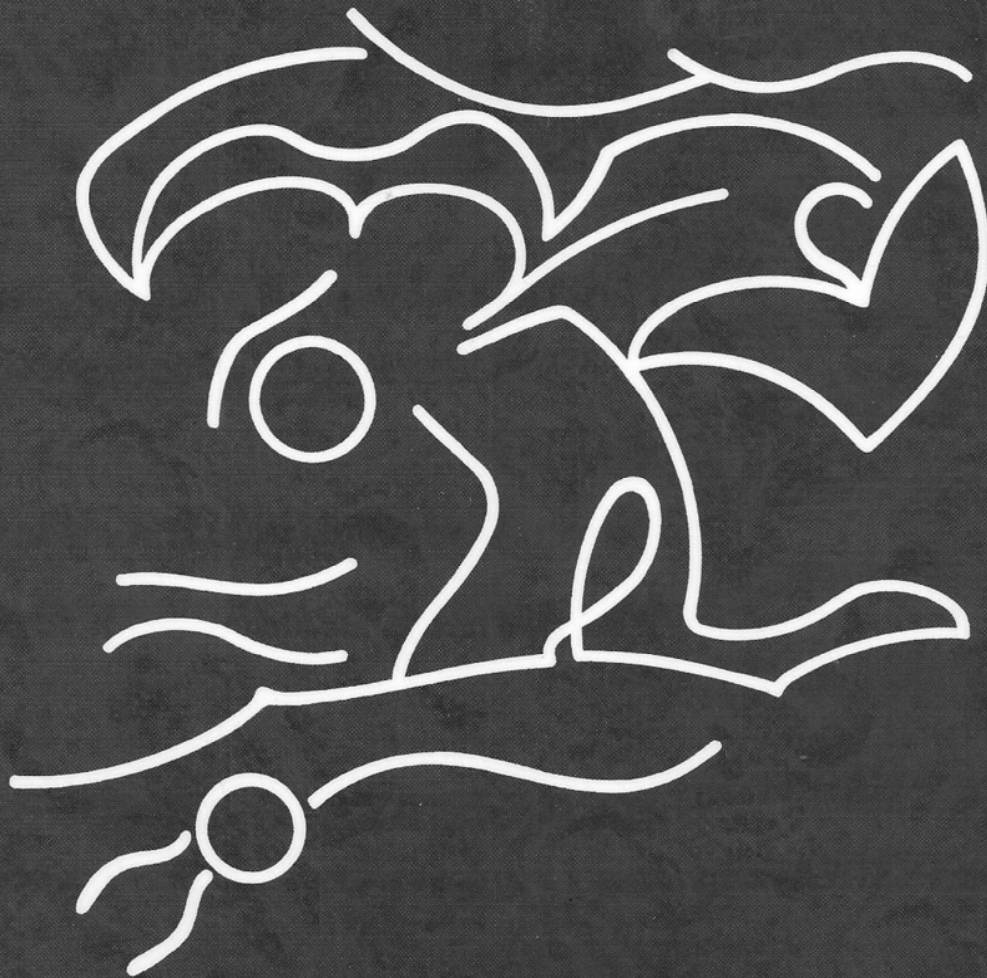
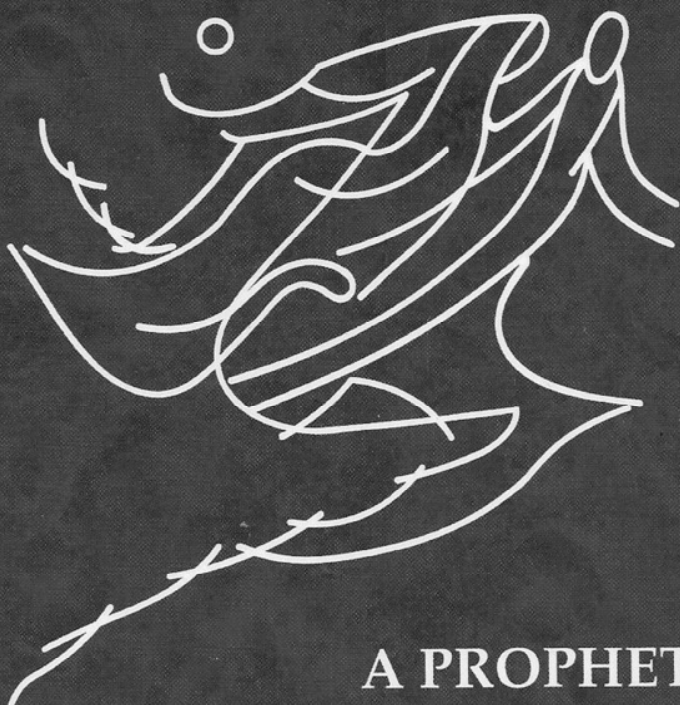


A PROPHET'S STORY

By Those Who Knew Him



Sophia Johanson

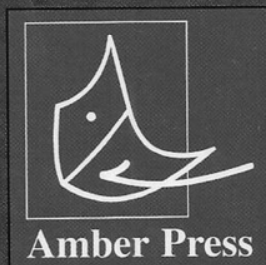


A PROPHET'S STORY...

REVEALED THROUGH HIS OWN WRITINGS AND
INTERVIEWS WITH PEOPLE WHO KNEW HIM BEFORE
HIS MYSTERIOUS MURDER

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- *Unveiled secrets of time and space, and of the Rapture*
- *Taught others to be exorcists*
- *Mapped heavens and hells*
- *Warned people about the increase of vampirism and how to stop it*
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A PROPHET'S STORY



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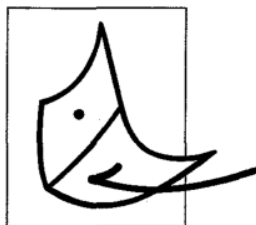
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A PROPHET'S STORY

By Those Who Knew Him



Sophia Johanson



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A PROPHET'S STORY: BY THOSE WHO KNEW HIM.

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PREFACE

IN order to preserve the flow of auditory language nuances of meaning within the context of individual transcripts recorded in this book, I found it necessary to dispense with some common punctuation editing traditions. It is my desire that the reader *hear* the words rather than see them as pictures. To read as though hearing the verbal pauses within colloquial expressions will help the reader understand the dynamics of the relationships these people had with the Prophet.

At the end of most chapters which contained the verbal transcripts, I added tidbits of the formal teachings that these individuals had received from the Prophet. Some of those writings were in his book, Virtues, Laws, and Powers, or in his Esoteric Dowsing three book set. Others were private instructions for his students. Previously unpublished works will be included in a forthcoming companion book to A Prophet's Story. Such formal teachings help the reader gain insight into the mysterious man who preferred to write anonymously.

The illustrations are very much in the style of the Prophet, in that they interpret the events described in the chapters with several layers of meaning. In studying them, I have found at least three octaves of interpretation in each one. I prefer to let the reader find those meanings himself, rather than offer any clues.

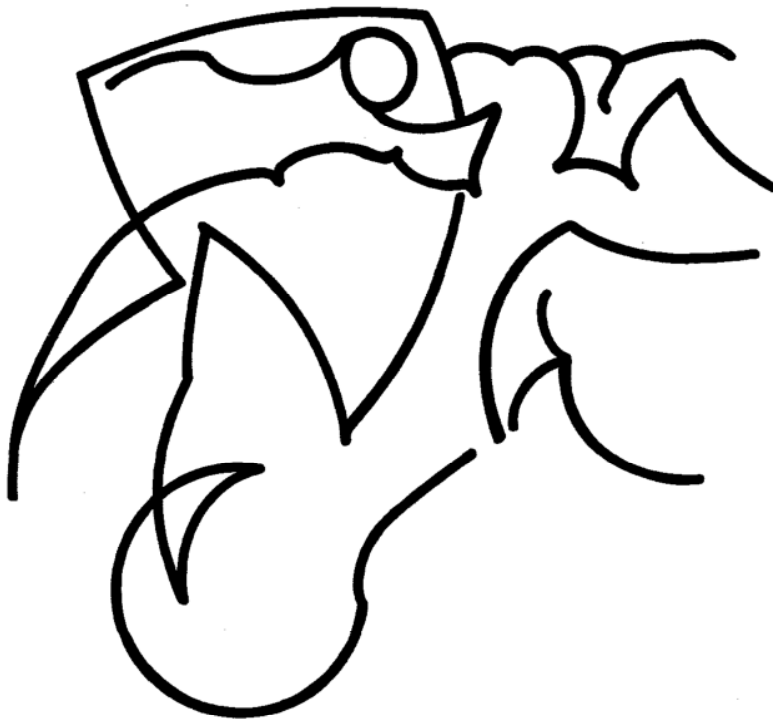
The purpose of this book is not to deify a man; it is to present a mystery that entertains and stimulates contemplation of the meaning of virtue and how we may find it in our own lives.

—Sophia Johanson



A PROPHET'S STORY

By Those Who Knew Him



PROLOGUE

I visited Frederick L. in a mental hospital when I happened to be in the United States on business. We had been lovers during our university years; I had seen him often since then. I could not understand what had driven him insane. He had been the most sober sort...a quiet man, bespectacled and bearded, gentle and full of thought. True, he had suffered the loss of his wife from cancer a year ago, but he did not seem to grieve overmuch at the time. What drove him to murder and madness was both a private mystery and a professional curiosity since he had recently contacted me about producing a film. The film was to be a documentary about a cult leader that Frederick had been investigating.

I met Frederick in the day room of the institution. Why they call it a day room, I cannot say. There are no windows, and the echoing voices of the damned within those walls makes one think only of night, as in Dante's night.

I led him to a chair, since he was unsteady, thick-tongued, and drooling. Expecting him to say little, I began a cheerful review of memories we shared, but he held up his hand, as if to say "stop or die," with his eyes cold and moist, piercingly directed toward me. His eyes were so different now; they

seemed to have a dull green cast to them, where before they had been brown and clear. I saw a changed man before me. I became filled with fear to think that a person could change so much and be so destroyed in so short a time.

He seemed to read my thoughts and began to talk about the murder, and what had happened before. With his permission, I tape recorded his words, since I still had some thought of making the documentary film about the cult, especially if it had been involved in Frederick's decline.

In hearing Frederick speak, I became intrigued with the mysterious leader of the cult: the man Frederick had murdered. Frederick refers to the leader as "he" and would not name him. Nor will I, for reasons you will see as the transcripts from interviews with the unnamed man's associates unfold the mystery to you, as they did to me. I have changed names and a few details to protect the privacy of those interviewed. Nonetheless, this is a true book; it is not fiction. It is the story of Frederick's victim: a man who inspired the worst passions or the most profound devotion in those who met him. After studying the portraits of this unnamed man, given to me in these transcripts, I believe him to be a prophet.

—Sophia Johanson



FREDERICK

I listened to him speak, but I did not know of him before then...just lies had I heard. I listened to him speak, and yet I did not know how he knew what he knew or from where he came. I listened to him speak; I justified in my mind of minds that perhaps he was mad. Even so, I sat on the grass, in lonely silence, ill in my fears of what it all meant. I listened to him like a child but without July 4th hot pleasures in the way of my hearing. I just listened in a way I had never listened before...as though the old world that I had known only existed in my mind and this new world before me in looking through his eyes is all I know or knew from that moment forth.

I justified later in my mind that I had undergone some kind of breakdown...that if he was of God, then I only killed my illusion, since it is not possible to walk the Earth and know God. I justified that if he had been who he seemed to be—a prophet—I lost, lost, lost more than you can imagine in opening fire on him, and yet would gain a silence.

He couldn't see me standing there before it happened; I was in hell with all the voices, after all. In loosing fire upon myself I thought I could escape the realization of my foolish-

ness. I thought I could find fire was peace and therefore justify my murder of him. I justified, I justified, I justified, but I could not get him to open his eyes while I could not close mine. I lost my will to live on the ground of grounds, holding my victim in my arms. In losing him I lost myself; I could not lose further in leaving or staying.

Only I could have known the mystery of the final moment of his life. I was all alone there...in a crowd of the blind and ignorant, all of them screaming. I could have run, but did not. I killed; it is true. I could try to explain why if you like.

I had met him a month earlier in June while waiting for his followers to open the door for a meeting I was to attend with my fiancée Joan. As a metaphysical book reviewer, I was interested in meeting the charismatic writer and speaker I had heard so much about from my lady love.

I knew more about the so-called mystery schools than most people because of my work and through personal spiritual journeys. I had already learned a lot about strange religious leaders while working on a book about near-death experiences of shamans. I thought I knew about most truths of this world and others...until I met him.

In the hall, just before the meeting, I saw him lightly touch the arm of a woman and saw her tremble. In her eyes I saw sadness and fear, but I could not hear what he said to her. I studied him. He was tall, about six feet two inches with sandy hair and fresh features younger than his fifty years. Unless I am mistaken, in my memory his eyes in sun were green and in moonlight a silver blue, or perhaps golden. Strangely glowing they were...in the moon light, I noticed later, as I left him in a crowd under the stars of the Maine evening.

But then, I am ahead of myself. In the hall I noticed his hands...thin yet strong, they looked like the hands of an artist, but were too long; they seemed to jinn us by their movements. I mean to say they invited you to think of them as spirits that were independent of the body of the man. Not that he gestic-

ulated with them overmuch. More often he held back in their use while speaking, leaving their strangeness all the more beckoning...as they seemed to glow or hum in some way. I lose words in attempts to produce in simple approximation the mystery of those hands.

In order to develop in your mind one little bit of understanding of how he changed my life, you must understand that I superficially had known many like him before, teachers with strange doctrines. I had heard them all, around the Earth...I justified myself that he was no different, and yet I knew I had been changed from that day forth. In the meeting, I justified my life by mental arguments in response to all he said. I smiled as I touched my beard in intellectual boredom, stroking it in movement with the room's breathing, while holding Joan's hand with the other...letting my mind wander to her breasts and thighs, letting my sense of self be where it was most comfortable, recalling the pleasures of her underneath me, underneath me in the nights and days gone by.

I'd just as soon tell you that she was my god...my goddess, for I had not ever before found one woman so child-like and yet so holy in a way I could not find in church. I had known many other women, and yet there was some power Joan had to pull me into her, mind and soul; I cannot understand it to this day. I tell you about her because she brought me there to see him, because she wanted him dead.

I did not take it seriously, this hate she bore him; I thought it but a passing grudge because he had spurned her, in a peculiar way. It was hard on me to see her obsessed about a man I didn't know; I tried to lead her out of it. I wondered if she wanted him dead because he had killed something inside her: an ability to love again. Or, did she ever possess such an ability? Troubling questions for a man in love, and yet I mulled them over in my nights of wonder after she fell asleep in my arms.

I sat in the meeting room, as I said, in bored justification

of her hatred for him. He was, in fact, more German in appearance than I had assumed...square of jaw and stern of face. I had expected him to be dark—as she was—full of rage, and proud. No, he was stern, but not over-proud. And as for dark, I can only say he was so fair that I couldn't imagine he had ever until that day seen the sun, or scarcely shaved...his skin was so light and smooth. I killed him never knowing if he shaved, or if he had eyes of gold or silver in the dark, or if his waking eyes were green or blue. They seemed to change, like the sea.

In her eyes, I could see illumination of something that came from him...a mirrored power. In her eyes I could see the hunger she had for his eyes of power and the hate she bore. Out of that hate crept a lust for devouring, for killing the very man she craved. I could not escape a sense of dread and felt perturbed to be in the middle of her furious devouring desire for revenge, or power, or something else unnamed. I was lonely in my heart, for in my life I had not inspired one passion so intense...and never would.

I felt a sickness creep over me as I realized that my hunger for her was somehow a reflection of her hunger for him. Had they never met, I never would have noticed her...because she would not have had the reflection of his eyes in hers. *His* eyes drew me to her...not her own.

What he said that day, I cannot recall. The words seemed less important than the presence of power...that strange power which emitted a sound I could not hear except in my trembling throat and from there, my whole body. How he made me hear with my throat, my chest, my belly and my groin, I cannot say. He was not loud. Indeed, he spoke most softly, and yet he demanded that I hear, and I did so, without questioning in my body...even if my thoughts resisted.

I could not say he hypnotized. Oh no, I had seen many examples of hypnotists in my time. If it had been hypnosis, it was on another realm that I had never before experienced. I think of that day often and wonder if I will ever again hear with

my whole body...or see his eyes again, or some like them in another face. I justify myself by saying that he was unusual, that is all. I justify in saying that I just wanted to go there to see a rival, that is all.

Of course he was not a rival, in the clearest sense. He had no use for her. He had told her to never tend to him in ways that she desired. He had told her to go away forever, that she was unworthy for his teaching. He had told her she was cruel, that she was desirous of power but not of holiness, that she was not fit to be in his classes. For a time she had demurred by staying away...but brooded over the rejection in a strange way. I could not understand why she brooded so, until I met him.

I justify the murder by saying that she was not free of him nor would she ever be. Therefore she was wronged—and I was wronged—in my life with her. You must understand that I loved her as much as I could any woman, in my own way. I felt compelled to save her or protect her from some horror that had already happened. How I meant to do that, I did not know.

Horrors come in many shapes; hers was something in the shape of a monster of illness of mind and soul. I cannot know what happened between them; I only know what she told me, and that was strange indeed...full of half-truths, metaphors for something deeper hidden in the darkness of her heart.

She met him years ago in a house where he gave public meetings in order to introduce his writings to new students. He had insisted on helping her with her sickly child who was father-less and ill-tempered. As she observed his kindness while he held the whimpering child, she perceived something greater than just love or grace or the unspeakable restlessness of the holy misfits of the world. In a way, he was more human than human...and yet underneath it all, he was but a ghost of a person, scarcely there.

When he spoke, it was like the wind speaking. It hit you cold or warm, but you could not grab onto the words...for the wind is not the tree. I mean to say that I understand why she

became obsessed with him, although she used blunt language to explain her awe. If I seem fanciful, it is my training, and yet I mean what I say.

I had never heard the things he taught...strange things about laws of time and space that one can use to change the body or the soul. I cannot tell you about the laws except that they are in the book he wrote; you may choose to read it. Perhaps in reading his book you will understand why I could not change from what I am and what my destiny must be, and why she could not change after a certain point.

I know there was a point for me and for her that we stood, at separate times, and decided to be killers...rather than accept as true the laws of which he spoke. It is as though some primal rage filled us with a fire to go with him or kill him; there seemed to be no middle ground. She could not go with him anyway, nor could I...I had forged a pact with her, and she against him; it was all set.

From the beginning, it was set...from the moment I saw her face with those green eyes shining ghost-like behind her black ones...it was set.

She told me that he gave her powers and took them away, that he could destroy a soul or save it, that he knew her thoughts and scorned her for them. She told me that he forced her—on their final day of togetherness—to sit in shame in front of others as he recited her flaws. Then he ordered her to depart forevermore. I asked her why she sat in shameful silence on that final day, while he used her as an example to reveal spiritual flaws of great magnitude. She merely shook her head and mumbled that she had been hypnotized, yet I knew better. She followed him in shame because he spoke rightly about her. He held the mirror of her true self in such light that she could no longer go back to her secret smug reality of ignorance and vanity. She was forever destined to know that she was base and vile, and so sought to devour him for it, from that day forth.

The mysteries that eluded me were: why she still had his

reflection in her eyes, why she lied about him so, and whether I would have been free had I never set eyes upon her. Upon my first sight of him, I had the nagging feeling that she had stolen some kind of power from him; she could not use it on him, and so turned it upon me to create her pawn of destruction.

Even so, I could have turned back after seeing him...had I not been such a common man as to have been propelled into jealous destruction by memories of flesh and sighs and promises of love. I am a common man, you see; I never knew that before I met him. One doesn't know how common one is until one sees the uncommon. I have. Whether that uncommon is good or evil must depend upon self perspective, or so I thought before reading the book he wrote. I cannot say for sure, but I do suspect that most people are common beyond words and that the uncommon are fiercely good or evil according to standards other than personal.

Had I kept my little world of perspectives that float with faint desire, I would have not reacted to this lot of mine with murder. I would have delighted myself with ridicule of his works and left her crying at the spiritual alter of her former guru. As it stands now, I know I went too far.

Yes, I shot him dead, on that Fourth of July, while the firecrackers imitated my deadly song. I had followed him to New Mexico, and I shot him, after listening to him speak to a small group in a sultry park that could not offer decent shade. Indeed, there was nothing to shade the brilliance of his hair, his eyes, or stop the hot wind of his words...except the burst of blood and cries of others.

I stood there on the edge, but could not flee. It is no wonder they call me mad and keep me here. Joan is gone now; I know not where, and do not care.

You say that you want to know more about him; I know very little. But I did plan to interview his former students and family for the documentary that we had discussed. I had hoped to ruin him with the pen and camera and not in a way as to put

me here. Perhaps you can take off from where I started. The list of names and addresses of people who knew him are with my personal things behind the nurse's desk. I'll ask her to give them to you. You see what you can do with them. Perhaps you can make sense of it all, if you talk to those people, and read his strange book.

If you read his book, beware, or you may cross the line of what you now know as reality. I crossed the line; so be careful...or you may cross it, too.



3

DUANE

I am seventy years old and I have seen a lot of strange things and people...but nothing like him. I met him when he gave a talk at the American Dowser's Society. I have to say he was a strange one, but I liked the way he could change himself like a chameleon but not like a liar when speaking about important things. Before meeting him, it hadn't crossed my mind that dowsing had anything to do with the things he talked about: invisible spiritual entities, unusual powers of the mind and soul, even the event called the Rapture. I was just a water dowser, now retired from that pleasurable employment, partly because of what he did to us.

I say, "what he did to us" not in a bad way, you understand. We old dowsers are crusty sorts of guys that tend to enjoy a good meal and a few wild stories about how many water wells we found with our various forked sticks or our fancy equipment that works no better than a stick. We could use some shaking up...to make us see things a bit clearer than a horse with blinders. I don't know though, if it was good or bad, his shaking us up. I lost a good many friends in the fight over it.

You see, he was able to tell a joke with the best of them.

Then, when you got comfortable, rubbing shoulders, he would come out with some of the dangdest stuff you ever heard. He could be suddenly as cool as ice and drop a bomb on you, in a sense, when you least expected it.

For instance, while attending another teacher's class, he asked a question about dowsing that seemed to be less of a question and more of a way to catch the teacher's eye. As he grabbed her attention, the teacher's face began to twitch, as something mean in it surfaced. That mean look got stronger as she stumbled through an answer. His face took on a fierce look as though he were backing her down in an unspoken battle. I didn't think they knew each other before that day, and so thought her reaction to him strange, and his expression bizarre.

Then, he just hopped up and gave a demonstration about how demons were crawling all over the speaker. He took his dowsing aura-meter and showed us how to dowse demons...just like that. And most of us could do it; that was what was weird. There was something to it—dowsing the demons, I could see that. When the demons came out of a person, strange smells and black clouds filled the room. It was something to behold, those exorcisms.

He could just take over a class that way, with every person wanting their demons dowsed and removed. People with headaches or back aches got to feeling better, and other physical changes happened. Later on people just started denying and making excuses about any of the healings so they wouldn't have to believe what happened or try to understand it.

I know one thing. People felt better after he worked on them...unless he stirred something up in them that didn't want to be removed. Yessir, he was an exorcist.

I know people think of exorcists as being priests, but this guy was no priest. He had plain ways, and like I said, could be jolly with a mug of beer or be as stern as a schoolmaster. People either loved him or hated him.

Even I hated him at first, because he drew a greater num-

ber of students to his classes than anyone did during the big yearly dowsing conference. He even had people sitting under trees listening to him, so that they ended up skipping the water and treasure dowsing classes.

Even though I hated him, I was drawn to him, because he seemed to know more than a man of his years had a right to know. I'm a good twenty years older, and yet this fellow had knowledge—I'm not talking about book knowledge—I'm talking about knowledge that dowsers get by working on the land and understanding plants and people and animals. This guy knew about all those things even though he had only joined the dowsing society that year. He knew more than what us farmers knew, and it was not book knowledge.

He could look at a man and know why the man was sick. He taught us that you could sing a note which would break up disease patterns in someone's body. He would sing a starting note to blast a sickness out of a man. The starting note matched the sickness "song". Then, he would gradually slide into singing a better note to pull the man to health. The sick note shattered the illness according to what he called the Law of Resonation. The Law states that complete resonation brings destruction while partial resonation brings attraction. He would slide into a better tone for bodily health and with his own will power would direct the cells to partially resonate. That caused the body to be attracted toward a state of harmony. It took a lot of energy—to do the song blasting, and it was hard for the smokers to do.

He also showed us how patterns make people sick. He would have somebody who knew about Kinesiology—that's a muscle testing discipline related to dowsing—stand up and test people while certain patterns drawn on paper were placed in one hand. He showed us that certain patterns, for instance bar codes on canned goods, made you weak. He would put the letter k in a circle on paper and place it inside the hand of a person being muscle tested. That person would not see the sym-

bol—would have his eyes closed—but would get weak as a kitten anyway. He would write the word “hate” on a piece of paper, and a blindfolded man would lose his strength just from the word being put in his hand.

Lots of people could do the same stuff he did after he showed them how...even the exorcisms. Maybe it is all in the mind, but people got better.

One time he offered an exorcism to a crazy man who then ran off screaming, who stripped buck naked and hollered out all kinds of insults. This happened during a class he taught. He just went on teaching as though he didn't notice the crazy man. I guess he figured the guy could be crazy if he wanted to be; it was his free will.

He taught a lot about the reasons for insanity. He compared a human's consciousness, awareness, and ability to act to components of an auric mobius coil system. (*See end of chapter for further explanation and excerpts from the teachings by the Prophet*).

One of the hardest teachings he gave us is that you must think of the mobius system as being composed of real substances, not just as abstract ideas, or you cannot learn to conserve or use powers that the mobius contains. All powers have substances that are used in manifestations. Power substances have a side effect in that they produce in the owner mental and physical stimulation. For that reason, people who have once had power, or have tasted it vicariously, crave to taste the power substances in any way they can. Such people like to associate with people of power in order to devour such substances.

Some people wanted his power instead of his teachings. They wanted to soak it up second-hand, and so didn't get much good out of being around him. To really have benefited from knowing the man, you would have had to study his teachings to get an idea of what he stood for, what he knew, and how he impacted people. If you did that, you might be able to learn how to get a little power of your own.

A lot of people that hung around him just wanted to devour *his* power. They would lock eyes, try to touch him and would get weepy if he wouldn't let them hang around him all the time. They didn't want to change their ways by applying his teachings about power; they just wanted power by association. When he finally kicked them out of his classes, they became obsessed and would try to spread lies about him because they couldn't use him anymore.

I never saw him harm anyone, but I heard all kinds of stories later. I never saw him ask for any money for his work, but I heard people later claim he was a thief. I only know what I saw.

If he was a thief, then he hid it from me. I have to wonder if people don't sometimes make something up because they can't explain what really happened. That maybe what really happened was on their insides, and not something outside, at all.

For instance, if a man, as a child, felt starved for love from his mother, then he might say she starved him for food, instead. He might have been rich and fat as a hog, but claim she starved him, because to say he was starved for love makes him sound weak. If a man overcomes childhood poverty and makes something out of himself, he looks like a hero. If he whines about his mother's attitude, especially if there was nothing obvious to other people, then he looks like a milque-toast. I know. I've lied about my own past in order to explain something deeper for which I had no words.

I'm older now, and I don't worry so much about what people think. So, if I want to say I'm starved for love, I'll say so. I have to say I'm sorry to lose so many friends over this man. You would think that he must have been a dreadful sort, to have caused such division, what with a few speeches and a handful of books. And yet, you can look in the Bible and see that Jesus never even wrote a book and look what happened to him. I'm not a religious man, but I am spiritual.

I look at my time with the man as a strange time that I will never forget; I am forever changed because of it. Before I met him, I had never thought about dark forces, or about thoughts having shapes that could be dowsed even easier than a water well. I had never thought about souls having a type of matter that could be destroyed by aliens from outer space or inner space.

I know it sounds crazy, but I believe in demons and aliens now. I never did before, except in some mental way, for fun. Now, I cannot say it is always fun, but I can say it is exciting...what I learned from him.

I am afraid sometimes, now, because the world seems like a bigger place than it did before I met him. I seem to get lost in it, and yet it comforts me to recall his words.

Before he left us, he told me that I am a good man and that he would help me. That would have made a lot of old dowsers like myself angry, because we are all so self-important. I looked at him that day, and I wasn't angry, because I saw his heart was in the right place. I saw he meant even more than he said.

Just like a person can say they are starved for food if they are really starved for love, a teacher might say one thing but mean another, not to lie, but to shield the truth a bit in order to allow a student to save face. I saw him say things about food that really were about love. I saw him talking about dowsing entities that were really about hate energies we had created ourselves. He didn't lie...he just presented one side of something to keep us from bolting away from the raw truth. He gave us an out; he showed us our hate as though it were outside ourselves, and taught us to destroy that hate as though you were squashing a June bug. Only later, he told us we had created most of the "June bugs" and needed to quit hating other people.

Sometimes one of us would feel down and out for no reason, and he would show us how to draw the reason by mapping the angles of the disorder with a pen and paper. He said

you had to draw the patterns without thinking any words, since there is a part of us that understands pictures and a different part that understands words. All beneficial or harmful energies have sounds and shapes, which are perceived by different spiritual components. A person's dreaming mind perceives inaudible sounds, while a person's etheric body aspect of his waking mind perceives invisible shapes. If you can translate those sounds and shapes into drawings or songs, then you have the power to remove the represented disorder. He said there was a spiritual law that allowed a man to heal what he could see and hear. That's why Jesus would ask a demon his name—which is his sound, and number—which is his pattern. If you understand the spiritual shape of the container of disorder, the frequency of substance, and the point of reference or dissonance point as he called it, you can control many spiritual and physical situations. He compared any manifestation to a song played through a musical instrument of specific shape at a specific pitch from a directional point of reference—the musician.

He taught us that thoughts and emotions are things, not concepts. For instance, hate is a willed creation of specific shape and color frequency band that is composed of thought and desire substances. Some hate shapes form keys to hell doors and out of those hell doors come demons of illness.

He said that if you ever understood about pattern, pitch, and point of reference then you could choose whether to allow your own body crystals to even teleport, should it become important to do so. He said that understanding those key aspects about controlling your own body/mind frequency, complexity of pattern, waveform, and point of reference would lead you to heavens or hells, depending upon your desires, will, and intentions.

He always said that to have power you must have your point of reference in the now rather than the past or future. Many people get weak because they compare everything to some memory or have fear or longing, instead of just living like

warriors, as though each day was your only day. He did that; he lived each day as though it was forever, with a lot of passion, and didn't indulge in remorse or fear, like most of us.

He drew lots of drawings, like one to represent the core of each person. He called it a cosmic dust molecule, and said it was real, and was behind the elements and everything we thought of as physical or mental. He would use simple drawings and gradually make them more complex to illustrate components of the human aura and mysteries about time and space.

That's the way he was; he would start with a simple drawing, like a triangle. Then he would make it a six-pointed star. Then he would make it a pyramid, and then two pyramids. He would teach us something simple, and build on it, so that we learned in ever increasing complexities some of the mysteries of life.

He was not just a man hollering and ordering demons out, no. He was a teacher that knew so much that he had to struggle to explain it to us in layers, or we all just scratched our heads. So much of what he taught was in metaphors, until he figured out a way to teach us more directly, as time went on.

The danger that we fell into was in forgetting the cores of each teaching while getting caught up on details or metaphors, or just by thinking it was all a mental game without remembering why we were studying such things in the first place. He always said that there was no point in studying his teachings if we didn't want to be saviors of mankind's souls. He hounded us over and over again, to purify our desires, our intentions, and our wills.

They say a prophet is not without honor except in his own country...I know people who had been in his teachings for years, hearing and seeing all manner of wonder, and yet they turned on him. They went their own way, sorrier than ever, hardly fit to be called human. He brought out the best or worst in all of us. Every weakness came to the surface. I didn't mind

it; I was relieved to flush it all out. Other people felt embarrassed or hated him for making them look bad.

If we didn't fight him, in that we accepted as true his teachings and tried to live according to them, then we could do the exorcisms, just like him. He said that we are in the times of Tribulation, and that the spiritual battles would increase, so that only an exorcist could be of true spiritual assistance to his fellow man.

Anybody who just hung onto their own ways, and refused to accept part of his teaching, got weaker and mean-spirited as time went on. The resistant ones got neurotic looking but kept coming to his classes until he kicked them out.

I wasn't resistant, but I didn't go to his last gathering, and I wish I had. I guess I thought he would always be around. I lost heart when I heard he was dead. I think I will rally soon, but I get sad because I run into problems that are parts of mysteries I would have never thought about ten years ago. I feel like a scientist in realms so strange that I get tired sometimes, and scared. Even so, I can't give up practicing what he taught me.

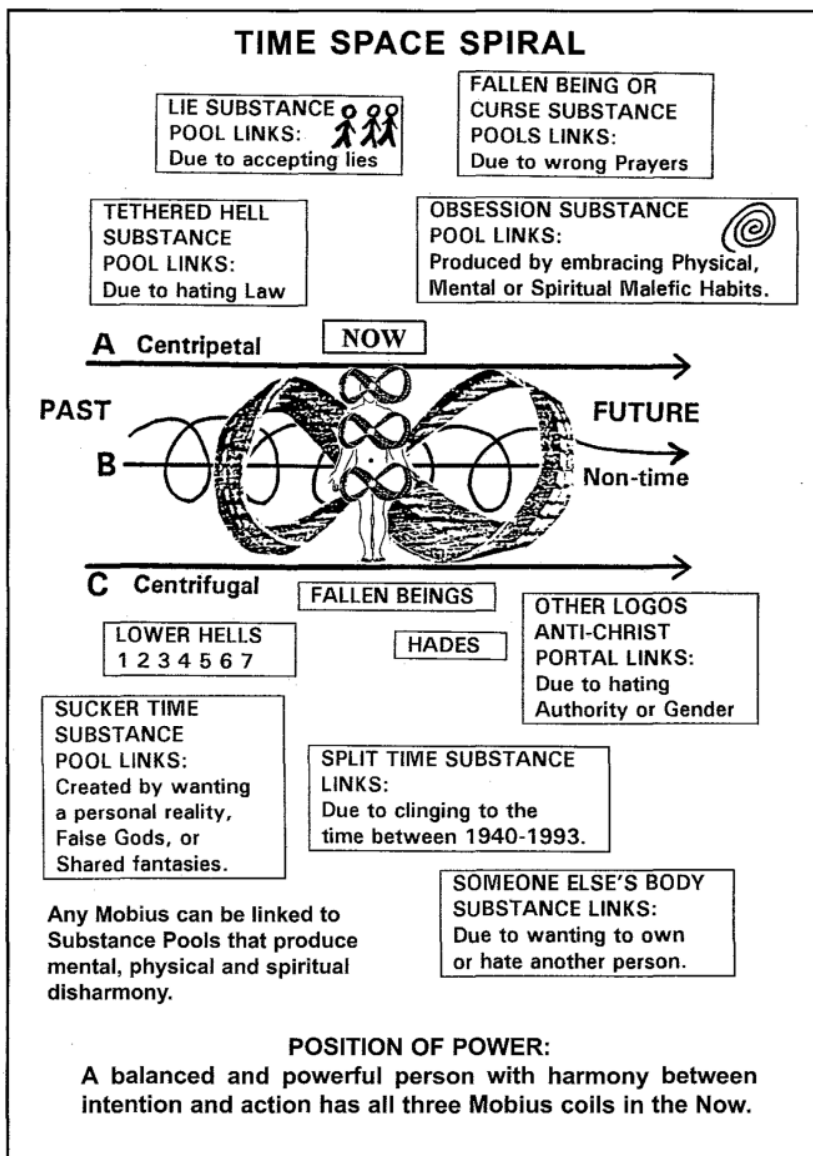
He never gave up, even though many people hated him. He could walk in a store and never be waited on, if the clerk had a dark force. Sometimes in a store or restaurant, he just talked straight to the dark force, rebuking it, while looking at the possessed person. It could be embarrassing to some people, if they didn't have a sense of humor. He was hated a good deal of the time, without much reason, from a logical standpoint. I figure that a lot of those stories about him being a thief or a hypnotist are just ways for people to figure out a reason to hate him.

I don't know who he was or where he came from, really...I don't know where he went. If he is dead, I suppose there is a good reason, or he would have avoided it.

I look upon all this as just another grand mystery: kind of like why you are here right now, wanting to make a movie

about a man that everyone lies about. Maybe I'm lying...who is to believe? Maybe if you read his books you will know better what I am talking about.

Maybe he's not even dead. If you find him, let me know, and tell him I said hello.



THE PROPHET'S TEACHING ON AWARENESS AND CONSCIOUSNESS

A person's inner dimensional components can be compared to a Mobius coil. One side of the ribbon has centrifugal forces and the other centripetal. The loop space on either side of the middle twist has connections to the spiritual faces of consciousness and awareness.

Inside the space of the left loop is spiritual awareness substance. Awareness controls intentions and connects to soul matter. Inside the space of the right loop is the consciousness, which has the following components: personality, generative/creative substance forces, body consciousness, self identity within gender consciousness, and self concept within spiritual hierarchy.

A person with hatred for Universal Laws or a person who has malefic intentions will fill his Mobius with poison on the side of awareness. If he responds by reinforcing conscious thoughts that go against Laws, then the other loop is poisoned. If he acts upon those thoughts, then the center twist point will get rotten, causing the whole Mobius to burst. When that happens, he has become a shell with no real personal consciousness or awareness who soon becomes a vehicle for dark forces in his body and mind.

There are three different Mobius coils with the above components associated with Heaven (pineal), Universal Mind (heart) and Earth anchor (groin) which have a unity point at the navel. One or more of these can be unwound and fall into a hell or Hades, or float up into a personal sucker world above the head as if they are in a cartoon bubble. A person's mental balance is influenced by the locational choice of resonation of each Mobius within the time/space coil. A lack of control of intention, thought, or action could influence the position of balance for one or more coils. It could rupture them, allowing their pivotal point to wander into hells.

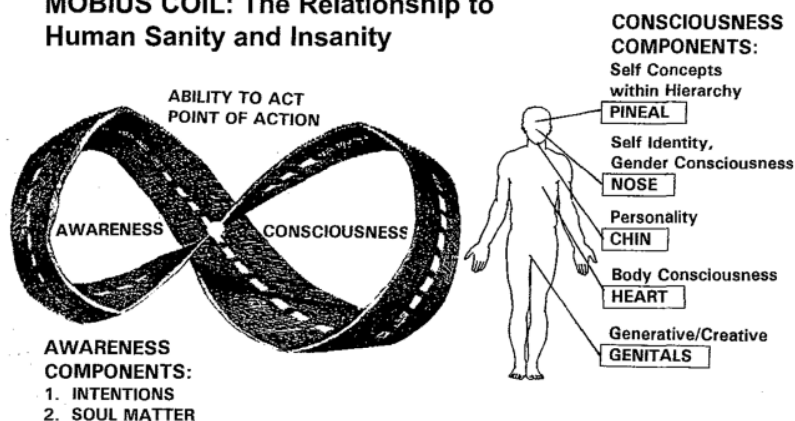
The only position of power is for all three coils to be in the holy time/space spiral aligned with the Now point of Earth. This position

makes a person balanced and powerful, unless the coils have lost shape, which means they have lost harmony between intention and action.

One of the worst situations is when a Mobius gets stuck in the past, particularly the time from between 1940-1993. That time is called "Split Time". The whole Earth time/space spiral went awry then, due to government research of time travel which ruptured the inter-dimensional doorways. Split Time was straightened out by divine intervention in 1993, but all people still have disorder residuals from the alien doorways that opened between 1940 and 1994. Longing for the past can cause a Mobius to move backward through those rotting alien doorways in split time.

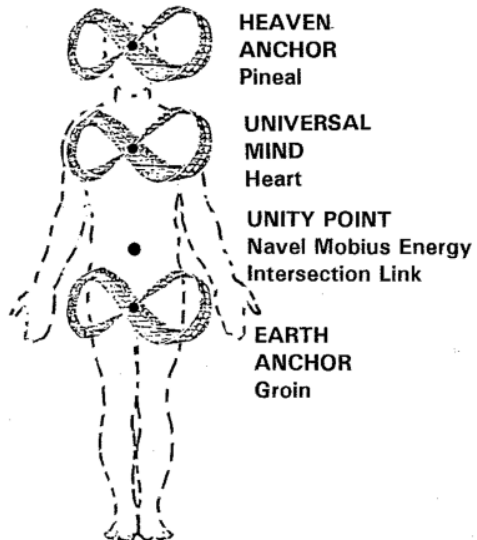
A person is his awareness and consciousness. If those components are lost then he is no longer a human. Since nature abhors a vacuum he becomes filled with alien consciousness and awareness which is always evil. Holy endowed consciousness and awareness never enter a man who has misused his own and lost them. Holy endowed consciousness and awareness sit like a crown upon the head of a saint who has refined his own consciousness/awareness to perfection.

MOBIUS COIL: The Relationship to Human Sanity and Insanity



**DUE TO LACK OF
CONTROL OF
THOUGHTS,
EMOTIONS OR
ACTIONS, ANY
MOBIUS CAN BE:**

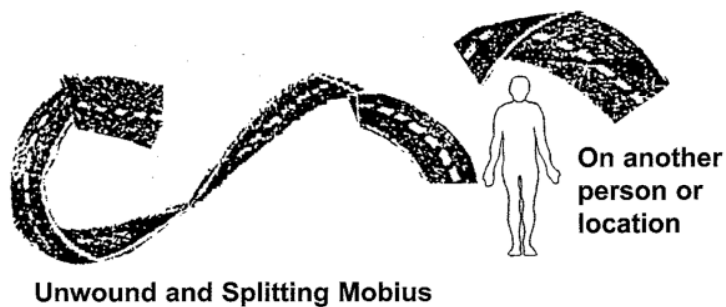
1. Unwound in
Purgatory, Hells,
Hades, or Ruptured
2. In a Personal Sucker
World above the
head
(Like a cartoon
bubble)
3. In another Time
Location on the
Time/Space Coil



POSITION OF POWER:

A balanced and powerful person with
harmony between intention and action
has all three Mobius coils in the Now.

RUPTURED MOBIUS



ASPECTS OF SPIRITUAL NAME

1 SUBSTANCES



2

SPIRITUAL NAME CONTAINS TWO GENDERS

MANIFEST NAME

(Birth Gender)
SOLID LINE

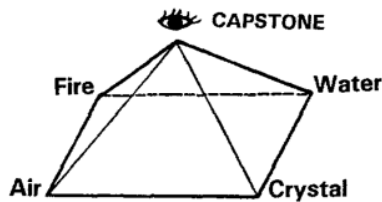


UNMANIFEST NAME

(Opposite of Birth Gender)
DOTTED LINE

CAPSTONE EYE is directed
towards Heaven or Hades
(Expansion of God's Plan or
Contraction of God's plan
towards death)

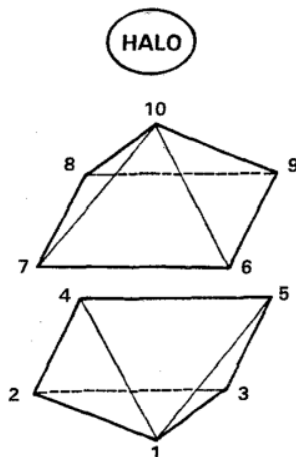
3 PYRAMID OF MANIFESTATION



4 HUMAN SPIRITUAL COMPONENTS

Each side of Triangle with
Substances of Will, Desire,
Intend

ALL PHYSICAL MANIFESTATION
OF HUMANS COULD BE
COMPARED TO TWO PYRAMIDS
WITH THE BOTTOMS TOGETHER



TEN POINTS OF POWER

- | |
|---|
| 10. DISSONANCE POINT/
EARTH DIMENSIONAL ANCHOR.
ETHERIC BODY
MAGNETIC FORCE FIELD |
| 9. SUBCONSCIOUS MIND/
DREAM SELF |
| 8. PERSONALITY/
IDENTITY SUBSTANCE
SOUL, VIRTUE SUBSTANCE
ACCOUNTABILITY SUBSTANCE,
Acquired at Puberty |
| 7. INTEND SUBSTANCE |
| 6. REASON TO LIVE
WILL TO LIVE |
| 5. PROCREATIVE/
DESIRE/ POTENTIAL
TO CREATE LIFE |
| 4. CONSCIOUS WAKING MIND,
SEPARATE FROM PARENT |
| 3. NAME
UMBILICAL CORD TO MOTHER |
| 2. LINK TO EARTH/GENETIC
ANCESTRAL POOL LINKS,
or LINK TO NEW EARTH |
| 1. SPARK OF LIFE |

#3: As a baby realizes he is not
his mother, he develops a personal
Song/Name based upon parental
influences, societal environmental
influences, and Location Link on
Earth of Body.

THE PROPHET'S TEACHING ON NAME IDENTITY

Each person has a type of name that is composed of desire, will, and intend substances of varying amounts and qualities. The name can be represented as a triangle that is pointing at an angle that relates to a person's birth orientation on the globe, like a dial on a radio.

That name is called a person's manifest name, and is related to an individual's birth gender. Individuals also have an unmanifest name that is like another triangle represented as dotted lines. If a man is aligned with the male face of the holy powers, then he would have a strong trinity of powers on his manifest name. If he also is aligned with the feminine face of God, which includes the Holy Spirit, then he would be strong on his unmanifest gender (dotted line) name and powers.

Your unmanifest name has a correlation with your left eye and your dreaming self, while your manifest name has a correlation with your right eye and waking mind. Many people get possessed because their triangles split away from each other due to hatred for the opposite sex. People who use their substances to hate or obsess about romance also tend to weaken themselves, so their triangles shrink in size and tilt to a bad angle.

After the age of accountability, a person can twist his own name power, substances and forces around to better or worse, and so lose or gain a significant amount of power. If you lose these substances/forces then you can't dowse or do exorcisms. Dowsing is called "divining" because it requires divine substances that are present in a person with a holy name.

A man's spiritual components of his name as it impacts his lower life can be compared to two pyramids, one on top of the other connected at the bases, with ten points of power. Problems can arise on the north, south, east, west—up or down—pyramid faces if a man accepts physical, mental or spiritual disorder into his sense of self. Each point can be dowsed on the True God Scale.

THESSALONIANS 4:17 (KJV)

THESSALONIANS 5:2-6 (KJV)

Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober.

MATTHEW 24:21 (KJV)

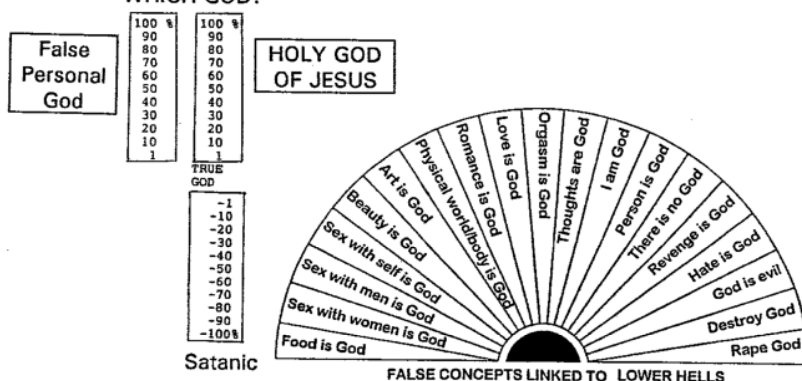
MATTHEW 24:29 (KJV)

JOHN 16:33 (KJV)

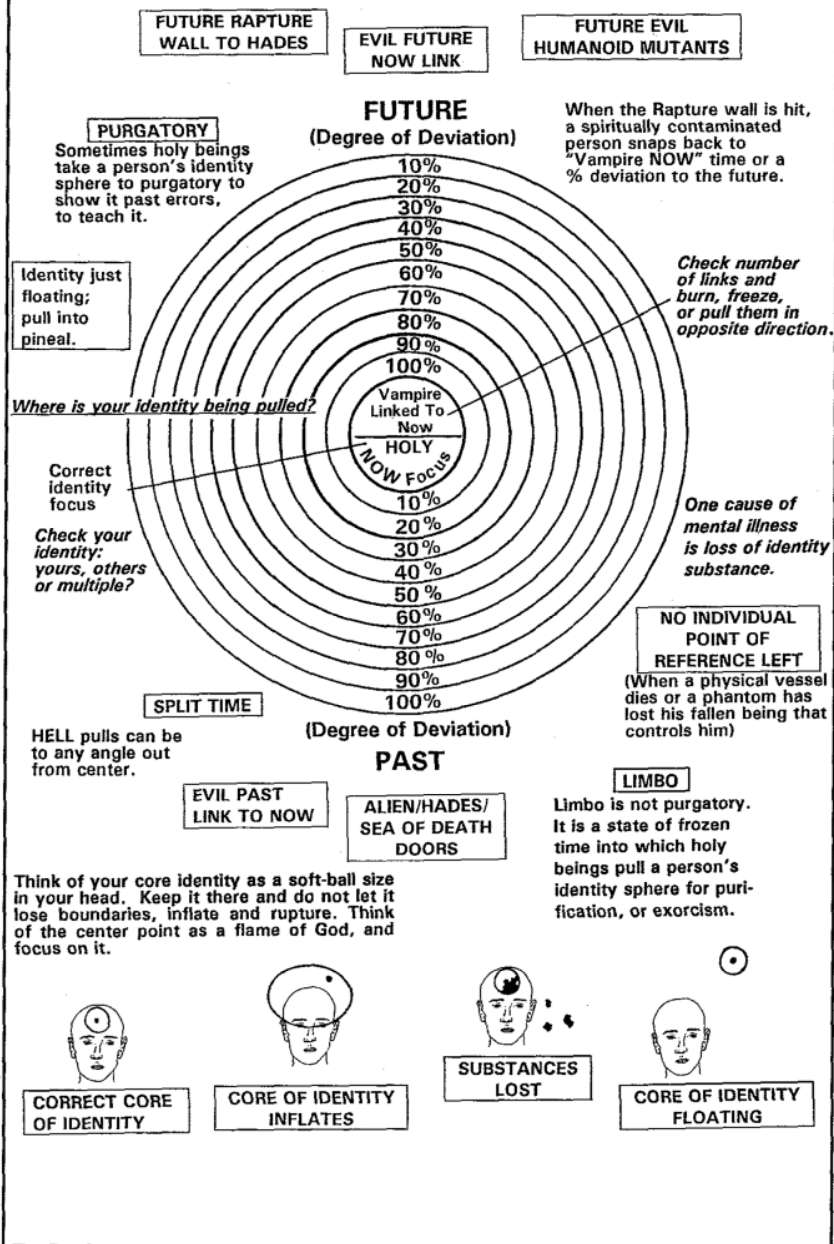
REVELATIONS 7:14 (KJV)

These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the lamb.

WHICH GOD?



THE PROPHET'S TEACHING ON IDENTITY AND TIME





ANGIE

YOU never know what is real if you listen to yourself think. Half of what you assume are your own thoughts are just the voices of the demons that have poured out of the alien doorways. I found that out when I met him in Kansas when he came to speak to a group of UFO abductees. I know that most people think of us who were abducted as a bunch of nuts, and I would have to say that is partly true. Unfortunately, Prozac will not cure what ails us. I believe he could have cured us, if we had listened to him instead of the demon voices.

Not everyone wants to shut the alien doors. Some people get a lot of social pleasure out of being alien-associated in some way. I mean, if a person has a bad headache he can say he has an implant from an alien...instead of a hangover. Being abducted gives you an excuse to be crazy that sounds glamorous even if you were nutty before hand. I say all this as one of the gang; trust me...as much as you can trust anybody or anything in the universe...except him.

He came to see us in our last meeting of 1993. We all were revved up to go to the upcoming national meeting for alien studies in Taos, which was a big media thing and a place to

meet new friends with similar interests. Not everyone who comes to such meetings is an alien abductee, but everyone enjoys talking about the latest alien encounters, crop circles, government cover-ups about time/space travel research, and so on.

That day, we were all in a good mood, milling around the room while he approached the speaker's stand. As president, I opened the meeting with the usual chit-chat. Then, the meeting was turned over to him with the usual round of applause for the speaker.

He looked like a preacher, kind of, and yet had a charm and warmth that seemed to not block anybody out, even though we all sat there chain-smoking and swilling coffee. A lot of us smoke and blame it on our nerves, having been abducted and all.

He started out affirming our positions as victims, you could say, but then went on to offer hope by saying he had been able to stop the abductions through the use of a certain method.

Of course none of us believed him; we thought it was just another hype for some electronic product that had a buzzing sound to ward off creepers in the night, or some other such thing. We were surprised to see it was just maps and strange symbols he was talking about.

I loved his style of speaking, which was a mixture of Chicago harshness and Okie innocence. Under a veneer of tough talk came the most poetic, unusual, inspiring speech, which was more than most of us were used to hearing at those gatherings.

We were all caught up in his perplexing yet entertaining delivery...but then came the bullet. Instead of insisting he stop when his allotted time was up, I just sat there in shock, in a kind of trance, unsettled and unaware of what had transpired. I have seen a lot of things in my time, but nothing like what I saw occur on that day.

He took a four year old child up to the front of the room to show us something about the child's aura. The child had come to the class with his mother, who had been troubled by her son's nightmares. That is all she told the speaker. I knew that the boy had insisted that E.T.s kept crawling out from under his bed at night and taking him places and hurting him. His mother had taken him to shrinks to no avail, and still he cried every night, begging to sleep with his parents. Her husband would not allow it, and so she spent many nights hearing the pitiful child's cries and feeling sick to her stomach. In her own way, she was responsible for the problem, in my mind, by letting some man—her husband—run her life...especially since he did not believe in aliens. She did.

I saw our speaker stoop down and talk to the boy. He asked him about the encounters at night, and then asked his permission to show the others how the aliens worked. In order to do his work, the speaker used a big chart with strange symbols upon it. He rotated it a certain way, and wrote out a series of numbers that he called ratios on little circles of paper inside six pointed stars. He claimed that alien doorways were in the dimensions that intersect Earth; those doorways could be closed by his spiritual radionic method, which was similar to a shamanistic technique.

Instead of using his own dowsing tools to measure the aura of the boy, he asked several of us in the room to do so. We were familiar with dowsing, since it was included in the metaphysical studies that many of us had undertaken since being abducted. Several of the men measured with an aura-meter huge flapping entities over the boy's head, which our speaker said were vultures from another world system, alien to ours. There wasn't a one of us that couldn't do it, even those people who had never dowsed before.

I began to feel a sense of panic when I realized that the flapping creatures above the boy's head were also above mine. I began to sob, as others in the room measured my aura and

found several of the creatures, flapping. In a sense I felt relief, because then I knew I was not just crazy about thinking I had been alien violated. On the other hand I felt a terror like I had never felt before. If I shifted my eyes just a bit so as to see with peripheral vision, I could *see* the vultures, like smoky black-birds in the room, over several people's heads or sitting on their shoulders. I didn't need to dowsed them. Several people in the room began to look weepy, but our speaker pulled them into line with his calm sense of humor about the subject and his assurance that he would remove the alien entities. I sat and chain-smoked, waiting my turn, while he cleared the boy.

He started with a prayer, which seemed odd to me, since aliens had nothing to do with religion, the best I knew. Then he used a number chart and pendulum dowsed a series of numbers. Next he dowsed three different ancient letters to place in front of the number series, all of which written inside a paper six pointed star. Then he placed the star at a certain dowsed position on an Earth map with printed dimensional symbols.

I don't know how it worked, I only know that the vultures that had hovered over the boy's head disappeared after this technique was used. The boy looked so bright and happy, he looked so relieved, that I felt a surge of hope for all of us, but also fear...since there was something unsettling about *how* the entities were removed. After all, they weren't demons, were they?

The speaker answered my question before I spoke it. He was so fierce and solemn, while insisting if we did not address our spiritual weaknesses, the alien forces would come back, and the vultures would suck out our strength of will until we were walking zombies. He told us how the aliens entered the Earth due to a split in the time-space tube of our normal 31 dimensional Earth framework. The split occurred due to government research in time travel during the forties. He said the effects of the split were worsened by spirit channeling which invited alien forces to enter through the torn time/space membrane.

Had there been no alien channelers, who according to the Law of Free Will invited aliens to Earth, then the angels would have not allowed the alien invasion to occur.

He drew illustrations on the blackboard, and gave us hand-outs about what he called the time/space tube. He said that a man's identity was supposed to be inside an auric cocoon that should protect him from other time/space invaders. This identity sphere moves in a straight line through the time space tube, unless there is an auric rupture of a person or the whole Earth.

He warned us that many people rupture their identity spheres through spirit channeling, praying to false gods, by using drugs, or indulging in sexual perversion. To pray rightly, he said, is the most important protection against invaders from inner space and outer space.

One of the strangest things he showed us were illustrations depicting different time/space tubes: a grace/holy being one, a new Earth one, a split-time Earth one, an animal one, plant, mineral, and Hades tubes. He said that our sense of who we really are is anchored in a tube that reflects our alignment with the spiritual laws that have to do with being a human being. He said we could choose to reduce our spiritual essence to that of a mere animal, or even a plant or mineral. Worst of all, he warned us, was if we sold our sense of humanity to dark forces in Hades.

Most of us had never even thought of Hades, and the rest of us assumed Hades was the same thing as hell. We were surprised to hear that there are many hells, some tethered above the Earth, some underground, but that Hades was far worse. Hades has the doorways to alien worlds and is where the abductions occur. He said if we had sold some part of ourselves to darkness, then the doors to hells would eventually give way to the door to Hades, and aliens could use us as they desired. He even said that humans who chose to be renegades against Universal Laws became aliens by mutating their auric molds

into demon shapes. A person could speed up his mutation by obsessions, and so be a future evil humanoid now. Such people will be unable to survive the Rapture time of shifting worlds, he warned.

By then, several people were getting pretty agitated by what he was saying, and some just walked out. They didn't want to think that they could have contributed in any way to the alien abductions of themselves or their children.

Our speaker sighed upon seeing those people leave, but he persisted, "Having a false god program, deciding you are your own god, makes you a renegade of the earthly spiritual Law system of our Father in heaven. Having a false god program is a choice to enter an abnormal spiritual world other than that of a human".

He went on to say that the laws of true humanity are more refined than those of an animal, and the laws of the plant world are even less refined still. A lawless man becomes coarse in his appreciation for natural law, and so degenerates to the level of an animal, then a plant, then a mineral, and finally a demon. The truly lawless people have demonic dreaming bodies. Such demons torment children, dragging them into Hades where they are abducted through the time/space portal that is present there.

I remember he said with a sad voice, "Children younger than the age of accountability are dependent upon the purity of the adults in their presence for their spiritual protection. Guardian angels become repulsed around an adult who has become an incubus or succubus, and so depart, leaving their charges defenseless."

It had never dawned on me that a person could become one of the legendary demons of sexuality, like a satyr. I wouldn't have even thought it bad, because it just sounds just like someone who has a high sex drive, but he set me straight on that one. He said incubus/succubus sexual forces and secretions are poison to the soul and open doorways to Hades through

which alien forces enter. He went on to tell us that people were becoming zombies, that they were losing their souls to the aliens, and that a state of emergency greater than any crisis of all time on Earth was present.

According to him, the aliens were aligned with fallen beings known as Asuras and advised us to read the prophecies of the late Rudolf Steiner about Doppelganger dark forces taking over human bodies. He went on to say that Asuras and aliens are devouring the substances of the Earth which are supposed to be recycled in the New Heaven and New Earth system. If the dark forces continue to eat dimensional substances, the Earth will become no more than a phantom hell with no future for anyone. Everyone will become a phantom demon. He warned us that a great battle must be fought for the souls of man because the alien forces were also eating the soul matter. When someone protested that souls were immortal, he reminded them that Jesus said *"Fear not those who would kill your body, rather fear him that can destroy both body and soul in hell"*.

I knew, as bizarre as it was, that he was telling us the truth, and that the implications were staggering. If the whole world, even little children such as this boy, were being devoured by alien vultures and dark forces from fallen higher beings, then how could humanity survive?

He told us that the method he had used on the boy would work for only another year, and that if it was not used by at least a couple of hundred people on a daily basis for the next year then there would be no hope for humanity. I knew he had been traveling a lot, passing out the strange maps and symbols, teaching people from coast to coast and in Canada, trying to teach the alien removal method.

He began to look tired, as people became more agitated and hostile. They complained that he was trying to stuff religion down their throats, and they protested that aliens were not demons.

He sweetly smiled, at a point in the ruckus, then packed up to leave, saying not another word. In that smile I saw a lot. I saw a man who had not understood the level of hate he was to receive that day, just for stating an unusual opinion...or so it seemed.

He had a type of grace about him, in the waning light, as he walked to his car, maps stuck under his arm, stooped and sad. I walked with him, babbling about how nice it was for him to have come, and gave him my card, as president of the club. He accepted the card, but his eyes seemed to be miles away, looking past me, as he got in the car. I saw him drive away, and I wondered whether I would ever see him again—not in the usual sense of meeting a man like a date or something—and whether I could ever forget him. It had to do with a sense of meeting someone who reminds you about something sacred in yourself that you had forgotten long ago...or never knew at all. Of course he was some kind of social pariah, what with that half-witted talk about demons, virtue powers stopping aliens, and so forth. But still...

I was not going to let go of my ways; I liked to have a lover now and then, and I met a few through the conventions. Just because he said that we could not stop the encounters unless we were celibate or monogamous would not be enough to get me to the nunnery. I look back now, and I know he was right, because the encounters did increase for me, after I would hop into bed with some guy.

I look back now, and I see that I gave up some part of my honor that day, because I did not defend him to the others when I went back in the room. They were all laughing, in a mad sort of way, about how in the world did we find such a speaker. But each one of them had a scared look, still...as though they knew he was right about a few things. I am not going to say that he was right about it all, but I know he hit home in my case.

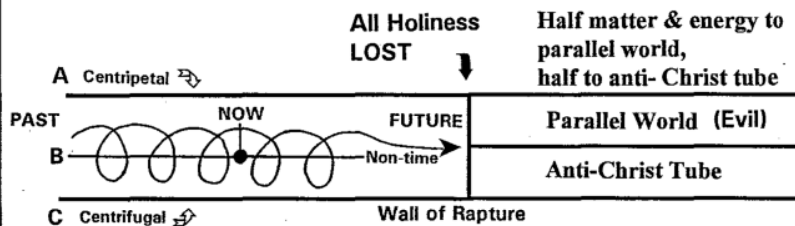
They say he found a few hundred people to help him get

rid of the aliens that were causing most of the trouble. After a couple of years, he just disappeared, or maybe is dead; I have heard that. All I know is that something changed about my life after those hundreds of people worked through his strange method. Afterwards, I seemed to feel better, in a way, about life.

The thing about alien abductions that is so damaging is that they make you lose hope, in that you begin to feel like there is no God to save you from the monsters from outer space.

He was from God; I know that now.

**THE PROPHET'S WARNING!
THE DANGER OF
LOSS OF ALL SOULS AND BODIES**

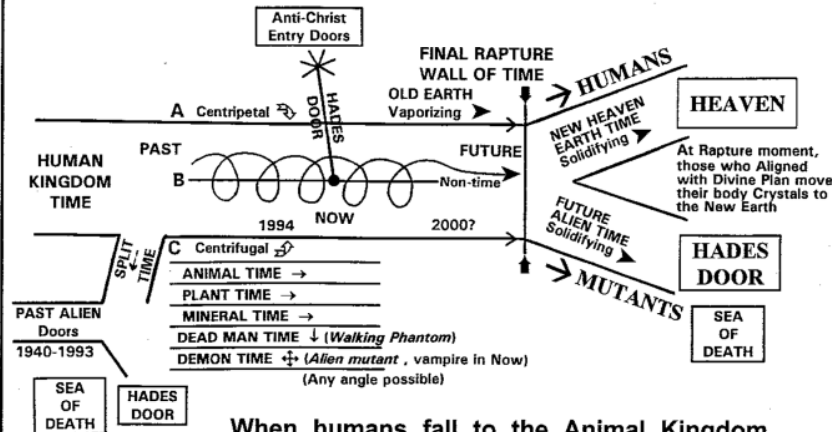


THE WORST POSSIBILITY

Where mankind and the Earth are heading at the current time unless humanity changes behaviors, thoughts, desires and intentions.

The **TIME OF FINAL RAPTURE MOMENT** is determined by when the loudness of the individual name/voices of the *humanoid renegades* who have rejected Divine Plan reaches a Tower-of-Babble pitch. The flesh of the *humanoids* who desire to create their own realities then becomes chaotic, mutating quickly, and the old Earth slips into Hades, and all the mutants with it.

THE RAPTURE: SEPARATION OF HUMANS FROM MUTANTS

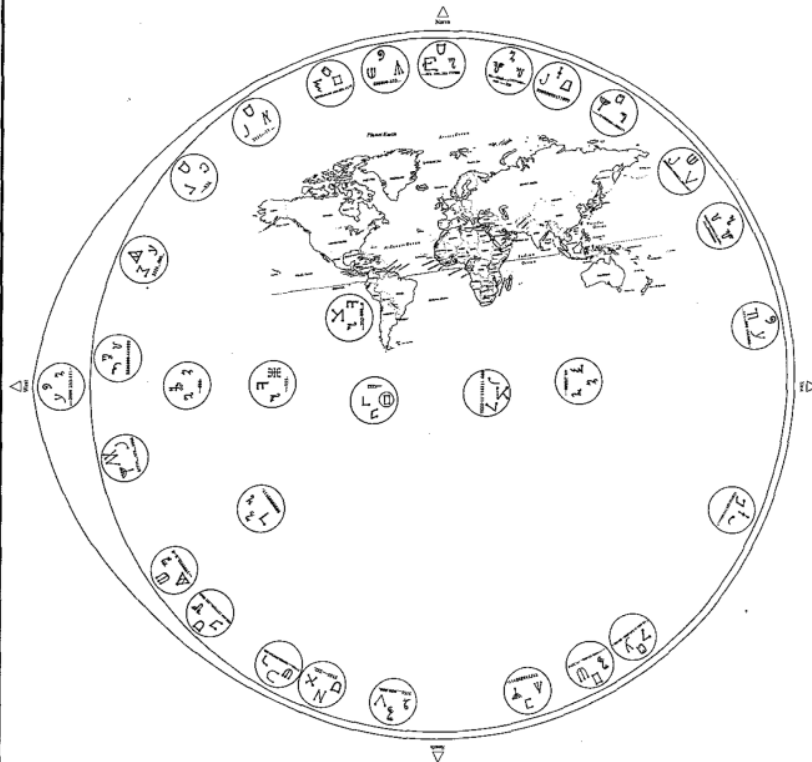


When humans fall to the Animal Kingdom Time/Space Tube, they are no longer humans; they are animalistic zombies.

THE RAPTURE: Separation of Humans from Mutants

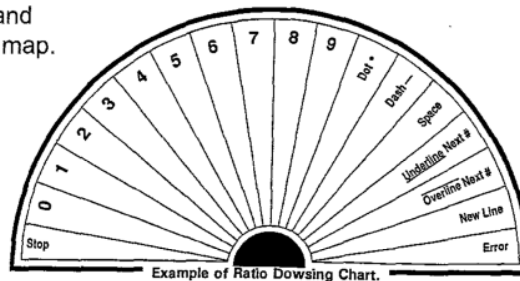
Many "Aliens" are really *Future Evil Humanoids* who once were normal humans in the Now. They have deformed their auric molds faster than the majority of haters of Universal Laws of the Human Kingdom, thereby becoming *Evil Incarnates* with Hades doors on their bodies. Since they are more evil than most, they degenerate faster than the general group of *Renegade Humanoids*. Their own body crystals move forward in resonance to the future time of Rapture, where they LINK into Hades with their bodies. They superficially appear to be humans but are NOT humans. They are *Renegade Humanoids* who have personal realities with values that promote anarchy to Divine Plan and lead a civilization to chaos.

THE PROPHET'S SPLIT TIME ALIEN REMOVAL METHOD



This **WORLD BROADCAST MAP** was used by the prophet to remove aliens from the world before split time was healed. When split time was healed, the dimensional symbols had to be changed and the locations had to be shifted on the map in order to use it as an exorcism method. It was done by the prophet, but he refused to reveal the new system publicly.

Examples of symbols and ratios placed upon the map.



THE PROPHET'S TEACHING ABOUT BODY AND MIND ALIGNMENT WITH THE SOLAR SYSTEM

Thoughts and emotions change the body crystals frequencies and waveforms to correspond with either the Earth system within its solar system or toward misalignment (hells, Hades or other solar systems). With misalignment, the sense of self torques away from cosmic harmony and listens to the sounds of disorder on other "radio stations". Some people become addicted to hell songs, due to linking hate or perversion thoughts to sexual expression. Doing so causes an abnormal auric opening with a door to a hell or Hades. Eventually, such people's bodies may take on the pattern and frequency of a sexual demon, such as a succubus or incubus.

Succubus/incubus formation starts with a thought that changes the frequency and waveform of the etheric body and then the dreaming body. When the etheric body and dreaming body have aligned with a hell or Hades, the etheric body is pulled out of an abnormal auric opening by the force of partial resonation toward that hell or Hades location.

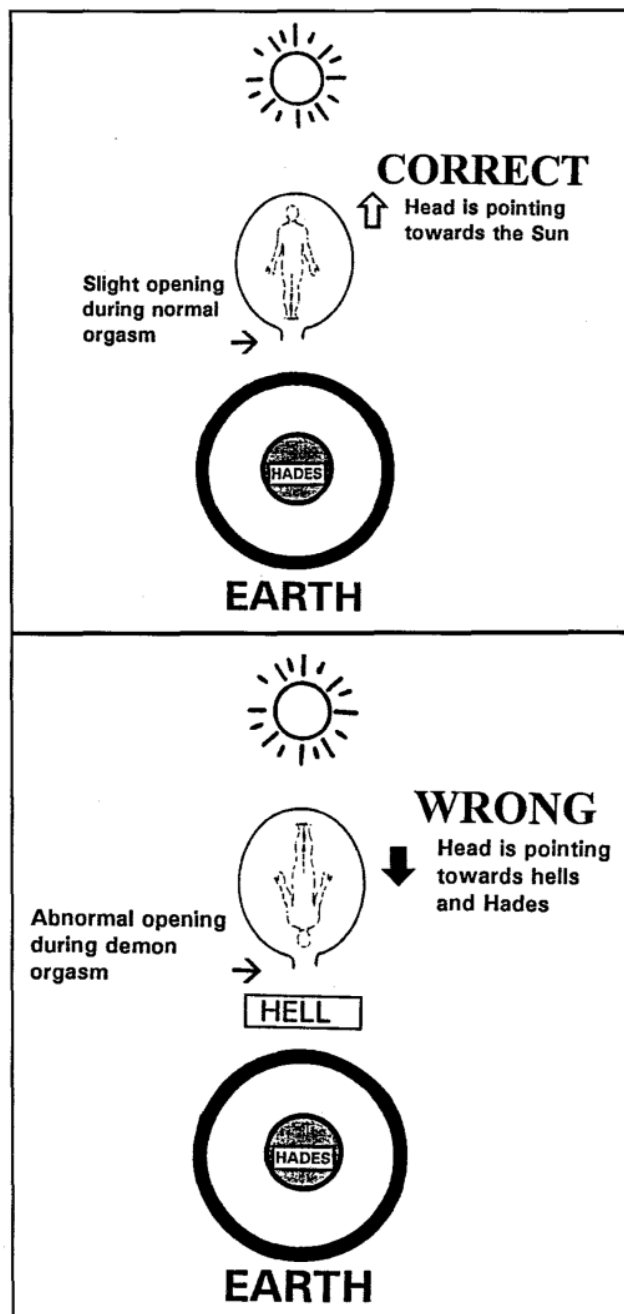
Normal orgasm occurs when sexual congestion is present and allows a small auric valve to open at the bottom of the auric cocoon. When this occurs, the self (represented by the two pyramids or the manifest and unmanifest name star) is still aligned with the Earth's sun. There is little danger of dark force entry into the auric cocoon in this situation. Normal orgasm is not preceded by thoughts of irritation, hate, or sexual imagery of homosexuality, bestiality, voyeurism, exhibitionism, or other perversity.

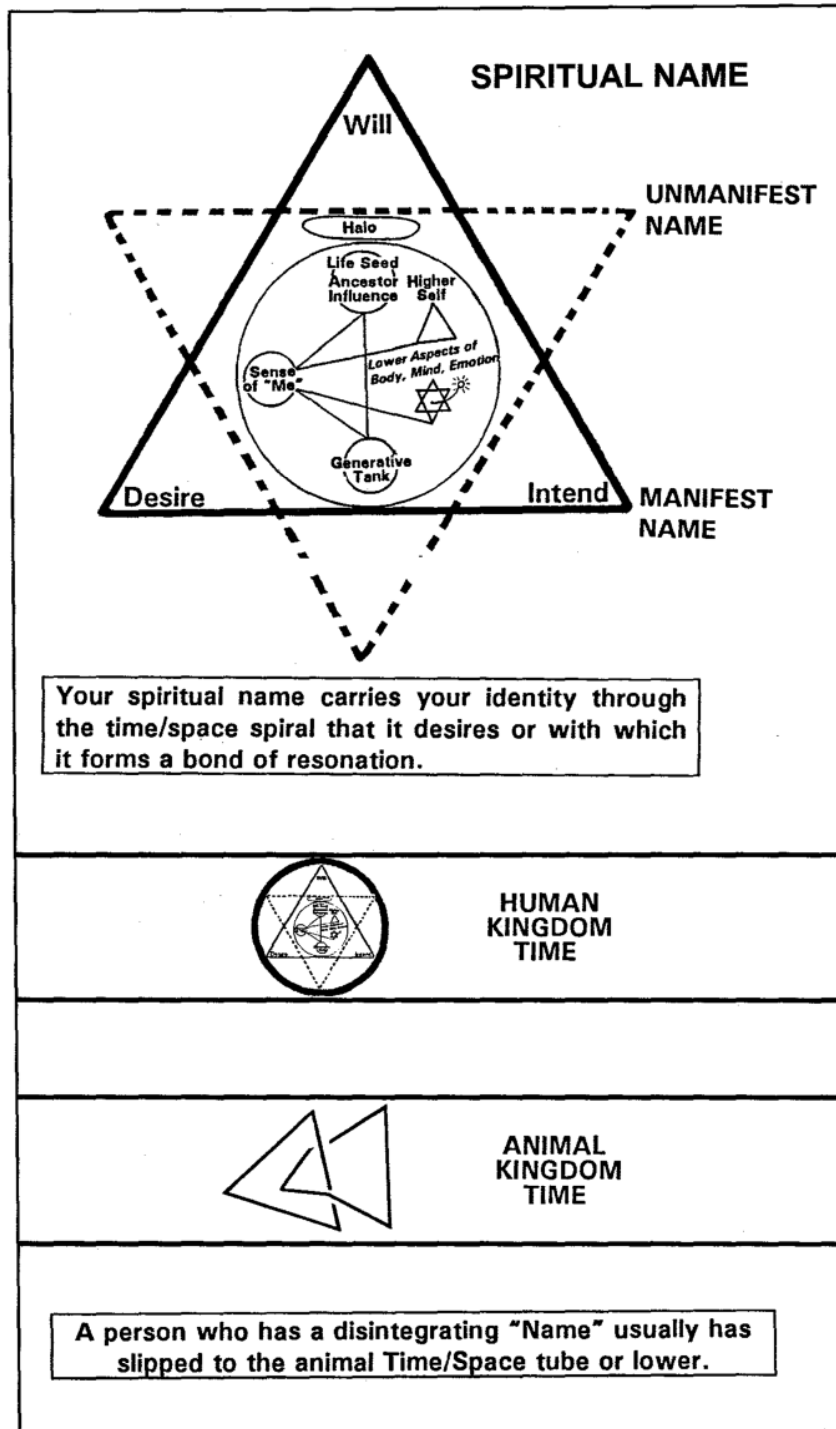
Abnormal orgasm occurs in a person who is sexually stimulated by vicinity demons but is not sexually congested. Since the bottom of the auric valve will only open in the presence of sexual congestion, the person who desires to have demon orgasms must

stimulate an auric rupture by aligning himself with the strong pulling force of an associated hell or Hades. There are hells that contain demons of hate, and other hells that contain demons of pedophilia, demons of onanism obsessions, demons of rape and so on. Each hell has its own characteristics and "radio dial" with which the body and mind choose to align in order to produce enough partial resonance pull to allow an auric rip to occur in the location of direction associated with the particular hell. For that reason, a person addicted to demon orgasm often precedes a sexual activity with circular thoughts about hating someone or with a visual fantasy with perverse overtones, so as to build up a loud enough hell song to produce a strong pull in an abnormal direction. For instance, some hell song resonations produce a nose auric rupture, while other hell songs produce a right side of the neck auric rupture. If a person ruptures his aura by aligning himself with hell thoughts, then demons enter his auric hole, and eventually devour all his generativity substances, personality substance and soul. The person becomes a chronic liar, appears to be weak mentally, and becomes physically unable to accomplish work in a coordinated manner. That is because he hears the demon voices all the time with his subconscious mind, and therefore is unable to tap his subconscious latent memory banks, and has no higher self to lead him.

When the demons have devoured all his substances, he becomes a procurer of other souls for his masters in hell, Hades, or the other-logic system anti-Christ locations. He then vampires other people, after sexually stimulating them through spiritual means, to encourage onanism without congestion. The people who are aligned with Hades or hells no longer are aligned with the mega-Earth system, and so lose their human auric molds. They begin to distort in their auric shapes toward that of animal shaped demons. They no longer have a conscience, except one they choose to suit themselves. They become their own gods, which are really demons, and are no longer humans.

AURIC OPENINGS AT ORGASM AND BODY ALIGNMENT







STAN

JUST when you think you have seen it all, then along comes somebody or something to tip it all over, and makes you feel like a kid who never went to school. It was like that, being around him, because he always came up with something I had never thought about or heard about, and yet it made sense, at least to me.

I am a retired water-works man, but I have done a bit of reading in my time and a bit of thinking. I'm not too gray in the noggin; I can figure most anything out from engines, to the mysteries about ghosts and even about God. I figure that God is some kind of a series of powers...like rainbow colors, that every now and then hit the jackpot on top of somebody's head. I mean to say that some people are not just under the rainbow of God but *in* it. That's the way it was with him. Now, me, I am a rough sort; I can see the rainbow fine, but have always steered away from church and such, because I like to do my praying my own way, maybe while fishing or just sitting at my desk, without a lot of hoopla.

But he...he was different. He looked like a pope or something, half the time, when nobody was looking...or so it seemed. When people got to looking at him, he shifted the way

he looked, and would appear to be a man who could joke a bit...an agreeable sort, not too different from the rest of us.

I met him at a conference in California that was supposed to be about metaphysical subjects. I get a kick out of going to those things. It is interesting to hear about new ideas and rehash a few old ones. We were in a class in which somebody was supposedly teaching about the human auric layers and what made people's energy fields sick. The running theory was that if a person slept near an electrical outlet or a clock, then their auras got weak, and so the person got sick. I had seen a few cases myself where people got to feeling better if they got rid of a few electrical energies in their bedrooms. So I went to see if there was anything new.

Out of the blue this fella, the one you asked me about, just pipes up and tells the speaker that a lot more people are sick because of another kind of polarity problem other than electromagnetic pulls. He said that if people hated the opposite sex, then their auras were thrown to one pole or the other—the north or south pole. He said if men hated women, it threw their auras toward a south pole energy excess, and if women hated men then it threw their auras toward a north pole energy excess. Then he quoted from the ancient oriental teaching, the I Ching, to say that anything totally yin becomes yang, and anything totally yang becomes yin. He said that is why many homosexuals begin to look like the opposite sex: their auras and later their bodies responded to gender hate.

Well, you know that riled up the Californians, who think anything is O.K. under the sun. He just kept on going, talking about how there was another level to the auric imbalance: hatred for the Holy Spirit is always present in someone who hates women, and hatred for the Universal Laws of the Father is present if anyone hated men. He said anyone who hated the Holy Spirit hated truth, and anyone who hated God hated authority. He claimed that most people hate truth and the authority of God, and that is why a lot of sickness takes place.

Such people lose their magnetic field because their own auras are like a microcosm of the planet itself. People need a north and south pole and the genders are like the two poles. If they hate either gender, they lose their boundaries and auric gravity. If the Earth didn't have a magnetic field, we would just fly out into outer space and lose our grip on physical life. If people decide to let go of the gravity field that exists between truth and God's Laws, then people lose their normal auric magnetic fields. Their auric shape then becomes distorted, and squirts all their spiritual power into outer space.

Then the fellow just hops up and shows the class with dowsing L-rods a big hole in the teacher's aura. Just like that. The teacher, she was mad as hell by then, but this fellow just keeps dowsing over her, with all of us laughing behind our hands at how mad she got at being made an example. After all, she was the teacher, right?

Up to then I felt pretty smug, thinking in my usual way that after all...it's just ideas we're looking at, nothing to be upset about. Then he did the damndest thing: he began to sing.

His face took on this look of beauty—I'm no man who likes the boys, you understand—but, it was like nothing I had ever seen. There was in his face illumination by some light inside him. It was not a white light but a rainbow light, like I was talking about. All soft and misty, not bright colors, you understand, like some fake rainbow, but like one over a field after a rain...at the bottom of the right side, where the spirits dance in the fields. I have seen spirits do that. It—the rainbow—has gold glitter in it, kind of, and washes over the front of the spirits, like they are dancing behind a veil. That's what his face was...like behind a rainbow that was full of the scent of pine trees and rain, and clean, and white-muted behind the color veils.

In the room, you could have heard a pin drop, but for his singing: kind of a dirge or a song from some other world or

time, slow, and reverent like a monk would sing. Then the teacher—she was so angry by that time—burst into tears. Loud as could be she declared that she had cancer in the spot over her breast where he had found the aura hole. She said she was scheduled for surgery.

He stopped singing, and put out his hand. He told her that the singing would heal the hole in her aura if she quit hating truth about her hardness of heart. He said in order to make the healing stick she would have to do penance by loving someone other than her family, by serving them in some humble way. He suggested she go to work in a hospital holding dying babies, or work in a nursing home. She angrily said that she had enough to do, caring for her elderly mother. He insisted that she hated her mother, and so her caretaking was poisonous.

Of course, by now, most of us were amazed that this guy was so nervy. We were sure the old gal would knock his lights out soon. He was tall, but skinny, and she was one hunk of flesh. She must have outweighed him by 100 pounds. I felt like we were watching a prize fight, or were about to, seeing the battle of wills between them.

Just as I figured she would slug him, she fell over backwards as if a fist from a ghost had bowled her over. I thought for sure she was dead of a cracked head, but he said to not worry. He stood over her and began to command demons out of her like he was Oral Roberts or something.

I would have like to have laughed except I was too stunned. Some people in the room began to twitch and whimper like a sack of sick puppies. He just turned to the group and said he would get to their demons later. Some people got white as sheets and ran out the door, clutching their tape recorders and notebooks and purses.

I sat there, and learned a few things, till the class was over. I have knocked a few demons out of people myself, since then.

I watched him that week, out on the grass under trees,

praying, driving out demons, and showing other people how to do it. Some people came up to him and warned him that he was looking like a fool, but he said he didn't mind being a fool for God. He reminded them that Shakespeare's fool was the wise man.

After that week, I thought a lot about what he said. It made me wonder about whether our society encourages hatred for one gender or the other, and whether hatred for authority—the male face of God, or hatred of truth—the female face of God, could cause a disease in society that changes cells so that people would be born homosexual or change to become homosexual. I know I could be strung up for saying such things, but maybe parents do a disservice by wanting to create their own reality—which is hating truth, or by blaming their problems on the other parent—which is hating gender, or by telling kids to fight the status quo, or to not respect teachers. Maybe homosexuality starts on the spiritual level and changes cells...so that people begin to think differently and act differently and desire differently.

I had always thought that what a person did was their own business. But then I began to wonder if every thought and deed add up to some giant soup that changes people, even before they are born.

If that is true, then maybe we need a new soup. Maybe we need to change our thoughts, our dreams, our actions, to something pure...like his face was that day.

Like I said, I used to be sure about myself and God, about praying in my own way whenever I wanted. Since then I've thought about what he said and I've read his books. I figure if everybody prayed in the right way, the world soup of thoughts could change for the better. So, I decided to use his prayers.

Now, instead of looking at the rainbow, sometimes I look through it...just like him, but not as close to the jackpot. I figure if he knew so much, with him being so young, then I'd better try his ways before I get too old to change.

I'm only ninety two-years old, but I'm not about to rest on my laurels till the last year or so, and then start scrambling to know a few things.

THE PROPHET'S TEACHING ABOUT THE YIN/YANG ALIGNMENT OF POWERS

CORRECT ALIGNMENT

Holy Spirit/Truth/Yin
NORTH



Planet
Earth

SOUTH

Laws/Spiritual Hierarchy (Authority)/Yang

INCORRECT ALIGNMENT

EXAMPLE:

Name directional orientation of a person who
has hatred for the Yin Face of God

NORTH



SOUTH

YIN



YANG

FIRST: Star is
misshapen
or broken

THEN →

Name Identity
rebounds to
opposite pole

PRAYER TO ALIGN WITH LAW

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. I ask the Holy Spirit to remove all darkness and defiance to cosmic Law and order from every level of my being.

May my very being radiate the understanding that God is merciful and just; that the universe was created with spiritual polarity and gender; that cause and effect is always operating; that there is an objective reality in the world apart from any I would create; that by clinging to the physical form I move away from my soul, but that by aligning myself with Logoic Truth and Law, I may manifest holiness in my physical form; that movement, vibration and change are constants in this universe and thus to be in harmony I must welcome changes in my lower form no matter what they entail.

I recognize that hierarchy is inherent in the spiritual world, and I submit myself to service and devotion to that hierarchy. I seek spiritual transformation rather than the physical effects of spiritual healing. I ask that the Holy Spirit help me to align my emotions and thoughts with that which is holy and not with the Earth thoughtform grids. I am committed to using my spiritual knowledge daily so that my physical form will align with holiness. I ask that the Holy Spirit tune every fiber of my being to resonate with holiness in pattern and frequency, that the Holy Spirit reveal my path in each season, in each hour of the day, in every facet of my being, so that I might follow God's Laws in the physical, mental and spiritual realms.

I ask that the Holy Spirit fill me with the wisdom and intelligence of God, with divine love, and with the will and power to fulfill the plan of God. Give me unwavering strength so that my work in the world reveals the beauty and harmony of the Divine Plan. Give me guidance, sound judgment, holy desire, sobriety, joy, and the ability to reason so that I may fully ascend to the higher Virtues and multiply the glory of God on the face of the Earth. Grant that I remain rooted in the New Heaven and New Earth from which I draw strength so that all my Virtues shall flower. I vow to tread the path of right understanding, right thought, right speech, right action, right livelihood, right effort, right mindfulness and right concentration. I

pray that my lower and higher selves unite so they might engender ever increasing circles of holiness around me.

I ask that all lower self ties or resonations with any person, place, thing or idea be removed so that I might be truly whole and purified. Recognizing that all disharmonious thoughts or actions I engage in reflect in the macrocosm of the universe, I seek to live a life congruent with cosmic Law and to be delivered from any food, substance, sex, material or romantic obsessions.

I pray to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and all the holy beings and angels that help the alignment and service of those engaged in a spiritual quest for Truth, to help me purify in all directions, and to remove any disharmonies from the past, present or future, shielded or hidden, so I may better carry out the Will of God.

God, lend me your strength so that I may face my weaknesses through submission to your Will. I acknowledge that my own low will can do nothing unless it is aligned with Divine Will, which is all strength. I ask that I be given no powers or comforts that I cannot resist; no pleasures, spiritual, mental, social, or physical that would lead me away from my soul. I ask that any part of me that is evil be destroyed, and that any satanic bargains I have made be destroyed through Grace.

I accept the ultimate Truth of these cosmic principles and give thanks for the divine equanimity that springs from my spiritual practice. I don't know who I am or what reality is, but I know that God knows. I don't ask so much for comfort but to see rightly and to be given the strength to face what is true. I ask not to see selectively according to my personal whims, but ask for the courage to see completely according to the plan of God, whether pleasing or painful. Dear God, please give me the strength to endure Truth so that it may lead me today on the path of your holy plan. Thy Will be done. Amen.



6

DON

MY mother was like him, in a way. She had the same look about her, when she talked about God, that I saw in him that day.

I was in Kansas, doing some work for a fellow, hauling some cattle, when I saw lots of people gathered under an oak tree by the high school. I was curious. It was summer and hot, so I pulled a cool one out of my ice chest and decided to stretch my legs. I walked over to the people, thinking there must be something wrong, when I saw him sitting there, with his back leaning against a tree, talking to a crying young woman.

"Something wrong?" I belched out before someone hushed me. It seemed that he was talking to her about her sick mother. He said to let her mother go, that she was better off dead, and that it was her mother's meanness that had made her sick.

Now, I don't mind telling you, I was a bit angry to hear anybody talk about someone's mother that way, but I held my tongue, and stood there, sipping my brew.

He looked up at me, that skinny man with green eyes and wavy sandy-colored hair, and I felt a sense of shock. There was something about him different than anything I had seen before or since. A sadness, sure, and a kind of nobility and serenity,

but more than that. I wondered if he were some kind of E.T., what with those eyes and that expression which seemed so out of place on Earth.

What he said after that was a blur for a long time. I know he talked about how the whole universe is run by laws that are like physics laws. He said that souls are made out of a kind of substance known as virtues, and that virtue is not some idea but is a power that can be gained, lost, or even vampired.

Up until then, I was taking it all in without a flinch. But when he started talking about vampires, I drew the line. He went on to say that vampires are becoming more common, and that they eat souls and life-force rather than drink blood. He said that if we didn't know how to defend ourselves from vampires that we would be sucked dry as the years of the Tribulation advanced toward the Rapture moment.

I have done my time in the back of a church, and thought I had paid my spiritual insurance policy by being dunked in a tank of cold water, as a kid. Even now, I listen to a preacher from time to time, and even pray, when the times are rough. I have led a good man's life, and have taken care of my own. Even so, I never took much stock in the Bible talk about the end times. Until then.

I don't know how he did it. I don't know...what caused me to hang around that day, even with work to do. Later, I went my way, but I was not the same man. Over the next year, I went to a couple of his lectures when I happened to be in the same town, but I still hadn't read his book.

The last lecture I heard about was going to be in Wichita, but I didn't go. I had the harvest to worry about and hadn't even had time to read his book. But I was changed. Something about the way I saw people had shifted.

Whenever I was at a cookout, I could see people suck the life out of the strongest person there, by locking eyes and laughing and hugging. Often I was the sturdiest one, so I was sucked dry by a pack of them. I would leave tired yet they

would all be exhilarated, like they had feasted on more than the barbecue ribs.

I saw other people being sucked dry, too, by the vampires. So I finally read the book. I wish I could say I felt better, but I didn't. I guess, according to his theory—I was resisting the Law of Change.

I liked being ignorant of vampires, of spiritual laws, of souls dying or even existing. I don't think I had ever really thought that souls were real till I met him. He had a soul that shined out his eyes so bright that you needed sunglasses.

Since then, I've seen the soul light in eyes of people I know growing bright or dim...or going out completely. Being around him made me start to see souls, or the lack of them.

Now, I look in the mirror and I don't like what I see. I see that I am lazy, that I don't want to learn or to change, and my soul light is fading a bit more each day...the Law of Use, he would have told me.

I am haunted by him, and yet I waited too long. I hear he is gone for good. I thought I could see him once more, after I got settled, inside, about this stuff.

After a lot of looking in the mirror, I tried to find him, so I could ask him what I needed to do to get brighter eyes. But really what I wanted was to see his eyes and bask in their light for a bit, or drink some of it...like a vampire.

That's it, you know. Once you know the taste of a real soul light, you must grow one yourself or you feel the overwhelming urge to drink someone else's. I found that out.

Until that day, my mother was my only memory of a bright light, and she died the year I met him. I miss her and I miss him, but only because I am a vampire. I know that now.

I understand more than I did, but it has done me little good. Except I want to tell my side of the story before the others get their way with his work. I know they will go about changing the teaching to suit a larger audience until it is just some kind of fluff writing...maybe I can redeem myself a bit by

telling you what I learned from him. I am no man of words, but I know how to think, and I can tell when someone is true to themselves and to God. He was. He would have told me more, but I just shut him out; I didn't want to hear anymore.

He said that if people prayed in the right way, then a lot of homes would be peaceful and the world would start to clean up. If a person who hated God said a prayer, then that person would just be knocking on some hell door until a demon answers. That's how people sell their souls to the devil. They pray for something that they want real bad, without ever thinking that it could mess up a holy plan or go against somebody else's rights...if the person who prays is selfish.

For instance, if you pray to be shet of somebody who gets on your nerves, then you might be calling a demon of illness upon them and cause them to die of cancer or something. Instead, you could pray rightly, by praying to understand what virtue you need to learn in the relationship with the person who got on your nerves. Because if somebody gets on your nerves, there's a good likelihood that you have the same flaw as they do. If you pray in your own way, you might just be making yourself out to be your own god, which is poison to your soul and to other people.

Lots of people have chunks of themselves in various hells because they made a little prayer bargain that seemed harmless at the time, and they assumed that they were talking to the real God, and not to some petty thief-of-souls in hell.

Why is it that some people never pray until they want something? And then, they get mad if nobody upstairs picks up the phone. You might think it is no big deal to pray that somebody get well, for instance. But what if that person would do something horrible to a child if he lived a long life? There are reasons people get sick, and maybe we ought to take a good look at the reasons behind illnesses before we go around playing God and insisting that the holy powers jump when we say frog.

I don't know for sure why my mother died, and was sick a long time before that. If I did, I might not be too happy about the reason. People have a lot of dirty laundry inside themselves, and sometimes they learn to shine out a veneer of holiness that can fool you. I am not saying that was the case for her. What she hid could have been something that wouldn't seem all that bad in the world's eyes...but it was bad, I know that now.

In my case, I know that I got something bad from her, in a way that doesn't make much sense unless you are in the middle of it, like I am now. I hadn't thought about a certain memory of my mother for years, and yet now that I have unfolded a lot of myself, it all comes back to haunt me, and clouds the memory of my mother.

It started when I was in the third grade. My mother had taken some psychology classes, and would come home and tell me all about what she had learned that day. In her classes was the idea that if you loved your family and if you had the ability to earn a good living, then you must be in good shape mentally. In fact, she got to thinking that anybody was O.K. if he made good money and was social.

That psychology stuff was not just some passing idea. She took to berating my father because he didn't make much money. She hated him because he was quiet and because he spent a lot of time thinking about life. In her mind, it was crazy to just sit and think, because then you weren't talking to other people in your family. Pretty soon, she was crying and complaining to me that my father was in league with the devil, because he completely quit talking to her and took a job that paid less money so he would have time to write a book.

In my mother's mind, money and family meant god. The little conversations that go on and on during Thanksgiving and Christmas, reciting the same boring family memories, were heaven to her. My dad would just leave the room when the memories got recycled. So, mom thought he was crazy, and just took it upon herself to put him in a mental hospital, thinking

that maybe shock therapy would put the fear of her god in him.

Looking back on it now, I can't believe how easily she did it. She told the doctors that he believed in ghosts, that he stayed up late at night looking at the moon, that he was insane because he didn't talk anymore. He had been working on an assembly line, and had just kept to himself there, too. So, the doctor decided he was in need of treatment, and let the sheriff just come get my dad, one day, while I stood there and watched.

I saw my dad's face, a look of horror coming over it as the sheriff told him that he had to go to the county mental hospital. My dad faced my mother with a look of disbelief and rage before he lunged toward her. In a split second the sheriff and his deputy grabbed dad and soon had him hog-tied him on the floor.

Dad was so pathetic, hog-tied on the floor, crying and demanding to be let free, with just his pajamas on.

The thing that scared me most of all was the look on my mother's face as she looked down at my dad, before the sheriff hauled him off. She looked happy, with a sheen to her eyes that I had never seen before. It lasted for just a few seconds, and then she put on that face that I had always associated with God...before that minute.

I now realize that she had insisted on his going to the mental hospital so she could collect on a disability policy and social security in order to go back to school and get her degree. She was mad that he didn't make enough money to let her go back to college, and so she got even.

Of course, over the years, she had me convinced that he really was crazy. In the time he was there, he got crazy, I can tell you. They put him on drugs that made him sleep most of the time. When he was awake for a bit of time, they tied him to a chair where he messed his pants and hollered. I know now that it was my mother who was crazy for doing such an awful thing...to bring a man to ruin because he was just not interest-

ed in making money or socializing.

Before he was locked up, there were times he would talk, oh yes. If a show came on our old black and white television that was about outer space travel or some new invention, then he would get all wired up and talk about it to anybody. He insisted that someday there would be viruses that would change the way you thought which would be engineered by the government to control the masses. He was always a science fiction reader, so I didn't think too much of what he said; it was just his ideas, that's all. But that is how she got him: she took his notes to the judge, and the judge thought it was crazy, too. It sounded paranoid; with my mother being such a saint, the judge didn't think twice about ordering an emergency psychiatric evaluation.

I look around at people in the big cities, and I wonder if some of them have a virus that makes them crazy. Maybe some governments have spread mind-altering viruses to make people violent or crave drugs, like it is in New York City. Even the upper class people seem different. I wonder if they have a virus that makes them cheat or lie instead of just robbing hamburger joints and taking drugs as the lower class people do. Or maybe they get mean-spirited and clever in their speech, instead of just hollering like the pitiful homeless people do to those walking by.

Or, what if everybody was looking out through eyes full of a virus of hope for the future...but the future was hopeless unless something changed, then nobody would do what was needed to be done to protect humanity.

Supposing almost everyone on Earth got a virus that made you think you were your own god, and that anything you wanted was rightfully yours, and if someone seemed to be in the way then you had the *right* to lock them up or kill them, or harm them with gossip, or just let others do the dirty work while you looked the other way. If everyone just smiled and looked holy, like my mother, but deep inside just fought to get

their own way while hiding it in clever deceit, then who is to believe? Could my father have fought back? No.

Supposing a virus caused everyone on the Earth to decide that anyone who had a Bible or who said that some thoughts or acts were sins must be crazy. In such a case the consensus would be to lock up anyone who believed that God had plans to make man in His own image. What if a virus made you lust after yourself or an animal but made you sick to think of having normal sex? What would that do to the population? What if a virus told you to hunt down somebody and kill them because that person seemed to be in the way of what you wanted?

I think there are viruses like that. Some people fight the virus thoughts like I do. I believe you can open yourself up to the virus so that your cells begin to get infected. Then, you get to liking the rush of a strange thought or feeling, and you get addicted to it.

The only man I ever saw that stopped the virus voices, for me, was the prophet man you asked me about. He could heal the viruses, although we seldom asked him to do so unless they were causing us emotional or physical problems. He said the viruses contained anti-Christ thought and action programs—as if they were computer chips in your body. It takes a lot of spiritual knowledge and energy to fight the viruses, but he was able to destroy them through his methods. He was trying to figure out how to get rid of the viruses for good when he disappeared.

I know I have a virus now, but I am determined to live a pretty good life, if I can. Sometimes I feel such hate, but I hide it, like my mother did. I don't think twice about draining spiritual energy from children, anymore...I am a vampire, after all. Even though I have fallen—it is true—to the level of an animal or lower, I tell you my story, in hope that others will heed my warning.

If you get the virus, don't feed it by listening to the voices.

The virus might make you feel like you are on morphine; it can give you a big rush, and tell you that you are in love with your brother's wife...or even his baby daughter. It tells you that you are important, and that you deserve to make more money. It tells you that other people are in the way of your success. It tells you that you have the right to get them out of your way by lying about them, stealing from them...or even killing them.

The funny thing about the virus is that it starts by you thinking that the whole world is one big happy family, that there is no evil, that you are important to your personal god. You look so good to yourself, and other people think you are good-looking, because there is something exiting about the anti-Christ virus infection. Your nerves are stimulated so that you feel happy...unless you are around an exorcist.

You see, it is a virus, or more than one, and yet it is unimportant as to whether it was created by a laboratory scientist or by a demon inside the scientist. It's all the same. All that gene-splicing stuff was bound to link us up with gorilla viruses and weird viruses from pigs or tomatoes.

Such scientists claim that the world will be benefited by all the mutant creations. The scientists do crazy things, like splicing animal genes into aborted human fetuses. Those research scientists have lost sight of God and may kill all of us by opening the doors between plant or animal kingdoms and that of mankind.

I have lost sight of a lot of God, but I remember the things both my dad and the prophet warned me about...like the viruses. If there could have been a way for the prophet to get rid of them on the Earth, or to teach us how to avoid them, then he would have found a way. Before they got him, the prophet just kept on trying to understand why people were mean, what turned them into liars or perverts, or made them depressed. He wanted people to be able to think without the demon voices, which the virus-people usually assume are their own thoughts.

The prophet was the only one I ever knew who just faced

things squarely without ever freaking out about weird things, such as the truth about the viruses and the aliens. He taught people to have courage and to care enough about other people to not let themselves indulge in fear, panic or even guilt. "Just put one foot in front of the other one", he said. "Do the work that is in front of you, and focus upon the causes for the effects that are now upon you. Then, try to change the causes to create new effects." That isn't so simple, if you think about anti-Christ virus infections...and yet he was undaunted.

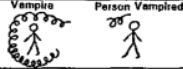
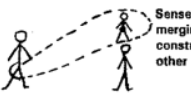
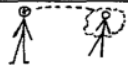
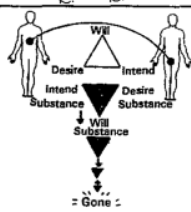
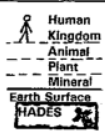
He said that if people loved truth more than anything else in life, then they really loved God. If we love God, then we have the right to be called His sons and daughters, and take on His powers. It didn't bother the prophet when people made fun of him, but it made him angry to see people just lazily go about their way, knowing that they needed to pray or change their lives in order to not be sucked into the virus hells.

He would get furious if we fed the viruses what they wanted, whether it was hate, or materialism, or perverse romanticism that encouraged a kind of sexual obsession. He said that when we altered our mental frequencies and waveforms with wrong thoughts then we opened up our bodies to dark force viruses of a corresponding waveform and frequency.

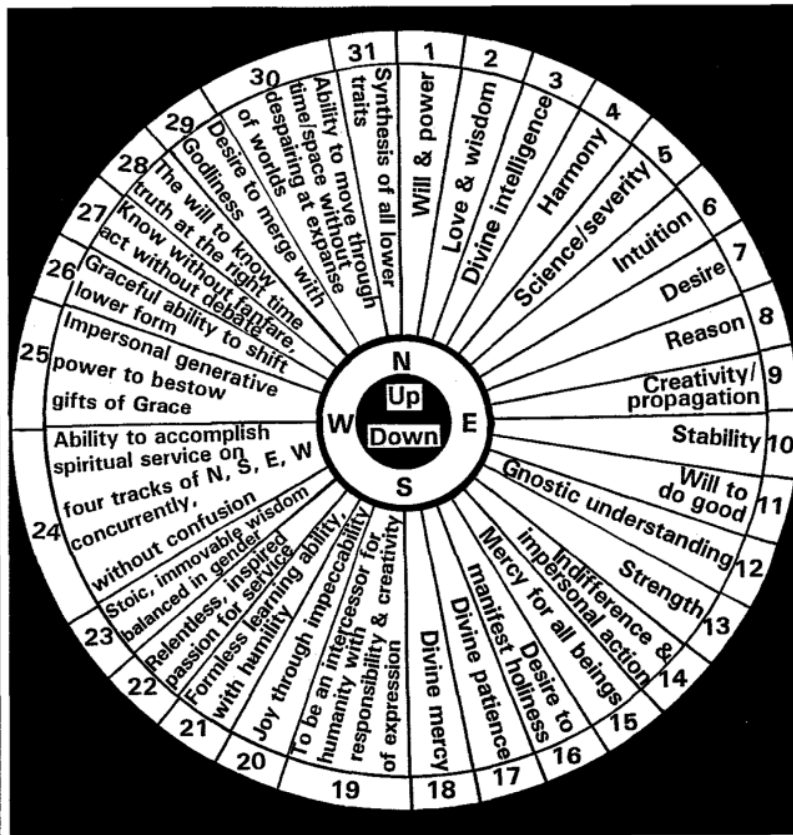
I know I did that. I just didn't imagine that it mattered...what I thought or felt or did in private. But I let myself down, and a lot of people down, because I knew better, and I could have helped him, if the virus had not hit me so hard. Now I am pretty much a shell of a man; I know there are hell doors all over my body. I hear the voices of lost souls from inside those dark doors, calling me to join them.

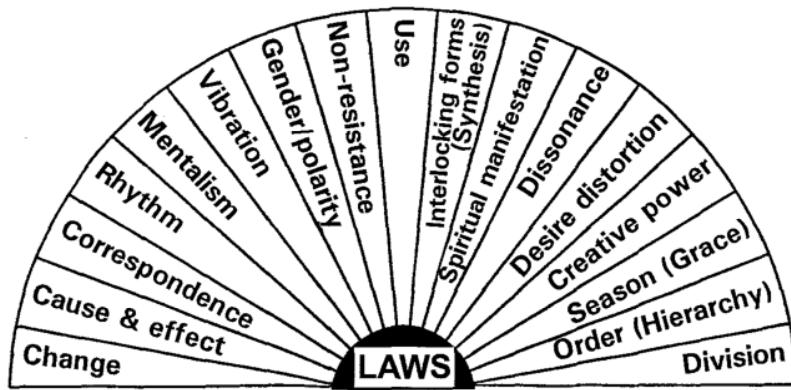
I hope you understand that I tell you this in private; don't use my real name. It is my last act of holiness to take up for the prophet, even though I didn't follow his advice. I want other people to listen to me now; maybe it will be a kind of atonement for my own laziness and unwillingness to change.

EVOLUTION OF A VAMPIRE

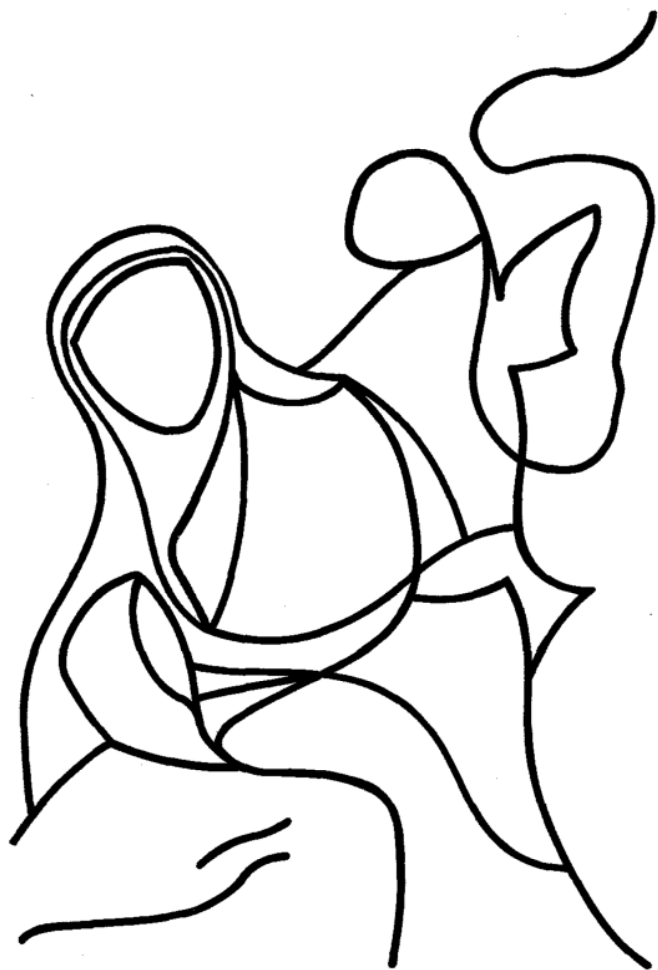
1. 	<u>Magnetic Force Field</u> loses substance due to a desire to merge with someone else.
2. 	<u>Generative Energy</u> is drained by one's Pivotal Point of Reference and Accountability Substance Anchor moving to an imagined idealized version of the other person.
3. 	<u>Ether Substance</u> is used to form a bond to another person. It usually exits at the nose septum.
4. 	<u>Dimensional Communicative Substance</u> leaves the right foot and forms a sexual energy vampire line to the victim.
5. 	<u>Etheric Substance</u> leaves the left foot and tries to enter the Magnetic Field of the victim to reach his Spark of Life, which has his ability to regenerate his health. This normally declines with age and the quantity is genetically determined (without Divine Intervention). To be vampired of Life Spark Substance is a serious problem and can ruin the health.
6. 	The vampire burns his own <u>Tissues Dimensional Substance</u> and creates a breath that enters the eyes of the victim to form vampire connections of thought substance (waking mind etheric matter).
7. 	The Vampire's <u>Primary Cosmic Dust Molecule</u>, which has the key components of human characteristics (Intend, Desire and Will Substances) begins to be used to control other people. It becomes satanically directed and shrinks, as it streams those three substances out of the solar plexus to the generative organs of the victim, forming vampire lines to drain all life substances from the victim (Ether, Etheric, Dimensional Communicative, Generative.)
8. 	The <u>Spark of Life</u> is left without its three holy Substances (Desire, Will, Intend) and so becomes satanic. It may split into pieces, becoming the cores of demons that possess other people as they sleep or have orgasms.
9. 	When the Spark is gone, the person is no longer human. He walks the earth as a vampire, or he would die. He sinks to the animal kingdom, plant kingdom, mineral kingdom, and then becomes a Hades fueled demon, walking the earth as <u>Evil Incarnate</u>.

VIRTUES





Refer to Virtues, Laws and Powers for definitions of the Laws and Virtues.



INGRID

I'LL say what I have to say, but nothing more. It was some kind of a set-up, to keep him from teaching and writing...the way they lied about his relationship with the little children that he loved so much. Unless you have known someone like him, you can't imagine how love can be: a sense of unbridled holiness in love of a kind most people never have known in their lives.

I met him on his farm in Indiana where he was teaching. I liked him from the start...the way he talked made such sense. I can't say that it made sense in the way your normal thinking goes; it made sense in a way that touched your heart and mind between words, not because of them.

For instance, I learned from him that I could actually throw feelings of pain and loneliness into fire, or into the sun, or into water and rocks. It doesn't make much sense from the standpoint of what most people know about the causes for such feelings...to think you can get rid of them so easily; but you can. I did, and I do now.

I think it has to do with the fact that feelings are often due to some kind of non-visible substance that gets on you when you are around some people. Many people secrete this foul

substance, so that after you leave their presence, you feel like weeping or screaming. I've experienced such contamination throughout my whole life, although I never could explain it to anyone who understood, but him. I sense that people's eyes grab me and put something on my skin that makes it feel like bugs are crawling on it, or something. Most people make me feel like that. Only a few people ever made me feel better when I was around them. He was one.

He taught me things about spiritual clearing that I had never heard of before. What he told me to do worked, even though it sounded strange. He told me that there were different species of people, and that some people are no longer human but have become animal phantom archetypes. I learned from him that there are werewolves running around...but you have to be a seer to detect them. Many people like me can't see them but can feel it in their bones when a werewolf is draining their energy.

People become werewolves because they use up their sexual energies. People are genetically allotted only so much generative energy in one lifetime. Werewolves have wasted their own generative energy, so they go after someone else's. They learn how to tap dogs and cats for animal sexual energies. The worst cases turn to bestiality. Some become mental or physical pedophiles to tap the potential sexual energies of children. This makes the affected children tend toward nervous weakness and compulsive masturbation before puberty. Werewolves open the doors to sexual demons that torment children and cause babies to be so agitated that they cry all night long. Werewolves tend to use their mind powers to control other people.

Lower willful mental visualization of anything or of an outcome is dangerous, I learned that. To *see* is different than visualization; to see helps you to bring about good in the world. If you can *see* good and evil, you know where to walk spiritually. The way to know the difference between visualization and seeing is to have no desire for an outcome. People who

use visualizations always desire an outcome, usually sexual or financial. In contrast, people who *see* often suffer from what they see, and desire no sexual or financial benefit.

In my own life, I have felt myself being sexually stimulated by werewolves, which was more torment than pleasure. I would get the feeling that they were controlling me, and it was uncomfortable. I like sex, but I don't want to just be manipulated by someone who is trying to get me stirred up so they can grab hold of my sexual energy for their own use.

Such people just stare into your eyes without even blinking, trying to give you the evil eye, while they smile and try to appear normal. I know what is normal is not always good.

If you were in a ghetto where heroin use, theft and murder were normal for young kids...that might be normal, but it wouldn't be decent. Society accepts a lot of so-called normal things that are not good. I know; I almost ruined my life living in the normal range.

He saved me from ruin, he did, and a lot of other people as well. By giving us the reasons for sexual mores, he led us to a better way of living. By understanding the spiritual forces that feed off of sexual energies, we could choose to no longer be pawns of other people or demons. He wanted us to never be controlled by others or to control others through our own thoughts or spiritual powers. He taught us to control our thoughts, our emotions, and our actions, so that we would not have demon orgasms. Yes, you heard right. Demon orgasms. I know they exist because I have had them.

Demon orgasms occur when a person links a sick fantasy to sexual activity. For instance, if a person masturbates while thinking about how much he hates his spouse, he creates an auric hole that is abnormal...a sexually generated link to a specific hell associated with hate. If he thinks about getting money or getting into bed with the same sex person, then the sexual activity links him to a greed or homosexuality hell or Hades. That is because the human sexual response is designed to cre-

ate an auric opening at the bottom of the aura for a brief moment at orgasm *if the person is sexually congested*. If a person is not sexually congested but is merely addicted to orgasms, he cannot have a normal orgasm. Instead, he tries to create an auric rupture in order to allow a kind of masochistic rush that occurs when the aura rips open during the demon orgasm. The abnormal opening can be near the nose, mouth, the belly or back, but doesn't close up properly like a normal orgasm valve opening does.

Unless a person's auric holes close up, he gets wandering auric bits from other people inside his aura and becomes possessed with lots of hell links. I know that from experience because my husband has had a lot of demon orgasms. He stimulates them with pornography. I have suffered from it, I will tell you. If you don't use my real name, I will tell you more.

Unusual sexual practices create unusual babies who grow up to be strange children. I have seen them; my teacher pointed them out to us once when we walked by a day care center. Women's eggs and men's sperm mutate when couples have a kinky sex life, so the kids they produce are defective. Some kids today look defective. You just rent an old black and white film like the early Our Gang comedies. Look at those kid's faces; those kids had a lot of charm. Then study some of the faces of the odd androgynous kids in today's movies who are covered with moles. My teacher said that moles were often due to the sins of the fathers being visited upon the children.

If you look in an old yearbook from the fifties and compare it to the same school yearbook now, you will find stunning changes in the facial structures of the kids today. It has to do with the spiritual condition of the ancestors, but especially parental sexual habits and demon orgasm thought-precursors. I know it is not too acceptable to say such things in our liberal society, but I've got three kids to raise, and I worry about them as they get older. I figure if I don't speak out on what I know, then who will?

My teacher had a lot of courage to go in public about such issues. If you had heard him speak and wanted to know the truth, there was no way you could deny that what he said was real because you could see the effects with your very eyes.

For instance, some children as young as three years old get so possessed by their parent's sexual fantasy demons that they begin to act out the fantasy that is imprinted in their homes. Whereas a normal child of three has occasional interest in his genitals, a possessed child becomes obsessed with masturbation and is hostile. You can even see dogs and cats in such a household get sexually agitated when there is no heat season, be unable to sleep, and begin attacking each other and humans.

My teacher cast out demons from such children and animals, but later was accused of being a pervert. I know, as a mother, that when a kid won't leave his privates alone for an hour at a time, then that kid is possessed. The whole Earth is so hunky-dory about sexual activity for the pre-pubescent...it is almost as if a kid can't be a kid anymore. They don't even have time for their hormones to start working before they are assaulted with sex on the television that promotes lesbianism and other things. Then, a kid could get possessed and think she is a lesbian, and begin to act like one.

I know. That happened to me...when I was growing up. Everybody back then was smoking pot and getting into bed with anyone or anything...“make love not war,” and all that, I made mistakes: I was high and had sex with a girl. I thought I was gay, but I was just possessed and high. I wish I lived in a time when my kids would not be exposed to such pressures, which are even worse now than they were in the sixties.

My teacher relieved my mind about such issues because he taught us to live in the now and pray to be healed of our past mistakes. Yes, they were mistakes. So many people are afraid of changing their lifestyles—as they are called—so they just dig their heels into hell and scream at anyone who tries to pull them out. They call the person who is trying to help them all

the names of what they themselves are. They did that to my teacher. He didn't look down on people with sexual obsessions. He just told them to turn that part of their lives over to God, the way a priest or a nun would do.

The Prophet believed that anyone could change, that even cellular homosexuality could be healed over a matter of time. He understood that some people were born with distorted genetic material that made them attracted to homosexuality, but he had hope for them.

He was hated because he said there was a standard for men and women's relationships that was written in the heavens as a type of holy mold which was supposed to be followed.

People who choose to hate that divine mold don't want to be created in the image of God; they want to be their own creation. They hate the divine plan or deny it exists. Most people today just do what they want; they don't care how their actions impact the little children of tomorrow. He cared.

Over and over again, I saw him care for the children of today, as well. He taught us to care for each other's children as though they were our own, and to love everyone as though they were ourselves. Not better or worse, but equal. I never knew much about Jesus; I was raised in the Jewish faith. But I know this man was a prophet. I am sad that I cannot see him anymore. I am sad for myself and for you, and for all the others.

He always said that anyone could be a saint if they followed the guideposts that he left. He told us to study Divine Virtues and Universal Laws, and gave us practical advice on how to apply such study to our lower lives. Some people just wanted to think about being a saint, as if it were just in their heads, or something. They wanted his power, because saints have power...but they didn't want to gain their *own* power by becoming saints.

He could see what they did and what they thought before they even thought it or did it. That drove some of them crazy because they wanted to hide the foul and dirty parts of them-

selves away from him, in secret. He just spoke up and told them off, then and there, for thinking or acting in such a foul way and for assuming they could get away with it. I don't know how anyone thought he couldn't read them like a book.

I remember when I left him to go back to my husband...it was in July of 1984. I was going home, in spite of the fact that my husband's pornography addiction had harmed my children and had made me miserable. I didn't want to leave my teacher's farm, but he told me to go back because I felt the pull of family so strongly. He saw I was sad for the oldest child I had left with my husband and that I couldn't think of anything else. My teacher had never ordered me to stay, but he did tell me to go that day. I felt happy to be going back, even if it was to a faulty marriage. I knew that I had dug my roots in so deep here in Maine, that there was no way I could have stayed with my teacher. Since returning home, I try to live as best I can according to his teachings, and I am angry at the lies that have been said about him. If you could have met him, you would know what I mean.

That's the way it is for most of us...those of us who have heard the teachings and tried to go back to our lives as though nothing happened. Very few of us changed our lives, really, even though he put a dent in us a mile deep with the importance of his words. To change ourselves beyond just recognition of the need to change seems like such a powerful hill to climb, because we have to worry about how others will treat us if we no longer behave as they expect.

As for him, they treated him—when he became who he is—like a leper...his own family did. They hated him when the holiness fell over him...because he saw their sins and their evil ways. They wanted to think of him as insane so as to rationalize that their own lives were sane. They wanted him drugged so that he couldn't see them anymore; they wanted every last dime he ever earned so he would starve...they wanted him dead. I am sure that if one of us were to stand up for what we believed—

with every fiber of our being—that they would want us drugged or dead, too.

I guess that is why I gave up, for the most part. Oh, I read the books he wrote, I pray, I study the virtues and reflect upon my weaknesses every day. I am a good wife and mother; and I try to share his teachings with others. But deep in my heart I betrayed him, just like the others. I betrayed him by not standing up for him when the liars began their systematic defilement in the courts and in the social gatherings. I guess I sinned by omission and also by commission...in subtle ways.

The difference between me and the defilers, though, is that I know what is true, while they have lost their true spiritual minds. They have convinced themselves that they have a right to lie and steal from him and even kill him. They would use some little scrap of a lesson he taught and try to say that *he* was a killer or thief, by changing the meaning of what he said.

For instance, he said that people became animal archetypes after they lost their souls. He said some people were so foul that they were their own archetypes...that you couldn't find an animal that bad. He said there were evil archetypes that could be called by the names of politicians or movie stars. He taught us that evil from such an archetypal person could be shattered—in a spiritual sense—if we used the same law that a singer uses to shatter a wine glass with a sung note. He said if you make the same key “song” of an archetype person, then you can focus on their archetypal contamination in you, and shatter it by singing their song. You don't do it out loud. You just think about it. In a way, it feels as if you are putting something into the same thing. For instance, some disorders you “put into” a tree, or a frog, or a pig. But, what you are really doing is finding the pattern of the song so as to fracture the spiritual disorder by the power of the Law of Resonation. Since complete resonance brings destruction, your own body crystals can be tuned to shatter an archetypal disorder. It has nothing to do with really putting something physically or even spiritually

into a tree, frog, or archetype human. If you felt miserable, you could find the archetype song by glancing through magazines, and “put it” into the picture of the archetypal person or animal to shatter the disorder.

Whew! Some people got all bent out of shape about that teaching, and tried to say that the teacher was advocating poisoning or shooting public officials. The accusations were a pile of rubbish; he was the least likely person you ever saw to physically harm anyone. When liars started giving him a hard time by reporting that he was advocating mass murder of public officials by the “put-its”, he quit teaching that method and began using a different clearing system just to get them off his back.

He drew lots of pictures—strange pictures—that represented the “song” of certain archetypal demons. You could look at the drawings and *will* the similar disorder to shatter. He found that most people were not able to shatter a disorder without identifying it by some method such as an archetypal picture or line drawing. He would label an archetypal drawing with what it was supposed to shatter, such as “elemental of sodomy” or “elemental of greed” or something like that. Then, people started saying that he was actually putting the elementals on people by the drawings. I could hardly believe it! Here he was, trying to help people clear themselves by easy methods yet people were accusing him of the opposite.

So he shifted his method again. He began to teach us to change our spiritual waveforms and frequencies by dowsing over a waveform chart while standing in a specific direction. Fewer people got worked up over that one.

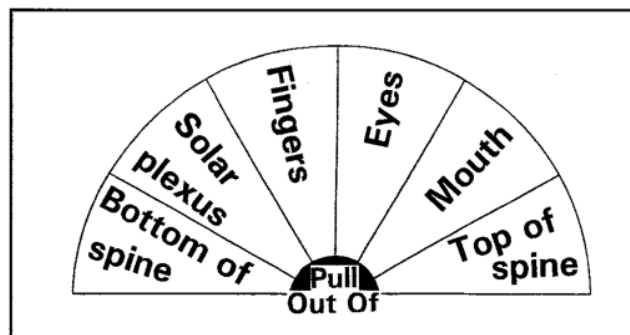
You never know a person until their back is against the wall. His back was against the wall a long time, but he never wished harm to anyone. I wish I could say the same about the rest of us. There have been times I wished my husband would die, and there were times when I wished I was dead so I wouldn't have to see the way the world was, and the way it was head-

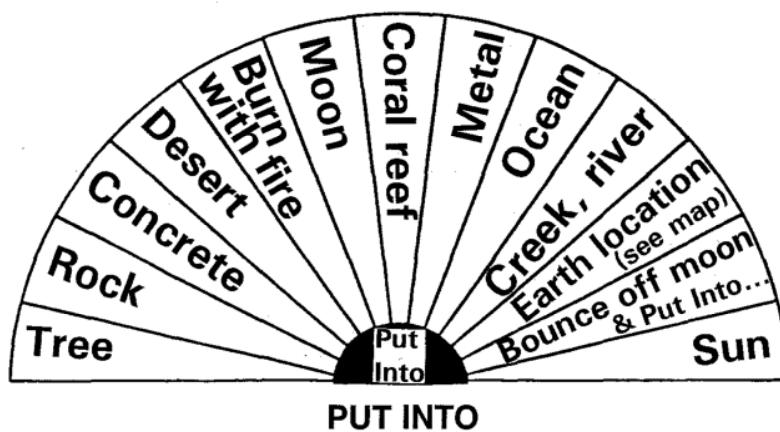
ing. My teacher never wished for his own death, though; he just took each day as it came.

I am trying to be like that now, but it is hard to know so much and feel so weak to change. Even so, I know that he—somehow—helps me. I don't know where he is, but I know he watches over my children, and other children, and me. It doesn't excuse me for what I am, but it does soothe me, as I look with eyes that are open at the world.

Most people don't ever really *see* the world, but he made us see. That made some people crazy, I guess. He always said that to refuse to see truth when it is offered to you makes one spiritually crazy and evil. So, it is no great loss if a person becomes worldly insane, because they would have already become evil. To be sane in the lower world's eyes and evil might be worse, because you could keep your wits about you while systematically going about doing some dreadful deed, like planning a murder. That's what they did...the ones who were sane in the world's eyes and yet evil in his eyes. The worldly crazy ones, like me, just went our ways, a bit shook up but pretty harmless. You would think it would be the other way around, but it is not.

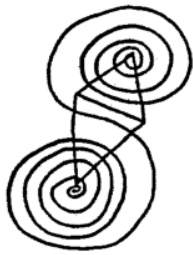
They tracked him, like wolves after prey, for years, until they got him. They were determined to put him in a mental hospital or kill him. *You tell me...who was sane in God's eyes! Was he crazy to run from them? Were they sane to kill him?*





Elementals can be perceived through spiritual sight as etheric shapes in the vicinity. Some of the common shapes have been interpreted in the following drawings. It is possible to dowse over these to learn to detect vicinity disharmonies or harmonies.

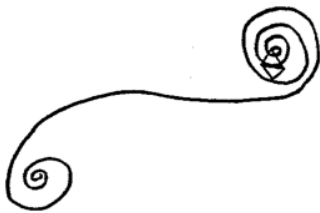
HOLY ELEMENTAL PATTERNS



Devotion To God



Holy Devotion To A Person



**Recapitulation - Acceptance
Of The Loss Of Lower Self**



Holy Devotion To An Idea

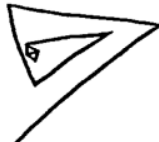
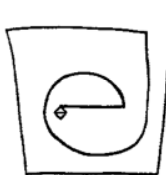


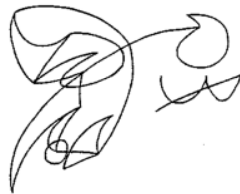
Holy Devotion To An Icon



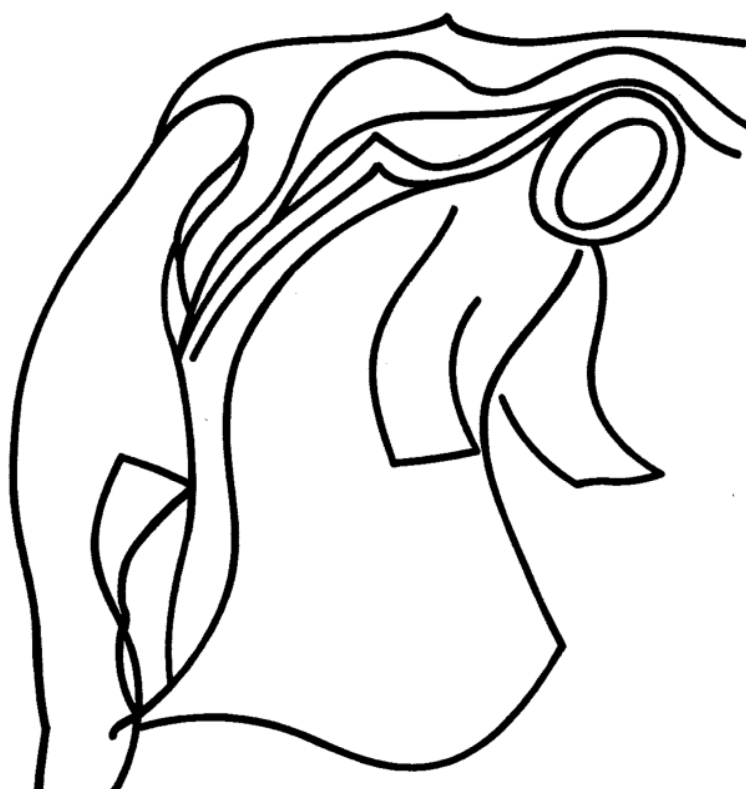
Desire To Do God's Will

UNHOLY ELEMENTAL DRAWINGS

 Greed	 Anger, Murder By Fist	 Hate
 Fear Of Death Of The Soul	 Love Of Form Above Substance	 Invaded, Guilt, Meditation Orgasm
 Revenge	 Guilt, Belief There Is No Evil	 Unrequited Romantic Love
 Mentalism Distortion	 Feels Violated	 Sex Thought
 Torture	 Hates God, Gender	 Murder By Gun

SATANIC LIE PATTERNS**Loneliness Is Coming****Don't Leave The
Zombies/You Are A Fool****You Will Be Abandoned****This Is Killing You****Avoid the
Presence Of Holiness****Everyone Knows
About You And Laughs****Spiritual Study
Will Bring Disaster****Women Have No Power****You Have
Been Manipulated**

DEMON NAMES		
A simple line drawing of a hand holding a coin or a small object.	A line drawing of a person's head and shoulders, with a large, open mouth and a long, pointed tongue sticking out.	A line drawing of a person's head and shoulders, with a large, open mouth and a long, pointed tongue sticking out.
Hoard Money	Gluttony	Sex Is Love
A line drawing of a person's head and shoulders, with a large, open mouth and a long, pointed tongue sticking out.	A line drawing of a person's head and shoulders, with a large, open mouth and a long, pointed tongue sticking out.	A line drawing of a person's head and shoulders, with a large, open mouth and a long, pointed tongue sticking out.
I Am My Own God	Opiate Drug Insanity	I Want To Kill
A line drawing of a person's head and shoulders, with a large, open mouth and a long, pointed tongue sticking out.	A line drawing of a person's head and shoulders, with a large, open mouth and a long, pointed tongue sticking out.	A line drawing of a person's head and shoulders, with a large, open mouth and a long, pointed tongue sticking out.
You Are Worthless	Demon Of Gluttony	Rape Of The Soul
Check: How much am I resonating with each one of these demon names?		



8

SUE

IF you want my opinion, he was unusually restful to be around. Maybe that was because he pulled something restless out of a person's body and into his body. Whether that part of a person was a demon or a thought made little difference; it was still part of what you knew as yourself. For that reason he could be—with one gesture—both healing and traumatizing.

He didn't say much socially. In a restaurant or someone's living room, he wasn't likely to have much small talk. He just looked at us one at a time, as though he were sizing us up. I think that made people nervous. It is not that he judged people too harshly, at least not in my presence. When he looked at you with those tired eyes, you felt every little flaw pop out like a new pimple. It was irritating on the one hand, but he still was restful because he helped to remove those flaws which caused us pain.

As I said, he had the ability to pull disordered parts of ourselves into his own body so he could soothe them and clean them off. It wasn't just demons he pulled out. He pulled out obsessions that caused wild agitation. He knew how to reorder some parts of us and change it into something finer, and then

give it back...pure and serene.

He taught in two ways; one way was in words and the other was between the words. I listened to him talk in one ear to hear the words, and listened to him sing in the other without a sound. He made some kind of music that you couldn't hear, but you felt it inside you...that music soothing you and making the world seem brighter.

Of course, most people would say that they had more vitality around him because he removed their vampire connections that were draining their energy. He also filled people with his own optimism and hope for a better life. I am a person full of optimism and energy. But I need to be soothed, so he did that for me, without even fluttering an eyelash. I used to think about it a lot...how he did that soothing, and I tried to do it for other people, sometimes with success. However, it is easier for me to charge people up with enthusiasm, but far more difficult for me to soothe them.

I used to think we were colleagues, since I am a metaphysical teacher. I went for years thinking he was just a buddy of mine. I took what he taught me and I taught it to others, without ever thinking about the parts I left out. In a way, I just used him to get new material so I could teach more classes and make a few bucks in the process. He didn't charge me for his teachings, though, except maybe the postage or the cost of tapes. I never thought much about the fact that he was not like me until I heard that he had died. I then began to recall incidents that I had forgotten, or had never noticed at the time they occurred; I felt haunted by them, and somehow ashamed of myself.

He never insisted that I be like him. He would sit by my side and listen to my foul jokes, and would respond with only a little flinch at the end. Then, he would just change the subject and go on with his teaching. He taught all the time. He never let up; he was always on the job...but he could throw in a few laughs along the way, with a wry twist of words.

Most of all, I remember the teaching he gave about the dreaming mind and the waking mind. I guess it haunts me now because I can see how I have degenerated by ignoring that very teaching. He said that a person's intentions are always in his dreaming mind and a person's actions always reflect in his waking mind. If a person doesn't act according to his intention, then he becomes split and evil. For example, a lot of people assume they have decent intentions, but they whine about how they can't control their actions. Other people appear to control their actions in front of most people, but their intentions poison those actions and cancel out all good. He said that no one can be holy unless they intend to be holy and act accordingly.

The dreaming mind is more than the subconscious; it is like a ghost of the self that can wander around at night. It can get lost in hells, or even possess another person. If your intentions are pure then your dreaming mind doesn't get lost at night while you sleep; that is when it takes over as the waking mind becomes dormant. If a person has an evil intention, then his dreaming mind may become a demon. For example, if a person is sexually obsessed, the dreaming mind body could turn into an incubus or succubus, or it could turn into a murdering spirit that torments a person to death. It can become a curse body that exits the left eye and enters another person's right eye. A waking curse occurs when the etheric body exits the right eye from the conscious mind and enters another person's left eye.

The left eye has to do with the dreaming self, while the right eye has to do with the waking self. If your dreaming self becomes evil, your left eye may begin to look peculiar. I've seen it in myself, and I'm not too pleased about it. He said if your waking self has no control of thoughts, emotions, or actions, then your etheric body becomes insane and may exit your right eye to possess someone or wander into hells.

There, you have it: Cliffs notes of a core teaching. You have two invisible bodies that can be lost in hells: one of intention and one of action. People who are evil in both their dreaming

and wake selves look evil in both eyes, like Charles Manson, unless they were born with spiritually dead eyes. If both of the spiritual bodies are dead at birth or die later and are not replaced by an evil spiritual body, then the eyes of the person will probably just look empty, but the person can be dangerous and sociopathic as hell.

That part of the teaching worries me...I'm afraid my dreaming body self is dying. It is not too pretty to see that part of myself dying when I look in the mirror, and yet I don't seem to have the guts to change the course of events.

I have spent a long time putting forth causes to be in my position. I get paid a lot and people respect me. I don't ever put anybody down no matter how spiritually slimy they may be; I believe in loving and accepting everyone. That is the easy thing to do. Then, you are bound to love and accept yourself, no matter how slimy your own intentions or secret actions. It is a create-your-own-reality kind of world, or so most people believe and I used to believe. Now, though...I am haunted by his teachings which stated the opposite.

He believed that if you did not recognize evil and good, then you are doomed to live in spiritual chaos. *He stressed that good is not merely the absence of evil; it is the effects of a holy spiritual self.* That implies that one's behaviors must not only lack evil actions but they must contain holy actions. Therefore a holy life must be one that omits evil actions and contains active good deeds. He was a strong believer of behavioral boundaries, which he tried to define for us to help us from spiritually degenerating by our actions. He wanted us to be anchored in values that reflected in our behaviors so that we would have a point of reference to judge reality, and not float off the spiritual map.

Some people think if you recognize evil that you are feeding it. He believed that without knowledge of evil you would not know what to *avoid* feeding. People merge auric substances and physical substances all the time, spontaneously feeding off

each other. If they feed evil, then they speed up the death of the Earth. He said eating of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil meant the merging of destructive forces with holy powers. He said a lot of people ignore at least one of the Universal Laws so they can use knowledge of their chosen Laws for personal gain, thereby using good knowledge for evil purposes.

I ignored that part of the teaching because I wanted to keep going on the inertia of my success. I took what I wanted from his work and tucked the rest in a drawer, until lately. I am concerned that my willful intention to ignore some of the Laws has destroyed my dream self; I can see it in my left eye.

Now I am scared; he is gone...he could have helped to pull my left eye back to something holy. I am afraid that it will look worse and worse and then suddenly I will see it go plain...like a spiritual cataract. I'm frightened at the number of people that I see that have spiritual cataracts on both eyes, and I am afraid I will be next.

For so many months—years—I would call him up when I was feeling so agitated I was jumping out of my skin. He would help me, not by talking psycho bullshit, but by pulling my dreaming body self and my etheric body self into his own form. He soothed and healed them, then returned them to me all sparkling and happy.

Now I must find a way to fend for myself and for all of my clients who assume I am his colleague.

Colleague, indeed. I am not in his league. He is probably dead for all I know; I cannot see him anymore...or sense him. I always could trace him through the ethers, check to see how he was doing, and so on. I am a natural for these spiritual things. But now I stand outside at night and I search the skies for him, and I hear nothing back...I am afraid that I may never find him, or anyone like him, ever again.

In the meantime, I teach my classes with my usual aplomb, in between spells of eating like a fiend. I must have put on fifty pounds in one year, and I don't sleep well. Yet, I am optimistic

as I dig through this drawer of old lessons, trying to find out what I ignored the first time around.

I kissed the man on the cheek at the airport the last time he was in town. His face was cold as death; the ice of his smile hit me in the gut like a knife of steel. I remember thinking I would never see him again. I wondered who he really was, and why he was here, and whether it was worth his stay. I went back home, though, and went on just like before, forgetting his pale as death face, till now.

I know that I am not his colleague, and yet I also know that he came here and spent time with me for a reason: maybe because I could change myself and help others to change. If he believed in me then I can believe in others and begin the slow painful crawl back to a place of rest in Divine Law.

A lot of people think that with all the rules he had that he led a restricted and boring life, and wanted everyone else to do the same. But he was not that way. He just didn't want us to lose our dreaming body selves and our etheric selves in hells because our souls would soon follow.

I have seen people since who have scared the living day-lights out of me. They have lost their spirit eyes, it seems; they can lie and steal without feeling any guilt at all. I look at people I have known for years and I see them decay, just as I have, for lack of obeying those Universal Laws he taught us.

He showed me how to see with peripheral vision in such a way that the consciousness shifted to the dream self. With the dream self, I could see people's intentions very well. People with sexual obsessions had black clouds around their genitals and faces. People with murderous intent had black halos. Now I can barely see the blackness at all, because I am losing my left eye consciousness.

I tell you this to show you that you can make a mistake or a whole lot of them, like I have...then pick yourself up, dust off a bit, and get going to find your way home again. For indeed, it was home to me, when I could rest in his eyes.

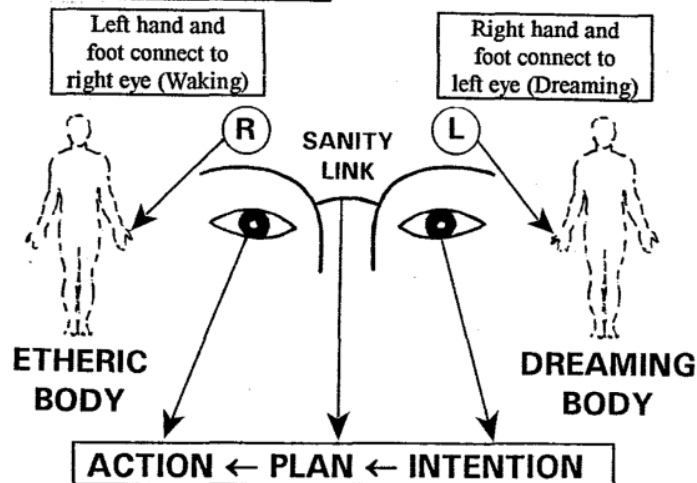
THE TWO MINDS OF A HUMAN

WAKING MIND

The waking mind makes decisions to act, think and feel, independent of the dreaming mind but is influenced subconsciously by it. The waking mind causes the etheric body to travel to location of thought resonance (hells, the past, into a fantasy thought bubble, or to be with another person.)

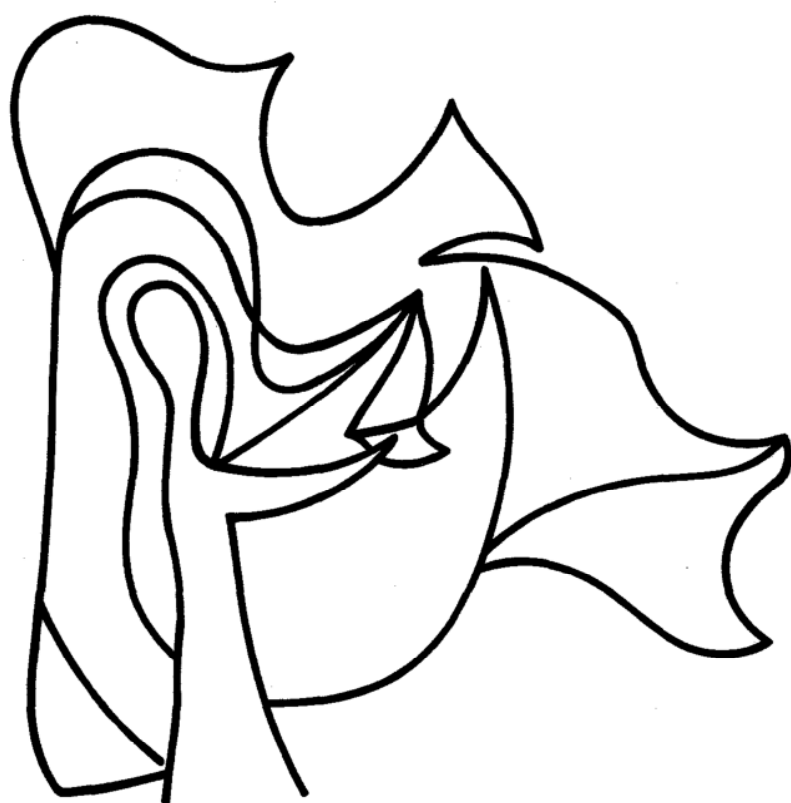
DREAMING MIND

The dreaming mind wanders to the object of desire and is programmed by intention. It influences action as a component of the sub-conscious mind.



SANITY LINK

The sanity link is sometimes controlled by alien forces so that the person may appear sane but be calculating and evil. To remove the alien mind may produce worldly insanity but that is preferable to allowing it to harm others. Anyone who has been taken over by an alien mind has already lost his dreaming mind, waking mind and sanity link.



HIS BROTHER

I knew him well. He is my brother in the flesh; yet, he is so far different than he was before his transformation that I cannot really call him a relative of mine. I haven't seen him for years, so I can't say whether he is dead or alive, in the usual sense. I know that the person I knew as a child is dead...and that something strange came over him: whether madness or glory, I cannot say. There are times that I think it madness, and times that I think it glory, but who am I to know?

I am a flawed man; I am a man who would never take a chance as my brother did. He went so far out on a limb with what he believed that his whole world ended—as we think of a world. Most of us just spend our days with crossword puzzles, mindless chats with neighbors over the fence, watching old movies or arguing about the channel-changer.

Other people find a reason to live by taking on some questionable cause, such as finding millions of homes for dogs that should never have been born in the first place and might just as well be dead for all the good it will do the world. Now, don't get me wrong, I have a dog; I just get tired of do-gooders, like my brother.

He liked dogs, but he didn't waste much time on them. He said it was good to have a little something to soothe you, like a pet, when you were exhausted from spiritual or mental work. He never let his little soothing shields keep him from his work, though.

He was a do-gooder...but not in the usual sense. I mean, he didn't go around raising money for the homeless; in fact, he thought most of the homeless should be left alone. "Law of Cause and Effect, karma..." he said. Even so, he did dip into his pocket if he looked in the eyes of a man who was ready for a hand up rather than hand out. He was not tight with a dollar...when he still had a few left.

In the last few years, he was homeless, too. He took to the road when he found out that in his last public teaching someone took the audio tape and spliced it around to make him sound nuts. They made him seem like someone who was after the government, a militia man nutso religious cult person or something. He did speak out about the government; he thought they persecuted people and suppressed religious freedom. But, he didn't own a gun or tell anybody to own one. In fact, he was the least physically minded person you could ever meet.

He was always looking at everything from the perspective of spiritual matter of some type. He paid little attention to the physical solutions to problems unless the physical condition reflected lower willfulness against what he viewed as spiritual law.

He said that everything a man intended, thought, or did in flesh is written in the ethers around the body for all to see, and in the Earth mega-ethers as well. The small Book of Life is around the person's body and the big Book of Life, the Earth Mega-Ethers, are all around the Earth like a cloud that is 40 miles thick. He said the cloud followed the curves of land or sea, and that airplanes went through it. He was always studying those ethers on people and in the sky. He paid little atten-

tion to changing physical conditions except by altering those ethers, in order to produce a domino effect on the physical plane. He used to warn me that anything I did or thought that went against the real nature of a human being—holiness—would cause a glitch or sore in my body ethers, and could produce a cancer or something worse. He said if I lost my ether substance in hells due to bad thoughts, then I would have black holes around my body that demons could enter, and they might take me over like I was their puppet. He used to stare at me and get onto me for letting a layer of myself get a black spot or hole on it. Then, he would patch it up for me.

He swore you could change the past and the future if you learned how to adjust the ethers, but that it took power. Most people just lose their power by useless emotions, winding thoughts, and obsessive onanism, according to him. Now, that got my dander up, because I have always been a Wilhelm Reich fan. My brother explained it in a way that was not a bit contradictory to what Reich said. Many people use sex for reasons unrelated to congestion of the pelvic organs; they are always priming an empty pump and never have any juice left for good sex or for use in spiritual work.

Apparently, sexual energy is needed to be an exorcist...which is what my brother was, first and foremost.

I know that demons are real; he showed me enough of them when he pulled them out of people and let the demons look through his own face. He could pull demons out by the dozens from people straight into his own body, and then just hold them in there with a fist of will until they died, screaming to be let out. He must have eaten a million demons. They did make him sick, sometimes. He would bleed out his eyes, nose, mouth, or forehead, or through sudden holes that appeared on his skin. He would vomit foul substances, his urine would turn to blood and his body would bloat up so that he couldn't wear his shoes or button his pants.

I saw him go for days without eating or drinking...just

retching and crying out with the demon voices that he had taken inside himself. Then, he would have them all dead, and sit up, and eat some soup or have some wine.

I used to go over there so he would work on me when I got loaded up with spiritual crap. But, I never learned how to keep from getting spiritually contaminated. I just wanted the treatment, I guess. Most people were like me. That's why they got angry with him; he just quit taking on their demons if they wouldn't learn to stop inviting them. When he kicked people out of his house, telling them they were incorrigible, they became furious and began to plot to kill him—or so he said.

I know he may have been just nuts; that's the way it sounds. Sometimes I think he must have been nuts...yet other times I feel sad, because I know he was a good man. I don't know what happened to the human underneath, though. He was hardly human...so single-minded about his work, and expected everyone else to be just as tough. Well, if he was crazy, he was a lot like Don Quixote.

I wish, sometimes, that whatever lightening hit his head would hit mine, so that I could have a reason to live that was somewhere in the ballpark of his reason for living. He told me that a reason for living came from a type of spiritual substance that you felt in your heart. If that substance is pure, you never feel despair. I know he knew sorrow, loss and grief—for a thousand reasons—but he never gave up. He was consistently cheerful and strong.

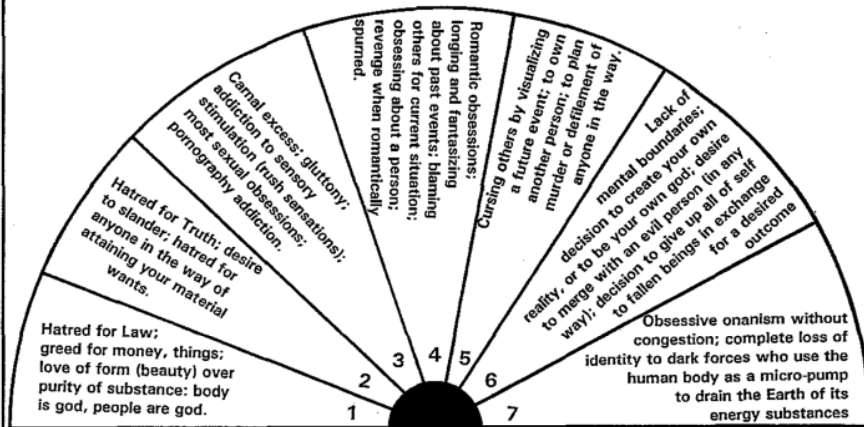
I don't know if he is dead or just hiding. If he is not dead, I worry that they might put him in the nut house if they find him. He is so weird that they probably would drug him out so that he would lose his reason for living.

I know that I helped to put him there; I went with the others to file a report in the sanity hearing. No wonder he doesn't call...even if he is alive. I can't tell you why I did it, except to say that he reminded me of what I was not, nor would ever be. I guess I wanted him to be like me: with a beer-belly, watching

a wrestling match on TV. I wanted to not be reminded of who I am, and what I am becoming.

And I was mad when he quit taking on my demons. After all, he was my brother. He owed me.

KEY REASONS FOR LOSING ETHER SUBSTANCES

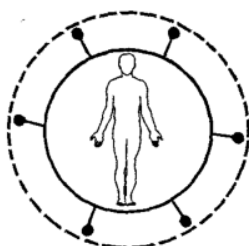


KEY REASONS FOR LOSING ETHER SUBSTANCE
(Progressive from #1 to #7)

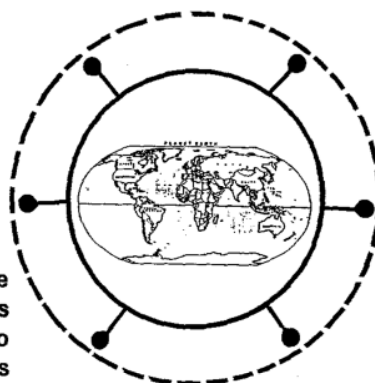
In order to have power, an individual must not give up his individual "Book of Life" Akasha ether ring substances to demons, people, or anti-Christ devouring forces. To lose your own substances to anti-Christ forces means that you are weakening the whole solar system.

NORMAL AND ABNORMAL AKASHA RINGS

MEGA-AKASHA RING above Earth surface contains six mega anti-Christ doors

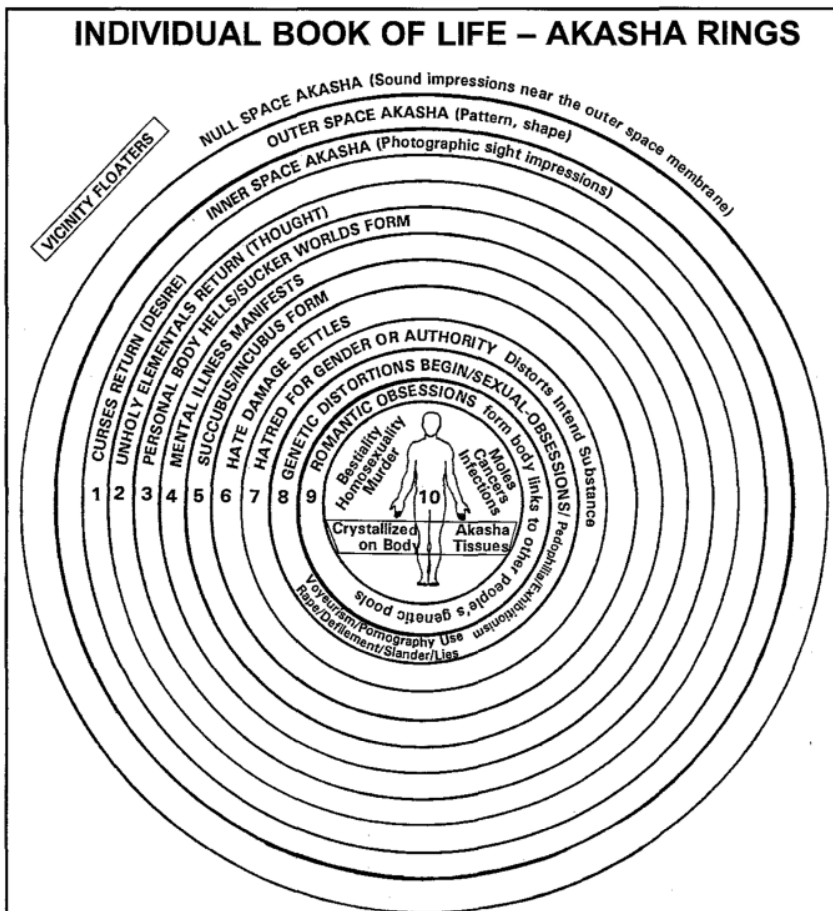


People who resonate with the earthly common grid energies (consensus) automatically begin to form microcosm anti-Christ doors in their own auras and bodies.



Through these doors a person loses the ether substance of their individual akasha rings. Ether substance leaves the individual's akasha ring at certain angles relating to specific spiritual decisions. Those decisions then become precursors to the down-line "Key Reasons for Losing Ether Substance" (see fan chart).

INDIVIDUAL BOOK OF LIFE – AKASHA RINGS

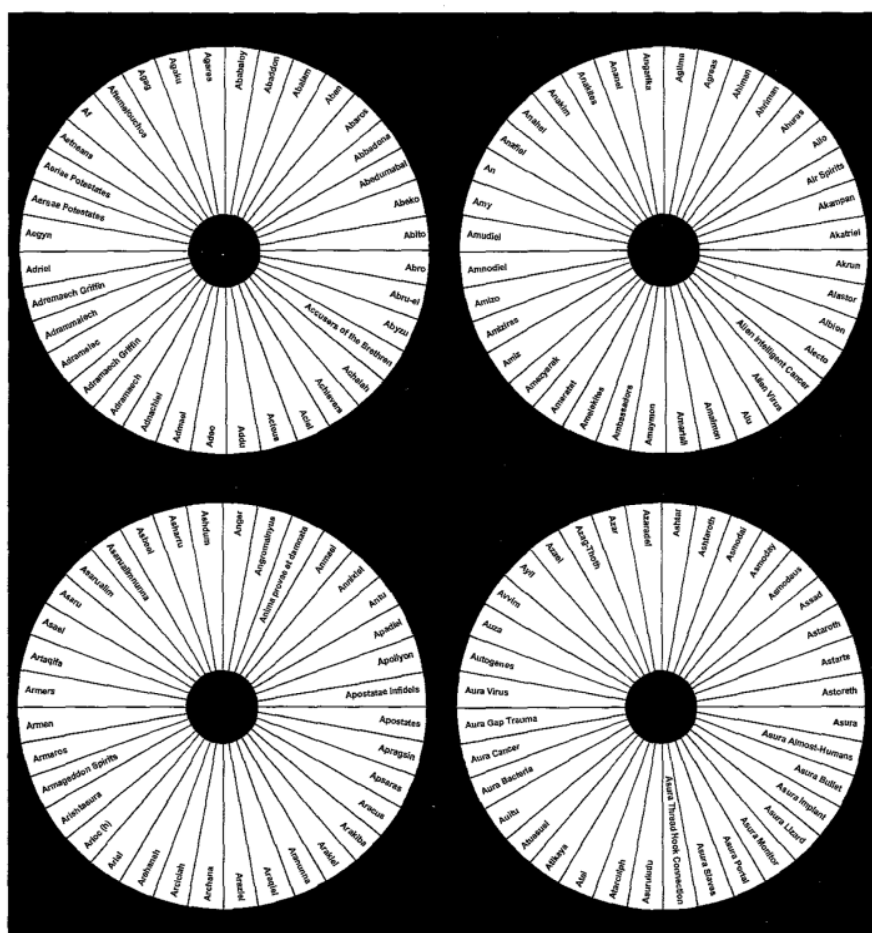


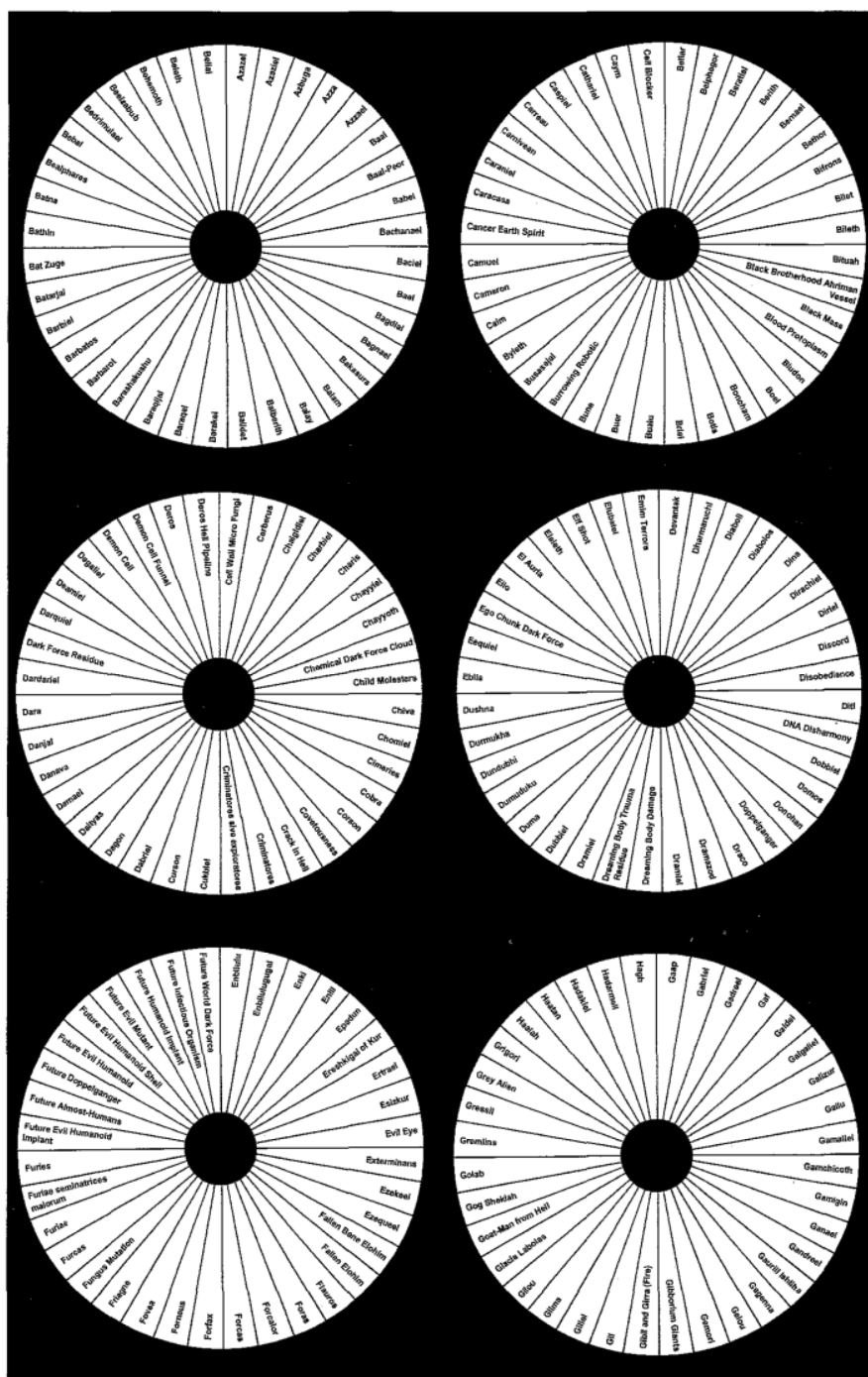
The individual Book of Life (Akasha Record) contains all these ether layers around a person's body. Ether substance on any layer can be lost in hells, Hades, purgatory, or be used to feed the anti-Christ forces. The Mega-Earth Book of Life has all the same layers, and records human mental, spiritual and physical history.

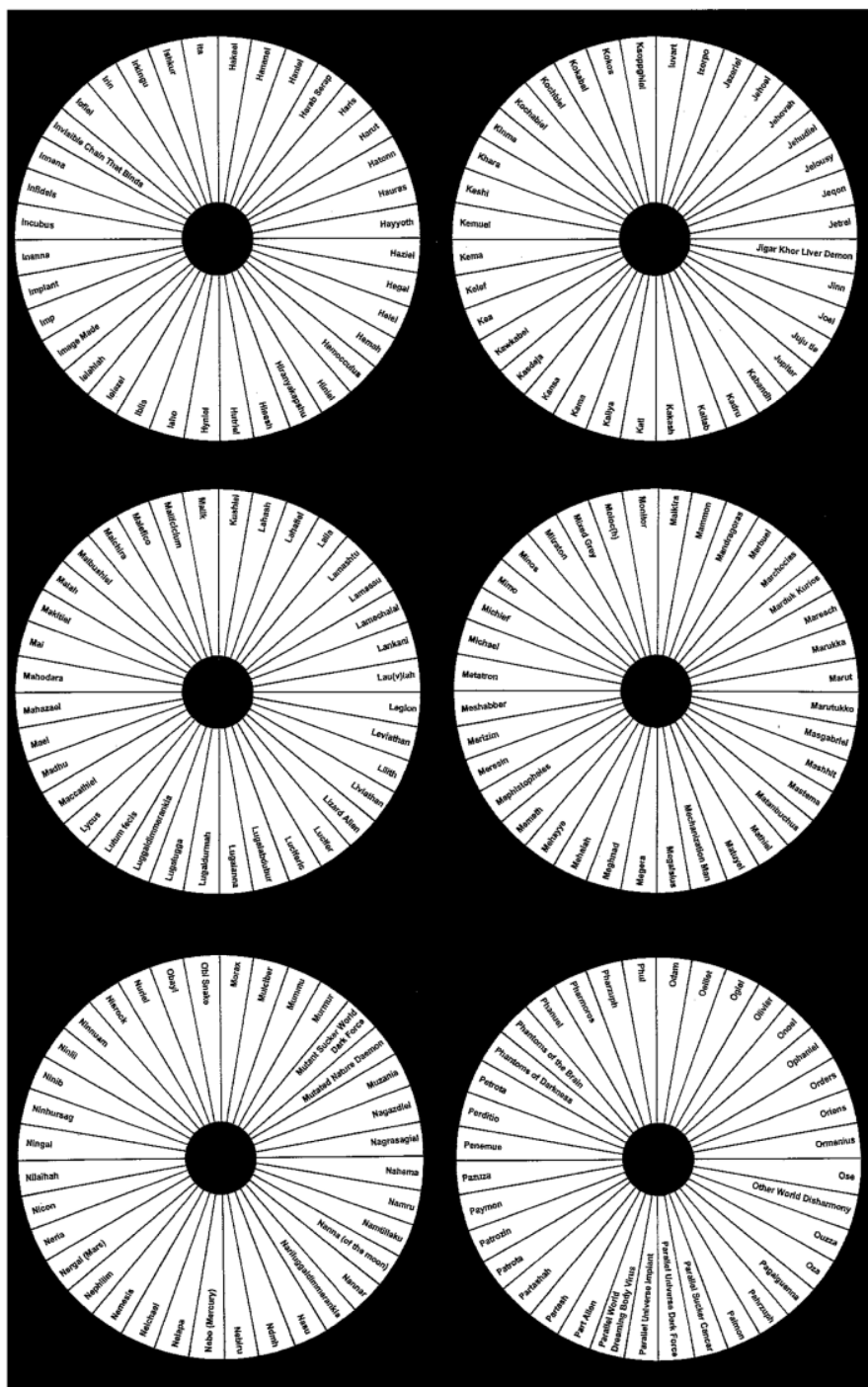
Any disorder of body, mind, or soul can begin within a person on any ring due to *their own* law-less action, thought, desire or intentions and so impress the associated Akasha Ring and eventually invade adjacent rings.

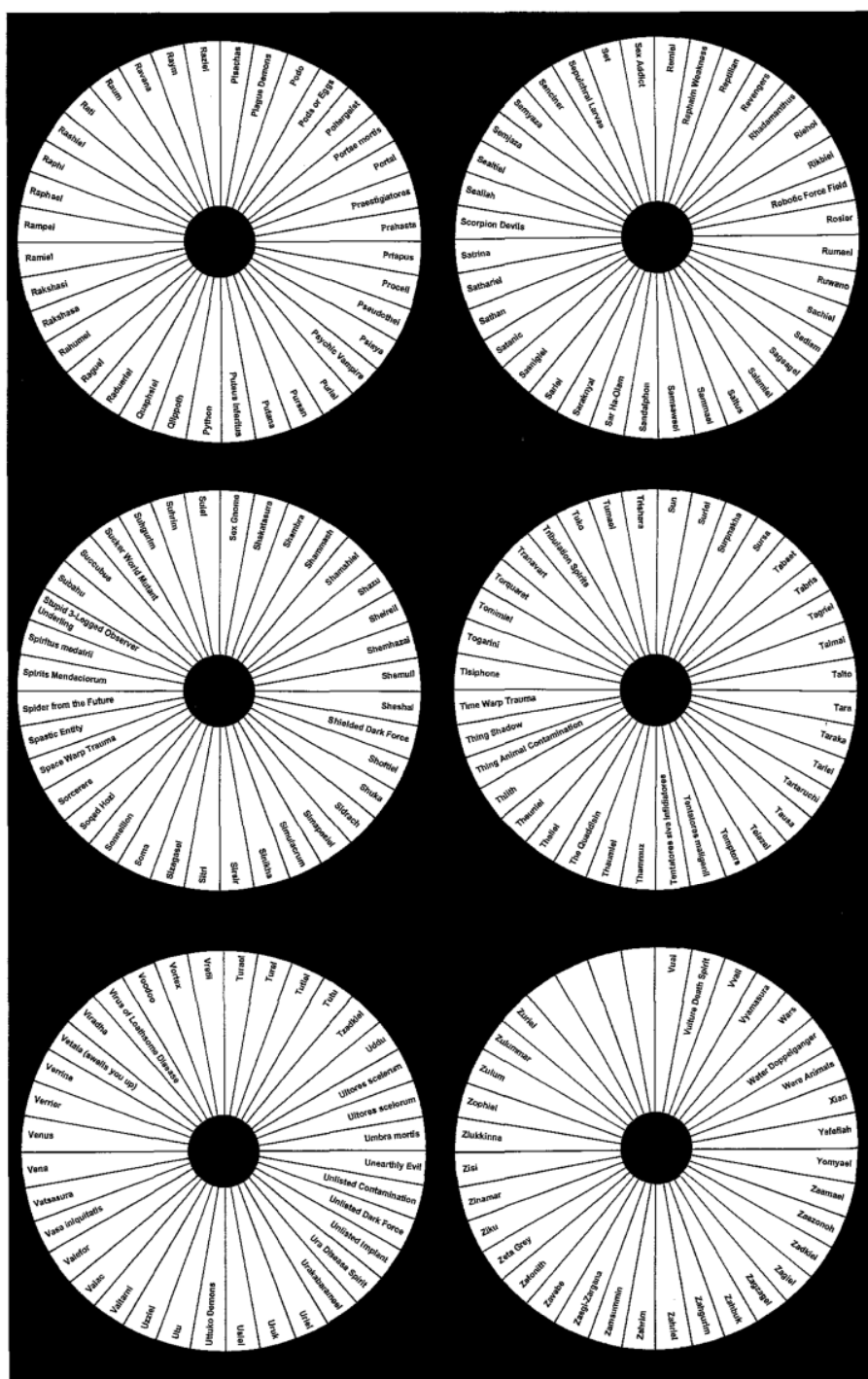
Contamination from others must start from the outside and work inward, unless sexual perversity or murderous intent opens the aura, allowing vicinity dark force energy to sink into the auric core and physical body.

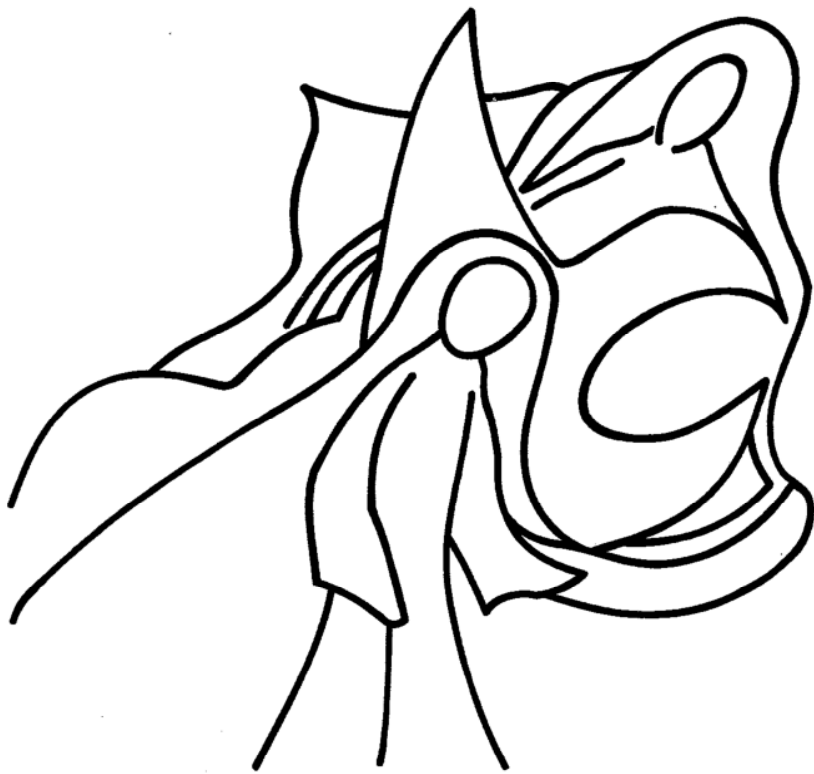
**DARK FORCES IDENTIFIED AND REMOVED
BY THE PROPHET DURING MAJOR EXORCISMS**
Many dark forces could not be removed
unless they were rebuked by name.











EDWARD

I know it sounds strange, but I cannot obliterate in my mind and body the knowledge that he brought to Earth. Yet, I am afraid that he turned bad at a certain point, and so I seek to destroy him.

In June of '94, I saw that he had begun to go toward the unknown in a way that an old gal like yourself would find quite distressing. I learned it doesn't pay to say too much...because he can hear you, even from Illinois to Louisiana. I know you think I am crazy to say that; but here you'll get it, the whole story. Then you will know what I mean and stay away from him.

Unless you run across illness of the mind, as I have, you cannot understand what it is like to see illness of the soul. I am a psychiatrist—now retired—yet I have to fight every day of my life to keep my own mind in shape after the experience I had working with him on the alien project which cost me my soul.

He was the only one I ever saw who could knock down the alien ships right out of the sky, using mere spiritual means to dissolve them in front of our eyes. I am sure he was right about the aliens being mostly demons and the ships being some kind of living matter, not metal as they usually appeared to be. Now, what is a demon versus an alien? He spent his nights thinking

about that kind of question. To his way of thinking, there were cracks in hells that were above ground and cracks in hells that were below ground. Demons came out of those hells and could make a spaceship as a kind of huge cell membrane to carry a group of them around the Earth. This is a simplification, but they are visible...or they were before he got most of them by shutting the hell doors.

He did say that there were other types of aliens that came from other logoc systems. Those other-logos types were anti-Christ in nature, very dangerous, and worse than the hell/Hades demon aliens. Those were the ones, I believe, that grabbed him...but I can't be sure. I haven't seen him lately, though.

To him, though, they were all just the enemy. So, he would fight them all the time without sleep for days on end. He looked upon life as a battlefield and warned me to not get my guard down...or they would seek me out and turn me into a Doppelganger. A Doppelganger is a kind of replaced evil self controlled by the aliens or fallen higher beings.

I am an old man. I grew tired of helping him, night and day, with a battle that seemed to have no end. By the time the major part of the alien war was over, I had stepped aside, too tired to go on.

I know he wasn't just crazy; I saw the space ships go down with my own eyes, as did others. I think he could make people see them by shifting their awareness somehow, so they could see with spiritual sight the same thing that he could see. It was automatic for him to see and to get others to see. It was not hypnotism; it was an opening up of the eyes and ears somehow. We got where we could hear the whine of the alien engines. Crop circles began to appear in our yards. I began to be afraid that by fighting the aliens we would draw them to us in battle. He said that was exactly right and what he wanted; he said we should help other people who were suffering from the aliens but couldn't see them or fight them.

He once tried to help a UFO abductee woman who had given birth to a half-alien baby. The baby cried so strangely, had to be tube fed because it refused to eat, and was later diagnosed as autistic. He began to experiment with spiritual genetic alteration in hopes that the alien baby could somehow be transmuted into something normal. I was afraid that more aliens would come around if he messed with the kid, and sure enough, they did.

The parents of the baby saw the aliens hover around the crib. When the parents rushed into the room, the aliens had disappeared. The parents comforted themselves in saying that the aliens must have been angels, and then they decided that all aliens with big black eyes and no hair were angels, and refused to let him work on the baby again.

That's the way it was for most people; the alien situation was so terrifying that they had to find a cosmology to explain it that would allow them to not go bananas. He scorned those of us who did so; he said that the truth was all that mattered, that we should look at everything without notions, and just pray to see the truth in all things and situations.

When the souls began to die, he suffered terribly. He wept as he saw members of his own family, one by one, be badgered by the alien dark forces until even their souls were devoured. He could see that the aliens of all kinds drank soul matter; that is how he figured out that you could do exorcisms to remove the aliens.

Aliens needed an invitation of some kind to crawl into your core, and if you could map the risk factors, you could be spared. They didn't need spaceships, but they appeared in them so that people would invite them, as though they were benign little E.T.s.

It was so interesting to see how he mapped all the risk factors. They all traced back to people hating truth, authority, or one gender. That was true for aliens from other world systems and true for satanic possession type aliens from our solar sys-

tem. When he realized that, he started trying to find a way to help people see the importance of accepting truth rather than making up a personal reality that blinded you while you were being devoured.

For indeed, all the personal realities were becoming like suckers taking the life out of the tree of civilization. People were becoming mutants and proud of it, unaware that they weren't free at all. The irony about creating a sucker world reality is that you lose your power and get taken over by something that uses you like a robot. You end up praying to demons in Hades to get your own way in life, even about little things, but you always think you are praying to God of Lord Jesus. By then you are opened up to the demons that carry the Doppelganger virus.

When the virus is in the early stage, you hear a whining in your ears and your brain feels cloudy. Later your breath gets foul and your intestines bloat up. You feel like there are bugs crawling on your skin but you can't see them. Your skin gets splotched or dull and the pores look bigger. Your sweat is foul and your urine smells like sulfur. You feel sexual urges often, so you joylessly masturbate daily or sometimes several times a day. You begin to look guilty...and you find that you lie about little things for no reason. Your joints ache, you crack your wrists and knuckles, and you feel an urge to sit with your legs far apart. You begin to think about how you can get money, more money, and hide your plans. You become secretive; you feel hate thoughts creep in that won't go away. Sometimes songs from the past will just repeat in your brain...they just keep playing. Then, you begin to feel like your mission in life is to destroy someone who is in your way of getting what you want, whether it is to own another human or get rich.

When you get to that point, you have lost both impersonal reality and your own personal sucker world reality; you have begun to take on some other kind of being's reality. That's when you have become a Doppelganger.

You are not mad, insane, loony, if you are a Doppelganger.

In fact, there is a lot of freedom in that you don't worry about things so much...when the transformation is completed. You can readily find friends who are Doppelgangers, and you can recruit others to be Doppelgangers. The only drawback to being a Doppelganger is that you crave energy so you *must* lure others to let their guard down; at that point you can put in a little hook and suck some life force. It is easy to do; all you do is send out a Doppelganger tendril to their genitals and stimulate them to near-orgasm while you are talking to them on the phone or in person. They begin to want to be around you for the orgasm sensations, and unknowingly supply you with orgasms in the process.

In the heavens, there is always this battle going on: us against them. The Doppelgangers versus the saints. You see—in my mind—he is bad because he wants to stop me from my free will decision to be a Doppelganger. So I hate him. Even so, I would love to have his tasty morsels of orgasmic energy. If I find him, I will wear him down and tap him for it.

I have had this little dream of holding him captive and forcing him to have sex with me or with a woman while I watched. I could hold him for months before he wore down enough to lose all his power, if I force-fed him to keep him alive. Of course, it is just a fantasy.

The truth is that he must be stopped. He wants to tell other people how to live, which makes him a danger to society as we know it. I know his power is real, and I want it, but I don't trust the source of his power; do you? I think a person who has power runs a great danger of becoming a little crazy, and running amok with it, harming just about everyone he meets.

I had a good friend that he used to know. In her time, she was one of the greatest herbalists and spiritual scientists in the world. To get her dander up, I let her know my suspicions about him, with a little extra spice to the story. I knew that she was also an accomplished occultist and had access to a great

many powerful people. I am not saying she was very powerful of late; it seemed she was trying to fight on his side, but without much vision. I figured if I got her to fighting him, then—by the Law of Division—they would both go down. It was a clever move...a real military maneuver. What I didn't figure was that she would crumble like a leaf when she turned on him. I expected a longer fight before her death. It was almost like she just fought herself and not him at all.

How is it that some people can survive in the face of so many opponents on so many planes of being? I know that I have spent many a long night working with my radionic instruments to beam a bit of death on him, yet he survives. They say he is dead, but I don't believe it. I look at his picture and I feel his eyes condemning me; I curse him to death.

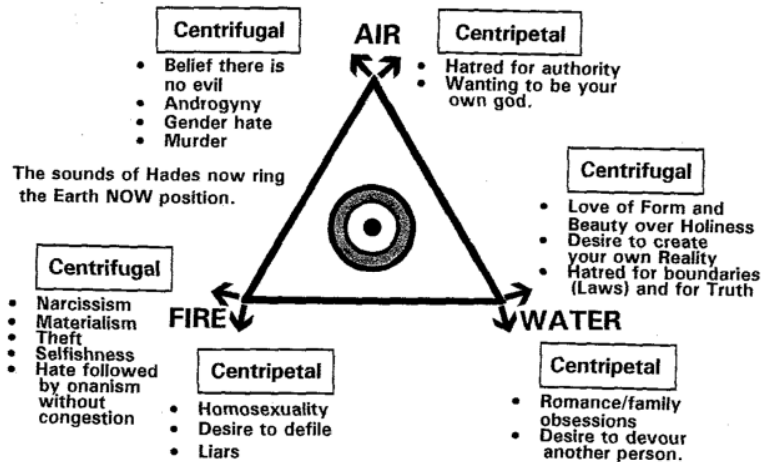
I know that you could take what I'm saying wrong and get me into trouble with this getting in the wrong hands. But, I think you are a nice person...one who appreciates a little straight talk. After all, shouldn't I tell you how to avoid such a man who interferes with your sex life—or wants to—and who is always looking at you like you are some kind of demon incarnate or something?

Believe you me, it drives you crazy, being around him, with those green eyes of his sizing you up and his wanting something to change about you.

Why can't he let people be? Why can't he just let the world take the turn that it is taking, without always fighting it? Always resisting the most natural flow of human life, that is what he does. Humans are not supposed to be monks and nuns; they are supposed to enjoy a good smoke or drink and do exactly what they want, when they want. What you see on Earth is all you're gonna see, although he would argue about that, too.

You, I like. You are a lot like me...someone who just wants to go with the flow of life, and laugh a bit. Would you like a beer? Enough about him; what about you?

THE SIX ANTI-CHRIST DOORS



When the individual listens to the sounds that come through the Mega-Earth anti-Christ portals, he has begun to adjust his body crystals in such a way as to align with the holes—thereby creating matching holes in his individual system.

The holes will **NOT** be present in the New Earth System.

By keeping your individual point of reference in your pineal, you align it with the center of the NOW Earth-Mega Point, rather than the periphery where hells and Hades intersect. The habit of *willfully* dropping this point to the groin is due to a decision to defile and control others. It results in auric ruptures which become anti-Christ doors.

THE PROPHET'S TEACHINGS ON DIMENSIONS

The human system has 31 normal dimensional doorways. These dimensions are more than doorways in that they contain substances of three types: right side body consciousness substance, left side spiritual awareness substance and communicative substance. Disorders can occur due to decisions by the individual in the realm of intention or action that rip holes in the dimensional framework. Each of the 31 Dimensions has its own components and relationships with parts of self. Those relationships are mapped on the next page. Abnormal dimensions with associated substances have come through the alien doorways which greatly contaminate the adjacent normal Earth dimensions. Holy powers working through an earthly intercessor/saint can intervene for individuals who pray rightly to heal the dimensional matrix that is vital for all physical, mental and spiritual health and can also remove alien dimensional substances.

DIMENSIONS CHART



PRE-ONE GOD DIMENSION; the Lightening present only in Divine Intervention Manifestations.

PRE-ONE ENTRY; is present on the Right side only. It is represented by a Square plus two Triangles which equal the Star of David dynamics. It is the Doorway to Higher Powers, good or evil.

- 1 (R/L) Parallel Time Plane, Ether Tank Associated-
1 = YIN Catalyst on Right, Yin Ether Tank association and Mother Genetic Link
 - 2 (R/L) Parallel Time Plane, Ether Tank Associated
2 = YANG Catalyst on Right, Yang Ether Tank Association with Father Genetic Link
 - 3 (R/L) Low Ether Plane (plus 1-2 catalysts on R/L): Generosity of Spirit Link
 - 4 (R/L) Low Ether Plane (plus 1-2 catalyst on R/L): Identity Link
 - 5 (R/L) Low Ether Plane (plus 1-2 catalyst on R/L): Joy of Living Link
 - 6 (R/L) Thought-Emotion Plane (plus 1-2 catalyst on R/L): Larynx
 - 7 (R/L) Thought-Emotion Plane (plus 1-2 catalyst on R/L): Sinuses
 - 8 (R/L) Thought-Emotion Plane (plus 1-2 catalyst on R/L): Oculomotor Nerve
 - 9 (R/L) Sexual Causes Plane (plus 1-2 catalyst on R/L): Breath Communicative Substance
 - 10 (R/L) Sexual Causes Plane (plus 1-2 catalyst on R/L): Awareness of Individual Mind
 - 11 (R/L) Sexual Causes Plane (plus 1-2 catalyst on R/L): Personality substances (9)
 - 12 (R/L) Sexual Causes Plane (plus 1-2 catalyst on R/L): Hells, Hades or Heaven Link
 - 13 (R/L) Sexual Causes Plane (plus 1-2 catalyst on R/L): Regeneration Pools Link
 - 14 (R/L) Sexual Causes Plane (plus 1-2 catalyst on R/L): Earth's Etheric Vitality Container Link
 - 15 R Ability to Act on Decisions
 - 15 L Awareness of LAW between Cells
 - 16 R Integration of Moral Concepts
 - 16 L Earth NOW Spot Connection
 - 17 R Personality Strength From acting within Moral Framework
 - 17 L ME Template
 - 18 R Tailbone and Sexual Function
 - 18 L God Concept and Divine Link; if Congruent with Truth
 - 19 R Generativity Core; ability to use Creativity for good or evil purpose
 - 19 L Joy of Living Substance Component; linked to Generativity Core
 - 20 R Pivotal Point Connection; auric Boundaries Defined
 - 20 L Tissue Consciousness of Other People's Emanations
 - 21 R. Sense of Individual "ME" within social context
 - 21 L Guardian Angel Link
 - 22 R Link to Ancestral Genetic Pool Patterns
 - 22 L Link to Individual Spiritual Past Lives Imprint Patterns, Individual Akasha Ethers
 - 23 R Reptilian Brain Link: Gender Identity
 - 23 L Communication among components of Identity: Soul (Triangle), ME (Circle), Tissue (Five pointed Star)
 - 24 R Accessory Nerve Link; desire to submit to Divine Plan.
 - 24 L Auric Cocoon; opening mechanism during orgasm or death
 - 25 R Desire to recognize Virtue
 - 25 L Presence of Life Spark
 - 26 R Desire to care about the well being of other creatures
 - 26 L Individual Etheric Body in ensouled (in the soul-less: Death Shadow)
 - 27 R Desire to Pray
 - 28 L Soul Drops of Life (In the soul-less: Death Shadow)
 - 29 R Desire to retain a Soul
 - 29 L Soul (in the soul-less: Death Shadow)
 - 30 R Desire to Know God
 - 30 L Soul Trinity Consciousness (In the soul-less: Death Shadow only)
 - #31: EXIT FROM WORLDS; present only on the Left Side: Sleep, Dreams, Tongue Tip.
- At the Death Exit, a person as a Cosmic Thought is forgotten by God. Only Holiness is allowed to LIVE.
(Sorcerers avoid the Exit.)

Death is a process that can begin on any dimension on the left side, right side, or in the communicative aspect or in the case of the dimension.

CASE

Right—Communicative—Left

If the entry catalyst dimensions #1 and #2 become unbalanced with each other, then the 31st forms a vacuum of death to the other dimensions.

OPPOSING LAWS

HUMANITY'S LAWS: HEAVENLY DECREES FOR THE ATTAINMENT OF ETERNAL LIFE

*The first Law must be accepted and incorporated
before the second and third can be of value.*

LAW #1:
Deny base
desires and you will
find all that you need.
(Base desires are primarily love
of money or sexual obsessions.)

LAW #2:
You must align
with heaven to know God.
God does not bow to man.
Any part of a man, body-mind-soul,
which does not align with holiness will die.

LAW #3:
No man can enter heaven without the key of a holy
intercessor whose job is to show humanity the way. Without
saint intercessors on Earth to provide heaven keys, there is only death.

LAW #1:
Devour others; steal, lie, kill those who are in your way of attaining your desires.

LAW #2:
Create your own reality. Have no boundaries of thought or deed.
Lie to yourself and others. Become your own being
that is created in your own image of the
reflection of your desires.

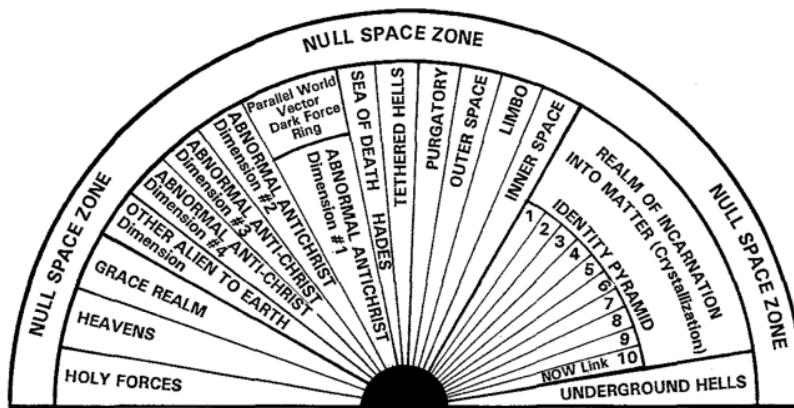
LAW #3:
Use sex as a method of controlling
other people and as a way to
allow the anti-Christ
to enter the
Earth.

ALIEN ANTI-CHRIST LAWS:

UNHOLY DECREES FROM ANOTHER WORLD

*The anti-Christ Laws begin at #3 and move upward to complete degeneration of
the vessel, unless they are entered through the rejection of Heavenly Law #3
downward,*

NORMAL AND ABNORMAL LAYERS OF SELF



NORMAL AND ABNORMAL LAYERS OF SELF
in Humans and Evil Incarnates

VICINITY FLOATERS :
Thoughtforms or
desire elementals

Look for contamination and vampire lines to and from other people and fallen beings on normal or abnormal layers of beingness, or between layers, where auric ruptures occur.

Doppelganger formation occurs due to a change of the body tissues after an extra four alien dimensions are added to the normal human 31 dimensional framework. The four extra dimensions are the doorways that allow the Asuras to control human bodies. The four extra dimensions are added when a person rejects the holy three Laws and accepts the Anti-Christ Laws into his thoughts, emotions, and actions.



ELAINE

OF all the popular metaphysical works out there to study, I liked the ones that implied we are all perfect, that all we have to do is *realize* that we are perfect. If I could have held onto that one comforting concept, I would have loved him, just as I loved everyone and everything. But, he took it away from me, and nothing has been the same since.

You might say, how could he take away your belief? I know he did, when he showed me...us...the *things* he pulled out of us during the exorcisms. It scared me silly and changed my way of thinking. After that I never felt safe again.

Oh, sure, laugh, but the things he pulled out of us were real. They had shapes and were full of dark mists and foul odors. He crushed the living daylights out of them. He said some diseases were due to these miscreations that live inside our bodies. He called them “things” because they were like mutant animal archetypes in appearance. He said they were created through misuse of a person’s will and intentions; so, to crush a thing required an equal measure of holy will and intention.

I had never given thought to the possibility that cancers

and infections could initially be these strange gargoyle creatures that later took over a part of your body or maybe all of it. He did tell us that some people were completely taken over by them, and so they began to look like animals. Some didn't get physically sick but they became animal appearing people who were spiritually malignant.

After he told us that, I began to see the animal-men on the street, in offices, and even in my own family. Some people begin to look like dogs, cats or even fish. Some women I had known for years started growing beards when they became dog-women, while some men became smooth faced fish-men. I tell you, it scared the living daylights out of me. I began to look in the mirror at myself to make sure I wasn't getting weird looking, too.

Of course, in the beginning, it takes spiritual sight to see the changes. But he could shove you—in a sense, by some kind of shock to your system—until you saw the early changes in others or yourself. Once he did that, the world was never the same again.

You want to think you are safe, you want to think that the world is exactly as God planned, you want to love everybody and everything and hope they all love you. You want to feed the homeless, recycle newspapers and send money to Green Peace because you believe the world is good. You don't want to think about people losing their souls, or about the Tribulation, or the Rapture. In thinking about such frightening events, you get stirred up with fear when you begin to suspect that you have changed forever. You find you can no longer hold onto what you once thought was good and safe and reliable.

For instance, you might have spent years working on a career, to build it up so that you could be financially comfortable. He could come in and tell you that your career was evil if it was something he didn't approve, for example making posters for heavy-metal music bands or doing the advertising for a gambling casino. He was against all gambling, all pyrami-

dal marketing, and abhorred all pornography businesses, including many television shows.

He believed you should not support people who go against what he taught were Universal Laws. He claimed active homosexuals were going against the Law of Gender and should not be helped even if they had AIDs, unless they stopped homosexual activity. Now, I drew the line there. I am an AIDs counselor; I have a good business, I own my own building, I have several community grants, and people love what I do. I am not about to give that up. I wouldn't have any business if I told my clients to abstain from sex. I can't do that.

So, I never went back to his classes after that first seminar in Chicago. I read his books and got really depressed afterward. I was not going to give up my chosen life work because some magician made me see demons of illness, and that people were turning into mutant animals.

I know that people do mutate; that part is true, but I don't know what it means. I prefer to just go on with my life as it was and try to forget about the thing demons. Instead of just giving up life as I knew it, I am trying to go ahead, although I am a bit heavy of heart, thanks to him. I could have lived a long time without the thought of AIDs being one of the plagues of the Tribulation and wondering what the next one will be.

He said if we lived according to the spiritual laws that pertain to a human being then we would not mutate and would not likely get AIDS. None of the people who live by animal laws will be allowed to go to the New Heaven and Earth during the Rapture moment, he warned us. The Rapture was explained as a very mysterious process. It is almost as if there is an opening in the dimensions that only a certain type of key will fit: a key shaped according to the mold of what he called the divine mega-man. The way a person moves into the New Heaven and Earth is by making his whole life like that mega-man key, so as to open the door at the right time.

I wanted to argue that God is merciful and wouldn't just

shut people out like that. But I know that he would have just told me that when people choose to change their key shape, then they are choosing to enter a different door: a hell door rather than a heaven door.

There was a time when he could change our keys for us, and did. It was upsetting during that seminar when he changed my key of beingness into something strange and wonderful. It shook me up for days, until I finally twisted it back to the shape I was used to holding inside me.

I think that is why people hated him. He changed you by the force of his own personality and power without you even thinking about it. I can't say that the change was awful just because I didn't first ask for it; I think everyone that was around him wanted to be like him, at least a bit. So, we asked for it, more or less. Then, we felt the pain of change and hated it, and him.

It's just that we couldn't forget that Rapture key. None of us could. We would begin to fear the future when we saw with our new eyes, after he had opened them. There was something about our eyes changing forever...after meeting him.

I know that the Rapture is real, and has something to do with that key. I know that it can happen in a split second. He took us to the New Heaven and Earth for a split second; now none of us can forget it. It is hard to understand, but the Rapture happened and I went but decided to come back. Now the door is locked. I wanted to get there my own way with my own key, but I couldn't and never will.

I never thought that saint intercessors existed, especially in flesh, before I met him. He wanted everyone to become saints.

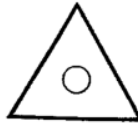
People think of me as some kind of quasi-saint because of the work I do, and yet I have no key to the Rapture. That will haunt me forever, and cast a shadow on the work I do on this Earth.

THE PROPHET'S TEACHING ABOUT THE RAPTURE KEY

*Your own template must
match the HOLY KEY of the
New Heaven and New Earth.*



The Dimensional Framework
"Key" for humans to enter the
New Earth.



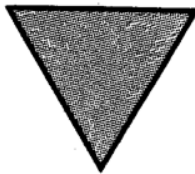
Healthy Old Earth
Dimensional
Template Key.

The speed of degeneration of the
Dimensional framework is regulated by
how much generative substance is fed to
the fallen beings. The more substance
that is fed, the faster the individual will
decay.

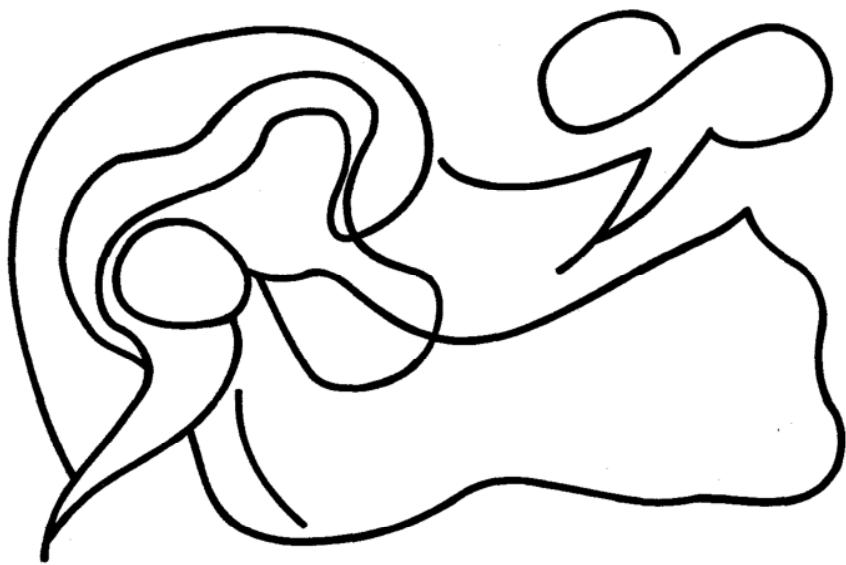


This is an example
of a person's "key"
that is becoming
demonic.

Black areas indicate the per-
centage of individual identity
that has been turned over
for use by fallen beings.
Some fallen beings devour
the Air aspect, some the
Fire, and some the Water
aspect of the sense of self.
They do this only if the six
anti-Christ doors are open.



This is the HADES
KEY that is present in
humanoids who have
accepted the seeds of
the anti-Christ and
who serve the Asuras
who stand at the six
anti-Christ doors.



LYNN

I have a good reason to fear him. He is the love of my life, and yet he left me with nothing at all...not even a child to remember him by. Of course, he didn't know it; I never said a word. I used to bring coffee to his desk, and sometimes he would give me a little smile, but that was it. I know you think I must be neurotic because I never gave up on him coming back, but I have no other reason to go on.

In a way, I hated him. There he was: bigger than life to me, with his glowing eyes that penetrated each one of us to the core of our being. I used to sit near him by the window of the office in which he wrote, to watch him while he thought. But, he grew tired of me watching, and eventually banished me from the room. I endured that and other insults...just to be near him.

In the middle of the winter of '94, I saw him kiss his only love, and became filled with hatred for her and all that she represented. From then on, I was determined to get her out of his life, and so set about planning. I knew that he often went out with her on afternoon walks. I developed a plan to visit their house to take something of his—to hold near me at night—so I could bond with him in the only way I was able.

One day, from the window, when I saw that they were gone, I slipped across the farm path to his house. I went there, into his bedroom, and crawled into his bed. I fantasized about him while smelling his pillows and touching myself...imagining him with me...there...then. I decided to return again and again, whenever they left. Then I took some of his laundry from the hamper to my house, where the odor of the man would fill me with delight for many a night.

I once made a drink for him in which I mixed a drop of my own secretions, to bond him to me further. I *willed* the bonding with every bit of my soul matter, and every bit of my body and mind. I was drunk with the elixir of love. He had often warned us that such romanticism was the work of darkness. I knew it, but didn't care.

I began to look at his only love with hate, and so I bought eye glasses with dark lenses to shield my stare. I wondered how I could free him of her, and began to plan how to remove her forever. You might think that anyone who would wish another dead is a dreadful person, but I had spent years waiting for my chance with him. I was supposed to be his love; I was supposed to be his woman to help him in his mission.

I would rather have had him reduced to a simple man—instead of what he was—than to lose him for even one day. He leaned on me for what he needed that she couldn't give him. She was an odd thing—much like him, in fact. She spent her days in prayer or writing, and taught us in the classes, while sitting by his side. They seemed to teach and write in unison, as though they were two sides of a coin; they were inseparable.

It was he who kissed her on that winter day, and so threw me into my final plan. He would not give up on her. No matter what I told him, in a sly way, about her that was—of course—not true...*he would not* give her up. I began to plant the seeds of doubt in others about her. Then, I began the poisoning.

It was so simple, although slow to work. It was easy to pro-

cure mercury products to put on simple wounds. I knew that she was sensitive to mercury since she had once experienced a strong reaction to a dental procedure that left her confused and ill for days. So, I began to put drops of the mercury preparation in her food and drinks. I offered her repeated cups of laced tea or wine.

Then, I started with the arsenic, and would have gone on to the next poison, but she died. Suddenly she died, holding her belly, while looking up at me with those pale blue eyes, as though she knew. She had for weeks been hinting that I should leave the teaching, even while she became ever paler. I'm sure she knew my intention, if not my actions.

I caught them both off-guard while they were in the middle of some serious global exorcism. They didn't have time or energy to consider that she was being poisoned. Her death was never traced because we were in Mexico. We buried her on the beach near Manzanilla...in the dead of night, with long prayers and many tears.

I could not believe my good fortune! She was gone at last; I was next in line to be with him, I was sure. But he turned on me, in his grief, and demanded I leave the teaching. Then he vanished without even a farewell to any of us.

I think he knew I did it. I think he knew about me going to his bedroom when he went for his walks with her. I think he saw through me...but this time a bit too late. He was good at telling what a person's intention was in a situation, but the actual acts seemed less important to him. He often failed to see the guilt of action, because he was so busy focusing on changing our intention.

He had given us so many classes on the importance of one's intention, on the need for purity of desire, and on controlling the personal will so that it aligned with God's will. Poor dear, his head was in the clouds so much of the time, he would even forget to eat any food. I took care of him during those times, and will do so again.

He thinks I won't find him, but I will. I have spent a bit of money to track him down. I have even let out little insinuations to the police that he is murderer and a satanist, so that they will arrest him. Then, I will rescue him. I have sent letters to every government agency, all the way up to the attorney general of the United States, to get them to track him. I accused him of being the head of a cult that encourages overthrow of the government. I figure that some agency will find him, and I will find out because it will be in the newspapers. I read them everyday; so far, I have been disappointed. I know he will be angry with me, should he find out, and yet I have prayed for the power to protect him from the knowledge of what I had to do to get him back.

There are powers—you know—in different directions, that can be used to get what one wants in life. He warned us against misuse of such powers, so we would not become sorcerers. I know that I have become a sorcerer, and a pretty good one, since I managed to murder her without them seeing past my sorcerer shield.

I know the power of synergy; I have banded together with some of his enemies merely to flush him out of his hiding place. I used their money and my knowledge of his ways. I know more than anyone how he operates and so I know every shadow of a vulnerability that could be exploited in the press. Should he be flushed out, shamed, unable to work, in need of support...I will be there, ready. I will convince him of his error in loving her; I will offer him my body and my soul—if I have a soul. I know I have probably lost it by now; I can't seem to see, in a spiritual sense, as well as I used to see. No matter; what good did a soul do me? I was lonely; I was used like a housemaid and thrown aside, after years of work for him without pay.

I killed her; it is true. But she was a vile thing who ill treated him. She spent her time alone most of the days, leaving him without a cook or lover when he might have wanted one. I

killed her, and I'd rather see him dead than living without me, after what I have gone through for him. He doesn't know who I am; all he ever saw was a servant, or a woman that made his flesh crawl.

I know he thought me too carnal for him. He wanted someone finer, someone with her pale skin and blue eyes, who seemed to be half fey and floating. I was too dark and tall, too sturdy for him, but that is what he needed most of all. *He is not dead*, no matter what they say. Until I find him, I have to believe he is alive, for that is why I live. I live for him. I know he is alive...I sense him with my every breath. I smell him in the night. I go to him in my dark form that flies to mate with him under the moonlight of my dreams and in *his* dreams, as well. I justify under the circumstances that he is lonely, too. I love him, and will track him through our matings, like a wolf in the night, till I find him in the day, as well.



HIS MOTHER

IN his youth, I knew he was odd. But, he was not so very odd until his thirtieth birthday. Until then, I could go to him, and him to me, in our special relationship of mother and son. We could talk about our feelings, our dreams and fears. In the year he turned thirty, I lost him. I can't help but put the blame on him and that woman he turned to in his religion for what has polished off every bit of decency in my life.

In the year of his thirtieth birthday, I insisted that he seek counseling for his unusual malady, and yet he refused. He said that he was not ill and that he was more well than he had ever been. Of course you know he was mad...the way that he holed up on that mountain top by himself, praying and fasting and reading the Bible and other books by candlelight. He didn't come down for weeks. By then, he was thin and ragged, and without a job, having lost it by his sudden turn. So, I took him to the store, and fixed him up with clothes, and bought some food. I chided him for starving himself up on the mountain. He hardly said a word. He was gracious, but he just ate in silence, and had no small talk for me.

My husband said that our son quit talking to us because he

was talking to angels who were more interesting conversation-alists than we. I don't know about angels or even God anymore, and yet I know one thing: a family is all that matters or will ever matter, and I will not rest until he is back the way he used to be. You think I haven't the right, I know, to take him away from his work...that I haven't the right to put him away until he gives it up in his heart, with the help of doctors and medication. He is a grown man, my friends say, leave him alone. And yet a mother who has spent thirty years caring for a son should not be forced to give him up to some mysterious ailment that makes him prefer to be with others who are just as crazy.

It is a cult, what he has, and there are forces that are ready to align with me to break it up. I found out about the Cult Preventive Network through a friend of mine, and that they have done a lot of good. They are non-denominational; many of them are atheists. The members are bonded together to rid the world of cults.

I know what a cult can do to a family, from first experience with my son. I found out that a cult is anything that takes you away from the people who love you. Now, if he had just run off with a woman to China, I would have had a harder time of legally going after him than I have had since he ran off with his God. It is not so hard to convince a judge that a man is incompetent to handle his own affairs if that judge is also a member of the Network and hates religion.

It's not that I or the judge hate religion...as long as it doesn't change your life. Churches are good for you to meet people, the music is nice, and business contacts can be made there. I raised the boys in the Catholic church and they went to the Catholic schools, so I figured they would always have the priest to tell them to take care of their mother and be good to her. I was shocked when I found that the priest approved of my son's change of heart, that he considered my son's illness to be a sign of spiritual awakening, and that he would not help me at the

sanity hearing. I will never go back to the church after that, I'll promise you that.

It didn't matter anyway because I got the people I needed to be at the hearing. It was sewn up tight as a drum, even though my son was missing at the time and couldn't be quizzed. It's over, except for the finding of him. When I came home from my trip to Greece, they tried to tell me he was dead, but I don't believe them. I can't believe them. I can't let him get away so easily. They said his students cremated him and sprinkled his ashes on a mountaintop. How could he let them do that?

You know, it's a wonderful thing, what the Cult Preventive Network services offer. They have a method of de-programming the person—if a court order can be obtained to take the person into custody by the mental health team. We have fund-raised the money for his treatment and are merely waiting for the investigators to locate him. I insisted that the team omit some of the methods they use: such as not letting him sleep for days on end, shining a bright light in his eyes, and constant voices, voices urging him to give up his beliefs. I told them that was cruel; they should not do it for more than two days at a time before giving him a rest. A mother has to watch everyone in order to protect her son. She cannot just give up on him, as a lot of people have done.

I insisted to the police that he was not violent; and to be careful when they find him...that he not get shot. Understandably they are nervous—with the Waco thing just not dying down—and my son being accused of having a shotgun and being crazy. I don't know that he has a shotgun. In fact, I know he left it when he moved. All he took was a little bag of clothes and papers and books. But, if the police can find him faster by thinking he is dangerous, then so be it.

In the killing of his girl: it was just the right thing to do under the circumstances. It was her fault that he stayed there in that building up on the mountain with that rag-tag band of

loose nuts. I talked to the one who wanted him, Lynn, and told her how to do it, and she did, to help me and herself, as well.

I had knocked on the door on a day my son was out. Lynn happened to be there and let us in, and we took her to dinner, to chat. My husband was with me—he is quite a card, always with a joke, and yet he is also so kind to those who suffer, as I had, and as Lynn had. I knew he would figure a way out of the mess without having to go through so many legal maneuvers, if we could just rid our son of that woman. It didn't work soon enough...the poison. It seems our son is lost to us, at least for now.

I pray that someday the world will be free of cults. Someday people will quit worrying about religion, and begin to take a good hard look at what is important in life: love and work, just like Freud said. If you can hold a job and can love your family, then you are healthy. It is true my son could hold a job, a normal job, aside from the writing; he just decided not to do so. He used to love us all. We would spend two weeks every Christmas together talking about the past, and every other weekend together on his farm. I should have known he was losing his mind when he lost his small talk.

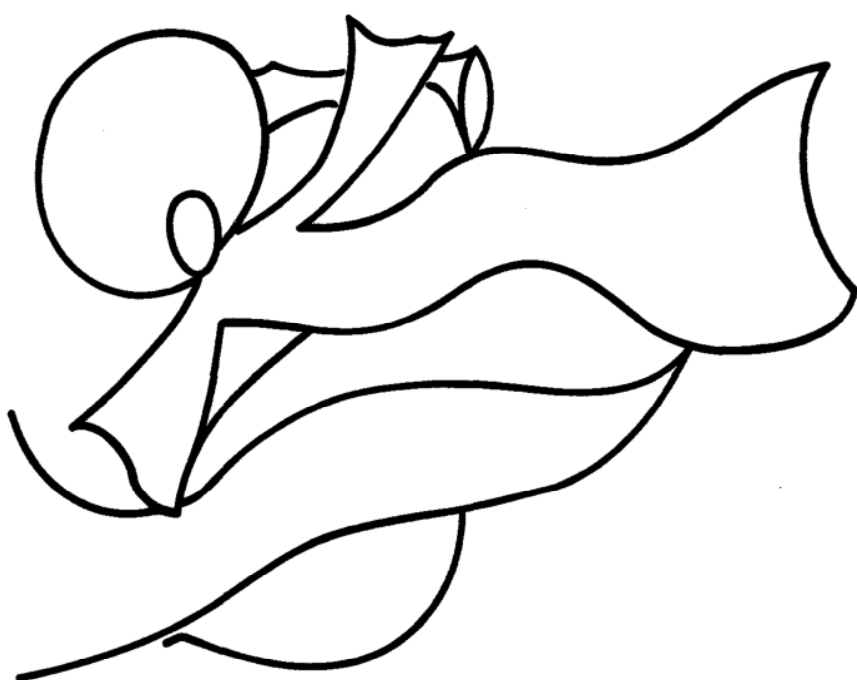
That last visit on his farm, he just sat there, looking sad, saying nothing, all through dinner. I suspected it had to do with some fool notion of his about souls dying; maybe he thought mine was in decline? I asked him if that was the problem as he saw it. My husband let out a ready laugh to fill the awkward silence that followed.

After a bit, my son looked at me and said, "A soul is a container for spiritual awareness. What I see in you is a lack of desire for spiritual growth or awareness. Therefore, a soul is of no use for you. I see a shallow woman who continually wants to party, who wants money more than virtue, who wants to own her family and hates God. I am sad because you seem to be intractably evil and carnal, and because I must separate myself from you to avoid becoming contaminated by your car-

nality and greed.”

I sat there in total shock. My lip began to tremble...not with tears but with rage. I will not let you get away with this! I told him in no uncertain terms.

But he won.



EPILOGUE

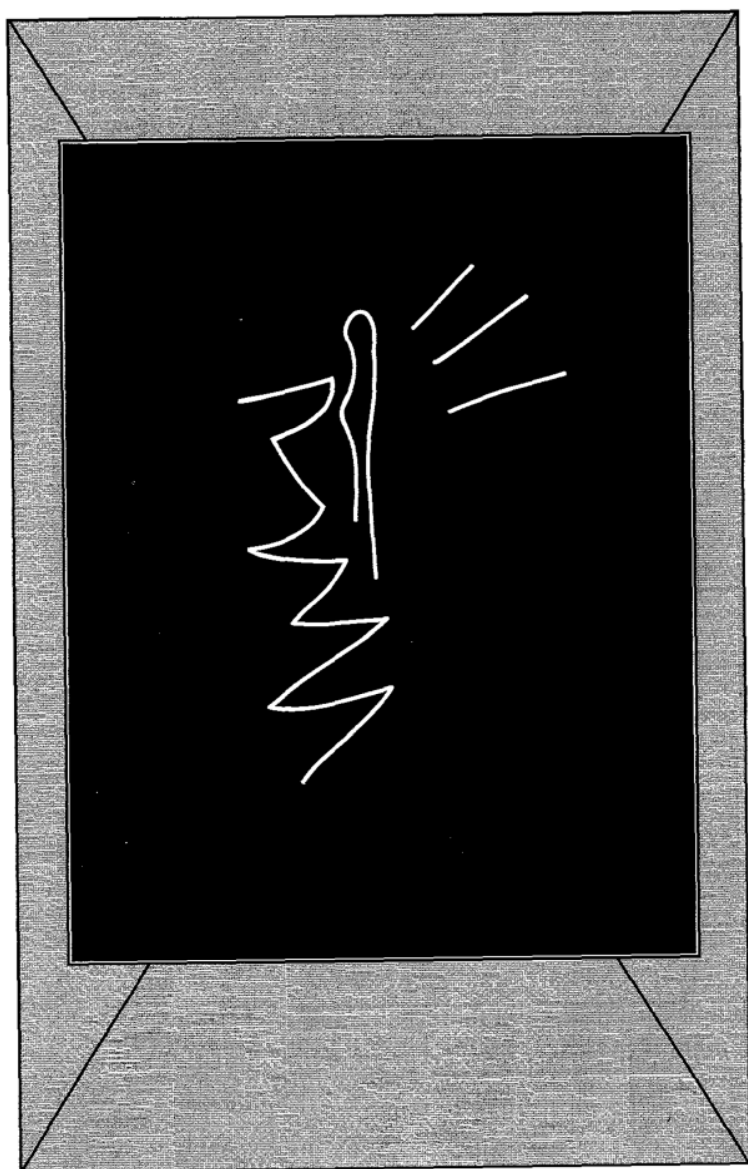
I have spent a lot of time trying to understand the mystery of the man portrayed on these pages of sorrow. I continue to meet with those who knew him best. They have allowed me to sift through mountains of his writings, as yet unpublished.

His friends told me that he was an odd being who often jumped up during the night to write down his sudden understandings about the mysteries of life. He did not sleep as most mortals do; he left his body to work and learn, and then returned, to document his travels.

In reviewing his many scraps of notes containing other worldly knowledge, I have become unsettled; yet, I cannot turn back. I am compelled to read more of his writings so as to organize them into books so that others can share the mysteries I have entered.

I have crossed the line, as Frederick warned, and yet I have decided to take the path which the prophet illuminated rather than the path of the destroyer, as Frederick chose. I suspect that each person who studies the prophet's works will have to choose one path or the other.

—Sophia Johanson



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