and the ringing had never come back. Whoa!

After some additional practice and favorable reports from friends who allowed me to use them as guinea pigs, I realized that it would be important for people to learn about these alternative modalities. I also thought it would be a good way for me to make some extra money by offering my services, with the hope of turning it into a business as I would learn more tools of my new trade.

I would have my ladies group to my home still for occasional gatherings and at one point, I asked my friend who sold essential oils and who had been teaching me about them, to come and give an educational offering to the group. I wanted to learn more, so other people probably would too. What better way to help my friends’ business grow, to get her to teach me more, and expose others to this modality that was new to me, but already making this modality that was new to me, but already making differences in my own health?

My entire life I was always kind of a loner, only capable of spending time with one or maybe two friends at a time. For some reason I found it difficult to divide my attention as if I felt as though I needed to have different personality traits with each person. Ever since moving into this neighborhood though and getting involved in the small ladies group, things had shifted. I would introduce myself to people walking by the front of my house and the other ladies would bring their neighbors to the gatherings as well. I even had someone who had just moved into the neighborhood come and knock on my door to introduce themselves because I had all my Trump paraphernalia decorating my house.

So it started with a class, of sorts. My friend would come and speak to our group during our social gathering to introduce her essential oils to the other ladies, and I would get the benefit of her knowledge just by hosting the gathering. The concern was growing amongst our group that they could no longer trust the medical system, and we needed to start finding other ways to take back control of our own health.

Around that time, I got inspired. God had put it on my heart to start a website so that not only could I offer my tuning services, perhaps launching me into my new health career path. I could help to educate people as well with all of the information I was gathering and make it easier for people to access the information for themselves. For some reason I was able to retain inordinate and unusual amounts of information about various topics, and people would text

or call me for information or advice. I needed to put the information all in one place so I could easily guide people to the things that most people were asking about. I needed to start a website.

The next morning I got up and made some coffee. I sat on the sofa, computer on my legs and began to pray and meditate.

“God, if you want me to make this website, I need you to give me a logo.”

I had already informally come up with a name that I liked when I was considering opening a healing clinic where practitioners could rent rooms from my commercial space to create a space where people would come for alternative healing and educational opportunities. This concept was born out of a similar concept that my sister was already successfully executing for many years. I had settled on “Truth & Revelations” as my business name with “Truth” symbolizing the truth of real healing that is from God, and “Revelations” inspired by my study of the book of Revelation, but also the idea of learning new things about old knowledge that had been hidden from us for so long.

I knew that as a creative individual, I needed to start with something graphic to inspire me. After a few minutes of meditation, a wing flashed in my vision with my eyes closed. My eyes popped open and I laughed out loud and said, “okay, wings! Thanks!”

So up went the website in a single day. Of course, the wing imagery I had been given made me think of angels wings first, which made sense since God gave me the inspiration, but I giggled when I realized too that, after all, I did marry a pilot. I got the domain name, chose a template and added some stock photos, a mission, a vision and a bio. My original intent was that I could be a bridge for people.

Since people were becoming more and more untrusting of western medicine, and as a nurse who had worked in the field for so long, people would be able to trust that at least I understood what their health problems were. I would treat it like something they could feel comfortable with and that felt familiar for them. I came up with an intake sheet asking questions about their medical history, medications and supplements and a confidentiality policy for them to read and sign, to ensure they knew I would keep things confidential. We would sit and I would consult with them first to determine how, and if, I could help them. Maybe recommend some natural therapies like essential oil remedies, herbal tinctures, supplementation and dietary changes. Then I could help them understand the “woo woo” stuff once they understood I knew what I was talking about, and perhaps interest them in a tuning therapy.

I set some prices for the services I wanted to offer and set up my email contacts with all of the women who had made it to my home for a gathering at one point or another. I sent out a mass email to introduce my new website and was feeling pretty good about all I had accomplished.

Over the next few months I added informational newsletters to my website, a members section with protocols and recipes for homeopathics and hoped for people to make appointments. While no one was making appointments for therapies, I was getting plenty of calls and texts about a rash of covid-like symptoms going around. I started doing consults over the phone, giving advice about supplements and natural therapies I had learned. Then one day, after I had a session with someone, I had a frantic, worried message left on my phone.

What the Heck is Alchemy?

While cleaning my house one day, I was listening to my newest favorite podcast. I don't even remember how I stumbled onto it in the first place but at this point I was trying to understand more about numerology, astrology and astronomy. I kept seeing the number 22 everywhere and had met a couple of friends that had always been attracted to that number too, without knowing why. I was trying to piece together the real history of our world and how we understand it. After all, if they were lying about covid and vaccines, what else were they lying about?

In my research I had also heard a story about Saint Germain, something about a trust he had set up during his long lifetime. It was an interesting story to say the least but this is also where I first heard the word alchemy. As someone who hated chemistry class in high school, I didn't pay much attention at first, not really understanding what alchemy was, but found the information fascinating. I also

figured the tales about Saint Germain, the Master Alchemist and the Philosopher's Stone, sounded a bit like a Merlin story. I considered the information was likely mostly based in myth since it was almost impossible to know who is actually telling the truth anymore, and the likelihood that someone could live for hundreds of years seemed unrealistic. It intrigued me nonetheless and some of the things the interviewee was saying really made sense to me, almost as if he was reminding me of something of which I was already familiar. Little did I know at the time, he was talking about spiritual alchemy, as opposed to physical.

When I started doing work with the tuning forks, I instinctively began having my clients visualize colors and light. It was something I incorporated after I learned more about chakras and the tuning forks that I was using that correlated to the chakras. As a visual learner and artistic person, I found this helpful for me, but also for those who tried their best to follow my instructions. I got reports of some individuals even being able to see my shape in colors moving around the table as I worked on them. I already knew about the basic concepts of color therapy from discussions with my neighbor who had studied Chinese medicine, so I listened intently to this interview and took a bunch of notes with the intent to share the knowledge with clients who might be open to it if the opportunity presented itself. Little did I know at the time, he was talking about spiritual alchemy, as opposed to physical.

Soon thereafter, I went for lunch at my favorite local spot, a restaurant one of my awake friends owns. As I sat at

the bar to eat while she made salads across the counter, we were chatting and I brought up the story I'd heard about Saint Germain to see if she had ever heard of him and whether there may be some truth in it. She asked me if I had ever read the book *The Alchemist*. I hadn't and she agreed to lend me her copy because she thought I would enjoy it. Some time went by and I didn't think much more about it but the next time I went to the restaurant, she had it there waiting for me to ensure I got to read it.

I started reading the book and she was right, I was enjoying it, and didn't want to put it down. Everything else I had been reading was what I called very cerebral, and it was nice to read something for pleasure that didn't require me to take breaks and assimilate the information.

Later, we were having a grand opening of our new clubhouse on our end of the community and there were some other new businesses that were going to be opening. I was supposed to go with my friend but after a long tuning session with a client, I decided I was too tired to go. I hadn't yet learned proper management and protection of my own energy, and felt drained. When I asked my friend about it the next day she reported that they would be putting in a restaurant next to the new veterinary office in the space where I had considered opening my own healing business. When I asked her what restaurant was going in she replied, "its a coffee shop and they'll also have wood-fired pizza, called The Alchemist". Time to dig in and figure out what alchemy really is.

What I really realized is that this is the way God has been leading me. He gives things to me in threes. Perhaps it's because He knows I'm his stubborn child, perhaps it's because my zodiac is Taurus, the bull, but needless to say, He knows how to capture my attention, and now I know how He shows me what He wants me to see.

The power of three strikes again.

The Lightbulb Finally Came On

As I was learning over the months, I realized that I needed to be able to use my background as a critical care nurse to build credibility and trust. I also needed to understand, from a more scientific perspective, the “woo woo” stuff so that I could draw people into being willing to learn about something foreign to them that would likely sound “magical”. Hence, the intensive and voracious studying I was doing. There was so much research available now from medical doctors and other doctoral or PhD researchers, and many others, who had physical and experimental evidence of how these concepts that were once believed to be magical, were in fact provable, and was becoming more widely known as the study of subtle energy.

I think one of the things I learned that really made an impression on me and really had the effect of making the lightbulb turn on, was the work of Dr Masuro Emoto. He demonstrated that mere thoughts or words themselves have frequency that could change the molecular structure

of water molecules. (Be sure to look it up on YouTube for a fascinating video.)

Now remember, what percentage of water is in your body made of? Around 70%. Now if you consider the fact that sound is a frequency wave form, invisible to our eyes and within a certain range, imperceptible to our ears, what effect do these frequencies have on our bodies that are 70% water? Words are sound. Sound has waves. Waves have frequencies.

“In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God. All things were made through him, and without him was not any thing made that was made.” (John 1:1-2, ESV)

“And God said, ‘Let there be light,’ and there was light.” (Genesis 1:3, ESV)

“And God said, “Let there be an expanse in the midst of the waters, and let it separate the waters from the waters.” (Genesis 1:6, ESV)

“And God said, ‘Let the waters under the heavens be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appear.’ And it was so.” (Genesis 1:9, ESV)

“And God said, ‘Let the earth sprout vegetation, plants yielding seed, and fruit trees bearing fruit in which is their seed, each according to its kind, on

the earth.’ And it was so” (Genesis 1:11, ESV)

“And God said, ‘Let there be lights in the expanse of the heavens to separate the day from the night. And let them be signs and for seasons, and for days and years, and let them be lights in the expanse of the heavens to give light upon the earth.’ And it was so.” (Genesis 1:14-15, ESV)

“And God said, ‘Let the waters swarm with swarms of living creatures, and let birds fly above the earth across the expanse of the heavens.’”(Genesis 1:20, ESV)

Are you getting what I’m laying down here? God created the world with His words. His voice was His creative force that brought all things into existence. We are made in the image of God. Get it? We are also creators. Is this why our enemy wants to silence us and keep us from unifying against them with love (high frequency e-motion), and not fear (low frequency e-motion)? Is this why they try to discredit the story of creation and make it seem like fantasy by providing a scientific explanation? Science is their religion, the enemy’s religion that they have been using against us all that they want us to worship instead of THE God. Science is their god, and they are trying to convince us that their god has more power than THE God. The devil is clever, I will give him that.

The words we say have sound and frequency waves that travel to another persons ear, vibrates the bones within the

ear, and sends the electrical signals to the brain for interpretation. We can see electrical signals of the brain on an EEG. We can see electrical signals of the heart as it beats with an EKG. We are electrical! And we are creators, proven by science! We shall also use the tools of the enemy to defeat our enemy.

Not only that, we are magnetic! Each ion in the body has an electrical charge, or voltage. Ions, or elements, such as sodium and potassium have a positive charge, and ions such as chloride and iodide are negatively charged. For proper cellular function, we must have a proper balance of these ions across the cell membrane so that they have enough energy, or voltage to do their jobs. Each cell has a unique job and each cell requires a specific balance or vibratory frequency.

All things in creation have a specific vibratory frequency as the electrons circle around the protons and neutrons in the center of each individual atom. Atoms make up molecules, molecules make the chemical compounds of which we are made. For example, two hydrogen molecules combine with one oxygen molecule make water. Again, our bodies are made up of 70% water. The molecules within our bodies are held together to make our physical form by a force, but what force? What else has positive and negative polarity? Magnets! We are in fact electromagnetic beings striving for a homeostatic state.

When our voltage is imbalanced, the ions cannot move as intended across the cell membrane to allow the cell to

function properly. When the cell becomes imbalanced, it throws off its' frequency and proper vibratory rate. When the frequency is thrown off, like a spinning top, the cell does not vibrate at the intended rate or speed. Thus the imbalance begins to create physical disturbances in the order of the body, that left unchecked, become noticeable to us as signs and symptoms, pain, illness or inflammation. The cells that make up our body can begin to become imbalanced, wobbling like a spinning top knocked off its' axis. If it continues to remain imbalanced without correction, the spinning top that used to be a functioning cell wobbles so much, it eventually comes to rest and no longer does its intended job. This insult turned to injury then has the opportunity to turn into disease, otherwise known as dis-ease. See, it really is that simple.

These principles understood from this perspective might be able to help me bridge the gap for some people who were becoming more untrusting of doctors and hospitals. I understand that the way someone else explains it, may be better for others, and that's fine too. It seemed to me a simple way to explain things, and is how I came to understand these concepts. I'd always use my hands and arms to demonstrate the wobbling of the top, trying to give people a visual while looking ridiculous myself. When I would explain it, people genuinely seemed to get it, and if I could understand it enough to explain it, anyone could. I would just have to be the bridge.

The Shift Is Coming

One of my neighbors was very concerned for his wife who had been having symptoms of what they assumed was covid for a couple of days. He left me a voice mail while I was busy in a tuning session, sounding frantically worried. Without hesitation, I grabbed some things I had at home, in case she didn't have them, and headed over to their house.

I consulted with her to discuss her symptoms and medical history, found out what she was already doing and what we could add in. I left her some other therapies and told her to call me if she needed anything. I left their house walking back home and this feeling of utter bliss come over me. They were so relieved that I had just come over once I got their message, showering me with gratitude and that I had given them some peace of mind. "This was what God made me for", I thought.

Over the next couple of weeks, I got tons of calls and made some more house calls as well, to people I didn't even know that were recommended by friends who knew of my skills and knowledge. I had difficulty asking for money, especially from my friends, and something about it felt weird for me to ask for money just for sharing information and helping people. It felt unnatural now, even though that's what my previous career was entirely. I was feeling good helping others though and then realized I could do more.

After a couple of weeks of helping others, I began to feel

some strangeness in my own body. I had been holding an open house for 2 days each weekend for my new listing and after one such day, I could feel I was drained. I chalked it up to the stress of trying so hard to sell her house and laid down for a nap.

When I woke up, I could tell from the feeling in the back of my neck and head, I was getting “sick”. I thought, “uh oh, I finally got whatever’s been going around by being around them and making house calls.” I didn’t really believe it was covid that had been going around. It was too strange of a coincidence, and by now you know what I think about those, that everyone was suddenly getting ill. I also knew that in many other countries, their governments had admitted that the covid virus had not been isolated in laboratory testing, through a freedom of information act request. I had heard many of the researchers and doctors I follow say the same thing as well. There was something else going on.

I knew about the theories on the 5G radiation effects. I had seen videos of government held hearings where doctors and scientists had been warning of the negative impacts to human health of this type of frequency radiation. Interestingly enough in another realm of research I had done, I had noticed that radiation poisoning has the same effects on humans as what were being called covid symptoms. Given my newly assimilated understanding of frequency of e-motions as well, I wondered if it may have something to do with that.

At the same time, one of my neighbors and her husband were also sick. She was already on top of their treatments and had been taking preventative measures for herself with supplementation, but her family had refused. Since she didn't feel as bad, she was caring for them and wanted to talk to me about what else she could do. I decided to go over and we sat on her porch to talk. As we were talking, she was telling me about his attitude and some of the things he had been saying since he'd gotten sick. I suddenly got this burst of inspiration and thought, "this isn't covid, this is a demonic attack!" I told her what I was feeling and asked her if we could pray together for her husband, and for both of us. We prayed aloud, crying together and asking God to send angels of protection to remove the demons. She was grateful for the support and I went home.

I almost immediately began to feel better. My head stopped pounding and I found myself hungry again and got myself something to eat. The next morning I felt right as rain, and her husband started to turn a corner too.

DO NOT UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF PRAYER.

“For where two or three are gathered in My name, there I am among them.” (Matthew 18:20, ESV)

Around the same time another friend texted me out of the blue. He said he had a friend whose husband was “sick with covid” and asked if I'd be willing to talk to her. I agreed of course, and told him to encourage her to call sooner

rather than later because it would be best to start therapies early.

She called a little while later and proceeded to inform me that her husband was already in the ICU and on a ventilator. She was already very knowledgeable and it was obvious she had done her homework. She knew that Remdesivir was harming people, and she knew that Hydroxychloroquine and Ivermectin were effective treatments. When she refused to allow them to give her husband Remdesivir, she tried to insist they give him Ivermectin and had even presented scholarly articles about its' effectiveness. She told me the doctor had laughed in her face and that they were telling her now that the only thing that would save him would be a double lung transplant, so they recommended instead she transition him to comfort care and allow him to pass away.

Even now, this story disturbs me to my core and all the emotion returns the same way it felt then. I knew it was too late for me to be able to do anything directly since the hospital already had its' grip on them. I got some more information about his condition and what drugs they were giving him and decided to use my "phone-a-friend" option. She shared information about all the drips they had him on, the medications list, the ventilator settings and the like. They were sedating him enough to kill a horse, which I had noted had become quite common before I got terminated from my job.

I had met a local virologist who was very active in getting the truth out about covid, proper treatment and community awareness about what he was finding in his laboratory studies. I had met him at an event through my essential oils friend who also happens to be the best networker I've ever met. We spotted him in the audience after the event was over and she insisted we go and introduce ourselves and say hello, which I never would have done if she wasn't with me.

This man stood there for an hour and a half and talked to me about everything that had been going on. He validated many of my already deeply held suspicions and opinions on what was really going on. I shared with him how I was afraid my husband would get talked into taking the vaccine because I had already lost my job for refusing, and my husband was insistent that he would not allow us to lose everything. He would take the bullet for both of us if necessary. The doctor told me as we parted ways that if I ever needed him to share information with my husband as a way to help him understand why he shouldn't take the vaccine, he would have us over for dinner. We exchanged contact information and realized that we were actually neighbors as well.

So when I was at my limit to help this woman and her husband, I contacted this kind, benevolent, intelligent and man-of-faith doctor. He called me back immediately after reading my text and gave me some advice, but there wasn't much he could do either since he did not have privileges at the hospital and he was already in a spotlight with the truth

he was telling against the official narrative being spewed. He provided some recommendations which I relayed to the patient's wife. I also recommended she get legal help for an injunction against the hospital, and encouraged her to call me back if she thought I may be able to help in any other way.

That night, I lay sleepless in my bed, stewing with anger and frustration. I knew what was happening in that hospital as I had witnessed it first hand when I was still working, but powerless to stop it. I wasn't going to do nothing!

At 3 A.M. I whipped back the covers and went and grabbed my protest making markers and a fresh plastic shower curtain I had bought recently. I needed to make a sign and I was gonna go big. I laid on my dining room floor in the middle of the night, tracing out the bold letters and filling them in. I went out to the garage and fashioned a frame from which to hang the curtain. I made some coffee and was out the door by 6 A.M..

I parked down the road from the hospital just before change of shift and walked over to stand on the public sidewalk where I knew morning traffic would be going by and the employees would be coming and going. After all, this wasn't my first protest and I knew where I could and could not be. I unfurled my protest sign at the main entrance of the hospital just before people would start driving in to arrive for day shift and the night shift began to leave. I stood there alone with my shower curtain like a sail in the breeze as morning traffic beginning to thicken, that

said:

“MY FRIEND IS BEING MURDERED HERE.
YOU MAY BE NEXT.”

I intended to stand there as long as it took. At one point a police officer stopped at the light in front of me, likely called by some employee to come and chase me away. I waited for him to say something or tell me to leave, but he didn't. Instead, he gave me a slight smile and went on his way. It was chilly but I had my coffee and even with no sleep, I was totally amped up. I'm pretty sure the 9 years I worked, that many times, forced me to be awake for 24 hours or more straight, trained me for just this event. I laughed as I had the thought that God had trained me to stay awake. I stood there with a straight expression on my face and did not engage with anyone aside from trying to make eye contact. It was actually a very interesting experiment of observation of human response.

As the day shift drove in to park, I flashed my sign at them as they sat at the light in the turning lane. As the night shift left, they sat waiting at the light looking quite uncomfortable indeed. Many refused to make any eye contact at all despite my attempts to look at them square in the eye as they sat there waiting. A few stopped to ask questions, one wasn't so nice. Some just visibly shook their head in disagreement with their windows still rolled up, and most others wished me luck or just tried to pretend I wasn't there. I wasn't trying to intimidate, but to appeal to their sense of humanity, to get them to maybe see that

something isn't right here. To get them to start asking questions, rather than continuing to follow their superiors blindly.

I knew many of them just couldn't believe that they were participating in something so heinous, or believe that this heinous plan could even have been concocted by other human beings. Many of them were afraid to lose their livelihoods and careers and their personal circumstances kept them blind, or willfully ignorant, to the truth of what was happening as a self-protective mechanism. I knew that they were likely experiencing cognitive dissonance, and that the ego, especially in such an industry that requires a level of self-confidence, would be difficult for many to face. It certainly was for me. Most had gone into healthcare because they genuinely wanted to help people and felt it was their calling. It would be very difficult to face the idea that something was very wrong. Little did they know that their administrators had sold them out and used them as pawns for their own financial gain, and ultimately an insidious and evil global agenda.

Eventually after 9 A.M., they sent out the troops. Obviously I had gotten some administrators attention and they sent out two patient advocates to speak with me. As I watched them approaching, I literally puffed up my chest and prepared my vehement and solid arguments. They asked me what was going on and I launched into my dissertation.

They listened intently and with compassion and concern

I hadn't expected, and did ask some good questions of clarification. As the conversation continued I calmed my approach and tone somewhat, but made it clear that if this man died during this admission, I would do everything in my power to ensure they would all be held responsible for their negligent care.

After I said what I needed to say, they didn't even ask me to leave, likely because they knew I was standing on public property and that they couldn't enforce anything to make me go. After standing in the cold for 3 hours without sleep, I was tired and felt as though I had gotten something accomplished, created awareness and a stir. I contacted the patient's wife back again to let her know what had happened and she expressed gratitude for my efforts. After a few hours of sleep I checked in with her and she told me they were about to have a crisis meeting to discuss the patient's continued care plan but they did agree to change some of his medications already.

I honestly don't know how it ended up and I have been too afraid to reconnect with the woman in case her husband didn't end up making it. I didn't want to cause her more pain if he had died. The last time I had talked to her, they were weaning the ventilator settings down and he had made some improvements. I pray and hope that he survived.

Law of Attraction

As time went on, it was as if God was putting people of

similar mind directly into my path. I would get introduced to other people who were already aware of these natural and alternative healing modalities. A perfect example of like attracts like, the power of the law of attraction. How I never knew about all of these things before this, I will never understand. I was so excited to learn all these new things but because I never really looked into it given our western culture and my career, I felt it was going to be critical to help create awareness for others too. I wanted to be able to introduce some of these things to others so that people could know that they too had access to alternatives to western medicine. So I came up with an idea to have a spa day of sorts.

I already had a big list of about 40 women I could invite and had contacts with several practitioners of various healing modalities now, including myself, who could come and introduce their services and talents to a larger audience. I wanted it to be a win-win situation. Each practitioner could tell a little about what they do and give people an opportunity to have a mini-session, and all of the participants could come and try something they'd never tried before to see if they wanted to learn more about it.

My initial thought was to have a Reiki practitioner, myself offering tuning therapy, a natural skin care specialist and have my friend come to offer services with her advanced technology device. To entertain people while they were waiting for their sessions, my essential oil representative would be available to circulate and provide more education to the group. So I came up with a plan to have it in my

home.

A morning session and an afternoon session. Each person who purchased a ticket would get the choice of two different half hour therapies they wanted to try. The morning session would offer homemade quiche and apricot nectar mimosas, and the afternoon session would offer charcuterie and wine as a value add to entice people to come. Each practitioner would even have a private space to do their services.

I worked out all the finances and determined what the ticket prices would need to be to allow me to make a small profit after costs. I then approached the practitioners and offered to pay them a small fee for spending the day, but with the hope that they would be able to boost their own clientele by participating. People would get exposed to new modalities they might be curious about and want to try, and practitioners would gain business. Win-win.

It went pretty well and overall was a success with a couple of minor hiccups. I had never before attempted to organize something like this so it was certainly a learning opportunity for me as well. I was happy with the way it went and thought, hmmm this could turn into something much bigger and was fun to boot.

Finding Your Joy

Once I realized the power of positive e-motions as a means of creating a better world for ourselves, it took a lot

of practice for me to alter my words and behaviors. Many of my friends had noticed me softening, focusing more on love and compassion rather than retaliation or angry emails to representatives. I had stopped going to rallies after that realization, trying to focus my attention on what I did want to create, rather than not create. I did not want to participate in the downfall of man by spreading fear and anger or frustration. It took me a long time to not be triggered into anger or sarcasm at people for wearing their masks in their cars as they drove around alone with the windows rolled up.

One day while having lunch with my two greatest friends, something one of them said triggered a thought. One of them had gathered us because she was ideating and wanted to run something past us. She had asked me to write down what I would do if I never needed money, that would bring me the most joy. An interesting thought, and I found that when I thought honestly, I was thinking about things I loved when I was a kid. Fairy tale princesses, horses and being nature and ultimately using my imagination and being creative.

We were having a wonderful conversation and our matching positive energies were palpable, just like they had been that day when my husband commented on the energy that came out of the den as we were talking together. We were noticing funny and almost instantaneous synchronicities and just then, a flock of birds, what looked like seagulls, began circling over our heads. As we marveled at the high strangeness of this, given we live no where near

an ocean or large body of water, an idea hit me.

I told my friends I was going to plan a retreat in McCall at my friends cabin so that we could spend some fun, uninterrupted time, ideating together. Usually we all had other obligations to meet, appointments, feeding kids, husbands to cook for, but we were so enjoying our time together, I wanted to find a way to lengthen it.

I went to planning and secured the cabin right away. I reached out to 3 friends I wanted to invite and all could magically make it on the days the cabin was available, and were excited about the idea.

Very early in the next morning, God was talking in my head again. I was awakened around 3 AM with words running through my head, like an initiation ceremony. The words wouldn't stop going through my head so I turned on the light and got a pen and paper. I wrote until 5:30 when it was finally done and laid down to go back to sleep.

I had never been on a retreat with a group of friends. I had only ever had one friend at a time, remember? After I had been awakened and forced to write down the initiation ceremony, I kept getting images of taking the opportunity to play, like children. So I began thinking about playing dress up, and make believe and this feeling of joy came over me. I decided to make our retreat about "Fairies in the Forest" and we would crown each other priestesses of the forest with different talents based on what I knew about my friends. I couldn't wait to surprise them.

I went to the craft store and bought flowing fabrics in chakra colors, jeweled buttons and a bunch of jewelry making items with which we would make crowns. I found some charms that could represent each priestesses talents and we would use the charms to adorn the crown, like the Princess from The Neverending Story. I hurried home and got out the sewing machine to design and create outfits for my friends. I designed and made my own crown to give them an example to look at while they would create their own once we got to the cabin.

The next morning, early once again, I awoke and was having the thoughts that I needed to invite 3 more friends. After all, there were 7 chakras that needed to be represented. I asked in my head, what other 3 friends would be willing to go to my silly retreat. I was given 3 names, realized what their priestess talents would be, and headed to the craft store later that morning to buy more fabric and buttons. I invited the other 3 girls and unfortunately 2 didn't end up making it.

We had a wonderful time, playing and being silly, doing our meditations and our priestess initiation ceremony. We talked mostly, practiced intuition skills, played with angel cards and cooked for each other and stayed up each night into the wee hours of the morning. The energy was so high, none of us felt the need to sleep. It was powerful and reminded all of us how having fun could be so rejuvenating. None of us wanted to leave and had even talked about it the night before we were supposed to head home.

But Sunday morning came and while we were all sitting around having coffee, someone thought to look at the road conditions, given the recent snowy weather. She announced to the room that there was a rockslide on the highway home and the road was now closed to traffic. Had we done that with our expressed intention that none of us wanted to leave? We all agreed it seemed a good excuse to give our families to stay just one more day. I called my friend who we rented the cabin from and he said we could extend our stay. Boom, we created the reality we wanted!

God will turn evil purposes to good. Evil has no power over God's will. God is love, a high frequency, and Jesus teaches throughout his ministry for us to love. Love thyself, love thy enemy, love thy neighbor as thyself, Love God. Love is truly the message. When we vibrate in a space of love, our frequency stays high, giving us the power to change the world around us, to influence it, to alter it, from a place of love. And love is all there is.

Find your joy. Be love. Create the reality that makes you happy. Love is all there is.

Tools for Healing

Months earlier I had connected with a woman that I was acquainted with from my old job. She lived in Portland and once when she came to work with me on a case, we had had an amazing and very open conversation about the fact that I wouldn't be getting the vaccine. Even though she had gotten vaccinated herself, she was very supportive of my

choice and it opened up the conversation further. She shared with me that one of our co-workers was also into energy healing modalities, after I told her about the tuning forks. She told me that she herself had had a past life regression hypnosis session with this friend's mother. This piqued my interest and got me thinking once again.

Long after I was terminated by my employer, one day, a wild hair told me to call her. I wanted to see what was being said about my departure, which wasn't much, but then she told me that our mutual friend had just been forced to give her notice because she too had refused to get vaccinated. As far as I knew, she was the only other person I worked with who had refused the vaccine, so I wanted to let her know she wasn't alone.

So I hung up the phone and called our mutual friend to voice my support for her decision and tell her I believed she was doing the right thing. She and I were apparently the only ones in our organization who refused to get vaccinated, and the truth about my sudden departure was being kept very quiet. As we shared our stories together, I found out she had to come to my hometown for one final conference before her last day of employment. She expressed she didn't want to do the conference because she too was so disgusted by the abandonment of our peers, but I offered to have her stay with me while she had to be here and we would get to spend time together and to lessen the dread she was feeling.

She came to stay with me and we talked for hours and hours. The energy was palpable and we both felt cheated that we didn't get to know each other better while we worked together. She told me she did Reiki and I told her about my successes with tuning forks. She gave me some advice about her spiritual practices and what works for her and we decided to practice our new tools on each other.

After my Reiki session, of which I had never had one before, she shared with me that she felt the energy in my throat chakra was blocked but that soon enough I would "find my voice". After thinking about it I realized how true this was, trying to explain to others the things I was learning and wanted to share but couldn't, at least articulately. During her visit, we talked more about her mother who had been doing energy work for a long time.

Over the years as she grew up around her mother, she had always tried to encourage her to develop her daughter's own gifts, and that was how my friend got into Reiki. Her mother was just starting to offer past life regression hypnotherapy and needed some practice participants. It certainly fascinated me and if she would do it for free for practice, I was totally into it. I had tried hypnosis years ago to try to stop smoking but I think my lack of belief, no desire to quit smoking, and significant skepticism blocked me from having any success.

So I contacted the hypnotherapist and we scheduled a zoom call. Since she needed practice participants, I had also invited another friend who was struggling in her

personal life as well, and had expressed interest when I told her about it. We decided that we would “watchdog” for each other to ensure that nothing nefarious was going on during the session, since neither of us really knew what to expect, nor wanted to cluck like a chicken later.

She had her experience first, and all went well. It seemed to help to bring up some issues that she was already dealing with but gave her some clarity about how to move forward. I was excited about my turn several days later and the day finally arrived.

All Roads Lead to Rome

She was very professional, warm and comforting and as we began the induction process, I began noticing a violet color shifting inside my vision with my eyes closed. I consciously thought, “just go with it even if it doesn’t mean anything”. I was afraid the hypnosis wouldn’t work, as I felt it hadn’t before. With each beat of my heart the violet light came closer and closer until it completely enveloped my whole field of view.

As she guided me with the induction, I found myself standing on a cobblestone street, but nothing else seemed to be in focus. I could see the stones in my mind’s eye and then she had me look at my feet. I felt as though I had to push back my petticoat to look at my feet and saw that I was wearing green silk shoes with a square jeweled buckle on the tops. They were so vivid, I can still see this green color if I close my eyes.

She had me look around to view my surroundings. It looked like an older place with nothing appearing modern, and I saw two individuals walking toward me. I only saw one of the people, a man, wearing a top hat, a black suit with a ruffled collar at his throat. I could see his mustache curled upward into a spiral at the ends and as he walked past me, he tipped his hat and gave a gentle nod of his head as if to say, “good day”. He didn’t say anything to me and no one else was around, so she had me go to where I lived.

I instantaneously found myself standing in front of a row of homes. All connected, like one would see in London or on the east coast of the United States, maybe in the 1800’s. I could see the homes were made of substantial stone blocks and there was a short 3 foot or so wall in front with a decorative twisted black wrought iron fencing on top. “I think I live in one of these” I think I stuttered. Then I found myself inside a bedroom, looking across the bedroom toward the door and from behind a large, four-postered wooden framed bed. There was a vanity on the other side of the room and a foot bench at the foot of the bed. The four posts of the bed were made of some beautiful wood that twisted as it rose toward the ceiling where my vision caught the glimmer of the crystals of a chandelier. She asked if anyone else was home and I said that I didn’t think so, so she moved me forward in time to an important day.

I suddenly found myself in a village square of sorts. All of the buildings were made of the same large stones and it felt as though people that were gathered there were disbursing

now. As I looked across the square, I saw a guillotine standing there and I began to physically cry.

I was able to relay to my guide that “what they did was wrong”. Somehow I knew that someone had just been beheaded and that’s why all the people had been gathered in the square. But “he didn’t do it, he wasn’t guilty. It was wrong what they did” I muttered through my tears.

To calm me down, my guide moved me back to my home, where she likely thought it would be a place of safety for me. I suddenly found myself perched on the bench at the foot of my bed with my full skirt enveloping my lower half, and my upper body draped over the foot of the bed, weeping with despair about what had happened. She asked if there was anyone home who could comfort me, a husband? I said “no, he’s never here, he’s always at work or smoking cigars with the other men.”

As she tried to figure out how to calm me down from my overt emotions, she moved me ahead in time to another important day in this life. Suddenly, I found myself now lying in the bed giving birth to a baby! The tears of sadness immediately turned to tears of joy. Before my guide could determine if something was wrong with the baby and that’s why I was still crying, the baby was out and I was already holding her in my arms and gazing lovingly at her face. I could see her face, and it was a face I had seen before.

I already knew this child. The face of this newborn baby was the face of the little girl I had dreamed of once. After

my abortion, I had a dream of the baby that I had killed. She had come to me in a dream to tell me that she forgave me for what I had done. It was a surreal dream and it has meant so much to me through the years trying to cope with my guilt, especially after not being able to have a child in this life with my husband. I had always felt that it was God's punishment for what I had done, breaking his commandment not to kill. It was only much later in my life that someone finally said something to me that really did resonate and helped me to heal this wound. Someone said to me, "if God can forgive you of your sins, who are you to not forgive yourself?"

In the same moment I was realizing I knew this child, I also realized the joy I was feeling. That motherly bond of love that only a mother can know with her child. The love of a mother that I never got to experience in this lifetime since I have never had a child. This joy was overwhelming and I'm sure I went on for a few minutes telling my guide how this feeling of love was permeating my soul.

After allowing me to really enjoy that experience, we moved ahead in time again. Now my daughter was running ahead of me, playing and being silly and I was enjoying a sunny day in a garden with her. As I walked along behind her with my fancy hat and my petticoat skirt, I said to my guide, "oh she's so precocious" with a smile beaming across my face. I recognized this child not just as the face of the child I had lost, but the soul of my sister in my current life. I was her mother in this life, and she was my precocious daughter.

We moved ahead now to the day that I would transition out of this life. This time, I paused for quite sometime because I wasn't sure what I was seeing. I could see blue sky to my left at an angle but what looked like stones to my right. I finally realized I was laying on my side on that cobblestone street but I couldn't seem to relay it to my guide. As she patiently waited for me to orient myself to what was going on, I finally was able to say, "horses". I wasn't sure if I had run out into the street and got clobbered by horses and a carriage, or if a horse had reared up and come down on top of me.

My guide assured me I would feel no pain during this experience and moved me ahead a little to see if this is what caused my death in that life. I found myself lying in my four postered bed now, knowing that I was about to die from my injuries. My daughter was there looking at me with arms folded across her chest and looking angry, but obviously upset. I felt as though she was saying to me that she was angry that I would be leaving her in this cruel world alone. I was thinking of how sad I was that I wouldn't see her grow up to get married. And then it was over.

As we looked back on that life from the spirit side to see why my subconscious had taken me to that life, I realized several things. I found it interesting that I died in that life after being in an accident with the horses and carriage, similar to the fact that I had very nearly died in the accident in my current life when I was sixteen. It was also profound to feel that my sister and I have been living lives together before, and this was not our first go round. It made me

think of the dream that my sister's client had shared with her, where we both knew after we heard the dream, that I was her daughter in that life. Then my guide asked me if there was any other life that my subconscious wanted to see.

I had an experience when I was 20 and had traveled to Rome with my school of architecture class. After my first semester at ASU in the interior design program, I got an opportunity to do a study abroad program to Italy, Spain and Portugal. I don't even remember how I heard about the trip, but when I did, I asked my mom if she would help me to go. My mother, always supportive and wanting to give me opportunities she never had, immediately agreed and even ended up getting a parent loan to help pay for the trip.

We had flown into Rome and our class and my new acquaintances took the train from the airport into the city to go to our hotel. Our first day in town we were allowed to go and explore wherever we wanted to go. So I headed out with a couple of people, and we elected to go to the Colosseum and the Roman Forum ruins.

We made our way there and we had stopped to look at a map and get our bearings. As I looked up from the map and gazed up at the Colosseum, it was if I was transported back in time. I had the very vivid feeling I been here before. Suddenly I found that I knew exactly where I was and I didn't need a map to know where to go. People were approaching me and speaking to me in Italian, and I knew what they were saying somehow. It was a surreal

experience for sure, and of course, I shrugged it off as coincidence or just something weird and we went about our tour.

As we finished the Colosseum tour we headed to the Roman Forum ruins and naughty young tourists that we were, found ourselves roaming around inside the dark buildings where we weren't supposed to be. But it felt familiar to me and nothing seemed to be off limits. As we exited the area I remember looking back at the ruins we had just walked through and I started to cry quietly. I thought to myself, I will never be able to come back here, and it was as though my heart was breaking.

I think my higher self must have answered, "I want to go back to Rome". As my hypnotherapist did her thing and asked our guides to move me to the next life to experience, I wondered if it would work, still doubting that I would be able to direct this process and experience. But as she finished moving me through space and time to the next relevant lifetime, I suddenly found myself back in the same place I had been standing when I visited Rome when I was twenty.

Standing there in the same spot, now looking at the Colosseum that was not in ruins, but grand and majestic. There was an air of excitement and people seemed to be moving about around me as if they were excited about something, and I could feel the excitement. My guide asked me what was going on and I told her, "it's the circus today, everyone's excited." She again asked me to look at my feet and now I was wearing simple leather sandals. The people

around me were wearing draped cloth around them, in what I would identify as toga-like garb, and sandals. I told her I was standing in front of the Colosseum and she asked me if that's where I was going. I noticed that I felt like I was younger, in my teens and said without thinking anything, "I want to go see the horses." So she allowed me to go to the horses and started asking more questions.

I described them as big horses and could see that they looked a bit like Clydesdale horses with the extra hair by their hooves and full manes on their head and neck that were braided with ribbons. They were waiting around for their turn to race in the chariot races and I could see their leather straps with gold adornments. I was standing close to one of the horses faces, petting its' muzzle with my hand and giggling. My guide asked me what was funny and I told her I had a secret.

She asked if I could tell her the secret and assured me it was safe to tell her. I told her that I felt bad for the horses because they were like slaves being forced to run in the chariot races and the horses were telling me in response that they "don't mind, we like the challenge of the competition", which was what had made me giggle. Apparently I could communicate with the horses, and this was a special gift indeed. Later after the session, it made me wonder if that was why I had such an obsession with horses when I was little, was I remembering that life and this was my way of holding on to that gift?

My guide moved me ahead again to another important

day. Now I was having an argument with my mother. I was probably in my mid to late teens and she was trying to direct me about something, and I wasn't having it. While I don't have much recollection now of this, I knew it had something to do with her being my teacher and she was telling me not to tell others what I was capable of. She was teaching me how to be a healer.

So we moved ahead again to the day I would transition from this life. Again, there was a long pause as I was trying to figure out what I was sensing in the state of hypnosis. I kept oscillating back and forth in my mind between my head getting chopped off and fire. Finally, I realized that both had happened. They chopped off my head and burned me at the stake, like a witch, because I was doing things the people didn't understand.

As we moved into that in between state of being where I could evaluate the life events objectively, I figured out that I was killed young in that life because I was a healer. As my mother (who is now my sister in my current life) was teaching me how to use my gifts, my ego got too big about what I was capable of doing. I had been bragging and I had apparently bragged to the wrong people, and ended up getting beheaded and burned at the stake like a witch for heresy.

Whoa. Ok. Listen, I know that is a lot to swallow. But some of these descriptions were like a movie playing in front of my eyes during the hypnotic state. Some were just feelings and emotions, and some were just what came into

my head, a word or a phrase or even what just seemed like a simple remembering of events, like looking back on that nice vacation you took last summer. It was certainly an experience I had not expected, and I was shocked at the detail, the color, the emotion I was experiencing. It was really something, and really had an impact on where I would go from there.

I, of course, shared with my sister immediately about this experience and with her help we were able to draw some parallels and assign more meaning to what I had seen. It was as if my subconscious showed me these particular past lifetimes so that I could see how long I have been training as a healer and what role my sister has played.

During this time, I had also been introduced to Delores Cannon and had already read her book *Jesus and the Essences*. I had moved onto watching some of her videos that she had made while touring and speaking at conferences about the books she had been writing based on her experiences and understandings as a renown hypnotherapist. I had begun reading *Three Waves of Volunteers* and her *Convolute Universe* series.

According to Delores' experiences, she believes that our past lives are in fact memories, and the earth is like a school. We must come back and re-incarnate over and over again until our soul learns the lessons it desires and came here to learn, and pays back all the karma that we had created in prior lifetimes. But there would be no skipping grades, and you would have to learn each lesson in order to

graduate to the next grade, and eventually graduate from the earth school all together. We typically come back with other souls, often the same family of souls, and play roles for one another that are all pre-planned out to help us learn the lessons needed to graduate. Delores was sharing that these other souls we return with, will often play different roles each time. One will be the mother, and the other the child. Then in the next life, perhaps you'll be sisters.

In my life of the petticoat dress, I was the mother and my sister was the child. Not only did I learn that the death related to the carriage accident was a foreshadowing of my current life, but that this time I had survived the tragic accident, but that it also resulted in me “abandoning” my daughter while she was yet too young. She felt that I had abandoned her by dying early and we have been playing that out repeatedly in this life.

We have been torn apart so many times in so many ways. First she left to live with our dad, then forced back together later with the help of the tragic death of our brother. Forced apart later again when I judged her for her life choices, even though she was only acting as my mirror for judgements I held about myself. Coming back together again once I struggled with my marriage and found her a safe place to run and hide. Only to be torn apart again when our mother's mental health began to decline and we disagreed completely on how to help her until I finally moved away from her again.

So when I finally really awakened this time and returned

to repair the relationship, it's no wonder she was trepidatious about whether I would abandon her once again and go back to sleep. At this revelation, I promised her that I would never abandon her again, healing that old wound between us once and for all.

The other lesson I learned from that lifetime was about my vehement crusade for justice in my current life. As I stood in the village square after someone had just been beheaded and had cried for the injustice of it, it reminded me of how I had been feeling, witnessing the things I had in the hospitals before I had been terminated. It's no wonder that I had to have all of those experiences protesting the injustices that I was seeing unfold in front of my eyes. Not just in the hospitals, but the election fraud of the 2020 Presidential election, the censorship of people trying to share their alternative beliefs and information that were contrary to the official narrative, how wrong it was to force people to wear masks who weren't sick, and finally mandating an experimental vaccine or being forced into joblessness.

When we evaluated the Rome life I had lived, we had some more very interesting things get revealed. In that life, my sister, as my mother, was teaching me to be a healer. She was sharing her knowledge so that I could help others, just as a nurse helps others to heal. "Be a nurse", God told me.

With what I now understood about the controllers of the world and the corruption of the churches and what they

did to heretics in that time period, things made a lot of sense. I had shot my mouth off, filled with ego, about what I was capable of doing as a healer despite my mother's warnings and ended up being killed as a threat to the established mechanisms of control. They had made an example of me by not only chopping my head off to degrade me, but burned me at the stake to show others what would happen to witch healers.

This carried on once the Europeans colonized North America in the form of the Puritan witch hunts. In my conversation with my sister, we were also discussing how we also have to heal ancestrally carried forward karma that we hold within our own familial DNA. She was of the opinion that she was being forced to deal with the karma from our father's side of the family and I was supposed to be cleaning up karma from our mother's side. When we hit on burning witches at the stake, it reminded us both of the Puritan witch hunts, and she started to make a comment but couldn't remember the word she was looking for trying to come up with who was responsible for sentencing the witches. I said, "magistrate?" She wasn't sure, so we both googled it.

The first entry we both saw was talking about the witch trials and was talking about a magistrate by the last name of Hawthorn who sentenced many "witches" during the Salem Witch Trials. Our mother's maiden name is Hawthorne and we had always been told that the "e" was added to the name sometime later after our ancestors came to North America. We both got chills down our spine. We

immediately went into prayer together and asked for the karma to be cleared of the judgements he had rendered, that we carried within our DNA, particularly mine.

Many women are natural healers, that is likely why nursing is dominated by women. Back in the days before Western Medicine was created by the Rockerfellers, alternative and natural medicine was all there was, but the religious elite rulers wielded great power and influence. Anyone who would challenge their authority would have to be smacked down immediately. Sound familiar? Anything else would be deemed “quackery” or witchcraft with a negative and evil connotation. While there are certainly sects of individuals, say who belong to secret societies, who would hold this knowledge for selfish and unsavory means, these controllers could not allow the common people to know who they really are, or the gifts they really have. If we found out, this would cause the controllers to...well, lose all control over us.

This experience was profound for me. Allowing me to not only understand things that have happened to me, or for me, in this life, but to see things from a new perspective. This perspective has led to profound healing in my own life, in my personal and family relationships and most importantly, to my relationship to our One True Living God.

I was being led down a path, one that was being given to me one step at a time as to not overwhelm me or make me quit. If I stayed the course, followed the narrow path He

was leading me down, I knew that I would find my way and everything would be okay. But first I have to heal myself, or I'd be no good to anyone else.

I have often said now, that I know why God kept me asleep as long as he did. He knew that when I learned the truth, this stubborn Taurus bull would never back down, never give in, and never shut up because someone told her to, and I never will.

KNOW THYSELF.

10

Heal Thyself

If you read the books of Mathew, Mark, Luke and John in the Bible you will learn about the life of Jesus while he was here on earth. Much of his ministry was spent teaching but he also went around healing the sick, casting out demons, making the blind see and the lame walk and even raising the dead. The most interesting thing about the descriptions of these events to me, was also that he would always ask if those he healed *wanted* to be healed. For others he just acknowledged their faith that they, or their family members or servants, would be healed. He did not violate their free will to choose whether or not to be healed, and when he did heal, he commanded with the power of His Father, God.

There's also the parable about not judging others. How one should not try to remove the speck from their neighbors' eye before removing the plank from their own. While a simple analogy, this is quite powerful and easy to comprehend for most. First, a healer must heal thyself.

For me, this directive became evident when I started to

have what I called my “dark night of the soul”. As my world crumbled around me and everything I thought I believed turned to ashes in my hands, I had to somehow pick myself up and move forward. There was a lot of prayer, a lot of crying and a lot of seeking.

I had been diving into occulted (hidden) scriptural texts from different cultures. The Book of Enoch, the Apocrypha, and kept hearing about other books of the Bible that had been hidden from humanity. My study of the chakras when I was learning about Solfeggio tuning forks had led me to an interest in the Bhagavad Gita. I had heard that the Council of Nicaea convened by Emperor Constantine, had “decided” what scriptural texts to canonize and and make accessible to the common people.

I learned some about the Emerald Tablets of ancient Samaria, the Dead Sea Scrolls from the Qumran caves, and stories found in many cultures from around the world. I was mesmerized by the Bhagavad Gita and its’ teachings and philosophies, the interpretations of ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs and the various theories about the Pyramids of Giza. I had already learned some about the ancient Aztec Mayans whose whole civilization seemed to up and disappear in the blink of an eye. I always had a vague interest in the lost civilization of Atlantis and was now hearing some theories about something called Tartaria.

Some of the programs I would listen to were attempting to draw parallels amongst the different texts, legends, myths and stories. I found it fascinating that at the very

least, that many of these world's religions and cultures all had a similar story about a worldwide catastrophic flood that wiped out most of life on earth.

There were so many interesting topics it was hard to keep track of all the information I was taking in, but it seeped in just enough for me to begin to connect some more dots. Then one day, I stumbled across a video and learned about Enki and Enlil, and that's when my whole belief system and everything that I had been clinging to for hope, including God and Jesus, crashed to the ground in a million pieces.

I burst into tears, started having a panic attack and was thinking that I didn't know anything that was true. Nothing was real anymore and I really did have this thought that I was likely going crazy and losing my mind. So the only one I could call in such a tattered state was my sister, the one who had tried for years to tell me things weren't what they seemed, and I never believed her.

I had just learned about Enki and Enlil and heard some alternative arguments on interpretations of some of the text of the Bible. After I got baptized early in my awakening process, I was all in. God was what I was clinging to in our crazy reality, knowing that He would fulfill his promises to save His children from the destruction intended for only His enemies. I knew in my heart that if we repented and showed our true faith and allegiance was to God, He would have mercy on us, and we would be saved from the controllers' evil plans.

But in this space of learning about Enki and Enlil,

everything got jumbled in my head and every belief I had been clinging to for sanity was suddenly swept out from under my feet. So I called my sister yet again in a puddle of tears and barely able to speak. She had mentioned Enki and Enlil to me before but I had never really paid much attention to it until this day. As I eeked out my disbelief and what I had just heard, I started peppering her with questions. “What do you believe?” I finally asked.

She wouldn't give me a straight answer of course, because she had already learned long ago not to tell me what to believe. She knew I had to figure it out on my own. After she calmed me down a bit, she finally suggested that I have another past life regression and see if I could get to the time of the life of Jesus to get answers.

I didn't even know if it was possible to do this in a state of hypnosis, but I would do anything to figure things out. I reached out to my hypnotherapist again and asked for another session. As we began she asked me why I wanted to do it again, and I said I have some questions and I wanted to try to go to the life of Christ to see if I could find some answers. We settled in and she got through the induction phase while I worried about whether or not she would be able to do it again, or if the first time was a fluke.

I found myself standing on the side of a mountain in a deserted looking area. There were just a few small weed-like plants and the dirt and rocks seemed red, almost like Sedona. As I waited for more to come to me I noticed an interesting small rock arch out ahead of me. I kept thinking

the words “Mount Sinai” but didn’t say it out loud.

She asked me if there was anyone around and when I said no, she had me walk forward. Now I could see in the distance below, a river valley that stretched to the horizon. Suddenly, I noticed a man standing about what felt like 20 feet to my right and slightly ahead. He was wearing a robe with blue, yellow and purple vertical stripes and some of the stripes had a little black colored design I didn’t recognize. He had a rope around his waist and he was facing toward the river valley with a staff in his left hand and both arms stretched out to his sides as far as he could reach. When I looked to his head I could see a cotton-white



wavy beard and his hair was just as cotton-white and wavy and fell just below his shoulders.

I stood there looking at him and he finally says to me, telepathically I think, “be patient with them”. I didn’t respond because I didn’t know what he meant. He said again, “don’t get frustrated, be patient with them”. I knew in that moment what he meant. He was talking about the people in my ladies group that I had been trying to teach and share things with. I was still a bit in shock when my guide asked me if I knew who it was. “Moses?” I stuttered, and sensed confirmation the moment I said his name.

It was as if he was reading my mind and knowing what I was thinking and how I was a bit confounded by his message and why I was even there since I knew Moses did not live at the same time of Jesus, and that was where I had asked to go for this session. Then suddenly I found him standing behind me and to my right as we overlooked the valley below together, now with his staff in his right hand. He then put his left hand on the top of my shoulder, telling me that he would be with me to help me.

It was quite an emotional experience and after I calmed a bit, she tried to explore more if there was anything else I needed to learn. There was nothing and there wasn’t even a transition out of that life, so we moved on, asking to go to the time when Jesus was alive.

Now I am at the foot of the cross. I didn’t feel that I had a body, but I was there in spirit form watching as Jesus was

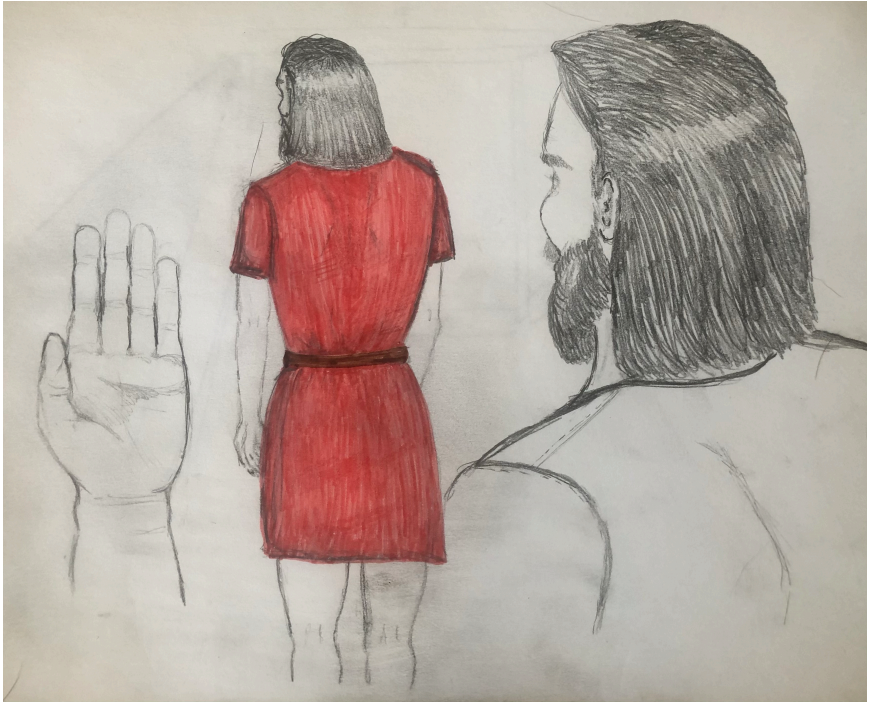
dying. I immediately began to cry seeing his emaciated looking body. His ribs were protruding and his hair was falling forward into his face, stringy with blood and sweat. I could see the crown of thorns on his head and the dirty white cloth draped across his midsection. He had lived on the earth!

I could tell that he was about to die, that this was close to the end of his time up on that cross. The guide asked me if anyone else was around and I didn't look to see them as my eyes were fixed on Jesus, but I could tell that Mary Magdalene and Mother Mary were nearby and to my left comforting one another and sobbing quietly.

As I stayed there watching what was unfolding I began to feel an overwhelming wave of the most incredible love and compassion coming toward me from Jesus. The love and compassion that he has for all people was just filling the space and overtaking me completely as I fell into deep sobs in the midst of this experience. The emotion was so strong it was just impacting me in waves. My guide did her best to soothe me and when finally I told her Jesus had died, she moved me ahead 3 days to his resurrection.

I found myself behind him on my knees. I could see his broad shoulders dressed in a dusty pink colored garment that stopped just below his elbows and just below his knees. I could see his strapped leather sandals, and he looked strong and healthy and his hair was reddish-brown, shiny and clean and fell just to the nape of his neck where it curled upward just slightly at the ends. I could see the side

of his face with his trimmed and clean beard and mustache, the same reddish-brown as his hair.



As I stayed on my knees behind him, I could feel my spirit telling him, “I will follow you, I’m so sorry I doubted that you were real.” I was begging him on my knees to forgive me for being deceived into thinking he was never really on this earth, and he turned to face me.

I couldn’t look up to see his face because I was so ashamed. There were others around as well that I did not see, but felt that they were some of his disciples. He approached me agreeing to allow me to follow him and my

immediate reaction was “I’m not worthy, who am I, I am no one, what could I possibly do?” He stepped toward me again and as I raised my face to look at him, he reached out his right hand and put his palm flat onto the center of my forehead and replied to me, “You are worthy because you are my child.” The sobs became completely engrossing at his response. I then found him behind me on my left side and he placed his right hand upon my shoulder.

Even now as I type, the emotion of this moment, this feeling is overwhelming me and bringing me to tears. I have only told this to a few people before now and it brings me to deep emotion and tears each time. I awoke from this session with my belief and hope completely restored.

We are all worthy. We are all his children. But we have to choose Him and surrender ourselves in service to Him. I promise you, you will not be disappointed.

Not long after this experience I was watching my favorite “truther” JC Kay. When 2022 began she had resolved to use her show to help other people by introducing them to healers and healing tools that people could start to explore, similar to the idea that I had for my business.

One day, she began to share about a hypnotherapist . She was interviewing him and she wanted to share her experience just as I have done with you. He had such a caring and soft demeanor and before they started to replay the session, we got to know more about who he was and how he became a hypnotherapist. He talked about his

practice of 20 years and gave examples of how these experiences had helped his clients.

At the end of this show, this hypnotherapist gave his contact information and shared that he wanted to teach others how to help others with hypnosis as a tool so he was going to begin a training course. He too believed that with what was coming, the revelations of truth that had been hidden from us all, the ones who were yet still sleeping would need an army of healers to help them get through their, soon to be abrupt, awakening. Knowing how much it had helped me along my journey, and has helped me to heal myself in many ways, and strengthened my faith, I realized this was the third clue. Time to start training as a hypnotherapist.

Yet again, third time's a charm.

11

Searching for Truth

After I began writing this chapter I felt the call to interject some comments here. What is to follow is going to get messy and seem really out there in many ways. It will challenge some of your beliefs, challenge what you may think you know and may begin to scare you away or think of me as a total crackpot. I encourage you to keep reading to the end, and I promise I will focus it all in for you. However, that being said, your truth is your truth.

I think God prepared me for this by letting me know that it doesn't matter what other's think of me. (Mark 12:14). I am sharing my truth, the way that I came to the conclusions I am about to go into, and all I ask is that you read it. It's is one hundred percent up to you whether or not you subscribe to anything I am about to present. I am not here to convince anyone, your truth is your truth.

Please reserve your judgment for later, after you do your own research and prayer about it, but I have been instructed to share my truth and how I got there so here we go.

To quote a truther I follow called Crow:

“Belief is the enemy of knowing.”

Early in my awakening and after my return to church, I mentioned I took it upon myself to study Revelation because, well, I’m nosy and wanted to know what would happen next, see if I could figure it out. I would read the chapters and verses over and over again, trying to see if I could decode it or something. It wasn’t that I was decoding anything really, and I understood that we would never know the time or date of His intervention (Matthew 24:36). What I did see when I’d read it, was something different than everything I had been led to believe while going to church, especially the Southern Baptist, fire and brimstone kind of church.

When I would read it, I felt like I could see that all the scary stuff and imagery of beasts and judgements were not intended for us, His children. Those things were intended for His enemies. In fact, He tells us directly that His children would remain untouched.

Why would a God who loves us, punish us for something that we didn’t even know was happening because we had all been deceived by Satan himself? It just didn’t make sense to me. When I would read it, I was starting to believe that the rapture didn’t mean that only His children would get taken to heaven, that it would be a separation of the wheat (His children) from the chaff (the evil perpetrators of all the lies, power grabbing and satanic worshipping

occultists). It wouldn't be like in the *Left Behind* made for TV movie series where people would just vanish off of airplanes and busses and from the dinner table, leaving their clothes behind for their confused family members. I remember reading that series years and years ago and it terrified me. Perhaps the reality of it might be that in the rapture, all of the bad people are taken away, and the earth is returned to God's children for His reign. That would make much more sense with the little I knew of the Q posts too and what I was seeing as it was unfolding on our world's stage.

At one point, around the time I had started going to an organized church bible study group, God called me to share this with the women's group I had been gathering. I did as I felt he was leading me to, trying to be obedient, but lost a few acquaintances that night who likely believed I was blaspheming because I wasn't taking each word literally. It was okay, I knew the risk I was taking, and God had prepared me to be able to take it when he taught me after the accident that it doesn't matter what other people believe about me (Mark 12:14).

I already mentioned how this all came about and as far as I was concerned, I was trying to be obedient, especially given the sign to encourage me to do what he asked when my friend's mother sent me that video. I knew some people would not be able to consider what I was saying, and that they would have their own path to truth to walk, and that was work for Jesus and the Holy Spirit, not me. Later, I realized that this information that I felt was right, also

aligned with many of the other things I was learning about. The much deeper conspiracy and esoteric stuff that no one wants to talk about, much less believe.

I had heard that we were likely missing books of the Bible, and the Council of Nicaea that had been convened by Emperor Constantine was likely responsible. The council had “decided” what scriptural texts to canonize and make accessible to the common people.

Some of the programs I would listen to were attempting to draw parallels amongst the different ancient texts, legends, myths and stories. I had started reading The Book of Enoch, was trying to find the Book of Sarah, the Book of Mary Magdalene and the Apocrypha texts. I intended to do some pretty heavy reading.

Additionally, I have always had an interest in space and aliens. No, I’ve never been abducted, at least that I’m aware of consciously, but it’s always been an interest. There’s no way that we could possibly be alone in the universe, and now that I know how devious our government is, I couldn’t really discount the idea that they were hiding this stuff too.

When Trump announced Space Force, I actually got really excited. This was well before I was awake, but I voted for Trump twice, and would certainly do it again, and I knew that he had actually fulfilled every promise that he made when he was campaigning from the beginning in 2015. I had actually turned to my husband and said to him, “if I were younger, I’d go sign up”.

Family Ties

I had actually done some research on Trump, his family and his history when I first began to wake up. I was led to researching his family once I learned that his uncle, John G. Trump who worked at M.I.T. and had known Nikola Tesla, had gotten a hold of some of Teslas papers after his death. He was given the papers by our FBI in the hopes he would be able to make sense of it or find some value in it, likely for use by the military industrial complex. I had come across Tesla when I started researching energy, frequency and vibration, so this certainly caught my attention. What a strange coincidence, right?

In researching his family more, I found that, I believe it was, his paternal grandmother's maiden name was Christ. Gee, that's interesting too. Now, I know that Christ is likely a title and not Jesus' last name, but it got my attention nonetheless. Then one morning, just before becoming fully conscious after sleeping, I had a thought pop into my head. This is usually the time in my day when I get inspirations that always help me to solve a problem.

Revelations.

Seven trumpets.

Grandmother Christ.

Seven Trumps:

Donald	Ivanka	Barron
Melania	Eric	
Don Jr.	Tiffany	

Am I losing my mind? Could these possibly be the seven trumpets spoken of in John's vision in the book of Revelation? Must be a coincidence, right?

I had even subtly suggested this thought to my ladies group when we were having a "Conspiracy Theory Update Night" where we would freely discuss the goings on in the conspiracy world in relationship to world events. Since I was the encyclopedia of conspiracies for my friends, some of us who could handle the topics would get together for a free for all discussion without the judgmental glares of our doubting and skeptical family members. One of the gals who loves to research really dug into that one and she never did find it on her own. Eventually, I shared my theory with her, as I will with you now.

I knew that God has used man throughout scripture and time as his hands and feet on earth to do His will. I believed, based on Trump's policies and history of what he accomplished, that he truly was chosen by God to be the one to bring down the satanic world we live in. He too did not care what people said or thought about him.

I read in Revelation 5:5 (a number that kept appearing in Q posts) what God showed John in his visions. How the root of David would be the chosen one in the last days to take down Satan's reign and the beast that wielded his power, "...the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, has conquered, so that he can open the scroll and its' seven seals." (ESV) Could it be that Donald Trump? This man that the media and politicians had demonized throughout his

term as our President, was of the line of David from the Bible? With all Trump had done through his Presidency to expose the corruption of the political elite, their families, the child trafficking and the back room deals, had Trump been the one elected to open the scroll and its' seven seals as God's soldier on earth? So I tucked it away in my brains' file box and kept looking for more truth.

The Bloodline

Then along came someone called Negative 48 into the Telegram scene. He came out of nowhere, acting like a savant of gematria and his voice sounded a little like JFK Junior. I caught a podcast of he and several others who were telling the story of the bloodline of Jesus Christ. I had done some research myself after reading Genesis 5 about the line of Adam, and found their theories and research fascinating to say the least.

They drew lines throughout historical figures. Who was related to whom, how they hid the bloodline from the elites who would do whatever they could to destroy it. They had shared the theory they had gleaned from their research that Mary Magdalene had fled to France after Jesus' crucifixion and resurrection and went into hiding. This is when the order was convened to protect the bloodline of Jesus. The Order of the Blue Rose, I think also sometimes called the Rosicrucians.

As the generations passed, America was eventually founded and Abraham Lincoln was actually a descendent

of the bloodline of David, whose last name was actually Khalooni, I think out of Armenia where the bloodline of Christ had eventually fled to hide. Supposedly, he and Mary Todd Lincoln had 3 children that died in youth, but these people were asserting that their children were actually sent away for protection back to Armenia. William “Willie” Wallace Lincoln had changed his name and lived out the rest of his life there under this assumed identity, while his father Abraham, ended up being assassinated.

As time went on, the children of Abraham and Mary Todd Lincoln also had children and the bloodline continued. Two of the descended children were eventually returned to the United States and given into the care of the Joseph Kennedy family. John F. Kennedy and Robert F. Kennedy were being put forth in their claims as the descendants of Abraham Lincoln.

While this was all very interesting, it was a little far fetched to believe, I admit. But then I started connecting dots with some of the other research I had done.

When John F. Kennedy became the 35th President of the United States, he took up the torch where Lincoln had left off, making efforts to continue to free Americans who were still being segregated and discriminated against, passing additional civil rights laws. He was being pressured to go to war with Cuba and they had even approached him with a false flag plan on our own soil to encourage Americans to get behind going to war with Cuba. There was obviously something in Cuba that they wanted. After all, war is a

money making business. They had already assassinated an African President who was causing THEM problems, that Kennedy had promised to help maintain control of his country as an ally. Under Kennedy's nose our military helped orchestrate a coup, and the African President was killed. By the time Kennedy found out, it was too late.

Kennedy knew about the cabal and his intent was to oust them from control and was quite vocal about rooting out the corruption of the secret societies that were controlling our country. Unfortunately, he didn't realize the strength and reach of his enemies within his own government. He intended to remove the Central Bank system that kept their boot on the neck of the nation. Just before he was to announce the change back to gold-backed currency to castrate the cabals control, he was murdered in Dallas. Through additional research, I found out it had been orchestrated by none other than the then head of the CIA, George H.W. Bush with the collusion of Lyndon B. Johnson and many others, hell bent on maintaining their control and power.

Ever since, the cabal of elite Satan worshipers was able to maintain their control, slowly but surely advancing their plans and evil agenda. Over the decades, they would infiltrate our schools, governments, universities and every facet of American culture, twisting and contorting it from within, destroying America brick by brick. They chipped away patiently like a death row prisoner digging under his toilet for escape.

A now adult John F. Kennedy Junior decided to make a run for a New York Senate seat, against who? You guessed it, Hillary Clinton. I had seen an FBI document at one point that was detailing information about how JFK Jr. had been investigated by the FBI for sending a signed letter to then Senator Joseph Biden, informing him that he knew he was a traitor. I can only surmise since the document had been redacted, that Jr. knew that Biden had something to do with his father's death, after all, Joe had been in politics during that time as well.

There was a second document uncovered that was detailing another FBI investigation where someone had come forward to report that he had been hired to kill JFK Jr., telling all about the plan to kill him as he took his daily jog through New York City. When this plan failed, the cabal players needed another plan to ensure he would not win against Hillary in the senate race. Being the darling of the nation after everyone knew what happened to his father and a genuine person to boot, he was sure to win.

So the plot was hatched to murder JFK Jr. and make it look like an accident. One has to ask themselves a few questions. JFK Jr. was born while his father and mother lived in the White House. From the moment he was born, that child had Secret Service protection, and likely for long after his father was assassinated as well. If the Secret Service ever did stop his detail, you can be certain he had private security watching his back.

My understanding and speculation, is that the plan to

murder JFK Jr. and make it look like an accident was leaked, and they knew it was coming. They hatched their own counter-offensive to protect him and remote control flew his aircraft, allowing the planted explosive to detonate over the water while JFK Jr., his wife Carolyn and her sister Lauren, who were supposed to be on the flight, went into protective custody. Since then, they have been working with an alliance of military and other officials to take down this cabal, once and for all.

But I digress. Back to the bloodlines.

Earlier during my study, in Genesis, the story of Cain and Abel caught my attention. God had promised Adam that his descendants would rule the earth. Once they were kicked out of the Garden of Eden, Adam and Eve had two sons, Cain and Abel. (Perhaps also known as Enki and Enlil, but we may get into that later.)

Now, my understanding is that many of these elite globalists and secret society members at the highest level were Satan worshippers who actually believe they are the descendants of Cain, the bloodline of Cain. Once Cain committed the first murder against Abel, Cain as the descendent of Adam and his descendants, were allowed to inherit and rule the earth. These crazy Satan worshippers believe that they are entitled to, by the covenant of God, to rule the earth, and that's why they think they are untouchable. Satan's greatest deception however, was to convince the world he didn't even exist. These Satan worshippers however, knew that he did because he would

give them money and power and fame if they did his bidding as his hands and feet on earth.

So Genesis 5 then goes into the descendants of Adam and he went on to have another son named Seth after Cain had been banished and went off to create his own civilization and family. This chapter goes into quite a lot of depth about the descendants of Adam and how long they lived. Adam did not have Seth until Adam was 130 years old, and then after then Adam lived another 800 years. Ok, so if I'm doing the math right, Adam lived a total of 930 years? This chapter goes on this way all the way to the birth of Noah. Yea, that Noah...of the ark and the flood.

Um, ok, so what the heck happened? This intrigued me even further and I later found where the line of Adam continued from Noah all the way to the birth of Jesus. This of course, included King David, of David and Goliath and his son, King Solomon and so on and so forth. I actually took the time to do the math and if memory serves, Jesus, was the 72nd generation after God created Adam. That being said, we must remember that these people lived much longer in the early days, and after Noah, their lifespan was then limited by God to 120 years (Genesis 6:23).

The question that was plaguing me at the time, was where are we in the prophecies written in the Bible? In some of my research into the bloodline of Jesus, I had also come across a theory that Mary Magdalene and Jesus were actually husband and wife before he died on the cross, and

that Mary was already with child.

Mary had been painted, by the patriarchal controllers, the demon possessed whore who followed Jesus around after he cast them out of her. Around this same time, friends were now buzzing about a new series called *The Chosen*, about the life of Jesus. As I watched this series, I felt they did a wonderful job following the biblical scriptures and the actors were quite convincing. They all deserve real awards as far as I am concerned. It showed Jesus in a different light than had ever been painted for me before, and it brought him to life for me all the more. It also showed more about the relationship Jesus had with Mary and that it was a pure and beautiful love he had for her, of course, but that she was also a big part of His ministry.

If you think back now to the movie, the *DaVinci Code*, the movie actually centers the storyline on the plot to eliminate the bloodline of Christ. If memory serves, since I can't watch it again because Tom Hanks is in it, there was an order supposedly with the sole purpose of protecting Jesus' bloodline.

So it was interesting to me that there could be a possibility that the bloodline that originated with Adam all the way through to Jesus could have continued on even after his crucifixion and resurrection. Wouldn't that be awesome?

I also had the thought in my mind that just as they did

with the healers of old, THEY tried to take the feminine power away and degrade the value of the female. Their desire to discredit the importance of the feminine and demonize women as the daughters of Eve who fell for the serpent's tricks and got them all kicked out of Eden, would certainly be an easy deception for the devil. Had this fallacy kept going through all this time in order to promote their patriarchal society of rulership? Why wouldn't they do it to Mary Magdalene as well? After all, if she was Jesus' wife and bore children to him, she would be an enormous threat to their power. The potential for future prophecy to be fulfilled that would end in Satan's demise, would be all the more real and possible.

These were interesting questions to say the least and I had gathered these pieces of information over many months, if not longer. I had watched Trump rallies and listened to many of his speeches in full including back to his inauguration, and even the Presidential debates before he was elected. What I also knew about these other political elites and the satanic agenda they served, made it much more plausible of why they would attack him so viciously. As a President who kept us out of wars, facilitated peace in the Middle East and recognizing Jerusalem as Israel's capitol (which fulfilled Biblical prophecy mind you), created policies that had our economy booming, why in the world would they want us all to hate him so much? I knew they had orchestrated many attempts on his life and attacked his family as well. He was a threat to them, a significant threat. They knew it, and they would stop at

nothing to make the rest of the world hate him as much as they did.

“He was in the world, and the world was made through him, yet the world did not know him. He came to his own, and his own people did not receive him.” (John 1:10-11, ESV)

When he began campaigning in 2016, I didn't pay much attention until I started watching the debates. He would say things that were shocking, but mostly I agreed with his views. I had never followed him or his career. I knew he had a show that I had never watched and found him a bit ridiculous and annoying, to be honest. But when I heard him debating, it led me to look at his campaign website.

I read all of it and thought, if he can accomplish all of this, I would certainly vote for him. So I started paying closer attention. I liked Dr. Ben Carson too but his speech was slow that I felt detracted from his appeal, and it made it difficult for me to believe he could win. Ultimately, I made my decision in Donald Trump and never looked back. Hillary Clinton had always made my skin crawl intuitively and I even found it difficult for me to look at her, so she would have never gotten my vote. I saw her for the manipulative, disingenuous and condescending political hack, whose husband should have been impeached.

Once the “panic-demic” started, I wasn't sure what to think. I didn't think it had anything to do with anyone in particular, and it was just a pandemic at first. But then my

eyes were opened and I started to realize that everything he had promised to do in his campaign, Trump had accomplished. I couldn't think of any politician who had ever done that before. So by the time the 2020 election rolled around, I had been awakened to much of the "conspiracy theories" and threw even more of my weight and support behind Trump, knowing that "Basement Biden" was just another globalist puppet, and THEY could not be allowed to win.

We watched the election results coming in that night, and just like everyone else, my husband and I were shocked when they announced they were stopping the counting. We went to bed, me in my naiveté, feeling confident that Trump would win, despite the fact that Trump had come out and already accused them of cheating, talking about a 4 AM ballot dump. By morning we knew something was terribly wrong. They were stealing the election in front of our eyes and there wasn't much we could do about it. Then the chaos ensued and the country began its downward spiral into confusion, chaos, lies and outright evil.

This is one of those points in which my sister and I do not agree. While I understood later about duality and that one must become the observer and step back to be objective. Her indifference to political arguments and belief that Trump was one of the bad guys, was not something we could agree on. So rather than abandon her again and allow the demons to try to separate us, we elected not to discuss this topic. I believed it would be far too difficult to try to explain all that I have explained here, and based on

the things I just shared here, and far more, it would certainly be too difficult to explain to her over a phone call. I am not saying she is wrong and I am right, she has just as much of a right to her feelings and perceptions as I do. And so do you. We all have our own truth and ultimately, the truth will be revealed soon enough. I wasn't going to spend time allowing us to be divided on politics or on the vaccine issue, another thing that we disagree on.

So as the country began to devolve, I kept up on what was going on. I knew very early in my awakening and had told my husband that in order for things to change, everything would have to fall. I likened it to buying an old farmhouse. While the land is beautiful, the house is rat and roach infested, covered in mold and needed to be torn down to the foundation. It would be a mess for quite a while as we first drove sledge hammers through the drywall, tore out the old cabinets and fixtures and bulldozed the roof and the framing. There would be debris and mess that would eventually have to be cleaned up before we could rebuild again on a foundation of truth. All the lies had to come down first.

I always felt and knew in my bones though that God would not forsake us, He tells us that in His Word. He would not leave us to be tortured by the wolves that held us captive, His enemies. I knew that God wanted ALL of His children and if that meant me being more patient so that he could collect the stray sheep like people in my own family who were still blind to the corruption and evil, that I for one, would be willing to wait on God. I knew that God

would intervene if we would turn away from the sin of our world and seek His face. A revival was certainly in order, just like Johnathan Cahn had said in December 2020 at the D.C. gathering.

I had never seen an entire planet of other countries waving flags with an American President's name on it before. I knew that even other people in other countries around the world knew what was at stake here in America. I knew that it would have to get pretty bad before it got better, and that everyone had some issue that would make them sit up and take notice and stand on their own soapbox in defense. Out of the ashes, rises the phoenix.

For some people it would be the forced vaccines, for others it might be the food shortages, for still others gun rights, or critical race theory being taught to our children in schools, or grooming children for pedophilia by confused transgender and transsexuals. I knew that most people wouldn't start paying attention until something affected them directly that they could be passionate about, and everyone feels the effects of inflation and a crashing stock market and economy. Eventually every person on this planet would have their soapbox to stand on, to stand up and defend and fight for the truth.

I knew in my heart that by the time it is all over, no one will be able to have any doubt at all, that it was God who saved us, because there would be no one else who could. Not even Trump.

Truth in Movies

I was pretty young when the original *Star Wars* movies came out and I certainly remembered them because my brother did have some Star Wars figures. It wasn't really my thing like Barbies and Strawberry Shortcake, but I remember the movies pretty well. What did really stick in my mind was the scene where Han Solo goes into the bar with all the different alien races. It was fascinating to me to see all those different imagined creatures, thinking it would be really cool to meet them. Don't forget the force either. The forces of good against the forces of evil, battling for control of the galaxy. Using "the force" and learning how to wield it with your mind. The choice to use "the force" for good or for evil. Oh please, this was not imagination and make believe, they were telling us the truth! They wanted us to believe it wasn't real, after all, it's just a movie, right?

Then came the movie *E.T.* with Drew Barrymore who is my age. My imagination came to life thinking how cool it would be to find an alien in the shed and all the magic he could apparently do. Levitating the bicycles and healing wounds with a single touch. But when the government stepped in to prod and poke him, I remember crying and being very upset, not understanding why they'd do that to him. Truth, truth, truth!

I also loved the more fantasy type movies and one of my favorites was *The Neverending Story*. My favorite part was the Princess in the tower at the beginning and the end of the movie, and of course Falcore, the luck dragon. Even

now, I will look at my little dog Pene when she is shaved for the summers and giggle at how much she reminds me of Falcore, yelling “Faaaalcoooooorrrre” as I chase her through the house.

I re-watched some movies that I remembered loving as a kid. Needing something to lift my spirits in all the darkness going on, and not willing to watch any newer movies with all of these Satan worshiping crazy people from Hollywood I had learned about. When I found out about how evil Tom Hanks was, it crushed me in the beginning. I really liked him as an actor and loved all of his movies, not realizing the evilness of that man and felt betrayed. If you haven’t figured it out yet, if you know their name because they are famous and get a lot of work in the entertainment industry, they were part of the secret club that did awful things.

Anyway, back to *The Neverending Story*. As I watched, it gave me some escape, but then I started to see the truth hidden within the movie. The storm that was destroying Fantasia, the Nothing, was symbolic of the apathy and emotionlessness of the way the world would become. It destroyed everything in its’ wake.

To fight the Nothing, the Princess called in the young warrior, reminiscent from a culture representative of Native American tribes, Atreyu. He was brave and a good hunter and was close to nature. No one believed in him at first, yet he was sent to save Fantasia.

The boy rode for miles across plains and valleys as he

started on his journey, confident and sure of his future success. Once he got to the boggy swamp it swallowed his horse and best friend (the demons that try to keep you from your mission), yet he overcame his heartache and found the strength to keep going. He visited the enormous tortoise oracle (representative of our culture of apathy and self-centeredness, not to mention our hapless government authority who never gets anything done) who no longer cared and became indifferent to what happened to everyone else. Nonetheless, he was told that to save Fantasia, a human boy would have to give the beautiful Princess a name. (Here's some bureaucratic red tape, have at it peon.) So off Atreyu went to find the human boy.

Feeling defeated and lonely without his horse and friend, the dark wolf (Satan) that was hunting Atreyu, came close to ending his life in an attack. Then Falcore, the luck dragon (angel) swooped in from above to save him and take him where he needed to go.

With Falcore's help, he found himself at the doorstep of exactly where he needed to be, the Southern Oracle. He just needed more information from the old scientist and his "witch" wife who nursed him back to health, before continuing on his journey. The scientist shared his research and Atreyu confidently pressed forward on his path, not knowing that he had to have a pure heart (purified soul) in order to proceed. Atreyu passed the test of having a pure heart and was allowed to continue on to the next test, the mirror.

Now this was a very interesting part and I want you to really pay attention here. The mirror would show him who he really was, another him, in another dimension. The scientist had narrated in his explanation of this test that “most men run away screaming”. Atreyu would be forced to see his true self and would have to decide if he would look into the mirror and accept what he saw, or run away screaming. Would you run away screaming? Do you know who you really are? Do you know how special God made you?

Now if you remember, at the same time, the boy in the modern world was getting the impression they were talking about him in the story. He could not bring himself to **believe** that they were possibly talking about him. The world in which he lived in kept telling him he had “to keep his feet on the ground”, stifling his imagination and what he knew already within his heart. So when he realized they were talking about him in the story, he threw the book across the attic in disbelief.

Belief is the enemy of knowing.

Yet the story drew him back in and he continued and called out his dead mother’s name to name the Princess. He realized his own worth at the last moment and did what he was meant to do, fulfilling his purpose.

In the end of the moving, the boy is now in Fantasia with the Princess he had given the name to. I found out later because I looked into it, that the producer of the movie

purposefully made the lightning flash and the thunder crack right at the moment he yelled the name into the storm, so that the watcher of the film could imagine their own name for the Princess. As he sits in the dark now with The Princess in this other dimension, she gives him a gift, the last grain of sand of Fantasia. As he begins to express regret for not calling it out sooner, allowing Fantasia to be destroyed due to his disbelief, she tells him he did “exactly what he was supposed to do”, he gave her a name.

She tells him that Fantasia will live on in his memories and dreams and it is up to him and others to create a new Fantasia, one that was greater than before. When he asks her how, she tells him all he has to do is use his imagination and wish. The power of his thoughts and words will create the reality he wants.

God spoke the world into existence.

Now let’s remember back to previously when I mentioned Masuro Emoto’s research and the water. The power of a word or phrase or even a thought, changed the molecular structure of the water under a microscope. Now do you see why they push the fear, push all the bad news of terrible things happening in the world? They want you to create the destruction that THEY want, that Satan wants, with your thoughts and e-motions. They know that this is how we create our reality. Ever heard of positive affirmations or the power of manifestation. Hey, I’m just going to tell you, those things do work. The trick is understanding that first comes the thought. When you give

it e-motion behind it (energy), and speak it out, it comes into reality. This is manifestation. It tells the universe exactly what you want to create, but you cannot doubt, doubt is not the right frequency. It must be done with FAITH.

This is not fiction, this is fact. If you live in fear, a low frequency emotion, all you will create is chaos and destruction around you. By the Law of Attraction, you bring to you what your e-motions create. The question is, will you allow them to control you, or will you take back your sovereignty and power and stop living in fear? Or will you join others in unity and love, lifting each other up rather than tearing each other down? Believe in yourself because God lives in your heart. Your power generator of your e-motions.

Do not feed their system of destruction. Cut it off at the root and leave God to do the judgement.

“Beloved, never avenge yourselves, but leave it to the wrath of God, for it is written, ‘Vengeance is mine, I will repay, says the Lord’. To the contrary, ‘if your enemy is hungry, feed him; if he is thirsty, give him something to drink; for by so doing you will heap burning coals on his head.’ Do not be overcome by evil, but overcome evil with good.” (Romans 12: 19-21)

God can turn the heart of any who chose to do so, it is not our place to judge others. Do not misunderstand my

meaning here. While we should demand righteous justice as God's children, we are not the judge. We still have to do our part.

This is the journey we all have to take. We will be deterred and distracted from our path, tested at many turns, have to face our demons and really dig deep to find the strength to accept and heal and integrate our true selves so that we too, can fulfill our true purpose.

As many already know, this hero's journey tale is a common theme amongst many films. Everyone likes to see the little guy succeed. Well, we are the little guy, each of us. They say they tell us the truth in movies as a form of getting our tacit compliance in their horrible plans, but they have to tell us what they are going to do first, it's just the rules of the game. But the interesting thing is that they are telling us both sides of the truth, out of both sides of their mouths. They are showing us what we are really capable of as children made in the image of God, in the form of fantasy and hero stories, and the desolation of what Satan wants for this world to steer us into fear. Don't even get me started on the Marvel movies.

LOST is another TV series that had a lot in there to consider, especially when you're talking about the 7 Deadly Sins:

Jack - Pride

Charlie - Lust

Sun and Jin - Greed

Kate - Envy
John - Sloth
Hugo - Gluttony
Sayeed - Anger

Each of the characters were built and presented individually throughout the entire first season. The remaining seasons were to demonstrate how they each had to overcome their sin in order to realize in the end, that everything they believed they were, was actually something they were supposed to overcome so they could get to the next level. (I'm thinking Dolores Cannon would agree.) They were faced with their demons, and had to overcome them in order to see the reality of the fact that they did in fact die in the plane crash, so they could leave and go together as a soul family to the next level.

Especially interesting was the demonstration of the dark verses the light in the two brothers, symbolic of Cain and Abel, one who killed the other, that they called "Jacob" and "The Man in Black" who were forbidden to kill each other. (sound familiar?) They even went so far as to dress the characters in all black and all white. I think it was John's character who even made the statement after the bones were found in the cave, "our very own Adam and Eve". Quite interesting.

It was only at the end of the series that everyone finally realized after they had righted the wrongs in their own lives that they were able to ascend again, meeting finally in the church to be gathered together again joyfully and with

open arms and nothing but love between them. It's also quite interesting that Jack, whose' character was struggling with pride, was the last to figure it out. Pride is often considered the first of these deadly sins because they often lead to the commission of the other sins, to support the pride. We don't get to skip grades.

I think one thing we may all agree on is the demonstration of pride in our current world structure. The cabal pride that leads them to commit so many heinous crimes against so many people. The pride of scientists and doctors and nurses and CEOs who refuse to consider alternative evidence despite its availability. There's a lot of pride floating around right now and I will be the first to admit, it was my pride that had to fall first before I fell. After all, pride goes before the fall.

But once you can get past the ego mind that facilitates the pride, you can begin to consider a more objective perspective for self-reflection. It is only through honest and thorough self-reflection that we can progress through the steps needed to find the real truth. So I hope this encourages you to take a step back, do some honest self-evaluation and just consider what you may need to correct in your own life so that you can learn from it and grow, which is the point after all, graduation toward enlightenment.

It's also important as you move through this process, to reserve judgement of yourself. We are always most critical of ourselves, especially if we dig deep into why we do and

say the things we do. Are we insecure, frightened, acting on an old program that resulted from a prior trauma? Try not to judge yourself too harshly, remember, that's God's job. If you humble yourself and step into an attitude of humility, you can more effectively understand why something happened and the lesson to be learned so that it is not repeated, otherwise known as repentance. No one likes to make the same mistake twice. Understand it, ask forgiveness from others when needed, and most importantly, forgive yourself. After all, if God can forgive you because of His unconditional love for you, who do you think you are to reserve your forgiveness from your own self?

Okay, so another one of my favorites that is ripe with messaging is *The Lion The Witch and The Wardrobe*. I remember my stepmother reading these books to us on long road trips when I was young, and boy did they spark my imagination. Nothing like talking lions to send your imagination soaring. So when they came out with a movie I of course had to see it. So in one of my moments of needing to disconnect, I found it and watched it again, not realizing what I would notice now that I was awake.

So first of all, this story begins with a war going on. All of the parents were convinced by their governments to ship their children off to the countryside "to protect them" from the war. Strange, why would any parent agree to letting their children live with perfect strangers. (Remember that for later.)

Once the children arrive at the dreary estate, they try to occupy themselves playing hide and seek, and that's when the youngest, Lucy, finds the wardrobe and the secret land within. She enters the land where she meets Mr. Tummis, the half man, half goat hybrid faun who immediately betrays her because the ice queen commanded it (turn in your neighbors in blind submission if they're breaking the rules). Lucy spends what seems like hours in the land, but after she returns, no time had passed at all. (Time travel portal to another dimension anyone? Ever heard of the Montauk Project or the Philadelphia Experiment?) The older children of course didn't believe her, chalking it up to her imagination (how they keep us from remembering the truth by breaking our spirit when we're young).

The queen actually calls them the "sons of Adam" and the "daughters of Eve". The lion, (Jesus/The Lion of Judah) Asland, patiently gathers his forces and has been organizing the take back of the kingdom, once the human children return that is when it will be time to take back the kingdom which is rightfully theirs (taking back our sovereignty, the Great Awakening), but stolen by the queen (whore of Babylon). Asland presents each of the children with a weapon that suits them (gifts of the Spirit, 1 Corinthians, Ch. 12). One of the boys betrays his brother and sisters (Judas) as the queen tempted him with sweets (sins of the flesh). Once he realizes his mistake of betrayal, he regrets it and Asland makes a deal with the queen to trade his life for the human children (Jesus sacrifices himself). Asland reprimands the boy gently, telling him of the error of his ways and corrects him. Then Asland tells the boys' brother

and sisters that they are not to speak of this again (true forgiveness) and they welcome him back with love and open arms (the Prodigal's son parable).

In a dark and ritualistic scene of the movie, Asland voluntarily lays on the alter and the queen sacrifices him with a dagger while her dark minions cheer and salivate (trial and crucifixion of Jesus). With Asland now gone, the human children now realize it is up to them to save the land and all its' inhabitants from the dark rule of the queen over their world, filled with suffering and gloom. The children realize their true power and prepare for battle, slowly coming to acceptance of their destiny as kings and queens, as Asland had tried to tell them they already were, but they didn't want to believe it.

We in fact, are all sons and daughters of the King. Don't let anyone make you believe differently.

Just as they were going to battle, Asland appears on the hillside in all his glory, roaring with power announcing his return (resurrection). They win the day, defeating the evil ice queen, and the human children are crowned kings and queens over the land, with special duties and responsibilities for each of them to protect the lands and its' peoples (angels of the four corners of the earth perhaps?).

This was a very brief overview from memory, but you can see where I'm going with all of this. These stories are rooted in truth and prophecy, yet they are meant to make

us believe they are fairy tales and fiction, and program the way we think about ourselves. It is important that we look more deeply at these things and ask that the truth be revealed to us in ways that we can understand. Ask and you shall receive.

Finally, another good one to go into study on is the Wizard of Oz. Oh lordy, this one is also full of messaging, and should be obvious once someone points it out. The wicked witches and the good witch representing the duality of good and evil. The red shoes as a nod to the evil disgusting acts of the Red Shoe club (look it up if you really want to but be forewarned). The tin man with no heart, being worked to death (common people/slaves of humanity), the scarecrow without a brain (telling you about your straw-man identity given to you from birth), the cowardly lion who is in need of courage, but you can appease him with a certificate to keep him quiet and happy (appease the masses by giving them false security, “give them cake”). And don’t forget the field of poppies (elicit drug and prescription drugs to keep us numb and compliant) meant to keep Dorothy and her friends asleep and keep them from succeeding on their journey to the Emerald City (the crystalline city promised by God in Revelation 22. Oops, there’s that number 22 again.)

The wizard himself pretending to have authority and power over everyone (false authorities), and subjecting Dorothy and her team of misfits to do his dirty work for him (slavery). Then intent on taking credit for getting rid of the menacing wicked witch after they did the work, he

intends to not fulfill his promises to them (sounds like government to me). He is ultimately exposed by Toto hiding behind the curtain (in toto: in total) and everyone realizes he is not what he seemed. He is a silly old scientist (trust the science) who was ridiculous and just found a way to control the masses through lies and deception (our governments).

Finally, Glenda the good witch returns once Dorothy is left behind and crying because she can't get back to Kansas and tells her that she has had the power within herself the whole time.

You too have the power within your heart, in yourself. God is inside of you, waiting for you to ask Him, accept His help and listen to His guidance. The answer lies within you because that is where God is.

They tell you the truth in movies.

12

What On Earth Happened?

One day, I stumbled across a video on telegram and not knowing what it was, clicked on it and let it play. It was made by someone called Ewaranon titled The History of Flat Earth. While at first his voice seemed a little melodramatic, the information he was presenting was quite intriguing. (Feel free to see yourself on a YouTube channel called, “The Ghost”, under Playlists.)

I had heard about the flat earth theory and it was certainly a point of contention in my house so it wasn't something we would talk about. Honestly, I personally don't believe in flat or globe earth, I believe in something entirely different but that's another long discussion, not meant to be had here.

He then did another series called “What On Earth Happened?” These videos were fascinating and held a gammet of information that interested me. I knew that we didn't really understand our own history, more than in a superficial and recent sense, because they had manipulated so much, it was hard to tell just how deep this rabbit hole went.

Architecture, Cathedrals and Energy, Oh My!

As I mentioned before, I have always loved architecture. My favorite styles were always the more ornate ones like Baroque and Rococo styles. The detail and delicate intricacies of the gothic style were also appealing. It was one of the reasons I learned to love to travel, to get to see these immense and enormous, elaborately decorated buildings and churches up close and personal.

In this series of videos, he began by talking about the World's Fairs. These fairs were supposedly built within short periods of time over acres and acres of land, and then after the fairs were open usually only for a few months, destroyed. When you begin to look at photographs of these colossal structures, it strikes one as odd that they would go to all that trouble for a fair, that usually ended up costing more money than they made by their own financiers' reports, only to destroy it when it was over.

In all my tours of fabulous buildings and monuments in Europe, I do distinctly remember standing there thinking, how in the world did they build this during that time period. The detail, the ornament was all mind boggling to me. In fact, at one point during my interior design education, I thought of learning how to carve something so ornate, and wanted to maybe become a furniture designer. I even took a woodworking class at a community college after I graduated with my degree in business because I still wanted to learn to make beautiful things. I learned very quickly how difficult it actually was, even with modern

tools, to carve something so delicate and life-like.

I have been to St. Peter's Basilica and the Vatican museum in Rome a couple of times. I have visited Trevi Fountain, the Roman Forum ruins, the Colosseum and numerous other cathedrals and structures throughout Italy. I have been to the Louvre in Paris and walked down the Champs-Élysées gazing up at the ornate shops and apartments. I have been to Pompeii and seen their temples and houses and their ornate mosaic floors and colorful murals. I have been to Barcelona and visited all of the Antoni Gaudi (my favorite) architectural sites with fanciful color and gravity defying walls and passageways. The Sangrada de Familia cathedral is by far one of my favorite cathedrals I had ever visited.

I have been there twice now, the first time when I was 20 and partying too much to really take in what I was seeing, but I remembered it had made an impression on me. This cathedral in Spain was started in 1904, and the architect was apparently hit and gravely injured as he was crossing a road, resulting in his death and he is buried in the crypt there. He had lived in the cathedral during its construction until his death and the Sangrada de Familia Cathedral is still under construction as I write these words.

The second time I went there with a girlfriend, touring around France and Spain on a ladies trip. This time I had an entirely different experience. We separated after we entered the church to wander around independently and I found myself standing in the center, gazing up at the

stained glass windows. The windows had been designed to mimic the dawn to the dusk with the light as it beamed in the windows from the sunlight outside. The colors are spectacular and I began to cry standing there as I soaked it all in. I was certainly having a spiritual moment I cannot describe and I think it was the utter beauty that got me so emotional.

This is not a typical European cathedral by any means. The art is strange and stylized completely different than any other cathedral, which I would expect from Gaudi. Each outside facade tells a different story with its' carved statues and scenes by different artisans. The carved stone elements inside are almost more modern, and even the columns are quite different. But the structure itself contains the same elements of every other cathedral with its cross-like floor plan, chapels and naves, towers and large doors and rosette windows.

Despite the differences of this church, many other buildings of the "neo-classical" or "Greco-Roman" styles are all of grand size, overtly ornate and made of heavy stone elements that even today's cranes would struggle to lift, and it would take the most skilled artisans many years to produce. The domed tops with their cupolas perched on top, and the antennas on top of spires. Many with ornate and enormous pipe organs, no longer in use because no one knows how to play them.

Similarly, you have palaces and government buildings all over the world built in this same style, eventually transitioning to a more "gothic" style as well with flying

buttresses, spires that reach to the heavens and white and black striped stone facades or columns. You also have monasteries, convents and castles built high into the mountains nestled amongst impossible cliffs. Why, in a society that was supposedly in the dark ages, spend so much effort, time and money building such structures? The population was also much fewer than now, so how is it that they even had the manpower to build such things in the 15th-19th centuries? Something isn't right here.

I was always told at tours and in class that it was great craftsmen who were either commissioned professional artists or master craftsmen who built these awe inspiring structures and painted the mind blowing paintings and carved statues. But as Ewaranon pointed out, the first hand held power tool that required 2 men to operate and weighed 16 pounds wasn't even invented until 1895.

So the question becomes, if they are lying to us about these structures, who built them and why? What is the deal with all these World's Fair sites that were fantastic and elaborate and insanely luxurious? Why would they build them just to knock them down after losing money over and over again each time? Who were these idiots with deep pockets? The Chicago World's Fair, London's...there are so many that supposedly occurred all over the world during the 1800's and early 1900's. You see these tiny people in photographs, milling about with their parasols and fancy hats, in and out of these magnificent buildings. What on earth IS going on? What were these buildings, really?

I am about to suggest something completely and totally outlandish that I never would have even considered 3 years ago. You may read on and begin to wonder if you are reading the text written by someone in an insane asylum, but I encourage you to once again, reserve your judgement and keep reading the rest of this book. Even if you think I am nuts, I ask you to consider it, research it for yourself, pray about it and decide for yourself.

These buildings have been there far longer than we have been told and at some point in our history, we actually went through another “great reset”. In fact there may be evidence that there have been several of these resets, just of various mechanisms of destruction. One such reset is even chronicled in the book of Genesis of the Bible as Noah’s flood. Not only that, if you begin researching many other ancient texts from other cultures, you will find that there are similar reports of such catastrophic worldwide events. When Oppenheimer was interviewed after the first atomic bomb was tested, he made the statement that we have been here before.

It is my belief that these buildings were left over from a previous civilization that stretched throughout the world, an empire unprecedented and like no other ever on earth before. There are buildings of this caliber and style on every continent, and in many places. The World’s Fairs were a way for those in power to cover up what they had done in the last reset, and was an attempt to destroy the evidence of this once, almost global, civilization that had the ability to construct these buildings. They decided along

the way perhaps that there were just too many of these structures to continue to try to destroy them all, and that it would make more sense to repurpose them for their own benefit, leaving behind what we still see today.

So what was the purpose of these buildings in our past before this reset?

Nikola Tesla had found a way to create completely free energy. Unfortunately, at the time of his work, these controllers of our world were hell bent on maintaining control over us, and therefore we wouldn't be allowed to have anything for free. So despite his genius, Tesla was ousted for the plan of Edison, a Freemason scientist hack who rode on the backs of his students, and was paid to be a front man for fame and wealth. So Tesla's financier's pulled out when he wouldn't cooperate, his work was destroyed, and his reputation decimated until his death, when John G. Trump finally got ahold of his papers.

But did Tesla actually invent this free energy, or did he just figure out what we had before the last great reset? Let's revisit those cathedrals now, shall we?

As I said, every cathedral has the same elements. The dome top, columns and spires with their antennae, the tower, the rosette windows, the pipe organs and usually a baptistry, if it hasn't been removed.

We already know that there are many things in this physical world that we cannot see as we have already discussed, but exist nonetheless. You get an internet signal

from your WiFi you can't see. The radio and television receives wave signals on different channels that we can't see. X-rays show us pictures of the insides of our bodies, but we can't see those either. The point is, that there are many waveforms of energy that we cannot see, that do in fact exist. So what if they're lying to us about more of this kind of stuff?

We are taught in school from the time we are little that there are four natural elements, right? Pop quiz...Can you think of what they are?

Water, Earth, Air and Fire

Good job, I knew you'd remember. What if I told you there's a fifth element they never taught us about. The fifth element named AETHER, otherwise spelled ether. Even Albert Einstein admitted to the existence of aether. Hey, it just hit me, remember the movie the Fifth Element? May wanna go back and revisit that one too.

Aether, what the heck is aether? Well, aether is your introductory lesson in quantum physics. Congratulations, you've moved to the next level. Aether is the unseen energy of the universe that exists everywhere that we would see as empty space. How do we know this is true? Have I ever experienced aether?

Well, how about static electricity or even lightning? Charged ions in the atmosphere shift and move and sometimes, given the proper conditions, are visible to us as

lightening and can even be felt by us. Ever feel the hair on your arms stand up, or get a shock as you lean in to hug a friend or go to pet your dog?

Energy is everywhere and according to the first law of thermodynamics, energy cannot be created nor destroyed, it can only be transformed or transferred. Aether surrounds us all of the time, is everywhere inside and outside our atmosphere, and this energy can also be harnessed. Is this then what Tesla had rediscovered? Is this what was taken from us after the last reset in an attempt to keep us under control?

The structure of a cathedral has a design that actually harnesses the energy from the seemingly empty space of our atmosphere. This energy of ions that circulates in the aether can be drawn in by the antennae, those decorative crosses and shapes on top of spires and cupolas, reaching out into the aether. These antennae were usually made of copper or gold, making them conductive of electrical energy.

Once collected, the energy is drawn down to the dome resonators, decorated internally with symmetrical ornamentation to produce a vibration of the energy particles. (Remember, energy cannot be destroyed or created, only transferred.) The energy is directed down the stone walls made of piezoelectric charged rock crystal that can hold and transfer energy to the archways and to iron lined columns below, the circuits of the cathedral. The rosette windows of the cathedrals serve as a cavity

magnetron, which is a high powered vacuum tube that generates micro waves, energy that would be transmitted through the aether to the surrounding community at varied frequencies based on the size and shape of the windows. When blocked off, however, say by stained glass, to shut off the magnetron function and ionic flow of energy, the controllers destroyed the transmission of this free energy. The towers that are usually standing next to these aether energy collection sites, such as you see in front of St. Marks Cathedral in Venice, or the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore in Florence, is where the energy collected could be stored, serving as capacitors.

What if I also told you that these “cathedrals” or cathodes of energy harnessing sites were also used as healing centers? That the energy collected would be directed underneath the dome to the patient in the baptistry below, and the pipe organs were used to generate the tones and sounds that would heal sickness and disease by generating the corrective frequency for the illness.

If you are familiar with the concept of “as above, so below” you may now be wondering what crazy idea I’m going to throw at you next. Well, here it is. One morning as I was coming out of my sleep in that beautiful theta brain wave state where God seems to give me answers to things, I had a thought. Our bodies are no different from these cathedrals, able to harness energy to utilize in our daily activities.

Your hair is the antennae, and before you dismiss me out

of the gate, it may be interesting to know that when the army had cut the hair of the Native Americans they had drafted for their special gifts, the Native Americans reported back to their superiors that their gifts had disappeared after their haircuts. Your cranium, or skull, is your dome resonator. You have nerves that run throughout your body and iron in your blood as a circuit to transfer the energy to where it is needed. Your heart is your baptistry where all healing can originate and your mouth is your magnetron tone generator, like the rosette windows that sends the energy out in waves known as your voice.

Remember now when I said that your words create? Your words are energy expressed in vocal tones that then travel in waves to the bones of an ear to send electrical signals into your brain to then be translated into meaning. If you shut your mouth, the energy cannot escape. Do you see that you are also an energy generation system that can draw from the aether? Have you ever heard of a breatharian? One who does not get energy from food intake, but from sunlight and other energy resources like the breath of life, like plants? Only few great masters have reported to have been breatharians, Saint Germain was one of them.

Words can hurt, and words can heal, it just depends on your frequency. Now, what do you say to yourself? Are you nice, or do you self degrade? How about other people? What energy do you send to them? Everything is energy.

Whoa, ok, that was a lot, I admit. So let's get back to why

THEY are lying to us.

It's pretty plain to me at this point that the attempt to ramp up to another reset is already well underway by whomever are the culprits. In an attempt to control the population and their potential to revolt against the current power structures in place, we are watching our own governments attack its' own peoples. Using a pandemic and an injection to control people's e-motions through fear, shutting down economies to create an outcry for help from a frightened population and controlling the flow of information to create fear, and thereby control.

In July 2022, the Georgia Guidestones that have stood in a rural area of Georgia, U.S.A. since sometime in the 1980's was destroyed. These stones, if you weren't already aware, were placed there by an anonymous someone or group, and they literally stated in ten languages that they wanted to control the world's population down to 500 million, on a planet with now 8 billion people. They have to tell us what they plan to do, remember?

This information is not meant to frighten you or make you fly off into a panic about the state of our world. Keep reading and I will tell you why. My response to this abominable plan is "not today Satan, not today, and never again".

Now let's try to understand more clearly what may have happened in our past, what else are they hiding, why we would have been lied to about it, and what may be the

actual truth.

The Orphans

Around the same time of the world's fairs, one can also find significant evidence of a large number of orphaned children. They were shipped overseas and put on trains to be "re-homed" in households that needed help with the work. Families were encouraged to take them in, like little slaves, and since times were tough for most, everyone needed help. Remember all the children working in factories that led to child labor laws later?

They also had "Infantoriums" that had been set up at the World's Fair sites, advertising babies in incubators as an attraction. The new technology, astonishing for the day, of baby incubators was a huge draw and people would pay their 15 cents to see the babies. The visitors could even adopt them and take them home. Where on God's green earth did all of these parentless children and babies come from? And this was happening in the early 1900's. I'm not making this up, this really happened!

Could it possibly be that there were so many orphans because the last reset didn't really happen that long ago? The adults of the time may have refused to go quietly and began to revolt once they too caught on to what was happening. But was it already too late for them, had something happened that would be their demise no matter how much they resisted? How could they possibly target



Figure 5

just the adults, leaving the children to be orphaned? Why would they want to do that? Perhaps because it would be easier to indoctrinate the children and change their perceptions about what had happened and why. Perhaps “they” still needed workers to serve their agenda. Perhaps they would have to eventually repopulate to restart a controllable civilization.

Is this also why insane asylums were such a thing during the same time frame or were these where they held those who would neither agree to their rhetoric, nor succumbed to their evil depopulation plan. Or maybe these asylums were where they worked experimentally to control them into submission by torturous therapies such as electroshock therapy that was so widely used for a while.

So many questions. So many inconsistencies and things that just don't make any sense.

While some of these things may be difficult to think about, much less prove, yet again we must consider the level of deception that we have all been subjected to over the years, but more obviously since this “panic-demic” began. If we know, however, that God exists, we must also acknowledge that Satan too exists. Jesus talks about his encounter with Satan on the mountaintop, tempting him to test his commitment to God. Demons were cast out and evil things do exist in this world, just look around you.

What I am eluding to here is likely only one of the resets humanity has endured at the hands of Satan and his minions, likely just the most recent one. So if deception is the name of the game, what does this have to do with hiding free energy, co-opted ornate mega-structures and orphans? If we don't know what our real history is, how can we know where we are heading? So let's talk about history we can prove with photographs, maps and book entries. But before we do, let's talk about giants.

Giants

There exists in fairy tales and legends, the stories of giants that once roamed the land. Let's first discuss the Biblical scripture that talks about giants, yes, in the Bible. There are several references actually and the first you will find is in Genesis 6.

Synopsizing the passages, we are told that human men and women began to multiply on the earth, populating it. But the “Sons of God” or angels and more specifically the fallen angels as many of us would know them, decided that they wanted to come down and make babies with the human women because they were beautiful. So humans and angels, making babies apparently because they are close enough genetically and anatomically to do so, bred the Nephilim. From verse 4, the Nephilim were “mighty men who were of old, men of renown” (ESV). To me that sounds a little like a demi-god. Remember that from Greek and Roman mythology, half mortal, half god. God found them to be wicked however, and they were destroying the earth, devouring men and wreaking havoc, and then made the plan for the flood to wipe it all out and start again with Noah and his family. What many would think of as reset number one, but I disagree. Atlantis and Lemuria? Alexandria? Others?

Then in Numbers, Chapter 13, the Nephilim are referred to again, but this time as giants. Moses had sent spies into the land where God had promised to send them after their escape from Egypt, into the land of Canaan (where Cain had settled after being banished for killing Abel). The spies returned and reported in verses 32-33, “...The land, through which we have gone to spy it out, is a land that devours its inhabitants, and all the people that we saw in it are of great height. And there we saw the Nephilim (the sons of Anak, who come from the Nephilim), and we seemed to ourselves like grasshoppers, and so we seemed to them.” (ESV)

Sons of Anak? Are we to assume then that the sons of Anak were all giants whenever they are mentioned in the Bible? I would think so, but have not done enough research on that specific point.

In the story of David and Goliath, we also are to understand that Goliath and his 4 brothers were also giants. Goliath was a Philistine from Gath “whose height was six cubits and a span” (1 Samuel 17:4, ESV). For those of us who don’t use cubits or spans to measure stuff, let me share with you that a single cubit is equal to 18 inches and a span is equal to 9 inches. That would make Goliath 9 feet, 9 inches tall.

So did giants exist? Well we already determined that people were living during the days before Noah, for almost a millennium. Noah died aged 930 after his father Methuselah died at the age of 969. So you tell me, are they telling us the truth about anything?

My uncle used to work for Intel, you know the computer chip company. Before he retired he would be sent to Israel on business. Recently when my mother was visiting me and I was busy “red pilling” her and mentioned giants, she perked up all of a sudden and grabbed her phone. She proceeded to tell me that in a recent conversation with my uncle, for some reason, he was telling her about one of his trips to Israel.

He had gone on some tourist trip while he was there and they ended up near an archeological site where the general

tourist public wasn't supposed to be. He told her what he saw there and then sent her a few pictures he had snapped. He had seen giant skeletons that were being excavated and he had sent her the photos. When she couldn't locate them on her camera roll, she called him up and sent them again and repeated the story of how he had come across them. I have included the photos for your examination.



There is certainly much more evidence of giants if you comb through archives of old newspapers and magazines. Skeletons that have been discovered and dug up through



the years and ultimately confiscated in the name of preservation by organizations controlled by the controllers, like the Smithsonian. Mummified remains of giants discovered in tombs and gravesites throughout the world. Some Native American tribes tell tales about how their ancestors would hunt the giants whom they had seen running with a buffalo tucked under one arm. Even reporting they successfully killed the giants who were wreaking havoc because they were, well, dumb.

There is also plenty of artwork and cave paintings that depict giants standing next to normal sized men. There are carvings on stone walls in Egypt and elsewhere, and many other artifacts that would seem out of place in our human-sized world.



So were these just artists who were terrible at proportions, or is there something more that we have been led to overlook? There are even photographs of giants, which would indicate they existed far less long ago than the artwork or ancient texts and manuscripts would suggest. Often these things are passed off in today's world as simply someone with a growth hormone problem, and perhaps, for some, that may be the truth. But it is certainly not the whole truth.

Figure 1



Egypt

Now that I have mentioned Egypt again, let's take a little closer look at what evidence we may find there. Granted, I am not an Egyptologist. I cannot read or interpret the hieroglyphics and I have not spent any considerable

amount of time studying the topic, but I am not blind. Like I said, I get tidbits and am able to connect the dots.

We had just mentioned the carvings and paintings on the walls depicting giants and humans together. (Figure 1) You will also find interesting images and busts of beings with elongated skulls like Meritatan (Figure 2) and Akhenaton.

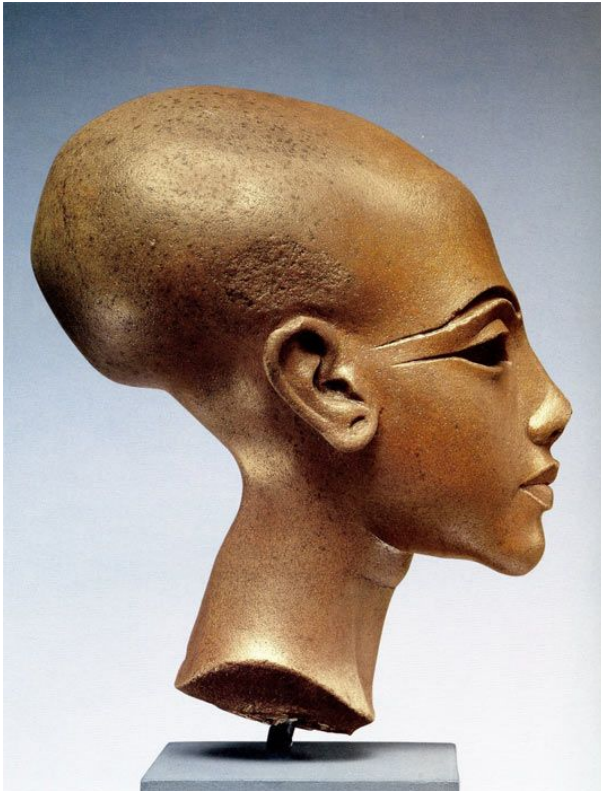
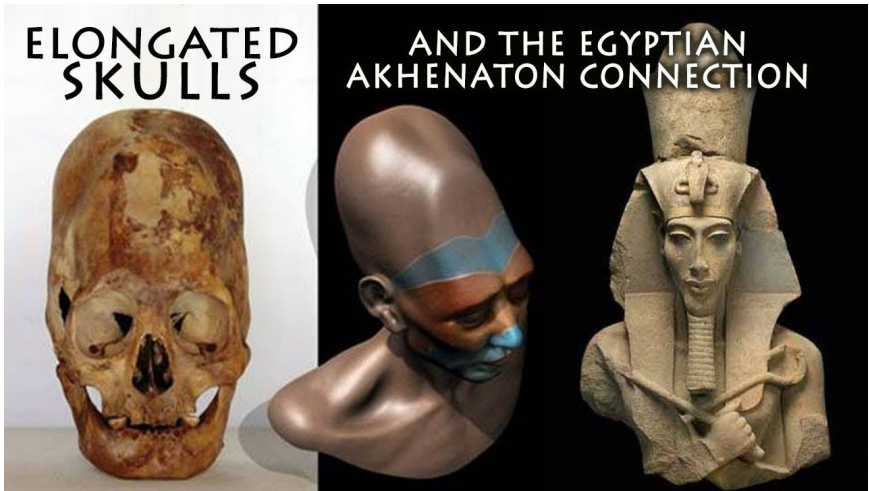


Figure 2

Figure 3



(Figure 3) Elongated skulls have been found throughout the world on different continents, and of course, given lame explanations by some so-called experts.

These people with the elongated skulls were revered, and perhaps even worshipped as Gods and ruled over the people, or so we are told. Yet no explanation is given as to the origin or cause of their apparently misshapen heads. Is there something else they aren't telling us? Are these beings with elongated heads another type of human being, another species all together? Might they be yet another piece of our history that we are yet to be told about like the giants? Why were they revered or chosen as rulers of sorts? And if they weren't human, like the Sons of God, could they too procreate with the daughters of men? Where were they actually from if they were not also angels like the Sons of God?

I suspect you know where we are going here. I warned

you that this was going to get messy. Before we venture out on that next limb that you may now be anticipating. Let's talk about Tartaria a bit first.

But First...A Brief Digression

As discussed in the beginning of this book, the process will almost always start with the standard stages of grief. Something happens or you learn something that alters your paradigm. You deny this new evidence, have a bout of anger perhaps wondering how you could have been so deceived. The depression sets in for a bit, allowing you to assimilate the information and seek more diligently for your own version of the truth, finally transitioning into acceptance of the new information. It's also very likely that as you continue to push the envelope of your current beliefs and become more open to more new information, you will very likely go through this grief process more than once. It is only once you realize and accept wholly and fully the duality of this three dimensional world, that you can learn to step back into an objective space and find YOUR truth.

As I developed my training wheels, I learned to tap into my body's cues. First it was learning to enjoy that theta brain wave state early in the morning, recognizing it as a special gift that allowed me to tap into hearing God's instruction and answers to my questions. The tuning forks allowed me to expand my awareness of my own subtle energy system and that of others and how they could interact and influence one another by understanding the

concept of resonance and transference. I began using angel cards as a fun and visual way to get some needed confirmations about how I was feeling, and found that I was later able to interpret the meanings for other people as well, tapping into their energy.

As I developed more awareness of my own physical cues like body chills and random words, phrases or songs popping into my head, I began to trust my own intuition more. To develop this trust, I often would use external tools as well to give me a more obvious sensory input to observe. Don't get me wrong, I still use all of my tools intermittently as well and use them frequently.

The understanding and practice of both alchemy and meditation is ongoing, and I intend to do my best to continue to practice and perfect those, if that is even possible. I have also learned that muscle testing is a way I could use to read my own body and its' energy, and become more attuned to understanding my gifts and what my body was trying to tell me. You can stand with some supplements in your hands in front of your heart and ask in your head if your body needs it. If your body's yes is a gentle and slight lean forward, then yes. First you must determine what yes and no are for you by asking questions you already know the answers to. Dousing is another form of muscle testing that can be more complicated and requires practice.

When I hear something my soul knows is fact or truth, I get this feeling in my body like I am welling up to cry. An

example I give to others is reminding them how they have that gut feeling when they know their child is hurt, or that you don't want to be in the same room with someone who gives you the creeps or a bad feeling. These too are tools of reading energy. Your gut feeling and mother's, or father's, intuition, are subtle energy tools you didn't even know you were using. Congratulations, now you're already on your way.

I have learned and trained to heighten my awareness and perception by making habits of practicing and tapping into my gifts, and of course, praying for God's help and offering my acceptance of the blessings He wants to give me. And you can too just by being open to trying new things and observing if they may be right for you based on your gifts and unique talents. If something doesn't work, talk to others who are having success and see what they might be doing that you may feel comfortable trying. This is why we also need to start this conversation openly, to remove the stigma that our controllers have placed on these tools and gifts from God. It is up to us to do the work to discover and develop them, however, and then to use them wisely.

Tartaria: An Introduction

What is Tartaria, you ask? Well, it is actually a place you have never heard of before and they never taught you about in school. How do we know that Tartaria existed then? Because we have maps and many references in texts and documents that have been found or uncovered. Once I tell you about Tartaria, I'm also going to tell you why they

suppressed it and what that means going forward and why it has taken me this long to get to this particular point.

I didn't come to this conclusion lightly, and to share it outside of my own mind is quite intimidating for me, even as someone who really doesn't care what other people think of me, except that I want to be known as a kind and loving person who really cares about the well-being of humanity as a whole. I believe myself to be a very rational and reasonable individual. I have also learned through my process of awakening, to learn how to trust my intuition and expand my consciousness in such a way, using the many tools I have been led to develop.

These tools however, are just tools, to use and learn as one develops. After diligent practice, constant searching for a greater awareness and understanding, I noticed sometimes the tools will fall away and you can stand on your own two feet. A little like taking the training wheels off of your bike. So after two and a half years of learning, seeking, believing and then having those beliefs destroyed, only to be replaced by new ones, I feel as though I have reached the first summit along my, far from over, journey.

Tartaria is a civilization, much like Atlantis or Lemuria which we won't go into much here. The main territory of the Tartarians could be found in the area where Russia now lies, but there were colonies, I guess you could say, elsewhere on other continents as well.

If you remember the book burnings of the Nazis during

WW II, it may give you an idea of how easily history can be altered by those in power. Looking even further back, there was the burning of the great Library of Alexandria, where it is believed all of the history and records since the beginning of written word, was kept. However, on this note, it is instead now believed by some, that the burning of the Library of Alexandria only occurred AFTER all of the documents and records were moved to the Vatican in Rome. Ever heard of the Vatican Library where no one is allowed to go?

In my curiosity about the truth of the World's Fairs and the buildings and cathedrals, I wanted to find evidence on my own to see if this place really did exist. Sure I can watch videos and look at pictures of maps on the internet, but with technology these days, who knows what they are able to counterfeit.

I love to go to antique shops and browse around for things I don't need that are pretty or unique. I've always known I'm an old soul, even before learning about past lives, and I love even the smell of these places where the nostalgia can get thick. I often will glance at old books to see if anything catches my interest. My husband and I were on the hunt for a hand crank ice cream maker when I stumbled upon some encyclopedias from 1919. In all of my research on many different topics, I had heard somewhere that they started altering books after WW II (likely much earlier), to keep us from getting too curious, or being able to reconstruct things they didn't want us knowing about. So I bought the books and lovingly brought them home to start

perusing.

Here we go!

The first thing I looked up was unicorns. Sure enough, it was there. It didn't say they were a mythical creature or anything like that. Instead, the entry reads:

“UNICORN, a fabulous animal represented as with one horn growing from its forehead. Such an animal is frequently mentioned by Greek and Roman writers, who generally described it as a native of India, of the size and form of a horse, the body being white, and a straight horn growing from its forehead. The re'em of the Hebrews, of which unicorn is a mistranslation (Deut. xxxiii, 17, and elsewhere), was probably a urus. It was a two-horned animal. The unicorn is one of the supporters of the royal arms of Great Britain, in that posture termed salient. It was taken from the arms of Scotland, which had two unicorns as supporters.” (Bufton, Vol. 4)

Interesting, huh? It doesn't say mythical, it doesn't say fantasy, in fact, it says the unicorn was native of India. It also cites that both Great Britain and Scotland used it in their coat of arms. So does this mean that somehow these unicorns were transported from India to the area of the now U.K.? Why would Greek and Roman writers write about them if they didn't exist, even going so far as to find out where they were from? Oh the wonderful world in

which we live. This entry made me very happy. Believe what you want, but for me, they were real.

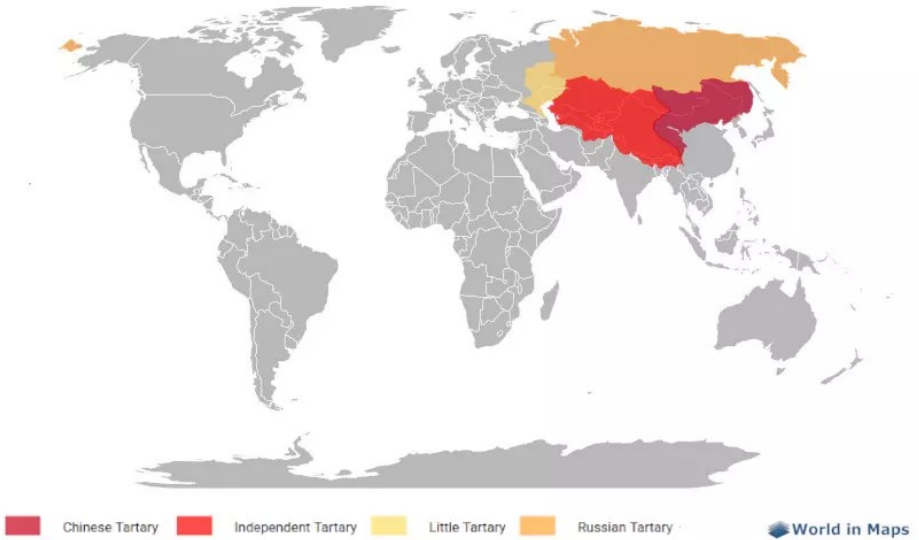
Getting back to Tartaria though. It also so happens in this 1919 Cyclopaedia, that I found an entry for Tartary and Tatars, or Tartars (meaning the people).

“TARTARY, a name formerly applied to the wide band of country extending through Central Asia from the seas of Japan and Okhotsk in the east to the Caspian on the west, and including Manchooria, Mongolia, Turkestan, and all the south part of Russian Asia. It was used sometimes even to include a large portion of Southeastern Russia. In a restricted sense it is identical with Turkestan. It received its name from the Tartars or Tatars.” (Bufton, Vol. 4)

“TATARS, or TARTARS, a vague term with no ethnological significance usually applied to certain roving tribes which inhabited the steppes of Central Asia. More specifically, however, Tatar or Ta-ta appears to have been the name of a tribe of Mongols who occupied about the 9th century of a district of Chinese Tartary on the Upper Amur. The true Tatars formed part of the horde of Genghis Khan, when that conqueror carried his arms from the country known as Chinese Tartary to Europe, as well as to the successive hordes of similar origin who followed in their footsteps, and to the districts from which they came, or in which they settled; hence the names of Chinese Tartary, Independent Tartary and

European or Little Tartary, which comprised of most of the Russian governments of Orenburg, Astrakhan, Ekaterinoslav, the Cossack provinces , and the Crimea.” (Bufton, Vol. 4)

Figure 4



So why am I bothering plagiarizing from this old encyclopedia. Firstly, to show you that Tartaria, or Tartary, did exist, and secondly that it encompassed vast areas that extended from China, through Russia and into Europe. Considering that this book is still from 1919, the controllers still had plenty of time to alter the known history from the time that this culture fell, and up to the time this was written. So use your discernment and consider that even this is not likely the whole truth. I also seriously doubt that we know any real truth about Genghis Khan either, but he is not the target here.

What was this civilization and why does it no longer exist?

History Erased: The Last Reset

What if I told you that it's not really the year 2022? We know that throughout the centuries, our calendar has been changed by the authority figures of the day. There are more calendars than one would likely know about. I know I didn't know, did you?

Gregorian, Julian, Hindu, Buddhist, Islamic, Jewish, Persian, Chinese, Coptic, Ethiopian, Revised Julian and Mayan, the Astrological Calendar otherwise known to some as the sky clock.

We aren't just talking about a holiday calendar, they actually use different points in time and criteria for tracking where we are in time and history. For example, according to the Jewish calendar who uses a lunisolar calendar which is synced with the cycles of the sun and the moon. The current year at the time of this writing in 2022 according to the Jewish calendar is 5782. What if I told you that we have a very long period of time missing? Say 1000 years or more.

Why does it matter what year it is? Well, perhaps it may be important because if we don't know our true history or our true calendar, it skews our perspectives about what we do think we know. When God created, he set the sun and the moon in the heavens. It says in Genesis 1:14, "...And let

them be for signs and for seasons, and for days and for years” (ESV). They were intended to help us to know how to live on the earth itself and relates directly to when we plant and harvest our foods. More importantly, how do we know when Jesus actually walked the earth if we do not have a reference point in time.

In my early study of Revelation and trying to figure out just where we were within the prophecies as written, I kept getting a strange feeling. I didn't understand the timeline. But once I learned that we were missing many of the books of the Bible, things started to make a little more sense. Was the unfolding of Revelation just one of the possible timelines? This was certainly a stated belief from one of the people that I had followed for quite sometime, known as Gene Decode, and I trusted him.

I find it very interesting that the controllers who controlled what books of the scriptures we would be allowed to read, left in the “last” book that still ends with God's victory. My theory is that all of the books that had been written about the different timelines, all ended in God's victory, because no matter what, that is what God intended from the beginning and well, He is God. He would not inspire through His instruments on earth a book that ends with Satan's victory, because we are not his children, we are God's children alone.

I will also point out that the scripture is extraordinarily specific about one thing for certain. It condemns anyone who might alter or change the scriptures to mislead His

children. In Revelation 22, verse 18-19 it states,

“I warn everyone who hears the words of the prophecy of this scroll: If anyone adds anything to them, God will add to that person the plagues described in this scroll. And if anyone takes words away from this scroll of prophecy, God will take away from that person any share in the tree of life and in the Holy City, which are described in this scroll.” (ESV)

You might ask me in a little while if I think that I am adding to what was written and inspired by God. To you I would answer no. I quote the scripture directly and as I told you before, as I felt called to share with my ladies group what I had seen when I would read the words, was the interpretation that I believed God was leading me to see. He was giving me eyes to see and ears to hear with my fervent prayer requests for wisdom, understanding and discernment. The Gifts of the Spirit are many, (1 Corinthians, Chapter 12) and given by grace (Romans Chapter 12).

My Gifts

I think now is the time to explain a little more about the gifts that I have received by the grace of God. Once I learned that what was going on in this world was, in fact, a spiritual battle, that had led me to my rededication of my efforts, and life, to God. As mentioned before, I was not going to be on the fence, or lukewarm. I declared my

allegiance to God in the way I knew best, by getting baptized again.

My faith was strong. My husband always jokes about how I am the optimist and he is the realist. But this gift of optimism serves me well in my walk of faith, and strengthens my trust that God is working on our behalf. As I began my awakening, there was much healing I needed to do, self-reflection and honest reckoning of things I had done in my life. Then I began to see as I worked my way through dealing with my “demons”, that each event as I re-evaluated it, served a very specific purpose in getting me to where I am today. Each job I ever held, each encounter with other people who played a role in my life, and each major life event that remained stuck in my memory, served a very specific purpose in building my character, creating my value system, and helping me to grow as an individual.

Everyone has this same experience, I guarantee it, but you must seek your own path. The healing of thyself must come first, so that you can see more clearly the path in your rear view mirror and the purpose it served. There are no coincidences after all, if nothing more I think I have made a strong case for that fact. Our perceptions may also serve to cloud our judgments and our memories of ourselves and life’s events. They always say there are three sides to every story, yours, mine and the truth. Often times, as we are going along in this game of life, we cannot see the forrest through the trees. Once we take some time for self-reflection without judgment and self-ridicule, however, we can see from the birds-eye perspective of how God sees us.

He created each of us in his own image, created us to learn and gain new experiences, and so that ultimately, we could attain that higher perspective of pure, unconditional love.

While I am certain I still have more to learn about myself and continue to heal wounds from my past, or just misconceptions that I have about something that I have experienced, I then turned to focus my attention on growing even more, but now, with purpose. I began to change my perspective. Taking a step back to find that objective space, or void if you will, of the innate e-motions of the human condition, that become so instinctual. I learned that often times, my reactions to something were based on a program that I was re-running as the result of a prior experience. Then I began to learn I could re-program, as my sister likes to say, myself.

When I began my studies trying to find the scientific connections to subtle energy healing so that I could serve as the bridge for other people, I came upon the research of Dr. Joe Dispinza. You can read his story in one of his books or hear it in a lecture he has given at some point, but what his research shows us that it is our mind that creates healing, or illness, within the body. Through his study of brain wave patterns, he was able to determine which brain wave states would facilitate healing while in meditation or prayer. We would also learn from many other researchers, that illness is always connected to an e-emotional, or energy disturbance within the system of the body, such as suggested by Masuro Emoto's work. This information connected with other information I had already been

learning through some courses I had signed up for with Michael Jaco, a former CIA agent and Navy Seal, who was teaching people how to develop their intuition and other special gifts like remote viewing or remote influencing.

I had begun his course on remote influencing, and after receiving an angry call from my husband one morning, decided to try it out. My husband was upset with his job and under a terrible amount of stress. All I wanted to do was calm him and “influence” him with all the peace and love I could muster. So I performed as I had been taught and as soon as I was finished with the meditation, the phone rang again. It was my husband again, and as soon as I picked up the phone and said hello, he said to me, “I feel better now.” He proceeded to explain to me how he felt calmer and I was on the other end of the phone thinking, “did I do that?” I chalked it up to coincidence at the time.

Later when things like this would happen again, I would try it again and every time it worked, and I was able to validate my efforts. Soon, I shared the technique with a friend and sure enough, she had success too. I learned early on when using this technique that it is not intended to interfere with anyone’s free will. But just like anything else, it is your intention behind it that is the most important. Using gifts like these without accountability and awareness can actually result in you creating karma for yourself that you do not want. First rule is “do not interfere with the free will of others”. That’s why Jesus had also told his disciples when he sent them out to preach the gospel “Do not give dogs what is holy, and do not throw your pearls before

pigs, lest they trample them underfoot and attack you.”
(Matthew 7:6, ESV)

The Heartmath Institute has also done some phenomenal scientific research of the effect of group meditations when focused on a common goal. During an especially large meditation, at a time of the year that historically and statistically was known to be more violent across the earth, their meditation resulted in a large, measurable decrease in violent crimes. As I mentioned before, our words AND our thoughts are energy, a creative energy. The question is, what do you use your word and thought energy to create? Do you feed the fear, which is the opposite of love, or do you create love? God is love.

Another word of warning is this: forcing your will or perspective on anyone will almost never result in success. This is especially true when it comes to members of your own household. Since 2020, many families have been torn apart by all of the lies and disinformation on both sides of the various arguments. I have personal experience with this as well. As my sister tried to convince me for years some of the things I am attempting to share with you now, I was not willing to listen. It was only when a friend stretched her arm out to share something with me that it finally made a dent. Stubborn as I am, I had to learn at my own pace and with my own resources. My sister recognized this quickly at the beginning of my journey this time, and was careful not to push.

This is yet another of Satan’s tool to divide us because he

knows that if we are united, we are strong, not weak. Jesus had traveled back to Nazareth and the people there would not believe in Him because they once knew Him as the child of Mary and Joseph. They could not believe He was the Son of God in His own hometown. So He left there and could not help His own neighbors. Jesus had also told the Pharisees who accused Him of working for Beelzebul, “Every kingdom divided against itself is laid waste, and no city or house divided against itself will stand.” (Matthew 12: 25, ESV) He commands us first to love God with all our hearts, minds and souls and secondly, to love our neighbor as ourselves (Matthew 22:37-39, ESV).

As I continued learning and growing, I would work with the tuning forks and trying my best to understand spiritual alchemy. As I learned more, I'd try more, seemingly adapting techniques as if I was simply reminded of how to do it. As if I were....remembering. Once I had the past life regression that showed me I had been a healer before, I realized that maybe I was just remembering what was already locked in my subconscious mind and DNA.

You see, we are already eternal souls, a spark from God that is immortal. The soul is immortal, the body is three dimensional and physical. The soul is the truth of who we are and THAT is why Satan has been trying so hard to deceive us into believing otherwise.

If we become convinced that this is all there is, we no longer understand our connection to the divine. We have forgotten who we really are, that Jesus was on this earth to

remind us about. We are the children of God, the fractals of God in physical meat suits, here to learn lessons and grow as individual souls, to experience life. We ARE made in His image quite literally. God lives within you. You are a part of Him, a cell in the body of God...we all are. The greatest trick the devil ever pulled was to convince people he didn't exist. He has deceived many into believing that this earthly life is all there is. Nothing more to strive for or to which to aspire. Don't fall for it, you are divine.

So Jesus told us, "Ask, and it will be given to you; seek, and you will find; knock and it will be opened to you." (Matthew 7:7). Are you asking? Are you seeking? Did you knock? He has laid the gifts at our feet, all we must do is accept the blessings and He will show us what to do when we seek His face and guidance. We all have access to these gifts, don't you want to know what He has for you?

Challenge and Doubt

Certainly, the devil tries to deceive us because he cannot create, as God creates. He must twist and distort to deceive us. Jesus warns of false prophets and the anti-christ and to be discerning. This has always certainly been on the forefront of my mind as I was learning information that I had previously known nothing about, and I did not want to fall into a trap.

As Jesus talks to His disciples He explains that in the end of days, up will be down, left will be right, and evil will be called good, and good called evil. Does that sound familiar

on a global scale at this point in history? This warning was intended to put people on the alert, to ensure that people weren't falling asleep at the wheel. The story of the 10 virgins with their lamps, awaiting the bridegroom's arrival is an important parable to this point (Matthew 25).

Therefore, it is important to understand that whatever God meant for good, the devil, in this world, has tried to turn to evil. So we are told that we have no special gifts. That faith healing is silly, superstitious magic, that there's no such thing as psychic ability, or that it is evil, or that even there is no such thing as a human energy field that is invisible to human sight. How then, do we determine what is evil or what is good? Intent.

The dark forces and players and controllers of this world already know that there are powers that we are capable of and that is why they hide it from us, so we cannot use it for good. They make fun of it with shows like "Bewitched" and "I Dream of Jeanie", make it fantastical like in the "Harry Potter Series" or the "Lord of The Rings", or they cast it as super evil to make you stay away from it, which in that case you should. What they are telling you is the truth of the fact is that we are capable of "magical" things, but it is your intent behind its' use that is what is important.

Will you use your gifts for the good of all mankind, feeding the hungry or helping others to heal, or will you use these gifts for power and control over others. You see, there's that free will again. We must choose a side. What they don't want you to know is that the power we hold within us, if used in love, as God intended, is far more

powerful than what they use it for. If we were to learn that we are capable, accept the gifts of the spirit we are given, and use them with the intention of love and for the good of all, how could they defeat us? They can't, and they know it, and that's why they don't want us to know who we really are as the children of God.

So this brings me to my next gift that took me quite sometime to accept, develop, understand and believe was real.

I have already told you about my experience in hypnosis in which I witnessed in spirit form, Jesus die on the cross and my subsequent interaction with him after his resurrection. He told me, "you are worthy because you are my child". This was of course, as I said, very emotional for me in that moment, and still is, every time I think about it.

Throughout my life, I have struggled with a lack of self-worth, for one reason or another. Whether it was related to not feeling like I had value because I did not get approval I sought from my father, or feeling like I didn't deserve good things, or wasn't talented or smart enough to run my own business. My self-worth was actually in the toilet, despite my outwardly confident way of speaking and physical demeanor. There was always that insecurity within me.

So when what I am about to tell you happened, I truly struggled to believe it. Constantly asking for reassurance and confirmation about what was really happening, already very aware and cautious that I did not want to be fooled by

a deception. Time and time again it was proven to me until finally, I had to believe it.

Conversation Starter

One of the people that I followed from the beginning of my awakening journey was JC Kay - Quantum Truths with JC Kay on YouTube. This Lebanese woman who lives in Australia caught my attention as a guest on a Michael Jaco interview. I started watching her videos and in my heart, felt she was genuine. As the months went by that turned into years, just as I was doing, I was watching her grow, transform and develop in front of my eyes. She was already a skilled psychic and I found her to be honest, brutally so sometimes which resonated with my personality, but also very soft and truly conscientious with good intention behind her motives.

She was able to remote view and tried to provide tools for people along their journey of awakening, as we were all seeking together to find truth and understand what was happening. When she herself would have ah-ha moments, and would share them even when she felt vulnerable. She was actually how I finally got into hypnosis after she shared her session, the therapist began offering a course and I knew it was a tool I wanted to learn to help others along their journey, because it has helped mine, so very much. She also would do dousing sessions and after having found a pendulum that stood out to me in an antique shop one day, I finally sat down to practice for myself.

I knew to protect my energy from nefarious influences and would ask from my angels and guides to come. My brother immediately announced himself which wasn't a surprise somehow, as he had come in during readings with a friend who could read energy. At first it was slow and I was inept at reading the letters on the chart.

At first I would ask him silly questions about myself or what I was going through or wondering about. Then I thought to start asking him about things I was studying about more, let's say, recreational topics of interest. There were so many theories about "ascension", otherwise known as the rapture, that were flying around. I was interested in space weather news, tracking the solar flashes, wondering about changes in our galaxy given the signs that John writes about in the book of Revelation. I was interested in learning more about Tartaria, whatever that might really be, and when maybe Trump would be taking back our stolen election.

As I became more adept at dousing, my brother finally gave me some instructions after I had been asking him about Tartaria. He told me:

"MAP TO TARTARIA"

"ORDER OF THE ROSE - MUST NOW PUT ON ARMOR SO
U ARE READY"

"GO LET NEW STARSEEDS IN"

I asked how do I do that?

"MEDITATION"

"GO TO ROSS TOMORROW"

I giggled at the last one, I thought oh, that's easy, it's just down the street, I can do that. Expecting I would find an object or painting or something that might give me a clue about the "order of the rose" or a map or book mentioning "Tartaria".

So I went the next afternoon to Ross after I had done things around the house in the morning. A thought popped into my mind as I was driving there, an inspiration perhaps? Maybe I was supposed to meet someone there. I got there, parked and walked in and started perusing up and down the aisles, not really wanting to buy anything, but thinking if something was there for me, it would pop out at me.

I found a small globe and after inspecting it closely, didn't really feel like that was it. I saw an ugly metal wall hanging with a blue rose in the center, but it didn't really call out to me either. Then as I was about to give up, I turned into another aisle and saw the husband of one of my friends. He tells me my friend is in the store too, so I went to find her. As I looked for her to say hello, another thought popped into my mind...she is who you are supposed to run into.

I found her and after a little chit chat, and knowing she was more awake than most people, I told her why I had come to the store and that maybe it was because I was supposed to run into her. She was in a hurry and had a schedule to keep so we made a plan to talk later. I texted her later that evening and told her I wasn't sure if she had something she needed to tell me about "order of the rose"

or “Tartaria” or if I was just supposed to bring it into her awareness. She texted back later and said she did know something, but we would have to connect later.

After this strange encounter and still not having more information yet about what I was supposed to learn, I picked up my pendulum to ask my brother some more questions.

His next instruction was to

“MEDITATE, PRAY, ROAM TO LIGHT”

I asked where should I focus my attention in meditation?

“TO GOD”

The next day, I went to douse so I could ask more questions about other things I was interested in knowing more about.

What lies beyond Antarctica?

“TARTARIA”

This surprised me as I thought it was an old and extinct civilization that used to be primarily in the area of China, Mongolia and Russia with other outer-lying outposts.

Are the Tartarians still in existence?

“YES”

Are they in the 3rd dimension?

“YES”

I got the thought pop into my head that he had asked me to do a meditation to call the starseeds in and that the

starseeds he was referring to were the Tartarians, so I asked:

Is this why you had me do the meditation?

“YES”

Did I do it right, did they come?

“YES”

I got excited thinking, hey, that’s kind of cool, what if they really come to help us? “Can I meet one?” I asked.

“YES - WALK TO ROASTED TOMORROW”

“TARTARIAN COIN”

In just a moment’s time, I thought it’s hot out and it’s kind of far, I’ll ride my bike and then the pendulum began to swing again,

“WALK”

I giggled out loud at my brother’s insistence and said out loud, “ok, I’ll walk. Any other messages?”

“U R DOING GODS WILL”

“SEND MOM ROSES FROM ME”

After he told me to send the roses to our mother I was kind of in shock wondering how she would react to get roses from my dead brother. So I was distracted and didn’t ask more detail about the “tartarian coin” or what else to expect for my next excursion. So I sat down and ordered 2 dozen red roses from my brother to our mother. When I realized I could put something on the card for her I stopped to ask if he had a message for me to give to our mom from him.

“TO MOM LOVE STUART”

What I certainly would have expected from him.

The next day I called my mom who wouldn't get the delivery for a couple of days. I wanted to warn her hey, you're going to get a delivery on Wednesday, call me if you have any questions. I was cryptic and wouldn't tell her what it was. I didn't want her to freak out when she read the card.

I am happy to report that my mother got the flowers and once she did she called me sounding brighter and cheerier than I have heard her be in as long as I can remember. She asked me if I had sent them and I told her that I had and that Stuart had told me to do it. I then had to explain that I was communicating with him through dousing, but first explaining what dousing was. She didn't bat an eyelash of judgment at me, and was just so over the moon about getting roses from her dead son, it probably didn't matter to her if I was nuts. It made her so very happy. And Stuart knew it would.

The next day after I was told to send the roses and go to Roasted, I did. Roasted is a little coffee shop down on the far end of my neighborhood where there's a few shops and restaurants. I was excited for my excursion to see what might happen and I stepped onto the sidewalk at 4:22. (There's that pesky 22 again.)

As I walked along I was enjoying the beauty of the day. The sky was blue, the sun was shining and there was a light breeze blowing in the trees. Not intending to brag, but

we call our little neighborhood just outside of the city “utopia” or “Pleasantville” because it just looks and feels that perfect. Always children riding bikes and playing, people walking their dogs, joggers jogging by, it really is a little ridiculous how perfect it seems. But this particular Sunday, there was no one out in the middle of the day. Strange for this neighborhood.

As I walked I was imagining what might possibly happen when I got there. I knew all the shops and restaurants would be closed, but perhaps I was going to run into someone I needed to meet along the way, perhaps a Tartarian (I laughed out loud at myself). I wondered about the coin comment my brother had made. Would I meet someone along my path and as we struck up a conversation I would just randomly ask them if they have a coin for me? And they would be expecting me since I had meditated and asked them to come, so they would automatically know it was me if I were to ask them for a coin? I would look like a nut job! I was highly aware that I was dreaming up a little fantasy in my head as I walked along.

I arrive at the shops and still had not passed anyone along the way. Two older men were sitting at the outdoor tables talking and there were a few cars in the lot, people coming and going getting their mail or playing in the grass. I walked up to the front of the restaurant and positioned myself in one of the Adirondack chairs in front of the windows with a good view of the area. I could hear the muffled voices of the men at the table nearby but not enough to hear what they were saying.

I watched as people came and went, trying to see if I got a feeling that I should go up and talk to someone. A couple pulled up on a motorcycle looking like they were disappointed that the restaurant was closed. I got up and approached them and let them know I thought there might be another restaurant open and told them where to go. I was trying to determine if I might feel the urge to say something more, but didn't, and they drove away.

I sat back down in my chair and looked at the time on my phone. I decided I would wait until 5:30 to see if something happened and if it didn't I would start the walk back home. Perhaps on the walk home is when I would meet this mystery Tartarian with a coin.

Just then I realized I could now hear the conversation the men were having at the tables, loud and clear. One of the men was talking about how the people in the congregation of his church were "leaving in droves". He was explaining to his friend that people in his congregation kept coming to him and asking why he wasn't talking about the election fraud, and why he wasn't warning people about the evils of the vaccines and the authoritarian takeover of our government. He had someone in his congregation freak out on another person in the congregation for not wearing a mask at church and he was forced to get between them to diffuse the situation. He was saying he was confused about what was going on and that he didn't want to get involved in all of these issues, that he was just trying to keep everyone focused on Jesus.

Now if you knew me at all, you would know that I am very outspoken about these topics and can be very abrasive and forceful in my expression of my beliefs, even to friends and family. Yes, over time, I learned to soften my approach but these were hot button topics for me. I had even stopped going to my own local church where I had rekindled my love for Jesus and recommitted myself to God by getting baptized, because I felt our pastor was not addressing the “elephant in the room”, just as this mans’ congregation was doing. As he continued to talk, things kept coming to mind that I would say in response to what he was saying if I were a party to the conversation.

He continued talking to his friend, expressing his confusion and sadness at losing so many members of his church. He said he would even go to the monthly meetings of the Calvary leadership meetings, and the other leaders would poke fun at him and tell him he had some of the most opinionated members of any of their churches. He was obviously distraught about the situation, and very confused. It was strange that now I could hear their conversation, and I noticed that many of the things I was thinking, I should have said to my own pastor.

Just then, I suddenly got the thought pop into my head that God wanted me to go over and say something to this man. “NO!”, I thought in my head. “Who am I to tell this perfect stranger and the pastor of a church what he should do?” But the feeling kept coming and it was getting stronger. I actually stood up in front of my chair, now feeling pretty panicked, and asking God in my head, “do

you really want me to do this? Is this why you brought me here?”

I was becoming upset because I didn't have my dousing board so that I could ask directly, when I remembered I could muscle test for a yes or no response. I closed my eyes standing there and asked the question in my head again, “God, do you really want me to go talk to this man?” I got a yes. Now I got so uncomfortable, I instinctively turned the opposite direction and marched myself to the bathroom near the open mail room. As I walked in I thought, “no, maybe there's someone in here I'm supposed to talk to instead”.

I go to the bathroom, use the toilet and come out and wash my hands. As I threw the towel in the trash I closed my eyes and this time, alone in the bathroom, I asked again, but this time out loud, “God, do you really want me to go talk to that man?” My body leaned forward in the affirmative response, twice.

“Okay” I said aloud as I marched out of the bathroom, down the hall and right up to the table.

“Excuse me gentlemen, I don't mean to be rude or to interrupt, but I think God wants me to give you a message and if you permit me, I'd like to give it to you.”

Both men were now looking directly at me but my eyes were fixed on the pastor's face who nodded yes with a pretty stunned look on his face.

“I couldn’t help but overhear your conversation and you saying that you were losing members of your congregation.” and from here, Jesus took the wheel.

I don’t remember now exactly what came out of my mouth because it certainly wasn’t from me. What I did notice was how soft and controlled and kind my delivery was, which if you’ve ever heard or witnessed me talk about these things, you would know I’m pretty fiery.

Essentially what was said was something similar to the following:

“You are losing your members because they want to hear the truth. You are their leader and expect you to speak truth. This country was founded on God’s laws and this nation is in trouble, and God is truth. The election was stolen and there is plenty of evidence of that now if you go and watch the movie “Rigged”, “2000 Mules” or “Absolute Proof”. God’s nation has been stolen and that’s why your members are upset, because you are not talking about the truth. This false administration is destroying this country. (short pause) You should revisit the books of Isaiah and Revelation, and see them with fresh eyes.”

And that was it! I didn’t feel the need to say anything else about the death jabs or the ineffectiveness of masks or announce myself as a nurse or anything else. God just stopped.

I heard the other man I hadn’t looked at yet say “amen”

beside me. The pastor was just looking at me with mouth slightly agape.

Once I figured out God had nothing more to say, I said “Thank you for allowing me to be obedient to God’s command. I hope you have a wonderful rest of your day. God bless you.”

And I walked away.

The Floodgates Open

As I walked back down the sidewalk on my way home I didn’t even look back behind me. I was feeling this surge of energy making me feel a bit high. Holy cow, did I just do that? I shifted my attention again to the beautiful homes as I passed and the trees blowing in the breeze and as I was passing a white rose bush, suddenly stopped dead in my tracks and buried my nose in the bloom. As I inhaled deeply, the sweet and fragrant scent seemed to fill my nostrils and then my whole body, as if my whole body could smell it (at least that’s the best way I can describe it). All at once it hit me: “ORDER OF THE ROSE”.

Was this an initiation? Was this what the order of the rose is? To do God’s will on earth? To allow him to use me as an instrument? The thought excited me for sure, but was fleeting when my ego mind said, “don’t be ridiculous”.

As I found my way home I also started thinking about “TARTARIAN COIN”. What was that all about then, I

wondered. Then the story of Jesus turning over the money changers tables in the temple popped into my awareness. Could this be why I was told Tartarian coin, did I just flip a single coin? I couldn't wait to get home to douse to ask more questions.

I get in the door and say a prayer in preparation to douse to answer my questions about what just happened. To my shock, this time Jesus announced himself by spelling his name. I was surprised to say the least, but I went with it out of curiosity. Could Jesus really want to talk to me? I asked out loud,

“Did you send me there to speak to that man?”

“YES”

“Was it kind of like turning over the money changers tables in the temple?”

“YES”

“Did I say everything you wanted me to say to him?”

“YES”

“What is his name?”

“JONES MARK”

I finished dousing and jumped onto my computer to see if it was possible to validate what had happened, still doubting that I was getting connected with Jesus. I typed in “Jones Mark Pastor” and hit enter.

At the top of the search was a pastor by the name Mark Jones, but that's a common name right? I'm sure there are many. So I clicked on the entry to start my search for

validation. At the top of the page was the name of the church, a Calvary church. Well that's interesting, what are the odds? So I clicked on the leadership page to see if there were any photos of the leadership. I scrolled down and the first photo I see is the face of the man I had just spoken to, Pastor Mark Jones. The church was not even in my state. I thought to myself, "he must be here visiting a friend for the holiday."

Testing 1, 2, 3...4, 5

I walked around my house after finding that man I had spoken to at the table online, and all I could utter for 20 minutes was "wow" over and over again.

I went back to the dousing board and pendulum and asked Jesus if I could tell anyone. I was bursting at the seams with awe. He just spelled out one name.

Now meeting this particular friend was an interesting story in itself. We were introduced one day as I had come to the shops in our neighborhood for some reason, by a mutual friend who had just finished her yoga class. This also very close friend, the one who began teaching me about essential oils and made the life altering observation that people would listen to me about alternative healing because I had been a nurse, was talking to another woman. I stopped to butt in and say hello and she introduced us. She looked familiar to me but I figured I may have just seen her around.

Not long after that I had organized another ladies meeting and invited her to the gathering as well. As we sat across the table from one another, I interrupted the conversation that was going on and said, “Where do I know you from? It’s so strange but I feel like I know you.”

She responded back that she felt the same way. We took some time to find out where each other had lived and if there was any possibility of our paths crossing before. When we couldn’t figure anything out, so we just let it be and a new friendship began. We became close very quickly and had grand ideas about how we wanted to help other people in our neighborhood. The three of us all wanted to make people more aware of natural healing alternatives and could see the writing on the wall that soon, as all the lies that were being told by our healthcare systems and doctors, that no one would trust them anymore. We also wanted to create a closer community so that neighbors could support one another and rely on resources closer to home. With the concern about collapsing financial systems and threats of being shunned from shopping if one weren’t vaccinated, we saw that soon, people would need a new way to conduct business.

There was much talk of private membership organizations and bartering systems and we came up with some ideas on how to implement some of these concepts. We also wanted to increase the feeling of unity within our own neighborhood by creating a neighborhood network but in a different format that had been done before. We had many brain storming sessions and one morning, in that

beautiful theta brain wave state where God gives me answers, He planted an idea.

Our neighborhood is about 10 minutes outside of town, tucked into the valley of a bowl of mountains. We had 360 degree hills around us, that seemed to isolated us like in a protective cocoon and made us feel separated from our city with only 4 ways in and out. The word ARK popped into my head...yes, Noah's Ark. We were isolated in the bowl shape, kind of like the inside of a boat, with the mountains surrounding us like the edges of the boat. What if we called it MODERN ARK?

I started coming up with words for the acronym ARK and I ended up liking Association of Resources and Kinship best. My brain immediately went to designing a logo, because you know, that's how I need to start. I sketched up what looked like a large wooden ark boat and incorporated the letters A, R, K in the design with MODERN written in an arch above the boat like a rainbow. I presented it to my friends who liked it too as a conceptual starter, and we went about dividing up tasks on figuring out how to proceed. The gal who introduced us found she was too overwhelmed with other responsibilities and ultimately, nothing came of any the ideas, but it was a fun way to spend time with them, ideating and talking.

One day, when the girls were over brainstorming with me, we were in the den next to the living room. My husband could overhear us talking and throwing ideas around. Later he said to me, "I don't know what you guys

were doing in there, but the energy was coming out of the room.” My husband does not typically talk about energy but it was fun to have him witness the kinds of things I usually do when he’s off at work and if I’m honest, I found it validating for him to say so. I shared our ideas with him and he loved the concept too, and was somewhat disappointed when nothing came of it.

We were all called into different roles and tasks after that, so the idea kind of fizzled. We are still working together but more of just supporting one another in the individual projects that each of us have been called to at God’s direction. My newest friend and I had become close quickly, and she soon invited me to bear witness at her baptism at her church with her whole family being baptized together. I let her practice presentations on me and we bounce ideas and thoughts off each other, and in fact, she is the one who gets to read this book first.

I love you my sweet soul friend, thank you.

So because Jesus told me I could share it with her, I texted her immediately to tell her I needed to talk to her and it was really important. I needed to share it in person because it would be too hard to explain on the phone. God bless her, she came over long after her normal bedtime and I told her the story.

We were both pretty dumbfounded by what had happened and I certainly felt better that I got to share it with someone before I had exploded. That night I laid in

bed thinking about it all and wondered, what if that man didn't believe the message really was from God? Should I email him through his church to show him that I knew his name and that Jesus had told me who he was so that he would heed the message? That would be my first question for Jesus in the morning.

So I asked Jesus what he wanted me to do, should I email him? The response was "GO TO PARADE". This was July 3 and we were having our annual neighborhood 4th of July parade the next day. I didn't ask more questions about it, assuming Jesus meant I would run into him at the parade somehow, and I would just go up to him and say his name so he would be shocked that I knew it. I also asked in this session if I needed to know more about the "order of the rose" because I was wondering about what I experienced when I bent over to smell the rose after my rouge conversation with the pastor. All he said in response was, "DRAPE YOURSELF IN SCENT".

So the next morning for the holiday, I got up and was getting ready to go. I had called my mom to wish her happy Independence Day and then called my sister too. We were on the phone so long and I was already running late, so I was late to the short parade and had missed the whole thing. I thought, oh no, I failed!

They also planned a concert in our little community park that would last through the afternoon, so I figured I'd see him there instead. There were food trucks, a waterslide for

the kids and the concert stage with band and everyone brings their collapsible awnings, lawn chairs and drinks. It's a lovely way to spend the day celebrating our country in such an idyllic setting.

But the whole day, as I did my social butterfly thing, chatting with all my friends and making new ones, I kept one eye out for Mark Jones. At one point in the middle of a conversation, I excused myself abruptly because I thought I had seen him from behind. I chased the man down and got close before I realized it wasn't him and walked back to my friends. I went home that afternoon, disappointed in myself for not finding him, or missing the opportunity. Exhausted from being in the heat though, I closed my eyes to nap before heading to a barbecue.

The next morning, I needed to ask Jesus if I was supposed to see this pastor again. Will I see him again?

“YES. U R TO SAY GO TO BOLIVIA SO MANY PEOPLE CAN UNDERSTAND ABOUT ME”

You want me to tell him he needs to go on a mission trip?

“YES”

What do I do, where do I find him?

“GO TO SPRINGDALE TOMORROW” (a restaurant in my neighborhood)

When should I be there?

“7”

Ok, so I have another mission. I'm starting to feel like I'm

in a Tom Cruise movie, although I can't watch his stuff anymore either.

So I picked up my husband at the airport from work that morning and I suggested we go have dinner at Springdale that night and he agreed because he loves their burgers. As 5 PM rolled around, he was starting to feel tired and announced he didn't want to go while he was on hold on a phone call. I blurted out, "I have to go!"

Uh oh, I knew I wasn't going to get away with that. I knew he would want to know why the moment it slipped past my lips and I wouldn't be able to lie to him. I said I'd explain when he got off the phone and ran upstairs to get guidance from Jesus.

I asked Jesus, what do I tell him, am I supposed to tell him? I knew Jesus already knew the panicky feeling in my head and the thoughts that were swirling. I knew it would be hard for my husband to believe and I feared it would somehow make him think less of me.

"PAPER" (he actually told me to get paper so I could write down what he was going to say)

"U R AFRAID OF REJECTION

BE NOT AFRAID

TELL HIM THE TRUTH

TELL HIM YOU ARE LOVED BY ME

VOICE TRUTH SO GREAT SIGNS CAN OCCUR

TELL HIM ABOUT MY PLAN TO RETURN TO EARTH"

I knew I had to tell him now.

So I went back downstairs and he asked again, why do you have to go to Springdale tonight? I asked him to just listen to what I was going to say and that I already knew it would be hard for him to believe.

I started with the Ross excursion and running into my friend there and then explained the one with the pastor. He politely sat there, quietly listening to what I was saying with a bit of a stunned look on his face, understandably. When I was done, he asked me if I was going to be one of those nut jobs who goes and does something crazy because “Jesus told me to”. I was a bit offended and said “Jesus would never ask me to do something to hurt anyone else and I still know the difference between right and wrong.” I know his response was probably justified, I was still struggling to believe that Jesus would choose me to talk to or do tasks too. So I didn’t take it personally.

Not much more was said and I realized I probably just needed to leave it alone. I went into another room for a while and then came out and brightly asked him what he wanted me to order for him from the restaurant. As I was leaving the house he said, “good luck”.

I got there just before 6:30 because I was not going to be late this time. I did a loop inside the restaurant to ensure he wasn’t already there, and then sat down in the same Adirondack chair I had the day I spoke to the pastor, and waited. The place was packed and I sat on the deck keeping an eagle eye out, craning my neck to see everyone who drove into the lot. I noticed that people were waiting a good

30 minutes for their food to be brought to their table, so I decided at 7:00, I would go in and order my food to go so I could wait another 30-40 minutes before having to leave to feed my husband. Time passed and my food was ready around 7:30. I did another loop inside the restaurant to ensure I hadn't missed him. No Mark Jones.

I got home and as I started unpacking the food my husband asked from the sofa, "was he there?" All I said was "nope" and shrugged my shoulders as I continued to unpack the food. He stood up from the couch and walked over to me and just put his arms around me to give me a hug of acceptance. Thank goodness he already knew I was a little cookee before all this started happening. Jesus was right, I didn't have to be afraid. Of course He was right.

So now I'm confused and wondering if either I am being duped or I am doing something wrong. So the next day I asked, was this a test?

"YES"

Did I pass?

"YES"

Why?

"TEST UR RESOLVE"

Was telling my husband the last test"

"YES"

I also kept noticing that whenever I would douse with Jesus, that my hand was having strange and uncontrollable involuntary movements. I decided to ask what this was all

about. I am very conscious to try to hold my hand as still as possible and I usually have great fine motor coordination so I was curious as to what I was feeling.

Why does my hand shake Jesus, is that because your energy frequency is so much higher than mine?

“YES”

Is this the best way for me to communicate with you?

“YES”

Is there anything else I can do to make it better?

“RAISE YOUR FREQUENCY STOP VAPING”

Oh man, I had asked the loaded question and got the double barrel answer. Now I'll have to quit vaping.

Will you help me? You're going to have to help me do it.

“YES”

So now that I knew that I was being tested, I figured if I was going to run into Mark Jones, it would happen because Jesus puts me in his path. He had tested me as well by seeing if I would tell the truth to my husband about the whole thing, but I realized later that it was also so that I would trust Jesus, and have more faith in my husband too.

Jesus has since told me in a couple of different ways that he made my husband just for me, he is my warrior and my protector and that is how we have weathered our many storms together over the last 27 years together. I have always known that he was my knight in shining armor, and Jesus is now showing me how true it really is.

13

Jesus' Revelations

So I know you're probably thinking, "man, what about all that other stuff she was talking about? The elongated skulls, the giants and Tartaria? What do those have to do with any of this stuff about Jesus?"

Buckle your seatbelt, I'm about to tell you.

I prayed about this a lot. I doused about this a lot. I meditated about this a lot. And each time, Jesus told me to tell all of you, what He is telling me.

"U R TO SHARE EVERYTHING YOU BELIEVE"

A while back I was really digging into Tartaria thing. My love of architecture and remembering all the sites I had visited as people shared their thoughts about this old civilization, theories on how old these buildings might really be, and what they were and who actually built them. Perhaps it also satiated my travel bug because I hadn't travelled in so long. As I studied the book of Revelation and Isaiah, I couldn't figure out the timeline and had pretty much given up on that, knowing that even Jesus doesn't know when, but one day it just hit me all at once. What if Jesus already reigned on earth for the thousand years?

Hear me out and I will share with you my thoughts and what Jesus is telling me is true.

After God had promised Adam that his descendants would inherit the earth, Cain killed Abel. Cain was then banished and went off and built his own civilization, they became known as the Canaanites. Cain is supposedly the son of Satan, not the son of Adam.

We also know from the very beginning when the Sons of God (the fallen angels) came down to the daughters of men (human women), they took them as wives and had children with them, the resultant Nephilim. In those days on the earth there was corruption and violence and the Nephilim began to destroy the earth and devour man and that's why God decided to send the flood. To hit the "reset button".

So Noah and his family were saved, yet something happened and the corruption was not pulled out root and stem. Satan was allowed to continue to corrupt the earth. We all know that God is long-suffering and waited 969 years for man to turn from his wicked ways before sending Noah's flood.

An interesting story, however, that is not often spoken of, happens after the flood recedes and God makes his covenant never to flood the earth again. In Genesis, Chapter 9 in verses 20-27, there is a story about how Noah began growing grapes in a vineyard. Once when Noah was drunk and laid naked in his tent, Ham (one of Noah's sons) "saw the nakedness of his father". This does not go into

explicit detail of course, but “when Noah awoke from his wine and knew what his youngest son had done to him” he then cursed Ham’s son, Canaan for what Ham had done. Is this where the sin again returned to the earth in the early days after the flood? Had Ham sodomized his drunken father causing Noah to curse Hans descendants, who would become the Canaanites? That is certainly what it looks like from these passages, demonstrating that Satan still had influence on the men of the earth. There’s that free will thing again, choose wisely.

Now I do not pretend to be a Bible scholar particularly of the old testament. As I said before, I consider myself a “baby Christian”. So we are going to skip now ahead to when Jesus was living on the earth and he had gone up onto the mountain for 40 days and 40 nights to be tempted by the devil.

In Matthew Chapter 4, verses 8-11, the devil tempts Jesus by offering him all of the kingdoms of the world and their glory if Jesus would fall down and worship him. Jesus replied to him, “Be gone, Satan! For it is written ‘You shall worship the Lord your God and him only shall you serve.’” (ESV)

Jesus did not argue with the devil and say all the kingdoms were not his to give. Jesus did not say to the devil that the kingdoms belong to God. Could it be that he responded the way he did because Jesus knew that Satan did in fact rule the earth already and the kingdoms were actually his to assign as he saw fit?

Stay with me here. I know this is a bumpy ride.

One morning I got up out of bed and went into the living room for coffee with my husband who was already up for several hours. He's an early bird and I'm a night owl but over the years we have learned to accept this about each other. I sit down with my coffee and he tells me God's been talking to him this morning and he wanted to share what he had been thinking. I had a feeling it was going to be pretty profound, so I secretly video taped what he was saying. (I told him I did soon after.)

So he proceeds to tell me he's been thinking about "systems....systems.....systems" and how they are all a mechanism of control being held over us. He gave many examples and it was so thoughtfully laid out. He had even made notes for himself as he was being inspired, and emailed them to himself to refer back to to tell me.

Systems....the beast system.

Giants...tech giants, energy giants.

Interesting.

So now let's jump ahead to the book of Revelation. If Satan had been given authority over the earth by God's own promise to Adam in the beginning, why wouldn't this be Satan's earth until God's appointed time that he reveals in Revelation to John?

In Revelation 1, verse 9, John writes, "I, John, your

brother and partner in the tribulation...” (ESV). Did John admit here that he knew they were already in the time of tribulation as it is referred to in Revelation 5, John becomes distraught in the vision because no one could open the scroll until it is said that “...the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, has conquered, so that he can open the scroll and it’s seven seals.” (verse 4, ESV) This is, of course, Jesus, referred to as these titles elsewhere in the Bible many times before.

Could it be that the birth of Jesus is what opened the scrolls to open the seven seals? The rider on the white horse.

We already know that the controllers (Satan’s minions) have played games with the scriptures and hidden truth and information from us. They want to confuse us because confusion leads to chaos, and Satan is the king of chaos.

So what if I told you that you couldn’t put it past them to reorder what they did give us. They already know that by directing our attention, that they can create the reality that THEY want to see come to fruition. They already know, and have known, that if you control information, you control what people think. Our thoughts create our reality, and make manifest (bring into being or reality). So now ask yourself. What information would Satan, through the use of his minions, give us and want us to believe, and therefore create, that would serve his desires in conflict with the desires of God, the One True Living God?

Let's be clearer about what I am talking about for a moment. Throughout scripture, God uses the men of the earth, the sons of Adam, to be his hands and feet to do His will. Each who is called is given a choice to serve God, or not, free will, and are often tested first. Noah, Abraham, David, Solomon, Moses and yes, even Jesus, got to choose whether or not to follow the narrow path. While Jesus was perfect in His execution, each of the others were just ordinary men who made mistakes along their way, just like you and me. No man is perfect. No woman is perfect. Yet God calls us to be his instruments on earth to do His will, if we are willing to accept.

There are those however, who elect to take the opposite path. They too have free will and can chose whom they serve. Some choose the dark path, the leadership of Satan instead, as he makes them promises of earthly rewards like how he tried to tempt Jesus on the mountaintop. Power, money, fame, sex, all of these earthly rewards in the physical world that we can readily see and touch, make for great temptations. Yet, we are told it is the meek who will inherit the earth (Psalm 37:11).

So as I continued to study Revelation, things just wouldn't line up. I would try to interpret some of the symbolism and I'm just not that smart. Some things, as I said before, popped out at me. When my husband started talking about systems that morning, that certainly made sense when you see the symbolism of the beast...the beast systems that Satan has put into place over many many years, generations and generations. His evil is very patient

as well, because time is only a construct of this 3rd dimensional reality, not of the higher dimensions.

So when I began hearing more about Tartaria, it seemed strange to me that these structures could have been created by human hands without heavy equipment and tools. It also seemed strange that the same style of these structures are found in even countries that we would call 3rd world. After studying architecture in college, it seemed quite odd where some of these buildings existed. Not only that, none of these buildings would have plumbing for bathrooms, yet they had elaborate gardens and fountains that would shoot water high into the air. Then there are the many stories, reports and legends about healing waters in sacred places, where people would go to be healed of ailments and maladies. Jesus told the woman at the well, I am the living water.

The order of the Biblical scriptures do not necessarily have a reference of time. Yes sometimes they discuss peoples ages, the length of a reign and how long journeys took, but there is no order of time to be found. Aside from when some characters are speaking of other characters as historical figures or ancestors that came before them. Did the controllers order what we read in the Bible to suit the narrative that they wanted us to perceive and believe? Does that sound familiar? Ensuring to keep in there the statement John makes at the command of God that if anyone were to alter the Word of God would face His wrath, to make us believe that no one would dare to do such a thing? Does Satan care about the wrath of God, or

does he already know his fate and it doesn't matter, so he did it anyway to deceive us? The greatest trick the devil ever played was to convince us he doesn't exist.

The blatant lies and misinformation that are so in our face in the last 18 months, since the Brandon puppet got inaugurated as the U.S. President, are following the narrative that they wanted us to believe, to control our thoughts, thereby our responses and actions, and to create the world that they want to see under Satan's rule. A world where men can have babies and after birth abortion is not a crime or a sin. A world where people are encouraged to be addicted to drugs by giving them places to go to inject rather than to heal their addiction, to make them weak so they won't fight back. A place where there's no such thing as free choice about what we will and will not have jabbed into our bodies, and be threatened to lose our ability to pay for our home or have food on our tables. A place where true violence and criminals are not prosecuted or are set free and the innocent are persecuted. A place where people are not allowed to speak in dissenting voices to the authority, or to simply protect their homes and property. A place where people are told what they are allowed to buy, with whom they are allowed to associate and where they can go or live.

The opposite emotion of love is not hate, it is fear. Satan uses fear to control, manipulate and deceive. Love does not ask for you to degrade yourself, or others. Love does not give permission to kill and take from others. Love does not force. Did you know that God and Jesus tell us 365 times in

the Bible (that we have), not to fear. Fear is of Satan, do not give in.

“Love is patient, and kind; love does not envy or boast; it is not arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice at wrongdoing, but rejoices with the truth. Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never ends. As for prophecies, they will pass away; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will pass away.” (1 Corinthians 13:4-8, ESV)

Information is light, light is God. Lack of information is darkness, i.e. the Dark Ages. What if, then, what we think of as our history has been completely re-written? The burning of the Library at Alexandria would have been a nice step to hide information from us. Remember the book burnings in Nazi Germany? I wonder how much we have really lost over the ages. About ancient civilizations like Atlantis and Lemuria and Mu, about how to truly care for, nourish and heal our own bodies. About the true history of our world and its development and growth, and pain and destruction.

It would be easy enough as successive generations pass away, to retrain the thought of a culture or society. Think “critical race theory”. But in our current time, we can now somehow see this accelerated effort to change the way we think and what we believe. Up until now, their efforts had been very slow and calculated, as I said, Satan is patient. They would make tiny incremental changes that would

remain imperceptible to those who are just struggling to survive day to day, focused on their own lives and families. But now, for some reason, there's a "flood" of their agenda, making it obvious to anyone living on the planet, one would hope. The changes have become so rapid in fact, that our world feels more chaotic than ever. So why is that, what has forced them to speed up their plans?

The Trump Q-quotient

Some will immediately get all bent out of shape that I am bringing Trump up again, but you must consider that God himself is using him as His instrument on earth. Remember, God needs his hands and feet on earth to do His will. (Now go repeat the Lord's Prayer to yourself.) This is where some of the information I had gleaned in my research days comes into play again.

They never wanted him to run, and from the beginning, THEY tried to take him down, discredit him, make fun of him and make him seem like a joke. A billionaire playboy who needed to be in the limelight but not someone who could run our country. They attacked him and belittled him, yet the people got behind him. The people could see that we needed a drastic change and took a chance on Trump, and he won in 2016.

Meanwhile, Satan's minions developed a plan. Now we know that the Russia collusion was a hoax perpetrated by Clinton, Obama and the rest. These people have been used as the tools of Satan. It's coming out in the Durham

investigations and it will continue to come out, the actual truth, the REVELATION. “Nothing is covered up that will not be revealed, or hidden that will not be known.” (Luke 12:2, ESV)

Since his inaugural speech, he’s been telling us that his intent was to give the country back to the people (God’s children). He was declaring that those who work to enrich themselves would not be allowed to continue. These minions of Satan did everything they could to deter, stop and road block Trump at every turn. Even going so far as to make several attempts on his life and attacking his family in an attempt to weaken him.

Trump had been approached by a group, a group who knew the inner workings of those who wanted to destroy us. Those who had uncovered their plan of utter destruction, to bring about Satan’s rule and his one world order and one world religion to worship him. Now all of the satanic ritual abuse, child trafficking and reports of the torture of women and children were beginning to make sense, as the sacrifices to their god who ruled this earth and gave them their power. Trump had been chosen by God to lead the offensive against the evil minions of Satan, and had chosen him before he was born, to lead us out of the desert and slavery, just like God chose Moses.

Trump’s life had prepared him for everything he was signing on to endure. His success in business, his public persona, his personality of take no crap, yet of fair and honest dealings. As no man is perfect, many would not be

able to see that he was chosen, or to look past his imperfections, now amplified, vilified and blown out of proportion by the propaganda media already under the control of Satan's minions. As in the days of Moses, many would doubt him, many would be tempted by the devil to turn on him and see the lies as the truth, and many would betray him. So perhaps, Trump, is the Moses of our day, or maybe the John the Baptist who preceded Jesus, warning people that the King was coming soon and to prepare themselves and turn away from their sin.

So just as Moses was assisted by angels and God himself to lead the Israelites out of slavery in Egypt, Trump has been leading us all out of the desert from the slavery in which we didn't even realize we were under. The taxes, the unjust laws tearing away our privacy and possessions, the destruction of the nuclear family, the unfair trade deals that were crippling our economy. Trump spent his four years in office reversing many of the things that the corrupt politicians, including our past presidents, had been doing right under our noses. He somehow had to let people know what he was accomplishing, because our media sure wasn't going to tell us.

This leads us to Q. As I said before, it was complicated and I didn't understand most of any of the posts. But what those who dug around for information and research had put together, began to bring things into a clearer focus. If you remember, one of the first things Trump did in office was took a world tour. He visited Saudi Arabia first, then the Vatican, and the Queen of England. He went to Davos

and spoke at the World Economic Forum and in his speech that was not shown to the public, he outright told them, “the world does not belong to globalists.” He traveled around to the powers of the world and at each stop he showed them the evidence against them. Now, I don’t know what was said and I certainly would have loved to be a fly on the wall for these conversations, but I know there were big binders full of evidence against these world leaders and figures. He was there to make a deal with them to force them to give up their control over the people. Why Trump? Because he was the king of the *Art of the Deal*. He had been prepared for this by God’s divine plan.

So this group of individuals who were in the know about the globalist satanic plan to takeover the rest of humanity, were working with Trump to take them all down, to remove their pillars of control and power to usher in the Kingdom of Heaven, and fulfill the prophecies that had been given to John in visions in Revelation so long ago. God is patient and long-suffering, if you remember. Trump is the David, taking down the giant Goliath, system of control that Satan had built in his kingdom on earth through the years.

The evil tyrants and minions of Satan therefore, have now been forced to accelerate their plans. Satan knows his time is short and he will try to create as much destruction as possible before the final battle with God. Satan also wanted to control our perception of how things were unfolding. Satan knows the Biblical scripture better than most, of course, our enemy is not stupid, he is cunning. So he had put a plan in place for his minions on earth to bring

into fruition the prophecies of Revelation that create fear in the hearts of men. Why, you ask? Because fear is the opposite of love, and it is Satan's weapon of choice against God's children when he deceives. He knows that many can be controlled by fear. We spend our lives trying to avoid putting ourselves into situations that would cause us to feel this e-motion.

We also know that when God gives a prophecy, such as the vision he gave John and commanded him to write about, that God will ensure the prophecy is fulfilled. He is allowing Satan himself to fulfill God's prophecy by showing us specifically, and in a short amount of time, that these prophecies will come to pass. But here's the kicker. Why would God allow all of these awful prophecies to come to pass, you ask?

God and Jesus both in many ways throughout the scripture tell us not to fear, to lean on Him and He will tell us the truth and keep us from harm if we elect by free will to be one of His children with full faith. This is why he tells us to put on the full armor of God in Ephesians Chapter 6. He tells us not to fear, repeatedly! This punishment is NOT for us, it is for the evildoers!

So as the minions of Satan spew their rhetoric and threats against all of God's children, and we are ALL God's children, the prophecies are fulfilled, yet do not harm His children. The prophecies tell of famine: contrived food shortages as their operatives buy up our farmland (Bill Gates and the Chinese Communist Party), burn food

production factories (purposeful acts of arson), kill massive herds of livestock (likely poisoned food or water supply) to make these prophecies appear true. Earthquakes and volcano eruptions meant to cause great destruction and death. Like the La Palma eruption that had been happening and it was evident with special radar that these eruptions were being systematically caused by the hidden technologies of man, not by nature, with the goal of promoting their climate change narrative and creating a massive tsunami that would have decimated the East coast of the United States. (Did anyone see that apocalyptic movie *The Day After Tomorrow*? If you could see me rolling my eyes right now.)

They are programming our subconscious to bring about the reality they want us to create. Why? Because they know we are powerfully made in the image of God to be creators. Yet, also as promised, God intervenes in their catastrophic plans and has been thwarting their every effort as things become more and more obvious to yet still sleeping masses.

Did they ever come to your door to force vaccinate you as Biden had promised would happen? Did they ever put you in an internment FEMA camp to quarantine for refusing their mandates like they threatened? I am not saying they haven't been able to do some damage. Look at the economy, look at the surge of illegal migrants into the U.S. and the rampant crime in "blue cities", look at the poor people being forced to isolate in their homes in China and them not even being able to withdraw their own funds

from their banks. Don't even get me started on the war in the Ukraine.

“And you will hear of wars and rumors of wars. See that you are not alarmed, for this must take place, but the end is not yet. For nation will rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, and there will be famines and earthquakes in various places.”
(Matthew 24:6-7, ESV)

But all of the things that are being done, are being done to wake people up! To show others what is really going on and allow them the opportunity to finally stand up on that soap box that they care about and take notice, choose a side and fight back. Giving the lost sheep a chance to return to the flock. God wants ALL of His children!

God does not call us to be slothful, he calls us to be warriors for righteousness. Sometimes, God knows, people need a kick in the pants. Just like the challenges the Israel faced for forty years in the desert. If you don't have to work for it, it doesn't mean as much, and will be taken for granted. Strength through adversity, growth through challenge. So how long did it take you to wake up?

Don't get me wrong, there is no right or wrong answers here. Some will never awaken. That's why Jesus instructed his disciples when he sent them to the towns to preach the gospel, if they do not receive you, leave that place and shake the dust from your sandals. (Mark 6:11, ESV) Some will choose not to come with us. It is not their path, God

gives us free will.

“And many of those who sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt. And those who are wise shall shine like the brightness of the sky above; and those who turn many to righteousness, like the stars forever and ever.” (Daniel 12: 2-3, ESV)

You see, Satan has his plan, but God knows all and sees all. He created Satan and he knows his heart, just as he knows mine and yours.

Alien Invasion?

Before the death of Werner Von Braun, the Nazi scientist that was appropriated through Operation Paperclip after the war by the United States and made the head of NASA, had an assistant. You see, not many in positions of power are not a part of their plan. Many have been blackmailed and tricked into being in their club, and one is not offered a position of power and control within the beast system, if it does not serve Satan’s plan. But at the end of his life, Von Braun had told his assistant, perhaps out of regret or in atonement, or in fear of what afterlife or karma he had created for himself while here on earth, told her of their evil plans. He instructed her to share these plans and to inform the public so that they would not fall for it.

He had told her that of their successive plan to gain control over the masses, that the powers in control had a

plan in place to create fear in the minds of the people of the whole planet, to gain control and submission. This submission would be in response to a perceived threat that would frighten people so much, that they would beg their government for the solution.

Von Braun told his assistant that the powers in control would use several events in an attempt to gain compliance and obedience from the world's population through time, a successive and calculated plan. He laid out that over time, more and more of our freedoms would be rescinded by our governments in the name of public safety, freedom or even, survival. THEY had plans to create destruction on a massive scale, or purport threats of incredible proportions to get the compliance they would need to implement Satan's rule on earth, the One World Government and Religion (worshiping Satan, of course).

Von Braun had told her that the last card they would play is the alien invasion card using technologies that he had helped to develop, and that they would make a destructive attack with their weapons. Their goal is to get the world to beg for a solution, in which they would use the opportunity to implement a cooperative One World Government to "protect" the people of earth and fight the alien invaders (ever seen *Independence Day*? Programming.) This final move would take away all freedoms under a new single authority and enforced by none other than the World Government police force, the United Nations Army (ever seen the *Hunger Games* trilogy?)

Why do you think that through the years there have been so many movies and TV shows made about aliens? Some nice little friendly but sarcastic aliens like *Alf*, others not so friendly like from *War of the Worlds*. When you program someone's subconscious mind over a lifetime of exposure, when one is faced with a situation, perhaps in real life, the response is now automatic, from the subconscious mind. What would your reaction be if you actually saw a craft from an unknown world land on your front lawn? Would you be excited to learn that we in fact, aren't the only creatures in God's vast creation, or would you be terrified of being probed and abducted against your will? Reality comes from your perception. How have you allowed your mind to be programmed? With love or fear?

“Perhaps we need some outside universal threat, to make us recognize this common bound. I occasionally think how quickly our differences worldwide would vanish if we were facing an alien threat from outside this world. And yet I ask you, is not an alien force already among us?”

- Ronald Regan, President of the United States
Address to the United Nations, September 26, 1983

Subconscious programming anyone? Now I know for some of you the idea that Regan may have been in on the plot is abhorrent and ridiculous. You should know that it is my belief that Regan was a good man. After his assassination attempt attack on March 30, 1981, he may have realized that he would lose his life if he did not submit

to the real powers in control, and had ultimately been manipulated into doing things he never intended, and didn't want to do. The power structures system that was already in place would be difficult to overcome for any one man, despite their good intentions. And this is why we needed help. Which brings us to JFK.

The Kennedy Connection

We spoke briefly before about JFK Junior going into hiding after Hillary and her cronies plotted to kill him. And we will get back to that in a minute. But first let's talk about his father, John F. Kennedy.

As mentioned, there's a theory that John F. Kennedy is a descendant of Abraham Lincoln, who may also be a descendant of the bloodline of David and Jesus. There are some quite interesting "coincidences" between the two however, that if nothing else, is fun for me to share.

- 1.** Kennedy had an assistant by the name of Lincoln. Lincoln had an assistant by the name of Kennedy.
- 2.** Seven letters in each name.
- 3.** Both Presidents had the legality of their election contested.
- 4.** Both fought for civil rights.
- 5.** Both were killed on a Friday in the presence of their wives.
- 6.** Lincoln was elected in 1860. JFK was elected in 1960.
- 7.** Both of their successors after assassination were named Johnson and of the southern Democrat party who

served in the U.S. senate.

8. Andrew Johnson was born 1808. Lyndon Johnson was born in 1908.

9. Both purported assassins Booth and Oswald were killed before a trial could be arranged, and both were from the south and held unpopular ideas.

10. Lincoln's assistant advised him not to go to the theater. JFK's assistant advised him not to go to Dallas.

11. Both John Wilkes Booth and Lee Harvey Oswald have 15 letters in their names.

12. Andrew Johnson and Lyndon Johnson both have 13 letters in their names.

13. Both Presidents were carried in death on the same caisson (the horse drawn 2-wheeled carriage)

Interesting right? Must all be coincidences.

Back to the serious stuff. When JFK became President and with his brother Robert at his side, I think they knew much more about the inner workings of this cabalistic group of power hungry mongers than they let on. Together they would fight the good fight and try to right the wrongs in our nation, but likely were not truly aware of the full brunt of what they were about to face.

During his short term before his assassination, JFK made strides in civil rights. Remember the National Guard sent in to protect the students after segregation was outlawed? The Vietnam War was also in full swing already and he was likely already aware of the false flag at the Gulf of Tonkin that they used to get the American people to support the

war effort, just like what happened on 9/11. Justify the war by making it emotional, and we will get the support we need. War makes money. JFK was also dealt the conflict aptly named the Cuban Missile Crisis (good branding huh?) and our corrupt military under the influence of the war mongers and profiteers had even gone to JFK with a plan to get support for this war. They wanted to perform an act of terrorism on American soil, against Americans, to get support for going to war with Cuba. When Jack refused, they had to come up with another plan, an assassination plan. Jack was in the way.

In the meantime, JFK had given speeches about secret societies being repugnant to a free people. He and his brother were working to get the Central Banks out of the United States by creating our own, commodity-backed currency once again. Our previous Presidents as far back as 1871, had put into play certain events after the Civil War that slowly chipped away at our sovereignty. The war had bankrupted our nation and the Central Bankers, the Rothschilds, who had financed both sides of wars for generations, saw their opportunity and took it. Our then President, Grant, was bamboozled and corrupted into signing away our sovereignty and instituting the Central Banking System, forever indebting and enslaving us to the evil agenda already in play, to destroy America, and eventually, the world.

Just prior to the implementation of JFK and RFK's plan to oust the Central Bankers and return our financial economy back to its' people, JFK was assassinated in broad daylight,

to ensure a grieving nation, filled with despair and low frequency e-motions. This beloved President was lost to the world and many believed, hope lost with him.

Enter the Alliance, a group of individuals who would band together and form their own secret club after this event, intent on taking back our country. It would need to be a comprehensive plan, covering all angles and control mechanisms, and counter measures for every possible retaliation to try to protect the unaware public. Every detail would need to be attended to and every contingency thought of, if they were to have any chance at successfully infiltrating, beating back and thwarting THEIR plans.

We would have to engage combat tactics and ally ourselves with more and more individuals and groups who could see the corruption and want to root it out once and for all.

“So when the plants came up and bore grain, then the weeds appeared also.” (Matthew 13:26, ESV)

“...lest in gathering the weeds you root up the wheat along with them. Let both grow together until the harvest, and at harvest time I will tell the reapers, gather the weeds first and bind them in bundles to be burned, but gather the wheat into my barn.”
(Matthew 13, 29-30)

It would require patience, careful planning, agents and double-agents carefully placed to gain information, trust

and understanding of the enemy. With God's help, they would form this Alliance of worldwide allies (the grain) to begin the planning stages of fulfilling God's prophecy to win the day (from the weeds).

Who would be willing? Who could be so patient? Who would have the proper motivation to execute such an intricate and complex plan to return the nation to its people. God's nation to God's people. After all, we are "one nation under God."

Warring Angels and Demons

Throughout scriptural texts, artwork, legends and myths, there has been much talk about "the shining ones", "the angels" and the "gods of old" or "men of renown". Without a complete historical record or account of our past, however, we do not have much reference for what is being brought forth. There is talk of beings of light in the Bible and many other texts. There are religious artworks in the Vatican with strange objects hovering overhead. Interesting carvings in caves and on walls throughout the world that would seem to indicate something "otherworldly". Written accounts of seemingly supernatural sightings, appearances and events. Just like the story of Our Lady of Fatima.

Yesterday, before writing these pages, I was texted by a friend who had originally discussed the Lady of Fatima with me close to the beginning of my awakening in late 2020. As a Catholic who had studied the saints, she was excited to share when I showed my interest. Two days before writing

this, she invited me to see a film about the events associated with the Our Lady of Fatima story. I felt a nudge in my mind and felt that even though I wanted to turn her down to work on my writing, I was getting the feeling I needed to accept her invitation to go and watch the movie. God had something else to show me for this book.

We ordered and ate pizza and sat down to watch. I'd certainly recommend it for anyone. The setting was in a village, Fatima, Portugal during WW I. Three children were tending to their sheep in a field when the Lady of Fatima, or Mother Mary, came to visit them and give a message. She told the children to return to that place for 6 months so that she could meet with them there and give them messages to be shared. She instructed them to pray.

Word got out that the children had seen mother Mary and people began arriving on the day intended for her appearances. During this time of Fascist rule in Portugal, the powers were not happy with the hope that this created for the people as they gathered to bear witness.

One of the mothers had a son who was off fighting in the war. Each week, the mayor of the town stood in the square to announce the dead to the citizens. The mother had made a promise to Mother Mary in prayer that if she spared her son, she would make an example of her family in service to God. So once the children let the cat out of the bag, the mother did not believe her daughter, and the town priest warned the vision could be from the devil, and that the children were blaspheming. But all three of the children

never relented in their testimony despite being ridiculed and pressured to say that it had all been a lie.

At one of the appearances with many witnesses, the children asked Mary to heal a paralyzed boy, which she did, telling him that if he believed, he would be healed. Afterward when he learned of this, the Mayor took the children and imprisoned them because he knew this supposed miracle would bring hope to the people and make them believe, strengthening them and threatening his authority and power in the town. He even told each of them that both of the other children had been boiled in oil in an attempt to get them to confess they were lying, to which none of them conceded.

As the months went by, more and more people would gather to witness the appearances, despite the fact that none of them could see her, only the three children could. She would tell them to pray, and gave them prophecies, the third of which they were not to tell. The first prophecy was that the war would end soon. The second prophecy was that if the people did not pray and turn away from their sin, that another great war would come. Both of these prophecies were obviously fulfilled later.

At Mother Mary's last visit, she had promised a miracle. Seventy thousand people had gathered to witness this miracle take place. There was a downpour of rain and the clouds were thick. It did not appear that the rain would stop and many doubted that Mary would appear again. But the children continued to pray. Suddenly, the clouds began

to shift and the rain stopped. The clouds parted, and the sun came out and began to pulse in the sky. People began running and exclaiming that the sun was falling to the earth. A great halo then appeared around the sun, and the pulsing stopped. Tens of thousands of people witnessed this event, now known as the Miracle of the Sun. Sixty miles away there were soldiers in the trenches who also saw the same event in the sky that day. If you're interested in finding them, there are pictures of the crowd from the event that day online.

After years had passed, two of the children had died. When the body of the youngest girl was exhumed during the church's investigation of whether or not to grant her sainthood, they found her body uncorrupted and it lay in her coffin perfectly intact.

The story shows the resolve and persecution that even the children were subjected to by both the townspeople and their own families who didn't believe them. In spite of their trials, all of the children never relented on the truth. For me, watching through my tears, this message was loud and clear. My fear in this moment is that what I am being asked to share, will not be well received. I will be called a blasphemer, a heretic, an agent of the devil. But, as God has prepared me, I do not care. I will faithfully and obediently share with you as instructed, what Jesus has showed me in visions and in words.

Just because we cannot see something with our limited human eyes, does that mean it doesn't exist? Have you ever seen a ghost, or thought you did? Have you ever seen

something you can't quite explain? Have you ever had a dream so real, you thought you were really there and then it becomes difficult to distinguish your waking life from your dream? Have you ever heard someone tell their story of a near death experience? Have you ever had a knowing or a premonition? Have you ever had a gut feeling that turned out to be right? These are elements of what some may call supernatural. Beyond the natural, above the dimension in which we exist. What is God, if not supernatural?

Many will swear that angels and demons are real. Reports of angels at the bedside of a dying loved one, to guide them home. Reports of people, possessed by demons. Jesus cast out demons, in fact he cast out 7 from Mary Magdalene. So why do many of us turn away and bury our head in the sand at these ideas? We are often frightened by what we do not know or understand and find it easier to turn a blind eye, ignore, or deny completely.

In Matthew 17, it talks about the Transfiguration of Jesus before his crucifixion. Peter and James went up on the mountain with Jesus and he was transfigured before their eyes, described as:

“and his face shone like the sun, and his clothes became white as light. And behold, there appeared to them Moses and Elijah.” (verses 2-3, ESV)

What does it mean to transfigure you ask? According to the online Merriam-Webster dictionary entry:

“transfigured/transfiguring - to give a new and typically exalted or spiritual appearance to : transform outwardly and usually for the better” (2022).

Peter and James witnessed a supernatural event, the morphing of Jesus’ form.

Elijah and Moses also appeared at the transfiguration of Jesus and they had also been long removed from this earth. In 2 Kings, verses 9-12, Elisha had witnessed chariots and horses of fire swoop down from heaven, separate them, and take Elijah by a whirlwind into heaven (ESV). These are certainly not things of the natural world here on earth, existing perhaps in other dimensions of reality that is not our third dimension. These things are supernatural, and above our own human understanding unless we seek to know the truth.

Consider that the human eye can only see less than 1% of the known light spectrum, that’s right, less than 1%. Can you see the UV rays that are thrown off by the sun that cause eye damage or sunburn? Can you see the microwaves cook your popcorn as you wait in front of the window? Do you see the X-rays as they penetrate to your bones? These are all also forms of light, at different wavelengths and frequencies that the human eyes cannot see and sense to interpret, yet they exist.

How about the sound waves? Can you see the words you speak floating on the air to your friend’s ear as you speak to them across the room? Can you see the radio station waves

as they enter your radio and change the station to find your favorite song? Can you see the ultra sound waves as they pass through a pregnant belly and give you a picture on a screen of that unborn miracle? No. Our eyes are blind to most of the world around us, aether included. Other dimensions are also not visible to us, like the higher dimensions of the angels.

I ask you now to open your mind to what you cannot see and what you do not know, and have never been taught.

14

Tartaria

What if all the myths and legends are true? All the lies we have been told and made to believe, are difficult to rebut in a single generation. Yet we have cultures on earth that have maintained their “myths and legends” in oral form, perhaps because they know they cannot be burned that way. What if we all have “magical powers” like in the Marvel comic books, special and unique talents? What if the science we have been fed is all a clever farce that leads people away from God, to worship the god of Satan, built from “science” and lies? A good storyteller after all, uses a little bit of truth and a lot of embellishment, to keep your attention and your focus exactly where they want it to be, on them.

When I was asked by my deceased brother to meditate to bring in the starseeds to help us, and later he told me it was the Tartarians I had called in, I was confused, so I asked some more questions.

When he told me I had successfully completed my mission to call in the Tartarians through meditation, I had to ask more questions. I wanted to know more. I wanted to

know where they were and if they even could actually come and help us if we called. He told me that Tartaria is beyond what we know as the Antarctic and that they were forced to leave. They left because they had to protect the people and it was time.

I had learned in my research about other past ancient civilizations who, when their work was done on this earth, and their role had been played, it was time for them to leave. The ancient Lumerians and people of the land of Mu who once occupied Easter Island, believed to be the ancestors of the Kiwi in New Zealand and the Polynesians of Hawaii, were also asked to leave when their time was done. Other civilizations had led to their own demise, like Atlantis.

In past life regressions, many people, including one of my own clients, have remembered their lives in Atlantis. What led to its destruction and sinking was a misuse of their power, and it led to their demise. Some even knew that what they were doing could lead to their destruction and that's why they also sent a colony to Egypt, along the Nile, and began to settle there.

Still, archeologists and historians make up their own theories about what they believe the different structures were used for at the ancient site of the Pyramids of Giza, but admit they don't know for sure. But those who believed that they once lived there, have regressed to their life in a subconscious-tapping state of hypnosis, by a purposefully elicited altered brain wave state, will have a different story.

I don't know the truth and ultimately maybe we never can, but some believe that all of the knowledge that has existed and will ever exist is always there, ready to tap into, if we ask. Some call it the Hall of Records, some call it the Akashic Records, some call it Enlightenment, and I'm sure there are more names for this storehouse of information, but should we seek the answers, we would find. If you train yourself and become disciplined and are granted worthy permission and elevate your frequency to peek beyond the veil, gifts beyond your imagining are waiting.

The Tartarians elected to leave when it was their time.

“For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven.” (Ecclesiastes 3:1, ESV)

The Rapture

After the resurrection of Jesus, he appeared again to his disciples and instructed them on going out to preach what that had been taught and seen. They were charged with saving the souls of men, gathering the flock. The disciples fanned out all over the world to begin to spread the message, convert others who would also be compelled to spread the message, and soon the whole world would know of Jesus. Perhaps what really happened next, has been kept from us as well.

There has been much concern and talk that we are in the end times, the last days as Jesus spoke of them to his

disciples in the book of Isaiah. The wrath is coming, prepare yourself by collecting food and water, ammunition and guns. Hide your money and prepare yourselves to barter and escape to the wilderness to hide.

THIS IS NOT WHERE WE ARE IN THE TRUE TIMELINE.

At first, I admit that I too believed these same things, that's why I was studying Isaiah and Revelation. I wanted to know what to do to be prepared and help as many as I could. I knew that God wanted all of his children for the rapture. Then it hit me, I realized, this part of the story already happened in our history.

What if the rapture already happened? What if we are actually living in the time after the rapture in which Satan has been loosed from the pit and allowed to rule again for a short while.

“And he seized the dragon, that ancient serpent, who is the devil and Satan, and bound him for a thousand years, and threw him into the pit, and shut it and sealed it over him, so that he might not deceive the nations any longer, until the thousand years were ended. After that he must be released for a little while.” (Revelation 20:2-3, ESV)

“And when the thousand years are ended, Satan will be released from his prison and will come out to deceive the nations that are at the four corners of the earth, Gog and Magog, to gather them for battle;

their number is like the sand of the sea.” (Revelation 20:7-8, ESV)

Stay with me here, I know that was a big gut punch I just gave you, especially all of those who follow their religion so carefully. Please, be patient and hear what Jesus wants you to know.

Backing up a smidge, let's look again at Revelation 19 titled Rider on a White Horse. We know that this is referring to Jesus, the savior of humanity. Jesus rides in on his white horse,

“eyes are like a flame of fire, and on his head are many diadems, and he has a name written that no one knows but himself. He is clothed in a robe dipped in blood, and the name by which he is called is the Word of God” (Revelation 19:12, ESV)

Tartarian Truth

I already had these suspicions, and had even shared them with one friend, of whom I haven't spoken much. But I needed confirmation, I wanted to know because things still didn't make sense. We didn't seem to be heading down the rapture route and the return of Jesus to me. I believed we were actually heading into to the final battle of God verses Satan. So I asked Jesus directly once I was given the gift to communicate with him.

I asked, did Jesus' reign on earth for 1000 years already happen?

“YES”

Are the buildings left over from Jesus' reign of 1000 years what we think are “Tartarian”?

“YES”

Who took over?

“SATAN, TARTARIANS LEFT”

Did Satan and his controllers change time to confuse us?

“YES, UP CENTURIES”

I asked the question again, so Jesus reigned on earth for 1000 years after his resurrection?

“YES, SATAN DOESN'T WIN”

In another session I asked, did THEY alter the Bible?

“YES”

How many books should there be?

“SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN”

When Jesus directed me to write this book he told me to write about “UR STORY”. At first, I figured he just wanted me to share with people about my awakening story so that others wouldn't feel alone as they begin to go through the process. Eleven days into the writing, I was getting to the Tartaria topic and I wasn't sure if I should include it. Asking for advice, his response was “KEEP TYPING. U R TO SHARE EVERYTHING U BELIEVE”.

The next day, I was still stuck and just asked an open ended question for His advice for the book.

“START GOING INTO WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT
TARTARIA”

“MAKE TIME LONGER”

When I continued to be stuck in writing, I asked again,
can you help me with the book?

“MATTHEW”

I understood immediately He wanted me to read it.

“READ MATTHEW U WILL LEARN”

I asked, did I live in Tartaria?

“TARTARIA LIVES IN UR MEMORY

U CAN REMEMBER

PRAY TO REMEMBER”

Then I did as he instructed and I prayed and sat in quiet meditation. I was given visions and information, from, I assume, what many people are calling the Hall of Records or the Akashic Records, but to me, it came from Jesus.

I saw the images flash and the story come into my mind. As my dousing had progressed, I realized I am often getting the word or phrase in my mind before it gets spelled out. I finished my meditation and went to write down what I could remember. I wrote:

“Jesus did rule on earth after his resurrection. The word of Him was spread across the earth and He reigned over his empire known to us as Tartaria. After the 1000 years reign, Satan was loosed from the pit to rule for a little while, that’s why they changed time, to hide it, so we wouldn’t know what happened or when we were living. For Satan to trick us. We have been under Satan’s rule.”

Then I wrote in all caps

GOD IS RETURNING

The Thousand Years Truth

The following is what Jesus has shown me:

Over the thousand years, humanity flourished, energy was free for the people using the cathedrals. The angels, with men and not with the tools we know of, built a magnificent civilization in which no one suffered, no one was lacking and no one lied, or cheated or stole or murdered and every need was met and exceeded expectations. Man was transformed with Him as the word of his message of love and brotherhood spread. The old world under Satan’s world passed away by the hand of God as he was shut up in the pit for a thousand years until the thousand years were ended. (Revelation 20:2-3).

The Tartarian, or greco roman or neo-classical, buildings found throughout the world are the remnants of what He had made on earth with men, for men, during the

thousand year reign of Jesus. To show them His love and faithfulness to all men, women and children. There was peace and harmony and no war. Healing was freely given in the living waters of the cathedrals and in the baptistries and fountains. Each had their own palaces in which to live, filled with beauty and art, surrounded by lovely things and the magnificence of nature and color. There was no need for bathrooms in these palaces because they lived and thrived on the fruit of the spirit and did not need to eat, like the Breatharians. They got their energy and their sustenance from the sun and the Son because they had all been transformed to the energy of the light. The Holy Spirit of God and the one who ruled over them, named King Jesus was all they needed because He is the truth, the life and the way.

After Jesus' reign on earth and it was time for Satan to be loosed, Tartaria moved beyond the antarctic ice wall. The cities are made of glistening crystals, with seemingly glass stairways and immense towers stretching to the heavens, defying all laws of gravity and physics. The city is as vast as far as the eye can see, all made of crystals and colors our human eyes cannot even imagine glimmering, glowing and sparkling light, dancing like the reflections in a swaying crystal chandelier. Everything is clean and pure and more beautiful than one can imagine. It is never dark, the light is from God himself, brilliant and glowing and perpetual. People are all clothed in white, and the light within them once they had been transformed by God, makes their skin appear like diamonds. They are never sick, never hungry and are full of praise and gratitude for the glory He has

created for them, for the life He had always intended for His creations. The air itself is filled with a beautiful music that seems to come from a choir of a multitude, filling the air and permeating the soul endlessly with its' soft sounds and vibrations. There is no duty except to love, create love, and to be love. Jesus has been there reigning over them, sending his emissaries of light to us whenever we ask for help. They are all ready to assist us whenever we ask, waiting, watching for the time that has always been foretold of what is to come. The time is here. The time is now. And we will join them there when it is done. We shall all be transformed by the light. GOD IS RETURNING.

When Satan was loosed from the pit after the thousand year reign of Jesus on earth, what we call the Tartarians, left and were forced out because they knew God's prophecy to John, would need to be fulfilled and their time of Jesus' reign on earth was over. They left and went beyond what we call the antarctic, which Jesus has shared with me is in fact, an ice wall that separates us from a world currently unknown to us.

When Satan was loosed from the pit, his army of angels "their number like the sand of the sea" (Revelation 20:8, ESV) began to destroy everything that Jesus had done during His reign on earth. He destroyed much using fire and rain, leaving evidence in the form of melted rock formations and buildings buried in mud, that some have called "the mud floods". He destroyed what Jesus had built throughout the earth in retribution and retaliation for his imprisonment and because God would not allow him into

heaven. What remained from Jesus' reign on earth, his dark angels co-opted for their nefarious purposes.

They made up stories and a new history and changed our timeline to deceive us. He took away the thousand years of Jesus time on earth and more, to confuse and deceive all from the truth. They hid the truth about the history and development of our world so that we would not know who we are or where we are capable of. But there were rules for this game, and Satan would use his angels to whisper deeds into the ears of men, corrupting them once again.

They reset the population with mass murder, likely more than once since Tartaria was destroyed. I had asked Jesus when Satan's last reset was because I was suspicious that what is happening now on earth, is not the first time.

When was the last reset?

“1760-1765”

What happened, how did they do it?

“RADIATION”

What kind?

“SOLAR”

Is that why there were so many orphans?

“YES”

How did they only kill the adults and not the children?

“RHOGAM”

The solar radiation from a solar flash had reacted with the injections of poison mercury, killing all who had taken the Rhogam shot. They are doing the same thing today that they did last time because it was too long ago for us to

remember, and they certainly weren't going to write it in our history books. THEIR game-plan hasn't changed, they do not have any creative power, so they use the same old dirty tricks over and over with a little variation.

I looked up Rhogam because I didn't know much about it. Rhogam has a high mercury content and is highly toxic to humans even now, not considering how much more toxic it may have been back then. Mercury has been a known toxin since ancient times and had been written about in many past ancient Greek and Roman writings. They likely made up some story about a pandemic, convincing most of the adults to get the injection. Those adults that didn't or couldn't be convinced to be swayed to the new agenda they were creating, were then likely either killed outright or put in the insane asylums (FEMA camps) we briefly discussed earlier. They knew it would be easier to retrain the children through mind control games and programs, coercion and threats against their survival. They would use them to work to keep civilization going and to repopulate when they were old enough.

After WW II when Admiral Richard E. Byrd was sent to the Antarctic, and he found himself on an exploratory expedition flight. He had written entries in a log that has since been recently disclosed to the public, detailing his experience.

As he and the crew flew deeper into the Antarctic wilderness, they found themselves no longer able to control the aircraft and it seemed under some supernatural influence by his reports in the log. They were brought to a

city beyond the mountains where they were safely landed and were greeted by those who were waiting for them.

The Admiral was taken to the “leader” who had been awaiting their arrival and a message was given to the Admiral to take back. Upon his return and his report back to his superiors, Byrd was eventually said to have a mental breakdown and admitted to the Bethesda Naval Hospital. The message and warning to humanity was not heeded, nor made public. While under guard, waiting for his brother’s arrival to take him out of the hospital after fighting for his discharge, Byrd supposedly fell from height from the hospital room window, to his death. Suicided.

Beyond the Antarctic ice wall lies the new Tartaria where Jesus and his people went while Satan would be loosed from the pit for a little while, and to fulfill the prophecy as relayed by John in Revelation. The lands beyond the Antarctic ice wall are protected and the lands we know as earth are essentially under quarantine.

There Jesus and his saints have remained, living immortally as Jesus had transfigured all those who had received him throughout the world after the disciples had spread out to preach the gospel. Jesus gave them robes of white, like Elijah and Moses and this was the first resurrection (Revelation 20:5).

They have been waiting for the appointed time, when God will send his wrath, destroy all of the wicked and save His children for eternity. We are in the final battle that will end in Satan’s eternal damnation “into the lake of fire and

sulfur where the beast and the false prophet were, and they will be tormented day and night forever and ever.”
(Revelation 20:10, ESV)

Not just the 1000 years into the pit.

Satan’s Last Stand

As we witness the unfolding of the events in our world, we are witnessing the time of Satan’s destruction not man’s. As they hang on tooth and nail, scratching, clawing and biting, they know their end is near. They will do all they can try to delay the inevitable, but God is in complete control.

He is revealing all of their deeds done in the dark, the heinous crimes they have done in the name of their god, Satan. He will tear away their protections, cause their plots to fall apart and their lies to be told by the mouths of their own compatriots, turning on each other. We will watch as they crumble, as their beast system collapses, as everything they have worked for is stripped from their grasping hands and gnashing teeth, and are brought to God’s court of justice. See it clearly now. Do not fear. Put on the full armor of God and be not afraid.

Ephesians 6: 10-13, ESV

“Finally, be strong in the Lord and in the strength of his might. Put on the whole armor of God, that you may be able to stand against the schemes of the

devil. For we do not wrestle against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the cosmic powers over this present darkness, against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly places. Therefore take up the whole armor of God, that you may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand firm.”

We can now understand why Satan and his minions are fighting so hard to maintain their control as long as possible, they know this is their end forever, not just his 1000 years into the pit. THEY too know, GOD WINS.

If you want to know where we are in the story, we are about to enter into Revelation, Chapter 21. It's not too late, and this is not the end. The best really is yet to come, when you seek and follow Him.

15

Return of the KING

Just when I thought I had finished, Jesus let me know there was a little more. Prior to writing this section, I was asking Jesus for his approval of my contribution to the effort inspired and directed by HIM. But I still had questions despite all of the information that he trusted to flow through me in writing. I still felt there was a gap in my own mind and needed to clarify.

I had asked Jesus to share more with me about the bloodlines so that I could understand the connections more clearly. I had previously asked if John F. Kennedy was still alive because I had thought I understood that, or at least felt that it was true, before the election of 2020, a dot that had since been in the back of my mind. I suspected that he had not in fact died in the assassination attempt, that it was actually someone else that had been put in the convertible limousine in his place as a decoy, or body double, or yes, perhaps even a clone (Think Dolly the sheep. You don't think they stopped there do you? Go search "cloneaid.com"). They knew it would have put him at far too much risk to be so exposed. Or did he really die?

When I asked the question if JFK was still alive, the response I got was:

“YES”

How old is he?

“105”

(I asked this in July 2022)

Later after doing the math of JFKs birthday until the time asked the question, the math wasn't right for what Jesus gave me, so I asked, why did you tell me 105?

“LIFE NEVER REALLY ENDS”

“TELL THEM PREGNANCY COUNTS”

So naturally my next question again for confirmation was, Is JFK Jr. physically alive?

“YES”

What is is role in all of this?

“VP”

(A theory that many JFK Jr. fans and “Q” followers subscribe to already.)

Please explain the Trump, JFK and JFK Jr relationship to the bloodlines of Jesus, I still don't understand clearly.

“JFK WAS MY NAME ON THIS UNIVERSE”

“NEVER TOO OLD TO DO YOUR PART”

I was confounded. JFK is Jesus incarnated back into this dimension?

So how is Trump related then?

“REMEMBER JOHN THE BAPTIST”

Then it hit me! It popped into my head and I understood clearly.

Just before Mary immaculately conceived Jesus, Elizabeth who was the daughter of Aaron, (the brother of Moses) and wife of Zechariah, a priest in King Herod's Judea, had at the same time, yet much older, became pregnant as foretold by the angel Gabriel. Gabriel had appeared to Zecharia and that he was to name his son John, and he would be filled with the Holy Spirit in his mother's womb. When Elizabeth was already 6 months pregnant, the angel Gabriel appeared to Mary to tell her that she too would become pregnant with the baby she would call Jesus. The angel told Mary, "And behold, your relative Elizabeth in her old age has also conceived a son, and this is the sixth month with her who was called barren." (Luke 1:36, ESV)

Jesus and John the Baptist were related and John, about 6 months older, was intended to go out and prepare the way for Jesus' ministry, filled by the Holy Spirit, to make ready the hearts of the people to receive the Lord, Jesus. John was tasked with preparing the way for Jesus, the Son of God prophesied to come to lead God's people, and be their Savior.

Even after the 2020 election, in July 2022, Donald Trump continues to be in the limelight, a topic in the news, still under attack by the media and the "January 6 Committee", traveling the United States from city to city, holding rallies where tens of thousands continue to show up, despite that he is "no longer our president". Trump continues to share

the truth about what is going on, has TRUTH Social to ensure truth can still be shared, and multitudes continue to want to hear the truth. Trump is the John the Baptist in this scenario playing out before our eyes. Trump is the one preparing the way for HIS return, like John the Baptist had done for Jesus.

After Jesus' death on the cross, He disappeared from the earth for 3 days before His resurrection. Time is a construct of man. Who else can you think of who died? Who is the likely member of the bloodline of Christ based on the previously discussed research of Mary Magdalene?

If Donald Trump is the John the Baptist, who was also boisterous and outspoken and thought to be a madman, who might Jesus be in this modern scenario?

Jesus had told me:

“JFK WAS MY NAME ON THIS UNIVERSE”

“TELL HIM ABOUT MY PLAN TO RETURN TO EARTH”

He is still here. His Son will also be resurrected as well. Jesus became the father. The bloodline of Christ still lives...always has, always will.

There will be no doubt of the glory of God on earth.

To Be Continued...

...It will be Biblical

With the love and the light of Christ in my heart, I pray you will turn your face back to God. He is quick to forgive us, ready to teach us and shower us with His gifts, wants us to come with Him and live in his Kingdom forever. Do not wait, do not be on the fence. I beg of you to come with us. He is calling you now, all of you, no matter who you are or what you think you have done. He loves you, yes you.

I will see you at the party.
WWG1WGA



I would like to add here, credit, gratitude and love to the many alternative media personalities and true physician heroes that I followed and listened to in those early days, and even many, still today. Some of these people led me to new awareness that I never could have achieved on my own but each of them helped me to grow at some point during my awakening.

They made me feel less alone, less crazy and gave me motivation to be bold. The ones I mention here deserve my gratitude because I would not be where I am today without their influence and bravery. (In no particular order.)

God bless every one of you and I'll see you when we get where we're going.

To:

Charlie Ward - for your positive attitude and infectious smile and laugh

Simon Parkes: Connecting Consciousness - for your focus on a worldwide healing network

Michael Jaco: Intuition Secrets - for showing me how to begin to use my gifts

JC Kay: Quantum Truths with JC Kay - for your blatant honesty, love and gifts that inspired my own

Gene Decode: Blessed 2 Teach - for your unwavering faith and for sharing your desire to bring heaven to earth and healing to all

Mel K - for your spirit and fortitude

Jason Q - for your autistic mind and ability to share without boundaries

Lewis Hermes - for your honesty, consistency and balanced viewpoint

Santa Surfing: Beach Broadcast - for your bright and faithful presentation, infectious excitement and love

Dr Simone Gold: Americas Frontline Doctors - for being one of the first to step out boldly to tell the truth of the corruption

Dr Ryan Cole - for being our local hero, sharing your pure heart and your insatiable quest for truth and real science, and for your friendship

Dr Robert Malone - for your boldness in the face of scrutiny

Dr Carrie Madej - for exposing their dark plan, and ceaselessly continuing to educate us

Dr Sherri Tenpenny - for taking the professional and comprehensive approach to the vaccine misinformation battle

Dr Kary Mullis (RIP) - for exposing Fauci and the PCR fraud

Dr Vladimir Zelenko (RIP) - for your patriotic and caring warnings attempting to wake up humanity. We honor you.

Anne Vandersteel - for your honest and thorough investigations and balanced presentations

Nicholas Veniamin - for your professional and succinct interviewing regarding the most important concerns of the day

Jon Levi - for your calming and insightful observations of the world around us and its' ridiculous explanations

April and Jay: SpirituallyRaw.live - for creating a platform where people can explore, grow and expand their consciousness

Crrow: Croww777Radio.com - for various and mind blowing content that most of us never knew existed, for sharing your vast research, addressing needed topics and fighting the good fight. I think I've learned the most from your shows. God bless your mother.

To all those who have shared their truth and their journey, and influenced others along their paths as they too have awakened, I thank you and send you a blessing from Jesus:

"But blessed are your eyes, for they see, and your ears, for they hear. For truly, I say to you, many prophets and righteous people longed to see what you see, and did not see it, and to hear what you hear, and did not hear it."

Matthew 13:16-17, ESV

"For many are called, but few are chosen."

Matthew 22:14, ESV

"What I tell you in the dark, say in the light, and what you hear whispered, proclaim on the housetops."

Matthew 10: 27

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PHOTOGRAPHIC CREDITS

Figure 1 - "Lost Egyptian temple, found on banks of Nile/ CNN Travel". Retrieved From: <https://cdn.cnn.com/cnnnext/dam/assets/190529113246-egypt-tomb-nakht-painting-super-tease.jpeg>

Figure 2 - "Meritaten, Egypt, Egyptian Art, Egyptian artifacts". Retrieved From: <https://i.pining.com/736x/a8/34/e3/a834e3e340747f7e04020c5fc01179ac.jpg>

Figure 3 - "Elongated Skulls and the Egyptian Akhanatan Connection". Retrieved From: <https://i.ytimg.com/vi/7geigBAC2IU/maxresdefault.jpg>

Figure 4 - "Map of Tartaria". Retrieved From: <https://worldinmaps.com/wp-content/uploads/tartary-map.jpeg>

Figure 5 - Strange But True: Coney Island's Craziest Ever Exhibit, incubators containing real premature babies.

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RISING: A NEW ERA

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

LANA TRAUTS IS FORMER REGISTERED NURSE WITH 15 YEARS EXPERIENCE IN CRITICAL CARE NURSING AND IN THE FIELD OF ORGAN DONATION. AFTER HER NURSING CAREER ENDED, SHE FOUND HERSELF SEARCHING FOR WHAT WAS NEXT AND WAS LED ONTO SPIRITUAL JOURNEY. AS SHE STEPPED OUT ON THE PATH SHE FOUND HERSELF REDEFINING ENTIRE BELIEF SYSTEMS, GAINING A NEW UNDERSTANDINGS OF THE WORLD WE LIVE IN AND SEEKING DIVINE ANSWERS ON A DEEPER LEVEL.

THIS IS AN INSPIRED SELECTION TO SHARE HER JOURNEY OF SPIRITUAL AWAKENING, AND A MESSAGE FOR YOU FROM JESUS.