This Book is dedicated to my old friend

Brian Curtis Johnson

Without your help, I would be dead
I hope this finds you in a good place
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One gentile tender glimpse
A softly woven stare that bares the secrets only Heaven shares
Serenity beyond compare
Celestial invocation
Whispering passions incantation
With divine salutation
On angles wings descends the sting of kings
As a spark designs the flame it brings
The birth of time, crime, and reason
From a delicate breeze brews a violent season
A season which will come but once an eternity
And in it dwells all the dreams of Hell
Exchanged for a coin down a wishing well
Loss

There are many ways in which people view this world, there are many things they believe in, there are many things they hope to get out of it, and their actions dictate their pursuit of these passions. Nothing man does is done without motive, and I, like everyone else on this Earth, have motives and desires but my desires have become outside the realm of sane men and my beliefs, though widely spoken, remain very rarely trusted, so my endeavor had to be kept hidden, until the deeds had been done.

Tragedy brings change, to some for the better, for others the worst, depending on how it is looked upon and dealt with. Sometimes there is no other way for a change that must take place to come about except through tragedy and when this storm hits, if you can’t withstand its wrath, you will be consumed by it and destroyed. I met with such an act of violence as to barely escape with my life, an act carried out at the hand of one of my greatest passions, a tragedy that would change my life, my beliefs, my desires, and my actions - forever.

On July 4, 1992 the prescribed measure was imposed upon me, against my will, against my knowledge, without testimony on my behalf; the fate of my future existence. The omnipotent force which seemed to have haunted me since my beginning once again made its presence and power known, hurling me into torment and toil as it chewed the left arm from my body; its latest assault on my temple. A day of rejoice and remembrance violently seized with bloodshed and broken bones; it’s implement of malice, my beloved boat, the backbone of my joy.

As I headed across the bay that afternoon I was meet by an unseen tragedy, one of many that plague this world, waiting for us all in the shadows, like a serpent, hiding, possessing unyielding patience and undoubting confidence that the opportunity to strike will present itself, calculating the precise time when the window of vulnerability will be left open, then laying claim to its victim with pin point accuracy; it sinks its fangs. A malfunction in the hydraulic steering system of my boat (manifested by a quick fix
alteration I had made impatiently) enabled one of the fittings connecting the hydraulic lines to blow apart allowing both of the outboard motors to instantly turn full starboard, the severity of this sudden turn combined with our present speed sent me hurling end over end from the vessel. Efficiently, without hesitation, the boat circled back around to move in for the kill as I floated stunned and helpless in the water awaiting the verdict. Seconds upon entry into the sea my vision returned after having been blinded as a result of my head striking an aluminum pipe (the vessel had a small observation tower over the helm which was comprised of several aluminum pipes fabricated together) during my ejection from the vessel, though this gift of sight now only revealed the raging, screaming jury, headed off by a stampeding colossus, thundering toward its victim with all the fury of Hells heart at the helm; harboring no remorse, recompense, nor hesitation; its anger I could not fathom, its wrath I could not elude. In a last moment’s futile attempt I raised my arms to ward off my attacker as it slammed into me relinquishing all my senses. My body offered no resistance toward the unyielding aggressor as it feasted on the flesh which hung on my bones, splintered the bones which erected my house, and dined on the dreams I held in my heart. Mere seconds of unconsciousness gave way and I found myself still bobbing in the water, only this time to find that my left arm had been shredded and blood was streaming from my body, the angry jury sat dormant now not far from its verdict; its justice served. The horror of my situation overtook my being for a split second, just long enough to experience true hopelessness, a state more horrific than the one I was already in, the only way to describe it is like being cast into Hell, an intense consciousness of inescapable doom. After brief seconds of true terror, I was graced with the ability to gather my faculties together mentally, and limp my way through the water with my good arm, back to the safety of my sleeping assailant. One of the members of our party had managed to remain on board through the ordeal and was able to subdue the vessel after its work was done (had I paid attention to the kill switches on the boat and their utmost importance, this tragedy could have been avoided but instead I would fall victim to what I could have never believed). The other member of our group who had also been thrown from the boat had found his way back aboard with only a few minor cuts and bruises. I arrived at the side of the vessel shortly after him, not so fortunate, where I was pulled aboard, greeted by a horrified crew. The mood was that of utter desperation, the other two passengers frantically
trying to gain the attention of a nearby boat as I lay in a pool of my blood, reluctantly surveying the damage to my body in short intervals, turning my eyes away when I could accept no more, then returning to the task which had to be done; curiosities demands are seldom left unfulfilled.

The trail of destruction lead down the left side of my body, like a path carved by a steel tornado; a tribute to brutality, my arm crushed and broken, lifeless, exposed flesh protruding from the openings in my skin where the propellers had slashed and ripped their way through my wrapper, like a lion dining on a beast, pulling the flesh from beneath my skin. My fingers were now on display, pointing in all directions, directions they normally couldn’t point in; sloppy, pattern less, without prejudice. My chest bore the image of a huge x that had been scratched into the surface of my skin; easily identifiable by the tiny droplets of blood which trickled out of it; just barely touched me. Further down, my left leg saw the end of the terror and destruction, numerous lacerations on my thigh from where the blades of the prop each took their turn carving and pulling out the meat in my leg all the way to my kneecap where it made its grand exit, leaving a large piece of flapping skin folded back exposing my knee. I lay on deck helpless, powerless, at the mercy of others, unable to move the arm which lay tattered by my side; a beloved member of my body, a slain soldier in a blind crusade.

I listened to the sounds of the others as they strived to deliver me to safety, all the while my body attacking me, over indulgent pains gorging themselves on what was left of my existence; during these moments, solace was not to be found, relentless torment reigned supreme. My friend on board had been making an attempt at stopping the bleeding with a stray piece of rope he had wrapped around my body, a sort of giant tourniquet, though despite his efforts the blood still flowed from my wounds, there was just too much exposed meat. He tried to comfort me with words but I could see for myself that things didn’t look good and the expression on his face he could not hide, perhaps he felt worse than I did. I tried to ease the situation with the only thing I could think to say to him at the time, “You know I love this shit”, not very profound but it got the corner of his mouth to pull up on one side for a fraction of a second before he returned to task. As the blood left my body I grew weaker until even the simple involuntary action of breathing had become a strenuous painful ordeal. I struggled for a deep breath of air to fill my empty lungs, though I received
only excruciating pain attempt after attempt,” I can’t f**king breathe, I can’t breathe”. The words sprang forth with each agonizing syllable; it was dawning on me now that I was suffocating and perhaps death not far behind. A quick series of cardio experiments provided me with a system of breathing that incorporated miniscule breaths accompanied by remaining in a completely inert state, this tactic proved to be effective at keeping the pain to a minimum and though the breaths weren’t satisfying they were sufficient.

The longer I lay there, the better I began to feel, all the pain and suffering slowly drifting away, leaving me.

The sun shone bright in the afternoon sky as I stared into its warm glow without hesitation, my eyes no longer tormented by its once harmful rays; it seemed to rain down a foreign but welcome comforting presence. “I’m comin home God, Jesus, I’m comin home” over and over my thoughts kept repeating this, without an ounce of doubt or uncertainty, though I saw, nor heard anything, no pearly gates, no light in any tunnel, no angels or voices, only the feeling of safety and happiness. I closed my eyes as I had not the strength to keep them open any longer and just listened to the sounds of those scurrying around me as they slipped and slid in my blood on the deck.

The members of my party had managed to catch the attention of a nearby boat which reluctantly towed us to a dock (after my friend had cursed them into service) where some paramedics were already awaiting our arrival. Shortly after the paramedics had begun working on me, I could feel my body returning back into the world of torment I had so recently escaped from, the wanton, soft luxury of death, now just a memory. Preparations, helicopter flights, gurneys, stretchers, tables, doctors, and nurses all followed the next few days of restoration as life returned to my house; though as I had reluctantly foreseen, what was left of my left arm, had to be removed.

That tragedy I endured on that day changed my life and my beliefs, and after several years existing with this new unacceptable condition I realized the challenge that had been placed upon me; I had to get my arm back; I must try and fix what had been broken. The events to take place over the coming years would be nothing short of epic.
For several years after the accident I lay in misery, lamenting the loss of my arm, growing angry and frustrated with life, as so many before me have done, watching time as it slowly consumed me, as it did all things; a sort of premature mid-life crisis. I spent my days reminiscing the past, a time when all the joys of this world seemed to be at my disposal; though none of these thoughts held any value now, when it’s over, its over, and memories only make it hurt worse at times, though it just seemed easier to gaze upon them rather than to stare at the cold hopeless road which appeared to lie ahead; the road paved with anger, jealously, depression and hatred; all the sights that fill the eyes and thoughts of a condemned man. Amidst my daily activities I pondered the existence of a God, a God such as the one I had been raised as a child to believe in, one for until now, I had no use for. In my spare time, when I was alone, I began to browse the pages of a Bible I had gotten as gift from my Grandmother, saying a prayer now and again, as the seed of faith was being planted. When my faith could grow no further with the resources I possessed, I halfheartedly returned to the Catholic Church, the church I had been raised to believe in. Uncertain, uncomfortable, out of place, week after week I went, learning about God and of Jesus from this institution; not always pleased with what I heard but I had no choice at this point, I could not fix myself, and the things that I loved, and knew of, always attempted to destroy me.

Preparing myself for the journey into the unknown, I received the sacraments of confession (forgiveness of my sins) and communion (the body and blood of Jesus) in the Catholic church, the things I had read in the Bible that were essentials for salvation; baptism I had already received at birth in this church (forgiveness of original sin). These things seemed bizarre as conditions of salvation, and my pride struggled with their authority, but I had no choice, it was all too clear, I could not save myself from death
alone and I planned to go all the way to deaths door, there was no room for error, there could be no mistakes or second guesses.

The first order on the bill had been filled, the sacraments were received; the time had come for the second, “what good is faith without works”, the entire reason for my return to religion. Such claims made in the Bible, of healings through faith, tempted me to search for my solution there. I prayed day after day relentlessly, always asking God and Jesus for an arm; I received neither reply nor result. Enraged with the outcome, I directed my accusations at the lord, “If you exist, why do You not do what you claim you can, are you a liar, are you a fairy tale?” “How can I believe in you, if you do not do as you have said,” the standard, generic reply to God all men have when their wishes aren’t granted. After my anger had subsided I gathered myself together and reconvened on the matter. Perhaps I was going about this in the wrong way, the only one who had ever supposedly performed such a miracle as the one I was requesting was Jesus, what did He do to receive such power? What ingredient was I lacking? “There is nothing greater one can do than to lay down one’s life for another.” I came across this disturbing yet gratifying answer to my invocation and promptly prescribed the next phase of my mission; to lay down my life for this miracle of my request. I plotted and schemed the offering of my life to God, it must be something horrible, not a suicide, something that could not be interpreted as an easy way out, it must be a confrontation with my worst fear as well as perhaps a sacrifice of my greatest joy.

I still remember it like it was yesterday, my first and oldest memory; I was a child, maybe two or three years old, walking happily along the side of the neighborhood swimming pool, not a care in the world, when I stepped off the edge of the pool deck into helplessness; I remember going under and sinking instantly, my body filled with fear, then a hand reached in and jerked me out by my hair, it was the Old Man, my Dad, saving me from the depths of the local abyss. Perhaps that is where this fear was born, though its origin is of no consequence at this point, only its reign. Several years later, once again at the pool with the Old Man, I found myself at the end of the diving board, staring down into the deep dark blue depths of the deep end of the swimming pool, with an angry Dad yelling at me to dive; I stood frozen while a line of people waiting to use the board formed behind me; impatience on their brows, tempers escalating. Over powered by fear, I made my way
shamefully back down the board, down the steps, greeted by failure and a disappointed Dad. I can’t remember a feeling worse than that of cowardice, a taste fouler than the fear I had savored so many times at the water’s edge. As I grew older the water became my favorite place to be, though in the back of my mind, I could not completely abandon the fear of the open sea and the power she possessed over life and death; on a calm day there was no more beautiful a place to be but on a bad day she would define Hell.

“If your arm causes you to sin cut it off, it is better to have your arm thrown into Hell than your whole body”; this passage from the Bible hit home a little too hard. Though I did not choose to have my arm cut off, and never would, I could see that perhaps God may not have been pleased with how I had lead my life and that there may have been no other solution, but if Hell was where my arm was, than to Hell I must go into to get it back, so it was decided, my greatest love and my worst fear would become a challenge of my faith, a trial at sea. I would drive my boat due east, out into the Atlantic ocean, until it was out of gas, and there I would place my petition before the Lord.

It was the summer of 1994, the time I had appointed approached rapidly, and the following day, Saturday, was the day I had set aside for this mission; for the plunge into the ancient mystery. That night fear engulfed me, my spirit back on the diving board, cowardice once again beside me, only this time much worse than before. No sanctuary or solace could I find, only horror, hopelessness and cowardice; a prayer I dared not speak, to petrified to even ask for the strength to face this specter; all the modern devices of our world offered neither escape nor comfort, I could not hide in television or find companionship in song. I lay in bed on the brink of insanity as time proved me faithless and unworthy of an arm; unworthy of anything but misery. That Saturday passed slowly and in silence, a broken man I stood, remembering how I had accused God so many times of not doing what I had asked of him and now here I sat falling short of my task, coming to the realization; who am I to accuse another, when I myself do nothing.

Upon the arrival of Sunday, a little more knowledgeable of myself, and a little humbler; I went off to mass with the hope of executing my task in the following weekend.

In the blink of an eye it was Friday, what I had put off for a week had arrived and once again I was skeptical of my willingness; though I had not accepted defeat yet.
I made my journey to Ocean City that Friday night halfheartedly, calling my bluff as I went. The three hour trek passed in what seemed like seconds, ending in an unwelcoming greeting from a howling wind, running rampant through the region; fueling my fears and trampling my spirits. “Certainly the Lord does not want me to go out into this tomorrow” I told myself, and I knew now, in the back of my mind, that I wouldn’t go. The next morning the sky was dark and the wind persisted, not a chance in a million was it going to happen today, how I longed for the weather of the week before and remembered what I had heard so many times, “the longer you wait, the worse it is going to get”.

I drove down to the beach that morning to witness my advisory first hand, and standing there on the sand I watched in horror as Hell tossed the monolithic sea buoys about effortlessly, knocking them all the way over, then letting them bounce back up, just to knock them over again; like a child’s inflatable punching toy that rises back up every time it gets hit. With every lick of its lips it stripped the sand from the shore, foaming at the mouth, showing its teeth, laughing at me, and my failed attempts.

The remainder of that weekend was spent as the one before, periods of sorrow, Sunday mass, and plans of yet another attempt.

Several weeks passed filled with prayer, conflict, and talk of commitment, until the challenge was once again at hand. It was now late August, summer was almost gone, I knew this was going to have to be the time or it may not happen this year; with the days growing shorter, and the air getting colder; my spirit grew weaker.

Packing my bags I headed off in my usual routine to the shore, trying to remain focused, abstaining from all forms of entertainment. When the following morning arrived it proved to be my third failed attempt, I lay in bed trapped, sick to my stomach with fear, writhing in agony, tossing and turning in the bed beneath the blankets, finding no comfort nor excuse, branding myself a coward. As the morning past, the phone rang relinquishing me from my convictions; it was a friend of mine asking if I wanted to make some money giving him a hand putting some shingles on a porch roof. I jumped at the opportunity thinking it would help me to escape my present situation and to obtain some sense of worth; work always seemed to be the best way for me to take my mind off my troubles. The work was just what I needed, not too overwhelming of a chore, just enough to keep me occupied and consoled (I first started roofing when I was 12 so this was standard
After we had removed the old tiles from the roof deck, we discovered some rotten wood that had to be replaced, and upon plucking the damaged lumber from the roof we uncovered a huge hornet’s nest hanging from one of the roof joists; hornets buzzing around everywhere, hindering any further progress on the project. I stood there gazing at the nest while my buddy went to locate a can of bug spray. The diligent little creatures swarmed around their home with total dedication while the Spirit propositioned me. “Lord, grant me immunity from these hornets, so that I may know that you are with me.” I said this in my thoughts with a clean, honest, humble tone about it; certainly this action could be interpreted as a noble one; I was putting something on the line; my body; subjecting it to a harmful, painful experience. A strange feeling came over me and I decided to go for it, I said a quick, “Our Father” prayer, and asked Jesus to give me the strength to trust Him in this matter, then a combination of anxiety, curiosity, mystery, and hope, overtook me and lead me to crouch down to the nest where I grabbed a handful of the nest and tossed it to the ground, the hornets swarming about, though never stinging me. Fulfillment engulfed me as I reached down for the remaining pieces, humbly, not declaring this my own victory, not boasting of my bravery, but simply grateful for this gift that had been given to me. As I tossed the last piece to the ground, my friend stood there watching with a bewildered grin on his face, clutching the can of now unneeded bug spray, totally oblivious to what had truly happened or its significance; I don’t know if he even knew that I believed in God.

My spirits soared after this intervention and I was confident tomorrow would hold the victory I was striving for. I went to mass that Saturday evening, then hooked my boat trailer up to my truck, ate dinner, and went to bed, hoping for the execution of this mission. The night passed rapidly and restlessly, and by morning, the dedication to this endeavor had escaped me; I was a complete and utter failure. Having now become accustomed to this condition; I rose from bed accepting this title as failure, and milled about the house looking for some form of escape and consolation. I stared out the window at my boat as it waited like a dog with its leash in its mouth, begging to go out for a walk; though my decision had already been made. This day that was provided for me, to execute this task, was perfect, no excuse could be found, all the evidence pointed to cowardice, fear and faithlessness. I shamefully reclined on the sofa, reviewing my situation, “perhaps if I just went out fishing alone that would be something,” not much, but
better than nothing, and sitting around idol always made things worse. My spirits became slightly lifted after accepting this act of fishing as some form of progress. Fishing was without a doubt my passion, the mystery of the creatures which lurked beneath the surface of the sea, another dimension, another world, into a place without law, without reasons, a place where the inhabitants nor their environment could be tamed; kill and be killed, no threats, no bluffs, no charades, no acting. All its creatures constantly on the hunt, a world so beautiful, yet so violent, man could not contain or control this force, accuse it, haul it into a courtroom, play games with it; the sea did as it pleased, without interference, without opposition, without question.

Though I loved to fish, I did not care to fish offshore alone, so much could go wrong, the possibilities were limitless, not to mention the inconveniences there were having only one arm. As most everything I did now, fishing also had to be reinvented to accommodate my handicap. Unable to hold a rod and crank the reel at the same time, I needed the assistance of some additional equipment to perform this task; a reel harness and a rod belt. The harness was a sort of a belt, comprised of a nylon strap which wrapped around the mid-section of your body just above the waist, a pad was affixed to the strap which contacted your back to prevent the harness from cutting into your body while fighting a fish, also attached to the main strap were two short straps which hung off the front, having clips about the ends, much like the clips found on the end of a dog lead, these clips were what attached the reel to the harness when clipped into the lugs found on large trolling reels. The purpose of the harness was to provide the angler with a means of relief while fighting a big fish over a long period of time, enabling the angler to let go of the rod without having to put it down but for me it was the only way I could fish with rod and reel not having an arm. The rod belt consisted of a simple Velcro strap which wrapped around the waist like a belt, suspending a sort of rectangular shaped, molded plastic slab, the slab was approximately 14 inches long by ten inches wide and maybe an inch thick and it spanned across the upper thighs when in place. The slabs job was to provide a base to rest the butt of the fishing rod, preventing the rod end from digging into your leg or groin during a fight. In the center of the slab was a round hole with a steel pin stretched across the interior diameter, the opening was about an inch and a half in diameter and held the butt of the fishing rod when it was in place. The pin accepted a groove in the base of the rod, the
groove was a common feature found on off shore trolling rods, and it prevented the rod from rotating side to side when large amounts of pressure were applied, such as the activity involved in reeling in a big fish. This belt was worn around the waist below the reel harness and together they proved to be extremely effective for me.

The sea was relatively calm that day, a two to three foot chop, not bad for a late August sea. The sun illuminated the sky with its warm glow, making the journey a little more comfortable for me; the light always helped to give me strength, its unexplainable power, invisible yet visible, you can’t actually see light but you know where it is when it’s there and you can see its work; probably the single most important ingredient in life. I headed out to a fishing area known as the Jack Spot, a small underwater hill on the sea floor where game fish were known to congregate; located some twenty miles from shore, it was one of the closest areas in which you might get a chance at a tuna or some sort of game fish. An hour passed and I had arrived at my destination, a little more comfortable with my excursion. Several commercial fishing boats were dragging their nets through the green rolling sea nearby as I put my lines out to begin trolling. Back and forth over the lump I worked my boat in search of my quarry as I reflected on the events in my life over the last few months and the toll they had taken on me, how they had mentally incapacitated me at times, crippling me; my religious beliefs colliding with my incessant demands. Why did I really even want my arm back? For what reason should God return it? After an honest interrogation of the soul I realized I only wanted my arm so I could continue on in my life right where I left off. There was no sense in lying to myself, I know myself to well, there was no sense in pretending I was going to change, the only love I knew and truly wanted existed right before my eyes; of the kingdom of heaven, I had no knowledge or use; things had been great for me right here; though I can’t say that this revelation about desires pleased me, I knew it was true. ZZZZZZ, my thought was broken by the telltale sound of line being pulled off the reel; I had a fish on. Scrambling for the rod I attempted to clip my reel harness into the lugs on the reel, I fumbled with the clips on the harness for a moment or two and then just started cranking the rod right there in the rod holder where it sat, not wanting to lose the fish; the longer he’s on the line in the water, the better chance he has of getting off. It wasn’t long before I had the fish at boat side; a false albacore tuna, maybe fifteen pounds, I just grabbed the leader and jerked the fish up over the side and into the
boat; no need for the gaff. This species was not a respected catch by anyone but it was the 
first fish I ever caught on the troll alone in the ocean, and into the fish box he went, I was 
going to eat that fish no matter what it tasted like.

Morning turned to afternoon without further event, the sea had turned to 
glass and I was ready to call it a day; rolling up my lines I headed for shore. Content with 
my catch, humble at heart, I stopped my vessel when I was about half way back, shut it off 
and paid homage to my God and his Son with a prayer, thanking them for this day. I had 
not done what I set out to do but I had made some effort in this affair, I had done 
something other than cower in my bed. Returning to the helm, back to the west I went, 
trying to ignore a haunting voice in the back of my mind telling me to turn around and head 
est; a chill ran up my spine at the thought of doing this deed and I knew my moment of 
brief celebration was over; the weight of conviction had returned.

Arriving back at the dock, I loaded my boat back on the trailer; staring at it, 
I could not ignore the obligation that I had now bound to it, which was now more than I 
could endure, so I set my sights on next year, “perhaps my faith will have grown more by 
then”, I told myself; I wasn’t sure if this stance was procrastination, sense, or just a plain 
lie, but it put my soul to rest for the time being.

Several weeks of convalescence unfolded as September turned to October 
and cowardice, fear, and failure, had beaten me into a state of worthlessness such as I was 
unable to exist with. I was raised to never quit, never give up, and to fight no matter what 
the odds if what you were fighting was worth the pursuit. This world is a violent place, 
perhaps it doesn’t have to be but it is, and no matter how many sugar coatings you try to 
put on it, it’s still sour in the middle, you just can’t ever quit or give up or you will have 
nothing, not even your self-esteem. I could not bear to live any longer as a quitter or a 
coward; I must go and accept this challenge that was before me.

All that week I honed my skills, pinpointing my weaknesses and 
strengthening them, abstaining from entertainment, outside influences, eating very little, 
engaging in deep prayer and asking Jesus to let me believe in him. There was no reason to 
ask for faith since I guess I really didn’t have belief and you can’t have faith without belief 
- first things first. The night before the day I had prescribed for the execution of this quest; 
the campaign was in place, spirits were strong, the truth was clear, I would rather be dead
than go on a coward, if I died trying to prove my belief, than there never was anything to believe in, if I died trying to get a better understanding of God, then He certainly would be pleased that I tried, since it is said that the Lord hates a coward, and if everything that was written was true, I would have an arm - there really was no way to lose - everybody dies sooner or later; I was a boy yesterday, a man today and tomorrow I would be an old man - it all is over so quickly. My spirit was weakest in the morning at dawn when I would awaken, so I decided I would sleep at home, then make my journey to the beach in the twilight hours of the morning, giving myself some time to wake up and get my wits about me before I launched my boat and headed out to victory.

On the morning of October 6 1994 at 2:37 A.M., I rose to fight, to shake off the chains of failure I had shackled myself too; I knelt down beside my bed, laid my head on the floor and prayed the Lord’s prayer and as always I added “and do not subject us to the final test.” With somewhat of a grin on my face I knew this was going to be the day, not questioning myself, my actions, no judgments, just unstoppable determination: “don’t let your left hand know what your right is doing”. Not a thought of disenchantment was to be minded, constant prayer repeated over and over in my head as I made my way through the frosty October morning toward my destiny; there was to be no more discussion on this matter, no turning back - death before dishonor.

Beating down the pavement, closing the gap, success in the air, a hint of daylight on the horizon, soon I would leave the land, the safety of her solid surface, trading her sure footing for true matter. Just as soon as I had climbed into my truck to head to the beach; there I was getting out, standing before the boat which took my arm and would take me to get it back. After hitching my truck up to the trailer, I jumped back in the cab, dropped the truck into gear and hit the gas, the boat didn’t budge, the brakes on the trailer were frozen not allowing the boat to move. For a split second I thought maybe God was just testing me to see if I would really go through with this, like when he tested Abraham with the sacrifice of his son, but that thought soon past and I knew this was just another barricade, a stumbling block; no, today was it, if I had to drag this boat to the ramp with all the tires on the trailer locked up, squealing and smoking. Fortunately behind the seat of the truck lay a can of lubricant, seizing the can I hosed down the brake drums then leaped back into the truck and gave her the gas. The tires sank into the gravel driveway as they spun
furiously, unable to break free the frozen hubs. My next move was putting the truck into reverse and upon doing this the hubs moved a little. Back and forth I rocked the trailer with the truck; first gear, then reverse, until she broke free and rolled.

The sun had made its appearance on the horizon and was on its way up; it was maybe seven thirty; I only had one more stop and that was for fuel, then I would make my way to the water’s edge.

On board the vessel were three gas tanks, one large one below deck which held about 100 gallons and two portable tanks, one holding eight gallons, the other holding twelve gallons. I topped of the large tank, then skeptically looked at the two portable ones, “if ya got three, ya gotta fill three, ya gotta give it all ya got or ya might get nothin, what’s another twenty gallons further at this point”; that inner voice that could not be silenced or ignored in these matters, made its opinion known, backing up its argument with the parable from the Bible of the maidens with their lamp oil, “some took enough, others didn’t, those who didn’t, did not fare well”, there was no room for failure in this matter; the two spare tanks were filled as well.

I had arrived at the threshold; the boat ramp, the water before me, the challenge finally accepted; I launched the boat while constantly telling myself, “when the sun sets here today I will have my arm and this burden lifted”, never thinking of anything else, never thinking of failure, not the task at hand or how things would go, just the end result, the rest would take care of itself. The motors roared to life, how they seemed to long for this quest, like horses chomping at the bit, raring to go. Across the bay past where this boat had taken my arm, under the drawbridge and out through the inlet, into the great barrier that divided the lands; into the Atlantic, praying in between bursts of an almost maniacally insane chuckle which I could not contain, spilling over with joy at the strength the Lord had bestowed upon me, the strength to do what I myself alone could not. The motors roaring as I headed due east into the rising sun, the sea was calm, the air was now warming up, and I shed the sweatshirt I had on as I waited for the fuel to burn off. I had taken the VHF radio and life jackets off the boat so that there would be no question of my sincerity and commitment.

Hour after hour rolled by as I tried to maintain my faith with prayer and aspiration, land had long since disappeared on the horizon behind me. Every now and again
I would look back to see where the land used to be until it began weakening my spirit, crippling my hope and feeding my fears until finally I decided there was no reason to look back anymore; its only value served not my purpose. Into the sun like a moth to the flame, I rode to this new shore, to a shore that wasn’t on any chart, to the final frontie. No rocket ships, no planes, no cars or trains, no ships, no tanks or guns could storm this shore; no flesh could overtake this kingdom. With man’s vessels, he had already over stepped his boundaries on and around this earth, always the same result, always the same destruction, violence; nothing ever changed, it just changed hands, never happiness for more than a moment.

The ocean had slowly become coarse with an easterly breeze that had developed; I was now in a steep four foot sea which had caused me to reduce my rate of travel. The sun had moved well into the sky and bright blue water now slapped the bow of the boat and lay in the wake behind me; I was out in Gulf Stream blue water. I had been running for hours, there was no way I could make it back now even if I wanted to. I could not believe the gas had lasted as long as it had, and as I trekked further into the deep blue waters, my faith was slowly being shaken. The reality of a cold watery grave was upon me, my longing for the shore, immense, though onward, despite my growing fears, I progressed. Not a boat had I seen in the blue water, nothing but the wind, waves, the sea grass, and the occasional sea bird. The shearwaters scouted the cobalt sea searching for pray and the Wilson’s storm petrels flew back and forth across the bow occasionally falling back to walk on the water; the indigenous petrel, supposedly it had a nickname that was derived from the name of Simon Peter the apostle, for the way they appeared to walk on the water; I wasn’t sure exactly how these two were segued, Peter actually started to sink when he tried walking on water and these little birds didn’t, anyway that was just something I had heard.

After what felt like an eternity, the motors began to sputter until they died; the main tank was dry, I turned on the gas gauge it read empty. Advancing to the bow, I hooked up the eight gallon can to the motors, squeezed the siphon bulbs till they were filled with fuel, returned to the helm, and back to my fleece. Courage and cowardice rolled over me in waves, dividing my ambition, the sun had been on the down side in the sky now for a
little while, evidence that it was going away as it always did, reminding me that it would be
dark at some point today, and I hoped when it did set, I would be on land.

The waves had grown scales as the wind slowly reviled its power; how powerful the wind, it blew its breath into the lifeless sea, giving the sea form and the power to move about. Such an invincible power was the wind, completely invisible, no one had ever seen it, only its works, it was a welcomed friend on a hot day, it would dance with a leaf on a breeze, displaying its grace and kindness, but on a bad day, It snapped trees like tooth picks, made its mark in stone and built mountains out of water, it could not be caught, contained, stopped or reckoned with; making the earth and all its inhabitants subject to its power.

Traveling south east, halfheartedly, my desires becoming uncertain; I continued to burn off the eight gallon tank with reluctance, all distraction gone from my mind, complete clarity, not the slightest trace of anything accept the moment, nothing else existed. “What do you want, what have you come out here for”, a voice in my head asked, as the motors once again sputtered to silence. I stood there thinking about the question, gazing around at the nothingness that surrounded me in this desperate land which was waiting to consume me hungrily. No lie could be spoken, no bravery or cowardice displayed, no acting, only the crisp clean truth and nothing but, “I just want to go home Lord, I just want to be back on dry warm land, I have no other wish. I would like to have an arm but that is of little importance to me right now”, then looking at the last tank, the last twelve gallons of the journey, I said “Lord, I can go no further, I have come out to what most certainly will be my death but I would rather die twelve gallons of fuel closer to land than go another step further into this abyss”. I then hooked up the final tank, squeezed the siphon bulbs, fired her back up, and turned the boat around, heading back into the sun, to the west, hoping maybe Jesus would take me back to the safety of the shore with this mere twelve gallons of fuel, kind of like when He multiplied the loaves.

Unfortunately this did not happen, and unlike the fuel in the other tanks which seemed to burn forever, this tank appeared to run dry in an instant; the moment of truth was upon me. Safety was now out of my hands (or hand, in this case), though I had cast my bread upon the waters, I had not done it completely as I had said I would, the fear for my life had shaken my faith in the eleventh hour; placing my last ounce of hope in the
hands of my only resort, I humbly knelt down in the open bow of the boat, with a ghost of a smile, prayed the Lord’s prayer and said “God, Jesus, I guess this is it, I truly have no way back, if you do not save me, I do not know what will happen, I have come out here and I hope you will return me home before the sun sets, I need some gas”. Saying one last “Our Father”, rising to my feet, I made my way to the fuel lines, hooking up the line to the main tank, I then squeezed the bulbs several times, with every squeeze I could feel them get a little firmer until they were as hard as a rock, I HAD FUEL, I HAD FUEL. My bones were filled with joy for a brief moment until my skeptical thoughts had overcome them thinking perhaps there was a little gas left sloshing around in the main tank, just enough to trick me. I returned to my position at the helm and fired her up, she roared to life, rejuvenating my hopes and happiness, truly this was a miracle. Throwing her into gear, I headed off into the afternoon sun, praying, praising Jesus and God for this divine intervention into the life of perhaps one of the worst men on earth.

The seas were beginning to subside, enabling the craft to run at full cruising speed, as I raced to the west around 35 knots toward dry land, to the only salvation I knew, spilling over with joy, hoping to beat the darkness that I knew was behind me. I pondered the great gifts the Lord had given to me, the gift of my life, the deliverance from this wasteland and perhaps the greatest gift; the gift of belief, the treasure of undoubted belief; one of the most important ingredients in faith, without it you could have no faith.

Several hours into my return, the sun sinking; land made its grand appearance on the horizon, its soft tan shore in the distance never looked so inviting, though not a single structure except a lone lighthouse graced its soil; I knew I must have been south of Ocean City. Silhouettes of several fishing boats loomed in the distance working the shoals off the beach in the now glassy waters as I contemplated my position and which way to head to find an inlet to leave this ocean and this day behind me. Amidst my planning, calculating, and celebration, the unthinkable occurred, the vessel once so full of life, sputtered and then sank into a silent slumber in the still waters of fate. Gripped with fear, panic and paranoia, I scrambled to the fuel bulbs, squeezing them furiously without result; nothing but emptiness, there was no more fuel. The last trapse of hope, whisked away with the unanswered prayers I plead to the Lord. “Maybe now I don’t need gas,
maybe now it will run on nothing.” I thought, in total desperation as I cranked and cranked the lifeless motors, over and over, like a paramedic performing CPR on a dead body, trying to bring it back to life. Slowly sinking into mutters of profanity against the God I had just praised moments ago, frantically scrambling about the vessel, my thoughts in disarray, a mad man fit for the insane asylum, I began screaming at the top of my lungs for help from the boats off in the distance, my Hell consuming me like a snack treat. Finding some flares on board, I ignited one as I waved and screamed hoping to gain some attention, regretting all the trust I had placed in God and Jesus, “I trusted you, I believed in you, and this is how you treat one of your followers, what good are you, I would be better off if I had died hours ago, then this would all be over, all you want is to torment me.”

Time was spent howling and muttering profanity at the Lord, and cries for help at the fishermen until my voice went horse; the sun set and the reign of darkness was enthroned. There I stood pacing back and forth on the deck, muttering blasphemes to the Lord with what little sound I could muster, my head turned towards the deck, my eyes turned up, spewing all Hells anger and accusation with my every action as the cold night slithered into my flesh. After denouncing my faith, I climbed into my sweat shirt and curled up on the deck, “The only companion I have is this growling in my belly and this thirst in my throat from where I trusted you enough not to take anything with me.” I had not had anything to eat or drink since the night before and it was becoming quite evident. I charged the Lord with every accusation I could find as I lay there angrily, curled up in a ball in the cold, trembling; though this did not help nor change my situation.

The boat lay motionless on the still sea as I fought for slumber, for some escape from this predicament, from this hopelessness. The only comfort to be found was from my lungs exhaling their warm exhaust on to my chest. I had tucked my head inside my sweat shirt to efficiently utilize my bodies heat and I guess it was just enough because I slowly drifted off to sleep, into painlessness, away from this cursed abode, off into the land of fleshless existence, no law, no chores, no responsibilities. So much could happen in there, you could see without your eyes, hear without ears, talk without speaking, all the senses in another form, in a form that could not be touched by anyone but yourself, freedom from everything but your soul.
After what was probably an hour or so, I returned to where I had left myself; awakening to the ever growing colder night. Sounds from diesel engines hung in the air making for pleasant company, as I sat perched upon the fish box centered in the front of my boat, watching the fishing boats lit up like tiny cities off in the distance, working back and forth through the twilight hours, endlessly working to maintain mans existence, answering the call of the demanding master; the flesh we are all subject to; the same way Jesus had to, with the sweat of their brows. How I longed to be on one of those boats working for the endeavor of the flesh right now, warm, full, and content for the moment, but I had made my choice and the decision could now not be changed; how stern and hard this God was.

Taking into account all that had happened that day, as I sat there exhausted from my displays of anger, a little dazed from sleep and the lack of food; I began to make amends with Jesus and God, realizing that I wasn’t in any real danger and I hadn’t been harmed. The only thing that I was really angry about was the fact that I couldn’t call the shots, the fact that I thought things were going to go one way and they didn’t, the fact that just because I believed something was true in my heart, it doesn’t make it true unless it really is true, and the fact that it wasn’t going to be over until God said it was over and God had not shared any of this information with me. After digesting these truths, I knelt down and prayed to the God who had always been there for me, no matter what I had done to him.

The night passed slowly, filled with restless sleep, shivering bones, staring at the night sky, searching for signs of the new day that hopefully would be approaching, checking to make sure I wasn’t sinking, and the occasional prayer. The moon shone brightly overhead, stars filled the sky, as I waited to be delivered from the sea, hoping to either drift ashore or to be discovered by another boat. Hour after hour went by until the glorious light made known it was on its way, with its ever so pleasing rays warding off the darkness on the horizon. As welcomed as this event was and as much as it stirred my heart and hope, the fatigue of the journey was greater than the joy of the sunrise and back into slumber I slipped.

Sometime after I had passed out, my state of unconsciousness was shattered by the magnificent roar from the diesel engine of the fishing vessel which would be the first link in the chain of events of my rescue from this agonizing adventure. I sat up on the deck, peering over the side of my boat, a huge commercial fishing vessel sat idling off my
starboard bow, several puzzled fisherman lined up on the rail looking back at me. “You having trouble?” one of the men yelled over the rumbling of the machinery (it was no wonder they couldn’t hear me screaming over all the noise from their operation) “Yea, I ran out of gas” keeping my reply short, not wanting to go into any further details, the thought of telling anyone what I was really doing out here was scarier than the actual event. The line of questioning proceeded from their deck, “what time did you break down?” “Last night, right before dark,” I replied, “You were out here all night.” They further questioned, “Yea.” “Did you radio the coast guard?” “No I don’t have a radio on board.” Their faces a little more puzzled. “What were you doing out here.” “I was just taking one last cruise of the season before I put the boat up for the winter.” The lie rolled right off my tongue as I denied my Lord and waited to hear if a cock was going to crow at this point. “We’ll radio the coast guard and give them your coordinates so they can come get you.” “You hungry or thirsty.” one of the men asked. “Yea”, I responded. One of the men disappeared from the deck, returning shortly, with a bag of hot sausage biscuits and a jar of coffee which they lowered down to me on a rope - one of the best meals of my life. One of the men stepped out on the deck and yelled, “We contacted the coast guard and their going to send out a boat with some gas, put on a life jacket, its part of their rescue procedure”. “I don’t have any on board” I told them; yet another response that would lead into more confused expressions. These men must have thought I was the biggest fool in the world, but I would rather look like a fool at this point than completely insane; the world is more tolerant of fools than it is of religion. They threw me a life jacket, wished me luck, and then went back to work as I sat waiting for the Coast Guard and the next line of questioning and confusion that was on its way.

An hour or so past by when the Coast Guard arrived with a carbon copy of questions, preceded by the same answers I had given to the men on the ship earlier; their reaction much the same .They brought with them two five gallon cans of gas, we poured the gas into the boats fuel tank, I primed the siphon bulbs, started her up and headed for the Chincoteague inlet, where I could there refuel and then head back to Ocean City. I followed behind the Coast Guard vessel as we ran parallel down the beach toward the inlet. Another beautiful day, a calm sea and the undisputed merriment knowing I would be on land shortly; all the anger and fear of my night at sea only a memory now. After clearing
the inlet, as we wound our way through the channel, once again silence fell upon the motors; out of gas again. The small Coast Guard boat circled back around, noticing my progress had ceased, they threw me a line to tie off to the bow and informed me they would tow me the rest of the way in. Arriving at the dock moments later, I celebrated my reunion with the earth which I had been dreaming of since this journey had begun; it suddenly felt like it was truly over: the safety of solid ground. I refueled my boat, answered a few more questions while they filled out a rescue report then fired up my boat and headed for home. I traveled back to Ocean City through the comfort of the back bay’s calm isolated waters, protected by the barrier island, thinking about what had happened, how fortunate I was to have made it back, how an arm didn’t seem that important anymore and vowing not to tell anyone what had really gone on; there is such a fine line between insanity and religion and those in charge of defining it rarely know the first thing about God. Man wants so badly to come up with his own explanations for things with his microscopes, telescopes, probes and potions, but he can only study matter with these tools, he can’t study its intent and some things you can’t understand if you are not willing to accept from where they have come.

Making my way through the bay, nearing Ocean City, I approached the end of the channel which emptied out into the harbor on the south end of the town. Entering into the harbor there were several directions that could be taken, one such direction veered off to the right, a direction that could take me out the Ocean City inlet; that horrible voice of persistence spoke its spine tingling demands “Go back out and finish what you started, get it over with, you’re not done yet”. Not even responding with thought to this invocation, completely ignoring this insane proposal, I continued on to the boat ramp to where I had left my truck; I did not care if I ever set foot on a boat again, I had had enough.

As I lay in the bed the following day, browsing the scriptures of the New Testament, the words jumped out and hit me – “Judge not the Lord or you be judged and what you measure out, be measured back to you”. I had turned back from my goal with twelve gallons of fuel left and when the coast guard rescued me they brought ten gallons of gas, not quite enough, and I would be willing to bet anything; exactly two more gallons of fuel would have landed me right at the dock. My own prejudice, my own judgment, that flaw in every man and woman that leads us to our own personal disasters, and my judgment had once again mislead me. Trusting my feelings instead of trusting the words of
Jesus, had once again proven their power of deception, causing me to break the commitment I had made with the Lord, to do what I had said I would do and the result of the detour had landed me in a bad situation; like Peter losing faith and sinking when Jesus told him he could walk on water. Everything this world had taught me about matter really didn’t matter when it came to God and faith; it was just a façade to keep me from my goals, to divide me from the truth, to strengthen my fears. Prejudice has so many faces and every human being that walks this earth is filled with it, and is steered by it, and most don’t even know it; from happiness through wealth, to the appearance of men, and the beauty of women, fame and fortune - I know what I want, and it’s just what I need. Though I did not gain an arm, a little more wisdom was acquired, not that I wanted it, but there it was, a lesson learned at the price of pain. “Be prepared for trials when you come to serve the Lord,” Jesus said, and although I was really just trying to serve myself a helping of some of the Lords power, this passage seemed to have some relevance here. God was stern when it came to the truth and judgment, He would not budge an inch with His law, the only true law, there were no exceptions, no matter how much screaming, yelling, cursing or begging you did, the truth would not be bent, though his patience for teaching seemed limitless if you were willing; He would work with you until you got it right.
Mountains

Fall turned to winter, the meaninglessness of daily life without a goal, a purpose, a mission, had returned; one day spilling into the next until my desire to separate myself from failure began rekindling my passion to achieve what I set out to do. Reevaluating my strategy, studying Jesus’ life, His words, His actions; I noticed that He went out into the desert for forty days and forty nights before any miracles were performed through Him. Perhaps the quick fix I wanted was going to take some time, maybe forty days, maybe I had to learn the responsibility and discipline that went along with power such as faith. Not having access to a desert where I could hang out undisturbed for a long period of time, I set my sights on the Appalachian Trail, the closest secluded spot I could think of.

In the middle of January 1995 I set out to accomplish what I started so many months back, my plan laid out, and my courage strong. A friend and I were returning from Florida, my friend knew nothing of my plans and I didn’t think it necessary to inform her until the last minute that I would not be riding all the way back to Northern Virginia with her; there was no sense in traveling twelve hours in a truck with someone who thought you were insane, when you could spare them from the discomfort that accompanies strange and bizarre behavior, and any discussion of it.

I never spoke to anyone about what my plans were on matters involving my beliefs or the strengthening of my faith. I sometimes wondered if anyone really believed in Jesus as I did or trusted Him to do what He claimed, and there was no reason to start an argument over these things, these decisions were my own to make, and who was to argue with what Jesus has said anyway, everything has been said very plainly.

The pavement rolled by under the wheels of my truck in the cold January night as we approached my unannounced route change. As I veered off on the exit ramp, I informed her I wasn’t going back with her tonight and that I wanted her to drop me off in the mountains at Skyline Drive (a state park in the Appalachian mountains); she had a puzzled look about her but didn’t say anything.
An hour or so after our route change, I was greeted by darkness and the frigid winter mountain air as I stepped out of the truck and onto the pavement of the parking lot at Sky Land (a park facility, now closed for the season, located in the national park of Skyline Drive). Fumbling through my suitcase, I extracted some winter garments I had packed for the trip and stuffed them into a green trash bag (long underwear, two sweat shirts, one with a hood, one without, two pair of wool socks and a hat). I said goodbye, pretending like this was something I wanted to do, turned away from the truck and started to head off “hey don’t forget your wallet” she said. I hadn’t wanted to take that life jacket, but now I didn’t have a choice; I couldn’t let her think that I was going to walk around with no money, she’d be liable to call someone to stop me. I guess it really didn’t matter if I had money or not there was no place to spend it up here this time of the year; I took my wallet.

I stood watching as the tail lights of my truck disappeared around the winding turns, slithering off into the darkness, chuckling to myself, “I did it, I made the first step toward the execution of my plan. These escapades seemed like just worthless day dreams in their gestation period but once they started to happen, to become real, they were a glorious thing, even if it meant being stranded in the mountains in the middle of winter at midnight. Though I can’t say I would have considered this the environment of my choice, or how I envision a peaceful setting, I can say that there was no place I felt I needed to be more than right here, right now, with a purpose; cowardice and fear far behind.

Walking over to the curb in front of the dormant building that was the “Sky Land” lodge; I geared up for the nights events, putting on the layers of clothing I had brought to insulate me from the cold of the season. The night was cold but docile as I headed south along the side of the parkway, the baron scraggly fingers of the trees stretching up into the clear night sky, illuminated by the moon.

I made my way through time one step after the other, watching the breaths of steam rolling out of my mouth, listening to the occasional stirring of leaves by the creatures in the woods, perhaps deer, squirrels, or birds, doing whatever it is that they do to survive. The hike had warmed my body enough to where if I didn’t shed some clothing I would be sweating profusely so I removed my hat and one sweat shirt; then traveled on. I had planned to sleep at a place in the park called “Hawksbill”. I had been there when I was younger and I had remembered that there was a stone shelter perched atop that pinnacle,
which I thought would make for a comfortable stay for the night, before I picked up the Appalachian Trail in the morning, which went right through Hawksbill.

Arriving at the “Hawksbill” parking area, shortly after embarking on my journey, I said goodbye to the luxury of the paved road and stepped into the woods onto a gravel and dirt trail. “Hawksbill” was the highest point in the park and could not be reached by car, only by a hiking trail that wound up the side of the mountain. The trail was about a mile long and it twisted and turned as it made its way, roots and rocks protruding from its surface, a far cry from the smooth, clean grade of the parkway. The additional effort required to travel this path caused me to perspire under the insulation of all my clothing; the body never quit doing its thing, such an efficient machine, cooling itself, warming itself, defending itself from the forces on this earth, it had so many chores; that great machine we all must exist in or else not exist, past down in a seed built with the same components, the same elements as the earth, the same solids, liquids and gases.

No sooner had I shed another layer of clothing and the peak was in sight. I could hear the earth breath its breath across the mountain top, rustling the branches on the trees, whispering the tales of torment to come. The wind was coming from a westerly direction and until now the mountain had been shielding me from the winds harsh currents; much to my discontent, the hope of a semi comfortable night’s stay, under a roof, was dwindling rapidly.

Arriving at the stone shelter, standing right where I remembered it so many years ago, I flopped down my trash bag of clothes while overlooking the frigid concrete floor that graced this structure; it now plagued with puddles of water scattered about its surface. I guess the fact that they weren’t frozen should have cheered me up but it was of little consolation at this point; I would have gladly traded a few degrees for a silent night. The shelter stood made of stone, consisting of three walls, a roof and a concrete floor, unfortunately the wall that was missing was the only one that I needed; the west wall. The wind howled strait into the structure as I attempted to make the best of things, putting on every piece of clothing I had, saying a few prayers and curling up in a dry spot on the floor; remembering the cold night on the boat; I was, however, glad that I wasn’t stranded in a completely unpredictable environment such as the sea. The wind howled at my back as I twisted and contorted on the slab, desperately seeking slumber, though finding none.
Perhaps an hour or two had past and it had become quite evident; there was no sleep to be had here unless you were dead. I rose to my feet and headed back down the trail I had so recently ascended hoping to find somewhere to get some rest, the Appalachian Trail would have to wait till later when there was daylight. I descended down the trail from Hawks Bill and returned to the pavement heading south, the wind only a memory, now that I was back on the east side of the mountain. I crept through the night, onward, thinking and walking; the usual routine, not to exciting, not to torturous.

I had traveled five or six miles when I came upon “Big Meadows” visitors center, a small complex resting on the edge of a field. Several buildings grouped together in mans image, that is to say, how man pictured them in his mind and then formed them from the components of the earth, making them a reality; the same procedure in which all that is created comes about - everything is so similar, just different levels of complexity. Stalking the facility for any sign of inhabitants, I peered in the windows of the scarcely lit buildings which appeared to be closed for the season. After scouring the compound, I found a nook between a wall and an out of service soda machine that would serve as my oasis for the remainder of the night. I tucked into the nook, out of the sight of a first glance, if someone were to patrol the facility. Sitting down, my back against one wall, my head leaning against another; I traipsed in and out of slumber, the first hint of unconsciousness I had seen in about twenty four hours, hard to believe I was just in warm, sunny Florida the last time I went to sleep. Man has come along way with his inventions, traveling to wherever he wants in mere hours, transmitting information and entertainment through thin air, so much has transpired here on Earth over the years and who can really say if these things are good or bad, certainly I love the comfort of them but what is to be the outcome from their existence.

The damp, cold, lonely night seemed to last forever, broken only by prayer, thoughts of happier times and intervals of sleep filled with restless dreams, dreams so real, I hardly knew if I was asleep or not.

As the first signs of light made their way through the thick dense fog that had settled in, I embarked once again on my journey. As I traveled south I could hear the sounds of deer hoofs on the paved road ahead, though the fog was too thick to see them with anything other than my ears. The wondrous human body with its so many senses, all
capable of pleasure and torment; they could be such a double edged sword. All I have learned in my life has been taught to me through these senses and all my life I have been held prisoner through these senses, all the pleasures and all the pains, black and white, hot and cold, fresh and rancid, harmony and caterwaul, acids and bases, good and evil. The power of the flesh, so strong and so cleaver when it comes to its matters; it’s hard to see through the fog, its arguments very strong, its education very stern. So much to learn in this world, so many schools, so much struggling to understand things to be able to survive, and nothing is given without a fight. From the time we are born, the information man has gathered through the centuries is passed down to us in hopes life will be better - mathematics, language, science, history and religion. Your interests lead you to your schools, and the school which now held my interests was the Catholic Church, for what I was seeking was said to be only possible by the power of God. I stuck with the church I was brought up to believe in because Jesus plainly declared “Peter is the rock on which I will build my church all that he binds on earth will be bound in heaven and all he does not will be lost.” Since Peter was the one who built the Catholic Church, I was pretty sure I had gone to the right place; this was where Jesus said to go. I fortunately was raised in this church and did not have to change my faith, unlike my mother and her family who changed from Baptist to Catholic later in life.

The day passed uneventful, mile after mile, periods of damp dismal fog briefly interrupted by scattered sun and scattered thought. Around noon as I was walking, a police car pulled up behind me in the usual fashion; lights flashing, the signal to comply or run, because you’re going to be accused or suspected of something. I chose to comply, and stood there and waited, as he got out of his car and approached me; all the while knowing I was going to have to go through the formality of the generic questioning that accompanies all police interaction. I had no reason to put up any resistance, I had done nothing wrong. “What are you doing up here, can I see some I.D.” he rambled off exactly what I knew he would. I explained I was simply on a hike through the park and nothing more, as I pulled my wallet from the trash bag which held my belongings, and displayed my drivers license which bore the number which stood for me - you couldn’t go anywhere without it; government needed to keep track of all its subjects. The officer told me to wait there and he returned to his car to run my number. I was no stranger to the police and had my share of
problems with them some years ago; nothing to serious just good times gone bad. He returned from his computer check, handed me my I.D., milled around in my bag, told me to stop at the ranger station up ahead and get a hiking permit, then went on his way.

The world is filled with soldiers and military of every kind, fighting for whatever they believed in or whoever feed them the best. On earth, a town, city or country, could not stand or exist without them or they would be defeated by ones who were more powerful; the strongest ruled, true competition. One who could defeat you on this Earth, would make you subject to their law, their wishes, or suffer the consequences imposed by them, from the school yard bully, to the greatest army, one will do just about anything for their life; so many strategies, so many tactics, so many beliefs - twisted and polished as need be . The kings of the earth conquered countries through blood shed, through the mortality of the flesh, through yielding the power of fear for one’s life or the pains they might inflict on ones flesh, and those who lived in those kingdoms traded with that conquering rulers currency, with what the kingdom told them was of value, with what the kingdom told them to observe. If you bought land instead of conquered it, in order to acquire it, you paid for that land with the currency that is observed by the ruler of the kingdom in which the land resided and even though you purchased the land, you were still subject to the Power (the king), you paid taxes to him and abided by his laws, and those who did not abide by what the king proclaimed; felt his wrath if they could not overcome him; such a big picture, so hard to see it all, though it was sometimes easier to see things when you were alone and could get away from others and all the distractions that we have created.

I could see the sun through the clouds high over head when I arrived at the ranger station at “Swift Run Gap”, (another location in the park). I had gone about twenty six miles since I started, since I got out of the truck last night, and fatigue was setting in. The bottoms of my feet were sore, my legs were tired and the temperature was dropping, thoughts were now turning toward abandonment of this trip, this was no place to learn about anything accept pain. I stood there at the intersection of the parkway and route 33 contemplating whether to hike down to the nearest town and go home or continue on. My lack of effort at this point and time was too much to bear and I decided to stick it out until I reached the end of the park some forty miles ahead, I figured I could arrive there in about
36 hours if everything went well. The ranger station I was told to check in at, sat right off the side of the parkway, and after some brief self-deliberation, I chose not to check in for a hiking permit, I didn’t feel like talking to anyone about anything; wasting any time when I could be getting nearer to my destination, I also did not want to take a chance of backing out. I was very clever when it came to excuses, as many people are, if I let myself have an opportunity to get out the easy way, I would usually take it, convincing myself it was the right decision, though over the years I had noticed success was never achieved with this approach and I recognized the obstacles that may arise from a visit to the ranger station and avoided them.

I pounded the pavement up into the final section of the park, the grades were getting harder to climb and my desires were shackled to images of warmth, food and rest, a bad combination for accomplishing a goal that was not in sight. I could see some rocks up ahead on the side of the road with water trickling off them and I sure wanted a drink right now; that was probably what I wanted the most. After saying the blessing I drank my fill; God had a way of taking care of the absolute necessities, it’s funny how the simplest things mean so much in a crisis; water, light, warmth. A little ways up ahead lay another rock off to the side of an overlook parking lot. This rock was graced with the rays of the sun, the perfect opportunity to rest and perhaps get some much needed sleep. I found a smooth area on its surface and reclined there; my feet throbbing, my legs aching and stiffening. I had to get rest where I could, not knowing what conditions the night would bring; the wind and the cold perhaps, and if so, there was no rest to be had with those conditions. I lay there restlessly, unable to find comfort on the hard cold surface of the rock, the sun’s rays were too weak to provide warmth, and the cold from the rock was sucking the warmth from my body, prohibiting any form of relaxation. I staggered back to my feet and onward I pressed, forced by my cruel master, the same one we are all subject to, the flesh, like a beaten slave; gravity enforcing its law with every movement, the immaculate magnet, relentlessly sucking every form of matter toward the center of the earth, without prejudice - unquestionable enforcement. Perhaps the lord of the flesh was imprisoned deep down there in the fiery core in his bottomless pit, in his topless pit, waiting, tumbling over and over as the earth makes its revolutions. The Earth has no top or bottom (we call the North up and the South down but there really is no up or down on this planet) so neither does its core and
no man really knows what’s down there, they only speculate with what they have seen - though there is much man has not seen. I could envision a bottomless pit, a cavity in the core of the Earth, rolling over and over with every revolution the Earth makes - who knows; so many fables and fairytales, doesn’t really matter anyway.

The afternoon past as all things do, thoughts of the dreaded darkness imposed on my consciousness, while the earths star hung just above the mountain peaks - such a beautiful vision this would have been if I wasn’t in such a desperate state.

I wandered up on a picnic table that sat at the side of the road and slumped over it, exhausted, dreaming of some way to get out of here, though I knew all to well there was only one way out and I was the only one who could get me there, it was now quite obvious that it was only going to get harder and harder. I prayed to Mary the mother of God for comfort; the prayers to Her seemed to get answered more frequently, perhaps She was more compassionate – arguably the greatest woman that ever lived, perhaps the greatest person born through man that ever lived, fore without Her Jesus would not have come into the world, or so those that believe in Jesus, believe, to others just another fable or fairytale.

The path was calling to me while the cold of the evening bore its way through my skin - onward. I had seen signs on the road for a facility called “Loft Mountain”, camping, showers, gift shop, you name it, though all closed for the season; perfect for a vagrant like myself. All I craved at this point was a dry place to lay my head and somewhere to get some sleep for the night; hopefully I would find it there. Driven by my passion to rest, I poured on the steam, stopping only to get a drink when there was water bubbling over the rocks on the side of the road. Mile after mile I trudged, hoping there would be sanctuary for the night at the “Loft Mountain” facility. When I finally arrived at “Loft Mountain”, darkness had long since been instated; rest, long past due. As usual I surveyed the area for any signs of inhabitants; not a soul but mine. Slithering around the buildings I found a suitable spot to make camp, a space between the entrances of the locked bath house; three walls and a roof over my head. I put on all the clothes I had, said my prayers and drifted off into restless sleep for very brief periods, rolling and twisting on the concrete slab, trying to find comfort and maximize my body heat in every position I could think of, though just as always nothing worked and this trip was beginning to remind me of Jesus’ three days in Hell. No place to rest, no tolerable climate, not an ounce of sympathy
did this place harbor; I had come to the conclusion that I would not find rest until I was out of here.

The human body is such a fragile and vulnerable machine compared to the environment it resides in and its demands are many.

Not a star could I see in the sky, the night was plagued by thick heavy darkness while spirits of desperation descended upon me. Frustrated and impatient unable to summon unconsciousness, I returned to my feet and resumed where I had left off, with twenty five miles to go until I reached the entrance to the park. How I longed to be out of here, with every step I dreamed of what it would be like when I got back to civilization; a warm bed and a hot meal; this nightmare behind me. As if things weren’t bad enough, sleet began to fall from the darkened sky and the air now filled with the sounds of the ice hitting the dried, fallen leaves on the forest floor; there was to be no mercy shown out here tonight. I traveled on, as always, never stopping, just looking at the pavement pass beneath my feet as I passed over it, my head hung down, broken, too tired to be angry.

Not paying any attention to what lay up ahead on the now wet pavement, from where the sleet had been melting on its surface, I walked right up on a skunk who was traveling toward me from the opposite direction, right down the middle of the road, looking about as miserable as I was, fortunately we both just looked at each other, veered around each other, and never stopping, kept on our separate ways; the last thing I needed was to get sprayed by a skunk on top of everything else – I guess I could be thankful that didn’t happen.

The sleet soon turned to rain and if someone would have asked which one I would have preferred, I don’t know if I would be so bold as to make that judgment. I have been the victim of my own wishes to many times. I was slowly learning not to think, just to deal with whatever came my way and try not to do anything stupid. I guess the fact that it was no longer sleeting meant it was getting warmer and it also meant that I would be getting wet; I raised the hood on my jacket over the cap I was already wearing, hoping to stay as dry as possible. The water dripped off my hood onto my face; irritating but not to devastating and fortunately my layers held back the moisture from my body for the time being.
Water was such a fascinating thing, it was the main ingredient in just about everything, more valuable, more precious than just about anything if you were out of it; can’t live with it cant live without it, like so many things on this earth. Water could change into many forms, solid, liquid or gas, when it was cold it was solid, hard, when it was above 32 degrees it was liquid, when it was heated, it became a gas and rose into the air, leaving behind any impurities that might have been in it. It was truly amazing how billions of tons of matter could rise into the air and disappear, then reappear in another location in its previous form – what a crazy world – so many things you would never believe if you hadn’t seen them with your own eyes, and water was beautiful in all its forms (ice, water, clouds).

An hour or two passed when I heard the sound of a car approaching, the only one I had seen all night. The car passed by me, the passengers looking at me in the rain, then they stopped a couple hundred feet past me and a man got out, I couldn’t really see what he looked like and I kept my distance. “Hay you need a ride” he yelled. “No” I replied. “You sure” he said. “Yeah I’m alright”. He got back in his car and drove off. Man did I need a ride but it just seemed like some sort of a test, a temptation, the kind of temptation that could put you in a bad spot, maybe even cost you your life. I had taken plenty of rides with strangers but not tonight, in my heart I knew I was supposed to walk out of this place and if I could not at least do that, perhaps judgment might fall upon me tonight. A short time later I heard the car coming back and I went up off the road into the woods till it passed so as not to be seen, as the tail lights disappeared into the darkness all I could think about was how nice it would be to be riding out of here and leave all this behind me, however what seems like the easy way out rarely is.

The rain finally subsided but it was too late, the damage was done, the outer layers of my clothes were now soaked. The water hadn’t penetrated through to my skin yet, except on my legs, which were now having to struggle with the saturated pants which were desperately trying to constrict their every movement; the latest obstacle to contend with. It seemed as though around every corner was an additional unforeseeable twist, I knew this trip was going to be hard but I had no idea that it would be like this. Things seem so easy sitting in a warm dry house but actually going out and doing them is a completely different
story; always good to walk in someone else’s shoes for a few steps before you start running your mouth.

I stopped to rest, get a drink off the rocks and pray for the strength to get out of here. I filled a plastic bag I had in my belongings (which used to house my tooth brush) with water and drank it down as my body quaked with exhaustion. “Should I fill the bag and carry it with me for later” I thought, “no” was the reply from my thoughts, “drink when the water is rolling off the rocks, and then only”.

The journey was growing more painful with every step and the darkness seemed to have no end, the thought of maybe being able to find rest here was slowly distracting me more and more; diverting my attention, overcoming the necessity to get out of here, seducing me. I fought these desires knowing that the only rest to be had was when I would stop at every mile marker, just long enough to catch my breath. I would lean on them like a cane, say a prayer as I mustered what strength I had left, and then travel on dreaming of the brief moment of relaxation I would experience at the next marker and the joy that would embrace me when I arrived at the last one, when it would truly be over.

My eye lids were growing heavy and my body had reached its limit when I simply had to stop and collapse, no longer could impatience or the thought of getting out of here fuel my body; if I was going to make it, I was going to have to take my time. I sat there on a cold wet stonewall at the side of the road, my legs throbbing, my feet pounding, my clothes half soaked; with seven more miles to go.

The morning light was making its appearance on the horizon when I lost consciousness, passed out, and fell of the wall. I was fortunate enough not to have hit my head, though it probably wouldn’t have mattered much at this point. This was not an intended place to fall asleep, it just happened, and the thought of sleeping there on that cold wet wall for any period of time was not appealing, the reality of what the wall had to offer in the way of comfort was becoming quite clear, even in my utter state of confusion and exhaustion, I couldn’t bring myself to believe that I could get any real rest here, there was a better place to be and I had to be there at all cost.

Getting to my feet had become an agonizing, pain filled task, my legs had grown stiff, the muscles not wanting to comply with my brains wishes, each time I would try to move them they would retort with shooting pains. The bottoms of my feet were
wrecked. I would change the way I would position my feet when they came in contact with the ground as I walked so as to allow progress to continue, when one part of my foot could stand no more, I focused my weight to another part of it, constantly alternating between the areas of my feet. After I had put a few hundred feet between the wall and myself, I managed to get my legs loosened up somewhat to where I was making a little better time.

The second sun rise of the trip was in full swing while I prayed and hobbled on mile after mile.

Only hours ago I thought to myself, “I will be so happy to get out of here I will probably run the last mile”, though that was turning out not to be the case. I would have loved to have run out of here but I could barely stand and even though the spirit may be willing the flesh was truly weak, and mine was shot.

When I had about three miles to go, pain began to prove its power over my flesh, a power I could not contend with, it now felt like I was walking on the bones of my feet, my ankles, like old warn out hinges, as I flipped my feet out in front of me on them. My knees barley moved and my ass could hardly lift the weight of my now crippled legs, hallucinations plagued my vision and the sounds of people talking, who weren’t really there, filled my ears from out of every corner of the forest; though I could not make out any words. I, at this point could not go any further if my life depended on it, I truly understood the meaning of exhaustion. With about three miles or so to go to the end, I collapsed on the edge of a sewer on the roadside; it was a large open drain with a bottom a few feet below the opening. Sitting on the edge of the sewer I hung my legs down into its mouth and lay back on the concrete, drifting in and out of consciousness - so close yet so far. No thoughts of my grand exit from the park entered my head, no dreams of celebration, no thought at all of anything, my body and my brains were beaten to a pulp; too weak to even pray; I just lay there. I had walked about sixty two miles but I just couldn’t go on anymore right now, not without some form of brief rest, no matter how much my spirit wanted to be out of here my flesh could not move until it had time to rest. As was what had become the norm; after relaxing for a brief moment, my present situation had invaded my consciousness and made its existence known, “Get up, get up”. This time, as much as I wanted to climb to my feet, I found myself laying there struggling, making attempt after attempt to get my body moving again until I was eventually successful at climbing to my feet, things were getting harder.
and harder but as so many times before, I was eventually able to make it to my feet and
journey on, though at not much more than a crawl at this point.

The next mile lasted forever, I wasn’t sure if I missed the marker it took so long, but finally there it was; I rested on the tiny obelisk marker, said a prayer then resumed; standard practice. The clouds had returned overhead and with them they brought some light rain, though I could care less at this point; if someone ran up and beat me with a pipe, I don’t think it would have bothered me now, any care or concern I had in the world was gone, nothing seemed to matter at this point.

As all things do pass one way or another, so was this self-inflicted nightmare running its course, off in the distance I could hear the sounds of the highway; it would be over soon or at least I was convinced it would be.

Dragging my bones down the last leg of the journey, there in the center of the road lay the ranger station to the entrance of the park; my beacon of hope. It was just a shack in the road but it meant so much to see it there. Unfortunately though just as when I ran out of gas on my boat trip, this plight wasn’t over, fore on the other side of the station the road stretched on; there wasn’t a finish line with a crowd or a car to take me home. Staggering on, drawn to the sounds of the highway, maybe a mile or so more, I arrived at the overpass of highway 64 atop “Afton” mountain and there, standing in the rain, I accepted defeat, beaten once again by the pains of the flesh - a slave I would remain, unable to defeat this master; and of my arm; its priority was set aside once again.

There was a little restaurant sitting off to the side of the road I made my way toward, all the while a voice telling me, “Why do you not travel on” - To this question I gave no reply nor further attention much like when I brought my boat back to Ocean City, not even wanting to look at the inlet. I crawled into the diner, looking like a hobo, my trash bag in hand, soaked, filthy, and there I stood, waiting to be seated, not sure if I would be. A waitress came over, looking a little confused as she stared at me, and then surprisingly enough, she sat me at a table where I consumed a glutton’s portion. When I had finished my meal, I gladly paid the bill with this land’s currency, then called a cab to take me to the bus station in Charlottesville from where I would then head home.
I barely had enough money for the breakfast, cab ride and bus fare but none the less, as always, the Lord had provided me with just enough, though some would say just a coincidence or “what luck”, but those who know, know.

I slept all the way back to Washington, only waking once. When I arrived there it was dark, the only thing that stood between me, the shower and bed was the subway and a bus ride; I couldn’t wait. When I got to the subway, much to my chagrin, I did not have enough money left to purchase a ticket for the train and the bus - just a little short. As I stood there bewildered, a man came up to me asking for change. “Man, I don’t have enough to get home.” I replied, then reluctantly he reached into his pocket, held out his hand and said “man here” and he gave me the change he had; this was one of the most generous acts I had ever witnessed, what he had done may have been greater than what I had just done - I was going home and I don’t know if he even had a home.

A short train ride and a transfer to a bus, my final link to uninterrupted rest - shortly I would be there.

As so many times before, my calculations were incorrect and I had gotten on the wrong bus, this bus didn’t go by my house and at the last stop I had no choice but to step off and return to the night .The bus driver informed me that another bus would be by shortly that would go by the stop I needed. Onto a dark corner, in a residential neighborhood I stood; no phone, no store, nothing but restful houses and a Catholic Church silently staring me right in the face from the other side of the street. There I waited in the damp darkness, confused and growing angry as the second bus failed to arrive. Forty minutes, fifty minutes maybe an hour or so passed and I lost control, anger consuming me, I began cursing the lord as I had done on the boat trip. I told him I loved him all the time but when things got to be too much I would turn on him; I was only willing to do what I wished and nothing more, I wanted to call the shots but that just isn’t the way it works - what was I capable of doing ? I always thought I knew everything, but the truth is, I didn’t know a damn thing, if I did my life wouldn’t be in the mess it was always in. Right after I finished my barrage of profanity, the bus appeared which took me to my home.

Still so much to learn I thought as I lay in bed that night, trying to make amends to Jesus and God, remembering the night that just past, lamenting the pain that still dwelt in my body and the cold of the winter I had now escaped from.
“Pray that your tribulation not be in the winter”, Jesus said in the Gospel, and that was all too clear to me now, there was nothing but pain and relentless suffering in the cold of winter, the sun was weak, the nights long, there was no rest to be had in those times, only desperation and the struggle to protect the body’s existence.
That winter past as I furthered my education on Jesus and God; always trying to stay occupied, and once again, I concocted my next attempt to achieve faith. Jesus went into the desert in the spring season when He stayed there for forty days, so the desert is where I would go in the spring, for the period of Lent, where I would once again petition Jesus for an arm.

The weeks before Ash Wednesday (the first day of Lent) were filled with prayer and mental preparation until my day of departure; the Monday before Ash Wednesday. That Monday, around noon, I threw some clothes into a bag and slipped out the door telling no one and headed to the bus stop, then to the subway, then eventually to the bus station, from where I would be delivered into the desert.

My desert of choice was on the edge of Yuma Arizona. When I was younger, on a vacation with my family, we stopped in Yuma for gas on our way to Mexico, I had gotten out of the van to use the restroom, my parents, unaware I wasn’t in the back of the van sleeping where I usually was; drove off. I remember coming out of the restroom, seeing the van was not where it was when I left it, and walking around the building looking for it; it was nowhere to be found. I remember not caring at all that they were gone, I hated riding around in that van, I hated family vacations; I just wanted to be left alone by them and their rules. I sat on a guard rail on the side of the parking lot of the station hoping they weren’t coming back, thinking how nice it might be to live here without them. An hour past and my wishes would not be granted, fore down the road came the dreaded red van, with a teary eyed mother, two laughing sisters and a silent dad. I got back in listening to their version of what had happened and sat there silently as we headed to Mexico. Kids don’t know a thing about what is good for them or what is bad for them, they only know that they want, the instant gratification that is feed to them from around every corner, they have no idea about things; I know now that I didn’t at that time in my life. So many other parents would give their kids whatever they wanted and it seemed like all I ever heard was NO.
Looking back now I could see the reasons why many things I wanted I was not allowed to have or do, my folks were wise to many things that I was not and they never tried to win me over with gifts which had no value, they were always parents and never friends.

I arrived at the bus station in Washington where I approached the counter to purchase my ticket, “One for Yuma Arizona”. When the lady told me how much it was a slight feeling of joy fell over me because I didn’t have enough money. “Maybe God does not want me to do this” I thought. Then she told me to hold on a minute while she went to talk to her manager. An overworked, stressed looking man emerged from an office “Let me see what I can do” he exclaimed, and before I knew it, I had a ticket to Yuma with about twenty some dollars to spare for food, hopefully enough to keep me feed until I got to my destination.

The bus trip was about three days of cramped and sometimes agonizing stops and transfers but none the less it got the job done. Taking a three day bus trip was an adventure in itself, there was always a very diverse crowd on the bus and there was always at least one individual the rest of the passengers would have to put up with, someone who had absolutely no idea how to coexist with others, someone who would sabotage any chance the other passengers might have to relax for at least a portion of their journey while that individual was on board. I don’t know how the drivers could exercise the self-control that they did, to keep from beating those people to death, having to deal with them day in and day out; I know that’s not a very Christian thing to think but if you have never experienced the selfishness and complete disregard these people have for everyone but themselves; I don’t think there is any way to reason with these individuals other than with force – unfortunately these people are not confined solely to buses.

On the night before Ash Wednesday, maybe ten thirty or so, I ate my last meal; chocolate milk and a king size pack of peanut butter cups- “No more food for forty days” I thought. The remainder of the bus trip passed uncomfortably as I watched the other passengers eat at our stops while all I did was drink water.

Thursday around noon, I had arrived, beautiful sunny Yuma. I stepped off the bus into the warm sun of the desert, quite a change from the cold that I had left behind in Virginia. I felt strong standing there in the parking lot, once again proud of my efforts to take the initial steps of this journey - determined to succeed. Aware of the long safari ahead
of me, I went into a store next to the bus station and spent all but a few coins on some
twine to make a shoulder strap for my bag, and then it was on. I hadn’t any money now but
some change, less than a dollar; I had no food or water - off to lay down my life. I walked
through the humble little town of Yuma, heading north, past the shops, houses and
churches, institutions of every kind, all the necessary components for a civilization to exist
on this Earth.

As humans we have so many needs. Man has rearranged this earth to better
accommodate our wants and needs and to better serve our will; government, industry,
education, entertainment, military, money and merchants, all of these things are necessities
for our kingdoms to thrive and if it were not for our vulnerabilities, none of these things
would exist. Passed down generation after generation the teachings of those before us;
constantly honing our endeavors. Our entire existence revolves around us and supporting
our needs. We have assembled governments so that the needs of the people of our
kingdoms can be met. They make laws; regulate education (what is taught in our schools)
to our children. They dictate to industry, they judge entertainment, they control the armies,
they monitor the merchants and they distribute their own money. We are constantly
producing products to sustain our body’s existence, providing for its needs, pleasures and
securities and by the sweat of our brows do we produce and develop these items and
objects; we are an industrious people consumed by our creations and our pursuits. We have
schools of all kinds to teach everything from communicating with each other so that we can
express our individual messages, language, mathematics, science- all the necessary
ingredients to progress in our quest to better provide for our existence, however if we were
not subject to Death and the Flesh we would not need any of this information, but
unfortunately we are mortal so these things are now necessary since they do serve us. We
must protect our bodies from the elements or they will die, we must feed our bodies or they
will die, we must be aware of the things which are dangerous to them; we must study our
bodies so that we can fix them when they break or go a rye. We are taught about
government, industry, entertainment, military, merchandising, the value of money, we are
even taught how to educate others on these matters.

This world is captivated by carefully choreographed plays, games, songs and
dances; it lusts for a life that only exists in the dreams of our Earthly existence, displayed
on a stage, screen or field; slaughter the nemesis, get the beautiful girl, the sack of money: what more could there be - man solving all his problems, controlling his destiny, creating his own heaven on earth with his own rules and laws- answering to no one. Man entertains himself, in what sometimes seems like a cage, with many games, toys and tales; simulating accomplishments that don't exist, pacifying himself with his beastly desires until death, the same death that has kept him occupied until it takes back what belongs to it.

Each kingdom on this Earth must have an army or their kingdom will be taken from them by another who is stronger, this is a fact of existence here, the strongest survive and rule, they take what they want and do with it what they will for as long as they can hold on to it. The military and the police go in and pave the way for a country's expansion and security, for its rule, for its ideas and intentions, and any who oppose are incarcerated or killed; if these forces are successful.

Money is the seed of a kingdom, take it away and the subjects would not go to their jobs, they would serve themselves in a more direct fashion, and we need a carrot before our noses just as does a beast of burden. Our world runs on what we call the “gold standard”, everything is directly tied to it; you can't eat it, you can't drink it, it does nothing more than exist, but it is in our heads to recognize it as valuable and has had us trade for it, steal for it, kill for it, degrade ourselves for it - though it is lifeless.

When a kingdom is conquered the victors print and distribute their own marks with the images of their own leaders on them and these marks are what the people of that kingdom are rewarded with when they serve the needs of that kingdom, though the kingdoms do not give their subjects the object that the notes represent, only a mark with an image on it, an image of a man, a man made of flesh, a beast if you will, a man which has been influential to the establishment and existence of that kingdom.

Our world is filled with merchants of all kinds, selling goods everywhere and of every sort, from the oldest profession; to whatever the newest is, trading services and products in exchange for payment, usually for the currency of the kingdom they reside in and usually in hopes of getting ahead though sometimes just to survive. We are obsessed with money and the joys we are convinced it will bring, this endeavor has completely consumed us, and I; no different. We are all merchants of some sort whether you go to a job and trade your services for money or you sell goods, whenever you give in order to
receive something that satisfies your own desires you become a merchant, whenever you promote something in order to gain something for yourself you are a merchant- there are merchants of all kinds.

All of these realities have arisen into our world because we must have them or cease to exist, we have organized them and cultivated them and they are authorities to all men, women and children on this Earth and we all inhabit them doing our part, typically 8 hours a day 40 hours a week and we also tend to indulge in them in our spare time, these things are our society. From a person, to a neighborhood, to a city, to a state, to a country; everything the same just on different scales.

When I neared the edge of town, I came to a bridge spanning across the Colorado river, a homeless man stood there on the side looking over the edge down at some make-shift tents pitched below near the river bank and some other homeless people who were gathered around the tents, then he looked at me nodded, a sort of hello without speaking, and went back to his gazing. I had noticed walking through Yuma that this town was filled with homeless, people who, for whatever reason, could not or would not support themselves; fortunately my parents (who I could not stand most of the time when I was younger ) kept that from happening to me by instilling in me the utmost necessity of determination. I remember when I was maybe ten or eleven years old, my dad told me to change a tire on one of the rims to the van; an operation I had witnessed and helped with many times before. The procedure was to lay the tire on the ground, set the base of the bumper jack on the edge of the tire right next to the edge of the rim, then jack the vehicle up and the weight of the vehicle perched atop the jack would then break the bead of the tire from the rim; this part of the procedure I had no problem with however the remainder of the operation I had not paid close enough attention to, after breaking the bead of the tire off the rim you had to use two tire irons (long rods with an almost spoon like feature at the end of each one; kind of like giant shoe horns ) to work the tire off the rim by prying the bead of the tire over the edge of the rim as you worked your way around the rim; I had not paid attention to the proper positioning of the irons which was vital if you wanted to get the tire off the rim. I fought and cussed that tire for more than two hours, from the afternoon into the darkness of the evening and I had been forbidden to go in the house until the tire was changed. Finally the Old Man came out, extremely displeased, said a few insulting,
degrading words, and angrily helped me change the tire; as mad, upset, and humiliated as I was, I never forgot how to change a tire since then and few days later I changed a tire alone. That event, at the time, was quite traumatic, and I’m sure there are those who would say it could have been handled differently but that is how it was handled, and usually critics don’t handle anything other than words; those who actually do things, do become frustrated with those who don’t or who won’t pay attention, and even though they may blow up at times, it is better that they do that, than to give in and give up.

On the other side of the bridge lay a beautiful Catholic Church; an old Indian mission, a place of conversion. I didn’t have to convert my religion, I was raised Catholic, I just had to convert my way of life, all I truly loved was sin, it’s all I wanted; the desires of this earth; perhaps that is sort of changing your religion - it was hard. I had followed my desires for so long and loved them so much and I could feel them without question, I guess you could say, I truly believed in them but I had heard of other things that were supposedly better and my former ways could not save me, so what choice did I have.

The road I traveled wound down a hill and I could see the desert some miles up ahead. Traveling on, past the lettuce fields, where the migrants worked; I came upon two dogs running lose in the street, violently barking, trying to attack the cars that passed by. One was a large dog, maybe 120 pounds, the other a small one following the large one, displaying the same attitude. When I saw them I wished I had a big stick to beat them with in case they attacked me but I had nothing, so I said a prayer as I walked and asked Jesus to let me pass this obstacle. I looked at the ground as I approached their turf, never slowing or increasing my pace, the big dog rushed me with the little one right behind him; I never flinched or acknowledged their presence. Barking furiously, they circled me as I walked. The big one would brush up against me, trying to move me, to gain my attention, but I just kept on ignoring him, the little one would run up to my heals and bark then follow the big one, this went on for a minute or two until they gave up and began following me. The big one would run up ahead, a hundred feet or so then run back to me; like a scout. The little one stuck right by my side, never leaving it, looking up happily at me now, giving out a friendly yap now and again; they were quickly becoming welcome company. When I got to the edge of the desert, the pavement ended and the dirt road began; my new companions still with me, following in their same fashion, I don’t know if they had plans of leaving me
or not, it didn’t look as though they did; they had been following for about a mile at this point. A river, maybe an irrigation river, ran next to the road, and across it lay a dam; I knew I would have to leave the dogs here, I knew I could not take them with me where I was going; where I was going they could not endure and whoever they belonged to would probably miss them. I sat down on the edge of the dam feeling happy and sad at the same time, happy because the company the dogs had given me was comforting, sad because I had to leave them now. I petted them both for a few minutes while they jumped on me and licked me, then I crossed the narrow path across the dam. When I got to the other side I looked back at them, the little one trying desperately to get the courage up to cross the narrow concrete wall; he would get right to the edge of the dam then back away, over and over, the big one was losing interest now that I was gone and just ran in circles; the big one kind of reminded me of myself at times. I loved the companionship you could receive from a dog, definitely one of Gods greatest gifts to man (if you believe in God) , they always wanted to be with you no matter what, if you were having a tough time they were there with you, they didn’t judge you when you screwed up, they loved you just the same, they were always glad to see you, they all had jobs they could do and they loved doing them (hunting, fetching, protecting and just being companions) they were truly incredible creations. It is said God is always with you, that He always loves you and that He is ready to welcome you at any time; hard to believe after some of the things I have done however dogs do just that if you let them so maybe God does as well; so many things imitate their masters or creators.

Up into the hills of the desert, following no trail or road I went. It was a beautiful place, rocks, flowers, occasional vegetation; coarse yet charismatic; I don’t know if there was a more beautiful place on earth. It was warm and friendly in the late afternoon sun; I thought to myself, I might even be able to sleep tonight; so much easier than my plight in the mountains. Walking through the gullies and ravines, I thought about the story of how the devil had destroyed all mankind with his introduction of the flesh and how I wanted God to take this evil I embraced from me. I began to spit on the ground trying to dehydrate myself as quickly as possible, hoping to speed up the trip to deaths door; this brief display of self-righteousness and boasting was short lived, realizing I was going to have to have patience and let things run their course; my lack of patience was perhaps my greatest fault.
As I walked I pondered the flesh of man, perhaps when Adam and Eve ate that alleged fruit, something in it bore itself into their bodies; like a parasite. We have seen many parasites that feed off the living, we have seen different types of worms that get into your body and live off your flesh until they kill you, we have seen diseases that are passed on from mothers to children and we have seen diseases that are passed on through sex. Perhaps the brain is nothing more than a giant worm coiled tightly in the skull, orchestrating its kingdom in us, with its legions of segments all working toward its goals, its organs all tending to the masses and generation after generation it hides in man, building kingdom after kingdom in the ultimate piece of real-estate - like some horrific sci-fi creature.

Man is a kingdom, just as there are kingdoms on earth; does not one part of the body govern, while another part tends to the masses, and do not the masses serve the one that governs, and do not the legs and arms take that which the brain demands. Is not the seed of a man nothing more than a tiny worm that invades the flesh of a woman, finds purchase in blood and flesh and grows, is not man’s kingdom also founded in blood, do you know of a single kingdom that did not establish itself without bloodshed? Perhaps the fruit from the serpent, from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, was nothing more than tiny serpents or worms, the first sperm that moved into our clay. You see them every day, it’s just so hard to believe, so horrible, so preposterous and we have been born into this world and lived with it for so long, we know not of anything else – anyway its just some crazy story.

The day was coming to a close when I decided to make camp under some high tension electrical wires that stretched across the desert; great towers man had constructed to carry power to tend to his needs. I put on some clothes to ward off the chill that was growing in the air, knelt down, said some prayers; praying for strength and accomplishment, then lay down in the dirt and curled up. Light still hung on the horizon when I closed my eyes, but I was not graced with sleep, only with restless thought. I should have known better than to think I was going to rest this soon into the trip. I got to my feet and continued on to the north in the last traipses of light. I didn’t get very far when the sun disappeared behind the mountains, I began stumbling over the rocky terrain and it became evident that I would have to make camp somewhere. I could make out the silhouette of a
large hill rising up out of the desert floor; that is where I decided I would take a stab at some shut eye. The hill was baron of vegetation, covered with small rocks; I found a slight depression in one side of the hill where I dug in for the night. The ground was hard and rocks poked at my body as I lay there slowly drifting off into slumber. I awoke sometime later to a wind whistling and howling through the region, cutting through my clothes chilling me to the bone, forcing me to make my way to the other side of the hill where I found a spot out of the wind; not quite as choice as the other in texture but unaffected by the wind; it was there that I resumed my rest. On through the night I rolled and turned. When the small rocks I lay on grew too uncomfortable in one spot, I would shift into a different position; though there was no escape from them, I would just move every so often; kind of like having a pebble in your shoe; you just move it around when it has irritated one spot for too long. The night seemed to last forever as they always did when you were miserable. I lay there impatiently awaiting the arrival of the sun, trying to force sleep on myself, occasionally getting a little, when I had finally worn out all possible positions to lay in and I just wasn’t exhausted enough to maintain unconsciousness; I sat up looking at the stars that filled the sky and at the town of Yuma which was lit up in the distance. How I missed civilization right now. I loved to drink in its bars, here its songs, to believe its sweet lies of happiness; though it never could quite deliver it, just the thought of what was spoken kept this mule chasing the carrot that dangled before it. I sat huddled in a ball, trying to keep warm, praying now and again as always and thinking of the mysteries of the world and the reasons why; this whole escapade started with my desire for an arm and it had caused me to open a Pandora’s Box that could not be closed. Comfort fell upon me from a bright burning star which glowed in the last remaining hours of twilight; one I had never noticed before, it was probably always there I just never noticed it, like so many things that go unnoticed.

Some headlights far off in the desert (maybe traveling on that road where I left the dogs behind) snaked their way up into a mountain range far off to the east; a sign that people were getting starting to go about their daily tasks, their service in the Kingdom.

The sun rose on the horizon and every time it did out here it was better than the last one, for the night was past and gone. The new light of the day gave me passage through the desert, illuminating all of God’s creation. So many colors, all the things on the
earth came out and glowed for the sun - the brighter the sun shone the fancier they were dressed. Without the sun, without light, there was no color, no beauty, only nothingness; we take a lot of things for granite when we grow accustom to always having them. The light graced the earth and brought with it the warmth I craved, so much that I removed my shirt and changed into a pair of shorts I had in my bag. I made my way up into the hills throughout the day, thoughts of earlier civilizations; Moses and the Jews came to mind. They wondered in the desert for many years with not much more than their hope in God. Despite the extreme hardships they were forced to endure, they kept their faith most of the time. For their devotion, God freed them from slavery, from the kingdom of Egypt, never to be enslaved again and God made them a great powerful nation. God sent them Moses to lead their new kingdom because he had faith in God and loved God (more information from the Bible). God loved Moses because he listened and obeyed. When the Jews grew angry with their hardships, as many do, God had mercy and gave them water from a rock and bread from the heavens. No one has ever seen anything like that before but the Jews recorded that event in history so that it would be remembered. God loved the Jews so much that the Devil attacked them, filling their minds with the ways of this world, blinding them, trying to tear them from God and his Kingdom, and perhaps the Devil has because maybe they did not recognize what God was doing and they were unable to accept an honest, hardworking man as their king; one who did not fight battles the way man does, killing and plundering. Maybe Jesus conquered what they could not see, they knew only the ways of this world and for these ways they became blind. God gave them freedom from other men, He gave them water from a rock, He gave them bread from heaven so that they might see how salvation would come about but they were blinded by the Devils power. Not until after they drank the water from the rock and ate the manna in the desert did they inherit their kingdom, so maybe it is the same with the Kingdom of God. That great big story book says, “Not until you drink the blood of Jesus and eat his flesh will you enter Gods kingdom”. Supposedly Man had no trouble eating the flesh from the serpent, why then do we stay away from the flesh of God. This is a violent brutal land and as horrible as it may seem maybe there is no other way.

Growing weary and impatient as the day went on, bombarded with invocation, traveling on paths left from off road vehicles sometimes and other times
walking where there were no paths, stopping now and then to rest, sometimes under a tree in a gully, sometimes atop a hill, just kind of wandering around heading in a sort of northerly direction. When the sun was high overhead, a thought told me, “If you believe, throw down your bag and leave all you have”, I questioned this thought for a moment, then not wanting to go against what I had read in the Bible about taking things with you when you went to serve God; I dropped the bag I carried on the side of the path I was traveling on, leaving it behind, never looking back. Thoughts persisted, exposing my fears and taking an account of my possessions; I still had a shirt. Unable to argue, I threw down the shirt, now I had nothing but a pair of shorts on and a pair of boots. A mile or so passed and I was hoping there would be an unmistakable sign, one that could not be misinterpreted, one telling me to end this journey, but it did not happen.

My thirst was overwhelming by this time, all I could think about was water, I hadn’t had a drink in over 24 hours; my throat and mouth were parched. “Maybe I should leave my shoes also.” I thought. Desperate to impress the Lord and hopefully gain some recognition; I removed my boots and socks. The desert floor was covered with rocks and briars all of which assaulted my feet with every step. For maybe twenty minutes I walked pulling briars from my feet when they became lodged in them, all the time wondering how far I would have to go before I was recognized, acknowledged, but nothing happened. Finally out of total desperation I lay down in the dirt on my back, looking to the sky, my feet bleeding a little, my heart bleeding a lot, I said to the Lord, “I can go no further, I am exhausted, what do you want from me, I have faith but you do not heal me, I have trusted you, I have followed you, I have given up everything but you have done nothing for me and it is here where I will die, where you have killed me.” I lay there unyielding to the rocks that poked into my body, complaining like a spoiled baby until a little voice said, “Get up and shut the hell up, quit your crying, stop acting like a complete fool, go back get your boots and get your ass moving, you’re not even close to being done, quit playing games.” I rose to my feet and hobbled back the way I came until I found my boots and socks. I put my socks and boots back on over my tenderized feet and got going. The boots I assumed I was allowed to keep but as for the shirt and bag I did not go back for them.

Not long after I had come to my senses, I realized that I was going to fail once again and I had to break the news to the Lord. “I don’t want my arm, I just want water
and I want to go home; you have broken me”. Right about then I came to a small gully and a little voice inside my head spoke to me telling me, “Follow this gully and you will have water before the sun sets.” This wasn’t that pleasing because there was plenty of daylight left and I was thirsty now, to the point of insanity but I complied with the instruction for I had no choice. The walls of the gully grew into a gorge and on the floor I could detect traces of the paths water had taken in days past. I tracked my quarry hoping that the promise of water would be where it was supposed to be.

I stopped to rest on a bank in the ravine when a man in a four wheel drive truck happened by on a path along the ridge of the ravine; out for a day of off-roading in the sun, climbing hills and getting away from civilization in his vehicle; in his vehicle which civilization had provided him with; the proverbial “Catch 22”. He looked at me from out of the truck, bewildered and confused as everyone I encountered on these journeys did; then he kept on going. I guess it’s not every day that you see a one armed man in nothing but a pair of shorts and boots sitting on a rock alone in the middle of the desert.

Deep down in what had slowly become a canyon, I came upon a small pool of stagnant water in the shade of the canyon wall. “Man did I want a drink”, I stood there looking at it, dreaming of how good some water would taste right now, though it seemed like a trap, this water was nothing more than another test. It would still be a few hours till the sun set and I thought, if I drank that water I would probably die; all I could think about was all the cattle skulls lying next to small pools of water I had seen in so many westerns on T.V., I wasn’t going to take a chance here; I would know when I was where I was supposed to be. Endless twists and turns snaked on as the walls of the canyon grew higher and higher. I stopped to collapse in the shade of the canyon wall and lay in the cool sand which resided there on the canyon floor. My heart pounded in my chest furiously as I lay there but I could not rest for long; my body’s need for water was stronger than my desire to rest; the beast’s need was great and its kingdom that was in me served its wishes; I could not refuse its command. Progress stopped when the canyon floor turned to rock and then disappeared. Peering over the edge of what was a huge cliff, I could see a large pool of water below, big enough to swim in. I salivated at the thought of the pleasure that the water promised, though to get to it I would have to climb down the cliff; a cliff I could see I would be unable to climb back up if I went down it, and on the other side off the pool
appeared to be a greater cliff, one I most certainly could not climb down, then a vision of
my skeleton laying on the rock surrounding the pool came to me; this was not the place,
there was only death there; just another temptation. I had reached a dead end traveling the
canyon floor, I would have to back track until I found a spot where I could climb the
canyon wall and get out. I figured I could follow the rim of the canyon until I could get
around the obstacle. I found a navigable area where I could traverse my way out. When I
got up on top I could see in the distance that the canyon opened up to where it was very
wide; I knew I had to be close to water. Onward I traveled the ridge, until there it was, in
the distance, a mighty river ripping through the land; that was the place. I could see that
there would be no more obstructions on the floor of the canyon so I made my way back
down. “I was going to dive into that river when I got there and drink till I burst”, I thought.
I picked up my pace following a four wheel drive trail that was there on the canyon floor.
Like a kid at Christmas I could think of nothing else, nothing but the gift I was to receive,
the gift of water.

As I got close to the river I came upon what appeared to be a fairly heavily
traveled dirt road (judging by the compactness of its surface) though I saw no vehicles. I
followed the road and it lead right down to the river to where there was a little pavilion
with a picnic table, off to the side there was a sign; I was in a California state park. Sitting
down on the picnic table I took off my boots and socks and then waded into the water. The
water was cold, too cold to dive into, so I just said the blessing and scooped water to the
mouth. After I tended to my immediate needs I got back out and walked over to a trash can
resting beside the picnic table. Inside the trashcan I found an old paper cup, “just what I
needed to really satisfy my desires”, and I returned to the water’s edge and drank till I
could drink no more; the sun was now setting, the promise had been fulfilled.

With the darkness settling in, the bugs came out, the mosquitoes, the blood
suckers, and they began to feast on me. I put my boots back on, swatting them off as best I
could; I now wished I had my clothes - certainly this night would be spent in misery.
Looking over at the trash can I noticed the liner draped over its rim; that would be my shirt.
I pulled the trash bag out, dumped what little trash there was in it, out of it into the can, tore
a hole in the bottom for my head and one in the side for my arm and put it on. It wasn’t the
best shirt I ever had but it was certainly the most appreciated one. Walking over to a large
sign resting to the side of the picnic area; I studied a map of the park that was on it. There appeared to be a camping area down the road a ways, where I was sure there would be more water and probably a nice spot to rest for the night. Not wanting to waste any more time, I got moving again; my legs sore, my feet tender. The dirt road wasn’t too bad, it could be traveled at night without much problem, an occasional rut would catch me off guard causing me to stumble but I never fell. I wondered how long it would take to get to my camp for the night; things always took longer than I thought so I tried not to get too excited about getting there any time soon.

After walking for a while in the dark, I could see some lights in the distance; it looked as though people were camping there. When I arrived at the illuminated area, I could see that it was a camp ground and a trailer sat parked with some people gathered at a picnic table. I sauntered up to their table wearing my new shirt, and I could tell by their expressions, they didn’t know what the hell was going on. “Can I have a drink of water,” I asked. They didn’t say anything but yes. They gave me a drink and I asked them where the ranger station was. “Just up ahead.” they told me, and off I went. I felt kind of bad having to impose on them in my present state but I had no choice; hopefully their trip wasn’t too disturbed by my interruption; I don’t know how well I would have slept knowing there was a one armed man in a trash bag prowling around in the dark. When I got to a bend in the road there was a small stable with some horses or mules in it, and right by the stable was a water spigot. I reached for the handle and turned it on; water flowed out, “Yes” I exclaimed to myself, and drank until my belly hurt. My thirst had been quenched; the next item on the agenda was a place to sleep.

I wandered down the dirt road a short ways until I came to another camping area. The standard procedure applied as always before I went to sleep, I surveyed the area until the appropriate spot was located; a spot where I could remain undetected from human eye, and tonight it would be under a tree next to the little ranger station that stood in the camping facility. The station was closed for the night and no one was around as I made my way under the tree. The tree’s branches were low and hung just above the ground concealing me from sight and the dirt beneath branches was soft and free of stones. I tucked my only arm up into the trash bag I wore and curled up, trying to keep warm as the night wind began to introduce itself. The trash bag was better than nothing but it couldn’t
ward off the cold night air; had I some clothing, things would have been much more comfortable there. As it was always, I was forced to stand up and mill around in circles to try to keep warm; though tonight this tactic proved to be unsuccessful. I didn’t want to travel in the dark tonight, I wanted to get some rest, I wanted to turn myself off for a few hours; I just didn’t know how I was going to do it. As things would have it, there was a small electric transformer humming on the porch out front the ranger station. It was a small little green metal box, maybe 18 inches by 18 inches on top and about 18 inches above the deck and it was hot. I sat down on it for a while as it warmed my ass, then got down on my knees and slumped over it, laying my chest on it until I had to shift around for fear of being burned. I drifted in and out of sleep through the night, curled up around the humming transformer like a snake on a hot rock; not a bad night’s sleep for a crisis - the Lord had once again provided me with what I needed – if you believe in that sort of thing.

When I could see the next day approaching, I departed from the transformer not wanting any trouble from the rangers that would probably be arriving soon. I wanted to go back to town but I did not want to go back wearing a trash bag, the shame of that was currently greater than the pain of being out here dying of thirst. I decided I would have to go back and get the bag I had left behind. I returned to the water spigot next to the stable where I had quenched my thirst the night before, said some prayers, the blessing, and then drank up. From my calculations, I figured I could cut across a mountain range to the west and save some time rather than going back the same way I came, it appeared that if I did this I would be able to circle back and retrieve my bag with my belongings. I was hoping my bag would still be there and that I could find it; just as I was thinking this, the little voice said, “You will find it at noon.” The voice hadn’t steered me wrong about finding the water by sundown yesterday, so I put some hope in this invocation. Sometimes though it was hard to tell if the thoughts were just a hope or desire I created or an actual truth. I had plenty of thoughts that weren’t true when I wasn’t with God; they seemed so real at times but just never materialized. I have been pulled in so many directions, by so many things; it could be hard to recognize what was real and what wasn’t.

The day progressed as usual, up and down hills, the warm sun on my back; off to reclaim what I could not give up. I said I believed and would follow but I just couldn’t give up everything right now, or perhaps I had learned more than I had recognized and there
was no longer any need to go without these things; I had spent almost 24 hours outdoors in a pair of shorts and boots and I was in as good a health as ever. The Lord had provided me with a shirt (though it was a trash bag, it was clean and it was warm) and when it got to cold, I found the transformer, and when I was thirsty, I had water; I can’t say that I suffered anything more than my own tormented thoughts of what could happen but didn’t. Still I guess I had to question my faith in Jesus, for if I truly trusted him, I would not go back to civilization until I spent the 40 days.

Trust in God is a hard thing to acquire when there are so many things trying to prevent you from trusting in Him and when you do attempt to trust Him, you become bombarded by reasons, reasons that seem to make more sense why you should not abandon what you have come to trust. This burden of learning to trust God completely was a relentless struggle of the mind but it had to be done at some point in time.

Up a ways, I came upon a heavily secured area, surrounded by tall fences bearing labels, “danger cyanide”. I could hear the sound of heavy equipment operating behind the hills. It must have been some kind of a dump or something, a place for man to bury his crap. Our existence demanded so much of ourselves and this Earth and we refused to live without the things it desired, even if they killed us. The signs were everywhere, we had trampled this planet like a stampede of wild animals; I’m not trying to point the finger at anyone, we are all guilty in one way or another. Having to deal with the repercussions of mortality was definitely not an easy task, and what made it even worse, were the ones who started wars amongst each other because they thought they knew what was right. If you ate you had to crap, there was no two ways about it, and everybody here on this Earth ate; they just may have a different diet. I guess some thought that crap was just magically going to go away, but it runs out of every one’s body just the same, they just need to stop sniffing everyone else’s ass and sniff their own or “let he who is without sin cast the first stone “. I walked away from there and on toward where my bag hopefully was, knowing that if man was going to live with the beast; this place was necessary. On up ahead some water ran out of the ground and I stopped to drink, it was up hill from the dump so I figured it would probably be safe to drink.

I got to the edge of the mountain range I had been climbing and I could see the big valley that swept between the range I was on, and the one to the west; somewhere
in that valley was my bag. Descending the mountain I tried to think about where I was when I left it. The desert was beautiful, as always (provided you were warm and not thirsty), no one lived here but it didn’t seem like a bad place to live. Some of the first civilizations were built in the desert. Abraham lived in the desert, one probably not much different from this one. God loved him because of his unquestionable devotion to God. No matter what God asked, he did it. It always seemed strange to me that God asked him to kill his son who God knew Abraham loved more than his own life. I had learned on the boat trip that what you give to God, God gives back to you. Perhaps God was judging all of man through Abraham and if Abraham did not do this, God would not have given his son (Jesus) who he loved and knew would be killed; murdered by an angry mob, an angry mob of descendants of Abraham, The Old Testament says, “An eye for an eye”, could it also be, “a son for a Son”; truth is stranger than fiction.

Nobody in the world could ever do what Jesus did, I couldn’t even last out here for more than a couple of days, and I was out here for my own personal gain; not to save anyone else. I had problems I had created and though I was trying to fix them, this was not for charity, no matter what I told myself, I knew deep down I came wanting something; Jesus came giving. We are told He left heaven (a perfect kingdom) to come down here to save us, a wretched people, a people who God knew had become His enemy and He knew exactly what was going to happen; still He came. No one forced Him to come, God would have loved Him just the same, whether He came or not, He still would have a kingdom regardless, but He came anyway, He saw and He truly conquered, that is to say if you believe what has been recorded in the Bible. Who on this earth leaves behind something perfect (if that were possible here) to go out to war when they aren’t in any danger at all. We only fight for our needs here when they are threatened, when we become scared, or in need, or angry. I know that when I am threatened my first thoughts are to stop the one threatening me by whatever means necessary, but Jesus did not kill the ones threatening Him for He knew they were blind and they did not act on their own, they were deceived, the one He was after they could not see, though they were carrying out its will.

Scouring every hill and gully, I searched for some landmark that I might remember from the day before. There was a huge round hill I could see off in the distance which I remembered from yesterday and I remembered that I had my clothes with me when
I passed by it; now I just needed to find the trail I was traveling down when I left my bag. This part of the reconnaissance was not easy, it was hard to detect any difference from one trail to the next, there were so many that all went in the same direction, all looking exactly the same, I would follow one for a while then abandon it not recognizing anything familiar on it and cross over a couple of gorges, then pick up another trail.

As the morning progressed, I picked up a trail where I recognized some twists and dips from the day before; I hoped this was the one where I dropped my belongings and I hoped that no one had happened by and picked them up, perhaps someone like the man in the truck I saw the day before. What if I could not find them? What if I had to go back into town in this trash bag, walking through the streets in complete shame? Maybe this was going to be another brutal lesson of some sort - a lesson in humility. While I tried to calculate and control my fears of returning to town in my present state; there it was, up ahead, lying on the side of the road, right where I had left it, sitting there, waiting for me. When I got to it I knelt down and prayed, “I can never thank you Lord for what you have done for me, fore I am just a man, but you have filled my heart with happiness.” When I looked up the sun was directly overhead - I didn’t need a watch to know it was exactly noon. Invocation could be clear out here, away from the modern world, unfortunately the embrace of our kingdom was great and life in the flesh was much more comfortable in the world we have created for it, and as fulfilling to the soul as it was out here, I was still a slave to the beast that was my flesh and I longed to satisfy its desire for comfort - the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak, and my flesh had reached its limit. I followed the road and shortly found the shirt I had left - everything I had lost was now found.

My actions on this trip would most certainly appear as insane to anyone who did not believe in God, and to people who did not really know God; walking around, leaving things and then returning to get them, not carrying any water, subjecting yourself to discomforting situations but this trip had brought me more understanding and more appreciation for God, and whether you believe or not, when so many things you have trusted in your thoughts happen the way they were supposed to, you can only deny their existence for so long. Everyone has spirits in them, whether you want to believe it or not, they are recognized by what we call thoughts, and the spirits in us are identifiable by what thoughts they invoke; as scary as that may seem, we are all possessed by many spirits; we
don’t do anything unless we are provoked by thought, and that thought has a messenger baring it.

Thirst had once again plagued my body and the closest place I knew of to get water was the river. The gully I began to follow the day before wasn’t far and I soon got there, following the path of yesterday, grasping tightly to my hopes of water. Thoughts of history and reasons why, accompanied me as my companion once again, easing the burden of the journey.

I wonder how the first day and night on Earth was (If the Tale of Adam and Eve was really true), needing water and perhaps not knowing where to get it, it was said that God gave them some clothes so that would have definitely been a plus but having no way out would have sucked. I was here of my own accord and I would presumably be able to return to a safe, warm, dry place and be able to eat and resume a comfortable life protected from the elements. I would not have wanted to have to start from scratch, completely uneducated without knowledge of my now present state and its needs, totally oblivious to the changes that were taking place and unable to do anything about them; a captive, a victim, with no plan of escape; all the while knowing you truly were F**ked in all senses of the word, never has it been more defined than then.

As I walked through the canyon, growing nearer to my destination, I slowly began to think that maybe there was a lot more going on in man than realized, in me, in all of us; like some bad science fiction film.

The day held its burden as the day before did, but knowing where I was heading and what awaited me made the journey easier. I passed the stagnant water which I had passed the day before only this time without temptation, I headed up the canyon wall when I was near the great pool below the cliff; just continuing on without rebellion.

When I was going down the last decent into the mouth of the canyon I saw a coyote run up into the hills, this reminded me off the two dogs that followed me earlier on in my journey. At one time perhaps they’re ancestors were wild like the coyote but through the years man had broken them of those ways of the wild and made him a companion and how man loved his dog and how if a man spent time with him teaching him and caring for him, that dog would die for him; fore a dog knows no joy without his master.
The journey to the watering hole was drawing to a close and I began to confess my sorrow to Jesus for the abandonment of my attempt. “I cannot make it another day; I cannot do what you have done.” A quick reply in my thought followed my confession. “All you can do for me is set an example and tell the others of me.” In my thought I said “I will do this for you, I do believe in you, and I know you are who you say you are, and you have done so much for me”. Nothing more did I say after that, not wanting to offend the Lord with a dragged on bull shit speech to try and cover up my failure. Deep down I knew the Lord let me off without insult or injury, especially when this attempt, like the ones before, were just a drop in a bucket compared to what I claimed I was going to do, I told the Lord that I would spend forty days out here but three days and two nights was all I could do - a far cry from forty; not even close.

I reached the road that lead to the river when a truck with two older couples in it stopped next to me to ask for some direction about the road ahead. I told them I hadn’t gone down that road that far and I didn’t know what was down there. They asked me what I was doing and I told them I was hiking around for a few days on vacation; nothing more - I was glad I wasn’t still wearing the trash bag anymore. I then asked them for a ride out of the park. They said they were going to go drive a little further down the road but they would pick me up on their way back and give me a ride as far as the campground where they were staying, then they went on their way. I went to the river as I had done before and drank, then headed back in the direction of the ranger station I had slept near the night before. I hadn’t gone but a mile or two when the truck pulled up. I jumped in the back in the back of the truck, and then we roared down the bumpy dirt road bouncing all over as I held on looking out the back at the dust of the desert flying up behind us. I sat there knowing I was beaten once again and this time perhaps worse than the times before, though I wasn’t too sad because I knew I gave it the best fight I could; three days out here, and not a bite of food in four. I said my goodbyes to the desert as it sat there silent in all its majesty. I had learned a lot out here in the brief time I was here and my knowledge of the Lord had grown, though once again I was unsuccessful acquiring what I came for. My faith had grown over these past few days and I had quite a vacation; maybe the best one I had ever had, not to say that I wasn’t glad it was over; just that it was very fulfilling.
I rode in the back for some time hoping this truck was going to go most of the way to Yuma, not wanting to walk anymore; my feet and legs exhausted. We rounded a turn and I saw the dam I had crossed when I went into the desert and the paved road I had come in on. When we got to the pavement the truck stopped and the driver asked if I wanted a ride all the way to Yuma (I couldn’t have been happier about that), I told them I did, and then off again we went. We hadn’t gone too far; when there they were, barking and chasing the truck as we went by, the two dogs that had followed me; they had safely made it back home. I don’t know if they recognized me or not but I could never forget them and it was pleasing to see them safe and doing their thing.

We had just about reached town when the California police pulled up behind us (the civilian military) popped on their lights and pulled us over; apparently it’s against the law for anyone to ride in the back of a pickup truck. The one cop took a look at the driver’s license and informed him of this law while I stood next to the truck hoping that they weren’t going to give him a ticket for helping me; luckily they didn’t. Then the police moved on to me; the usual questioning, what are you doing out here, do you have any drugs, are you wanted anywhere, they went through my bag, took my I.D. , ran my number through their computer, then sent me off on foot when all my information checked out Ok. I guess man can just never know who is a threat and we are forced to be on our guard of each other because of the actions of a few, and unfortunately I can say that until the last few years I was guilty of just about everything I had been accused of and more, so I couldn’t hold this against them, though I was a little perturbed by the whole production and procedure. I was not allowed to ride in the truck any further; back to the pavement for me.

The hike into town from this point was short and when I arrived there I was welcomed by a water fountain which resided on a building at the border of Arizona and California, where I drank from it until my belly hurt (standard practice by this point). Next came the hard part, maybe the hardest part of this whole escapade; the call to my folks to have them send me some money – what was I going to tell them. I certainly couldn’t tell them that I came out here thinking that I was going to get my arm back; they had enough problems without having to think that I was totally insane. Would I tell them I was a changed man and that I came out here to be like Jesus? I decided I would tell them that, after all, I told Jesus I would tell of him. The collect call was made, my sister answered,
with a little chuckle she began the questioning, “Where are you? What are you doing in Yuma?” “I just needed a little vacation.” I froze, I couldn’t say the first thing about Jesus, kind of like Peters denial, I guess. I told her that I needed her to send me some money so I could get out of here. She told me she would wire me some money, and to call her back in a few hours so she could tell me where to pick it up.

I milled around the peaceful town enjoying the summer breeze that existed here in March; a pleasant change from the cold that existed back home. Thoughts of a hotel room and food entertained me while I passed the time waiting for the money to arrive. The few coins I had floating around in my bag were just enough to get me a soda from a vending machine I happened upon; then I was completely broke. I had plenty of money back home and credit cards but I hadn’t wanted to take anything with me that might hinder my success; though now I wished I had. How much I longed to be back in the comfort of the world of the beast; all my senses being tended too.

Calling back after the allotted time, my sister informed me that she and my Dad had wired a few hundred dollars. I told them I would call them back when I got it so they would know everything was alright.

The sun had long since gone down; another night had arrived, although this one I anticipated would be spent indoors. When I got to the money wire office to pick up the funds, the store was closed. By this point, I was sick of walking, the thought of having to go any further was extremely annoying, but as was always the case in my life, I didn’t have a choice; I wanted to be indoors, I needed to be indoors, so I consented with this obstacle. I asked a few people on the street for directions to another office until I got wind of one on the other side of town; fortunately it was a small town. I hurried along not wanting that office to close before I got there. This office was located in a grocery store, when I got there the store was open but the money office was closed and wouldn’t be open till mid-morning the next day. Talking to a person who worked there, I was informed that there was no office in town that was open now and that none of them would be open until tomorrow. I was devastated and furious once again. It wasn’t going to be over just because I wanted it to be over. I refused to believe that I was going to have to stay out another night, this was almost impossible to accept, “why”, I thought. I angrily scoured the town searching relentlessly for hours for an office, until there was no hope left. Heading through the
streets, trying to come up with a plan, I passed a man who appeared to be down on his luck. “Hey, you know anywhere where I can buy a sleeping bag,” he asked. “No, I wish I could help you, I’m actually trying to figure out where I’m sleeping tonight,” I replied. “You got any money,” he asked; my response, “Not a dime”. He reached into his pocket and pulled out some money and held out two dollars, “here,” he said. I looked at the money and said; “one is fine,” not wanting to take this man’s money knowing tomorrow I would have plenty. He said sternly, “I’m giving you two, you take two.” I had no problem arguing with this so I took it, thanked him, and we went our separate ways. This was a crazy world; here was what appeared to be a homeless man forcing money on me, and the last person in the world you would expect to get something from. It is always inspiring to experience the good side of humanity, this man did not give to be recognized or for tax purposes and he did not appear to have a surplus of wealth, just like the man in the train station who gave me his change so I could go home, they only gave out of their concern for another person; for no other reason. They might not have been overjoyed having to do this but they did it. There were kind and wicked people in all walks of life, I was very fortunate to have run across some kind ones on my travels - The Lord works in mysterious ways. After we departed, I went straight to a convenience store and bought a big slushy drink which ate up about half of the money.

Scheming of some way to get off the street; I made another call home. Perhaps my sister could call a hotel and give them a credit card number to get me a room. Agreeing to this, I told her I would go to the hotel next to where I currently was, and see if they would do this, then I would call her back. Unfortunately upon talking with the desk clerk this method of securing a room was unacceptable. I have to admit, I wasn’t looking like the average customer, my clothes were filthy from sleeping in the dirt for the last two nights, my hair messed up and a tattered bag over my shoulder; sadly I walked away, truly knowing that I was going to be outdoors for the remainder of the night. I called home once again to inform them of the news and to let them know I would call tomorrow when I got the money so they would know everything was okay.

There was a field across the street from where I was which looked like a good spot to stay the night. It had small trees and shrubs all about it. Spying a clump of bushes that looked like they might offer some concealment, I wondered over to investigate.
When I got right up on them, I found there was already someone sleeping in them; not wanting any trouble, I crept away quietly. I walked a little further until I found another spot that looked good, but when I got to that one, it too was already occupied. I searched on only to find another man in the next spot I selected; this place was filled with homeless. After my third attempt to seek solace in that field was foiled, I thought it better to move on to a different area away from here; I would never sleep well with this many strangers so close by. Not only couldn’t I sleep inside, now I couldn’t sleep outside either, and what was even more frustrating, was the night air tonight was warm enough to where I figured I could get a good night’s sleep, and I was exhausted, I just couldn’t find a place to lay my head. The search continued as I approached the interstate which ran through the town and it was there that I found my spot. There was an off ramp from the interstate that encircled an area of land, there were shrubs and overgrowth much like the field I had just left. Further examination ensued until I was confident no one else was occupying this area, it was the best spot in town and not a soul but me in it. Kneeling down I said my prayers, then drifted off to sleep, listening to the comforting sounds from the highway, thinking of the future, when I would be reinstated into society.

A peaceful night departed making way for Sunday, the Lords day. I would go to mass at the Catholic Church I had passed on my way to the desert and then pick up my money. I dusted off my clothes (I was filthy), then headed off to mass. Walking down the road I happened onto a lawn sprinkler running, shooting water into the air, my hair was a mess, so I stood next to it and soaked my head then slicked back my hair; I was now ready for church. The church was a beautiful oasis with palms gracing its courtyard and a Spanish hint of architecture about its structure, the only fault I could find with it, was that the first mass was to begin about the same time I was to pick up my money; another blow struck my heart, would these conflicts ever cease. I was angry but I didn’t fight it, there was just no use, just a little more salt in the wound; everything on these adventures would push me right up to my breaking point – it was relentless.

It was several hours until mass so I thought I might occupy my time by walking through the center of town browsing the streets. Passing by a little store with a table in front of it I stopped to rest. I wasn’t there long when an older man who appeared to be homeless sat down at the table, he had a smile on his face and started conversation. “Not
a bad night last night,” he said happily. “No it wasn’t too bad,” I replied. This was a tuff old dude, I don’t know how he ended up where he was or what kind of a person he was and it really didn’t matter now but he hadn’t given up and he had a good attitude today and he was pleasant to be around; I don’t know if he believed in God or not, but maybe one day, if not today. The Lord does like people who are tuff when the chips are down and He has a way of helping them to see the light if they want to. We sat making idol conversation for a while, watching a bicycle race that was taking place through the town, passing right by the table we were seated at. While we sat there passing the time, the store behind us opened, the owner came out, started talking to us and offered us some coffee and something to eat; regretfully I had to decline; It wasn’t that long until mass and you’re not supposed to eat anything for at least an hour before you eat the Body and blood of Jesus; I had come this far, no sense in quitting now. When my time at the table came to a close, I said my goodbyes and went off to church. The church was packed when mass began, I stood in the back because there weren’t enough seats for all that were there. Every kind of person in the world appeared to be there, most I assume with the hope of Heaven and a better life. The Padre spoke with a commanding authority when he delivered his homily, not insulting or placing blame on any one individual but simply teaching sternly yet compassionately of what Jesus had said to teach. When the mass was nearing the end it came time to shake hands with those around you, it seemed as though then people let go of their defenses for a brief moment, forgetting about everything that tore us apart in life and put it aside long enough to share the gracious gift of brotherhood, peace, and unity, the gift that Jesus had brought to man, a true unity, one comprised of love for your fellow man, love for God and Salvation; unfortunately this typically didn’t last to long for most, sometimes not even into the church parking lot, where we would become impatient and frustrated trying to get out, a mere 15 minutes after we all just had mass and shook hands.

When the time came, I received the body of Christ, the first bite of food I had in five days, it didn’t fill my belly but it did fill my soul. When the mass had ended the people poured out of the church, the Padre was standing out front greeting the people as they came out. As I made my exit out into the courtyard, my bag draped over my shoulder he came over to me looked me strait in the eye and shook my hand. Though I can’t
remember what he said I could see that this man did seem to care for all those who came to him to learn about God and he certainly went out of his way to make you feel welcome.

After the mass I went to the office to pick up the money. I provided the person there with the necessary information and in return they handed me a stack of notes with the faces, with the images on them. No one traded without these notes and they were always on our minds, this world pounded the authority of these marks and their value into our minds; we made it our life’s work to seek these marks out and acquire them. Tending to my earthly needs, I got some food at a fast food joint, and then got a room at the hotel I was rejected from the night before. I got my room, took a long bath, and washed my clothes, then turned on the T.V. I had become addicted to, and enjoyed some of its instant false companionship, and went to sleep; I was back in the arms of the flesh, I wasn’t proud to be there but I could fight it no longer, and my body definitely loved the rest and relaxation.

When I awoke it was evening, an evening much more pleasing than the night before, I had money now and I was somebody recognized in this kingdom once again. When my belly growled, I obeyed it, catching a cab to the best Mexican restaurant in town where I ate my fill. After diner I returned to my room content. I had had one of the most enjoyable nights out I had ever had, it seemed like God was right there with me the entire night smiling on me, and that is a joy that can’t be bought. Though I had failed miserably, it felt like He had acknowledged my effort as valid and in return He gave unto me what I loved even though it was a desire of my beast; it was all I could understand and enjoy.

The next morning I caught the bus for home. The ride was long but I needed the rest so it didn’t matter. I occupied my time looking out the window and talking occasionally to the person who would end up sitting next to me. One gentleman in particular was a military man who was going to retire soon and become a preacher in the Christian faith, not the Catholic faith, but one that was based on Jesus. We talked briefly on the subject of Jesus until I offended him by telling him, if you don’t receive the Body and Blood of Jesus you won’t go to heaven. I guess his heart just couldn’t accept that then. It’s so hard to have someone tell you that your most cherished dreams will not come true or that you were wrong about them, but to have a true faith you must have complete trust in what you are placing your faith in and to truly trust Jesus you must put aside what man has
said to believe and obey, and believe every word which Jesus has spoken. Religion can get wrapped up in right and wrong with so many people but it is very black and white if you simply look at exactly what is in the Bible. He may have not liked hearing it from me but it originated from Jesus, he plainly said “If you do not eat my Flesh and drink my Blood you do not have eternal life.” I guess my problem with those who said they had faith in Jesus but did not believe everything He said was how can faith exist you ignore one thing He has said, do you think he was lying? How can you have faith in someone if you do not believe every single word that they have said? If you do not believe what they have said you do not trust them and if you do not trust them than you cannot have faith in them. These things may be hard to accept but what choice do you have - only Jesus has eternal life. No one likes everything Jesus says because typically it involves having to do things that are extremely uncomfortable and frustrating, and we would rather try and rationalize with them until we have come up with an excuse that we can be thoroughly convinced is what we want to believe.

As we traveled on, our bus was pulled over and some men from immigration got on board the bus checking several of the Hispanic passengers for identification, then they removed those who did not have a number that stood for their name in this kingdom. No one lived or traded here without a number which stood for his name. We resumed our journey without further interruption. The remainder of the trip was uneventful, filled only with sleep and casual thought. I arrived in Washington D.C. very early Friday morning where I was greeted by my Dad at the bus station, who then dropped me off at my house. When I got home I never confessed to the real reason of my trip, I never kept my promise to Jesus; I was just too afraid, like Peter , only there was no rooster crowing anywhere accept in my head.
I continued to pray and go to church every Sunday through the spring and into the summer, trying to grow and lead a sin free life, though it was hard and I can’t say that I was successful. When the month of July grew near, the month in which I lost my arm; my hopes to regain an arm had arisen once again. This time I thought I would try my chances at sea where I had lost my arm, I would go out on the Fourth of July, driving my boat once again, until I ran out of gas, then pull the plug on it; sinking it, leaving myself truly at the mercy of God, showing Him that I had true faith in Him.

Several days before the Fourth; my spirits soaring; I decided I would depart on my quest a day or two earlier than originally planned because the sea was calm, so on the Second of July, about four in the morning, I slipped out the door of my home heading off to Death’s door once again, hoping to find what I had been searching for. This trip harbored no fear what so ever, I had grown to trust the Lord, and I knew how to defeat the fears that would attack me when it came time to do these things. Out into the night, on to the highway I went, filled with joy, all the while thinking, “surely when the sun set I would have my arm”. I hadn’t gone very far down the road when I saw a person standing on the side of the highway waving a red cloth, in need of some sort of assistance. I didn’t know whether to stop or keep going so I just kept going, “Certainly God wanted me to stay on track, the police should probably be by soon, that’s their job and this was a very busy road even in the middle of the night and this area of town was not a good one” - I felt kind of bad but it passed.

When I got to the shore I was strong in spirit, anxious and willing. I hooked the boat trailer up to the truck, pulled it to the gas station, filled all three tanks without hesitation then headed to the boat ramp. I uneventfully launched the boat and off I went, through the inlet and out into the sea. The sea was calm today as I roared through it heading due east, the sky was plagued with clouds, a fine mist fell from it, but that didn’t
bother me today, I had learned to get strength from faith and not from the sun. I had taken my fishing poles and my tackle along to offer them as sacrifice as well; since that was my passion, I had also taken my global positioning system (GPS) so that I could stay on a strait path of 90 degrees, due east.

As the trip progressed, passing fishing boats working the sea, surrounded by nothing but water, I thought of Noah and the great flood and how God was said to have wiped all men but Noah from the earth, it was said that Noah did not perish because Noah listened to God. God would have saved anyone who listened but no one else did; they only served themselves, so that is all they heard; their own desires. I would not put myself in the same class as Noah but I had come to see that the more you excommunicated yourself from society (T.V., media gossip, indulgence of the sense, intoxication, consumption of daily life) you could definitely think clearer and interpret your thoughts much better. I’m guessing Noah probably didn’t talk to a lot of people back then or get caught up in any scandals that were probably going around and he probably prayed a lot so as to stay in touch with God. From what I had seen, invocations were very clear until you started doing things that God was not pleased with or things that were damaging to yourself and others, then communications would slowly slip away. When one speaks, if no one listens, how long will they speak continuing to be ignored? All men were probably ignoring God so God did not speak to them so they knew not of the flood. Noah apparently listened to God, knew God, trusted God and obeyed God. When God told Noah to build a boat, Noah did not say “why” or “I don’t believe I need the boat to survive”, Noah did exactly what God said to do and Noah was saved by the vessel which God told him to build. Noah did not say “I will do this but I won’t do that” for he knew that God never spoke of things that weren’t absolutely necessary; Noah knew everything God said was to be strictly abided by. Those who did not listen; whose fault was it that they died? Do you think that no one saw Noah building the huge boat? Do you think that no one knew who Noah served? God shows no prejudice, He gives the same to all who listen and observe and He gives all who have ears a chance to hear but if you refuse to listen, whose fault is that? I had a lot of distractions in my life that I struggled with but I kept trying to get a little better all the time.

The sea remained calm as I headed into the now blue waters of the deep. I spent my time in thought and prayer with all the confidence of victory on my brow. I never
stopped praying even though I felt confident and strong; I had learned how easy it was for a spirit to come unexpectedly and take away your strength, usually this would happen when I was overconfident or I would began to relax or exhibit pride as though I perhaps had strength without God. There are so many things in this world that you can’t see that are there and they do so much more in this world than things you can see; actions are caused by decisions and decisions are made by thoughts; who makes these thoughts? So many links in these chains and they are so often connected to an anchor.

Sailing on; the pains of anticipation increasing, time taunting me, “how much longer, how much farther, how many more hours would it be before the fuel was gone?” I wanted to be there and I wanted to be there now. The sea conditions this trip were much more favorable than the last allowing me to cover a much greater distance with the amount of fuel I had on board. Everything in life always seemed to be a double edged sword, my prejudices always seemed to get the best of me and this time my prejudice lead me to believe it would be better if it were calm when I departed; it seemed like you could just never win. If it were rough today, my boat would have probably been out of gas by now, having to have consumed more fuel, having to have worked so much harder to climb the sea, but not today, the vessel raced further and further into the sea, away from land; efficiently and without resistance.

Reaching the edge of the Gulf Stream, I was greeted by a current which bore the sea a rougher texture. The sea rose up and down wearing an eerie turquoise face on its waves, crowned with a hint of pewter which it received from the foaming peaks reflecting back the light from the cloud filled sky that existed; the conditions had gone from perfect to very unpleasant. Though the sea was bearing it fangs, this just felt as though this was just another test, it actually brought me joy, fore I knew I was getting closer. Nothing would make me turn back this time, I had remembered what had happened last time I turned back; I would not make the same mistake twice.

The main tank went dry at long last and I hooked up the twelve gallon can as the sea tossed the now lifeless boat. I said a prayer for strength, fired the boat back up and continued climbing the seas; due east. According to my GPS I was over one hundred and fifty miles out from the inlet I had left and I was still going further east. I was into the
afternoon and off in the distance I could see some holes in the clouds lined with sun light. The holes weren’t large and darkness surrounded them but none the less they did exist.

The larger of the two spare tanks had been installed for about an hour before it went dry. I scrambled to the front of the boat as it tossed in the steep five to six foot sea, hooked up the final tank and continued on to the last leg of my offering. I was finding it harder and harder to keep my feelings of pride and vanity suppressed as they were encouraging celebration for having come so far; as if I was the only one in the equation.

Not wanting to offend the Lord; I kept to task and disregarded any provocation from these feelings - knowing in the back of my mind none of this ever would have ever happened if God had not given me what I had asked for in prayer. This trial was near the end and the thought of victory was upon me. “This time I was going to do what I said I was going to do and victory would not be denied.”

The boat crashed up and down on the waves as the final tank went dry. Dedicated to my task, with all the enthusiasm of a lottery winner right before he picks up his check; I took the two portable tanks and threw them over the side so as not to have anything to cling to when my boat sank. I took off my shoes and threw them overboard. Going to the front of the boat I prayed that Jesus and God give me an arm and deliver me safely back to land today. Arising to my feet, confident my prayers would be answered; I proceeded to the back of the boat where I then removed an access cover in the motor well. I stood in the very back of the boat to keep it as low as possible in the water, to help it to sink it as fast as it could. The water stampeded into the six inch hole as it gorged itself on the helpless vessel. All my chores were done now, I just had to wait. Overcome with joy and expectation I returned to the bow; my body losing control of its involuntary functions such as my breathing, which had now become completely erratic, my heart with no particular rhythm; not knowing whether to laugh or cry, I sat there embracing the greatest joy I had ever felt. I gazed out over the sea where I saw a ray of sunlight that had broken through the dark clouds and appeared to be slowly making its way toward my boat. The vessel partially submerged at this point, waves rolling in and out of the stern and the ray of light; now shinning directly on me and my tiny vessel. I was in the true spot light, there were no fans, or cheers, not a spectator, the only sound was that of the sea around me, but not a greater honor could this life have bestowed upon me, even if the entire world bowed down and
worshipped me - God had recognized me and there was no denying this. As the light laid its graces upon my bones I removed my shirt and I asked Jesus for an arm but nothing happened. I guessed I would have to wait until the boat sank; perhaps God was just letting me know that He was here so that I wouldn’t worry. Just as quickly as the light had arrived it disappeared and the sky was consumed with thick black clouds. I went to the stern of the boat; the boat had stopped sinking. Water rolled in and out of the back but it would not sink any further. “The big empty gas tank under the deck must be keeping me afloat,” I thought, so I took off the cap and began filling it with water with a bailing jug I had. Gallon after gallon I poured into the tank, though I sank no further, then it dawned on me, this boat is not going to sink; the boat must have had a floatation hull, one that was supposed to keep the boat from sinking. It never dawned on me that this boat wouldn’t sink, I figured with all the over rated horse power the boat had; the extra motor weight would take her right to the bottom like a rock - not today. Knowing I was powerless to do anything further, I gave up and returned to the front of the boat. Sitting down on the deck, I watched as the sea rolled up the deck from the back stopping only a few feet short of where I was, then it would roll back down. I thought maybe I would have to wait out here till the Fourth of July; after all, that is when I originally said I would come out; certainly Jesus would not deny me this time.

The darkened sky brought forth a cold hard driving rain accompanied by thunder and lightning. The light of the day was disappearing as night pursued it. Placing my shirt back on, I lay on the deck immersing my body up to my neck in the warm water of the Gulf Stream that had consumed the back half of my boat. I lay my head on a spool of rope to keep it out of the water that occasionally would roll up the deck to where my head rested. I took one of the canvases that was on board and draped it over my body, trying to conserve some warmth and keep the cold down pour off. My body shivering and exhausted I drifted off to sleep with my broken heart; not a care did I have left in the world, not even for my life. The hope I had, I now could only try to keep alive with excuses I made for reasons why Jesus had not done what he had claimed to be able to, and that just wasn’t enough to keep it alive.

The rains persisted throughout the night, while the boat remained afloat, and I twisted and turned in the water trying to find warmth. When I could sleep no longer, I
emerged from my resting place. The rain was now over, the sea had calmed, I sat upon the
giant fish box in the front of the boat waiting for the sun, soaked and shivering.
Halfheartedly I said a few prayers trying not to hold a grudge; thinking maybe it would still
happen.

The sun came up and displayed a calm flat sea, not a ripple on it; an ideal day on
the water if you wanted to be here. The day was spent in prayer and thought as I drifted on
the gentle sea, pondering Jesus, God and what they were all about, what their purpose was
and how exactly were they going about getting it done. I thought about man, I thought
about history, the things of this world and myself. I did not pray for an arm and I did not
blame Jesus for not giving me one the day before. I spent most of my time wondering what
I was doing wrong, why my faith wasn’t strong enough. I could think of many reasons why
Jesus might not do what I had asked of Him; “what Father gives his son a snake when he
asks for a fish” and when He healed the man whom he told to “go now and see that you
don’t sin again and something worse happen to you.” These things stuck out in my mind as
valid but at the same time I couldn’t help but think about “ask and you will receive, knock
and the door will be opened.” Perhaps God did not give things to those who were not
responsible enough to have them; unlike us who sometimes give our children and others
things that they are not responsible enough for, just because they keep asking and we want
them to love us. When I honestly thought about it, I did realize that I probably wouldn’t
even make it one night without sinning if I got an arm, no matter how much I wanted to
believe it, realistically I would probably head strait to the nearest bar and celebrate my
newly acquired arm with alcohol and some female companionship.

Intoxication and carousing were a tough combination to beat, the greatest
desires man has in this world are for intercourse and just about every facet of our existence
is centered around this apex ceremony. Men and women indulging in the pleasures that are
distributed when this ritual is performed; the more intense and enchanting; the greater the
reward and those who could not actively participate would join in as spectators to the
greatest show on Earth. I knew God did not approve of these things but their lure was so
powerful, and I would be a bald faced liar if I said I could resist their charm.

I sat in the bow of the boat in the hot sun, my legs resting down through an
access hatch to the hull of the boat, soaking my feet in the water that filled the boat just
beneath the level of the deck accompanied by a small trigger fish who had made his way into what was slowly becoming a floating reef. I occasionally took a sip off of a 32 oz. sport drink I had found buried in a compartment on board; forgotten and left behind from some past fishing trip; the Lord had once again provided me with all that was needed as I drifted aimlessly and uneventfully through the day.

When night fell upon the earth I climbed into the fish box (which I found I could fit into) and drifted off to sleep; wrapped up in a skull and crossbones flag which now served as my blanket. That night was spent with brief interruptions of my sleep in which I would awake to see if my boat was sinking any further than it already had, and to pray and wonder.

When the day broke it was the Fourth of July; perhaps today would be the day. When I said my morning prayers, I asked for an arm, though as before, I did not receive one, and at this point I did not really expect it to happen. The sea had remained calm as was the day before, undisturbed except for the thrashing of the giant yellowfin tunas that were leaping out of the water all around my boat; these were the biggest yellowfins I had ever seen. I frantically scrambled around gathering together my fishing gear; I put on my fish fighting belt, got my rod strapped into the harness, hooked up a green machine that was laying around [ a green rubber squid fishing lure ] and drifted it back behind my boat, then jerked it as I retrieved it, hoping to hook a fish. As I did this I thought for a moment, “maybe this is another test to see if I could resist the temptation of catching one of these great fish”. I loved fishing and I hate to admit it, but probably more than God. Paranoid that engaging in this activity might land me in a bad predicament; I put my gear away. My thought was that if a boat came by now, and saw me rigged up, they might think that I was out here fishing and not stop; I was ready to go home now, with or without an arm, it also dawned on me that perhaps one of these fish might pull me in if I got off balance. After calculating all the horrific scenarios, I just sat and watched the great fish, with all their fury and might, pursuing and consuming their quarry - a fisherman’s wildest dream, but I had to let it go. It was said that Jesus was tempted by the Devil with a loaf of bread; I think it would have been easier to resist the bread than these tunas.

When I was finally starting to reach my breaking point and I could no longer stand floating around out in the middle of the ocean, I thought maybe I would petition Jesus for
some fuel, He did it before maybe He would do it again. I knelt down in the bow of the boat and prayed for gas, then I closed up the access cover in the stern and tried the bilge pump; it worked. Even though the batteries had been submerged for over 36 hours they had enough power in them to pump the boat dry and get it up on top of the water again. I was overjoyed; “surely I was going home”, I thought. I went to the helm and cranked her over, she sputtered once then nothing. I proceeded to crank her over until the batteries died. Growing enraged, I returned to my seat on the fish box, angrily wondering why. As I sat there gazing on the horizon a ship appeared, heading my way. I sprang to my feet and stood on the bow anxiously awaiting its arrival. When the ship got closer I began waving my red shirt in my hand, trying to get their attention. This went on for about twenty minutes until they passed by, not stopping and then disappearing. Maybe they didn’t see me or maybe they just didn’t feel like stopping. As I stood there wondering what more I could have done to have gotten their attention; it hit me like a ton of bricks, the person on the side of the road who stood there waving their red cloth for help, on my way down to the beach, the person I passed by, not stopping, not caring. Things had a way of being brutally clear out here; the truth so hard to accept but to clear to be denied and now I was suffering for the choice I had made and I was helpless to do anything about it now. I returned to my seat on the box wondering now if I would be rescued or what else might be in store for me on this trip.

I had heard that there is nothing greater than to lay down ones own life but perhaps I was laying mine down for a reason that was evil, perhaps that was the worst thing one could do, perhaps I didn’t realize what I was asking for. We are very complicated beings and there is so much going on in us; so much that we aren’t even aware of a lot of it, our motives, the reasons behind many of our actions, and if you actually sit down and sort it out, it can really scare the hell out of you; being truly honest with yourself was not easy and unfortunately if you couldn’t face the truth, you will never get anywhere. One truth I had to face, was that I did love the things of this world and I loved them more than God; I know this is not what God wanted to hear but He already knew it and as unfortunate as it was, at least I was not lying to him. One day this would hopefully change and I know honesty is the first step.
When the morning was drawing to a close, my patience was growing thin. I was tired of waiting. Maybe Jesus just wanted to see if I would give my all and try to start the motors again; after all, the Lord helps those who help themselves. I knelt down and prayed for gas, and that the motors would start. The batteries were now drained, dead, so I would have to try and pull start the motors. Each motor came with an emergency pull cord; some last, feeble attempt kit, they put inside the cover of the motor, that supposedly would allow you to pull start an enormous engine with a tiny cord when all else has failed; some instrument of false hope and preoccupation. I followed the instructions printed on the motor for the manual starting procedure using the cord. After wrapping the cord around the flywheel atop the motor, I pulled it as instructed; the giant motor barely moved. I tried again and again until the cord flew off the flywheel and stung me in the face like a whip. This pushed me over the edge until I was completely consumed with anger. I knelt down and began screaming obscenities at the Lord “I have come out here, I have trusted you and look what you have done to me, you have made me look like a fool for my belief in you.” As soon as I had finished my tirade, I raised my head, and there before me was a huge ship heading straight in my direction. I ran to the bow with my red shirt, frantically waving it, hoping I would not be denied. As the ship grew near I could see that I had been recognized and that they were slowing down (though I never quit waving my shirt). It takes a ship of that size several miles to stop and they had to pass by before they could get her to a halt. When I was confident that I was going to be rescued, I guzzled down the remainder of the drink I had been rationing since the day before. When they slowly came back, they pulled up along side me so that my boat lay up along side their ship and they threw me a line. A man up on the deck asked me what the problem was. I told them that my motors were swamped and wouldn’t run. They had become swamped, so I convinced myself it wasn’t a total lie; though it really was, I just didn’t feel like explaining my beliefs right here. He said that they didn’t carry any gas on board and I assured him, I did not need any gas and told him all I needed was a ride out of here. They threw down a long rope ladder which was attached to a hoist that pulled me up to the main deck. Once on deck they took me to see the captain. I walked past the men that were there; bare foot, wearing nothing but my red shirt and a pair of shorts. They must have thought I was the dumbest son of a bitch in the world; over three hundred miles out, with no shoes - with no nothing. The captain had the
same questions I had grown accustomed to hearing so many times before and I told him the
same story; the last thing I wanted was to be stuck on a ship with a bunch of men who
thought I was crazy. No one I knew of in the world really seemed to believe that Jesus and
God were really here in this world at all times and that they could do things on a physical
plane, the same things that were done when his body walked the earth, there may be a
church on every corner of the world but I’m not sure if they really believed these Guys
were real. The captain accepted my answers to his questions though he did appear to be a
little skeptical - it was a pretty unusual situation. They raised the coast guard on the radio to
inform them that they had picked up someone at sea. I was too far out to be towed back,
and I was too far out to be picked up, so the captain informed me that I would be going to
Holland with them, from where I could then take a plane back to the United States. Much
to my displeasure they could not get my boat on board and would have to set it adrift.

As the ship got back under way, I gazed out the window of the galley,

drinking some fruit punch, watching as my beloved boat floated aimlessly off into
nothingness. It was one of the saddest things I had ever seen, as she wondered with no one
to guide her; abandon. She took my arm, but I had gained so much more on her deck,
perhaps it was wrong to mourn an object, perhaps it was idolatry, but I just couldn’t help it;
some things (no matter how hard) you have to let go of when their time is up - this world is
filled with sadness.

That evening when I said my prayers, I told Jesus that this time really was
the last time that I would go out and lay down my life for the cause of my arm. I had
proven that I wasn’t a coward, though unfortunately I had also proven that my heart wasn’t
in the right place, that I only served myself, and that I did that a little too well, and without
restraint. I had no grounds to argue for my arm any longer, I just accepted that I may be a
little grim until it was time. I liked to think I knew what was best for me, but my track
record throughout my life had reviled countless disasters which were a direct result of my
judgments and desires.

The man in charge of communications on the ship notified my folks, telling
them that I had been rescued, though they were unaware that I was even missing, since I
hadn’t told anyone where I had gone (not wanting to cause any unnecessary problems or
worries for anyone else). The men on board gave me some clothes and shoes and I was well fed; I couldn’t have asked for a better cruise if I had paid for one on a luxury liner.

When we arrived in Holland I caught the first flight home and never spoke openly about what truly had been done until now.

I have not received an arm but what I have received may be much more valuable, this body will pass away one day as all do, but what I have learned will not. True faith is Gods most powerful gift, but faith is not something that is given to those who are not worthy of it, just as you don’t give a child a loaded gun. Faith is not given to those who are ignorant of its power and undisciplined, and I guess for right now, I still have much to learn.

Many of these things that I have done or have expected to happen, may seem to be the acts of a fool but what Jesus is it that you believe in? Do you not believe He is capable of what He has claimed? Do you not believe Him? How can you say, “Well He is our savoir but I don’t know about moving a mountain.” How can you believe in Him if you don’t believe in what He has said? What do you think is more difficult, putting an arm on someone who does not have one or raising someone from the dead and taking them to Heaven? Don’t we have funerals everyday where we expect God to raise our loved ones up to Heaven or are we just chucking them in a hole, like a coin down a wishing well? It is probably much easier to put an arm on someone than to bring them back to life and transport them to another world. When you go to Mass and the ceremony of turning wine into blood and bread into flesh takes place do you really know that it is actually happening or do you think that it is just another showing of the same play that has been on Broadway for the last two thousand years? Do you truly believe that God is doing these things? If you find my expectations foolish, you may want to ask yourself who the real fool is? Do you have any faith in God and Jesus? When your flesh falls back to the Earth, when it goes in that hole, with what faith is it that your soul will be saved? If you do not know God now, when is it that you think you are going to? If you do not believe in Jesus what do you believe? What do you think is more foolish, worshiping a God you do not believe in or getting to know one you do believe in? You may want to get to know yourself. Some may say that I was testing God and it is said that you should not put your God to the test and in some ways, perhaps I was, however I did not do these things for God to perform miracles.
for entertainment purposes or for Him to demonstrate His power without reason; when it comes to anything in life that you can include God in, it is better to do something than nothing.

I am a corrupt individual who has exploited every opportunity that has come my way in hopes that I might benefit, and perhaps it is because of these actions that my request has not been fulfilled. I am not angry that I do not have an arm, the quality of my life has greatly improved since I have gotten to know God through Jesus and I have experienced the better side of many people because of my now physical condition- perhaps at this point in my life it would be like handing me a snake when I have asked for a fish.

We all will suffer many things while we are in this world of which there is no escaping but you can work toward a better life and if you listen to everything Jesus has said you must do, you can expect that you will receive what God has promised. Many of us have gone a long way from God and it does take time to get back, there are many hardships that we must endure along the way so that we may be found worthy to inherit Gods Kingdom and His Power.

Jesus and God are everywhere, you don’t have to go out and physically risk your life to find them, all you must do is live according to what you have been told by Jesus to do and they will come to you.
After all of my travels, I have come to the conclusion that there are some very strange things going on in this world, things that we may or may not be aware of and regardless of our ability to recognize them; they are definitely happening and are very real. Ever since the beginning of recorded history people have been searching for “the meaning of life”, everyone has their own beliefs on this matter and there are many avenues you can go down, I have chosen to explore this mystery with the teachings of the Bible. Many people consider the Bible to be preposterous and many who only believe in the Old Testament of the Bible consider Jesus to be preposterous and furthermore there are those who consider the existence of God to be preposterous as well; your beliefs are yours and you are welcome to believe what you wish; I am simply laying out my synopsis. I feel that I have a reasonable explanation for what God has been doing and it has shed some light on why we are supposed to do what God and Jesus have instructed; if you believe in that sort of thing.
Judgment

Most religions share some common ideas and one is that there is a time of judgment for all men on this Earth and there is an afterlife in which we all will pass into, and this afterlife is our final state. For those who have lived good lives our religions have taught us to believe that we will go to a place called Heaven, to live in eternal bliss and for those who have not been found to have lead good lives, we believe that they will be cast into eternal damnation; pain and suffering without end. Despite how our beliefs in God and our prophets and saints differ, the one thing most all believe in is, Heaven and Hell. For most people the belief is that Hell is for people other than themselves but the reality of things is that we did not create Heaven nor do we have any authority there to say who comes and goes, Hell on the other hand, we have assumed is much like a dumpster, you don’t have to do anything to get there and it is a very unfavorable place to be. God is said to be the ruler of Heaven and Satan is said to be the ruler of Hell. These two Kingdoms are what most believe are eternal Kingdoms and their Kings are assumed to be the Eternal rulers of these worlds, if you end up in Heaven, God is your King, if you end up in Hell, Satan is your King and whoever your King is, you must serve their wishes under their rule if you can’t overthrow them (standard dictatorship style Kingdom, not a democracy). So according to the Bible, you are judged by some rule, and then shipped off to an eternal destination.
The Rule

In order to judge something or someone you must have a law to judge them by or a measure by which you judge, you cannot judge justly without a law or a measure and it must be the same for all in that Kingdom. This world is sitting in wait of judgment as most seem to believe, since all of the major religions are in agreement on this theory of judgment, however by what rule and what measure is it that you believe we will be judged and by what means are our crimes to be forgiven. If two in a kingdom commit the same crime, how can a just and righteous judge set one free and convict the other and still remain righteous and uncorrupt? How can one who is just, throw one into jail and set the other free, how can God remain righteous if he throws one into Hell and lets the other go into Heaven when both are guilty of the same sins; the same crimes? From what the Bible says; one can't, because if he did he would be corrupt and God is all good (another theory all of the major religions seem to be in agreement on). It would seem that it is by this righteousness that this world has been held hostage by evil. If God were to condemn one man on this “Day of Judgment” for stealing or adultery or any other broken commandment (law), how could He not condemn you for the same crime if you had committed it as well? How could He remain uncorrupt? If He allowed you to pass into Heaven after committing these crimes and sent another into damnation, would He not have something to judge Him? If God became corrupt what would He be serving?

Judgment is a very strong and powerful force when it is in the hands of authority, and one who can enforce it, and maybe judgement exists because evil has come into this world. I don’t think God wants to judge man but I’m thinking He has been forced to so that His Kingdom can be saved and separated from evil once and for all. There are many things that we do not recognize or understand in the Bible, many things that may seem ridiculous because our world is completely corrupt, it does not run on righteousness, it runs on our desires and we do not understand the means by which things live, we only understand the flesh we live in and the commitments we have to it.
We have a tendency to manipulate things such as our rules and laws in order to better serve our wants and desires, to reason and convince ourselves and others of our actions and the righteousness of these actions, we even make laws that exist solely to try and legitimize things that are said to be immoral, rather than depart from them; the courtrooms of this Earth can be far from just and those that frequent them often bend and shape the rules and judgements for their convenience, with very convincing testimony; God on the other hand, has set His laws in stone; ten, and these ten laws were given to man so that he would be aware of the true law so there would not be any question as to what is permitted and what is not and they have never changed since they have been introduced nor will they - that is if you believe in God. God is not a man of this Earth, He can see things we cannot, allowing Him to judge immaculately; as men on this Earth, we cannot see everything God can, making it more difficult to make the right judgements regarding our laws. Every kingdom on this earth has laws or rules and different kingdoms sometimes have different laws and they enforce them according to how the ruler or rulers of those kingdoms want them to be enforced, so it would be safe to say that if the Kingdom of Heaven exists and the kingdom of Hell exists; they too would have rules or laws and a ruler who would judge and sentence those of their Kingdoms as they wished as long as they remained in power as King. Being on this Earth in a state of what we are told is an existence subject to consequences (grave consequences); it is convenient knowing how the supreme legal system may work.
We have all heard of sin, sin is an act against the law of the Kingdom of Heaven; it is an assault against the living, man and God. God has defined what actions are punishable by condemnation with the Ten Commandments. A sin is a true crime. Sins don’t change from forbidden to acceptable. A sin is a tool that is used as a weapon, to condemn a soul, and destroy a soul; be it all at once or slowly, over a period of time.
Adam & Eve

“In the beginning”; one of the most unbelievable and ridiculous stories we have ever heard (in the Bible or anywhere else for that matter), is the story of Adam and Eve; the alleged, first man and woman on Earth. This story definitely seems like a fairy tale, however this world is full of strange things, things that seem unbelievable but yet they are real, and hiding in plain sight. It does seem preposterous that a serpent could talk and even more preposterous that anyone would hang around listening to the words and teachings from a snake but if you look in your mouth you can see what allows you to form words; your tongue (your tongue could be considered a worm like looking thing. We are familiar with our tongues because we have been seeing them in our mouths our entire lives but if you had never seen a tongue before and you saw it for the first time, creating sounds and forming words, it would probably freak you out ) and that tongue is a devise your brain uses and our brains do look like they could be a gooey worm or a snake that is all coiled up, tightly packed into our skull, so if you look at it like that, it is possible to see that a serpent could be considered talking, (perhaps like a wolf in sheep’s clothing) this idea is furthermore supported by (Mark 9-48 Where their worm does not die) .

As the story goes, Eve ate this fruit the serpent enticed her with and from that point on all Hell broke loose, she seduced Adam as she had been seduced and on down the line things went, sin after sin; complete lawlessness. Comparing for a moment things we are aware of in this world, perhaps when they ate this fruit, it wasn't the fact that they had simply disobeyed God but that there was a parasite in this fruit and this parasite grew into a creature inside of man’s body. Haven't we seen microscopic worms that enter into our bodies, feed off of them and grow in us? Does not a man’s semen, when placed into the flesh of a woman, become a being over time, that grows and lives as part of her body for a short time? Isn’t that creature the son or daughter of the one whose seed it came from? Doesn’t a man’s semen look like tiny worms under a microscope? Is it not possible that the anatomy of man as we know it was at one time different? Is it not possible that there could have been a horrendous organism in that fruit? Just because we are only familiar with our present anatomy, it does not mean that things may have been different at
some point, after all we do believe that we could have evolved from frogs, so it should not be too hard to believe that maybe things were different, and personally I think it is easier to believe that some kind of nasty parasite could live in us more than my ancestors hopped out of a pond (I would not find it hard to believe however that this parasite evolved from a frog in a pond – a tadpole, to a frog, into us). Is it not possible that perhaps they placed the infamous fig leaf over their groins because that area of their bodies had now become something that it was not before they ate this fruit? Does it not say in Genesis 3:16 that as a result of eating this fruit, woman shall now give birth in pain yet her urge will be toward her husband? Maybe something physical did happen here to cause this? Some find it ridiculous that man was said to be formed from the clay of the earth but have not scientists found that man’s flesh is composed from the same elements that the earth is composed of?, do we not eat that which grows out of the earth, and if it grows out of the earth, isn’t it earth? If you compare things we already know about in this world to things in this story there is a lot of evidence that does allow it to be possible. The only thing in this story we really are unfamiliar with is the anatomy of a being that does not have all the components of a beast (the anatomy of Adam and Eve before eating the fruit), however we have seen how when semen is placed into a woman’s body (into the egg her body produces, into the egg that is flesh), nine months later a body crawls out and detaches itself from her body (Genesis 3:16), so it could be conceivable that you could grow a beast in someone, and in fact we all came out of the same place; an egg of flesh.

The next part of the story with monumental significance is when God basically threw them out and banished them for simply eating a piece of fruit. This seems drastic, especially when God is said to be all loving and forgiving. I can only assume that God was fully aware of what was to follow and if He did not remove all that was evil from His Kingdom it would consume it. Perhaps God would have forgiven man for eating this fruit if man wanted to be forgiven but man had now become part of Satan’s kingdom; by flesh, and by acts, and he had become evil. Man had chosen to believe Satan’s teachings over Gods (this was demonstrated by the eating of the fruit which God told them not to and Satan told them too) and it had killed what man was, and when confronted by God about eating the fruit, the lies and deception sprang forth from his mouth, just as the lies and deception sprang forth from Satan’s mouth. Man may have now been condemned for the
beast that had grown into his body from the fruit, and for his sinful acts. Condemned by his flesh because what had grown inside of man now was the offspring of Satan; a parasite if you will, that survives on man but has its own agenda. This flesh was condemned by God because it was evil and served but one purpose; destruction. This flesh was evil because it was designed to die, it was designed to torment, and it was designed to make man desire to sin, it was designed to kill man (we all die, we all feel the pains that our bodies inflict on us, we all lust after each other), this flesh also did not belong to God.

We are all aware of the horrors of drug addiction and how those that choose to touch drugs slowly center their entire existence around them, drugs become their greatest joys and desires and they put these pleasures and desires before all else, becoming completely controlled and consumed by them and they make it their will to serve this addiction and they destroy everything and everyone around them when they become addicts. These drugs and their powers, have made murders, thieves, liars, and whores out of all who partake in them and there are even some who have introduced others to these things specifically to enslave them. There is nothing that can be done with someone who is addicted to drugs if they do not wish to change, no matter how much you want to help them, they will destroy everything, typically starting with those who are trying to help them; Adam and Eve did not wish to leave sin and God knew there was nothing that could be done with them, they would eventually die from this “Original Sin”.

When this “Eden” was eradicated, man had now become a subject of Satan’s kingdom, (they all three were tossed out, Adam and Eve were now stuck in the same place, they were now vulnerable to Satan). Satan received his kingdom by being banished to what I will assume is this Earth, since that is where we are. When judged, if condemned, you have to be sent somewhere; even if you are sentenced to death, they have to put your remains somewhere, let’s say that this somewhere is Earth and it now has become the prison for those who have committed crimes against God. I think it would definitely be safe to assume that in prison the most powerful individual in it is the one who is the ruler of it and I think it would be safe to assume Satan would be that individual, thus making the prison his kingdom, and all that is in it would be his and under his command, his rule. God; who never partook in evil, left the Earth to its own convictions; so as not to be consumed by it. God knew that the Word was now with Satan (Satan was the authority
over the Earth and his influence was now in power, just as an addict is constantly thinking about feeding their addiction; man had new desires that consumed his every thought) and it was now in man where it could constantly keep his soul in the dark and lie to him about anything that he wished to in order to keep man from the truth. Satan would not allow man to be set free from condemnation and God knew that Satan would never let His children live in peace; He knew that if Satan was allowed to walk with man, God’s kingdom would be consumed.

Probably the biggest question that I have about this story is why didn’t God simply thrown Satan out of the Garden since Satan was the one who was responsible for the entire problem and if God is all knowing how could this have happened. This seems crazy but I really don’t know that much about Good. True Good is foreign to me and probably most of us and we don’t know really what is involved with it and it definitely seems to get in our way when we try it out. The only conclusion I can come up with is; God gives all things free will, since that is a trait of Good (I am told) and “you are innocent until proven guilty” and up until that point, perhaps Satan had done nothing that could be considered wrong.

So, in a nut shell, Satan tricked man into eating this parasite so that he could kill man, so that he could have man condemned along with him, so that he could make his will that of man, so that he could make Gods children his subjects as he pillaged, plundered and rapped, so that he could assault God, so that he could rule the world, so that he could try and become a god. Man freely and willingly placed this seed into his own body and the creature that grew from this seed has killed him, tortured him and enslaved him throughout his existence, moving through man generation after generation, without mercy.

This event that took place was the first time judgement came down on man and that judgement banished Adam, Eve and Satan from God’s Garden which I am assuming was Heaven at that time; the original crime, the original sin, the original judgement.

There is a lot going on here in this fairytale of “Adam and Eve”, down right scandalous! Whether you believe it or not, it has all the ingredients we love in a story; intercourse, lies, murder and justice.
Noah and the Flood

More wild and unbelievable stories of judgement and condemnation appear here; in the story of Noah and the great flood. It was recorded in the Bible that very early on in history (after Adam and Eve’s introduction to original sin) man was lawless and filled with sin and his desires were that only of sin. We are told that God saw no future for His Kingdom with man in it, except through one guy who did obey Him; Noah. So with no end to man’s evil in sight (as a result of this abomination being born into man through Adam and Eve) God had to wipe all man from the Earth in the time of Noah. Noah was saved because he served and obeyed God, despite the evil which dwelt in his flesh (Genesis 6:5). Noah was subjected to the great flood, to the great judgement, just as all men were, but Noah followed exactly what God instructed him to do in order to survive. God hoped that through Noah’s faith, perseverance, and righteousness, Noah would survive the flood and man might be fruitful and have a chance at existence and salvation. According to the Bible, Noah did survive along with everything else in his boat. This was the second time man was involved with a judgement by God. All were judged by the flood for their sinful actions and only Noah survived this judgement, all the other men, women and children were wiped out, killed (I’m not sure how many of them thought they were going to heaven but none made it). No one else listened to God so they all perished, very similar to when Adam and Eve didn’t listen to God, they supposedly died. Adam and Eve; judged for possessing “original sin”; Noah’s generation judged for their works.
Abraham and his Judgement

Generations from Noah, came a guy named Abraham (a product of Noah surviving the Flood) It is said that God loved Abraham and vice versa. [It would seem that our entire existence on this Earth is nothing more than a very long trial; judgements, laws, sentencings] What separates this particular judgement involving Abraham from other judgements is that God is judging Abraham in order to establish to what limit this guy Abraham will go to for Him; God is not judging him in a situation where He is going to wipe him out necessarily. God asks Abraham to kill his son in a sacrifice to Him (in this day and age you would be locked away in jail forever or executed for doing this however things were a lot different back then). Abraham obviously loved his son very much; God never would have loved someone (in this case Abraham), who did not love their own children, and God loved Abraham; I would not be surprised if Abraham loved his son more than anything else in the world other than God; even more than his own life. God told Abraham what He wanted him to do and Abraham went to do it. Right before Abraham was going to kill his son, God stopped him. God just tested him to see if he would and he was 100% going to do it. I’m pretty sure if Abraham had not done this God would have not sent Jesus here when He did, where He knew Jesus would be killed, sacrificed, but because Abraham did this all man would be offered a chance at salvation. This judgement was, “An eye for an eye” or “A Son for a Son”. God judges many things; great and small, both Good and Evil, with the same rule.
[There certainly seems to be a lot of invisible legal activity flying around in the universe.]
Moses and Law

Moses was another huge significance in the Old Testament; God did a lot of things with this guy. In the time of Moses; God finally had a large group of people He could get along with who listened and usually obeyed Him (The Jews) and He was so pleased with them that He called them His people. It was during this time that it is said that God laid down a set of laws in stone. Man had progressed enough to where we were old enough to know right and wrong; things were changing, we were being told what we could and could not do and why. God was starting to treat man as though he was maturing somewhat.

Things were definitely starting to evolve for man; he was developing a relationship with God that was based on love and understanding.
The Laws

In the Big Book it says God handed Moses 10 commandments written in stone, these were to be observed to avoid condemnation, which means, you wouldn’t be guilty of anything that you could be condemned by if you did not break these laws. Man, it would seem, was being condemned or was going to be condemned for these actions that had now been defined as punishable by condemnation. These Laws were established to protect man from Satan, to protect man from Evil, and to protect Gods Kingdom and its immortality. God gave these Laws to man to establish a righteous Kingdom and to have a measure by which to separate The Good and The Evil. He gave them to man so that man would no longer be ignorant of the Law and know how to distinguish right and wrong.

1. “Thou shall have no Gods before me”. Maybe the devil has tried to make himself a god, placing himself before God and before all of God’s creation, maybe that is what this Law is about and maybe God has imposed this Law so that we would not be lead astray by anyone or anything who would have us not follow the path to salvation that He has laid out. There are a lot of beliefs out there and you have free will to believe what you want and you don’t have to be angry if you don’t believe this but if you want the Heaven that the God of Abraham has promised, you do not want to follow anyone or anything else because you are not going to get there. I’m speculating that Satan is being condemned for trying to be a god and trying to destroy everything he can possibly destroy and I am also assuming that anyone that attempts to imitate these actions of Satan is also someone who hates God and would definitely be a threat to Gods Kingdom and its subjects; upon further assumption; that is probably the reason that this Law was put into existence. [Some people think that Jesus set himself up as a god; however, He never said He was God and He even said, “No one is good except God alone”, He said this when someone called Him, “good”, thus making Himself less than God. He openly worshiped the God of Abraham and the God of Moses (not himself), He furthermore followed every word of God and never altered or abolished one word God ever said.] Satan set himself up to be greater than God when he told Eve to believe what he said over that what God had said (Satan convinced Eve that God was wrong) – Eve believed Satan, not God – She followed him by observing what he told her (the Word was now with Satan, in Eve; she listened to him) - She put Satan before God – thus making Satan her god.
2. Thou shall not make any graven images and bow down before them. Could it be that the devil has placed images of his design over the entire Earth and has had man place images over the Earth as well, so as to have man desire these images; in hopes that they come between God and man and that they may come between all people; separating us from God and from each other? Maybe in the story of Adam and Eve when Eve takes the fruit from the devil (the piece of fruit that she desired more than anything in the world); the fruit that was an object the devil constructed into a “graven image” by sculpting it out of lies, into a desire that was so great to Eve, that to acquire this fruit she would even take the chance of being killed (nothing in her power was going to come between her and that fruit).

As a result of the teachings from Satan on the great value of this fruit, Eve chose to believe God was wrong about this fruit and Satan was right, she did this because she allowed her desires for the fruit to consume her; the desire for this object. As we all know, she was convinced to the point that she ate it and it came between her and God; it separated the two (which is what all graven images are designed to do – send you to the grave). If Eve had followed God instead of her own desires, she would have listened to His word, believed Him, and kept His word but because Eve followed her desires; this object (which was the bait) killed her. When you worship something, it means that you follow it, trusting it before all else in your life. We may place our desires in objects that we are convinced will bring us happiness (happiness is what we all are in search of, although many of us are so lost that the things in which we search for happiness in have become so distorted and perverted that they destroy us) and if we are convinced that in these objects is where our happiness lies, then we follow these things. [We all have probably worshiped many things we maybe shouldn’t have; I have had a problem with boats and fishing and allowing them to consume all of my time. My boat; unfortunately may have become a “graven image” to me; and in fact it did almost kill me. This is not to say that my boat was designed to be a “graven image” or that it was evil; just the fact that I was not disciplined enough to realize that there was a time and place for these things and that it was not always time for them and that they were not greater than God.] As legend would have it; into the grave Eve went in the end; and Adam, who didn’t really seem to want the fruit but was crazy about Eve (apparently more than he was about God) followed her words instead of Gods and off to the grave he went. Even though this “timeless classic” seems ridiculous, it is a great example and it
would make complete sense of why you would not want things hanging around in your
Kingdom that would sabotage its existence, its inhabitants or its Kings objectives. Now I’m
only guessing; but because of what “graven images” promote (separation – division); that
this is why this Law came into effect (makes total sense) and I can see where it would be
considered wrong to set these “graven images” in place to destroy someone or their
Kingdom. Any object that you put before God or that comes between you and God is a
“graven image”.

3. Thou shall not take the name of the Lord God in vain. This is kind of a
hard one to define but I would have to say from my own unfortunate experience with this
commandment, that it is - a demand of God to condemn or curse something; manifested
through extreme anger and hatred. Looking at what Satan had been up to in the story of
creation it would appear that he hated God and His creations and Satan’s plans were too
have everything damned and to do so with Gods own creations. According to the first book
of the Bible, Satan was trying to force God to damn the Kingdom God had built when he
made Adam and Eve guilty by eating the fruit. Only God can damn something because the
act of damning something is to have it removed from God (divided from God – separated
from God), placing it in a state of true condemnation (or damnation). Satan knew God
would have to remove Adam and Eve from His Kingdom for what went down in the
Garden; God did and they died. If this story is correct, God has now made the Earth a place
for the damned because of Satan. Satan made all man guilty with “Original Sin” thus
making them subject to damnation by separating them from God with this event and having
them reside in the same place as Satan; Satan (it would seem) was attempting to force God
to curse the Earth.

This commandment would obviously be implemented by any ruler who
did not want his kingdom or its inhabitants divided or his kingdom cursed. This
commandment defends against what may be one of the most horrific acts that there is –
Making a demand that God condemn something or someone based upon a judgement other
than Gods (this could almost be considered making a demand for God to commit a mortal
sin; if that were possible – Demanding that God remove His presence; without God there is
only misery). Most of us don’t mean this when we utter those ancient words, but all the
same, it is the crime, and for whatever reason, when we are completely enraged, those always seem to be the words of choice, and upon uttering those words, we become subject to condemnation; because we have cursed something.

“Divide and conquer”- oldest trick in the Book.

4. Keep the Lords day holy. This seems like a strange law to have and maybe one that might seem a little vain; a God that wants you to devote an entire day to Him.

Back to these crazy legends, it is said that the devil has sought to consume man with his desires and keep man busy, distracted, laboring for what cannot save him; for the devil knows man will die if he can lead him astray from God. Probably this Law is so that you can get away from all distractions for a brief time and stay in touch with God. From my experience, God is very hard to stay in touch with when you ignore Him, and you put other things before Him, if you are not in touch with Him, you can’t get what you probably need from Him. What little I know of God is that there is really nothing that you can do for Him that He can’t do for Himself other than have you accept the salvation which He is supposedly trying to offer and for us to try and help each other.

The punishment for breaking this Law is condemnation by your own hand, because you wandered off and got lost and did not know how to survive judgement. God made this law so that you would know how important it is to spend time with Him so that you know what is going on; this Law is not to keep Him company when He might be bored or to have His ego filled by people chanting how great He is, He knows how great He is, He doesn’t need a bunch of condemned people praising Him, He wants you to keep His Day so that you will come to Him and He can then serve you. [I have to say this, and please forgive me for saying this, but that is some backward ass shit in this world, because no one here; especially those with power, are going to create a law where you are demanded to do something once a week so that they can serve you, especially if you went around so often doing what they so clearly did not like.] This law has truly made me aware that I am mostly blind to true Love. The only thing you can do is set aside some time where you make yourself available to Him so that He can save you, He has said to do this on Sunday, and He would like everyone to observe this Day so that they can all become closer together around Him and around each other; that all might be a whole.
5. Honor thy Father and Mother. I’m guessing that you are told that you must appreciate the ones who cared for you and got you through childhood when you could not fend for yourself, the ones who gave you life, looking out for your best interests when you were not wise enough to know better (not all blood related people are Mothers and Fathers but most people have someone who was there who did the job). This is another law designed to put an end to the destruction of Gods Kingdom. The devil hates, despises, dishonors and tries to kill the one Creator, the One who gave him free will. This Law defines one’s character; whether or not you are overjoyed with your parents (unless they brought you into this world to harm or torment you) they deserve respect from you because you would not be here if it were not for them. If I was king I could see where it would be necessary to throw someone out of the Kingdom who hated you and dishonored you after you housed them, clothed them and feed them, protected them, served them; someone who constantly dishonored you. We all get mad at our parents from time to time and we all look back at things that we think could have been different but nothing is perfect here (we are probably in a war zone). Adam and Eve were ungrateful, they had been given everything except that which was harmful to them and they chose to listen to something that had never done a single thing for them; until it killed them. Not honoring those who have looked out for you will have you condemned because you are not worthy to live in a Kingdom that you do not respect and just as those who were mothers and fathers to you here, so has it been said that God is the one true Father, and although we do become angry with Him at times, we are children to Him and He does deserve honor.

6. Thou shall not kill. This Law doesn’t really even need an explanation; the devil has killed every man that has walked the earth and all those that have not yet been born (according to local lore). The problem with killing someone is that you are making a final judgement on one’s soul, and you are making a judgement when it may not be the right time for that soul to depart from this world; a soul that may or may not be ready to be harvested. It is definitely convenient to dispose of one who is a constant source of trouble for you, however as man, we have been forbidden to make such a judgement call on
another’s soul and perhaps send them into condemnation. For breaking this law (as is with all the others) you are subject to condemnation with the one who first killed someone.

7. Thou shall not commit adultery. This law, if you believe it, is the toughest one to abide by and to even understand, it almost seems like it was put in place as a joke, considering how the world is now, we have actually filled our world with stages where we perform, celebrate and exalt this crime. This supposedly forbidden act is the act of performing the ancient ritual that joins the flesh of one soul together with the flesh of another soul, creating a union that God did not join (out of wedlock sex - any sex that takes place that is not between a lawfully wed man and woman). As the story goes, the devil had intercourse with Eve placing his flesh in her (the forbidden fruit) joining together what God did not join and it is obvious from the story (whether you believe it as true or not) that this unholy ceremony slowly killed Eve as well as modified her flesh; this act of intercourse, the act of desiring the fruit from the serpent, the act of joining ones flesh with another. Unfortunately we all go around chasing this desire as soon as we start to mature and I’m not sure who can resist this desire when it is presented in the fashion that they prefer.

According to the Book of Genesis, this was the bomb that took out man; first Eve then Adam and so on down the line. If there ever was the perfect trap, this was it, we all begged for fornication and unfortunately worshiped it, and it gets served up 24/7. This Law is probably the sharpest of all the horns (hence the phrase, I’m so horny). Satan definitely designed his flesh to love to condemn the ones who wore it. This sin of adultery was more of a fountain of sins; so many scandalous events could be spawned from committing this sin; the possibilities were limitless (from dieses, unwanted pregnancies, lies, murders – it is like a bomb of sin) passions and emotions unleashed in the hands of the undisciplined and irresponsible - us. The most deceptive sin in the world because we wanted it so bad and its pleasure is so great; if you thought you were above it, you had really better watch yourself because you are probably much closer to it than you know.

As much as God knows how much we love sex, He does not allow it without conditions, you must be lawfully married or else you will be condemned for this crime. He does not tolerate sex out of wedlock, because of all the sins it breeds; if you are going to share that bond of the flesh you must be married so that you share the responsibilities that
end up coming along with it. This sin is definitely a thorn in our sides and we all have desperately believed and schemed that we could somehow make it possible, that this adultery could take place without consequences - some way to justify it.

8. Thou shall not steal. This one seems very simple. Don’t take things that belong to someone else. Most of us work very hard for what we have and despite the fact that we will have to work that much harder to regain what was unjustly taken from us; the feelings that come from having someone else disrespect us by making decisions that involve that which we have worked for, is infuriating. When someone steals from you, that means they have no respect for you; this action spawns many other actions which usually are sinful ones. The devil has stolen all that exists on this earth, that which he did not create, nor purchase, and uses it as he wills, for the purpose of himself. This is another crime we probably all are guilty of at some point, whether it be a piece of candy or a car – stealing is stealing. Obviously you can’t have those in your Kingdom running around, stealing things; every kingdom on this planet has laws against that.

9. Thou shall not lie. The devil deceived the entire world with lies. For this he is charged and so will we be. Another classic sin; we start this one almost right out of the womb. Lies ensnare all of those surrounded by them, they deceive others and conceal others from the truth, and they often cover up things that can harm you and others. Some lies can destroy Kingdoms, so all lies are forbidden and typically when you tell one lie you have to tell another. It was said that Satan lied to Eve about the fruit, so I guess you could say that according to the Bible, we were killed by a lie, because that is where it started. Lies are illusions; they may amaze, entertain and distract, all the while other things are actually going on.

10. Though shall not covet thy neighbor’s wife or husband or goods. Yet another sin that will unleash an avalanche of sins; if God has joined two people together in Holy matrimony, no one should come between them. When this happens, those two no longer serve each other, they have broken the commitment that they made to God and to each
other, the happiness that was once shared between the two is now destroyed, there is a total loss of respect between each other, there are horrific feelings of betrayal and all trust has been destroyed. I’m pretty sure this is how God probably felt when Adam and Eve deceived Him. Most of us have had our hearts broken at some point in our lives. It is maybe the most painful thing you will ever experience; the feelings that ride around with this event are the most poisonous that there are and they definitely mean business. Not as painful typically but everyone handles things differently, is the scheming to acquire others possessions and make them your own. This is very similar to stealing but is a much more passionate crime, one that has been carefully plotted and typically one that involves something very dear to another. This is a horrendous event when it is committed.

These 10 Laws are what the Book says our actions will all be judged by in the end and if you are found guilty of these crimes you will be condemned for eternity; unless you can be forgiven.

Now this is just what the Book says.
Mary the Mother of God (allegedly)

We do not hear a tremendous amount about God’s relationships with women in the Bible and we did not hear tons of things about this “Mary” either but it did say that She had never committed a sin and that because of this abstinence from sin, She was found worthy to bare the alleged “Son of God”. It is also said that Jesus was conceived by an immaculate conception (meaning that there was not a sexual act that brought about His conception in the womb).

The significance of Mary’s sinless life was monumental, no man or woman had ever done this (not to our knowledge, not Noah, not Abraham, not Moses – no one). I’m pretty sure God was probably very pleased with Her, more than any other person of this Earth that has ever lived who was born to a man and woman; She had been born of Original Sin but She never followed anything to do with Satan and that was what I’m pretty sure no one else had been able to do (since the beginning of time). She never doubted God; there were some who followed God throughout history, listened to God, and were devoted to God, but; without sin completely? I don’t think so.

There are many opinions and definitions of what strength is but nothing in this world is more difficult, nor more fatiguing than maintaining complete abstinence from the instant gratification and pleasure that only sin can provide. Our strongest, most powerful desires in this world are inhabited by sin and they have dominated every one of us at some point in our lives. There are all kinds of strong people in the world but Mary had been found to be the strongest and what makes Her even more incredible is that Satan typically tempts women more than men because he knows men will do anything for women and if he can have a women sin; she can probably get a man to sin. This was exactly the case in the story of creation and it is the case in so much of this world, this is not to say that women are more evil than men, it is just to say that they are pursued by evil more aggressively than
men because they do actually rule the inhabitants of this world – a man will do anything for a woman of his desire, women may not sit on the thrones in public but the ones sitting on them, worship women.

To this day, I have heard of no one born through original sin, who was greater than Mary. It was said that; “Of men born to women on this Earth, there is none greater than John the Baptist”, but that is just of “men”; of both men and women, there was none born on this Earth (through man – through original sin) that was greater than Mary.

This immaculate conception, this conception of Jesus in the flesh, without sex with a man, seems ridiculous, however it certainly could be completely believable in this Bible Book, and if Original Sin could be born into man and woman by eating some fruit that entered their bodies through their mouths. I have no trouble believing that God could have impregnated Mary without having traditional sex (especially when the sex we all have does not feel like it has anything to do with God, and furthermore, when I prayed for fuel for my boat at sea, it was there; immaculately ). Sometimes you have to assume that just because we have not seen certain things happen before our eyes; does not mean that they are impossible. If we had not seen the current process in which we are all born, (how hard would that be to believe) a man and a woman having sex, then a person grows inside the woman and then it crawls out of her – that is crazy – so let’s not assume that we know how everything is; we have seen events that take place and the results of these events.

Mankind is destroyed by one woman (Eve) through an unholy conception; Mankind is saved by one woman (Mary) through an Immaculate Conception – an eye for an eye – the Universe remains in balance – fighting fire with fire.
Jesus Christ

Quite possibly the most monumental event in Biblical history is Jesus, as well as probably the most controversial, from the claimed “Immaculate Conception” to His humiliating public torture and execution by his own people, to his alleged rising from the dead.

I am going to come back to Him after discussing evil (it is easier to understand Jesus after you have seen evil) However I will mention at this time that we have heard that God sent Him into the world so that sins could be forgiven; Original Sin and the act of sin. Unfortunately no one (other than Mary) could go through life without breaking the 10 commandments.
Condemnation

I’m pretty sure no one really wants to be condemned, not even Satan, no one wants to go into an existence of endless pain and suffering, not even Satan; anyone who says they do, knows absolutely nothing of it and they definitely haven’t experienced it (Luke 8:31). Satan may not want to live in God’s Kingdom under God’s Rule but it would seem that Satan doesn’t have any interest in going to condemnation either and I have drawn this conclusion because Satan has attempted to take over God’s Kingdom since he has been slithering around in the Garden, and typically when you get thrown out of somewhere (as was said, Satan was thrown down from Heaven) it is because you did not want to leave on your own accord.

To truly be condemned is to be cast into constant pain and torment for all eternity, to be thrust into complete exile from God, to be separated from God and all his creation. When all on the Earth are judged (on the presumable final judgement) those not found written in the Book of Life (the mysterious book where all those who will be saved by God, have their names recorded – another item mentioned in the Bible) will be condemned for ever, they will be judged by the Law (the Ten Commandments) for their Sins that they have physically committed and they will be judged by Original Sin, and it is by these sins that they will be condemned, now remember this is just what the Bible says, you don’t have to believe it, but something as consequential as this should be looked into with the upmost importance.
III

Calculations

Evil

In this section I will attempt to explain my theory of the calculation of “The Number of the Beast” by examining a few of the clues mentioned in the Bible, and attempt to demonstrate how they support my theory.

Mathew 24:15. Mark 13:14 – These passages mention, an abomination in the temple that is destroying it and is not supposed to be there. Since our bodies are commonly referred to as, “temples”, I have assumed that the temple that is being referred to in this passage is the human body.

Jonah 4:6-10 This passage is about a gourd that Jonah loved, that God gave him and then sent a worm to destroy it. Jonah is very upset when the gourd dies, and God mentions that a city that doesn’t know what it is doing is dying.

Mark 9:48 “Where their worm does not die”.

John 2:18-19 This passage is when Jesus talks of the temple being torn down and rebuilt in three days. This passage is later known to be about Jesus’s body; another reference to the body being a temple.

Rev. 12:3 An enormous red dragon with seven heads and ten horns and seven crowns on its heads

Rev. 12:9 That ancient serpent

Rev.13:1 A beast rises up out of the sea with seven heads and ten horns, the horns having crowns and upon his heads the name of blasphemy.

Rev 13:2 and the dragon gave him his power, and his seat, and great authority

Rev 13:3 one of its heads was wounded

Rev 13:4 and they worshipped the dragon which gave power to the beast and they worshipped the beast

Rev. 13:5 And there was given unto him a mouth to speak blasphemes

Rev 13:7 Basically this passage says that the beast was given power over the whole world
Rev 12:11-12 A beast comes out of the earth and this one had horns like lamb but spoke like a dragon, and has all of the power that the first beast had.

Rev. 12:13 He makes fire come down. (Reference to military)

Rev. 12:14-15 The second beast makes an image to the first beast that has the wound.

Rev. 12:16-17 No one can buy or sell (live in the kingdom) unless they have the mark of the beast or in their foreheads. (have money of that kingdom or work for that kingdom)

Rev. 12:18 For it is the number of a man.

Rev. 17 The great whore that sits on many waters

Rev. 17:3 A woman sitting on a scarlet colored beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns

Rev. 17:5 On the woman’s for head was written Mystery, Babylon The Great, The Mother Of Harlots And Abominations Of The Earth

Rev.17:7-8 The mystery of the woman and the beast that carries her, which has the seven heads and ten horns. The beast was and is not, and shall ascend out of the bottomless pit and go into eternal damnation. “When they behold the beast that was, and is no, and yet is.

Rev. 17:9 The seven heads are seven hills on which the woman sits.

Rev. 17:10 And there are seven kings; five have fallen, and one is, and the other has not yet come; and when he comes, he must continue a short space

Rev. 17:11 And the beast that was, and is not, even he is the eighth, and is of the seven, and goeth into eternal damnation.

Rev. 17:12-14 And the ten horns you saw, are ten kings, which have not received a kingdom as of yet, but receive power as kings for one hour with the beast. These have one mind, and shall give their power and strength unto the beast. These shall make war with the Lamb, and the Lamb shall overcome them.

Rev.17:15 Where the whore sits are peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues.

Rev. 17:18 And the woman which thou sawest is that great city, which reigns over the kings of the Earth.

Rev. 20:10 And the Devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire where the beast and the False Prophet are.

Rev. 20:14 And Death and Hell were cast into the lake of fire.
Rev 16:13 Three unclean spirits, leap like frogs out of the mouth of the Dragon, out of the mouth of the Beast, out of the mouth of the False Profit.

John 13:33 “three measures of flour”.

All of these passages listed above have been greatly influential in my conclusions.

Examining the pages of the New Testament, it is hard to not read the Book of Revelation, the most mysterious, violent, and disturbing book in the Bible, filled with its riddles, symbolisms, debauchery, sex, supernatural creatures, supreme judgment, and happily ever after for some and eternal damnation for others; all the ingredients for an epic tale, in fact some of the most profitable stories of our time are almost exact copies of this Book, only masked with different characters, pagan gods and heroes, spacemen and forces. When examining this book, it is necessary to look closely at the terms being used to identify the figures being mentioned so that you can see how they fit into the equation. I will define key words as needed and in an order in which to help better understand.

The Dragon – Rev. 10:3
(the kings)

The Great Red Dragon; this Dragon with 7 heads, 10 horns, and its heads all having crowns on them. So I can say that this dragon is being described as having 17 members of importance or significance so far, it is also signifying that its heads are kings of some sort since they are said to be wearing crowns. I have identified the heads of this dragon by exploring; “what is a king”? The definition that I have come up with for a King (the one I prefer to use for this term is) - someone or something that rules a kingdom, it is one who has made subjects of all that are in its kingdom, it is one who owns everything in its kingdom, it is one who has absolute power over everything in its domain. There are many kings and kingdoms and the kings remain on their thrones using many different methods of power to secure their thrones, subjects, and kingdoms. One cannot be a king without subjects and a kingdom, or if there is another in the kingdom who is greater. From this definition I have drawn my conclusions as to who these kings are on this dragon, and they are, The Serpent, The Beast, The False Prophet, The Harlot, The Whoremonger, The Antichrist, and Death; these are the heads of the Dragon and they are kings because they
have conquered man (God’s Kingdom) and when one conquers a kingdom they then become king; they do with what they have taken as they will, because it is now theirs (to the victor belongs the spoils) as long as no one can take it from them.

**The 7 Kings**

**The Serpent,** I have concluded is a head of the Dragon that is a king, since it was said, that it was the serpent that convinced Eve to eat the fruit she was told not to, the serpent was said to be the most cunning of all the creatures. It takes part in the kingship of the Dragon because it conquered Eve with its cleaver and calculating scheme; to destroy man and conquer Gods kingdom, from the first stone to the complete decimation, and all stemming from one sinister glance. From behind the eye; The Serpent is the mind of Satan, and this Serpent wears a crown.

**The Beast,** I have concluded is a head of the dragon that is a king since it is the temple of the Dragon, all of the Dragons works are performed by this Beast, from sustaining existence to the Dragon, to doing all its killing, and everything in between; with its many chemicals, compounds, and electrical charges; the formulas for pain and pleasure; this Beast’s allegiance belongs to the Dragon, and because of this it is a king in the Dragons kingdom; the Dragons kingdom, literally, cannot stand without the Beast. The Beast is the body of Satan – the temple.

**The False Profit ,** I have concluded is a head of the dragon that is a king since just as we are made up of , mind, body , and spirit; and God is the “Mind” of His Kingdom and Jesus is the “Body” of His Kingdom, and The Holy Spirit (the truth) is the “Spirit” of His Kingdom; The Dragon must be made up of the same components, therefore, The False Prophet (the lies) must be the spirit of the Dragon, and this spirit takes part as a king of the Dragon because the False Prophet are the lies that lured Eve into the trap, thus resulting in Eve taking and eating the fruit, the fruit that was said to be good and was to make Eve like God (an item served by lies), but actually made her a subject to Satan and his kingdom. The False Prophet are the lies and illusions that Satan uses to communicate with, without
these lies and illusions, Satan could not have enslaved Eve, and man, and could not have come into his kingdom. The False Profit is “want” that is never satisfied but endlessly pursued.

**The Harlot**, I have concluded is a head of the dragon that is a king, since, the Harlot has populated the Dragons kingdom with its subjects. This king is a head of the Dragon because it wants, it desires, with all its being; the things of the Dragon. The Harlot is one with the mind of the Serpent, it lords over the power of the flesh of the Beast, and it proclaims the lies of the False Prophet; it loves these things, brings them about, and nurtures them; It is the Mother of the Dragons kingdom and all that is in it. The Harlot is the “want” of the kingdom of Satan. Eve embraced wantonness and she became the first Harlot when she ate the fruit, she became a brood sow for the Dragon, passionately mothering and raising hogs, solely for the slaughter, in exchange for the promise of wealth. In order for a kingdom to thrive and prosper, it must have subjects and they must have great drive and desire; the Harlot is a king because without it, there would not be any subjects or the desire to bring them about.

**The Whoremonger**, I have concluded is a head of the dragon that is a king since it protects, serves, conquers, and plants the future of the Dragons kingdom; attempting to fulfill all the desires the Harlot has, in exchange for her favor and intercourse with her; without this “Whoremonger”, the Harlot would not have the luxurious things she has acquired, nor would she be able to populate the kingdom with subjects, since it is through the power and desire for destruction that the whoremonger possesses, that these things are planted. The Whoremonger’s desire is to penetrate the flesh of the Harlot and plant the seeds of the kingdom in her flesh, he obeys the Harlot before all others, in exchange for the pleasure it receives for violating her. In order for a kingdom to reign supreme, it must have the complete dedication and devotion of its army so that they will give their life to serve the kingdom. The Whoremonger is the warrior of the kingdom of the Dragon, Adam became the first servant, the first soldier, the first warmonger, the first Whoremonger of the kingdom of the Dragon; when he took the fruit from Eve at her command, when he chose to serve her over God, when he worshipped her before God. The Whoremonger is a king of
the Dragon because it conquers the flesh, plants the seeds of the kingdom, and secures its presence and existence.

The Anti-Christ - the seed from which all that is evil grows and comes again, it is the seed of the flesh of Satan’s kingdom. Just as the Body and Blood of Jesus, is the Christ; is the seed from which all that is God’s grows and lives forever, so does all that grows from the Antichrist die, and is condemned. The Antichrist kills - The Christ gives life.

I have concluded that the Anti-Christ is a head of the Dragon that is a king because it is the seed that grows into the Dragon’s kingdom when planted in fertile soil, over and over again. Just as all things which come about from a seed grow to be that which they fell from, so does this seed; this is the same seed which grew into Eve and Adam and made them one with Satan, expanding his kingdom by making them his, by making them him, and what is his, belongs to him. One cannot have a kingdom without subjects and some subjects are slaves as well, and some slaves are children. This Anti-Christ is a king because it keeps the kingdom of Satan alive through the ages, it allows for the Dragon and all its number to walk the earth and escape eternal damnation. The kingdom could be no more, without the Anti-Christ; it rules the past, present, and future.

Death, (Rev 20:14) Death secures a soul in the flesh of a beast that has expired. The soul is still with the remains of this beast but the beast has worn out the flesh that it was made of and now must sleep because it now no longer has the strength to exist, and because it has not the strength to wake up; the flesh begins to decay, since it is now no longer strong enough to care for its needs, and it returns to the earth that it grew out of. The soul that is with this dead flesh, is now left stranded, helpless, trapped in what remains of the beast, it cannot escape because that soul’s eyes, ears, and all of its senses, were all that it could communicate with the outside world through, and its body is all that it could move about with. The soul now just rests, in darkness, because there is no light (John 11:10), it just sits in the remains, unable to do anything except wait; completely powerless. Death is the condition of a soul that is stranded and in a debt it can’t pay.

I have concluded, Death is a head of the dragon that is a king, since Death secures the subjects of Satan’s kingdom from ever leaving it, it holds them hostage, and it keeps
them obedient through the fear of Death. If a slave cannot escape, it must remain in the kingdom it is trapped in. Death is a king because it keeps all souls under the authority of the Dragon until it can have them condemned to eternal damnation at the end of the age when all that is of Satan is dealt with by God. Death is a king but has not yet come, and when it does, it must continue only a short space. We worry about Death our whole lives, preparing for it by saving money and trying to secure a comfortable place where we can live out our final days here on Earth. This “Death” is a great fear, from birth, but yet it occupies a very brief part of our existence.

These are the seven heads of the Dragon and they are seven kings; five have fallen, one lives (the Anti-Christ – the seed), and the other has not yet come (Death - what follows after the others have run their course – the fruit of the others labors).

These heads have been crowned because they are Original Sin and they have defeated man, and conquered the kingdom for Satan; the kingdom God had given to man. As the victors, these 7 heads became the rulers of their newly acquired kingdom and they have made all man their subjects; just as when one country conquers another country, the victor crowns themselves king and rules it as they wish, doing with it what they will. All in the kingdom must serve the king or suffer the consequences, and on this Earth, these seven heads of the Dragon rule man, and they have set up this Earth so that it serves the 7 kings. They are all kings because one is not greater than the other, and if it was not for each one of these kings, their kingdom could not exist, they all have a very specific role in the creation and existence of this empire and they are very powerful in their kingdom – they are 7 kings but they are all of 1 and they have conquered man.

10 Horns on the Dragon

Here, it is necessary to take a look at what a horn is, in order to understand what they are in this equation. This is the definition I have used to help describe a horn.

Horn - a weapon that is a member of a beast, which is used for fighting or defending, just as a bull has horns it fights with and defends itself with, and a beast which has these horns, has a weapon which can kill, maim, control, defend, and secure its existence when it is able to overcome its opponent. There are many types of horns but what is important to remember is that they are weapons that defend, conquer, and secure, for the one yielding
them. If a weapon has the power to make you go where you do not want to go because of it, is not that weapon just as much a ruler as the one who is yielding it? Is it not by the power of the horn that the king defends and secures its throne and its kingdom? Without this power the king would not be king. Though the horn is lifeless and acting solely under the command of the one who is yielding it, it is the implement that holds the power of life and death over the flesh, and it does carry out the will of the one it is a part of. Those which possess horns typically conduct themselves differently than those that do not because they have something with a power over another, just as one who is possessing a gun acts differently than they might, if they did not have a gun. These Horns allow those that yield them, control over others.

The ten horns on the Dragon are the ten sins that violate the Ten Commandments,

1. The worship of false Gods
2. Making of graven images
3. Taking God’s name in vain
4. Not keeping God’s day holy
5. Dishonoring your mother and father
6. Murdering
7. Adulterating/ fornicating
8. Stealing
9. Lying
10. Coveting/ scheming

These Horns are the ten works that were forged by the Dragon to enslave man to the Dragons kingdom; however these horns do not have crowns on them on the Dragon, because the Dragon created them; not to control him, but to control those of his kingdom; his slaves. These Horns do not have the Dragon come and go where it does not want to, though the Dragon does use these horns to have its subjects come and go as it wants them to. [(Rev.17:12-14) The Lamb will wage war with the horns and will overcome them. Jesus did this by allowing sins to be forgiven; these sins could no longer force man to go into damnation if man chose not to be a part of Satan’s kingdom]

The Dragon’s heads have become the kings of the Earth, The Dragon is Original Sin, and that is why its heads have crowns. The Dragon received its crowns when it conquered
Adam and Eve (God’s Kingdom) by having them eat the fruit by their own hand, of their own will; that is when the Dragon was crowned; when it created a kingdom that’s sole purpose was for sin, and to sin, and was sin; when God threw it out of Heaven and onto the Earth along with Adam and Eve. The Dragon received a kingdom because it was now the greatest in this place, and all who were in this place followed after it, and it now had subjects to rule over, and it had soil onto which it owned and could expand its kingdom and do its works. Satan only received his power, kingdom, and rule, by taking it from God, God was forced to give up His Kingdom to Satan if He did not want to see all of man destroyed. Anything that has a crown in the kingdom of the Dragon, has their crown because it has the power to bind things to the kingdom of Hell or it belongs to the kingdom of Hell (I will discuss horns which have crowns on them, later, in the discussion of The Beast).

3 Demonic Spirits (Rev. 16:13) There are many different spirits in the world, some good and some evil and often they are hard to tell apart, there are three though, that are the core of all that is evil, they are, Cowardice, Hopelessness, and Hatred, all that is evil springs forth from these. These spirits are said to have come out of the Dragon (as well as a few other things we will discuss later). These spirits are evil in its purest form. These spirits are the opposite of the spirit of Faith, the spirit of Hope, and the spirit of Love. When these three demonic spirits inhabit us, they separate us from each other and God. When we are filled with cowardice, we have no faith in God. When we are filled with hopelessness, we are condemned. When we are filled with hate, we are lost. When they overcome us, they reduce us to a state in which we cannot function with any sort of capacity any longer; if we are fortunate, they will leave us after a short while; if they do not leave, they will destroy us, they are very real and they are very powerful. I believe these were the spirits that Jesus drove out of the man who wandered amongst the tombs (Mat.8:32); the spirits that went into the swine and then drowned themselves. Spirits are invisible but their works are very real; can you see a magnetic field? No, but you can see how they move a compass and you can see how they attract and repel. You can’t see a wave; you can only see the water that it is moving when it is flowing through it, the water is only moving because of the wave; when the wave is gone the water remains lifeless, can you see electricity moving through a wire? No, but they are very much there. These three spirits are briefly mentioned in Revelation, as “coming out of the mouth of the Dragon”. It does not tell you what they are
but I have assumed they are the opposite of, Faith, Hope, and Love; since the Dragon is the opposite of God, so I have determined that they are Cowardice, Hopelessness, and Hatred. 
Since they came out of the Dragon, they must be in the Dragon and therefore part of its number. (it would seem that everything in this world has an anti-particle) 
All of these things in the Dragon add up to 20 (a score).

No. 1 the Dragon  20
(The kings / The ruler/ The mind)

The seven heads all having crowns
1. The Serpent
2. The Beast
3. The False Prophet
4. The Harlot
5. The Whoremonger
6. The Antichrist
7. Death

The ten horns
1. The worship of false Gods
2. Making of graven images
3. Taking God’s name in vain
4. Not keeping God’s day holy
5. Dishonoring your mother and father
6. Murdering
7. Adulterating
8. Stealing
9. Lying
10. Coveting your neighbors spouse/goods/ scheming to

The three demonic spirits
1. Cowardice
2. Hopelessness
3. Hatred

20 – members of the dragon (A score)
The Beast (Rev. 13:1)  
(The Heads)

It was said that a beast rose up out of the sea, this Beast is the creature that all that is evil rides on, without this Beast, the Dragons kingdom cannot exist and cannot perform its works (which is why the Beast, as a whole, is a head of the Dragon that is a king; even though there are seven heads on the Beast, The Beast is just one king of the kingdom. Imagine seven seats on one throne of one kingdom, with a king sitting on each seat of the throne, and now imagine that the kings sitting on the seats had many heads that were part of their bodies – they are just one king but made up of many parts). The Beast sustains existence to the Dragon’s kingdom, while it allows the Dragon to roam the Earth continuing its works (when we see an animal of any kind, we see the beast, we do not see what is inside of it but we see it). This Beast is said to have 7 heads and 10 horns, the horns all having crowns, indicating that these horns on the Beast have authority (they are a ruling power, they are the power that makes one’s soul come and go at their will and not at one’s souls will). The Beast’s will is only that of the sensations of the flesh and the attempt to preserve it, it blindly follows its master, not concerned with what work is being done by it, only performing the tasks demanded of it in exchange for the rewards it receives for serving its master, or to avoid the pains that can be inflicted upon it.

So as to help better explain this Beast and its heads, you need to look at what a head is.

**Head** – One that is a member of a conglomerate who has been appointed as an authority in a branch of that entity as a result of their upmost necessity in the successful execution of that entities works, prosperity, and existence; not necessarily aware or concerned with anything other than satisfying the concerns and desires in its area of authority in that entity, although possessing the authority to use all of the power of that entity at its discretion; such as the head of a donkey that sees a carrot dangled in front of its nose, motivates the body of the donkey to move it and all of its members, having it exercise all of its power in an attempt to acquire the carrot to satisfy its desire to eat, and not necessarily out of necessity. The heads on a beast typically don’t know why they are doing what they do other than for the obvious, just as a donkey that follows a carrot dangled before its nose may be pulling a
plow behind it, which may be of no concern to the donkey, it is only concerned with the acquisition of the carrot, but the bigger picture is, the donkey is being used to accomplish the work of its master; the carrot also acting as a payment that the donkey is being promised in exchange for pulling the plow. Some motivations are rewards, some are punishments (the donkey could have been whipped to pull the plow) however without the donkey and motivation, the work would not be done and without a head filled with desire or fear, the donkey would not work and would be a worthless subject.

**The Senses** - The first head of the Beast is the senses, and these senses are all over the beast, these senses are observed and processed by the Serpent (the brain); vision, taste, touch, hear, and smell, all the beasts’ motivation and education come from these sensations. This head of the beast rewards the flesh for doing the will of its master as well as the pains and punishments that are associated with its master. There are many rewards the Serpent delivers throughout the beast through these senses when the beast partakes; savory food, alcohol, drugs, sex, etc. - there are many rewards when the beast selfishly follows its senses, however, every one of them has a punishment that will follow as a repercussion; some so small you don’t notice them until it is too late; When you eat too much, you get fat and become unhealthy, when you drink too much you can’t function and end up with a hangover or worse – you get the picture, and when you commit a sin, regardless of why; you are secured to condemnation. This head acquires and retains its knowledge through what it experiences through its senses and it uses this education and builds on it to execute its schemes in attempts to acquire whatever is of interest to its kingdom, its temple, or its person.

**The Body** - The second head of the Beast, is the structure of the Beast, its organs, its bones, its skin, its muscle, this is the assembled machine that enables the temple to roam the Earth and sustain existence to the condemned; it is the industrial section of the temple, the motor and chassis. It brings oxygen into the temple, it processes the fuel, it flows the rivers of blood through the temple, it gets rid of its waste, its bones support the temple structure, it enables the condemned to have the ability to dance and sing, to run and jump, to fight and kill; it is the reactor.
**The Tongue** - it is the tool that the temples use to communicate with each other through sound, it is used on the beast by its master to steer others or attempt to, it is used for speeches, for song, for boasting, it divides, starts wars, leads into destruction, and it lies when it is following the ways of the Dragon, the Beast or the False Prophet. That worm like feature, housed in our mouths that we sometimes have a hard time controlling, a power we frequently act irresponsibly with, and this tongue is one of the most powerful weapons at our disposal; a few simple words can ignite and destroy a kingdom. This tongue breeds the lies of its master.

**The Vagina** - number four, the head that appeared to be wounded; all the beasts that come into this world, come through this head, the opening in the temple, it is the passion of the Beast, it desires, it lusts, it provides entrance into the beast, to allow for re-creation of Satan’s kingdom, it keeps the Beast’s kingdom entertained and enchanted, it is the door to the vault of the treasure of the Harlot, it is the enthusiasm and the allegiance of the whoremonger.

**The Penis** - the fifth head of the beast, this head is the one said to be like a horn and is mentioned as being pronounced on the beast which came out of the earth (one of the two horns that were mentioned to be on the second beast that rose out of the earth). This head penetrates the wounded head on the female beast (the beast which came out of the sea); it unlocks the vault to get to the treasure of the harlot. It invades the temple and delivers the seed of the empire, for the pleasure it receives and to expand the kingdom onto new soil. It goes into the body of the Beast through the vagina so that future kingdoms may exist, just as the Serpent bore the Antichrist into Eve, so does this head bore the seed of a beast through the opening of the flesh, it is the weapon, the warrior of the flesh, it makes way for new kingdoms, invading and settling more of its subjects on fertile soil. It arouses the beast’s entire being at the execution of this event of which it was specifically designed for.

**Semen** - Number six, the seed of the kingdom that the Beast carries, the seed of the temple; where the future of the entire kingdom of The Dragon lives, the microscopic worms that
reconstruct the kingdom into flesh, out of flesh, creating an image for the beasts; creating more beasts, expanding the reign of the Dragon upon man and the Earth; if this seed cannot purchase; the beast will not come again; the seed of the flesh, made of flesh. This semen is the second horn identified on the “Second Beast” (the penis being the first horn)

**Flesh** - The seventh head of the Beast is the Flesh, the soil, the material, the raw elements that the Beast is constructed of, just as a building is made of bricks or wood, so is this house built of Flesh, the fragile material demanding constant maintenance and attention; the Beast must feed it, cloth it, provide it with shelter, from its beginning until its inevitable end; by the sweat of its brow. This flesh was created by its creator to sensate, die and to serve Evil.

Satan has designed the Beast so that its passion and drive is the reward and payment it receives for serving and committing sin, for destroying itself and multiplying the Dragons kingdom. All physical sin that is committed on this Earth is a result of an action executed through this Beast; through this body, through motivations and rewards through this flesh.

**10 Horns** – It is said that the two beasts that rose up (one out of the sea and one out of the earth) each had 10 horns, these 10 horns on this beast are the 10 sins that violate the 10 laws of God (the 10 commandments). Just as the kings sitting on the throne of the Dragon’s kingdom each have many heads, so do they possess horns of their own as well (I will explain this in more detail later, right now just know that it was said that the beasts did have 10 horns; ignore crowns at this point).

**3 Demonic Spirits (Rev. 16:13)** It was said, “out of the mouth of the Beast” came three evil spirits, adding three more members to the beast. (the same three that came out of the Dragon)

All of these things in the Beast add up to 20 (a score).
No.2 The Beast (Rev. 13:1)  
(The heads/The servants/ The body)

The seven heads
1. The Senses
2. The Body
3. The Tongue
4. The Vagina
5. The Penis
6. The Semen
7. The Flesh

The ten horns
1. The worship of false Gods
2. Making of graven images
3. Taking God’s name in vain
4. Not keeping God’s day holy
5. Dishonoring your mother and father
6. Murdering
7. Adulterating
8. Stealing
9. Lying
10. Coveting your neighbors spouse/goods/ scheming to

The three demonic spirits
1. Cowardice
2. Hopelessness
3. Hatred

20 – Members of the Beast (A score)
The False Prophet  
(Rev. 19:20)

The False Prophet are the lies and illusions of this kingdom. Think about the words “false” and “profit”, and it may help you to see this king. The word “false” means – not true or a lie, the term “profit”, means, you have gained something of value to you– you are bettering yourself, so obviously a “false profit”, would be a lie about something of importance or value. The False Prophet are the things that are real but are not real until we place our authority in them as result of a lie, but they have great influence and power over us when we do. Example: the fruit that the serpent showed Eve, and had Eve believe was for her gain (or profit), actually killed her, doing the exact opposite of what she was lead to believe; the fruit was a real object (like a Trojan Horse) but it wasn’t what the serpent said it was at all. The fruit, in fact, had the Anti-Christ in it (much like the army that hid in the Trojan horse); all the number of the Dragons kingdom, waiting to conquer. Eve probably would not have eaten this Anti-Christ if she was not lied to about what it really was and if she had not let those lies that were told to her by the serpent about the fruit (the object) seduce her into lusting after it so as to have to have it, but she did and everything then entered into her body, just as the people of Troy brought the statue into their city and at night the army hiding inside came out and destroyed the city. It was an object and spirits (or feelings) that played key roles in making this event possible; if the statue was of no appeal to them, they would have left it outside and done nothing with it, but it was desirable to them; enough to where they brought it into their city. The False Prophet are things that you believe are benefitting you, but in actuality they are serving another (typically one that is just using it for their gain at your expense). The False Prophet has to have an object (or a temple or institution) in which it can proclaim its lies from so as to achieve its goals. The False Prophet has to have two components to be successful, just as it is two words “False” and “Profit”; you cannot have a lie without an object, and objects of the False Prophet have to have its representation to achieve their status. The heads of the False Prophet are very persuasive and are the feelings (or spirits) that minister over the Dragons subjects, and they are tied to everything in its kingdom. (Rev. 13:5) From out of
the mouth of the beast is proclaimed these lies; in this case, the beast is the temple and from its tongue come the lies.

There are many works man performs with the power of his Beast as a result of the motivations and persuasions of these heads of the False Prophet and these works are done to promote and sustain the Dragon and all of its kingdom, they are things which are of no value to our soul or they are detrimental to it, they are things which occupy our time, keeping us away from God and bringing us closer to them, they are things which consume us with their lies, having us believe they are to be trusted over God and His word, they are things which struggle to lead us to sin and death, they often times convince us that we are just in our actions because of the convictions that we have placed in them, and there are those who promote and exalt these obstacles, these self-proclaimed authorities, these hills, these mountains.

There are seven heads of the False Prophet: Pride, Greed, Envy, Lust, Wrath, Gluttony, Sloth, these heads are also part of 7 Hills that are a “Profit” of the “False Prophet”; the heads are just “The False” or lies that are bonded to the “Profit”, they are like the seeds that when planted grow into huge lies. Just as a noun can become a verb, and when it becomes a verb; work is being done; these heads are the nouns.

**Pride** – a selfish presence of superiority over another, usually as result of an action or accomplishment that appears to have elevated one to a level of authority and respect over that of another; never acknowledging the works of others that may have been key elements in the execution of the accomplishments that are now being celebrated as that of an individual. Those that exhibit pride successfully, use it as a tool to intimidate and manipulate others by making them feel inferior, as though they are not competent to make choices and decisions on their own and that they should follow their commands over the commands of others or even one’s own self.

The serpent used the spirit of pride to intimidate Eve into allowing her to give it audience, after she was told by God to have nothing to do with that tree; unfortunately those who exercise “pride” only use it to accomplish one purpose; their own.
**Greed** – Amassing things of value and of great importance to gain control or power through the act of retaining, regulating, and distributing these things for one’s own purpose and at one’s own discretion, without regard for others that may require these things as necessities solely to exist. Satan took the lives of Adam and Eve, when he already had a life; he trapped them in a temple that was created solely to serve, support and sustain evil, its kings, its subjects, its kingdom, and nothing else; he has made them slaves to serve him and his flesh and he does everything in his power to keep them from seeing anything other than what he wants them to see; no man lives on this earth except as the Beast; the Beast which belongs to Satan, the beast which peruses that which Satan has told it to peruse and when they have served his purpose, he kills them (not even for one hour on Sunday does Satan want to ration to another).

**Envy** – A desire to have something, something that you have sought out for yourself, that another possesses, and solely because it has caught your eye; not because you are in need. The serpent promoted this fruit so that Eve allowed it to become the center of her attention, and after listening to the teachings about this fruit, from the serpent, Eve wanted the fruit so she could be like a god; Eve allowed herself to believe (to believe a lie) because what the Serpent told Eve was very appealing to her and she was easily convinced that she should have something that she didn’t have to work for; something of great value that she could possess for herself. Envy is used as a great motivator, convincing others that they deserve more than what they have, as you attempt to get what you selfishly desire for yourself at their expense. The serpent told Eve she could be like God if she ate the fruit, so she pursued the serpent, and the serpent pursued Eve so it could be like a god. Eve ate up the serpent while the serpent ate up Eve; like a “yin yang”; two pursuing each other, each behind the others back, in an attempt to achieve the same goal, only at the expense of the other.

**Lust** – The passionate desire to have greatness, pleasure, and fulfilment through the seemingly simple act of intercourse. Eve passionately devoured the fruit, with all her being, completely convinced, that she could have her greatest desires fulfilled through this forbidden act of intercourse, of which she was made slave of by the Serpent, the Beast, and
the False Prophet. Lust is the unquestionable and undeniable feeling; that the unachievable, is achievable, very easily through intercourse.

**Wrath** – A desperate attempt to resolve a problem or situation, using the same method of resolve in which you created the situation to begin with, without any regard for the consequences of others. Eve probably knew she was truly F**ked (in the most pure sense of the word) after she ate the fruit, and in a desperate act, she used all of the skills she so recently acquired from Satan, and convinced Adam to obey her word over God’s (misery loves company). This attempt only made things worse; Adam was now dead as well.

**Gluttony** – Habitually consuming everything you desire, as a method of filling a hole or void that can’t be filled (a bottomless pit), relentlessly trying to remedy a problem with the cause of it. Eve and Adam were allowed to eat of everything in the Garden except one thing; the fruit from the tree of “Knowledge of Good and Evil”; they ate it because they believed it had power and now they must eat because it took their power for its own purpose. Satan not only had a life in the Garden of Eden (and we do not know what his actual appearance was before he was found guilty of tricking Adam and Eve, we are told he was turned into a worm or serpent as a punishment; he may have had a great existence he just wasn’t content for his own reasons; he had free will ) but he took Eves life making her his slave, knowing full well he would have Adam’s life as well, and furthermore, the lives of everyone and everything on this earth, and all those to come, and he did this solely to enslave them to do his work, work that will never be done. Gluttony - the feeling that you will be satisfied through excess consumption of what you already do not appreciate or tend to.

**Sloth** – indulging in relaxation, the neglect of ones responsibility toward work that must be done, out of the fear of physical or mental exhaustion, leaving that work undone or in the hope to be done by others, the avoidance of work while still attempting to acquire the fruits of its labors at another’s expense. Satan had Eve and Adam put his flesh in themselves so that they would have to tend to it to keep it alive and if they do not tend to it, they will die,
and while it is in them, they must do the work of his flesh or they will die; his flesh is weak and he uses its weakness to have man do his works in exchange for existence.

All of these heads of the False Prophet, are just tricks and illusions to attempt to steer man in the directions the Dragon wants man to go in.

Just as the seven kings of the Dragon are the mind of its kingdom, and the seven heads of the Beast are the body of its kingdom, so are the seven heads of the False Prophet the spirits of this kingdom; the ministers (there are the three other spirits spoken about in this kingdom, but these are the seven spirits that are the heads of The False Prophet – the other spirits are in the soul of, The Dragon, The Beast, and The False Prophet).

The False Prophet has horns just like the Dragon and the Beast because its only purpose is to steer the ones in the beast to commit the 10 sins that violate the 10 commandments; though the sins the False Prophet is responsible for are brought about through the actions of the Beast, the False Prophet is the one who instigates these acts, and in fact, if it weren’t for the ministering of the False Prophet, sins would not be committed by man, so this “False Prophet” is just as guilty as the others. The horns of the False Prophet have no crowns because the False Prophet is spirit (it is evil by nature) and receives the kingdom with the Dragon and the Beast, it will receive royal authority with the beast for one hour in the final judgement, for what it is (what it belongs to); part of “Original Sin”, the beasts suffer the conviction for the works of the False Prophet, however, wherever the Beast goes, the False Prophet will follow. (The Beast makes the noun become a verb but they are of the same thing)

The False Prophet is the opposite of the Holy Spirit, just as the Dragon is the opposite of God the Father, just as the Beast is the opposite of Jesus Christ. All these heads of the False Prophet revolve around each other working together of one mind and one purpose; the combinations are many but the heads are 7.
No. 3 the False Prophet
(The Un-Holy Spirit/The Lies)

The False Prophet has seven heads and ten horns as well as the three demonic spirits.

**7 Heads**
1. Pride
2. Greed
3. Envy
4. Lust
5. Wrath
6. Gluttony
7. Sloth

**10 Horns** (10 sins that break the 10 commandments)

**3 Spirits** (Cowardice, Hopelessness, Hatred), (Rev.16-13 “out of the mouth of the False Prophet”)

**20 – Members of the False Prophet (A score)**
The First Beast that rose up out of the sea / Eve / Babylon
(Rev. 13)  (Rev17:9)

The first beast that rose up, the one that rose up out of the sea; rose up into
Eve, the beast with the seven heads and ten horns, the horns on this beast, it is said, had
crowns on its horns, and this beast had one of its seven heads appear to be wounded (REV.
13:3). When Eve ate the fruit (the Anti-Christ), she placed the seed of the flesh and blood
of the Beast in her body, the seed of the mind of the Dragon, the seed of the spirits of the
False Prophet, making it one with her; Eve became the actual mother to all that is evil –
this was a real physical event, she bore the offspring of Satan into her body, and eventually
on to the Earth, if it were not for Eve, the kingdom of Satan would not exist; Satan would
exist but he would have no kingdom nor slaves, nor be of any consequence to us.

The Dragon, the Serpent, the brain (Jonah 4), the mind; took its position in the
top of Eve’s temple, in her head, and with it came all its number - a score.

The Beast, the flesh, the body, the temple, grew into her image that was given
unto her from God, it gave her image the ability to appear almost the same as it did before
eating the fruit, except for the wound (the vagina); where the leaf was placed. This head
that appeared to be wounded, created that appearance because it bleeds for several days
every month, it does this when the flesh inside this beasts egg dies; unless the Anti-Christ
has found purchase in this flesh and tends to its needs; keeping this flesh alive, as it serves
the Anti-Christ’s needs in return. (The chicken came first, the egg came later).

Though the penis is one of the heads of the beast, Eve (the female) did not
permanently have the penis attached to her, however it was one with her flesh when
engaged in intercourse, and the penis did belong to Eve as well as Adam because Adam did
whatever Eve asked, and what was his was hers. Eve’s body was now a beast with all the
number of the Beast in her – a score.

The False Prophet, the lies, the treasure, the spirit; now dwelt in Eve’s temple,
ministering to Eve, so as to have her perform Satan’s works through the power of her
temple. The False Prophet brought with it, all its number – a score.
This beast that rose up out of the sea was observed to have 10 horns with crowns on them; this beast’s horns have crowns because this particular beast has come; this was the beast that became the beast that Eve became, the horns have crowns because Eve has been condemned for doing the works of Satan (among other things); the sins she committed through the power of her flesh (her temple her beast), the sins that are punishable by condemnation; just as all who come in the flesh will commit sins. This “First Beast” (Eve), was, but is no more (Eve is dead), but yet comes again, and again, and again (it is the female beast); the beasts that have already existed and are in existence, all have crowns on their horns; the beasts that have not yet been born on to this Earth, do not have crowns on their horns as of yet, but will receive them briefly at judgement, as these horns will have them condemned for their works; just as Eve was. It is because of these sins, these horns, these weapons; the temple will be forced to go where it does not want to go, but cannot escape.

That which wears crowns on its heads, is condemned because it belongs to Satan and is Original Sin. That which has horns with crowns on their horns, is condemned, for doing the works of Satan.

The “Beast” that I spoke about earlier, as being one of the kings of the Dragon, does not have horns with crowns because it keeps coming again each time we reproduce and has not yet gone into extinction and been cast into eternal damnation; where as an individual that is presently walking the earth or has died (Eve), has crowns on their beast’s horns (unless they have had their sins forgiven Rev. 17:12). This “Beast”; that is one of the heads of the Dragon, is a king, because it belongs to Satan, but it has not physically done Satan’s work until it comes.

This “first beast”, it was said, was given a mouth to utter blasphemies; this mouth is the tongue and I don’t think we need to discuss the existence of a foul mouth; as most all of us have cursed and raved plenty. This First Beast is also said to have spots like a leopard, this was said because this beast uses woman for camouflage, hiding in woman’s beauty, grace, and pleasure, however woman can be a deadly beast when she promotes the sins we can rarely deny ; this creature that is now so often the Harlots pet. It is said that this Beast had feet like a bears, this was said because it boldly goes wherever it wants, led by its own desires, trampling anything in its path with regard for nothing but itself, as it wanders about
and a bear is very rarely interfered with. It is said it had a mouth like a lion because it can devour anything on this Earth, and like the lion, it is the king of the beasts. We have all seen when a beautiful woman wants something, she gets her way; there is no disputing her wants (Matthew 14:7). (There is a difference between playing a whore and being a beautiful woman. And there is nothing wrong with looking beautiful, where the line is, is when one makes themselves beautiful for the purpose of promoting or attempting to promote intercourse or in the attempt to influence others for personal gain through the means of their beauty)

Eve is this first beast, The great city Babylon, The Mother of all Harlots, the Mother of all Abominations of the Earth. Rev.17-9 reveals that the Dragon, the Beast, and the False Prophet are all part of Eve; where it says that the beast the woman rides on has seven heads (the heads are the heads of the beast), when it says that the seven heads are also seven Hills (those hills are the heads of the False Prophet. I will explain why the heads of the False Prophet are also Hills, later in the chapter), and when it says that they are also seven kings (those kings are the heads of the Dragon). Along with all these heads, hills, and kings, come all of their number – a score from the Dragon (Eves mind), a score from the Beast (Eves body), and a score from the False Prophet (Eves spirit)

**Giving Eve a total of 60 (or three score)**

All man is made up of mind, body and spirit; just as God is the Mind, Jesus is the Body, and the Truth is the Holy Spirit of Gods kingdom.
The Second Beast that rose up out of the earth / Adam
(Rev. 13:11)

The Second Beast that rose up; rose up out of the earth, that beast was Adam, after having eaten the fruit given to him by Eve. This second beast became the beast that Adam became, and is exactly the same today as it was when it became Adam – it is a male beast/ a man; this ”Second Beast” was said to have risen up out of the “Earth”. My interpretation of why this beast is said to have risen up out of the Earth, whereas the first beast is said to have risen up out of the sea, is that since it was said that Eve gave Adam the fruit, it could be said that the second beast came out of Eve, or you could say that it came out of Eve’s works. Adam was said to have been made from the clay of the earth, and it was said that Eve was originally made from Adams rib, which would then mean that she too was made from the “earth”, in which I have drawn the conclusion “the earth” is signifying Eve as the origin of this second beast; that is how this beast came to be, whereas Eve’s beast, the “first beast”, came about from the sea. In the New International version of the Holy Bible, it specifically states that the Dragon Stood on the shore of the sea, and the first beast came out of the sea, meaning that this first beast came about directly as a result of the Dragon, whereas this second beast came about directly as a result from Eve (who was said to be made of earth) – First Beast came about because of the Dragon (sea), Second Beast came about because of Eve (earth). [those that believe we came out of a swamp are partially correct; some things in us did come out of the sea].

This beast is said to have had two horns like a lamb, and he spoke as a dragon (Rev. 13:11). The two horns are the penis and the semen, the penis penetrates the flesh of a woman’s temple and the semen penetrates the flesh inside the woman’s temple (the egg). It is said that these horns are, “like unto a lamb”, because they are being described, as to appear innocent (a lamb has always been a creature that has been referred to as something of innocence). Man has assumed the role in our society, as the one who desperately tries to put his seed into a woman’s temple, and that has become man’s goal in this world (to score), and he will say anything or do anything in an attempt to execute this intercourse. A man attempts to convince a woman (with many different approaches) to engage in sexual
acts by convincing her that it is alright and is for her best interests, just as the Serpent first did with Eve – hence; spoke like a Dragon. Girls have been told by their fathers not to have sex until they are married and boys have been trying to have sex with them as soon as they are able to – you get the picture – these horns are trying to maintain their appearance of innocence.

This second beast (which is most definitely the temple that was Adam) is said to have had the same power as the first beast (Rev. 13:12), so I am assuming that it has all the same heads and horns in it that the first beast had, as well as the number of its mind and spirit. Though Adam did not have the vagina permanently attached to him, he was one with it during intercourse, and man thinks about this vagina (has it on his mind) constantly, and his semen becomes one with the flesh in Eve, when he gave her beast the power to reproduce their image and breathe life into it; when his semen would fertilize her egg, and last but not least; every man, woman, and child, enters this kingdom through this gate that is the vagina.

This second beast (Adam) was the first whoremonger, the first beast to engage in activities with a whore, the first one to exalt the works of Eve, the first one to continually proposition her to keep committing intercourse, the first one to commit his existence to the Harlot; over and over. It was said that this second beast performed great sights, such as having fire come down from the sky, and that this beast had the whole world worship the beast. We have all seen these sights in wars which have taken place on this earth, and we are all subject to one country or another on this earth, and typically men are the ones who directly engage in these things, so hopefully you can see this parallel I have drawn. (I will discuss these things further in this chapter, in the section titled, “Hills”)

Adams temple has all the exact same number; Kings, Heads, Hills, and Horns, as Eve’s – Mind, body, and spirit.

**Giving Adam a number of 60 (or three score)**
The Third Beast / the Image to the Beast

(Rev. 13:14-15, Rev.17-8)

This Third Beast is the beast which has come again, it is the offspring from out of Adam and Eve (the first two beasts), the fruit produced from the seed of the kingdom of the Satan, it is the image for the Beast (the spitting image) that was allowed to have life breathed into it (REV.13:15). This beast is the next generation of the human race as we know it, it is in us, it is that which came before us, and that which comes out from us, it is the body we now dwell in, it is the temple that our brain (the serpent) lives in, and it is the haunt that spirits that now rest in and lie to us day and night, the spirits which we believe without any doubt, it is the kingdom Adam and Eve brought about after they ate the Fruit; having all the same kings, heads, horns and spirits as the Dragon, the Beast, and the False Prophet. We exist with and in Original Sin, we have it in us and we are born through it; every one of us on this earth has grown from this same seed, this seed that is the seed of the Dragon, the Beast, and the False Prophet. Our very conception is a reenactment of the soft battle that took place when man and woman were first conquered; a serpent desiring to plant the seed of his kingdom in the flesh of a woman (another’s kingdom); hanging around, attempting to gain her attention and curiosities, entertaining her as he proudly introduces himself, educating her on what he has to offer in exchange for her participation in this act of intercourse with him. A woman, now procured, displaying herself so as to arouse this man, lustfully catching his eye and have him desire to engage in intercourse with her. The two join as one, using each other to get what they want in this exchange of pleasure received and distributed from the vagina and the horn; the horn penetrating the flesh of a woman, stabbing over and over again until the seed of the kingdom has been planted; payment and pleasure exchanged. Just as Satan deposited the Anti-Christ into woman, so does man seek to carry out this endeavor with all his heart; though he knows not what his master is really doing? This Second Beast carries out this act with its horn in exchange for payment of pleasure from the Serpent (the brain) and the more ferocious and degrading this act is, the more aroused this beast becomes, the more beautiful, the greater
the reward. The first beast; A woman, lusting for the pleasures promised through intercourse, for doing what she has been told not to (wrong doing); for ruling from the throne Satan has given to her, for lording this ritual above all things, exercising her power to have the other beasts desire her and worship her with their entire being, ruling this male beast by entertaining its lust of Original Sin; as she entertains her own, and the greater and more powerful the man that succumbs to her intercourse; the greater her pleasure. The woman plays the Harlot, while the man becomes the Whoremonger, generation after generation; man re-creates this image with the very act which killed him; with his utmost passion. No one was conceived (except Jesus) by anything other than this ancient ritual which brings about the beast that comes again – forced to commit sin in order to exist - “I’m coming”, and, “F*** Me”, - Common phrases often recited by the blind during this ritual; it is coming again and we are f***ed.

With every generation, the Harlots and Whoremongers populate the kingdom with great enthusiasm; mothering and soldiering. It was said that the Harlot was adorned with gold, precious stones, and pearls, as her reward for her fornication; We have all seen how beautiful women on this earth receive expensive jewelry, gifts, and luxuries of all sorts, in exchange for their favor, though usually only when they are youthful and the beast they are on are in their prime. Typically when women desire to be worshipped, admired, be paid attention to by those of power in this world, and to have things of this world, without working for them as others must, they must play the “Harlot” in order to achieve their goals; the female beasts often play the harlot when it can serve their interests. The beasts have no greater passion of this earth than this Harlot; whoremongers lust for the harlot with all their being to such a degree that they even become violent, and Harlots tend to their beast so as to have themselves desired over everything; you have seen it in all your movies, when in the end, the hero kills his apparent nemesis, gets the beautiful girl (who typically really he knows nothing about) as his greatest reward, but in reality who got who? We have seen this story a thousand times.

When a beast that has survived by doing the works of the Harlot becomes old and withered, the Harlot can no longer get what it desires from the whoremongers (in actuality, it was really only by the power of the Whoremonger’s beast that she survived), then the beast that the harlot rode on becomes a haunt filled with misery, consumed by that
which it consumed. The Harlot exists generation after generation, not to be condemned until final judgment along with the Anti-Christ, when all that which is evil will be condemned; that is why it was said that the horns on the beast the Harlot rode on, had no crowns as of yet (REV.17-12). It is said that the Horns and the Beast will hate the Harlot, and that they will consume her with fire at judgment for her deeds, they will leave her naked and eat her flesh. These Horns will then receive royal authority briefly, as the Harlot will be condemned by them and thrown into Hell because of them. As hard as it is to accept, many have become temples for the Harlot. Satan has modified woman by Eves hand, in hopes to miss lead and have all destroyed; God created woman and made her beautiful but He did not create her to be the Harlot. Satan uses the Harlot to keep all man distracted, like a magician with a beautiful assistant on stage that grabs the attention of the audience, distracting them; while he is performing his works, they are devoting all their attention to the assistant; the men lusting over her appearance while the women are consumed with envy over her power to be the center of attention.

Just as there are countless Harlots throughout the world, so are there countless Whoremongers; those who make women into harlots, those who lure, persuade, adorn and in some cases force them into doing the works of the harlot; just as the serpent first did with Eve. The Harlot and the Whoremonger are two but of one, you don’t have one without the other, and where the Harlot goes, the Whoremonger follows.

This Third Beast is in us, and we are guilty as a result of the works of the ones which brought about our flesh, and for to whom this beast belongs; we are born through and with original sin; and as a result of what it is, it will sin and always does (a bad tree cannot bare good fruit). Satan has tricked man, and rewards man with man’s greatest desires in exchange for the glorification of murder. This Third Beast has all the heads and horns of the beasts which created it (it is the spitting image) and it has learned all the things which the beasts before it have taught it, and it makes its contributions with each generation keeping the empire alive. We have the beast that existed once, but exists no more, yet has come again; in us and with us, just as all those that came before us and all those that come out from us.

The Dragon, The Beast, and The False Prophet. We are the Eighth King that is of the seven (Rev. 17:11).
Giving The Third Beast a number of 60 (or three score)

The Hills/ the Thrones
(Rev.17:9)

Hills - areas pronounced by elevation above their surroundings, uprisings on a surface, accumulations of matter gathered in areas creating a noticeable presence and significance; hills can be a point of lookout, they can be a foundation, they can be observed, they can be beautiful, they can be a stronghold, they can be created, and they can be vital to the functions of a kingdom, allowing that kingdom’s subjects to protect, secure, and expand their kingdoms existence from these hills; hills can be plowed up by donkeys in exchange for carrots from their masters. In many battles throughout history the primary objective was often for one kingdom’s subjects to take a hill from another kingdom’s subjects so that they could defeat that kingdom. Hill’s have always been strongholds for a kingdoms existence, a vital asset that serves in the expansion and preservation of that kingdom; if you could not take a hill that was of significance to the existence of that kingdom, you could not defeat that kingdom, its subjects, or its king.

Man has modified this earth to better accommodate his wants and needs and to better serve its will, just as The Dragon, The Beast, and The False Prophet, modified man’s flesh to serve their will. The False Prophet has convinced man to use the power of the Beast to plow up these seven Hills onto the Earth for their kingdom (Rev.19:20), and these Hills are: government, industry, education, entertainment, military, merchants, and money.

Government – The assembly of kings to watch over and control the needs, prosperity, and future of the kingdom. Government forges the laws that serve the kingdom, it regulates and controls the industry that serves the kingdom and those of it, Government dictates the education that serves the kingdom (what is taught in the kingdom), they judge the entertainment that is allowed in the kingdom, they harness the military that protects and defends the kingdom, they monitor the merchants that create the kingdom, and they distribute the money that is honored in the kingdom. Government must keep a tight and constant hold on the kingdom so that the kingdom will not fall, and it has many tactics. 
(rewards and punishments) to accomplish this. In order for this kingdom to be successful, it must have proud leaders that are respected by its subjects or the subjects will not follow; some respect is earned by reward, other by fear, either way, without respect, one cannot lead because no one will follow. The government of this kingdom serves itself before its subjects, and it uses its subjects to serve its needs, telling them what is to be observed; with great authority; with the authority we have put in it; we are rewarded when we obey it and we are punished when we do not.

From the Serpent, from the Senses, from Pride; Government is proclaimed
From the Dragon, from the Beast, from the False Prophet; with all their number and calculation.

**Government 60 (three score)**

**Industry** – This kingdom and all that are in it, have many needs that must be met to sustain, and prolong its existence and prosperity, this “industry” is what accomplishes this work on this earth; it manufactures all of man’s needs (water, sewer, gas, electric, appliances, food, guns, dreams; whatever is necessary), so that the kingdom can continue its pursuit to satisfy itself through this beast; the same way that the human body handles all of its requirements through its flesh, so that we can continue to function, go about our business, and what pleases us. This “industry” has isolated the subjects of the kingdom from that which they require, need, and desire, accept through purchase with marks or notes that the kingdom distributes to those who serve it.

From the Beast, from the Body, from Greed; Industry is manufactured.

From the Dragon, from the Beast, from the False Prophet; with all their number and formulation.

**Industry 60 (three score)**

**Education** – This hill of the kingdom has schools of all kinds, to teach everything from mathematics so that those of the kingdom can calculate, to science so that those of the kingdom can formulate, to language so that those of the kingdom can communicate; all the necessary ingredients to sustain, and progress in our quest to better provide for our beast and its kingdom, however if we were not subject to Death, the Flesh, and money, we would
not need any of this information of this kingdom, but we are mortal so these things are now very necessary, since we must serve the beast that is our body, we must protect our flesh from the elements or it will die, we must feed our flesh or it will die, we must be aware of the things which are dangerous to it, we must study our flesh so that we can fix it when it breaks, and we must entertain our flesh so that we have a desire to be in it, We must learn how to defend our flesh from others so that they not kill us, we are taught about all these things, government, industry, entertainment, military, merchandising, and money, we are even taught how to educate others on these matters, but one thing this kingdom tries not to teach you about is God (separation of church and state). All things that are dying must learn what they must do to prolong the inevitable, those that have come before us have made their contributions to the kingdom in attempt to secure its prosperity and immortality for the next generation to come; education in this kingdom is the struggle to acquire, retain, and pass on the necessary knowledge so that the kingdom will remain. This kingdom has many very specific needs that have to be met in order to survive, and these needs require one to be trained so that they can be executed properly. In order to have a job well done, the one doing it must have some sort of motivation and training; if they are not motivated, they probably will do a poor job, or maybe not do the job at all; if they have not been trained on how to do the job, they won’t be able to do it, whether or not they wanted to do it to begin with. This kingdom relies on its servants to keep it alive and prospering, and it has to educate its subjects by holding their attention through the promise of reward in exchange for service (getting money in exchange for work or simply following directions on what you must do to stay alive – staying alive being the reward). “If you pull this cart, you will get this carrot, and here is how the cart is to be pulled”. Listen and learn, “pulling this cart is the answer to all your problems, do it every day and save some of these carrots and one day you can retire a rich donkey”. They never tell you about what happens after retirement, and you never get to see what was in the cart.

From the False Prophet, from the tongue, from Envy; Education is instituted.
From the Dragon, from the Beast, from the False Prophet; with all their number and communication.

**Education 60 (three score)**
Entertainment – The captivation and enchantment performed by carefully choreographed plays, games, songs, dances and rituals; illusions executed on stage and screen, on fields, and in bedrooms and courtrooms; slaughter the nemesis, score, get the beautiful woman, the sack of money; what more could there be?; man solving and resolving all his problems, controlling his destiny, creating his own heaven on earth, with his own rules and laws, answering to no one; reigning supreme in complete fulfillment, at the expense of another. This kingdom entertains itself on its way to the grave with many devises and vices, games, toys, and tales, all simulating accomplishments that will never be reached, lusting after visions of grandeur; only to get up and walk away with less than we had after their spell has run its course. This kingdom and those of it, pursue the passionate lies that have intercourse with our mind, body, and spirit. These things that entertain; they drive us, they keep us on the trail in our trials, they keep us in pursuit, they keep us in line, they are our passions, our goals that we never reach but refuse to turn away from, they have us believe in them, over and over, again and again, all the way into our graves; just as the Harlot enchants the whoremonger, so that its greatest desire is to pursue it and serve it, working and fighting for a dream that doesn’t exist, refusing to believe that it doesn’t exist; with extreme prejudice; never knowing or wanting to know of anything else that exists. From the Harlot, from the vagina, from lust; entertainment is cast. From the Dragon, from the Beast, from the False Profit; with all their number and fornication.

Entertainment 60 (three score)

Military A kingdom must have an army if they are vulnerable to another and want to defend against it, they must also have an army if they want to take a kingdom from another; the strongest survive and rule, they take what they want, and do with it what they will, for as long as they can hold on to it. A kingdoms army goes in and plows the way for the kingdom's expansion, rule, ideas, and existence; it plants the seeds of their kingdom on the soil of the one it has conquered, so that the kingdom can then grow larger and do more of the same works it has done on the soil from which it originated. Any subjects belonging to the kingdom that was defeated in a war, either must become subjects (willing participants
in the service of the conquering kingdom), or must be incarcerated or enslaved (forced to serve the conquering kingdom by force), or must be killed by the conquering kingdom (because they are of no use to the conquering kingdom, cannot or will not serve, or are a threat). The military of this kingdom is under the authority of the Whoremonger (which is basically just another word for warmonger); one who’s greatest desires are the acts of destruction and devastation of another King, His Family, and His Kingdom, and this “Whoremonger”, uses all the power of its number to conquer other kingdoms, solely to hand them over to that which it serves and worships; the kingdom of which it came out from, a kingdom that will never be grateful or acknowledge the part that the whoremonger has played in the existence of its kingdom. There are many strategies implemented during a war; the standard one is to kill your enemy so that they will be of no further threat or consequence to you, if you cannot kill your enemy, you must try and subdue them so that they cannot interfere in your business, if you cannot subdue them, you will lose the war. One strategy to subdue another, is to hold things that are precious to them hostage, while you sack their kingdom. The whoremongers sometimes entertain their desires by subduing harlots while they ransack her kingdom and plant seeds.

From the Whoremonger, from the Penis, from Wrath; march the Military.
From the Dragon, from the Beast, and from the False Prophet, with all their number and decimation.

**Military- 60 (three score)**

** Merchants** – are the seeds of these hills, it is the Hill these other six Hills produce and it is the Hill that produces the other Hills, Merchants are the consumers of this kingdom and this kingdom is being consumed by Merchants; everything in this kingdom is here as a result of Merchants and to serve Merchants; ones looking to profit off the backs of others who are looking to profit off of them. This kingdom is filled with merchants of all kinds, selling goods everywhere and of every sort, from the oldest profession, to whatever the newest is; trading services and products in exchange for payment; for the currency (or power) of the kingdom they reside in, in hopes of getting ahead of the others of the kingdom, though at times, just to survive. We are all obsessed with money, wealth, and power, and the joys we are convinced it will bring. This pursuit of power has completely
consumed our being, as soon as we are old enough to make observations we begin to obey this power, and this gluttonous behavior does not cease until we are dead; until it has consumed us; “Zeal for your house will consume me” (John 2:16). We are all merchants of some sort, whether we go to a job and trade our services for money or we sell goods, whenever we execute an action with the intention of receiving money, power or a commodity for ourselves, we are doing the works of a merchant, (Mathew 21:13). Look around you, everything in our kingdom was created in exchange for payment, even churches have been built in exchange for money, even people are all over this Earth as a result of two people receiving payment; the payment of pleasure in exchange for planting the seeds of the kingdom in intercourse.

The goal of a merchant is to be able to relax and enjoy life for as long as it can be possessed, having everything one desires, without any worries or struggles, on our own terms, without regard for how this may affect others; this is the ultimate goal of every merchant in the kingdom, unfortunately one can only achieve this state by having others do their work for them, one must have slaves or servants to achieve this state, and if one cannot acquire servants or make slaves of others, they must then be a slave to themselves and others. In this kingdom all pursue happiness, security and relaxation, by pursuing this power that we trust will provide these things to us - money. Struggling for it from start to finish, never getting enough of it and those that touch it, are pursued by those who want to take it from them, and will, and then they too will have the ball until they are tackled; only no one ever scores except the three. In this world there are merchants of all kinds, some accept cash (money), some accept pleasure (flesh), and some accept your life (your soul) as payment, and all are trying to get ahead of whoever is in front of them.

From Death (the Dragon), from the Semen (the Beast), from Gluttony (the False Profit), come Merchants, with all their number and splendor; Servants and waiters, Shiny chrome, polished alligators.

**Merchants – 60 (three score)**
Money – the deeds bonded to elements and metals, flesh and commodities, soil and real estate that belong to the kingdom; where the power of the kingdom is stored and exercised from. These deeds are traded between subjects (typically of the same kingdom) with the faith of the kingdom behind it pledging that they are real (meaning that there is some form of the kingdom’s property actually bound to the note, and it is not just a worthless piece of paper vouching for a piece of real estate that doesn’t exist).

A kingdom must have three things or there is no kingdom; elements (gold - precious metals and such), living things (flesh - commodities), and soil (real estate), all of these three things are similar but different. Money of this world is and are, deeds that claim the possession of these raw things, and it is the power of money that turns these raw materials into man’s creations; by the use of money, with what the money represents (money represents raw materials – everything in this world is made from raw materials).

The kings of this world must have rewards for their subjects (for their commodities) if they want them to serve them and their kingdom (some commodities get carrots, some get fertilizer, some get money). A subject who is only beaten by their master so that they will work, will never like that master, and if given the opportunity to escape, they will try. One who is rewarded by their master for doing their masters work, will want to stay with that master and perform work for him for as long as he is content with his rewards.

Our kingdoms on this Earth regard the possession of these things that back our money, to be one of the determining factors in the power of a kingdom, just as the ones with more of these things are the more powerful in a kingdom. All works on this earth are done through the power of the flesh of a man; there is no greater power in any kingdom here (man is the most valuable commodity). True power is energy and the ability to be able to direct it; energy alone is useless, but if you have great amounts of energy that can be directed at your command then you have a great power; money is used to direct man’s energy through the promise of wealth. We may have great and powerful tools and weapons but they all are formed by man; without man there is no useable power for this kingdom.

The bond between the power and the money is only as strong as the king (or government) that is distributing it can make it; if the king can have his money and its promise be trusted as a dire necessity, then the king has complete control over his subjects.
because they can only get what they need and want by using what actually belongs to him; without borrowing what is his, they cannot survive; he has complete control.

We rarely think about what money really is because it has been here long before we were in this world, we know what it allows us to do, we trust it and we serve for it for the power it gives to us, we work for these notes or marks that belong to the kingdom we belong to, so that we can engage in trade in the kingdom, for the things we need and desire of the kingdom, and in return most of us are content to serve in the Hills we were trained to serve in the kingdom, under these conditions; we have flesh that has demands that must be met or it will die.

If a kingdom’s money represents a percentage of the kingdom’s power, then while that percentage of the kingdom’s power is in a subject’s possession, that percentage of power is being used by that subject and cannot be used by the king or anyone that does not have that money in their possession, until it is returned. [example – let’s say an ounce of gold is worth $1000.00 American dollars, then if you have $1000.00 American dollars, there needs to be one ounce of gold somewhere in America that has been set aside while that $1000.00 dollars is in circulation, and that ounce of gold cannot be used for anything else; those notes ($1000.00) have bound up an ounce of gold that is being stored in a reserve in the kingdom. That money belongs to that gold and that gold belongs to that kingdom and that kingdom belongs to its king.] Now let’s say that you have borrowed a pound of flesh from the king; you have power that is flesh that belongs to him, and he is perfectly content to let you use the flesh (his power) while you are part of his kingdom but if you leave his kingdom he wants what is his before you can go, and if you cannot return this flesh that you have borrowed, that is his, how can you leave? If a king is more powerful than you; you can’t, you are now a slave; money or mammon is never given to anyone, it is only lent out.

Money is like the carrot of the kingdom that can’t be eaten but can buy a million carrots that can be eaten. Let’s say that you have some of the kingdoms money, one dollar to be exact, and let’s say that a carrot in the kingdom costs one dollar a piece, as long as that dollar is traded a million times for a carrot (example - one person buys a carrot from another by exchanging a dollar or it, then the one with the dollar buys a carrot from another for a dollar; now that same dollar has bought two carrots, the carrots get eaten up but the
dollar remains powerful and if this dollar is traded again it can get another carrot, and so on). The dollar cannot actually be eaten whereas the carrot can so in one aspect the carrot could be considered to be more valuable but since the dollar is obeyed by all in the kingdom and one can only obtain a carrot by the trading of a dollar; one cannot live in the kingdom without a dollar so therefore the dollar has tremendous power over life and death and if one must have flesh to live and the only way they can get this flesh is through and by “Original Sin”, then they are in debt to the one who owns it because that power belongs to him and if that one who owns it and does not give it, then it has been borrowed and still belongs to him and if it can’t be returned; how can this debt be satisfied? How can you leave his kingdom if you owe a debt that you can’t escape from?

Money is payment for the flesh that inhabit these 7 Hills and do the works of these Hills; if we did not have this carrot before our noses, we would not plow up these Hills, but because of the Dragon, the Beast, and the False prophet, we believe the promise of money and trust it, and it has become very real, so that if we have money, we have something; everything else is of lesser value, therefore we can acquire anything in the kingdom that we want by trading money for it, and if we are not getting paid, we have no interest in performing most of these services that are very necessary to the king and the kingdom because all we can see is how we can directly profit from our actions. Money is constantly on our minds because we must have it, we need it to exchange for food, we must have it so that we can exchange it for shelter, we must have it so that we can exchange it for the things of this world that we desire and that give us pleasure, and we must have it so that we can simply exist here, we attempt to acquire as much as possible in hopes that we might be able to rest; we all try to make as much as we can and different jobs pay different wages, depending on their level of importance. Money is the mark of the beast (Rev. 13:16-17) because “Beasts” are who use it and accept it as payment for services rendered, money is the mark we receive in our right hand, our money has the images of man (which biologically are beasts) on it, and often our money has images of elements and symbols which are linked to this kingdom (buildings and such). It is referred to as being in our “right hands”, because that is a term, meaning – that you trust something (example: the old phrase, “my right hand man” and most people are right handed). Money is not prejudice; you can work for it, trade for it, steal for it, even kill for it; it works the same for all when
traded, you just have to have it, and despite what anyone says, it is very real in this world and you will not live without it and if you are, then you are living off of someone else’s money. It is also said that these marks are on our foreheads, because whenever we need to accomplish something, money is almost always an element in the equation and we must always consider it in our thoughts, when we do work, or take a job, we think about how much money we will make; when we want something, we must think about how we can get enough money to acquire that something, when we fight with each other it is very common for it to be about money and we are constantly thinking about how we can make more money; some trade goods for money, some trade their sweat for money, some trade their knowledge for money, some trade their flesh for money, some trade their lives for money, but all in a kingdom trade with money of some sort of that kingdom; be it gold (elements), real estate (soil), or commodities (flesh); all are really the same just in different forms. Just as protons, neutrons, and electrons, make up all atoms, and atoms make up all elements, but they are all made of protons, neutrons, and electrons.

No one trades in the kingdoms on this Earth except he that has the image of the beast in his right hand, or in his forehead, or the number which stands for his name, it stands for a man, and man is now a subject to the kingdom and only a subject can trade with the currency of the kingdom. This kingdom has been conquered by the Dragon, built by the Beast, and its society flourishes through the ministering of the False Prophet. We depend on the power of our kingdom for our survival and our kingdom depends on our flesh for its survival, and it rewards us appropriately for the level of service we have provided to the kingdom, through money. We still to this day, trade the flesh that was borrowed from the Dragon with each other, the flesh that contains all the number of the one it came forth from, with all its number still in it just as it always has been; this Hill is the fruit of the kingdom.

We trade with money (the mark), we trade with flesh (the Beast), and we trade with death (the number of his name). The False Prophet, The Beast, The Dragon; give this hill all their number and all their number is in the hills. From Death (the Dragon), from Flesh (the Beast), from Sloth (the False Prophet); money is born, from all of the kingdoms ashes. Money makes promises of wealth, while the flesh promises life.

**Money – 60 (three score)**
All of these 7 hills were created by Satan to control, operate, sustain, captivate, protect, grow, and enslave the subjects of his kingdom and to secure it; his kingdom which is now man and the Earth. Every nation on this Earth exists by these exact same 7 elements; they are of one mind – body – spirit – they are of man, they are of his number. These Hills have arisen because the Dragon, the Beast and the False Prophet are now in man and man is in them. These Hills are the thrones upon which the Kings of the Earth sit and rule from, they are like stages upon which actors dress in costume and assume roles in order to make believe that they are real, and in return the players become consumed by the roles, just as we are consumed by the Beast. Each one of these Hills has all the same number as is in every man, woman and child, we are all a part of them or will be, we have placed all of our authority and trust in these Hills and they rule us; all of us are now subject to these Hills as a source of existence and survival and they have become very real, we have to serve them in order to eat and shelter ourselves, we have killed over them and killed ourselves over them; only a King can free us from them.

**The Hills/Mountains 420**  
*(The Kingdom - Hell)*

Each of the seven hills have been plowed up on this earth by the desires and works of man, through the power of his beast, and all of the number that is at work in man is at work in each of these hills, giving each of these hills a number of 60, the same 60 that are in every man woman and child (the 20 from the Dragon, 20 from the Beast, and 20 from the False Prophet) and a total of 420 altogether (7 hills x 60= 420). These Hills do not have a number of their own, however they do have a number (60) when man is sitting on these thrones; they share the number of the Dragon, the Beast, and the False Prophet, these thrones do have great power but they do not exist without man, we are the power that occupies these Hills, we give our power to these Hills; just as a wave is not part of water, a wave can move through water and create a hill in the water where there was not one, but when the wave is gone, so is the hill; when the wave is present, it uses the water as a very real and powerful force; when the wave is gone, so is the power; something has to make a
wave; water cannot make a wave, but a wave is very real. These Hills are the waves on the earth from the heads of the False Prophet, the Beast, and the Dragon. Man has put these Hills here because of the faith and trust we have placed in the 7 heads of the False Profit. These Hills are the deeds to the Spirits of the False Profit, just as money is a deed to gold of a kingdom. The Dragon has used the False Profit to persuade man to do his work, and the Beast has built these Hills because we have commanded it to.

**Six Hundred Three Score and Six**

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THE OFFSPRING/ THE EIGHTH KING

60

ADAM

60

EVE

60

THE FALSE PROPHET

20

THE BEAST

20

THE DRAGON

20

AND 6 – The Dragon - The Beast - The False Prophet – Eve – Adam – The Offspring

666

600 are the 10 sets of 60 - the 7 hills each having a number in each of them of 60
[7 hills x (20 of the Dragons number + 20 of the Beasts number + 20 of the False Prophet number) =420 – all placed on the soil of the Earth].

60 from Eve [20 of the Dragons number + 20 of the Beasts number + 20 of the False Prophets number – all placed in the soil of Eve]

60 from Adam [20 of the Dragons number + 20 of the Beasts number + 20 of the False Prophets number – all placed in the soil of Adam]

60 from the Offspring, The one that lives [20 of the Dragons number + 20 of the Beasts number + 20 of the False Prophets number – all placed in our soil]

This 600 are the number in the thrones of the kingdom (Rev17:18)(Rev17:1-2)(Rev 17:9)

20 members of the Dragon

20 members of the Beast

20 members of the False Prophet

This three score are the servants of the kings

1 The Dragon
1 The Beast
1 The False Prophet
1 Eve
1 Adam
1 The Offspring/ the Eighth King

These six are the kings (5 have fallen 1 lives)

Six hundred three score and six - It is a number which stands for man. This calculation is not describing one particular individual but it is in fact the anatomy of man as we know
him and his kingdom on Earth; all that is in man and all that springs forth from man. In order for a kingdom to be a kingdom, there must be a king, there must be subjects, and a there must be soil in which the kingdom can occupy and exist on or else it cannot exist, just as a man has a mind, body, and spirit, all of these included in this number are what rule, serve, and provide for man and his beast in this kingdom he has brought about on this Earth.

The Serpent, Senses, Pride - Government (Calculating) Hatred – the King

The Beast, the Body, Greed - Industry (Formulating) Cowardice – the Temple

The False Prophet, the Tongue, Envy - Education (Communicating) Hopelessness – the Lies

The Harlot, the Vagina, Lust - Entertainment (Fornicating) – the Mother

The Whoremonger, the Penis, Wrath - Military (sowing) – the Soldier

The Anti-Christ, Semen, Gluttony - Merchants (consuming) - the Seed

Death, Flesh, Sloth - Money (producing) the Fruit

All of these things revolve around each other, like the particles of an atom and planets in a solar system, all held together with bonds, particles, and charges; they are many but of one. A solar system is made up of enormous particles that revolve around each other and solar systems are made up of tiny atoms which are particles made up of even smaller particles that revolve around each other, and all these particles have invisible charges and bonds, just as protons, neutrons and electrons make up atoms so is man made up of three things, just as Jesus said in Matthew 13:33, “three measures of flour”. Everything in the world is basically the same, the Earth is made up of solids, liquids, and
gasses; atoms, are protons, neutrons and electrons; we are, mind, body and spirit; the list goes on forever; everything testifies to the truth – except man’s tongue.

We all sprang forth from semen in liquid (“from out of the sea”) from a penis from a man, out of his number we all entered through a vagina of a woman where we entered into an egg of flesh (into soil of a kingdom) that had been tended to by her number, where we then had to eat the flesh of that egg in order to purchase life, and this trade of life for this flesh occurred because of invisible spirits (gasses are typically invisible and many things that are solid can become gasses) that were present, and brains that delivered rewards through senses, to two people for conducting this ritual. Every one of us had to eat that flesh or we would not be here now, we would have never made it through the wall of the egg if we didn’t chew through it and that flesh we chewed and consumed belongs to Satan and is the same exact flesh that Eve put into her body, that same currency, that same dollar that bought her soul, that same mammon that has purchased again, and no one lives in this kingdom without it and no one leaves this kingdom because of it and the power that is bound to that mammon is our souls; the commodities of the kingdom. Out of a vagina, through the gate into this world we crawled and were then separated from the beast that we fed off of and we became our own beast (onto the Earth); with all the number of the ones before us and now in us and with the debt they could not pay now bound to us, just as was with our parents and their parents, all the way back to the beginning, and we all still must go out into the world and inhabit the Hills which the beasts cannot live without; becoming part of the kingdom we were born into and must serve until death. We give the hills/mountains/thrones of the kingdom all our number, just as the Dragon, the Beast and the False Prophet multiplied their number into Adam and Eve, just as Adam and Eve multiplied this number into us, so have man and woman (us) multiplied this number onto this Earth in these Hills; our soul is the power and it works for the flesh it is bound to.

The Serpent, The Beast, The False Prophet, the Harlot, the Whoremonger, the Antichrist, and Death are the root of sin, they are Original Sin, they are The Dragon, they are Satan and they all inhabit this flesh.

From the mind of the Dragon, to the body of the Beast, to the spirits of the False Profit and into man and on to the Earth; together all these things serve each other in order to secure their existence in this present state, at the expense of man. Who can argue
that our bodies are not beasts? Who can deny the way in which we come about on this Earth? We have knowledge beyond any other creature on this Earth, however there is very little difference (if any) in how our bodies function as compared to the other beasts here; we may be shiny and polished but we are still animals, we may have meticulously organized and orchestrated devises which we have implemented in pursuit of our endeavor’s but we are still beasts.

For century’s man has wandered after the Beast - It walks on 4 legs in the morning, 2 during the day, and 3 in the evening - not man, but The Beast.

**Rev.17:3** a *woman sitting on a scarlet beast that was covered with blasphemous names and had seven heads and 10 horns,* (the scarlet beast is the Dragon, the Scarlet Beast is the original Beast; not the “First” or the “Second” but the original “Beast”, the beast that the “First” and “Second” beasts came from, the Beast that was Satan’s body, the body that he built, the Beast that was, and is not, but will come again, the brain. *please note that building something and creating something are two completely different things. To create means that there was nothing and then you made something from nothing, to build, is to take matter that exists and arrange it into an order. Only God has ever created, others only use what exists, some make things their own by coveting (elaborate scheme to steal another’s possessions for ones own use) them and then those things become theirs for as long as they can secure them. It is said that the woman was “seated” on the Scarlet Beast, this was said because she controls its future; like a chicken that lays an egg and sits on it; the chicken is in control of the future of chickens, if the chicken does not lay an egg and hatch it; no more chickens; that particular chicken will continue on a short space (or existence) and then die, and if it does not lay eggs and breed more chickens; no more chickens will exist, but if it does; chickens. This Scarlet Beast is the 20 from the Dragon – A score. This Scarlet Beast is the brain of Eve, as well as the Harlot, as well as Satan, as well as man. The brain is the beast within the beast that knows how to create more beasts)
**Rev. 17:9** The seven heads are seven mountains (this is referring to the False Prophet, this is the 20 from the False Prophet – A score. Yes, the False Prophet is one of the kings of the Dragon and is counted with a value of 1 along with the other 6 heads of the Dragon, however, just as the Beast goes out and becomes another, having all the number of the ones before it, so does the False Prophet do the same – Matthew 12:45. The False Prophet takes part as a king with the Dragon but it also has come again like the Beast- John 3:6 “What is born of flesh is flesh, what is born of spirit is spirit”. ) on which the woman sitteth. (the woman is Eve/ the first Harlot as well as all the Harlots that were, and are no more, and have come again. It is said that she is sitting on these “hills” because, it is because of her breeding that these things are in the world, her offspring are the ones who have built these “hills”, so she technically she is sitting on the power, she is the one who is responsible, without her, none of the kingdom exists; no kings, no heads, no hills.) And there are seven kings: (these kings are the heads of the dragon) five are fallen (the five who have fallen are the 5 originals; The chickens which came before the egg; the ones for whom the egg was built for and the ones who built the egg; the Dragon, the Beast, the False Prophet, The Harlot, and The Whoremonger) and one is, (the one that is, is the Anti-Christ (the seed) for the egg, which in actuality is the next generation of the 7 kings) and the other is not yet come; and when he cometh, he must continue a short space. (this king is Death, it is said to have not yet come because the Anti-Christ has to be born into the flesh before Death can be born; something has to exist in order for it to die; Satan builds offspring to have something to torture while it serves him, until it is worn out and he kills it. It is said to only continue a short space because Death and the Flesh are basically the same thing and the flesh wears out quickly and when it does, that flesh is dead along with that child of the kingdom. The flesh gives the life it possesses to the Anti-Christ so that the Anti-Christ can live and as a result the flesh dies because it has no life, it gave it away; it is dead – hence Death. *this event is the debt we owe; right back to money and what it is deeded to, and its promise of wealth, that does not exist, right back to Adam and Eve giving their temples to the Anti-Christ so it could live and modify their flesh so that it could kill them but so that the Beast could live and come again, solely to cause sin, torment, and destruction. Both Death and the Anti-Christ are like terrorists that hold souls hostage; from conception to damnation) And the beast that was, and is not, even he is the eighth, and is of the seven, and goeth into
**perdition.** (this beast is the beast that came out of the sea from the Dragon and became Eve’s body, the Beast with the seven heads with one appearing to be wounded, this is the beast that keeps coming again and when it does it brings the empire with it, this is the “First Beast” to carry the beast, this is the first beast to forniciate with the Beast, and as a result it bore the 20 of the False Prophet, 20 of the Dragon, and 20 of the Beast – 3 score. This Beast is the house where the Spirits that create the Hills rest, and it is the Beast that carries the Beast which is the temple for the Kings which have come again. These are what have joined themselves to every woman and man; some have embraced them others not, but regardless, no one lives on Earth without this number in them, and they have made all subject to condemnation. All of these things existed once but exist no more but have come again, and they all have come again because of Eve and the Harlot)

*This is the abomination in the temple. Mathew 24:15*

*I find it very interesting that the ancient Egyptian kings had a serpent on their headdresses and the most famous “King Tut” aka “Tutankhamun” had both a snake and a vulture on his headdress. The snake, perhaps symbolizing the obvious and the vulture symbolizing the spirits of the “False Prophet”; the dove is a symbol of the spirit of God (the Holy Spirit, a spirit which is considered to be clean), so it could be that the opposite of the dove would probably be the most unclean bird (the vulture); it would make sense (Rev. 18:2 a haunt for every unclean bird - meaning evil spirits). The name Tutankhamun means, “Living image of the pagan god, Amun”, which could possibly have something to do with the Revelation passage where they say that the beasts were allowed to create an image for the “beast”. Interesting how you have three things recognized on the throne of perhaps the oldest kingdom on earth: the serpent being the mind, the vulture being the spirit, and king Tut being the beast or temple that these things lived in. Egypt was a pagan civilization, which means they worshiped something other than the only true God, which means they worshiped Satan (whether or not they knew it). These civilizations that existed before Jesus
came into the world, had direct communication, at times, with God and Satan, it was only after Satan was condemned that God stopped direct communication with man and that was perhaps because there was nothing more to communicate about.
IV Solutions

Jesus the Son of God-The Savior of man
The Light

And now back to Jesus; many find Jesus hard to except and difficult to understand because we have no idea what is going on in this world, we have been kept in the dark, God does know what has been going on, and that is why He sent down His only Son. This entire world has had to become about judgment because evil must be separated from God's Kingdom. These judgments that must take place are the only way that evil can truly and righteously be separated from man. Whenever God decides that it is time for judgement, everything that will be judged, must be judged by the same measure, by the same law or laws.

Jesus came into the world when the time was right so that the ruler of this world could be judged by God. This judgement by God was not going to be with a flood, but rather by the 10 commandments.

Because Abraham had been willing to sacrifice his son, God could justly send His Son to man to be sacrificed; an eye for an eye. Jesus had to be born of a woman of this earth so that He had the flesh of a man of this kingdom in Him; He needed this flesh so that He could pay it back to Satan. You might say to yourself, “why didn’t God just create a pound of flesh to give to Satan to repay him, if God can do anything”. God could not do this because Satan would not allow it, Satan would have said to God, “where did this come from, where did you get”. God would have had to tell him the truth, and then Satan would say, “Well, that is not mine, it did not come from me, I do not know where that came from or what it is, so you keep it”; Jesus had to give back Satan’s Flesh from a man born to a woman of this Earth, and there could be no question; the flesh repaid had to be of that kingdom, just as one of a kingdom does not except currency of another kingdom, nor do they except counterfeit money.

God has Jesus conceived in the womb immaculately. God has joined His seed with a Woman who is without sin; other than being born into the flesh of man (She was born with original sin). Mary always did the will of God, so she willingly conceives
Jesus; a Son of God who grows in the flesh of man, from the seed of God. All of man was destroyed by Eve, a woman who conceived the flesh of Satan in her body, so would all of man, who wished to be saved, be saved through this Woman, the Mother of Salvation, and the Mother of God – if you live by the sword, you will die by the sword.

Jesus grew up a man in the Jewish community; He worked as a carpenter and a fisherman until it was time for Him to teach man about God. Before He starts His ministry, He goes out into the desert for 40 days to fast, to be tested, and to be prepared by God on what He was going to have to do. After He has been prepared, He returned to society, He then showed man everything man needed to know in order to be saved. There was another man in the kingdom that was also going around doing the work of God (John the Baptist), he was baptizing people in the water so that they could have original sin forgiven. This baptism could only take place at this point in time in the world, because Jesus had come into the world and was now going to give back sin to Satan; the debt was now going to be paid, so sins were now going to be able to be forgiven. John had to baptize Jesus so that there was a well-known witness, who was a man of God, who could testify that Jesus asked of His own free will of God (the God of Abraham, the God of Moses), to have this flesh (original sin) returned to Satan and so that everyone would know that it was by the power of God that this sin would be removed and that it was not being done by anyone other than God - John was eventually killed by the king for doing these things.

Jesus performs many miracles during His time on Earth so that all those who wanted to see God could understand. Satan begins to fear Jesus because he is unable to have Him commit a sin and Satan knows who Jesus is but is unable to get rid of Him. Satan uses all of his power to try and conceal who Jesus is from the Jews and the rest of the world, and as a result of Satan’s deception; he has some of the Jews arrest Jesus and bring Him to trial.

This world judges God at the trial of Jesus (they judged God because they judged Jesus’s teachings, teachings which Jesus said were from God, which some of the Jews did not believe), so God judges this world in return – an eye for an eye. This world judged Jesus in a court of their Law, in a court of a kingdom of this Earth; they then executed an innocent man of another Kingdom. Since the kingdom had charged Jesus with a crime, and sentenced Him to death, the blood falls on the hands of the king, and since
Satan was the king of the world at that time; Satan would be judged. The blood of an innocent man was on Satan’s hands now, a man that was not from Satan’s kingdom (yes, Jesus was born into the flesh of Satan’s kingdom but His seed was God’s). God brought judgement down on the ruler of this Earth and his kingdom because Jesus was from God’s Kingdom. Since Satan had judged Jesus and struck down Jesus, the Ruler of God’s Kingdom; God would strike down Satan, only God’s judgement was just, fair, and powerful; Satan was guilty and could not withstand the Hand of God. Satan was condemned by the laws of the 10 commandments; and the punishment for breaking these laws was to be cast into Hell, into the bottomless pit, condemned from the face of the Earth for as long as God sees fit.

When Jesus died on the cross He was nailed to, when He breathed His last breath, He cried out to God and His spirit left Him, many tombs opened up, and there was a great earthquake, the sun was eclipsed (Mat.27-51). When Jesus cries out; those who know God's voice, the ones who came out of the tombs, ones who had been baptized and were saints – (John the Baptist was one of them), rose up just as Lazarus did and walked about on the Earth briefly (Matthew 27:53). Jesus’s lifeless body is taken down off the cross, His side is pierced by a soldier; blood and water run out of it; those who see this are now concerned that they have killed someone who is not exactly like us. Jesus’s body is laid in a tomb, and the tomb is sealed. Jesus has not been condemned as Satan has but the flesh of Satan still exists in Jesus, and Jesus’s body cannot go into Heaven with this flesh because it is evil and it belongs to Satan (God takes nothing that belongs to another). By the power of God, Jesus’s body goes down into Hell, where Satan is, and that which belonged to Satan, which was in Jesus’s body, was now returned; Satan had now truly been overthrown. Jesus conquered Satan by the power of God; Jesus could now sit on His throne in His Kingdom with those of this world who had become part of it. Jesus had survived God’s judgement by being found completely innocent of ever committing a sin (the law by which God judged both Satan and Jesus). Satan did not survive God’s judgement; Satan was guilty of killing a man who was not his property, who was innocent, who did not belong to his kingdom.

When one commits a crime in another’s country, they are subject to that country’s law, if they have broken their law, but if they have not broken the law there but are being falsely accused and punished, then that country has committed a crime against another country and
if that country punishes a foreigner who is innocent; any country that truly cares about its people will come and wage war to avenge this injustice that has been done to its people and if the one who comes to avenge can destroy you, He is going to for what you have done, and He is going to make sure that this never happens again.

God does not take what is not His, and Jesus follows every word of God, so He asked God to give back that which belonged to Satan; the flesh of the Beast, and make new Flesh for Him, a temple for His soul to live in. When Jesus went into Hell, God tore down Jesus’s temple and rebuilt it in three days; hence: give to Satan what belongs to Satan and give to Jesus what belongs to Jesus.

Jesus was a foreigner; however He entered this kingdom on Earth lawfully, just as all do, through the gate that is the vagina, a vagina that was lawfully part of this kingdom. He was not a slave to this kingdom except through the flesh of His Mother who was a slave but His Father was not a slave or part of this kingdom, and that is where His seed came from. He could come here, so as long as He was invited, and Abraham did arrange an invitation for Him; nothing could be found against Him; He was not trespassing. By returning this flesh to Satan, all man’s debt to Satan was paid. In the beginning, in the Garden of Eden, one piece of fruit was taken; now, that one piece was returned, though there may be millions of souls walking around with Original Sin; it all came from just one piece (just as one dollar can buy a million carrots), from Satan, and he never forgave this debt of us having what was his, and until now, not one piece could ever be rightfully paid back because we could not live outside of this flesh (life is bonded to Satan’s flesh just as gold is bonded to money, and just as you can hold money of a kingdom, you never get to touch the gold of the kingdom that it is bonded to), we had to remain trapped in it until death, and at death, we still remained bound in this debt we could not pay, but now we would no longer be held captives by a debt we could never pay (a pound of flesh for a pound of flesh). Satan was perhaps the king of all shyster lawyers, but in a true court his deception and motives were defeated; Jesus freed all man, both good and bad. This flesh had been taken from the tree by Adam and Eve, by man; it had to be given back by a man. Even though Satan told them to eat it, he did not tell them that they could have it, just as if someone were to hand you a sandwich and you were to assume that it was a free meal but then after eating it they hand you a bill, and what if you can’t pay this bill and you cannot.
return the sandwich? In order for this debt to be rightfully paid it had to come from a man born unto a woman of Flesh and Blood of the Beast; Jesus paid this bill. Satan remained in power on his throne by keeping his subjects enslaved with the debt of the flesh they received from him and by making all in his kingdom guilty of sin and accusing them before God and not allowing them to be forgiven (REV. 12-10); by the power of the horns.

Jesus gained His freedom from condemnation by being judged by God as a man and found without sin. The Horns of the Beast had not condemned Him, nor had the heads of the Dragon, nor the hills and spirits of the False Prophet. He, by the power of God, returned the original sin that was in His flesh, though He was not conceived by original sin, He was flesh and blood just as we all are - as it was said, “He came ridding on the offspring of a beast of burden” (Matthew21-5) – His flesh was the beast of burden that we all are riding on.

Jesus then ascends out of Hell after the three days; those souls who were raised at the resurrection, that were hanging around in the flesh of this world for the three days while Jesus made His new temple, then left the flesh of this earth and went into the new flesh that they were promised (John 14:2), and were raised up to Heaven with Jesus when He ascended. He went up to Heaven because He knows where Heaven is, because He came down from Heaven and He has the light in Him (His soul is not trapped in darkness) so He can see all things (John 17). Those few, who were raised with Jesus, were raised because they had been devoted to God and they knew God and God knew them, and they knew Gods voice when they heard it and God raised them just as Lazarus was raised from the dead, only unlike Lazarus, now Jesus had prepared new flesh for these souls; God had prepared a place for them to live for eternity. All of them may not have had the opportunity to have been in the world when Baptism was available but they would have been baptized if they could have; they did everything that God told them to do while they were on top of the Earth, always, so they would have done this, without question, and they were with Jesus now so He could forgive all their sins at that time. They were saved by Jesus, because Satan was overthrown and Jesus could now do all the works of God without being accused of being unjust, the Kingdom was now His.

Every word Jesus said and every action He performed was so that you might understand and that you might see how God was saving man. When He cured the blind it
was not just for those individuals but for all man to know that God could open their eyes. When He raised the dead it was to show you so that you could see that God can raise the dead. When He fed the thousands with a few fish and some bread, it was to show you that His flesh will never run out as long as He is here, and it will feed countless numbers of people. When He turned water into wine it was to show you how He would turn wine into His blood.

Satan wants to have all things condemned and destroyed, and he, unlike Pharaoh, would never release man from the sin which he had bound man with because he knows that God does not want to destroy man, and he knows that God cannot save man if He destroys Satan’s kingdom because man was part of his kingdom. God had to send Jesus to free man, so that when Satan’s kingdom falls, man can be saved from its destruction.

Jesus is the ark of the covenant; just as all that was gathered into the ark of Noah lived when all else died, so will it be at the final judgment, all that are in Jesus will live and all that are not will remain on Earth. Everything in the entire Bible reveals Jesus when you understand what He had to do to defeat Satan, not one word contradicts Him.

John 8:31-46

Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed in him, If you continue in my word, then are you are my disciples indeed; And you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.
Conclusions

Jesus conquered this Earth when He conquered Satan and by conquering Satan He freed all men. He has built His Kingdom, He has laws to govern His people (whom many are currently here on Earth) however Jesus is not evil and does not enslave anyone, and if you do not want to be part of His Kingdom you do not have to be, no one is going to trick you into slavery and you can live your life as you wish to live it for as long as you possess it, although, if you do not wish to be part of Jesus’s Kingdom you should be aware that you will remain on this Earth for Eternity; where else can you go?

The purpose of Jesus' coming to man was to give new flesh to man that would not die, where man could dwell for eternity, to separate man from Satan, all evil, and to save man from the judgment and condemnation of which man could not save himself. The two things that were condemning man, were the flesh (the debt) which his soul was bound to in birth and the sins he committed, in, and for this flesh; Jesus paid this debt and ours as well (Matthew 17:27)

By Jesus conquering Satan, Original Sin could be forgiven through Baptism; the flesh we are bound to Death in at birth could be returned. The only reason that Baptism came into the world when Jesus did was because until that time there was no one who could defeat Satan and pay man’s debt, which is what had to be done so that nothing could be found against God (so that God could not be accused of being an impartial judge). Original sin is still in us exactly as it always has been since Adam and Eve, except that now it belongs to us so we have the right to give it away; we own it, if you don’t want to give it away, you can keep it, if you want to get rid of it, you can ask that Jesus return it (forgive it). If you do decide to keep Original Sin, you cannot enter into Jesus’s Kingdom because Original Sin is evil and did not come from God, therefore it does not belong to God. Jesus freed all men, and Jesus makes a slave of no man, just as God makes a slave of no man; to all man they give free will, If you are Baptized, your Original sin will be given back at judgement.
Just as we are bound to condemnation by Original Sin, likewise, we are also bound to this world by the sins we commit, you must go to confession to have these other sins forgiven (REV 22:14). You must go to confession so that there is a witness from Jesus’s Kingdom who can testify that you asked to have whatever sin you have committed forgiven. Those who have the authority to forgive sins are not there to judge you, only to be a witness that you have asked to have Jesus, (of your own free will) remove these sins but you must do this, just as Jesus had to have John be a witness to Him, that He did ask to have the sin (Original Sin) that bound Him to this world forgiven. These servants of the Catholic Church are forbidden to share with anyone other than Jesus, God and The Holy Spirit; what sins you have confessed. Always remember that this sacrament was not put here so that we can have a license to sin but that on the occasion when we do, we will not be condemned by it, and also know that the spirit of cowardice is what prevents you from confessing your sins.

Jesus said, unless you eat His flesh and drink His blood you will not have eternal life in you (John6-51). Just as all of this Earth have been killed by the flesh and blood of the Beast, from that one piece of fruit which was the seed of the flesh and blood of evil, so are all those who eat the Flesh and drink the Blood of Jesus, brought to life from this one Savior. Just as all are born into this world from the Antichrist, so are they born into Salvation from the Christ, just as Satan placed his seed in man so that the beast could come again and the flesh of his kingdom could multiply so has God placed His seed of His Flesh on Earth so that man can be born again, so that His kingdom can live and multiply. Just as Satan gave man the fruit so that he could bind mans soul to his kingdom in his house, so has Jesus given His Flesh and Blood so that man’s soul can have a new home to dwell in, in His Kingdom of Heaven (John 14:2), only, with Jesus’s Kingdom, you have free will to choose if you want to be part of the Kingdom of Heaven; unlike the kingdom of Hell (once you are in Hell you are trapped), if you decide you want to leave Jesus’s Kingdom, you can walk away owing nothing.

You must receive the sacrament of Baptism, the sacrament of Confession, before you can receive the Flesh and Blood of Jesus Christ, if you do not do these things first, the Body and Blood of Jesus will not become one in you, “you do not put new wine into old wine skins, you do not mend an old cloak with a new piece of material.” (Mathew 9-16);
meaning, you do not waste Jesus’s Flesh and Blood by putting it into something that will not last, something that will perish.

There is to ultimately be only one Church, one Family, one Kingdom, united under one God, The Father, assembled for God by His only Son Jesus, and that church is the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church was founded by Saint Peter and that was the only church that Peter founded. Jesus said plainly “And so I say to you, you are Peter and upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of the netherworld shall not prevail against it. I will give you the Keys to the Kingdom of Heaven. Whatever you bind on Earth shall be bound in Heaven; and whatever you loose on Earth shall be loosed in Heaven” (Mathew16-18). This was said exactly the same and with as much authority as when God said, “If you eat that fruit you will die”. Do not think that it means anything other than exactly what was said – there are no exceptions; anything that tells you different is the False Prophet, and if you follow the False Prophet, you will die. If you believe in someone, you have to trust everything that they say completely and everything they do or you really don't trust or believe in that someone, if you truly believe in Jesus, you believe in every word He has spoken, not just the ones that suit you; how can you possibly have faith if you don’t believe? Jesus has plainly told you what church is the church of Salvation and where you need to go if you wish to be saved, if you chose not to go there, you have made your choice of your own free will and have no one to blame but yourself and those who’s words you have believed over the words of Jesus; remember what Paul said in 1 Corinthians 1:10; “the words of Jesus are what are to be followed not the words from men”. Picture yourself at a fork in the road, Jesus plainly telling you which road to take and someone else telling you to take the other road, convincing you that they lead to the same place and you decide to take the road that Jesus did not tell you to take; who are you placing your faith in? There are many who speak, who inspire, and there are many who do great deeds but if you do not go and receive the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, where you have been told by Jesus to go; you will not have eternal life in you and you will perish just as Adam and Eve died when they put their trust in another; God cannot show partiality in judgement, despite your intentions.

The scriptures from the Bible spoken in all Christian churches and the sermons given are just as real and just as powerful (and sometimes more inspirational) as
those in the Catholic Church but you need to build a house for your soul to live in when the house you soul lives in now wears out. There is no difference in the Love in most other Churches on this Earth, there is no difference in the Spirit in most of these Churches; the Holy Spirit can dwell in these temples exactly the same as it can in those of the Catholic Church, the only difference is, your soul must have a temple to dwell in when the one we are currently in wears out and that is why you must have the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. Prayers are answered by those of other churches just as much as they are answered of those in the Catholic Church and just because you may have the building blocks of the Flesh and blood of Jesus, from the Catholic Church, doesn’t mean you know what to do with them if you are not practicing the Christian faith. We are all stumbling around in the dark and we sometimes happen across things that we need to make it to God and there are people all over this world that make tremendous efforts to help achieve this goal and it is amazing sometimes who these people are and where they come from. The people of the Catholic Church are the exact same people that you are, they are not better than you, they have just as many faults, they are no different than any man or woman, except that they have been Baptized, had their sins forgiven in the sacrament of Confession, and received the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ (if they are actually practicing the faith) [the Catholic Church might even have one small thing or two that it could work on, such as referencing its officials as “Father” – not sure why or when this tradition started but it is definitely something that contradicts what Jesus said, “call no one Father”; this is something for which there is not an excuse, it just needs to stop; pastor, shepherd, captain, general, etc., anything but Father – except when you are addressing God such as in confession]. There are many who may not currently be in the church who do things on this Earth that are greater than some things on Earth that are done by some in the Catholic Church, but the authority of Jesus has been given to this church by Jesus, and Jesus has not given his authority to any other church; that is not to say that He cares any less for those who love their fellow man and do good works that are not Catholic, and it is not to say that the works they have done on this Earth are not great, but they must come to the Catholic Church and bring with them the blessings that they have acquired and brought about and receive the sacraments to be saved or else all of your great works will be lost - JOHN 10:16 “I have other sheep that do not belong to this fold. These also I must lead, and they will hear my
voice, and there will be one flock, one Shepherd”. This may not sit well with you but as Peter once said, “What choice do I have”. Do not let Pride, tradition, or others confuse you; listen to what Jesus has plainly said, not to those who may have manipulated scripture to serve their needs or desires instead of Gods. Do not dwell on those who try and discredit and destroy the Catholic Church by condemning the Church for the actions of a few; was not Judas evil and did he not make himself appear as a disciple and travel with Jesus. Unfortunately there will be evil people infiltrating every establishment until the end, and there are a few slithering through the Catholic Church as well, but they cannot destroy anything other than themselves and their number. Those who lead the Catholic Church have given up having wives and husbands, children, and most possessions so that they can serve those who come to them, undividedly, and except for the few Judases who hide in sheep’s clothing, they are some of the wisest men and women on Earth.

Beware of people and things which promote deception and division concerning the Catholic Church, the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. Anything that removes one word or contradicts one word Jesus has said; is that of the False Prophet and is there to destroy us; Jesus said things very plainly and straightforward. When God said, “don’t eat the fruit”, that should have been the end of it; what Jesus has said, is what it is, exactly, don’t argue amongst yourselves, its right there in black and white; end of discussion. If you do not eat the Flesh and Blood of Jesus you don’t have salvation in you, if you don’t go to the church where Jesus placed His authority (the Catholic Church), you are not going to get the Flesh and Blood of Jesus; that is the only place that has been authorized to distribute it. When you go to the Catholic Church, you must prepare your body for the Body and Blood of Jesus, you must be Baptized, and have your sins forgiven through the sacrament of Confession; if you do not do these things, you will not become one with the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ; though you may physically eat it, you will not become one with it; no one enters this Kingdom except through the Gate.

Judge not least you be judged, (Mathew 7:1) Forgive so that you be forgiven, Love your neighbor as you love yourself, Love God with all your heart and being and become one with Jesus in the Flesh and Blood so that you not be condemned by God with Satan and his works.
These things are much much easier said than done, they are a constant violent battle, if you wish to be saved you will have to fight relentlessly; your thoughts and feelings, you will have to pray, questioning everything you know and hear, but you don’t have a choice if you wish to be saved.

This world is corrupt and no one is innocent but there are many men and women who strive to try and follow what Jesus has shown us to follow, and who continue to struggle with sin and the kingdom that is part of us now; never giving up, in hopes that one day we may have this thorn taken from our side. Satan has tricked man into placing the flesh of his kingdom into himself, making man his property and the vessel for his offspring. Satan has bonded with man, something that is evil and is consuming man; like a worm that consumes an apple (or a gourd) and then moves on from apple to apple until it has destroyed the entire tree (Jonah 4:7). Satan has made man, as himself, guilty of all the sins which he is guilty of so that man would be condemned along with him. Satan has used man to try and destroy all of God’s creations. Satan has blinded man to the truth with lies and he is destroying man. Jesus came to bring man back from the dead by forgiving the sins which bound man to the dead and to build a new temple for man to dwell in (John 14:2) but If man does not go to be Baptized to have Original Sin forgiven and go to Confession to have his sins forgiven, he will go to Hell, and if man does not eat the Flesh and drink the Blood of Jesus Christ he will not have eternal life in him. God has fulfilled His every promise to man, there is nothing that He has withheld. There is nothing easy about salvation, there is much in this world and in your head that is trying to keep you from it, there are many feelings and emotions (spirits) that will try and confuse you and keep you separated from it, desires are not going to go away, they are going to get stronger in hopes of destroying you, but if you persevere, to the end, those who have fought hard, will receive the reward.

Just as in the time of Noah, the world was filled with wickedness and unbelievers; so now is our world slowly returning to those days, where it is fashionable to do evil works, we have been led so far away most of us don’t even know what we are doing half of the time (myself included).

If you truly wish to be saved, pray that you may believe, that you may have faith, see the truth and accept it, and have the strength to endure it; for those who are
skeptics, you must learn to pray honestly, try to step outside of yourself, look at the world, look at what we do and look at our motivation for doing these things.

Every single word which Jesus spoke and every miracle He performed was for the purpose of saving man, saving you, saving us. Beware of those who would lead you to believe that even one of His words was not necessary.

God has not placed these burdens on us and God has not condemned us, Satan has and we all have followed willingly. We are all surrounded by evil that we do not recognize, evil that is lying in wait to destroy us by our own hands, there is only one way out and that is through Jesus Christ. The Bible has told us exactly what we must do to be saved by Jesus, and hopefully this book will have helped you to better understand what has been done for us by God.

Do not fear shame, go and confess all your sins, that they be forgiven, do not let the power of the horns overcome you and destroy you. It is very difficult to confess some sins and most people are burdened with a sin or two that is so horrendous, so unspeakable, that perhaps even the recollection of this act leaves you restless, uneasy, sleepless, haunted; that is exactly what it was designed to do by its creator; go and be rid of it. Those who serve the Catholic Church, who have the authority to absolve your sins, have heard everything before, and they are fully aware that we all have a part of us that is absolutely horrendous and is capable of limitless evil.

Today man walks the Earth, bound to the flesh at our conception (the flesh Satan assembled and Adam and Eve passed down to us), in our skull all of the heads, horns and spirits of the Dragon are secretly dwelling, working to attempt to destroy us, our temple, our kingdom, our happiness, and our soul. In our bodies all the heads, horns and spirits of the Beast are at work trying to have us serve the needs and desires of the flesh, committing the sins that the beast was designed to commit. Through our hopes, dreams and society, all the heads, horns, and spirits of the False Prophet are trying to destroy us, and they are all in this evil empire that resides in us, attempting to consume our soul, and now the time is here when we do control our own destiny; what do you want for yourself? We now have free access to free will, it is offered to those who want it.

God has not placed His final judgment on this Earth and no one knows when it will take place, maybe today, maybe not for a thousand years, only God alone
knows and you not need concern yourself with the end of the world because your existence on Earth could possibly end today, making that event of no consequence to you; worry about your end in this world, the end that you can do everything about, and if you do what Jesus has told you to do, then you have nothing to fear of that day.

God is going to judge this world, and all Original Sin is going to remain here on Earth, and all that is Jesus’s here on Earth, will go to Heaven. Jesus has not yet returned to the Earth, but when He does, there will be no mistaking it, every soul on this Earth will know when He returns, whether they believed in Him or not. He will receive what is rightfully His and it will go with Him to His Kingdom; If you have not done the few things He has told you to do, He is not going to allow you to enter His kingdom (no one enters except lawfully through the gate) because you have chosen not follow Him nor do you observe the laws of His Kingdom, and if you do not follow Him then you are divided – if a Kingdom is divided, it cannot stand. (Luke 13:24)

Nothing is impossible for God, His power is without limits and He can give His power to whomever He sees fit, He gave His power to His Son and His Son has used it to save us. When you eat His flesh and drink His blood you have what belongs to Jesus in you and when the final judgment comes, what belongs to Jesus will be given to Jesus and be judged by Jesus: what belongs to Jesus will go to His Kingdom – Heaven - What belongs to Satan will be given to Satan and it will go into Hell (Matthew 13-30) and there it will be condemned with all in that kingdom.

God has done everything possible to save man, He has warned him of the dangers of sin; He has warned man of Satan, He gave us the ten laws by which we all are being judged, He sent His only son Jesus to save us. God has raised man from a child to an adult, He has given man the truth and He gives man time to recognize the truth, He has given him every opportunity to succeed if he so wills. We will all taste the death of this flesh but we do not have to go into Hell; to the second death, “where there, their worm will not die” (Mark 9-48). God has done everything that He can do to save us, now we must do something for ourselves. Go to the Catholic Church (The Gate - the Church founded by St. Peter), be Baptized, Confess your sins, and receive the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. Judge not, least you be judged, and obey the two commandments that Jesus gave us, that are the rule of the Kingdom of Heaven; Love your neighbor as you love yourself and Love
your God with all your being, if you obey these 2 commandments you will not break the other 10. Pray for your loved ones who have passed, that did not perhaps have these sacraments take place in them, that they may somehow be saved, perhaps the ones who have passed can be raised as Jesus raised the ones who loved God but could not survive Gods judgement at the First Resurrection; maybe they will be raised as a result of your works, at the final judgement, and be saved by Jesus because they were part of the tree from which you grew, which now bares fruit for God – that we can only hope – that has not been said by God. Pray for each other and for your enemies (who are of man; do not pray for Satan, Satan has already been judged and condemned by God), that one day they might not be your enemy. St Paul is an example of a horrendous individual who was guilty of violently persecuting Christians; he was an enemy of all Christians, Jesus, and therefore God, he was heavily embedded in the movement to rid the world of Christianity (in those days they threw many Christians to the lions and stoned them to death); his sins were forgiven and he went from being one of Jesus’s greatest enemies to one of His greatest allies. Do not think that you know who will be saved and who won’t, there are many people out there who are still trying to figure things out and there are many people who think that they have things figured out, that may not. Do not think that you cannot be forgiven if you truly want to be and do not listen to anyone who tells you otherwise – Always remember St. Paul. Moses did murder a man and cover up the body and he did still make it to Heaven (Moses did do this before he was given the Ten Commandments and was made aware of the Law, but none the less, he did murder someone). Mary Magdalene was a prostitute who was at one point said to be filled with demons (evil spirits); she changed and was saved, the thief on the cross next to Jesus was saved in the last few moments of his life; these people did some very evil things in the beginning but were forgiven and saved in the end.

Satan has scattered brothers and sisters, generation after generation, destroying families and setting them against each other; each side believing that they are right and the other is wrong. If you want to go to Heaven, forgive each other when one comes to you for forgiveness and if you have wronged someone, ask them for forgiveness. God has sent Jesus so that we can be forgiven for what we have done to Him, so should you forgive when one honestly asks to truly be forgiven.
Even though we all have many things in us and surrounding us, constantly trying to destroy us and lure us into sin, many have worked to help each other and ourselves in the struggles we must face every day. We are capable of love for each other, and God has recognized this and that is why He wants to save us. Many people, both men and women, of all races and walks of life, have worked tirelessly to raise families the best that they can, sacrificing and denying themselves for the sake of others, helping strangers, doing many good works that are not of the world we are trapped in. Although we may be forced to live in a house that is rewarded for committing sin; it has not completely consumed us and God has not destroyed us and in fact He has allowed us to remain in His image that He intended for us despite that which has been dwelling in our temples. Man is capable of Love and it is recognizable in everything from the hopes and dreams we have when our children are born, to the help we give to each other in this life, to the remembrance of our loved ones at their funerals. The beast we must live with currently; many have not let consume us.

God has spared no expense in His hope to save man, God has had unparalleled patience with man. God so loved man that He sent His only son (John 3-16). We know very little about God, but what He has shown us is that He will stop at nothing when something attempts to keep us from salvation and eternal happiness and that He can conquer anything. Have patience even though it may seem impossible, one day things will be different and what is evil will be separated from what is Gods (Mathew 13:24).

We have filled this world with what we have willed, we have tried to build a home here and we have tried to make life with the beast as comfortable as possible, this is not wrong as long as we abide by the Laws given by Jesus and do not put these things of the world before God or our neighbors. We do need all the elements of our society while we exist as beasts, we need farmers because we must eat, we have no choice in this, we need doctors because our flesh can cause tremendous pain and it is constantly in need of attention, and we must co-exist with this beast until God says differently, we must have military here because there are those in this world who do practice evil works and who want to keep man from God, religion and freedom, (there are soldiers who try and keep the peace and protect it and there are warmongers who go out and plunder and murder; because of warmongers we have to have soldiers), we need law enforcement (local military) for the
same reasons (the Bible has guidelines for these necessary jobs), we need governments because there are many people with many needs and demands, and whenever you have large populations, you can have many different opinions on how these needs and demands should be met; unfortunately they all can’t be administered so there must be a level of compromise on most things so that people can exist safely together without harming each other, we need construction workers, teachers of all kinds, we need many different jobs that service ourselves and our possessions; we must learn about how to take care of ourselves and survive until things change, we definitely need moms and dads, grandparents, etc., there are many jobs that we need because we do have a physical condition that we now have a responsibility toward, and we do need time to relax and enjoy the things (that are not sins) that bring us joy and relief from time to time and we are in a war zone. We need to survive until the end time comes, and we do not have to be completely miserable until that time comes; God wants us to be happy (though not in sin), we do not need to hide our faces and be miserable, God made man to be the most beautiful of all His creations and we should try to be as healthy as we can and look our best (but not for the wrong reasons). God is fully aware that we must support this beast and contend with it (Genesis 4:7) while we are in this world; even His Son had to work by the sweat of His brow to support the beast. It is our responsibility to conduct ourselves in these Hills, in our life and in our work in a manner which is acceptable to God and in accordance with His law. When His Son was here, He also came to set an example on how we should live while in this flesh. God has been overwhelmingly kind to man but do not confuse this kindness for weakness. Read the New Testament, it tells you how you should live while you are here; nothing is going to change from what Jesus has said.

Everything I have shared here is what I have learned from Jesus, through His teachings that are recorded in the Gospels; no one or no thing has physically stood before me or come to me, appearing to me before my eyes with these things, I did experience several miracles of which I shared with you in this book but nothing was said into my ears by God during these events, however, Jesus, God, The Holy Spirit, are very much alive and if you want to speak with them you can do so with the Bible and in prayer. Things from God you can hear through your soul but you must now test the spirits in you to see what is speaking to your soul, and you will know what is speaking to you if what you
are hearing in your thoughts contradicts anything Jesus has said, if it does, then you will know what you are hearing is not from God. We all want to have God appear to us in an elaborate production, but I believe when that does happen, it is going to be at the End of this age. We all want to have magic powers, to be able to throw lightning bolts around for no real reason other than meaningless displays of power: not going to happen. All the power that man needs is in this world is right there in the Bible, and to those who do well with what they have, more will be given.

One of the few things you can do for God (other than practicing the faith the way Jesus has instructed) is to help each other, this does not mean just giving out handouts and then sending them on their way but actually taking the time to help each other (give someone a fish and they can eat for a day, teach someone to fish and they can feed themselves their whole life). Probably one of the biggest things you can do for someone is to give them a job if they need one, if they are worthy of one, and you can provide one for them, and probably the best thing you can do if you have a job, is to do your job well, especially when someone has placed enough trust in you to give you a job. No one wants to work, but there is not a much more rewarding feeling than knowing you have value and that you are needed (it sucks when you are doing it but feels great when it is over); we all have bills to pay and mouths to feed. Those who ask for help, remember, no one owes you anything, if they help you, that is great, but just because they may be successful, do not think that gives you the right to distribute their wealth which they have worked for and you have not. Those who employ, try to be as generous as possible and not extort your employees. To those who persecute and extort their employers, law enforcement, and others, unjustly, regardless of what some may tell you; you are destroying the lives of many and what you sow you will reap. Money is very powerful and is the way this kingdom of this flesh operates and it is not going to change until the end, God is aware of money and Jesus has many references in the Bible about money and how it should be handled (what He says is exactly how it goes). People that do nothing, get nothing, people should be rewarded for working hard (read the Gospels) and people that have been successful and fortunate should be as generous as possible but they do not need to cast their pearls to swine and no one needs to distribute what others have earned (Robin hood was a fable about a lazy thief); if those people want to share wealth then they should go out and
earn some wealth to share if they want to distribute it to others; it is very easy to convince those that want, that they deserve something that they have not worked for; everyone wants a free lunch but unfortunately someone has to work for that lunch; if it doesn’t belong to you, you have no right to give it away. Though we have many parasites bonded to us, we decide what works will be done through our flesh, we are greatly influenced and persuaded by the three but ultimately we have the final say in what we do.

True Faith is when we truly follow Gods Teachings without exception. We receive faith when we actually believe everything Jesus has said and we will know if we believe Him completely when we do everything He said to do, and when we don’t do the things He has said not to do. I try to pray, go to church, confess my sins, and receive the Body and Blood of Jesus, and then read the Gospels when I have questions or concerns (The Holy Spirit loves questions that are sincere and honest). This power is there for everyone exactly the same; I am no better than the worst and I still battle with many problems every day and still fall victim to sin but I’m still trying to get better; some days are definitely better than others, and I still make wrong turns.

All of these things I have written about may seem completely insane but the fact is, there are many bizarre things in this world, starting with our own conception as tiny worms, semen, serpents, or tadpoles, (whatever you prefer) produced in a beasts that came before us and planted in the flesh and blood of another beast; this even the atheists believe 100%. In the Bible there are many scriptures that speak of horrible things and throughout history God has given us examples of things that seem very strange and they are there to attempt to make you aware of things that are real and of consequence, things that are almost inconceivable and hard to except for us as man; the gourd Johana loved that God destroyed with the worm - the reference “where there, their worm will not die”, “The abomination in the temple”, all these things are real and have been here since we fell victim. The Bible is the oldest book in the world and it has existed here unchanged, for a reason; to try and save man from Satan, and Satan has very cleverly confused all of us to where even the mere mention of Jesus makes us want to turn away or change the subject.

Everyone wants to belong to a family of some sort; every gang, group, club and congregation is based on this human desire to be wanted, accepted, somewhere we can feel safe, feel like we belong, loved, respected, cared for; everyone is subject to this
desire to be united, no matter how much we may pretend we don’t want to be (the fact that we are members of organizations exposes this inherent desire to be a part of a family), it is impossible for man to not desire this unity, people may have given up on this hope or be scorned by personal experiences with family (or what have you) and abandon all hope of ever having this unity and oppose it because they have never been able to achieve it. This human desire of unity is often used as a tool of Satan, to separate by whittling down each other into smaller and smaller groups, dividing one another (the enemy of my enemy is my friend: but for how long?) Some groups are organized to try and legitimize things that are not legitimate, there are many organizations that are tremendous sources of division, one thing that you must know is that there is no unity of any sort in Hell, the threads that bond many of these organizations on Earth, will be torn after they have served their purpose, everyone in Hell will be divided against each other; there is no unity, no companionship, no brotherhood.

God does attempt to speak to everyone not just those who are members of the Catholic Church, and in fact He may attempt to speak to those who are not in the church even more than the ones who are there, so that they will come to Him, and just because you go to the Catholic Church it does not mean God is going to speak to you if you don’t listen, you have to practice the faith Jesus has taught. You need to take time to think about what Jesus has said and not perhaps what others may have told you. You need to spend time alone reading the Gospels, thinking about them, they are just as real today as when they were forged. God does not love or help those of the Catholic Church any more than anyone who loves Him and just because you may not be a member of The Church presently, doesn’t mean that you don’t love God. God has always attempted to help everyone on Earth who has tried to do good works and He has done many things for all people and God always will while we are walking the Earth, and have a chance, however this life has become a trial and God cannot show partiality in judgement which is why the Catholic Church exists, so man can escape condemnation. Think about how bizarre so many of the things Jesus said and did seem, think about why He would have said them and done them, but remember, He always did everything for a reason.

If you do not want to believe what has been said to you in this book or in the Bible, you do not have to, that is your choice, and no one from the Church is going to force
these beliefs upon you, ridicule you, or call you a fool. I’m not trying to offend you or what you believe in, or argue with you, this is just My interpretation of the Oldest Book in existence, you can live your life exactly as you always have, you do not have to change one single thing in your life, and you can worship what you wish as long as you respect my right to do the same; I would not lift one finger to stop you from that right, so if that is your will (not to believe this) relax, do not be angry; I’m just some guy.

Case Closed

Our Father, who is in Heaven, Holy be your Name
Your Kingdom come, Your will be done, on Earth as it is in Heaven
Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our debts, as we forgive those in debt to us
Lead us not into temptation, deliver us from evil
Do not subject us to the final test.
VI

Off the record - things to think about - and ramblings

[this section is purely observations and comparisons, much like science fiction (unless I have quoted a Bible passage) that I have entertained and by no means should be considered anything other than that and please know that whereas those who wrote the Bible did physically see with their eyes, and hear with their ears; words and visions, I have not, I have only witnessed a few undeniable miracles, where nothing was said except in my thoughts, the events I witnessed were more like scraps being thrown to a dog so that he would stop barking.]

The idea of man evolving from a swamp may not be as farfetched as some critics believe, frogs and humans have very similar DNA and even though I typically compare the appearance of human semen (in this book) to serpents and worms, it is also very similarly in appearance to a tadpole (maybe even more so than serpents and worms) and although we do not resemble frogs on the outside, our insides might not be that different. I would never say that we evolved from swamp filth but I could definitely see where we could have devolved from it (evolve would suggest that we had moved forward from something, devolved would suggest that we went backwards). I do believe that we have been poisoned with a parasite that was never intended to be part of us (an unholy matrimony). We are presently a carbon based life form and carbon bonds to many things, maybe it bonded with our flesh, and maybe when it did, it brought its own DNA plan, much of our energy is presently derived from carbon, one of the reasons we must work is to feed ourselves things with carbon in them so that we can stay alive. I am assuming that if there was an introduction to a parasitic carbon based life form, when we consumed it, it may have started our bodies up like a carbon reactor of some sort, triggering a spark that has ignited a furnace, a furnace that we must now keep lit or we will die. We keep it lit by feeding it more and more carbon, and that is our first priority, everything after that is secondary up to gluttony; this is basic biology; just a thought.
It is incredible what man has learned about this world we live in and the tiniest of things are maybe to most interesting and consequential. Scientists have been able to study atoms and even the particles that make up atoms, I know very little about these things but what little I know is that light is a major factor in all things that exist. Scientists have said that all of these tiny particles have come from stars (stars are light). whereas I do believe that these things came from stars, at the same time I do believe that the stars are from God and I find it very interesting that Jesus would say that “He is the light”, and that he could change things like water into wine, many people do not believe this because we were not there and we have never seen it done but scientists have seen and studied what we call “isotopes” which can be atoms of one element that are changed into completely different elements by the simple interaction of a tiny particle that has a charge (either + or - or actually +2/3 , +2/3, or -1/3) . Carbon 14 is a classic example of an isotope, it is actually nitrogen 14 but it’s nucleus changes and it loses a proton and it becomes carbon, it is no longer nitrogen, it does everything that carbon does; everything except it dies over the course of time and turns back into nitrogen, which is what it really was to begin with. If you look at Jesus as if He were a scientist with complete knowledge of all of the things in the universe and one who had the power to have all things serve Him as He commanded, it is very easy to see how He could have manipulated protons and changed things into different things (everything is made up of these same tiny particles, just organized differently - there are many particles, quarks, bosons, neutrinos, antineutrinos, etc...). I believe that if someone actually created something, they would most certainly know how it works and if you were the Son of someone who created something, your Father would share with you all He knows and give to you what He has (this is a trait of a good Father). We have to force atoms to change with extreme violence because they do not have to obey us (super collider, smashing atoms to pieces). Scientists have made incredible discoveries here and as a people we have greatly profited in many ways from these discoveries however scientist still don’t know very much about these things, they can observe them and their normal habits and they can experiment with them by interacting with them and manipulating them but they do not know why. Why does a nucleus like to be balanced (have the same number of protons and neutrons) and if it is not balanced it can be very unstable (radioactive) and it goes through internal changes to make its nucleus balanced.
We know that these things happen when these circumstances exist and we know how to create these circumstances but we don’t know why the these particles desire to exist in this state of balance, and if they are forced to be unbalanced by an outside force, they go through an event that ultimately returns them to their original balanced and stable state and when they return to this state they eject a particle (called a daughter) to achieve this balance; a particle that was not originally part of them (these daughter particles are radiation). Many people will acknowledge every form of energy, charge and bond in the world, positive, negative, male, female, acids and bases, Hot and cold, light and dark, up and down, but they refuse to acknowledge Good and Evil as a real force that exists outside of the labeling of a man’s actions, but it is very possible that every particle in the universe obeys its creator, it may seem crazy, but we cannot prove that they don’t and there are things that seem to support that they do. Do not think that God is an illusion or an illusionist, God is in everything, down to the tiniest particle, God is real and is a solid, liquid, gas, and the light. I don’t believe in coincidence, and I don’t think it is a coincidence that Jesus said He was the “light”. I have witnessed God change an empty fuel tank into a full fuel tank, whereas there was not fuel in it at the time, it did have atoms of some sort in it (air is filled with atoms) and they could have been changed into whatever was demanded of them by one whom they obeyed, after all, what is the difference between an atom of nitrogen becoming an atom of carbon except that we have been able to study that; but what is the difference? Nothing, except the magnitude of the event.

We know that God is fair and balanced, by his law, “an eye for an eye”, another trait that apparently the nucleus of an atom lives by in its attempt to stay balanced. It would not surprise me if Satan has been using man since the beginning to do his work, to create things such as a nuclear bomb to destroy the world, the chain reaction of events that could occur if calculated perfectly, could quite possibly create enough Kinetic energy to ignite the entire planet, after all, everything burns if it gets hot enough; I could see this world become a “lake of fire”, just as the sun is; hydrogen is extremely flammable and the earth is covered in water and if you could separate the hydrogen and oxygen, all that hydrogen would burn. I am assuming that Satan Is probably very aware of “particle physics”, when he had his people turn a stick into a snake before Pharos and Moses, but as you recall, God did the same thing and the snake from God swallowed up Satan’s snake. It
would not surprise me at all if the fruit from the tree of Knowledge was some kind of carbon based thing that bonded to us and caused us to become something that we were not before; we are like reactors, we take in carbon, burn it and exhaust it, you could even say we were “fire breathing dragons” and you really wouldn’t be lying, we load ourselves up with carbon based food, burn it in our bodies and then exhaust carbon dioxide (not fire but ash, the byproduct of fire) In the Book of Genesis, it says that the serpent will eat dust (carbon can be dust) Maybe this furnace was installed to keep a serpent or a frog warm from the cold, a serpent is cold blooded and so is a frog, they need to be at a certain temperature in order to operate, and this body of ours provides that: fire breathing dragons.

“He who is without sin, cast the first stone”; the first stone cast may have been a tiny neutron, thrown at a proton, and from there evil attempted to take over and destroy the kingdom; with that one little spark. It is impossible for one who is without sin to cast that stone; the one who cast that stone is sin and has exposed them self.

Here is another interesting application - (Rev. 17) “They are also seven kings. Five have fallen, one is, the other has not yet come; but when he does come, he must remain for only a little while. The beast who once was, and now is not, is an eighth king. He belongs to the seven and is going to his destruction”. You could almost say this riddle is very comparable to the Nitrogen14 Carbon14 conflict, there are seven protons in the nucleus of the nitrogen atom in the beginning, but then a tiny negative particle smashes into one of nitrogen’s protons in its nucleus (first stone cast) and it changes that proton into a neutron as a direct result of this action and by doing this the nitrogen atom has fallen (nitrogen no longer exists) and become carbon, but only for a while, because it really is nitrogen, but it isn’t. Of the 7 Kings (the 7 protons in the nucleus) five have fallen (these protons are no longer nitrogen) one lives (the sixth proton, because it makes that atom carbon, the other 5 are needed but they are not the final deciding factor in whether that atom is carbon or nitrogen, and we are just discussing carbon and nitrogen, and carbon and nitrogen battle between the 6th and 7th proton to decide what their kingdom will be - carbon or nitrogen) the other has not yet come (the 7th king - or proton) and when he comes he must stay a short while, that king is death as far as the carbon is concerned because when it comes, the atom becomes nitrogen and is no longer carbon. This 7th king that once was and is not, is actually an eighth king but is of the 7 and will go out into
perdition, that 8th king could be considered the radioactive particle that is shot out of the 8th neutron when it decays back into a proton (beta decay). Obviously this riddle is a stretch when comparing it to this isotope of carbon but it is interesting, and if you built a house out of bricks of carbon that were solid when you constructed it, but at some point those bricks became a nitrogen gas; your house would collapse, and what if you had DNA that was held together with carbon atoms that were not really carbon atoms (carbon 14) and they turned back into nitrogen; what would happen to that chain? This riddle is very specific to Satan, but at the same time, things can be very similar, only on a larger scale. We really don’t know that much about why things do what they do, we have witnessed many things here and recognized patterns and characteristics but that is about it. If one could take apart a brick in their house and redistribute the protons, neutrons and electrons, they could build atoms of uranium, they are the same simple components that are in that brick, they are just arranged differently, likewise, you could create atoms of gold; everything that exists here on Earth is made from these three things, protons, neutrons, and electrons, the only thing that prevents us from altering these things is the strength of their bonds.

One might even say that our existence is similar to the cycle of an isotope, a particle that is charged and shot out of an object, millions of times larger than it is but made of the same material, just as a Star shoots out tiny particles with charges; particles that are made up of what the star is made of, the particle then enters a larger particle (egg) and becomes one with it for a period of time. Maybe that tiny particle is carrying a change which sparks the conception in the egg, we know that when you rub certain things they can build up charges (static electricity) maybe the friction that occurs during this event gives semen a tiny charge, maybe these changes interact in the egg and create something as a result of their presence. We have a lot of things going on in our bodies; we are like a giant science fair; chemicals, electricity, particles, radiation; it’s all in there. After a while, when the particle that took on the tiny particle from the other particle, can no longer accommodate it, it spits out another particle; beta decay. Sometimes one uses the same strategy for all their works; only on different scales.

Back to the 14C 14N situation, it is also typical for Satan to destroy his offspring, his own creations, so this is a great example; he steals something (nitrogen)
changes it to what will serve him, and by doing this he has created something that will
decay and die and it will also bare a particle that has no home and is cast out into
nothingness and maybe it will strike something causing damage (it is in actuality a
radioactive particle) on its way into the abyss and hopelessness.

Things are so similar but just on different scales. This carbon 14 works exactly
as carbon 12 (12C is carbon that has always been carbon) but it dies at some point, and
when it does, it breeds a daughter particle (like so many things in this world). Everything
starts out very small; particles, atoms, elements, compounds, mixtures, kings, subjects,
kingdoms, planets, moons, stars, the universe. From tiny seeds spring forth mountains. Last
items about carbon that I find interesting, and that is, it is known in the scientific world as the”
king” of the elements and it coincidentally has the number 6 6 6, 6 protons, 6 neutrons,
6 electrons (normal carbon; carbon 14 has 8 neutrons), and another item of coincidence is
that the most precious gem in the world is pure carbon (the diamond) and the Harlot’s are
covered in them (I do not believe in coincidence).

What if the Earth was like a proton at one time that came in contact with
something that was negatively charged and that charge was causing the Earth to go through
a sort of “beta decay” as a result of its presence? The book of Revelation talks about some
pretty horrendous events taking place at the end of the world that could be much like what
happens in a large scale “beta decay” and it is said that Satan is in the center of the Earth
and that he is going to be released when this event happens. Maybe when this event takes
place it is all going to stem from a tiny spark of carbon; seems crazy but truth is much
stranger than fiction. Maybe Earth is like a proton, maybe a quark, or maybe just a boson,
or maybe something even smaller, we don’t know, but everything is relative, and the most
powerful forces in the universe are good and evil, all the others are less; until you are ready
to study them, you will not know everything; you may as well just be playing high tech
marbles. Perhaps God is going to let man help destroy everything with Satan so that man
can see for himself what happens when one does serve evil. God said that the tree we ate
from was the tree of “The Knowledge of Good and Evil”; and here we are; we certainly
have learned something.

There are many things in this world that we try and discredit because of the
unpleasantness they pose or the fact that we can’t explain them, we don’t like to think that
we don’t know everything and we would rather deny their existence than admit we don’t know, but they cannot be denied. We have discovered many things on this Earth and man has lived a brutal existence, enslaving one another, having to create weapons to defend himself from himself, tricking each other so that we can get something from another, ruining the lives of others for mere moments of pleasure, and now that little spark of carbon has brought the power to completely destroy the world by means of nuclear war – the means of splitting atoms. Things are very real here and they are taking place right under our nose, and if you think that a lake of fire is a fable; look at the sun, and if you think that this entire Earth cannot be ignited by splitting atoms; look again. The Six Hundred Three Score and Six, are the number that are the kinetic energy that are setting their own kingdom a blaze; from one spark, from one stone.

[Please know that I am not saying that “Carbon” is evil, I am saying that it could be possible that it could be used for what it was never intended, as are so many things.]

One more item about light, tiny particles from the sun pass strait through this planet every second (scientists have reviled this) and if they can pass through this earth, it is conceivable to see how, one who could command particles to obey them, could pass into the Earth by separating every particle in their body and then reunite them at their leisure, all by charges and bonds, and it is also easy to see how they could leave this place at the speed of light.

Time is a commodity here because this kingdom only has so much of it (just as a radioactive atom only has but so much time), when the clock stops ticking, there is no more time, what is, will be forever. Since we were not alive 2000+ years ago it can be hard sometimes to wonder if Jesus was a fraud or not however one thing that you can be sure of is that nothing in the history of the world has ever changed our calendar accept Jesus (from BC to AD) and no one has ever done that nor will they. Many people want to believe that aliens are going to fly here in space ships and perhaps take them away or solve all our problems; why do you think there is a group of people traveling around in space just waiting to serve our needs? First of all, if aliens are anything like our civilizations, they would be out looking to benefit themselves, our space programs are in place to serve #1 defense, #2 direction (GPS) #3 communications and entertainment #4 weather , #5 (5 is probably just a ruse) the exploration of new worlds, however if by some chance we did find
some new world; we would not be going there to help any inhabitants that may be there, we would be going there to help ourselves to it. Now, next point, I have no idea where God came from and we also don’t know where Satan came from, they may very well have come from another place, Jesus has definitely gone to another planet or place (He has said so) He also said that He will return, that being said, that would make Him an alien of sorts. We don’t always look at things accept in the way we know them to exist, things such as space ships; large vessels that haul around fuel for travel, accommodations for the flesh and provisions for the flesh, this is how we see aliens and space ships however this may just be the only way our imaginations can comprehend these mythical machines. I have no evidence but it would seem to me that if you wanted to get anywhere in space, of any consequence, you would need to travel at the speed of light and as anyone who has ever paid any attention to anything that travels at a high rate of speed, machinery tends to fall apart, so basically you aren’t going to travel at the speed of light in a machine even if you could figure out how get it to go at the speed of light; the only way you could travel at the speed of light is if you were able to manipulate atomic particles at your command. We cannot do this but that does not mean it can’t be done or that it hasn’t been done. Ancient civilizations probably knew more about many things than we do now and It would not surprise me if many of those civilizations had been educated by Satan on many things, the Egyptians did know a lot; they knew just enough to keep themselves amazed and in pursuit of their gods; their gods who may have been nothing more than Satan deceiving they. Those who are masters of deception use the 7 heads of the False Prophet to do this manipulation and they never let you know who you are dealing with, they put on elaborate exhibitions and whisper sweet lies to you so as to have you under their command but they never give you the entire truth, just bits and pieces to keep you nibbling until it is to late (very much like drug use).

Last thing; when one is a True King, everything in His Kingdom obeys His every command, right down to the tiniest particle, everything in His Kingdom exists to serve Him because He exists to serve them, the Kingdoms passion is to serve their King, He has immaculate dominion over everything; if a tree falls in the woods and no one is there to hear it, does it make a sound? It does make a sound; God is everywhere and not a hair falls to the ground without God hearing it.
Although when I was younger I did some strange and maybe stupid things, I learned nothing more than what was already written about in the Bible, except that it sucks being stranded, cold, hungry and helpless and that I did not want to spend eternity like that, almost all of this book and the things I have come to trust and believe, were learned about while I was in seclusion, while fasting and praying and studying the Gospels, anyone who wants anything from God that is good, can achieve it that way. There are no hidden secrets anywhere; there is not one single thing more that I learned that was not already in the Bible because there are no secrets. Anyone that thinks that they know any more than Jesus does is a liar, and anyone that thinks they know when the world is going to end is a liar, every day we get one day closer to the end but that is all anyone knows; Jesus said that no one knows when the end will come except God alone and that you can be sure of; always remember that, and remember that a thousand years is like a day to God and a day like a thousand years (2 Peter 3:8). My reckless stunts (though I did not see it at the time) were for selfish gain; attempts to extort God’s power so as to have Him serve my desire to sin, fortunately I was spared by Gods mercy.

I sometimes hear people say, “Why would God let me go to Hell for eternity; He loves everyone, why wouldn’t He save me, I’m a good person?” My question is, “What have you done to save yourself? How do you know what God would or would not do? From whom or from where did you learn about God? Certainly not from the One whom He sent (Jesus). What interest have you shown in this matter? How do you think God can save you if you don’t listen to what He has said? Do you know more than God?”
Quotes of importance

“Love is not an emotion but a commitment”. – Pastor Stanislao Esposito
(Holy Savior Catholic Church- Ocean City MD)

“Hope is, Confident expectation”. - Britton Shackelford
(Morning Prayer and reflection to the fleet on the way to the fishing grounds OBX, N.C.)

“Faith is knowing, without doubt, that God is true to His Word”.
(Dale Lisi, at large)

REV 21:5 I am making all things new

Thank you to all the men and women who have built, served, and protected the soil and people of the countries where freedom exists, it is as a result of your labors that you have allowed myself and all others to have the opportunity to pursue Salvation if we so choose to.