



On Wednesday 23, 2009, I had a dream that wasn't a dream but a proposition from some of the gods who run this holographic universe. If I had accepted the offer, it would have completely change my Life and its outcome

First in my dream, there was a male shadow inside a big, elegant picture frame. He said to me, "Find the authenticity in those you know." I looked around for people I knew well and didn't find them but I did find some people I didn't know very well.

When I looked at them, I saw that (like most people on this planet), they weren't very honest. Some told the Truth 32% of the time, while some told the Truth 64% of the time. It didn't bother me because I know this world is demonic and thus built on lies, and even when we try to tell the Truth we can stumble and lie.

Then I was thrown into the past – a generic past of death and blood from war. I saw an old-fashioned street (probably Roman) in harsh, depressing tones of gray. There were dead bodies and pieces of bodies from humans and dogs. The only living things were some small dogs who walked through the carnage.

The street changed. It looked like a street from a wild west town. The bodies and body parts of men and dogs remained. Again, the only things living were the little dogs that picked their way through the meat, blood and guts.

Then the street turned into a scene from the turn of the 20th century. The carnage still remained in the street, but was also on the steps of old-fashioned shops. My eyes followed the street from left to right and then up (north) where a man was sweeping the high, wide, slate steps of his shop. He swept the pieces of bloody 'meat' into a dustpan and then dumped it

into a plastic barrel. I thought that was odd because plastic wouldn't be invented for several more decades. Then I saw him scrape some of the carnage with the dustpan into a mug he held underneath one of the steps and then he drank from it. It was symbolic of this murderous vampire world.

I knew I was being thrown from one time and reality to another. I needed to find a way to get back to my original time which is this present. I looked to my right and I saw an Indian woman sitting on the sidewalk. She was about 30-32 and had a small blanket draped around her shoulders. This is where the dream turned to color.

I went over to her and asked her the date and she told me it was the fall of 1977. I quickly calculated this in my head and remembered that my son Shannon-Jo was born in July of 1977. I told the woman I was from the future and told her the date (now). I also told her that since there was really no future from the time I came from, that for some reason, I had been sent back in time. I asked the lady to take me to a medicine man so he could help me get back to my proper time. In my mind, I saw the state of Wisconsin. I wondered why I saw the state of Wisconsin in my mind and then remembered that when I had my 'out-of-body' death experience in 1999, I went into the future and was in a FEMA concentration camp in Wisconsin where I saw people murdered with nerve gas, Nazi-style.

The Indian lady said she would help me.

She said she had a car (I hadn't seen any until then) and we got into a really nice sporty car of that period. She drove for a while and I wondered what town I was in. Then I 'knew' where we were going: To Nadine's house although in reality, she and her

mother lived in a rundown, old Victorian house during this time in Topeka, Kansas. I knew Nadine during my teenage years and it was love at first sight. An American Indian, she was my best friend during that time and later I would lose contact with her. This lost contact left a hole in my Soul that I've lived with all these years.

The car turned into a roomy, new, white van of that period and the Indian woman turned into a very handsome, young Indian man. He turned right on a very pleasant looking street, went past a white, clean apartment complex on the corner and drove mid-way down the street. He pulled up in front of a nice house and told me that this was where I was getting out as he had to check on a brand new home he had just bought. It was rented to college students and he wanted to check up on them.

I got out of the van and I had a clear epiphany that I could stay there – in 1977 – if I wanted to. I told the guy that, too. I told him, "You know, I could stay here in this time and become very rich. I know the future. I know which stocks are going to go up, which ones will go down. I know what will happen in world events and I know what movies will be good (at that moment, I thought of the movie *Forest Gump* and his Apple stocks)."

I thought about getting a job in that time era and how I could invest the money I made and become rich. More, I could have a good husband this time instead of the crappy ones I had in this life.

Thoughts of my children flooded me and I wondered what would happen to them if I had a fresh start in 1977. I remembered the poverty I lived in back then as a single mother. I remembered the cancer I had in 1985. I remembered all the years I went to universities to have a better life only to be thrown under the economic bus

in the end. Then I remembered that the world was dying where I came from and I could escape it for a while if I wanted to.

But I wanted to go back; go back to this present time. I know this world is evil and I knew I didn't want an extra life in it, even if my life would be less challenging this time around.

I know this may sound crazy, but I think I was given a REAL CHOICE. It didn't feel like a dream but a REAL EXPERIENCE and I was symbolically asked by Powerful Beings if I wanted to completely change my Life: Re-write my history.

There are those in the Cosmos who have reasons to trade with me. Again, in 1999, I went on a long 'out-of-body' experience, although I consider it something else because I saw my funeral and lived into the future as a Spirit. Right now, I am writing a book about this Experience and there some powerful beings who don't want me to finish the book. I feel in my Heart of Hearts that they were trying to bribe me from telling my true story. Time travel and physical restoration of the body is easy for those who control this hologram.

So I was offered a deal. I could have started over. I could go back to 1977 and be a shapely, young, beautiful woman of 21 with no responsibilities, with knowledge of the future, with 12 years of university education and do it all over again. I could have the world and have it all for a time. But I thought of my three children in Sioux City, Iowa, and did not want to erase them or all of the other things I've learned since then. We are the synergy (electric sum) of

all our parts. Many of our parts come from our past, whether good or bad. Some of our history is so sad/dark that many people would like to erase those parts: Rapes; betrayal; desertion; war experiences; great disappointments; disease; never ending poverty; death of a loved one/s; and/or more.

I hate this world of suffering, but I realize that when we lose the memories of our experiences – good or bad – we lose ourselves.

Our Book of Life is like a photograph book and when we go ripping out the photos of the past so we can create a new past, we have completely changed history and the history of ourselves. We are no longer who we are but someone else. We still have the same Soul, but we're different persons.

I was asked in this dream if I wanted to change my life, to start over and avoid the coming apocalypse for a few decades (and some odd years). With my new youth, my Sweet Beauty, my intelligence and my education, I could have it all this time: I would be at least a multi-millionaire by this present time plus I would have had an easy, golden life. But I knew in my Heart what the answer was: To Finish This Life.

If I had chosen the other life, the new beginning in 1977, I wouldn't be writing this right now. I would be living another life and this life would be totally forgotten.

In the last part of my dream, I walked up to Nadine's house, determined to get her mother to help me to go back to the present time. I saw myself

in the reflection of the shiny, silver doorbell. My face was young and beautiful. Nadine answered the door and she was young and beautiful. I hugged her with rich love.

I began telling Nadine that I was in the wrong time, that I was from the future in a time where all was facing death. I told her that no matter how dark times were in the future, I was going to get back. Then I woke up.

I feel like I traveled through time and I know I was offered a Faustian bargain that I wasn't even tempted to take. I am grateful for this Life, as hard as it has been, because I gained the Wisdom to make the Right Choice this morning.


But it makes me wonder: If the gods offered you a chance to start over like I was offered, would you take the offer and go back to a time when you were a young, healthy, vibrant adult and allowed to know the things you know now or would you stay the course in your present Life?

When I look at the Symbols, I recognize that the Indian woman sitting on the sidewalk with the small Indian blanket around her shoulders was an Indian Medicine Woman that later turned into a Medicine Man. The male shadow in the ornate picture frame told me to find authenticity in those I knew when the person I know best is myself. Although I was 'tempted', I instantly knew what the right choice was.

Still, I needed to find something and someone that (ironically) was already there, right in front of me: The Full Truth of My Life and My Authentic Self.

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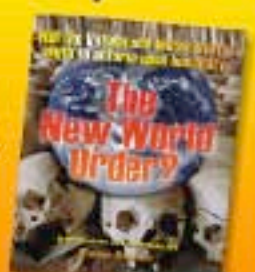


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