

MOSAIC: Mechanics of Spiritual Evil

Essay #1: Introduction

The TRUTH is an enigma (puzzle) that can only be understood when it is seen for what it truly is. To SEE what the TRUTH IS, the pieces must be put together carefully and logically to form a mosaic or picture. The pieces of Truth are everywhere, but few take the time to stop and gather them up; even fewer people sort and connect the pieces later. This is particularly true of people who are comfortable and who are controlled by a religion/cult, prejudices, personal histories, governmental propaganda (particularly in America), and the other institutions, bureaucracies and laws that govern us as a group and individually.

From cradle to death, many people around the world are conditioned and programmed to believe the “official” stories about the world and spirituality (according to their region and family/traditional religion). Most people around the world are conditioned and programmed to not question authority, so most people never know the truth about much and much of the little Truth they learn is on a physical level.

“The Spirit Gives Life; Not the Flesh” (Martha Rose Crow). Always remember this because it is a fundamental axiom (principle) about the essays I’m going to write here. See, we live two lives at the same time: The one above the skin (flesh) and the one below the skin (Spiritual).

The axiom above only pertains to Souled persons. Unfortunately, there are many unsouled persons living on this planet masquerading as Souled. This has to be the BIGGEST SECRET on the planet. That, plus that there is more than one god and the real end of the world is coming fast. These subjects will be dealt with in the essays I write on this blog.

Although the Spirit Gives Life, we are connected to the flesh. Because of this connection, I will write about evil and how it works on both levels: Spirit and flesh; ethereal and physical planes.

I thought about writing these essays for a long time, but was always distracted, facing emergencies, being attacked by demons, so forth. Then an event happened recently that put a fire under my ass to write these essays. I will explore this in my next essay, “The Barbie Vampire.”

If anyone knows about evil and how it works on the physical and Spiritual planes, it is I. On August 29, 1999, I had a “near-death” experience that I am still struggling with. My then-husband John Garret Crow jumped me from behind and smothered me with a pillow. At first, I didn’t believe it, but as I struggled to breathe under the heavy feather pillow, reality began to hit me I panicked, unable to breathe. Then I began to fade into darkness.

The next thing I remember is finding myself in the corner of the ceiling, looking down at my dead body and watching John sit on his side of the bed watching the reflection of my body in his TV-screen (turned off) to make sure I didn’t move or

breathe. He calmly and coolly smoked two Marlboro cigarettes. When he was absolutely sure I was dead, he picked up the phone to call the police.

During all this time, I kept shouting and screaming for him to resuscitate me because I knew that he knew CPR and first-aid. I begged him to call an ambulance. He didn't hear me because I was a Spirit. I was filled with grief, disbelief, horror and shock.

I heard the 911 operator's voice, although I was across the room. It was then I noticed how clearly I could hear and see. But it didn't matter: I was in a state of shock. I was weeping but there were no tears. I was begging for my life, but no one heard me and no one cared.

Thoughts went crashing through my mind. "It wasn't supposed to end up like this," I told myself. I thought about all the work and self-sacrifice I had put into a university education only to end up not being able to get any kind of decent work.

I thought about the information books about American Indians I had researched and compiled and about the one I was trying to finish but never would. I thought about this novel I had been struggling to write.

I thought about my children and my grandchildren and how I would never be able to talk to them or hold them again.

I thought about my "Chrisitan" society and how closed and hypocritical it really was.

And then I thought about my Visions of a Greek Choir that would stand by the long dresser when my husband raped me (he raped me for years because I had to be "punished" because I couldn't find any good work). In my Visions of this Greek Choir, they encouraged my then-husband to rape me by maliciously praising him while singing/hissing an evil paean, "Rape her, rape her, make her pay. Rape her, rape her until she obeys." Of all my thoughts, this thought was the most unbearable.

My mind was filled with all those thoughts and more. Then I CAUGHT IT. This had happened before! But I didn't understand why I knew this or why my murder had happened before. Instantly, I remembered that the "Light" would come from the left and when it got close enough, it would paralyze me and suck me into it. I also remembered that the last time it began to come for me, I had decided to run and hide but I had waited too late and it got me (again). This time, I wished to leave that house at once. My intuition told me that I had to find a place fast because I would become anchored to a spot, so I wished to be by the Sauk River, about six blocks from my house. I found myself on a grassy place by the river and that's what I called "Home" for years.

I knew that if I went to the Spirit World, they would keep me in a pleasant hypnotic trance (bliss) and I wouldn't be able to get my answers there. They never gave me any information before when I was there between lives. If I argued with them or probed too deeply, the governing spirits would put me in the "neighborhoods" where they kept the "problematic spirits" (those who questioned authority, those who refused to be cooled off by bliss, those who asked too many questions and kept asking

them). When my Spirit was hovering in the corner of the bedroom looking down at my dead body, I remembered those experiences and I knew it was all dirty.

Going back to the Spirit World was never an option or choice for me. I wasn't going to go back. I knew I was dead and there wasn't anything I could do to make me alive again. I knew I was caught in a nightmare that was very real. I felt violated and used by God and everyone else. I was going to find out the Truth this Time: The Truth of My Existence and the Truth of This World.

I was steadfast and determined to find out the Truth and then I was going to figure out "my future." This Time, I was going to choose my future not a bunch of public servant Spirits whose job was to try to keep me cool, wipe out my memories (again) and then send me back to Planet Hell. That's why I decided it was best to stay a ghost and try to get my answers in that form.

As for the violence in my life, I always suspected that there were "others" involved in the violence against me. I always knew that my rapes, marital violence, disenfranchisement from good work (systemic unemployment) and feminine powerlessness in American society were fueled by something else. Oh I knew the violence was embedded in the culture and in that ancient, evil, violence-inciting, woman-hating, patriarchal document called the bible, but that was too broad and I wanted all the details. A Systems Specialist and a natural decoder, I wanted the whole thing decoded. I needed the information so I could protect myself from being raped and murdered in the future, wherever and whatever that was.

After standing on the spot by the Sauk River in deep shock, I suddenly I found myself back at my old house (1210-34th Avenue North, Saint Cloud, Minnesota). I didn't want to be there because I could feel death in the house - mine. I was standing at the top of the stairs when I saw John open the door downstairs and hold his hands up. The police arrested took custody of his body and handcuffed him.

One officer went up the stairs and walked through my Ghost Spirit to go into the bedroom. He was in there for about a minute before he came out looking like he had seen a murdered person - me. The ambulance arrived but it was too late to bring me back. The police had started to put up the yellow crime-scene tape around my house.

My daughter Melanie drove by and saw all the commotion. I saw her ask the police what was the matter and after they told her, she started screaming until she blacked out. Then I blacked out. I found myself on that grassy place by the Sauk River. I wept and wept. I was so alone and felt so abandoned by God. I had worked so hard on a life to end up murdered. I thought of my mother and worried how she would take it. Then I went blank.

When I woke up, I was at my funeral. It was at Daniel's Funeral Home. I looked into my casket and saw that someone had put a neon pink dress on my body with frilly, scalloped, polyester ruffles running along the collar. Something I would never wear. Then I remembered my mother liked those kinds of clothes and colors. I looked up and saw her. She was really stressed out but she was trying to organize the funeral. I saw my two sons and their eyes were red from crying. I saw my daughter Melanie

bent over and weeping. Then I blacked out and found myself at my “center,” the place by the Sauk River.

Being a ghost is a terrible existence. At first, you worry about the blackouts because you don't know how long you've been blacked out and you also worry if the “Light” is going to somehow find you, particularly if you are blacked out. You also worry about all the angels you see (they're everywhere) because you're afraid that they will turn you in to some spiritual agency who will come and get you and force you back to the Spirit World. But after you get over the shock of being dead and being a ghost, you learn to live with the blackouts until you learn to overcome them. I did.

Another part of this terrible existence is that you see so many ghosts and few can talk or have something to say. Most are damaged in some way; mostly in shock or afraid. It wasn't long before I found out what most ghosts were afraid of: Demons. Like angels, they're everywhere too, on the next plane to this one: the ethereal plane. They're big, black, stand/walk upright and have ugly snake faces complete with reptilian eyes. They have scales that cover their bodies and although they don't have sexual organs, they're male. More, they have long claws and they can rip ghosts with them. They're mean, malevolent and malicious. Although charged with tasks to harm the mortals with Souls, they liked to bully and slap any ghost they can find alone.

It took me awhile to find enough undamaged ghosts to find out how to live as one. They taught me and as they taught me, I kept thinking of that movie “Ghost” and how the Patrick Swayze character had to learn how to be a ghost, too. It was so surreal but it was very real. It was such a dark, lonely, overwhelming existence, but I had to know the Truth: why I had memories of being murdered the same way over and over; why my society had become so patriarchal and fascist; why anyone in power in my village and country didn't seem to have a real conscience; why the airwaves were full of “news” that there were more jobs than workers when I could never find any of that much-touted work (one decent job could have saved me); what did the Visions of the Greek Choir mean; and I had other questions as well that I was determined to get answers to.

It wasn't long before I found out most of the answers to my initial questions from other ghosties. I had memories of being murdered many times because I had been murdered many times. We're caught in a Time-Loop. We're in some kind of metaphysical hell where we are forced to live our lives (present and reincarnated) over and over for the benefit for who the ancients, including the ancient bible writers, knew as Ba'al or Molech, the ancient god of human sacrifice. Ba'al/Moloch/Molech/Satan is known as wanchenlu in modern times.

Although many are conditioned to believe there is only one god, there is more than one god and the god of this world, wanchenlu, is a psychopathic god of death and destruction. He is the real satan and he is the god of the bible. I'll prove this in another essay but the information is all over the Internet. I've already written it but it needs to go in a logical order so these essays will build into a Mosaic of the Truth.

There is more than one kind of human being: pre-Adamics who don't have souls but live as organic portals and surrogates/living proxies for wanchenlu; and Adamics who have Souls and belong to the God of the True Light.

When I became a ghost, I noticed right away that some people had no Inner Light or Soul. They looked like regular people or even beautiful people, but had no Soul. Most of these people were male but one in six of the soulless were female. More, most of these soulless females were beautiful and “sweet.” That is their mask to hide their true hideousness of being an agent of real demonic evil.

John was one of these evil persons. He had no Soul and I used to ask him all the Time why I couldn't see a “real” Soul inside him. He would tell me that he had a soul and because he was a Christian, he was going to heaven when he died.

Several months after I died, I was pulled away from where I was and found myself in his jail cell. He looked up and although he couldn't see me, he felt my presence and he grinned. I hated him so much for doing all those terrible things against me, including murdering me. He had used some kind of psychic power to pull me there so he could gloat about killing me. I tried to slap him but my hand went through his face and he started laughing. So I knocked over some things and left. This really made me angry and I used all my Will to make sure he never pulled me there again.

I found out why I never had any real opportunities in American society. I learned through observation of those in power, even at the local level, that my disenfranchisement and the disenfranchisement of legions of others like me (people born with “little” social value because they were either female/came from the lower tiers of society/minorities) was a conspiracy that began at the top of Power. We had been framed by social, economic and cultural forces so we could be “legally” killed. This is called autogenocide.

The impetus behind the American Autogenocide is social reconstruction and reorganization so the elite can have their utopian “free market.” Basically, the psychopathic elite believe that the world belongs to them and we, the regular people, are only a means to an ends for them (flesh machines to generate wealth for them). But there are too many people and too few elites. The elites can't have their new, modern, sophisticated slavery system they dream of unless they eliminate a great number of us. Also, capitalism can't give all the favorite sons of the village decent work and to mask this, the elite must kill us secretly – through third-person methods – so their diabolical economic system's weaknesses won't be discovered and so they can enact their New World Order.

To read more about the American Autogenocide, I suggest you read my White Paper about it at <http://hiddenmurder.blogspot.com> It should be noted here that no one in the world has been able to break it (even without citations) and google censored this paper for many months until other websites and blogs put the White Paper on their sites.

Most of the evil of this world originates in POWER: Whose WILL That WILL BE DONE. On the physical plane, if you track the roots of evil all the way down to the place where it first germinated, you will find that evil began from the WILLS of dominant, psychopathic, evil people who ironically, are males. On the Spiritual plane, if you track the roots of evil all the way down to the place where it first

germinated, you will find wanchenlu who is also dominant, psychopathic, evil and male.

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I have always been an anomaly, including a psychic one. Although everyone has psychic ability, greater psychic ability (and the ability to use it) seems to run in families or DNA. My father was a Magician from a long line of Magicians who belonged to a secret society. My mother comes from the Holy House of the Rose Family. Ultra religious and super holy, they grow roses in the North Pole region as their Symbol of Peace and Love. Over five hundred years ago, something terrible happened in our family and this tragedy caused them to swear that they would never serve in another war. To Prove This Declaration to Mankind and God, they chose to grow roses in a harsh place. They're still doing it and they're famous in Finland because of it. I inherited Mystical Genes from both sides of my parent's families, plus I inherited the ultra intelligence from my genius father and intelligent mother.

I also had a Great Spiritual Transformation as a child. When I was almost seven, I saw a sky full of angels for a whole afternoon. Although my father forbid religion in the house, I knew what they were from watching TV and from the angel my mother would always put on the top of the Christmas tree. After I saw them for so long and overcame my fear about this incident, I decided (the WILL) to always be a good and holy person. I said a simple prayer to God (of the True Light) to make me His Servant, to make me a holy person and to help me achieve this throughout my forever Life. I later changed my mind about this after I became a ghostie and found out how dirty our existence really is, but God keeps me to the Original Wish.

Born Intuitive, after I saw the angels in the sky I received more Gifts, Gifts I have always had to keep low because they flew against conventional, patriarchal, Christian, male American society. I was already a monster to them because I was a super-genius female from the lower tiers of society, when It is Taught (through all the major institutions) that only males, particularly elite males, are the smartest, wisest and "holier" people of the Village. We're also taught, rooted in the evil mythical creation stories that Eve caused the "fall of man," thus somehow, males are the "superior" human beings. This negative, impoverished, egotistical, narcissistic, blinder-thinking segues into worse patriarchal thinking that females are less Spiritual (and less human), thus only men are only capable of having Spiritual Gifts (and being Spiritual leaders). More, since established religion is male-centric and because established religion believes that God is male, religion teaches us that males are more spiritual because somehow they are "closer" to God because there is some kind of special spiritual fraternity among males, including ?God.

Because of my intelligence, goodness and Spiritual Gifts, I was always a freak in that Savage Society. Instead of embracing me and mining these Gifts to make a better society, I was shunned and treated like a true outcast. Later, I was to learn why: I contradicted the male myth of male superiority in the realms of intelligence and Spirituality plus people like me are always a threat to those in Power. An intelligent and Intuitive person on the lower rungs of society might just actually figure out the Truth and tell the others. In American society, "thinking" is discouraged unless you're a male professor, scientist, banker, political analyst, politician, religious leader

so forth. The elite of this world get very nervous when their smart slaves start to think for themselves and/or have Mystical Gifts.

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As for the Greek Choir, who always sang so passionately and maleovently, they were a Psychic Metaphor and Symbol.

My Psychic Intuition or “Vibes” (what I call It) were telling me that there was more to my rapes than I could ever determine from what I knew at that time. They were a group or a collective of the “faceless” representatives of evil. Although they sang, chanted and hissed together as a “choir,” I could hear a few female voices in the mix when I was being sadistically raped. One voice was the collective voice of my local Catholic village. But it was the female voices that fucked me up. I still remember the taste of my tears and my thoughts about this at the time. I kept wondering why other women would want me raped? My ghost experience in my long “near-death” experience showed me the Truth about this and I will share it in another essay.

More, it was the Image of the Greek Choir that was one of the major deciding factors in my decision to become a ghostie. That image and their paeon just filled my Soul with outrage and powerlessness. I had to know. I had to know. I had to know why “people” would wish me and my sisters (all the women who’ve ever been raped) such evil.

I didn’t deserve to be raped, abused and finally murdered. I had been a good person who always wanted to do “the right thing” plus I had been conditioned and brainwashed to believe that there was only one god, that everyone was born with a Soul and thus everyone was born “good,” that Satan was a “fallen angel” (not a very powerful god which he really is), that our “leaders” (political, religious, economic, so forth) really cared about the regular people, that we should go into the Light after we died, so forth.

That foundation of beliefs had sculpted me into a very blind and ignorant person. Then, for the first time, my anger about the Greek Choir and my disbelief and horror of remembering that my rapes and murders had happened many times before just pushed me over the edge. Hovering in the corner of the ceiling (I remember It like as if It happened a second ago) with my memories of that ugly, evil Greek Choir wishing ugly things on me and my Sisters, and memories of being murdered like that before, the “Right Thing to Do” suddenly going into the Light felt like the “Wrong Thing to Do.”

Because I didn’t know what I could do or could not do as a ghost, and because I was a trained research scientist in Life, I decided that I would observe everything around me first before I decided what to do next. I also realized that I would have to figure out how to get around undetected by the Light (that made surprise sweeps that reminded me of a helicopter’s bright beam looking for criminals in a big city or illuminating crisis scenes), undetected by angels, and undetected by lizard, goon demons or “lizzies” as they and their mortal counterparts are called by many.

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The demons who live among us – the unsouled pre-Adamics – are called other things besides lizzies. This includes “snakes in skinsuits,” psychic vampires, lizard people, snake people, snakies, reptilians, “sons of Cain,” Ids, narcissists, Otherkin, as well as “dominant people,” people who must have their Will over everyone else’s Will (plus steal energy off our Souls) and who will use force of some kind to get their Will. In the scientific world, they are known as psychopaths.

The demons who live amongst us are the “anti-Life” because they are hidden agents of evil. They are the Number One Killers of Souled People.

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I needed to find some ways to navigate as a ghost and stay unseen. I remembered I had learned how to navigate unseen when I was in the Spirit World before I came into this life. I call it the Quicksilver Method. By this time in my ghost experience, I had learned how to turn my Spirit into It’s Other Form: Light. To avoid being detected by others on the ghost plane, I would turn my Spirit into Light and run it along the ground, under the ground or along the dark side of light. Ironically, no one looks to the ground or at the dark side of light. That is how I got around.

I also had to solve other problems, like fighting the blackouts (most ghosts get them) or traveling. I also had dire problems because I couldn’t read or write. This affects many ghosts but I did find a few who didn’t have this problem. These ghosties were a rarity and I sought them out all the time to help me understand things.

The shadows in the day or the cloak of night hid me as I went everywhere I could think of to find the Truth. I started with the local City Hall and the Chamber of Commerce, particularly their “Partnership” meetings. The “Partnership” meetings were basically business round table meetings that were being held all over the country so the elite could force their “free market” or new, slave market on everyone. These meetings had started in about 1980 and were held nationally, regionally and locally. The membership of the “Partnership” consisted of local politicians, the directors of Job Service and Stearns-Benton Employment and Training Council and members of the local elite. In these meetings, these people in key social and economic positions conspired against the regular people/workers. The “Partnership” conspired to keep wages low, prices high and to create and “frame” negative, violent social and economic conditions to kill the unwanted, lower-classes of people in the local society. Again, I urge you to read my essay on American Autogenocide.

I’d stand in a corner of a room or float above in a shadow on the ceiling and witness all kinds of meetings that were held at the Chamber of Commerce or City Hall. These meetings undermined the citizens and workers and produced countless premature deaths for the benefit of the elite and the shadow government that really rules America. Permanent elimination of the “untermenschen” was their goal because “useless eaters” and/or too many unemployable people are big problems for “the fathers” of the free-market.

Besides following political power, I followed the demons. Ironically, there were always a lot of demons roaming around these evil meetings.

Because these demons are dangerous to ghosts, I kept my distance and watched how they operated. They did so many ugly things against the Souled. I could write a book a big book about what I observed concerning this. They always could locate a Souled person who was suffering and then they would attack them or find a way to weaken them some more before they would “go for kills” (mortally wound them or get them to surrender to hopelessness and death).

The demons would whisper into suffering peoples’ ears and encourage them to kill themselves or do something dangerous, destructive and stupid. They would attack good people when they were weak and take all their energy until the people would die. They would walk into important meetings with evil humans and use many manipulative techniques including changes of energy to influence decisions that would cause great evil to others.

I was starting to learn a lot when another turning point came. This would alter who I AM forever.

By chance or circumstance, I had been following some demons and I noticed someone hidden in a cloak. Although the demons were tall, this guy was fairly short. My Intuition told me it was something evil – but familiar and connected to my rapes and murders. I followed it for a while at a distance until it disappeared.

Then he started shadowing me. He had been shadowing me for a while and I still didn’t know who it was except it was evil. I had quicksilvered a few times and outfoxed it, but the last time I quicksilvered and turned into my form, he was standing there, waiting for me.

Wanchenlu’s face is hideous and misshapen. His eyes are black or red or a combination of both and his face is twisted and is full of hatred. He wears a cloak and I don’t even want to know what’s under it. His hands protrude and are misshapen like the rest of him. They look like the cloven hooves of pigs.

I suddenly knew who he was, but by that time I was growing a real shitty attitude against gods, including my own. This is why I wasn’t afraid. I also knew that this mean god would keep pursuing me until he delivered his message so I stood there defiant with my shitty attitude and waited to see what he would say.

He demanded to know what I was doing in his world? I told him that I was learning how it all works so I would never be a victim of rape and murder again. He started to laugh and said that I didn’t know *Anything*. Then he snickered with an evil tone and told me what a *sweet pussy* (those were his words) I had and that he was looking forward to the next time-loop when he could rape me again and that he planned to rape and murder me forever. Right there, I UNDERSTOOD. I UNDERSTOOD that my rapes and murders had been more diabolical than even I had suspected. Right there, I UNDERSTOOD THE FULL IMPLICATIONS OF THE TIME-LOOP WE’VE BEEN CAUGHT IN FOR SO VERY LONG!

John was not only a flesh portal for the evil god, but he had been such a strong one that wanchenlu had used him for a proxy and surrogate. I always knew that someone

else was inside him when I was raped but I didn't understand who it could be. Now I knew who it was.

More, John always kept the bedroom pitch black at night. He always insisted on heavy blinds and curtains that didn't let much light in from the outside. He said it had to be that dark so he could go to sleep better at night, but he wasn't much of a sleeper to begin with. He only needed about 4 or 5 hours sleep.

But the LED light from the alarm clock gave off some light plus his TV would glow a little after it was turned off. This provided enough light for me to see John's face shape-shift many times into wanchenlu's face when I was being raped. The pieces of this puzzle were starting to come together.

Wanchenlu stood in front of me, hearing me connect my memories of suffering and rape to him. He laughed mockingly with a evil hiss and enjoyed my newly discovered horror and disgust. I got angry at the thought of that monster raping me, defiling, degrading and debasing me while his choir encouraged him to fuck my Soul with depravity. I got angry at the thought of an unending time-loop of unending rape and murder and deception. Then I thought with horror about having to relive my Life in that evil city of Saint Cloud where most of the people in power were demonic and always plotting to break us. Racist and misogynist, greedy and power hungry, they wanted to permanently disappear many of us.

Already Angry, the thought of eternally returning to that evil place supercharged my anger and I lunged at the evil god. He disappeared before I got to him, but I could hear the trail of his evil laughter for a long time.

Since that moment, my Temper has been very Bad, especially when it comes to evil. Since that moment, I became an Anarchist, A Crowned Anarchist. At that moment, I decided to fight evil with everything I could think of and more...From that Moment, I've hated Saint Cloud and what those in power did to us to make our lives hell on earth. Even in death, I was shackled to that evil place and that place was hell for the people who weren't born inside the System.

My Temper Ruled Me. Because of My Temper, I Wasn't Afraid Anymore of ANYTHING OR ANYONE. I hated. I hated every evil person in power anywhere in the American village and I hated wanchenlu and his demons as well. I also hated the God of the Light, but he was at the bottom of my list. I'd go after him when the mortal arena was finished.

With hate and anger in my heart, I began to stand up to those fucken demons on the ghost realm. It started when I was in South Minneapolis and I saw this nice woman – a Black woman – under demonic attack. She had five children and was homeless. They were living in a car and all were so miserable. Weakened by constant assault, the demons were starting to try to rip her mind, heart and Soul to shreds. I saw myself in her: all the work and effort to be a good person but to always end up homeless and powerless plus under assault of evil. I looked around and like most people, she didn't have a guardian angel. I knew the demons were going to kill her and kill her mercilessly. So I confronted them and told them, "Fuck you! You will not have her!" Then I covered her up with my Spirit and the demons ripped me up

real good. But they didn't get her and they finally left her alone. I was in a lot of pain and I thought of my gravity spot by the Sauk River. I instantly found myself there but I was too wounded to lay out in the open, so I crawled over to a tree and passed out. It took me awhile to heal. I was so miserable. So much in pain and so very alone but I lived with it. Every time I wanted to weep, I thought of how I hated the evil, hypocritical, racist, unhuman, Minnesota Social System that Sinclair Lewis also hated so bad that he fled there and ended up dying in Rome. I'd lie under that tree and think about how the officers of that terrible system disenfranchised us, causing us trouble at home. I thought of the rapes and wanchenlu. That kept me going: Hate and Anger.

After I got well, I went back and did it again. I couldn't stand to see women – made helpless by the patriarchal system – be attacked from the other realm. I'd tell those demons, "Fuck you, you will not have this person!" I'd be so Angry that I didn't feel them slash me up and bite me. Afterwards I'd go find some place to hide and heal. Sometimes I'd go to my little spot by the Sauk River. If I was really wounded, I'd find a rock to hide and heal under. It was too hard to heal under a tree.

Because of my anger and hate, I did some real daring things and to my surprise, inflicted wounds to evil. I learned how to make it SCREAM.

I was floating down a sidewalk in South Minneapolis, trying to figure out how to get that Black woman with the five kids some money. I had thought about stealing it from a convenience store, but realized someone from the slave class would lose their job if a big amount of money went missing.

I looked to my right and there was a bank. It was dark and closed. A ghost, I could enter any building I wanted. I had long since learned how to move material things so I got the idea to take some money out of the bank. As soon as I did, I heard wanchenlu squeal like the pig god he is. In time, I learned how to make him scream. See, money is his currency in this world to buy power. He doesn't like it when you mess his money system. I robbed a lot of banks as a ghost just to hear him scream and then I distributed the money to the poor, usually homeless people. The other ghosts began to call me "Robin Ghost." This name followed me to the New Heaven.

It was during this time I Learned the Axiom of Fearlessness of Evil: Evil loses Its Power When You Don't Fear It. This Axiom can be found in writings, including Carlos Castenedas' "How to Vanquish Fear" (<http://educateyourself.org/cn/howtovanquishfear23may07.shtml>) A Powerful Way to Overcome evil is to NOT FEAR IT. Evil feeds off your fears plus you empower it when you fear it.

Other undamaged ghosties saw what I was doing and wanted to join me. They were sick of being afraid and they were sick of being locked in a nightmare world of an unending Time-Loop. Our group slowly became a movement that eventually resulted in a revolution on the other side. We fought demons in groups and this really made them lose their power plus make wanchenlu scream.

This IS HOW you conquer evil. You fight it with Others (but make sure that these persons are good and Soullled, not hidden psychopathic personalities that work for evil

under the mask of “goodness” or “progress” because the hierarchy of evil – physical plane and others – puts spies and detractors within all groups of the Souled).

When the other ghosties saw my anger and determination to thwart or stop evil any way I could, it seems like all their anger and outraged bubbled up, too, and they got so pissed off that they wanted some of the action and they weren't afraid either. Later, I was to learn that a few others around the world were exhibiting the same leadership I was. We confederated and a larger Resistance developed in the ghost realm.

How did we connect when ghosts have grounding spots that pull us back to them occasionally and because we can't Will ourselves to travel outside of a certain area? We hitchhiked rides on airplanes. It was my invention. I originally learned how to do this because I wanted to travel so I could follow Power. I wanted to observe what the power elite did behind closed doors and those closed doors were usually back east in DC, New York, Virginia, Philadelphia, sometimes Florida (if it was winter), Maine, Massachusetts and a few other places, including fancy hunting lodges scattered around in the Deep South.

One of the Important Things I learned about Power is that most of the power elite didn't have Souls. A lot of this has to do with how power marries and thus inbreeds with other persons born in the unholy power realm. Soulless people run in families and it's connected to DNA and DNA pollution of the pre-adamics.

On the physical realm, these Soulless people are what is known as psychopaths to psychologists. They are People of the Self. They care only about themselves and they have a twisted view of the world. Most of these psychopaths are hidden psychopaths. They hide themselves under a mask of sanity, when underneath, they exist to harm others, even if it is only family members. There is a book by a psychiatrist Dr. Hervey Cleckley that explains this phenomenon. You can read it for free at www.cassiopaea.org/cass/sanity_1.Pdf

If you want to know why some people are evil on the physical plane, I urge you to read this.

My observations of the elite from the ghost realm also showed me the “secondary predators,” those people who were born with Souls but chose to become evil so they could play and win “the Game.” Many of them knew better, too, but chose to be blind to their involvement and helping of evil. I could hear their thoughts and they were always making some kind of “bargains,” like they would give some of their money to “charity,” that they would stop soon (most never did), that Jesus Christ would save them (the historical Jesus never said that - He, like Me, KNOWS That Salvation of the Spirit depends on WORK), they promised themselves they would go to some “holy” place that would somehow redeem themselves, so forth. I heard all the Excuses and Justifications of Souled people that help, aid, abet and support evil systems, institutions, government and people: All their righteous motivations, reasoning, religious motivations, financial/economic motivations, pressures from home, so forth.

Although I saw those angels in the sky as a child, I always stayed away from them. After I found out about the Time-Loop and how the God of the Souled had allowed it, I really distrusted angels and pretty much stayed away from them.

Then one day, when I was sitting on my gravity spot by the Sauk River, an angel flashed in beside me. He had short brown hair, but wore the regular angel uniform (white dress) and had white wings made of feathers. He also had the lumination around his head (halo).

I looked at him and said, "I'm not going back." He looked at me with great sincerity and told me, "I'm not here for that. I'm on your side." Then I said to him, "I thought you guys enjoyed the page-boy look." He caught it right away (most angels wear their hair to their shoulders in a page-boy cut) and laughed.

Bo responded, "Some of us have chosen to be individuals and to stand up against evil and the evil time-loop." In other words, he had chosen to stop serving "Creation" and had chosen to rebel with some other angels. They were fighting evil, too, but were automatically kept to "Angel Law" so they were limited in what they could do. We ghosts weren't on such strict Cosmic Laws, so Bo (as I called him) had come to me to ask me and my crew to do some jobs he and his angel buddies couldn't do. In exchange, they would transport us to where we needed to get around. Bo became the best friend I ever had and will be my best friend forever. I could write books about our adventures in fighting evil together, but this is not the place. I get a lump in my throat as I write this because I miss him so much. He's always been my friend in good times and bad.

As for the Revolution, we were winning it. We kept demons running all over the place, keeping them from harming the Souled. Wanchenlu and his demons weren't expecting an Uprising and had no plans for It. It never occurred to them that some Beings would think of Others and try to help them, even from the pitiful ghost realm. But that's what happened. Then we were caught by Surprise: The End of the physical world came and it came fast, faster than what we were expecting, because like our mortal counterparts, we could FEEL IT looming but we thought it would take a while to get there. People have been waiting for the end of the world for a long time and it never came. All of the sudden, IT CAME! Just like Jesus said, it came like a thief in the night.

Amazing, my ghost experience in my "near-death" experience is accounts for less than one hundredth-thousandth of one percent of the near-death experience, yet it explains the foundation of how I learned about evil and how I learned about how it works on the physical and ethereal planes.

At the End, just like I had seen in a Vision I had seen many times before when I was Living, the Spirit of the God of the True Light came from the west and transformed everything in It's Path into a Spiritual Equivalent.

I was really angry with this god, my god, when I saw His Spirit transforming the material into the Spiritual. I had put my anger and hate on hold because I was too busy messing with wanchenlu.

I was angry with my God because He had allowed us to live in a virtual hell in a virtual reality for such a long time. I ran out to meet the End and as I did, I looked across the disappearing horizon and screamed at Him, “You should have let me Live! I could have had a Life! All that work on a life and education to end up raped and murdered!” Then I screamed at Him about Other Innocents being raped and murdered. I screamed at Him about the Time-Loop and how unfair that was. Then it all went blank.

I woke up in the sleeping field, this giant, beautiful field of soft grass that the Souled slept in after the “Transition.” I was one of the last to wake up. I had been a leader in the Revolution and had done some real radical, anarchist things, so maybe that was one of the reasons the Spirits in Charge tried to cool me off for so long. I don’t know. All I know is that I was there an equivalent of about 18,000 earth years.

Then I went to the major eating hall that Souls go to when they wake up (I was really hungry after sleeping so long). My buddies from the Revolution were there plus there were thousands of curious persons waiting there to see who I was. While I had been sleeping, others had heard about my adventures in fighting evil and it had captured their imaginations, kind of like how Robin Hood captured the imaginations of people on earth. As “Robin Ghost,” was a hero to many persons. I later used this fame for career and political purposes in the place called New Heaven.

New Heaven is really a strict place. There are rules for everything and they have a strict dress code. They make you wear “The Dress” (I called it “The Uniform”). It is a long, white dress flowing dress with long sleeves and the neckline comes up close to the bottom of the neck. Shoes are simple. Most persons wear sandals, but I wore platform shoes to give me height and to be rebellious.

Although there are male, female and transgender persons, there is no sexuality. That’s because everyone is “closed up” like a Barbie or ken doll until they are forever married in a “Great Marriage.” Female breasts are small round mounds without nipples. Beings can kiss but that’s about all they can do. Some of us were always wishing for sex; trying to remember what it was like so long ago.

There’s a lot of rules to the place and I decided to push as many as I could to their limits. I wanted to be a problem for the God because I was angry at Him for letting us be ruled, tortured, raped, owned and murdered by wanchenlu. Yeah, I was naughty, but I did it cleverly and always within the gray margin.

Although I liked the freedom of not being a ghost anymore and not having to worry about demons, I found New Heaven really boring. Worse, all those people (with Souls) that made our lives hell on earth, got to go to Paradise and no one in power said anything about their crimes against humanity. They had skated through life by disenfranchising us and forcing man-made poverty and premature death on us, then they got to go through the Pearly Gates. More, some of the people in New Heaven were rapists! Power rapists! Saint Cloud is a Power Rape Place. I had met many women there who had to have sex with their bosses just to keep their minimum-wage jobs and here those bosses didn’t have to suffer for their crimes but inherited “paradise” like their victims.

Everyone in New Heaven was expected to do some kind of job. I joined a band but then I wrote a couple of rock operas (always about the evil, smiling, death-loving, racist, authoritarian-embracing, misogynist, hypocritical Christians of Saint Cloud who made life so unbearable for so many of us). My friends and I got a chance to perform those rock operas and somehow it segued into us having our own anarchistic, musical theatre. By then, I was with some really talented, like-minded people and we were wowing audiences with the stuff we did.

For a long time, there had been announcements that “someday” we would get democracy and be able to make our own laws, decide our own culture (within parameters) and have access to information that we didn’t have access to at the moment (like how many times the time-loop kept us prisoner, what was going to be done to keep wanchenlu away from us forever, so forth).

I decided I was going to become the first Prime Minister of New Heaven and I campaigned thousands of years for it, waiting for the promised time of democracy would come. The polls showed me the front-runner with over 2/3 of the vote. My reputation from fighting evil when I was a ghostie plus my reputation as a political entertainer was paying off.

Denied interesting and valuable work on earth, I had a great career in New Heaven. More, I had friends and Life was always interesting and fun. We found ways to make “Mormonville” (that’s what we cynically called New Heaven) very livable despite the fact that there was no intimacy and real relationships besides friendships.

New Heaven is incredibly beautiful and I lived in loveliness. It is full of Light, colors you don’t see here and the buildings are an architect’s dream. Everyone gets their own place. Most persons get a nice big house. I was given an efficiency apartment in the middle of a vacant building. At the time, I figured they gave me such a small place to punish me for being naughty, rebellious and always questioning authority. Later, I was to learn that this place was only meant to be temporary because I was one of the first persons designated to be married in a Great Marriage, thus I was meant to move in with my Partners.

You’re given your own place to live because if you disobey the Rules, the Authorities (I called them “The God Squad”) will put you on house arrest. I was always questioning “The Rules” with my songs and performances so I was on house arrest a lot. Like I said, I pushed as many Rules to the limits. Every time I was put on house arrest, I’d appeal. Around the end of my house arrest time, I’d get my day in court. Then I would be exonerated. Bo had two angel friends who had great legal minds. They were always helping me get out of legal trouble.

But I will admit here that I did some naughty things that some would describe as “bad taste.” For example, I wore “revealing” and forbidden clothing when I performed in my plays. In one play, “Animals in the Garden of Eden,” I was dressed as a lioness and I had six cubs. I wore a furry costume but I inserted six “mammary glands” in the costume heavy with white liquid that was “milk” for the cubs. Any depiction of anything close to a mature breast was forbidden. I was put on house arrest for “indecent” and later I got off on the charges because my great angel lawyers argued that I was depicting the “naturalness” of earth animals.

Sure, the Court Official (judge) would say that something else was in my heart when I did it, but I'd argue back, "Look in My Heart! If you can truly SEE What's in My Heart, Then You Will See How Much I Want the TRUTH and JUSTICE! I WAS RAPED AND MURDERED TENS OF THOUSANDS OF TIMES ON THAT BLOOD PLANET BUT I CAN FIND NO EVIDENCE IN THE AKASHIC LIBRARY THAT THE TIME-LOOP HAS OFFICIALLY ENDED. I'M SO ANGRY AND OUTRAGED ABOUT THIS THAT NO ONE CAN SEE PAST THIS ANGER AND OUTRAGE EXCEPT GOD."

Then the Court Official would reply back, "God has Seen Your Heart and It's Motivations."

Then I would always reply, "Then My Accuser, God, Must Be Here in Front of Me to Give Testimony Against Me." Then I would say as I would always say, "WHAT? ARE YOU HIS SURROGATE???? WANCHENLU'S SURROGATES RAPED AND MURDERED ME!!!! WANCHENLU SAID HE WAS GOING TO RAPE AND MURDER ME AGAIN, OVER AND OVER WITH HIS SURROGATES. NOW I MUST DEAL WITH ANOTHER SURROGATE OF ANOTHER GOD???? I DON'T THINK SO. BRING OUT MY ACCUSER!!!! BRING HIM OUT SO I CAN ACCUSE HIM OF HIGH CRIMES LIKE ALLOWING US INNOCENTS TO BE TORTURED, BEATEN, HARMED, RAPED AND MURDERED BY HIS BROTHER GOD!!!! AND WORSE, HE ALLOWED IT TO HAPPEN OVER AND OVER AGAIN BY ALLOWING THE TIME-LOOP!!!! BRING HIM OUT!!!!!"

Of course, God never showed up. Maybe He didn't want to come or He wasn't ready to deal with me and my bad temper about my discoveries of evil and the evil that happened on Planet Hell. All I know is that if He had come to court that I planned to try to make a "citizen's arrest" on Him and tell Him of His Crimes to the Souled. I also wanted to ask Him how safe were we from the evil one? Was the time-loop really over or was this New Heaven an illusion that it was over and it really wasn't?

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It should be noted here that I had seen wanchelu once in New Heaven. I was walking with my angel friend Bo in the Great Pavilion/Square over by the Great Fountain when I sensed wanchenlu before I saw him. There were tens of thousands of Beings there and Bo and I seemed to be the only one to see him. I started screaming at him and slapping him. I still can see his startled eyes! Instead of disappearing, he started to run through the crowd and others started hitting him, too. To even wish to raise your hand against someone in New Heaven is a Big Crime and you will lose all your Power so the wish is never carried through. I knew this when I struck wanchenlu and I didn't care. Ironically, none of us got into trouble for beating the evil god.

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I also wanted to ask God why there wasn't a judgment against those Souled beings who lived elsewhere in the universe who knew of our suffering and slavery. Some worlds ignored it while some worlds actually had made agreements with wanchenlu himself to help him in various ways. Better us than them. That was their thinking but they righteously and intellectually justified it in all kinds of ways. One group of these

beings had seven fingers on each hand and seven toes on each foot. They were real tall, elegant and beautiful beings. As beautiful as they were, they had black hearts to me and I always wanted to know why these beings got to go to Heaven when they collaborated with the enemy? By their silence or worse, by their help, they handed us over for agony and suffering to spare their precious selves and group.

Although it was forbidden, I counted time. My Intuition told me to. Since I was on house arrest a lot, I'd start counting seconds from the beginning of the new day cycle to the next beginning. After every day-dark cycle, I would put a marble (from 365 of them) from one giant glass jar into another. I also had a friend who lived in a distant part of New Heaven and she did the same thing. After my jar and her jar emptied, we would meet and compare notes. Then I would go home and put a secret tally mark in one of the books I had on my bookshelf.

An "average" day in New Heaven is 25 hours, 43 minutes and 15-17 seconds in earth-equivalent time.

My "near-death" experience must be the longest one on record because I personally counted 600,036 earth-equivalent years besides the time I was in the sleeping field and the time I was kept sleeping after the crash. It was definitely over 650,000 earth-equivalent years. And you know what? I remember it ALL. I know what I did, where I was, who my friends were, the long conversations I had with countless persons, what the furnishings were in the rooms I was in, what things looked like other places and everything else. I remember New Heaven so well that I can draw a map of it and show you where I lived, where my theatre was, where the administration buildings were, where most of the angels lived, you name it.

Then things changed. It was a chance meeting I guess, but it was more. I was at one of the big eating and meeting halls late in the evening. I was with my friends and we were being rowdy (joking and laughing boisterously) and I was having a good time, when my Intuition felt something strange and beautiful. I felt the urge to get up and check out what I was feeling. I followed the energy until I saw him. It was love at first sight. In fact, the first thing that fell out of my mouth was, "I love you." Then I started to laugh at how bold I had been. His friend appeared behind him and it also was love at first sight.

They loved me at first sight, too, but we were much different kinds of persons. I had been a mortal from the Auschwitz of the Universe plus I had my reputation for being the most radical person in New Heaven (I was). These two guys were angels and of high rank. They were quiet, reserved and polite. I was noisy, outgoing, busy and sometimes, if I felt like it or I needed to be, rude.

To make a long story short, all three of us became friends and then one time, we got tricked into a Great Marriage by the God of the True Light. None of us wanted to be married, but we had to accept it because we really were Soul Mates to each other and because once It happens, It's permanent like for forever permanent.

Suddenly, I was faced with great life changes. I lost my little apartment that I really liked and was forced to live with my Husbands who shared a palatial home that made Versailles look like a back water shack. Maybe most persons would be spellbound by

living in such a magnificent place, but it never did anything for me. After observing the elite during my tenure as ghost, I have always been suspicious and critical of elites and those things that surround them. It was the most beautiful house I've ever seen and yet it was empty and lonely.

Because the Rules of our Great Marriage said that we had to stay home, I wasn't allowed to work anymore. My Husbands got to work because they already worked the Giant House (they had suites of offices on the west side) and because they invoked "executive privilege." Their high ranks in the angel hierarchy got them this privilege. They misused this "privilege" a lot and I used to hate them for it because they got a good life out of it and I was alone in a corner, powerless.

My Husbands could have gotten me the right to go back to work with their executive privileges, but they wouldn't. They were already facing a lot of scandal in their group (because of being tricked into the Marriage) and they knew how scandalous I was. So they stopped any future scandal (so they thought) by keeping me from working.

Because I was married, the Rules of the Marriage forbade me to be within arm's length of any male that was not my husband. More, I couldn't be alone in the same room with another male, no matter how big the room was. The same applied for my Husbands, but it was no problem for them because they had never been interested in females in the first place. It was the other groups of beings that had females, not angels. All angels were male up until the time we had our first child, a female.

Most of my friends were male and it was difficult to see them anymore, including Bo. My Husbands were workaholic Judges that worked day and night. They never made any time to see me so they never had any time to "supervise" visits with my male friends. Nor did they want to because they saw my male friends as radicals like me (they were!) Some of my male friends were in love with me. I couldn't help that and I didn't want to lose them as friends. But my Husbands saw it another way, plus they were jealous because although they didn't particularly want me or the changes I brought, they didn't want anyone else to have me or wish to have me.

I always found this strange and ironic because they were Pure and Holy Guys, always worried about doing the Right Thing when they didn't do the Right Thing about the Marriage. They knew better, too, but there were a lot of factors to this.

My Husbands wanted to change me, to cool me down a bit, but they didn't want to take the time and work to do it. Instead, they put me in a room on the northeast corner of the house and left me there to rot. They'd always tell me that they were going to work on the Marriage when I'd see them, but they never did.

I still could go to public places to see my friends (as long as I kept a safe distance from males) but my Husbands would bother me about this. They were always afraid that I would cause them scandal and sometimes I did. They would ask me telepathically, "Where are you going? Who are you meeting? Why?" I wouldn't answer them. I'd try to block them, but it never worked. They were too powerful and could easily overcome my blocks. Then they would get upset about me trying to block their telepathy. They would ask me, "Why are you trying to block us? Do you have something to hide? You need to go home."

That would always make me angry and I would reply, “Why should I come home when there is no one to talk to and no one to do things with? You have your grand shining life and you don’t share it with me. I’m not going to sit home all alone and wait for you to throw me a crumb of your time.”

Then one or both of them would show up and have an unhappy look. I’d try to ignore them but it never worked. They were always a buzz kill. They made the other persons around me miserable or uncomfortable or both. I’d have to leave so others wouldn’t have to be in bad energy.

There were the other problems. Because wanchenlu had been inside my Spirit when he raped me as a mortal, my angel Husbands considered me unclean when they themselves knew that being touched by evil and fighting it gave Spirits some kind of immunization from it. They blamed me for the crimes committed against me. Even in the next step to this Life, rape victims carry a stigma.

My Husbands were virgins when they got with me. On earth, although I had tried to live as “morally” as I could, I had my share of lovers. They didn’t my tally sheet. Add in all my Crowned Anarchist activities of the past and the above, in their minds, was too “sinful” for them.

I should define “Crowned Anarchy” here. It is taking the actions needed to change complete systems cleverly using whatever is available to do it and at the same time, making that change nonviolently. Crowned Anarchy is the pinnacle of Anarchy. It’s intelligent, clever and gets the job done. Anarchists get a dirty name because lizzies will join a group of anarchists or call themselves an anarchist and then they go out and do crude, violent acts of destruction and mayhem. When most people hear the word “anarchy” they think of punks in leather jackets and bootjack boots running through the streets, smashing windows and burning cars. That is not real anarchy. That’s violence called anarchy. Anarchy is changing the System so it is livable and more. Crowned Anarchy is the Higher Thinking and Application of Anarchy with as less destruction as possible.

They never tried to understand me or the mortal lives I had lived. They never really listened to my stories of earth or when I was a ghost. They constantly blew me off and tried to keep me imprisoned in the room they so “generously” gave me to live in.

I also had a small garden outside my room, but the Grand Garden was forbidden to me. Really, all the gardens were forbidden to me. Every one of those gardens made the Versailles gardens look like back water gardens. That’s how Magnificent all the gardens were.

The only way I could see them was if I levitated and looked down. But I was always caught doing that, too, and although my Husbands were always polite, they made sure I knew how unhappy they were about it and made sure they made me unhappy.

The first time I tried to get an aerial view of the gardens, they said they were upset because they didn't want anyone in the gardens looking under my dress because I didn't wear underwear. Of course no angel would have looked.

The angels that worked or hung around the estate were cautious about females. They knew that two of their leaders, my Husbands, had been tricked into a Great Marriage and they didn't like it. Really, it was none of their business, but some of them - particularly some real powerful Ones - made it their business when They KNEW BETTER. What comes around, goes around. They got theirs in the end... They learned their lessons about This, but it didn't happen for a long, long time.

The second time I tried to see the Grand Garden and other gardens, I put on pants under my dress. I still got politely bitched out.

Then there was the "problem" of fertility. When you are in a Great Marriage, your Spiritual Bodies change. You can sexual, Spiritual intercourse but only with your partner or partners. More, female partners can get pregnant.

We got caught right at the beginning of our Marriage. We had a very beautiful daughter who had white wings like her Fathers. At the Time, I was happy that it was a female child, but I was unhappy because of the wings. Now, when I look back, I'm glad she looks so much like them. My Husbands tried to dump the child rearing on me, but I left the house a few times with her and they didn't like it that I was taking her around my friends. They wanted to keep her with angels so they forbade me to take her outside the house. They helped make our child and I thought they might become better persons if they helped raise her. I used to leave the house in during the day and they were forced to pay attention to her and take care of her. This cut into their work but they had to do it. Still, helping to raise our child didn't seem to bring out any family feelings for me, our child's Mother.

One of the Things a Great Marriage requires is making love. It is a Holy Tool to bring the partners together in the Holy Ways so the partners can evolve the Love which Evolves the Marriage. A Great Marriage is a Thing of the 8th density or dimension. It is a Holy Institution that is to be taken seriously and to be worked at.

But we didn't make love very much. That is because I was always fertile a lot. I tried various ways to not be fertile, but they didn't work. That is because I was working against the Marriage. My Husbands didn't want any more children, at least not at that Time, so they devised ways to keep me from getting pregnant. The most-used way was abstinence. They wouldn't come to see me if I was fertile. I hated them for this because like blaming me for being dirty from being raped on earth, they blamed me for being fertile when all of these things were out of my control.

My Husbands' polite abuses to me went on and on. I always knew that underneath it all that they loved me, but they became corrupt by their arrogance, anger about being tricked into a Marriage, worries about pregnancy (when they KNEW BETTER), and a host of other reasons. In essence, they self-corrupted and by that, they corrupted a Holy Thing of the 8th Density – The Holy Marriage.

This corruption was corrupting me, too. I was always depressed, always alone, always weeping. You can weep in the New Heaven. I learned This right after I was forced to live with them. The tears feel watery and they fall to mid-cheek before they disappear.

I tried to get a divorce early on, but my pleas fell to deaf ears in “Administration.” They told me over and over that there is no such thing as a divorce from a Great Marriage and then they always told me the same thing: Go to Marriage School.

“Marriage School,” as I always called It, is different for each Great Marriage. Basically It’s an orientation that teaches you how to Love Each Other so the Spirit of the Marriage and the Marriage Will Prosper, Grow. Marriage School also teaches you the Rules, including the General Ones and the Personal Ones.

Marriage School is personal. It is conducted by God Himself and at the End of It, God forges the partners into One Spirit. The partners still have their Individual Spirit, but they Become A Greater Spirit Together. It’s a Beautiful Thing that we denied ourselves.

My Husbands didn’t want to go to Marriage School because they were too busy, they didn’t want to change and because like me, they were angry with God. They had been duped like people had about the Time-Loop and because of it, they had suffered terribly in their ranks as well. As a Group, angels were angry about this because they too, had been put under some kind of a “sleeping” spell that they weren’t really aware of; thus couldn’t wake up from.

My Husbands didn’t want to change because they were set in their ways, plus they didn’t want to make the efforts that it would take, including self-discovery. They felt they didn’t have the Time to do this.

Now I wanted to see God, but I wanted to see Him publically. That’s because anything that happens publically in New Heaven went on public record. I wanted to catch Him publically, but I never could. He KNEW, My HUSBANDS KNEW and I KNEW WHY. I wanted to confront Him about all the Injustices that He Let Happen. I particularly wanted to know why He had permitted the Time-Loop and if it was really over because I had evidence that It wasn’t over, but instead had somehow “spiked.”

I wanted Him to EXPLAIN WHY THOSE SOULLED BEINGS IN THE UNIVERSE WHO EITHER REMAINED “NEUTRAL” OR HANDED US OVER FOR BLOOD/LIFE SACRIFICE GOT TO LIVE FREE AND CLEAR IN THE NEW HEAVEN, ESPECIALLY WHEN THE SOULLED ARE SUPPOSED TO BE RELATED AND THUS, ARE SUPPOSED TO DEFEND EACH OTHER. The pitiful Soulled earthlings had to fulfill wanchelu’s literal appetite for blood and destruction while the rest of the Soulled got to live the Better Lives because of their neutrality or functions as Dark Associates. It wasn’t fair and many of us, the Victims, wanted our day in Court. We wanted Justice against those who had let us suffer so horribly in a world that was diabolically planned and designed from the very beginning to be evil and to make us a never-ending source of food to wanchelu and his minions.

And then I wanted to tell the God of the Soullled that Because We Live, WE HAVE RIGHTS.

I had All those RIGHTS written on a piece of paper that I always carried with me. I was going to present this paper to Him if I ever got a chance to See Him in Public. I tried, too. He got around New Heaven, but I was always too late. Elvis always left the building right before I got there. He was avoiding me and both of us KNEW IT.

I always believed that God would give me my answers but not in public. I wanted these answers in public so they would be on public record. I knew if He answered me in private, then it would be a third-person record instead of a first-person one. God is clever. He knew that I wanted to try to publically try Him for what I considered His crimes against many of the Soullled who had been fed to wanchenlu and his agents for such a long time.

So all of us had our reasons for not going to Marriage School. It was mandatory, but my Husbands were always postponing It with their executive privilege excuses. We should have been forced to go, but to my surprise, no one forced us to go. Now I know it was a set-up. God was giving us all kinds of rope to hang ourselves by not intervening. After a very long Time, we did hang ourselves.

We fought constantly and bitterly when I saw them, although their fighting was done oh-so-politely. They tried to avoid me as much as possible. Although they could talk to me telepathically any time they wanted, they blocked me from talking telepathically to me. I'd either have to send their secretaries letters to make appointments to see them (most would go unanswered – they'd tell their secretaries they would deal with it later but they rarely did or they told themselves/consciences that some how they “made it up” to me when I did get to see them).

I'd write them stacks and stacks of letters, but they refused to take them or even look at them when I did see them. One of my big bookcases bulged with them. It was pathetic.

And yeah, I was combative. I didn't like the way they treated me and I complained voraciously about this. I didn't like it that I had to make appointments to see them when it should have been natural. I didn't like it that they blocked me telepathically from contacting them. I didn't like a lot of stuff and even when they promised that they would “try” to change some things, nothing happened. It always remained miserable.

I was combative, too, because I felt such heaviness in my Soul and I KNEW this situation was getting more negative all the Time and I felt like it was killing me although I supposedly Lived Forever. I told them that, but it fell on deaf ears.

It's a long, complicated story that happened over 630,000 years. I could write volumes about it. Volumes. But I'm trying to keep this to a bare minimum. Still, I have to talk about the games we played with each other that kept the energy of our Marriage negative.

Because they wouldn't allow me to communicate with them, I devised ways around it. Where once I used to push the rules of New Heaven into the gray zone and basically got off the charges in the end, now I went out and blatantly broke the rules so I'd get caught. I knew that if I broke the rules, the God Squad (those persons who show up when the rules are broken) would bring me right to my Husbands -wherever they were - to tell them what I had done (although they already knew) and how much house arrest I was going to do. Also, they would always make a comment to them that all of us should go to Marriage School and that we should do it right away. My Husbands hated hearing that but got used to it as Time wore on...

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As Time wore on in New Heaven, an "underground" of sorts developed. There were two kinds of "illegal" gatherings/parties. The first kind was the low-key kind where it was dark with low-key light, usually a strobe and everyone kept it low and danced. The second kind of party was the rowdy kind. Both kinds of parties were illegal because they were inclusive: only the Souled allowed that did not do collective evil against the Sacrificed Souls and because we got drunk and sometimes (usually accidentally) committed some other crime like when we were "kite-dancing" in the sky and our Spirits flew through each other (serious crime there – intimacy is strictly restricted unless you're Married and do those things with your partners). Those parties always got a little crazy.

The persons who usually went to the underground gatherings were usually real independent thinkers, Bohemian-types, adventurers, left political and critical thinkers, anarchists, disillusioned angels, funmakers, musicians, artists, so forth. There were also persons who came because like us, they shared the same belief that we might as well "enjoy it while we can" because underneath IT ALL, we KNEW. We KNEW. We KNEW that the Time-Loop hadn't ended but had done something weird instead and that at any moment, we would be thrown back into hell.

Despite officials telling us that we were "safe," there was no real "official" declaration or written proof in the Akashic Library that the Time-Loop was over. Lies are Forbidden in New Heaven and thus, to keep from lying, there was no "proof" of any real safety. Besides, everyone knew about my confrontation with wanchenlu in the Great Square. Lots of persons wanted to know why the evil god was allowed so close to us? Inside, we had a feeling of doom so some of us found a way to enjoy what Time we had there and at the same Time, forget about the horror of the Time-Loop and being trapped in a virtual reality hell run by demons, including the demons who live among us that we're kept from Seeing. The evil earth managers don't want us to know the Truth so they keep IT from us anyway they can.

We called them "House Arrest Parties" because we knew they would eventually be busted and all of us would be put on house arrest. Some of us found the price worth it. It was a way to socialize more freely, it was a Magick Dance and they were really fun. We used Group Magicka (the Power of the Will) to turn pitchers of water on the table into "Spirit Wine" or "Purgatory Wine." We cynically called it Purgatory Wine because we cynically called house arrest "purgatory." Really, house arrest was a light form of "purgatory." The Real form of purgatory was "Thinking Houses," but you had to be real naughty to go there.

Yes, there was a Bliss in New Heaven that most of the occupants felt, but some of us hard-cores (particularly from earth) refused to feel It. This is primarily because after we had ended up in the afterlife, we learned how controlled we had been when we had lived on earth. Not only had we been controlled by the outside by the System, we had been controlled on the inside (Spirit) as well. Resisting “official control” by Bliss was our personal statement against universal control of persons, even if it is by comfortable means and no one wants for anything (except the Truth).

The House Arrest parties were fun. For a few hours, we could feel free. The punch we drank made us drunk, but fun-drunk. It was positive. We’d get very drunk and dance but it was always clean. We didn’t like decadence because we knew that it was part of evil. We would never spoil a party with anything associated with evil. We hated evil. We KNEW what It had done in our mortal lives against us and the Souled community.

The House Arrests weren’t so bad. We were always given short sentences and because the punch was so powerful, we usually stayed drunk most for most of the house arrest time. After the drunkenness wore off, we’d sleep.

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After the God Squad brought me back and put me on house arrest in front of my Husbands, myH would bring me back to my room and ask me why I had embarrassed them Again?!! I would tell them that I needed to see them and that getting arrested was the only way to get to see them because no one would answer my requests for an appointment. I’d usually follow this answer that I was embarrassed and distraught that I was their wife and I had to make an appointment to see them.

I would also tell them that since I was virtually a prisoner to the house anyway, that I might as well get something out of it. Okay, I was a prisoner officially because I was on house arrest, but at least I got to see them and try to talk to them about the Marriage. I really wanted to try to be married to them. I was so much in Love With Them. They were and are so Beautiful to me.

Being drunk and in very good spirits, I would tell them these things, things they didn’t want to hear. But I would be drunk and the Truth would tumble out of my mouth.

Then I would tell them another Truth: I wanted to see what the rest of the house looked like because I was forbidden go outside my room and garden. Afterwards, we would usually segue into an argument and they would go away angrily and I would be left alone until either they came to see me or I’d get off house arrest and go commit another soft violation of another rule.

A part of the game was that they KNEW I was going to go try to get into some mischief so I could see them. They KNEW when I was planning to “do something.” They KNEW in their Spirits and they KNEW from logic and established patterns. They KNEW if they left me alone for too long that I would use anything I could find around me to strike back.

Another part of the game was that to make themselves look “innocent,” they wouldn’t try to contact me until the moment before the God Squad showed up. That way, it

looked like they were trying to stop me when they really weren't. They just wanted me to be "legally" forced to stay home so they didn't have to "worry" and other reasons as well. They would rather face the short, painful consequences of a short confrontation with me than face the consequences of really being married. It worked for them for a long time.

Now in the New Heaven, there are strict Rules. One of them is that you can not lie, above or below the Spirit. That means you can't lie by mouth, action or Heart. When my Husbands tried contacting me telepathically at the last moment before I was arrested, they were lying. They were trying to cover up the fact that they KNEW where I was, what I was doing and that I was doing it so I could get their attention and ask them, "What Are WE Going to DO About this MARRIAGE We're STUCK IN FOREVER?"

But they got away with IT. They always got away with corrupt behavior, being willing game partners with me and a host of other things. When I look back and compare what I know with what I know now, I SEE how God was using us as Examples of another kind of evil: Inner Corruption. God used Us as Examples of Self-Corruption. He gave us the Rope of Free Will and without His Counseling and Guidance, we literally Hung Ourselves.

This is an essay, not a book, so there are many details to this Inner Corruption. Basically, it began as a very small seed and WE let it grow. I say "WE" because although I made many attempts to stop the Inner Corruption, there are RULES in the New Heaven and in Great Marriages and one of the BIGGEST ONES is that if you are part of a group, you are Equally Responsible.

This means that I am Equally Responsible for the Crimes We Committed. Crimes against Ourselves, Our Holy Marriage, against our Friends, our Beautiful Daughter (she really suffered because she never got the Stability she deserved and needed), our Son-in-Law (a Good and fabulous Person who is an Archangel), the Children we Never Created because we were practicing birth control when IT was Forbidden, the General Community of the Souled, so forth. ALL OF THIS BREAKS OUR HEARTS. Although after our Crash the spike in the Time-Loop stopped and we were cycled back into this Reality (Again), my Husbands and I are still Responsible for all the Crimes WE Committed in the New Heaven and we will be on Probation for millions of earth-equivalent years.

Since I returned from my "near-death" experience, I have spent countless tens of thousands of hours thinking hard about What Happened, including What Happened in the Great Marriage. Not only do I "Think With A Sledgehammer" about outside corruption and evil (wanchenlu stuff), I think real hard about Inner Corruption and Evil. I look real hard at how it Applies to Me, my Husbands and to Others. That is why my essays will explore evil on all levels.

Really, I do more than think with a sledgehammer. I go to a Spiritual Plane within Myself and meditate and pray while I think. I think with the Hammer of God making me think.

And the evil that we committed in our Marriage shouldn't have happened. My Husbands are the Utmost of Good Persons. More, they have Great Consciences. Very Developed Ones. They are Beautiful on the Outside, but they radiated Greater Beauty from the Inside that Showed How Good they really Were. They always Illuminated with Light. I was God-Smacked by Their Beauty and Always In Love (except when I was Angry with Them).

Basically, they didn't want to make the changes they needed to make. They were set in a long, traditional life and then were suddenly and permanently put upon with me. A little lie began it all. Because they believed that their work was so important to them and their group (and it was important work, too), they would delay making those changes until some of their bigger projects were finished. The lie began when they told themselves that they would "take care of the Marriage" later, when they had more Time.

Then I got pregnant right away and that really shook them up. Our Daughter really changed their lifestyle and amount of Time they could give their work. They KNEW that if we had more children that they would have to really change and underneath, they didn't want to change.

They tried to change me, though. They tried to "break" me by creating forces and situations to force me to change. Of course, they always did it "politely," it was still wrong. All their subversive efforts did was make me angry and confrontational because I get a bad temper when I think persons are fucking with me or trying to harm me. And this temper works in the other realms as well.

My Husbands are Wonderful Persons who let corruption start in their Hearts. Worse, the Corruption grew to infect other persons.

It was all on a personal level, too. The Corruption didn't affect their professional lives, just their personal ones. Sadly, underneath it ALL, we really loved each other and never Grew IT.

We did see each other, but stretched out over all the time we were Married, it was very little. Sometimes they would actually come to see me or sometimes they came to see me because we'd have "emergencies." When we didn't make love for a long time, we'd get this overwhelming urge to. My Husbands would withstand it for as long as they could and when it became unbearable, they came to see me. Sometime, we'd make love for days and secretly worry about pregnancy at the same time. Still, we couldn't help ourselves and was always happy that we didn't get pregnant again. Afterwards, we would try to talk before they left, but it usually never went anywhere. They'd promise I'd see them again soon, but it usually never materialized.

Then the CRASH Came. They had come to see me the night before and we (finally) got Caught again. We were pregnant with a son and they were angry with me about it when I had no control about IT at all. They were late for a very important meeting and they had to go. I didn't want them to. I wanted them to sit down and figure out what we were going to do. I wanted to go to Marriage School and they knew it. Instead, we got into a giant fight. Then they walked away from me before they disappeared. They turned their backs away from me too many times and I was going

to do something radical to make all of us face each other. I didn't get to, the CRASH came. I was in the Old Heaven and I started losing all my energy. I knew I was dying and I didn't know why because I supposedly lived forever. But I was dying.

In that important meeting, the younger of my Husbands started getting sick. He lost his Power, too, and started fading out. The Other Husband, the Real Powerful One, knew something Terrible was Happening between Us, so he had our sick Husband sent to my room and went after me. By this Time, I was losing consciousness and I died in his arms. It was Too Late. All that evil, negative energy that we had built up over a very long time finally affected us from its infection.

My Husband took me back to my room and laid me along my other Husband. He was totally panicked and freaked out. He thought for a moment that wanchelu had somehow killed me, but he checked his Heart and KNEW that wasn't the case. So what do persons do in Extreme Emergencies? They Pray and He Prayed to Our God of the True Light. First, God asked my Husband, "WHAT DID YOU DO?" My husband KNEW, too. For the First Time in his very long Life, my Husband wept. He wept so hard that it Violently Rained Tears in Heaven. The first Time it ever rained there and the whole populace knew what happened.

Nothing could console him, even when God told him that my Spark had been separated from my Spiritual Body with my baby and we were Safe in a Chamber of God's Heart and that the Other Husband would sometime awake from his coma. More, my Husband realized that he did Love Me and ALL The Love He Had Denied Me began to Suddenly GROW in His Heart and It All Turned to Pain.

YOU REAP WHAT YOU SOW, ANYWHERE YOU GO.

And that's what Happened, even in the far-future. That's what HAPPENS when free-will goes unchecked internally and externally. Even the Best of Persons can Self-Corrupt.

Some Spiritual handlers showed up and took my two Husbands and my dead Spirit body to a one-room, small plain house with a small, plain garden. Gone was the Opulence that My Husbands had always Known. But it Didn't Matter. One of Us was in a coma and One of Us (me) was Completely Gone except for the empty shell that We had Caused. This was the Lowest Spot of My Life. I had overcome wanchenlu and his evil to succumb to this evil. Worse, I had begun to Resist This Evil, but I got sucked down anyway. Because I was so much younger and didn't have the Internal Power Generator my Husbands had, I was Crushed the Worst.

It took thousands of earth-equivalent years for the younger of my Husbands to wake up. When he woke up and found out that his tortured dreams were really True, he wished he could go back to sleep than Face what He Had Done.

My Husbands spent thousands and thousands of years in that little house with my shell. They had to look at me and what they did to me all the time. With their Consciences Fully Awake, they had to go through all kinds of personal and communal (between them) hells facing the Terrible Evils They Had Committed. They really Suffered for What WE Did.

They were Desperate. First, they KNEW in Their Hearts that They Wanted Me BACK. The Love They Neglected Began to Grow and GROW inside Them. Although they were glad for the Love, it made them suffer more because they KNEW they couldn't have me back. At least not that easy...

My Husbands had to write their biographies, but when they presented them to God, He told them to go back and re-write them because they had forgotten to write something Important in them. God made them completely re-write them, right from the starting page, at the Time of their Creation. He made my Husbands look at their lives hundreds of Times and each Time, my Husbands found something new that they had not seen before, like when the Self-Corruption really began and their crimes that were hidden in other crimes.

WE still don't know how many crimes were committed. Only God has that number and He says that some time in the Future, He will tell us. The crimes are too many to list here, but I can give you some examples, starting with the obvious crimes of Birth Control and Destruction of Marriage. One of the Other Bigger Crimes was that THEY KNEW BETTER. My Husbands are from a different group of Soullled Beings and had matured knowledge and Intelligence plus all angels are kept to a Code called Angel Law.

Then there are the crimes of apathy, lying, playing games, false imprisonment, neglect of Spouse, self-destruction, destruction, creating negative energy, arrogance, collaboration, abandonment of responsibilities, not solving problems before they got too out of control, failure to raise a child in a healthy Marriage, failure to educate me, failure to help each other, endangering our Spirits, behavior unbecoming their Ranks, failing to go to Marriage School, more, more, more. Under every crime, there is a number of how many times we committed that crime. They really added UP!!! Some crimes number in almost a million of incidences. Add them altogether and the crimes are enormous and yes, each one counts and is counted.

But we're not the only ones who went down. Our friends who gave us wrong council and/or helped us to do evil CRASHED, too. They went away to their own little, plain houses to Think for a long, long time. They are Thinking Houses because all you do is Think. There's no visitors, there's no contact with the rest of Soullled world (means no letters or telepathy or traveling or whatever), you are completely Humbled and the God of the True Light is the Only Counselor. He helps you learn about what got you put in the Thinking House. You go in one person and by the Time you've thought IT all out with the Hammer of God and find out What you have to do to fix the problems, you come out of the Thinking House a Completely Changed Person and Always a Better Person.

For the God of the Light, the chamber of His Heart where I was at was pitch black. I knew I was disembodied, but I still had some consciousness. Most of the Time, I slept with my child beside me sleeping as well. I'd try to fight the sleep and wake up so I could try to talk with God, but I kept getting pulled back to sleep. I'd check for my son and satisfied he was with me, go back to sleep. I was worried about my Husbands because I knew they were suffering and as mean as they had been to me, I didn't want them to suffer. I loved them.

I was in that darkness for a long time. It was miserable but my Husbands were more miserable. They wanted me Back and they were willing to do whatever our God told them to do. They wept, meditated, prayed, wrote biographies, searched Their Souls, contemplated and more. They suffered a lot and they always suffered when they looked at my dead Spiritual Body. After a very long Time, God wants a Deal but first, It had to be run by me.

God woke me up in my sleep and asked me What I Wanted? I KNEW Immediately: I Wanted to Go Home to My Husbands. No matter how great the problems were, I wanted to go back to my Marriage and fix the problems with my Husbands.

The God of the Soullled told me It would be some Time before that happened. Then He told me that we were guilty of many Spiritual Crimes and because I was part of the Group, I was equally responsible. I told God I KNEW That. God surprised me next as He told me that He wanted to Make A Deal With Me. If I Did this Thing He wanted me to do, I could go Home.

God's Deal was This: I would go back to the Time I was murdered and I would get "Help" from being murdered this Time. I'd get to Live and then God showed me how I Looked As A Ghost, running towards the End with my fist up in the air and shouting, "You Should Have Let Me Live!!!!..."

God told me that I would have to leave my children and my grandchildren and go to a place that wasn't as evil as America so I could Think. Think about my Dantean Experience, Think About Naming My World and to Remember What I Knew About Evil and Why. When I asked Him what country I would go to? He replied, "Holland."

I didn't want to go back to Planet Hell where the game is rigged against the Soullled. A place, where I wrote in one of my lyrics, "Around every corner corner is a jack-in-a-box, Sometimes they Smile, Sometimes they Shock."

But God threw in a Carrot: If I went back to my old Life, when it was "Time" and when I had thought about my Experiences in this Divine Comedy, that I would get to warn the world about evil and tell the world how it works. I would also get to warn the world that the FUTURE IS NOT SET: That If the Soullled Want A Future, Then They will have to WAKE UP from wanchenlu's enchantment and Resist Corruption and Evil.

I asked God what My Husbands Thought About This? God told me that they would do it if I would and if I did IT, my Husbands would be my Guardian Angels. They would go back in Time with me and Watch Over Me.

I told God I wanted to Think About It so He left me alone for a while to Think About It. I though It Through, and although I didn't really want to go back – back to that terrible, evil city of Saint Cloud and to my then-husband – I knew I had to go back. I wanted to Go Home and I knew if I did this, I'd get to go back Home faster plus I would be able to Warn the World.

God visited me after I had made up my mind. I told Him I would go back, but I wept because I knew it would be so hard. He let me wake up some before He restored my Spark to my Spiritual Body. I found myself in the small garden of the Thinking House in the arms of my Beloveds. We got about five minutes together and they did most of the talking. Tears cascaded down their beautiful cheeks as they told me that they Loved Me, Wanted Me Back and that they had Really Changed. It was really sad. Then it all turned Black.

My Spirit began to fall through some kind of vortex. I looked below and I saw the greenish-white lines of the Matrix. My Spirit slammed into my body and for a moment I was frozen in shock before I realized I was being smothered by a pillow. Instead of trying to push against the pillow and my then-husband's strong arms, I suddenly got a jolt of energy and rolled off the very high bed to the floor. It almost snapped my left wrist but I was so afraid that I jumped up and grabbed the first two things I could find on the long dresser: a hairbrush and a small flower vase. I held them up as weapons and backed slowly out of the room.

His face was full of shock and surprise, like he wasn't expecting this but something else.

The Energy in the House was dark and heavy. It felt like something Supernatural had taken place. Time felt Strange as if It was moving very slow.

I found some clothes in the little laundry room downstairs and put them on. I was on my guard because he'd had beaten me in that room a few times. Then I left the house and went for a ride in the van for a few hours. I was in shock but I wanted to feel safe and the only way to do that was to get out of the house.

After I came back, John was still in the bedroom. He was sitting on the side of the bed, stooped over and thinking. I stayed away from him as much as I could, but several times during the rest of the day, he kept coming up to me and although I'd tell him to keep his mutherfucking hands off me, he'd pat my arms and look at me with this strange quizzical look like he didn't believe I was alive. Then he'd say something like, "I don't believe it!" "I thought I killed you for sure. I remember doing it." "I thought I was arrested for murdering you." "I don't know how you got out of it, but you did." This really freaked me out and added to the still-heavy supernatural feeling in the house.

I ended up spending another 17 months with that monster. During that Time, he kept telling me details of murdering me – the same details I remembered from the murders before and when I was a ghost watching everything from the corner of the ceiling. I pretended that I didn't know what he was talking about because I instinctively knew it would put me in danger. Now I knew that he was evil but I was blocked: I couldn't remember some things, including the demons amongst us. I know why the Spirits did this, too, because I would have gone off on my own and started a campaign against the lizzies and that's not what I was supposed to do. Still, I would stare at him and look for a Soul and never SEE one. Never.

On January 27, 2001, I came to Holland with a few hundred dollars and a place to stay for a month. I've been homeless many times here and I've been very hungry. I

struggled to stay here legally while at the same time, not being able to legally work here. But I persevered and later got to sell homeless/refugee newspapers on the streets for a very pitiful living that barely covered the basics. I did this for years.

I was homeless when I met my boyfriend Ferry. I had a place to sleep at night, but I had to come back very late and leave very early. So I was spending a lot of time in the park and on the streets selling newspapers and trying to kill time until my friend Clea got back from being a tour guide in India. She said I could always stay at her place and that's where I was going to live next.

Then I met Ferry and I've lived with for over three years. He's 20 years younger than me and his family has a problem with that and because I was homeless and selling newspapers when I met him. They also don't like it that I was married before, have children and grandchildren and smoke weed. But he loves me, knows about the angels and we have a nice life together. He's a good companion for me. He's quiet, psychic, intelligent, a Socialist and an anarchist like me. Then there are other things we match in. We believe in Magick, both of us have our right noses pierced and we have long hair.

Ferry knows that our companionship and relationship only lasts for a season. He's cool with that because he knows his Soul Mate is somewhere else, probably in the future in New Heaven (if the Time-Loop can be stopped).

About nine months before my Mother died, I wanted to call her. I had a Psychic feeling I should call her. I didn't have any money nor any way of getting any but I ran into a psychic friend of mine I had met selling papers. I told him about my Premonition to call my Mother. Juuriaan bought me a phone card for ten euros. I didn't ask him. He just did it.

He stood with me in the cold March wind while I called my Mother. At first, she was bitchy to me, telling me how I needed to accept Jesus, how "un-American" I was for living overseas, so forth. Then she told me a little about my Sister Cindy before she told me something I wasn't expecting. She said, "I'm old and I don't expect to live much longer. There is something that has been bothering me for quite a while now and although it doesn't match with my religion, I have to tell you. I have to tell you this before I die." Then she took a deep breath and she said, "I could have sworn that man killed you! I remember him killing you! I remember how I had to fly up to Minneapolis from Houston and you know how afraid I am of flying! Then I remember coordinating your funeral. In fact, I even chose the dress you wore. It was pink."

Memories flooded me of the funeral and dress. How I had hated that dress with the frilly polyester scalloped collar! How my ghost had been stuck in it for a long time until another ghost showed me how to change it to something else (I chose a long, flowing black dress). I felt sick and my knees almost buckled under me. My Mother swore and swore that this was the reality she remembered, not this one.

Ironically, both my witnesses to my "near-death" Experience are dead. My ex-husband died on his birthday, November 21, 2005. My Mother died a month and a week later on New Year's Eve. He was sick and she died suddenly.

But there are Others who Remember; who Remember the New Heaven and me as a famous person there. Complete strangers would come up to me when I was selling papers and say things like, "I Remember You! I lived in a Beautiful Spiritual Place and You Were There!" One old lady bought a newspaper from me and told me, "You were in New Heaven and you need to remember everything about it."

Since my "near-death" experience, I've read about other "near-death" experiences, but none lasted as long as mine did, nor did the NDE persons live out Lives in their experience or get married or have children. I did. And I remember It All better than yesterday!

I lived some kind of Divine Comedy. Dante dreamed It. I lived It.

Now is the Time for me to tell my story and to teach about evil and how it operates.

I am a Magician (I use the Power of the Will to Build My Spirit), a psychic, an Oracle, writer, scientist, psychologist, musician, Last Prophet and many more things. I live modestly. So modestly that I don't even have a car (I ride a bike or use public transportation).

I'm also a hard-core feminist and vegetarian. Blood is one of the many things evil uses to contaminate the Spirit. Eating meat is really bad for the Spirit. More, the elite use the eating of meat for mind control of the populace because people are weakened spiritually and physically by eating meat, thus are easier to control. Not only that, but people who eat meat die faster which is what the elite want. Again, read my essay about this at <http://www.hiddenmurder.blogspot.com>

In the next essay, I will tell you how I was almost assassinated by vampires over three weeks ago. This incident is what motivated me to write these essays now.

After I came to Holland, I began writing poetry and lyrics. I had started writing doing this when I was in New Heaven. One of the first poems I wrote is lyrical and it explains my shock and wonder of coming back to this Life and the problems I Faced. It's attached below.

THE LAMP Martha Rose Crow

It's been a long night of thinking
Searched so deep, my mind got a cramp
Once again the ship is sinking
What can I do to save the lamp?

Paralyzed with horror and fear
It's the hour of my great despair
Disaster has struck from nowhere
Forcing me to live a nightmare

**My soul doubts its divinity
In the wild, pitch black sea**

**As the tides of apathy
Crush and encumber viciously**

This is such insanity
It attacks my dignity
It steals my security
It slays my humanity

What kind of god can he be?
To cast me on this stormy sea
Then he will not rescue me
No matter how much I plead

(whispered painfully) *I am so afraid...*

So damn hard, so difficult
Are these melancholy days
What happened was not my fault
But I'm tossed a thousand ways

Torn, alone in this bitter hell
The waves grow darker as they swell
I begin to weep as I tell
Tales of my heart behind the veil

**My soul shouts its divinity
On the wild, pitch black sea
Why must I cross this endless sea?
That is drowning the dreams in me**

The promise and futility
Theologies of theory
So much wasted energy
Things never are what they should be

A refugee in a foreign sea
Will I ever see my family?
Treasured are my memories
Distant and too bittersweet

(whispered sadly) *You can never go home again...*

Time stands still in a lost sky
Locked in clay, I want to fly
With fists raised, I demand why?
While the wet wild waves sweep by

My image reflected the sun
So much beauty and so much pain
I wish there was somewhere to run

And hide from this pouring rain

**Shipwrecked on a wild, pitch black sea
My eyes are opened so I can see
The majesty and the poverty
The winners and the casualties**

Fantasy and reality
The beauty and the lonely beast
The passion and the misery
The ecstasy and the agony

The heartbreak in a savage sea
The fire that lives magickally
Shanghaied in a divine comedy
This gift of life, who gave it to me?

(whispered in awe) *Such generosity...*

Slow compassion, this angry place
Where so many are doomed to fail
Eve's daughters plummet from grace
Denied the right to buy or sell

And when I think that nothing matters
When my temple almost shatters
I hear my heart and it thunders
I look around with eyes of wonder...

(whispered wishfully) *Oh how it could be...*

**My soul shines its divinity
Upon the wild, pitch black sea
I am the lamp and the lamp is me
I am the sea and the sea is me**

A jewel from the crimson tree,
I am the moon and the melody
I am ying and the mystery
The creation of life comes from me

I am the light and she is me
I am the sea and she is me
The light on a sacred sea,
We are she and she is me

(whispered with belief) *It is what you learn as
you write your book of life...*

