

The Adventures of Don & Carol Croft – Parts 61 – 70

Episode 61

What's The Opposite of 'Atlanta's Burning?'

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc61oppositeofatlantaburning03apr03.shtml>

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Whatever that is, I think we achieved it in March because the city itself is entirely smog free, the skies over Atlanta are pristine and the places in the city that felt like hell when we arrived now feel pleasant and invigorating. If you're not familiar with my writing style, you should know that I'm only reporting my observations and considered opinions. If you disagree or think I'm making this up, I invite you to experiment with these little devices where you live. It's cheap enough, I'm not selling anything and you may learn something valuable in the process.

The suburbs all around the 'Perimeter' of Interstate Highway 285, some of which are upscale and prosperous, are still smoggy and the skies carry remnants of chemtrails and HAARP molestations, except for the vicinity of Stone Mountain, where Linda Izenon has placed her cloudbuster on Sunday, March 30. We had disabled a nuclear power plant under Stone Mountain a couple of weeks before that, and that essentially disabled most of the military and HAARP transmitters around there, instantly. The 'mountain' which is a huge granite boulder in a surrounding plain, similar to Ayers Rock in Australia, is the region's major energy vortex about ten miles east of the city

In the eight or nine months that Tim O'Donnell had been active in the cloudbuster network he had put small organite devices around parts of the city and Carol and I were pleasantly surprised to find that the ambience when we arrived wasn't nearly as oppressive as it was on our previous visit, two years before. It was terrific having Tim as our guide and his help disabling all the HAARP transmitters early on, as well as showing us the way to the principle deathforce generating sites, such as prisons, underground facilities and war cemeteries was timely and valuable. One of our first visits was to the Center for Disease Control, which has got to be one of the most blatantly satanic of the fake government's institutions used to wage war on the populace. The very largest HAARP transmitters were located right around that facility, which didn't surprise us. A half hour after Carol and I deposited a holy handgrenade at that HAARP array we saw three men riding a steel cage up one of the guy wires to the top platform, which is over a thousand feet off the ground ;-) I got to watch them through the binoculars, scratching their heads, walking around, and then piling back into the cage for the long ride down.

The sky was completely healed after that day; no more HAARP scum, no more chemtrail remnants at all.

I'm calling all the HAARP and deathforce transmitters 'military' now because they're obviously made to withstand an artillery assault, unlike any of the infrastructure we'd been accustomed to before the new towers' rapid deployment a year or so ago.

I think most rational people know by now that 'cell phone' transmitters and repeaters can be put on a phone pole or rooftop much more easily and cheaply than on those massive, costly towers, and they can be powered by the commercial grid without draining it, unlike the new transmitters, with their bundles of high current coaxial cables running up from God-knows-where.

It seems obvious to me that the fake US government had planned to have us firmly under martial law by the time the network of military transmitters was completed early last fall. Right now, those towers are stark reminders of their murderous intent and all I'm waiting for is for more people to start asking themselves and each other why in hell these pricey, secret-technology monstrosities were so quickly put up all over the world in the space of a single year.

Steven White put up the region's first cloudbuster almost two years ago in Cumming, which is about thirty miles north of Atlanta, but due to the proliferation of HAARP and other military transmitters between there and the city, the good effects can't easily be seen in the metropolitan area.

On our trip west from Florida two years ago with the first orgonite cloudbuster we were awestruck at the sight of dense smog over whole regions of the country and the omnipresent chemtrails, which we had seen few of on our trip to Florida eight months before that. By last May there were enough cloudbusters in the US to have disabled all of the chemtrails except over many of the metropolitan areas, where the combined concentrations of HAARP and other military transmitters produced and maintained an overpowering level of deadly orgone radiation (DOR).

In a few cities, like Boston and Seattle, the ambient energy level is high enough that one or two cloudbusters accomplishes what took 30 gallons of orgonite was required to do in Atlanta, though those two cities are about the same size as the latter. My daughter, Bevin, who has a CB in Boston, had never noticed chemtrails until she went to Cape Cod last week and was shocked to see what I'd been telling her about. Before she got her cloudbuster she'd never noticed the sky much and that one disabled all the chemtrails over the western part of Boston, at least, since the day it was set up on her back porch in Waltham, in November, 2001.

Very simply, to get rid of all the smog and sky molestations, all that's needed is to disable the towers. We first did all the HAARP transmitter arrays throughout the city, then I spent a week systematically disabling all the smaller military transmitters, of which there are around five hundred in Atlanta.

Anyone can do this. We used about thirty gallons of orgonite for that city of two million people to make the towerbusters and holy handgrenades. I didn't count, but it seems we made about a thousand 4-ounce towerbusters and a hundred 12-ounce holy handgrenades. In my towerbusting ventures, I've estimated that the distribution of the new towers is about one for every two thousand people in most areas. I was told by an alleged cell phone company technician who was working at one of the tower sites that I was busting that the cell phone companies only use 2 cents of each dollar they take in for infrastructure, including transmitter construction and maintenance. If you consider that these towers have proliferated in places like Tibet and Namibia it would be a long stretch of anyone's imagination to assert that cell traffic is paying for these things.

We 'did' an entire large city as an example but of course Atlanta is a key regional center in the agenda of tyranny and genocide, much as Los Angeles is, so we felt a little anxious about neutralizing that agenda there as soon as possible. I can't speak for anyone else's motives, but mine are to prevent martial law because I don't want to experience enslavement and murder, nor do I want my children to. Beyond that, I love humanity and wish the best for everyone.

I hear from people now and then who don't want to oppose this fake government but feel that they are doing their part to heal the world, regardless. I have to ask them whether there will be anyone in the world to appreciate their efforts, including themselves, if they don't do what they can to stop this predatory world regime right now.

Now and then I hear about someone who has been working quietly and effectively behind the scenes to stop this loathsome martial law process. For instance, I'm told there is a fellow who created a device, which, when turned on, makes nuclear reactions impossible within it's field and that he's taken them to each city where there is rumored to be a nuclear attack planned by the American secret police agencies on the populace, for which any number of foreign groups could be blamed to frighten everyone into accepting martial law and the enforcement of all the treasonous new fake laws, like Homeland Security. I assume he's either psychic or consults reputable, highly skilled and disciplined psychics to find these agendas, as our network does.

We prefer to do our work publicly and internationally, involving as many co-workers as feasible so that everyone can see how easily this can be accomplished by ordinary folks like ourselves. I think that's more empowering than working in secret and it generates forward momentum for the whole race by the force of example.

The Warsaw Ghetto uprising occupied a large part of the German army for three months during the middle of World War II. The combatants in the ghetto were a few lightly armed, starving men and women in an enclosed area. It seems to me that the world order had this event in mind when they devised a plan to disable the populace on a moment's notice with these powerful new scalar transmitters. By using these, they would be able to use just a small number of soldiers to control a large number of temporarily disabled people until humanity could be culled to it's desired level of five hundred million.

A few of us have already 'liberated' enough of the armed US populace from the danger that these towers represent that all the armies in the world would not be enough to suppress an uprising, much less zipcuff, haul off, and decapitate the individuals like you and I who are on the unlawful secret police agencies' endless lists of 'enemies of the state' right now. We aim to see to it that they're the ones who eventually go to prison, not us.

According to the Georgia 'Guide Stones,' on which are engraved the world order's wish list of 1979, this population reduction was to have been achieved by 2003, so we can assume they're already many years behind schedule, hence the military towers as a last ditch effort to play catch up. My hunch is that the towers were a long shot at best. I guess that since they've got unlimited material resources but limited human resources they had to make a serious adjustment and they really did stick their neck out too far this time. They did better with the incremental steps to tyranny because, like any parasite, they have had to operate in a way that wouldn't draw attention to themselves or else their position is compromised. They invested endless resources into brainwashing and mind control programs designed to convince us all that we were helpless, hopeless and powerless to change the course of human history, not unlike the way that common parasites excrete ammonia into the brain to alter our perceptions and make us depressed and listless.

I subscribe to the belief that we are in an accelerating, upward cycle of human consciousness. I don't subscribe to any of the protocols created through the United Nation's Lucis Trust (formerly named Lucifer Trust) regarding this cycle because I think that the folks who own that agency are the problem, not a source for solutions or answers. I don't pretend to be privy to the actual timing described by the Mayan calendars, but I'm quite sure that what we do this year will be crucial to the future of humanity and if we can at least reduce the destruction and mayhem that the world order wishes to commit in these, its final days, then we've done something unique and may have set the tone for a phenomenally productive human spiritual/social/scientific cycle, which has

already begun. Most truly great things begin as un-noticed, even obscure movements in consciousness.

The conundrum, perhaps, of personal empowerment like we're experiencing in this little network is that the one empowered has less net potential to exploit others when he/she gets involved with using the orgonite and related devices to heal ourselves, humanity and the environment. I think that has something to do with universal law. In a lawless world like ours is right now we are helping to bring balance and fruition to a cycle of history that could still go the other direction if we don't pay attention and follow our instincts right now.

The stark reminders of where we perhaps should all have ended up by now are standing in full view from any point in the populated areas and even on most of the mountaintops near population centers: the new, secret-tech military transmitters for which no viable explanation or even excuse has been given through the prostituted media or even over the internet.

Many of us in the informal, emerging global cloudbuster network feel certain that if we hadn't made our devices in a timely way we may well have entered a global, artificially-induced famine by now. Most of us felt sort of reborn the first time we saw that characteristic blue hole in the chemtrail/HAARP muck over our heads the day we erected our first cloudbusters. We felt even more committed and encouraged after our first gentle rains and many of us hadn't seen rain in several years due to the global predations of the countless HAARP arrays. I think that by now many realize that these molestations occurred locally, not from some allegedly powerful, near-legendary arrays in Latvia, Australia or Alaska.

Anyone who travels a bit will notice these characteristic multiple tower arrays every thirty or forty miles along the major highways throughout North America, closer together in populated areas. Knock these out for thirty or forty miles around where you are and you'll get the same results we got from our initial busting effort in Atlanta last month, I guarantee.

One 12-ounce holy handgrenade will disable most HAARP arrays, including the enormous four-tower LORAN transmitters that are allegedly for navigation. For the very extensive HAARP arrays, such as the one on the coast north of San Francisco, use your discretion but two or three HHGs might be needed in those rare cases.

If you're reading this, you've probably gotten past the debate about whether these transmitters are for our benefit or not and I'm betting that you're ready, willing and able to fix this problem, perhaps even glad to hear that such a simple, relatively risk-free option is available now to make martial law unenforceable.

An interesting characteristic of disabling the new transmitters is that the net effect is actually better than if the towers had never been erected in the first place. It may be too early to tell, but some of us suspect that the towers are generating, through the little orgonite devices, greater fields of life-force/ch'i/prana/orgone/aether than would be there if the towers had not been built. Of course, those words are all used to describe the same energy. I favor 'orgone' because I want to credit Dr. Wilhelm Reich for his contributions to science and humanity.

One graphic example of the synergy of deathforce transmitters and the orgone-generating three-ounce towerbusters, for me, is the effect I saw on the people in a large housing project south of downtown Atlanta. There were several large transmitters around this complex and when I visited there to disable them the people I saw outside looked angry and suspicious. A week later I went there and saw that there were more people outside and that most of them seemed happier and

more outgoing. Actually, I'd forgotten that I'd been there to bust the towers and only after I saw how happy the people looked I recognized the place as one I'd already visited with some towerbusters.

Anyone who's visited inner city housing projects can appreciate that transformation, I think. Most of us had already experienced the transformative quality of orgonite devices within the home and workplace but Carol and I wanted to see if we could extend these benefits to a large urban area. I credit these transformations with mankind's innate striving to find happiness. Years ago, I quit buying into the Big Lie that humanity is inherently miserable. There may be a few people who are that way, but they're the exception, as far as I can tell, and I consider avoidance of these folks a precious benefit.

Our approach from the beginning has been rather simple and perhaps even mundane. How could it be otherwise if this is to gain acceptance in popular culture as it certainly should?

We've simplified the parameters and looked for the least expensive, least skill-intensive methods for making the basic devices, which we still use, personally. For those who want to examine more arcane, powerful effects and applications of orgonite, we recommend studying the work and purchasing the devices developed by Karl Welz, who introduced orgonite to the market via www.orgone.net and has pioneered some unique and challenging devices and techniques that combine the disciplines of science and magic.

There are several, including Mark Hooten, Kristina Schepps and 'Cbswork' among our network who have been able to improve the performance of our basic orgonite devices and even discover new synergies using orgonite and specific minerals, crystals and electronic components. If you want to investigate and participate in the ongoing research and development of these things, keep track of www.cloud-busters.com and the related forums.

Don Croft

Episode 62 ***Powerwand Non-Instructions***

[Editor's Note: Yesterday, I had lunch with Ted Gunderson. On our way into the restaurant, I stopped in the parking lot to show Ted how easy it was to dissipate a cloud using the Visual Ray, a technique I learned from Trevor James Constable's book, *The Cosmic Pulse of Life*. Since we've been seeing real clouds of late, I wanted Ted to experience the same thrill that I felt when I first tried Visual Ray cloudbusting in that very parking lot about 3 years ago, having only read about the technique in Trevor's book. I pointed to a nice puffy, cotton ball cloud and said that it would evaporate in about 3 minutes or less. As I eyeballed the cloud, Ted asked me what I was doing and wanted to know if he could join in. I said "sure". I told him what I was doing and within 90 seconds that cloud had completely disappeared. Ted was ecstatic! He couldn't get over it. He had never, in his wildest imagination, thought that it was possible to do something as seemingly 'magical' as that and he kept shaking his head repeating the word 'amazing' as we walked into the restaurant.

I relate this anecdote because Don Croft is also doing something seemingly 'magical' with easy-to-make orgone generators, the Powerwand being the latest evolutionary development in anti-parasite technology. If you've been keeping up with the last 12 or 13 episodes of his *Adventures* series, you know just how effective the Powerwand (and its Hootenized cousin, the Shiva) has

been in neutralizing, crippling, or, in some cases, evaporating those forces opposed to peace, brotherhood, freedom, and good will. Don keeps repeating to the reader that you can do the same things he is doing in his Adventures episodes, if you are but willing to engage. Like Visual Cloudbusting, you'll never experience the thrill (and benefits) of astral jousting with orgone toys -unless you try it.

Think about it for a minute. Imagine that you had access to Aladdin's Lamp and could get the Genie to give you 'capabilities' to thwart and abort high tech, unevolved souls dedicated to a negative, destructive agenda directed towards you and your fellow man. You could employ these 'magical toys' from the comfort of your living room and never expose yourself to direct physical danger or engage in mortal physical combat. The 'action' takes place in your mind, with the assistance and amplification afforded by the orgone toys (and unseen, higher dimensional beings engaging the 'un evolved ones'). Your magical toy is self-governing by design: it can only harm those who are engaged in the business of harming others. The degree of pain inflicted by your toy is proportional to the level of evil to which your target has sunk. Those who are newbies to the game of fascist enslavement get a bad headache and are otherwise made to wish they were engaged in some other type of work. The bosses, the planners, and the really nasty 'enforcers', usually suffer a more harrowing fate. Now, wouldn't that be neat? Well, that's precisely what's taking place. Mind you, Don & company are often going after the 'heavies' and Big Boys of the NWO Police State. These are the 'people' who will be handing out orders to the dumbed-down military and police pawns when they kick in their martial law/roundup/concentration camp scenario. What if a large percentage of these 'people' became incapacitated in some way and couldn't carry on their work? What would other negative cohorts do if they started to notice that their all-powerful bosses and planners with their invincible, high tech/black magic technologies began to drop out of sight? Would that begin to worry them? Would they become concerned that they might be next and maybe think about looking for another line of work? You bet your boots!

If there's one thing you can absolutely plan on when dealing with an un-evolved, Service-To-Self entity, it's their desire for self-preservation. Make the kitchen hot enough and these guys will jump ship faster than you can say, "Osama bin Laden did it!" (By the way, have you noticed how completely and utterly Mr. Bin Laden, the 'architect' of the WTC bombing and raison d'etre for the U. S. government to launch a blitzkrieg bombing attack against the impoverished people of rubble strewn Afghanistan, has fallen from the corporate media/White House spotlight? Even the next evil Arab who was declared responsible for the WTC attack, Saddam Hussein, has now fallen from the limelight. Now it's a toss up as to who will next take up the Demon's Crown. Will it be the president of Syria, the leadership of Iran, or the leader of North Korea? Also, do you think Bush, Cheney, Rumsfeld, and Kissinger draw straws or play 'janken' to decide? ...But I stray too far.)

Isn't it wiser to 'retire' these upper level people now, while we still have the freedom and opportunity, before the martial law scenario? If enough people make or buy a Powerwand of their own-and use it- there won't be a martial law scenario. It's like deploying Don's Chembuster or a Tower Buster: once you see for yourself just how well these orgone generators work to clear the sky or neutralize ELF towers, you wind up asking yourself: "why did I wait so long?" ...Ken Adachi]

Additional Essays on the Powerwand: Episode 52, Episode 54, Episode 62B

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<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc62pwnoninstructions24apr03.shtml>
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I very rarely see or feel energy, so don't feel like a chump if you don't, either, okay?

Suggestions of Engagement

The real performers with these devices are our imaginations and all of us have one of those. Please don't underestimate the power of your own imagination! The crystal-based devices that Carol and I developed, also Mark Hooten's Shiva and other new creations of other folks, access and amplify the latent power of our imaginations so all we need to do is convince our ego-based doubts and fears to step aside and let the rest of us do what needs to be done these days to prevent the world's gang of tyrants from committing mayhem and genocide as they exit history's stage. Don't worry—if your target is not guilty he/she won't experience anything more than a vague discomfort and if the target is innocent the energy will likely feel good to him/her. That's how this new technology works.

When I use my PW to disable a secret police predator or other tyrannical miscreant or enabler, I sometimes imagine that I'm standing knee deep in water with the raging ocean behind me. I imagine the 'recipient' about to get a huge wave of orgone crashing over him/her. I feel the water recede all the way down to my feet, rushing out toward where my a** end is facing as a tsunami builds up. I do this on a slow in breath. Then, as I exhale, the wall of water/orgone hits the target. I feel it all over the front of my body as a sort of outward pressure in this case. Carol says that really freaks them out or kills them, depending on their threat (to humanity) level. It always takes them by surprise, she says.

Another technique: I imagine my doppelganger, which is a big, black panther most of the time, prowling around the target, looking for an opportunity to pounce. If the targets are just some chump psychic agents or internet NSA hackers, he knocks them down and plays with them, as a cat does with a bird or mouse, and they get terrified beyond comprehension (my internet browser operates as it should from that moment, most often). If the target is a killer, I see the very hungry panther ripping his/her throat or guts out and I even imagine myself relishing it—I think that makes it more real for the target. Remember that we're not making these determinations and if the imagined target is harmless (we all goof sometimes) nothing at all will happen except that I feel a little chagrined.

In most cases, I get angry before I do the work. Righteous anger is like gasoline on a fire. If you think anger is always a bad thing, try to figure out how to disable the programming that was used to convince you that this is true, okay? You can bet those programmers don't want you angry at them, and you may be angry at me for mentioning this, which is yet another evidence that you were programmed ;-) If you're a new ager, your burning anger will be veiled by a smile and an expression of concern for me. You might be beyond redemption at that point.

Another one: As I breathe both in and out, I imagine spirals of bright orgone moving up through the target, spinning very fast. I spin them both ways, so it looks like a DNA molecule pattern.

I don't know if any of the crystal-based devices will work if one is unwilling to use the imagination. Imagination gets a bad rap in our culture because of some pseudoscience and/or religious mental programming considerations. In fact all of the great discoveries were made by people with extremely active imaginations. It's only when it gets out of hand or when drugs are used that the imagination tends to be fruitless and misleading. I think a good imagination is also

tied to one's control of the ego. The ego, when out of line, always skews the imagination, sidetracks us and gets us false data, which is why I ignore channeling.

Having said all that, you really need to find your own expression with these tools. We mustn't institutionalize any of this work.

If you have children, you might consider letting them use the devices for you, after having read them these instructions. You can bet that most eight to thirteen year olds will instantly grasp these concepts and will go right to work with appropriate gusto. They're probably more observant than you are, too, and will more quickly visualize the target and even the fed peekers, both physical and astral. Let them be your teachers.

Here's Cheri's account about using her Powerwand and you can see that her approach is entirely different, though certainly as viable:

"I think I was psychically attacked night before last - my lower back was killing me, then my middle back. I got into bed about 8:30 at which point I got a sharp pain in my right side. I pushed it with my finger - sore - weird. My little PoWi [Powerwand] was on a dresser busily covering about 5 other things, but, from bed (in my mind), I just told it that if this was an attack by the dark side, would it please stop my pain and send it back to them tenfold, then on up the chain of command to the top. All pains were gone within 3 seconds. No Sh*t!!!! So I'm keeping this PW and ordering another one for my sister. This one'll work great in sync with my Shiva - the bad boyz are goin' down!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

By the way, we don't need to be touching the devices in order for them to work for us. We don't even have to be in the same room or perhaps even in the same town. There may come a point where it won't matter if the thing is turned on. I know I've gotten the same results at times when I later discovered that the frequency box was not even on or the nine-volt battery was long dead.

I don't know if there's a limit to how many people can use one device or to how many jobs one can set the thing to accomplish. I think you'll need to get a feel for that yourself. There are others who are inclined to program these devices for extended work but my personal style is more inclined to real-time encounters with the bad guys. I'm hoping that www.cloud-busters.com forums will continue to be used copiously to record and discuss the experiments others are conducting along these lines.

Astral Visitors

A good test for you to determine if the PW is 'doing something' is when your computer gets hacked by the NSA/CIA. I get that interference nearly every time I get online these days and, as I said, they stop as soon as I focus some special attention on the hacker, though sometimes I need to attend to the hackers' superiors if I'm in a hot spot due to having done something particularly hurtful to their collective predatory agenda and in those cases it's usually one of the superiors who is hacking my computer, Carol tells me. The boss hackers, usually MIB, have a lot more talent, resources and determination than the chump level hackers. Carol says they're always shocked/angry that somebody like me can actually ID and stop them.

For psychic peekers I find it expedient to blast them every time the thought occurs to me that my privacy is being compromised by them. As a rule, I do this every time I even think of them because that's probably exactly when they show up. Some are clever at hiding.

These days the NSA won't do anything at all until/unless one or more of their psychics can get a clear picture of our circumstances, so disabling the astral visitors really puts a kink in their plumbing. Remember that anyone who is in the astral plane is particularly vulnerable to our brand of interference, and in that world the imagination of the corporate entity (you, the would-be victim) is king, so have some fun with these vampires, okay? You'll no doubt find, as I have, that you'll get fewer and fewer intimations of psychic peeking as you progress. The psychics in the NSA and the other secret police agencies in the world know the score; don't kid yourself. None of them are under any illusion of patriotism or the desire to serve humanity. None.

The remote viewers are another story. Many of them are legitimate military men and women. If one of them hasn't figured out that many of their targets are innocent and that the people ordering the viewing are criminals, give him/her a blast when you sense the intrusion and it will make the right impression without harming the viewer. I feel them as rather clumsy intrusions compared to the higher-level professional psychics. I think the secret police use them as backup only.

Remember that every single molestation of your privacy, your skies, even your mail, is just another opportunity for you to exercise your right to protect yourself and your family and friends from this vast corporate monster that I'm calling the world order. All of these intrusions are at the hands of the secret police and their affiliated chumps in the otherwise more legitimate police agencies around the world. The satanic orders, like Golden Dawn, Theosophical masonry, etc., are sub-groups of the secret police and do their dirty work on occasions when the fake governments of the world want to divert attention from themselves. For instance, the murder of the Special Forces doctor and his family a few years ago in North Carolina was performed by one of the CIA's satanic assets and the string of murders in Maryland and Washington, DC, last fall had the same characteristics, including the token 'Ace of Spades' calling cards left at each murder scene.

...Tomorrow the World

So...stop the secret police from enforcing the world order's agenda and we will have effectively disabled the world order's terror campaign and the next logical step will be the dissolution of the corporate entities that are posing as legitimate national, state, county and local governments in the world. Then, I think it will be natural and easy to fix this political mess by dissolving all heavily centralized 'authority' and consulting locally and at the county and state levels to arrange for more organic, manageable and feasible forms of government. The fact that we're already a global society is no longer debatable, I think. We (a more conscious humanity) accomplished that, not some vague, hidden organization of 'masters' on our behalf. See how important your work with these devices can be to the course of history and the safety of the human race?

I figure that for every hundred powerwands and Shivas out in the market there will be about fifteen or twenty of them in the hands of people who will use them as I propose, and that's probably enough to finish off this corporate beast that's posing as legitimate police agencies around the world.

If you're one of the remaining majority who hasn't the inclination or courage to take this monster on, you can at least be sure that just turning the thing on and staying within its sphere of protection will at least keep them at bay in your case and you'll probably be physically safe from them as long as they don't get their wish and establish martial law. If you only have one of Mark Hooten's Shivas you should know that this protection will only be available when you consciously make it happen because that device is strictly interactive.

Fairlanes & Ferraris

The analogy I use to describe the difference between a gifted, disciplined psychic and one trained by the world order's masters is that the former is like a Ford Fairlane and the latter is like a Ferrari. While the former may not win any races on the track, it also won't likely break down and it will be reliable for the distance. The latter gets more impressive track results but needs extra, constant attention to the mechanical workings and you wouldn't consider taking it very far from the repair shop.

That analogy works loosely with the PW and Shiva. The PW will work for anyone just by turning it on, at least in terms of protection and some marginal healing and consciousness-raising. If you don't work consciously with the Shiva you've just bought an expensive doorstop for all the good it will do for you.

I'd say that the same non-instructions work for the Shiva as for the Powerwand and I agree with my wife that optimally one would want to have both around if one is serious about tackling the world order. As a demonstration, I just spent three weeks in the face of the regime with only a Powerwand and I never felt like I was in any danger, though what I did and where I went during that three weeks would be considered quite risky.

It's in vogue now to talk about reptilians and ET predators but in fact Carol and I believe that the human ones are far more dangerous right now and if we ignore the non-human ones we'll still win the game if we focus on these more immediate, fake-government physical threats. Only humans can do the real dirty work and the real healing in the world right now. If you have the inclination and talent to deal with the reptilians, draconians, B-Sirians, etc., that are in league with this fake world government the Powerwand and Shiva generally work on them the same way they work on astral human peekers, so have some fun with them. Most of them are a lot cleverer than their human cohorts and can manipulate time and events better, which I think is their calling card.

Chaco Canyon

For example, on my way to gift Chaco Canyon this week a car plunged onto the westbound highway from the overpass about a mile ahead of me, blocking traffic. Then, as I exited a half hour later onto the same overpass (my tank was just about empty and I couldn't have made it to another gas station) the computers at the truck stop nearby stopped working and I lost another hour just getting my gas. That was in Albuquerque. I made it to the vicinity of Chaco Canyon that night, regardless, and I didn't even bother looking into what non-human agency may have tried to interfere with me that way, earlier. Humans simply aren't clever or resourceful enough to do that kind of interference work, in my opinion.

Undermining the world order by neutralizing the secret police agencies will also effectively disable any alien or reptilian intentions for us, we believe.

MIA's

We feel certain that the two bodies taken on stretchers from the NSA house up the street that day in early February, a couple of hours after I aimed my Powerwand at it (the house I was visiting was getting beamed really heavily from that house a half block up the other side of the street) were reptilians (part human or at least using human forms). I already knew the PW kicks predator butt, but the targeted fellow whom I was visiting apparently needed some convincing ;-)

When I went with Gale Stark and her kids to gift downtown Beaumont, Texas, last week a fedmobile (it was a new, expensive, silver-bronze pickup that looks like a silly imitation of a HUMMV, so he was probably the cowardly Special Agent In Charge of terrorizing Gale and her

family lately) pulled up behind us while we were waiting for a freight train to pass. We ‘made’ him and he then pulled into the police parking lot next door and parked.

I nailed him with Gale’s Powerwand, and then drove over to look at him—well, okay, I wanted to gloat--through the window. He turned to face me and had a look of abject terror on his face, which told me that he’s just a peeker, not a killer. If he was a killer, he’d have been killed, I’m quite sure, though technically he would have committed suicide by unlawfully interfering with somebody, innocent, who has a powerwand.

As I see it, these chump level secret police that most of us have, by now, recognized in our areas may be rather benign and non-threatening but their appearance indicates that the higher ups, who are searching for ways to secretly kill not only us, but millions of other innocents, are relentlessly inventing ways to interfere with us, so when these chumps show up it’s an open invitation to imagine the Powerwand’s energy disabling the killers in the higher ranks, which I did in this case and which you can certainly do, too.

As I see it, what we’re doing is Whittaker Chambers’ dream come true. He was the betrayed chief prosecutor at the Nuremberg trials after WWII. I think we all know that those nazi murderers were soon working in our own already-nazified federal government and also became Interpol and the national secret police agencies in the newly formed countries, both communist and ‘democratic.’

If Wilhelm Reich had had these tools, he would likely have lived a very long, fruitful life, having done to the human fake-government predators with these tools what he did to those nasty ETs’ ships with his cloudbusters.

Have you noticed that nobody’s ridiculing ‘conspiracy theories’ these days? If anyone I talk to expresses doubt about the power of conspiracy, I hold up the physical evidence of the vast network of new military transmitters as stark testimony to what the world regime has in store for us if we don’t stop them. By now I think everyone is willing to consider that these things are certainly not for cell phones. I’d point out chemtrails to the Pajama People but most of the places I visit are no longer plagued by these poisonous spewplanes, thanks to our extensive CB network.

Notice that all of the media attention directed against us paints us as dangerous, not as deranged or paranoid ;-)) I keep meaning to send those guys some money for all that free advertising they’re providing. I already know they don’t want any of our devices.

~Don Croft

Episode 62B

Powerwand Non-instructions -

Updated June 6, 2003

[Editor's Note: The instructions for making the Powerwand were given in Episode 52 of Don's Adventures series. The original set of instructions to use the Powerwand was presented in Episode 62. A variation on the Powerwand developed by Mark Hooten called the Shiva was given in Episode 54. This update is the latest updated version from Don & friends about Powerwand usage...Ken Adachi]

Adventures of Don & Carol Croft Index

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>
<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/ad62Bpowerwandupdate06jun03.shtml>
 June 6, 2003

I very rarely see or feel energy, so don't feel like a chump if you don't, either, okay?

The real performers with these devices are our imaginations and all of us have one of those. Please don't underestimate the power of your own imagination! The crystal-based devices that Carol and I developed, also Mark Hooten's Shiva and some new creations of other folks, including Larry in Japan, Gale in Texas and Gerard in Australia, access and amplify the latent power of our imaginations so all we need to do is convince our ego-based doubts and fears to step aside and let the rest of us do what needs to be done these days to prevent the world's gang of tyrants from committing mayhem and genocide as they exit history's stage. Don't worry—if your target is not guilty he/she won't experience anything more than a vague discomfort and if the target is innocent the energy will likely feel good to him/her. That's how this new technology works.

When I use my PW to disable a secret police predator or other tyrannical miscreant or enabler, I sometimes imagine that I'm standing knee deep in water with the raging ocean behind me. I imagine the 'recipient' about to get a huge wave of orgone crashing over him/her. I feel the water recede all the way down to my feet, rushing out toward where my a** end is facing as a tsunami builds up. I do this on a slow in breath as I 'feel' the water receding away from the shore until I'm standing on wet sand. Then, as I exhale, the wall of water/orgone that has reached an incredible height right behind me on its way to the beach hits the target who is standing in its path. I feel it all over the front of my body as a sort of outward pressure in this case. Carol says that really freaks them out or kills them, depending on their threat (to humanity) level. It always takes them by surprise, she says.

Another technique: I imagine my shapeshifting doppelganger, which is an immense black panther most of the time, prowling around the target, looking for an opportunity to pounce. If the targets are just some chump psychic agents or internet NSA hackers, he knocks them down and plays with them, as a cat does with a bird or mouse, and they get terrified beyond comprehension (my internet browser operates as it should from that moment, most often). If the target is a killer, I see the very hungry panther ripping his/her throat or guts out and I even imagine myself relishing it—I think that makes it more real for the target. Remember that we're not making these determinations and if the imagined target is harmless (we all goof sometimes) nothing at all will happen except that I feel a little chagrined. If I'm really off base, the target would feel a rush of nice energy, but so far my wife tells me my hunches have been pretty good.

In most cases, I get angry before I do the work. Righteous anger is like gasoline on a fire. If you think anger is always a bad thing, try to figure out how to disable the deep, long-term mental programming that was used to convince you of that, okay? You can bet those programmers don't want you angry at them, and you may be angry at me for mentioning this, which is yet another evidence that you were programmed ;-). If you're a new ager, your burning anger will be veiled by a smile and an expression of concern for me. You might be beyond redemption at that point, poor fellow.

Another one: As I breathe both in and out, I imagine spirals of bright orgone moving up through the target, spinning very fast. I spin them both ways, so it looks like a DNA molecular pattern.

I don't know if any of the crystal-based devices will work if one is unwilling to use the imagination. Imagination gets a bad rap in our culture because of some pseudoscience and/or religious/ mental programming considerations. In fact all of the great discoveries were made by people with extremely active imaginations. It's only when it gets out of hand or when drugs are used that the imagination tends to be fruitless, misleading and even harmful. I think a good imagination is also tied to one's control of the ego. The ego, when out of line, always skews the imagination, sidetracks us and gets us false information, which is why I ignore channeling as a source of usable data.

Having said all that, you really need to find your own expression with these tools. We mustn't institutionalize any of this work. Dominic in Australia gets good results with his Powerwand but he dislikes my approach, so I'm waiting for his treatise on this and will include that when I receive it.

If you have children, you might consider letting them use the devices for you, after having read them these instructions. Just don't put any pressure on them and make sure that they don't feel that they need to meet any of your expectations, okay? You can bet that most eight to thirteen year olds will instantly grasp these concepts and will go right to work with appropriate gusto. They're probably more observant than you are, too, and will more quickly visualize the target and even the fed peekers, both physical and astral. Let them be your teachers. Children, unlike brain-compromised and heart-suppressed adults, can easily distinguish the stink of the presence of the secret police psychics and new age fake helpers from the fragrance of angelic and bonafide-benevolent Other visitors.

Here's Cheri's account about using her Powerwand and you can see that her approach is entirely different, though certainly as viable:

"I think I was psychically attacked night before last - my lower back was killing me, then my middle back. I got into bed about 8:30 at which point I got a sharp pain in my right side. I pushed it with my finger - sore - weird. My little PoWi [Powerwand] was on a dresser busily covering about 5 other things, but, from bed (in my mind), I just told it that if this was an attack by the dark side, would it please stop my pain and send it back to them tenfold, then on up the chain of command to the top. All pains were gone within 3 seconds. No Sh*t!!!! So I'm keeping this PW and ordering another one for my sister. This one'll work great in sync with my Shiva - the bad boyz are goin' down!!!!"

By the way, we don't need to be touching the devices in order for them to work for us. We don't even have to be in the same room or perhaps even in the same town. There may come a point where it won't matter if the thing is turned on. Often, I find that my PW's battery has run out before I've done some good work with the PW.

I don't know if there's a limit to how many people can use one device or to how many jobs one can set the thing to accomplish. I think you'll need to get a feel for that yourself. There are others who are inclined to program these devices for extended work but my personal style is more inclined to real-time encounters with the bad guys and their chump secret police minions. I'm hoping that www.cloud-busters.com forums will continue to be used copiously to record and discuss the experiments others are conducting along these lines.

A good test for you to determine if the PW is 'doing something' is when your computer gets hacked by the NSA/CIA geeks. I used to get that interference nearly every time I get online and, as I said, they stop as soon as I focus some special attention on the hacker, though sometimes I

need to attend to the hackers' superiors if I'm in a hot spot due to having done something particularly hurtful to their collective predatory agenda and in those cases it's usually one of the superiors who is hacking my computer, Carol tells me. The boss hackers, usually MIB, have a lot more talent, occult resources and determination than the chump level hackers. Carol says they're always shocked/angry that somebody like me can actually ID and stop them. MIB usually die when they get in the way of the PWs. I think they're like the nazi SS, who had to murder an innocent before they could put on the uniform. Ever wonder why an SS officer was appointed Secretary General of the UN?

For psychic peekers I find it expedient to blast them every time the thought occurs to me that my privacy is being compromised by them. As a rule, I do this every time I even think of them because that's probably exactly when they show up. Some are clever at hiding and the cleverest ones are also the ones who have the most innocent blood on their hands, according to my wife. The psychics like to work on us during sleep after we've stopped them from coming around during our wakeful life. It's a good idea to wake up when you sense their influence on your dreams and blast the snot out of them. I found recently that I was able, in my semi-sleep, to clearly identify four fed psychics. My psychic wife confirmed that for me. She'd woken me up to help her deal with a noisy, materialized agent downstairs in our house (a common occurrence until that night) when I found these other feds. We've been sleeping more soundly since we stopped those nighttime visits.

These days the NSA won't do anything at all until/unless one or more of their psychics can get a clear picture of our circumstances, so disabling the astral visitors really clogs up their wetwork plumbing. Remember that anyone who is in the astral plane is particularly vulnerable to our brand of interference, and in that world the imagination of the corporeal entity (you, the would-be victim) is king, so have some fun with these would-be energy vampires, okay? You'll no doubt find, as I have, that you'll get fewer and fewer intimations of psychic peekers as you progress.

The psychics in the NSA and the other secret police agencies in the world know the score; don't kid yourself. None of them are under any illusion of patriotism or the desire to serve humanity. NONE of them.

The remote viewers are another story. Many of them are legitimate military men and women. If one of them hasn't figured out that many of their targets are innocent and that the people ordering the viewing are criminals, give him/her a blast when you sense the intrusion and it will make the right impression without harming the viewer. I feel them as rather clumsy, relatively blind intrusions compared to the higher-level professional psychics. I think the secret police use them as backup only and the military uses them routinely for somewhat more legitimate reasons.

Remember that every single molestation of your privacy, your skies, even your telephone, email and snail mail is just another opportunity for you to exercise your right to protect yourself and your family and friends from this vast corporate monster that I'm calling the world order.

All of these intrusions are at the hands of the secret police and their unofficially affiliated chumps in the otherwise more legitimate police agencies around the world. The satanic orders, like Golden Dawn, I AM, Theosophical and Rosicrucian masonry, etc., are sub-groups of the secret police and do their dirty work on occasions when the fake governments of the world want to divert attention from themselves. For instance, the ritual murder of the Special Forces doctor's family (for which the doctor himself is now in prison) a few years ago in North Carolina was performed by one of the CIA's satanic assets and the string of murders in Maryland and

Washington, DC, last fall had the same characteristics, including the token 'Ace of Spades' calling cards left at each murder scene.

So...stop the secret police from enforcing the world order's agenda and we will have effectively disabled the world order's terror campaign and the next logical step will be the dissolution of the corporate entities that are posing as legitimate national, state, county and local governments in the world. Then, I think it will be natural and easy to fix this political mess by dissolving all heavily centralized 'authority' and consulting locally and at the county and state levels to arrange for more organic, more manageable and feasible forms of government while the present, treasonous officials are gradually arrested, tried and convicted for their manifest crimes. Since most or the judges are also traitors, we'll need to establish actual courts again, of course. That's not a problem, since it has to be mostly done locally, anyway.

The fact that we're already a global society is no longer debatable, I think. We (a more conscious humanity) accomplished that, not some vague, hidden organization of 'masters' on our behalf. See how important your work with these devices can be to the course of history and for the safety, health and prosperity of the human race?

I figure that for every hundred powerwands, Shivas, Big Mamas, etc. out in the market there will be about fifteen or twenty of them in the hands of people who are willing to use them as I propose, and that's probably enough to finish off this corporate beast that's posing as legitimate police agencies around the world. It's not necessary to be as aggressive as I am, but big results do require big efforts.

If you're one of the remaining majority who hasn't the inclination or courage to take this monster on, you can at least be sure that just turning the thing on and staying within its sphere of protection will keep them at bay in your case and you'll probably be physically safe from them as long as they don't get their wish and establish martial law. If you only have one of Mark Hooten's Shivas you should know that this protection will only be available when you consciously make it happen because that device must be activated consciously for specific goals. As with any magic pursuit, the results will depend largely on your ability to clearly define the goal. Saying, 'Protect me from predators' won't likely get you much in the way of discernible results.

The analogy I use to describe the difference between a gifted, disciplined psychic and one trained by the world order's high masters is that the former is like a Ford Fairlane and the latter is like a Ferrari. While the former may not win any races on the track, it also won't likely break down and it will be reliable for the distance. The latter gets more impressive track results but needs extra, constant attention to the mechanical workings and you wouldn't consider taking it very far from the repair shop.

That analogy works loosely with the PW and Shiva. The PW will work for anyone just by turning it on, at least in terms of protection and some marginal healing and consciousness-raising. If you don't work consciously with the Shiva you've just bought an expensive doormat for all the good it will do for you. If you focus correctly and are clear with your intentions and targets, the Shiva will go to work on the whole lot with vigor and resolve until the job's done.

I'd say that the same non-instructions work for the Shiva, Powerwand and other similar devices and I agree with my wife that optimally one would want to have as many of these items as possible around if one is serious about tackling the world order. As a demonstration, in March, 2003, I spent three weeks in the face of the regime with only a Powerwand and I never felt like I

was in any danger, though what I did and where I went during that three weeks could be considered quite risky and was very damaging to the regime's genocide agenda.

It's in vogue now to talk about reptilians and ET predators but in fact Carol and I believe that the human secret police ones are far more dangerous right now and if we ignore the non-human ones we'll still win the game if we focus on these more immediate, fake-government physical threats. Only humans can do the real dirty work and the real healing work in the world right now. If you have the inclination and talent to deal with the reptilians, draconians, B-Sirians, etc., that are in league with this fake world government the Powerwand and Shiva generally work on them the same way they work on astral human peekers, so have some fun with them. Most of them are a lot more clever than their human cohorts and can manipulate your perception, time and collateral events better, which I think is their calling card, by the way.

For example, on my way to gift Chaco Canyon this week [April 7, '03] a car plunged onto the westbound highway from the overpass about a mile ahead of me, blocking traffic. Then, as I exited a half hour later onto the same overpass (my tank was just about empty and I couldn't have made it to another gas station) the computers at the truck stop nearby, where I was about to gas up, stopped working and I lost another hour just getting my gas. That was in Albuquerque. I made it to the vicinity of Chaco Canyon that night, regardless, and I didn't even bother looking into what non-human agency may have tried to interfere with me that way, earlier. Humans simply aren't clever or resourceful enough to do that kind of interference work, in my opinion.

Undermining the world order by neutralizing the secret police agencies will also effectively disable any alien or reptilian intentions for us, we believe, because the secret police are the only effective 3D interface between predatory ET and ourselves.

We feel certain that the two bodies taken on stretchers from the NSA house up the street that day in early February, a couple of hours after I aimed my Powerwand at it (the house I was visiting was getting beamed really heavily from that house a half block up the other side of the street) were reptilians (part human or at least using human forms). I already knew the PW kicks predator butt, but the fellow whom I was visiting that was the recipient of all that nasty, focused NSA electronic hammering apparently needed some convincing ;-)

When I went with Gale and her kids to gift downtown Beaumont, Texas, last week a fedmobile (it was a new, expensive, silver-bronze pickup that looks like a silly imitation of a HUMMV, so he was probably the cowardly Special Agent In Charge of terrorizing Gale and her family lately) pulled up behind us while we were waiting for a freight train to pass. We 'made' him and he then pulled into the police parking lot, which was adjacent to where we were, and double-parked by some cop cars.

I nailed him with Gale's Powerwand, and then drove next to his vehicle to look at him—well, okay, I wanted to gloat--through the window. He turned to face me and had a look of abject terror on his face, which told me that he's just a peeker, not a killer. If he was a killer, he'd have been killed, I'm quite sure, though technically he would have committed suicide by unlawfully interfering with somebody, innocent, who has a powerwand and isn't afraid or too deeply programmed/compromised to use it.

By the way, Gale has just started marketing a much simpler, less expensive device which may be used this way to good effect. Her offerings are on www.awakeningsenergy.com. The feds have already sent some thinly veiled threats to her on that account, so you should consider that a fine

endorsement for her products ;-)) I wish they'd be stupid enough to threaten me directly. I can always use good, free advertising.

These chump level secret police that most of us have, by now, recognized in our areas may be rather benign and non-threatening but their mere appearance indicates that the higher-ups, who are searching for ways to secretly kill not only us but millions of other innocents, are ceaselessly inventing ways to interfere with us, so when these chumps show up it's an open invitation to imagine the Powerwand's energy appropriately disabling the killers in the higher ranks, which I also did in this case and which you can certainly do, too.

I'm told by a former insider that the killers in the NSA, CIA and FBI are only happy when they get to do wetwork, so when you see one of them with a happy look on his face (always look for the bulge in his pants at the ankle—that's his backup piece) you'd better PW the rat bastard ;-)

As I see it, what we're doing is Whittaker Chambers' dream come true. He was the betrayed chief prosecutor at the Nuremberg trials after WWII. I think we all know that those nazi murderers were soon working in our own already-nazified federal government and also became Interpol and the national secret police agencies in the newly-formed countries, both communist and fascist ('democratic' nationalism). Let me know if you want some courtroom-quality evidence from Ted Gunderson which clearly shows that the feds knew about the foreign component of 9/11 six months in advance but never interfered with those fellows.

If Wilhelm Reich had used these tools, he would likely have lived a very long, even more fruitful life, having done to the human fake-government predators with these tools what he did in self-defense to those nasty ETs' ships with his cloudbusters.

Have you noticed that nobody's ridiculing 'conspiracy theories' these days? If anyone I talk to expresses doubt about the power of conspiracy, I hold up the physical evidence of the vast network of new military transmitters as stark testimony to what the world regime has in store for us if we don't stop them. By now I think everyone is willing to consider that these things are certainly not for cell phones. I'd point out chemtrails to the Pajama People but most of the places I visit are no longer plagued by these poisonous spewplanes, thanks to our extensive CB network.

Vo Joanna is a traditional African/Indian healer in Brazil. She's Al McAllister's mentor (Al's site is www.aureocrescent.com) and has been very supportive of our network. Vo Joanna has also provided some unique insights about the workings of the orgonite devices. She reminds me very much of the Xhosa wise woman in Africa whom Carol and I visited.

Al recently took her a Succor Punch, which is the crystal/electronic device that's at the core of the Powerwands and here's what Al told me about her assessment of that device:

"I just returned from Vó Joana's house. She was very happy to tell me about her experiences with the SP you gave her, and I am passing it along to you.

Vó Joana has a few disciples, "sons" and "daughters" as she calls them, that she is "developing" as mediums. From what I understand these are people who are learning how to incorporate their "guides" so as to be able to serve humanity much as Vó Joana does. She says that we all have these guides, the head guide is our "father", the other ones are responsible for and participate in our evolution inspiring and orienting us in different disciplines, moments and interests in our lives.

Vó Joana attends to people inside a very small, long room, that has an altar at the opposite end from where she sits. She has placed the SP on this altar with the crystal pointing towards her, and turns it on during the whole session with her "sons". She said it has been very helpful to all there due to the huge amount of positive energy and strong spiritual light that it generates, she finds it to be marvelous in its effect and is very thankful for the gift. She has not yet identified the entity that operates the SP, but has seen her as a figure in the crystal itself, she did say that it is a woman saint.

Vó Joana will have other things to say as time goes by and I will relate them to you. She asked that you please be careful with your own life energy when you do things such as the events at Mt. Shasta [we disabled Count St. Germain there], it can be very debilitating and age your body [I have been aging faster lately, but it's a small price to pay]...

...She commented that the Count St. Germaine was "evil in human form". You did a lot of good.

Well that is it, Vó Joana asked me to tell you that she is praying for you, she thanks you (and Carol) for all the dedication and effort that you put out.

I thank you also, take care.

Al"

Notice that all of the media attention directed against us paints us as dangerous, not as deranged or paranoid ;-) I keep meaning to send those guys some money for all that free advertising they're providing.

What I just discovered [May 12, '03] is that these devices are powerful healing tools. Carol's been telling me this right along.

A few days ago, one of our zapper customers asked me to give her some advice about her dying brother, whom the docs had given a few days to live and whose shrink told him he's welcome to take all the prescription drugs he wanted now. The problem was cancer and liver failure.

I told her that I was clueless about helping the guy, since he was too far away for her to get a zapper to him but that I'd send him and her some energy from the tools. I did that right away and I felt an incredibly strong kundalini rush all over my body in the process. That was a first. I get a lot of sensation, as I mentioned above, but never any kundalini activation to speak of.

A couple of days later, she emailed me to say that the cancer was gone and there was no sign of liver problems and that he was going home that day. Also, she said that his attitude was completely new and that he wanted to fix all the things that had been wrong in his life. I gather that he was pretty profligate until that point.

Since then, several others around the world have asked me to send energy that way and each time I got the kundalini rush, sometimes stronger, sometimes weaker. I wonder if the strength of the rush relates to the size of the problem or to possible barriers to healing within the recipient. I'll update this as I get more info.

Larry in Japan created Big Mama and that one seems to do all the stuff that Shiva and PW do together, and then some. He got some awfully strong confirmations during the early stages of

construction. I don't know if he intends to sell them, but he's uploaded plans and photos on www.cloud-busters.com forums files section.

Gale in Texas has been making unique orgonite wands that do a lot of this but they have no fancy work in them and would be the most easily affordable. I'm encouraging her to produce a consistent product so that I can help her market them. Rory in N. Ireland may have something similar in the works and we haven't yet had the opportunity to review what some fellows in Australia are doing in that vein but they've got a pretty good track record in our network.

Some others are spontaneously creating similar tools, so this tells me that Jesus' promise that 'The meek shall inherit the earth' may be in the process of fruition right now. I think only brain-dead new agers actually believe that this satanic world order would willingly hand the governments of the world back to humanity but ol' Goebbels said it best: The bigger the lie, the more people will believe it.

~Don Croft

'Cbswork's' Assessment of the Shiva and 'Mini-me' [We're finding that the PW is a good device to get your sea legs with and after you've identified what it feels like to use that, you may want to get acquainted with Mark Hooten's offerings, which are described here. His are much more interactive; in fact, the version of the Mini-me which Carol and I have is apparently different from the one that Cbs describes, as ours has no orgonite in it, but in fact the little thing is like a .357 Magnum when we use it on the Homeland Security predators lately. It's the quickest device of them all and whatever beneficial entity is husbanding this one seems to really enjoy his/her/its work. We haven't tried it for healing yet, but we'll get to that. ~Don]:

This is my review of Mark's shiva thing. I asked to share it with you, as a matter of course. No problemo.

Shiva and Mini-me
creations by Mark Hooten

Mini-me

This new creation/invention by Mark is really fascinating on many levels. Structurally, it contains a Tibetan double terminated quartz crystal wrapped with copper, with six radial arms extending towards the circumference. Each of these arms has its own tourmaline. It also contains peridot, aquamarine, fine brass shavings, a SBB "crop circle" coil which drives the energy form upward.

First, like any well made HHg, it really throws off a nice indigo cone of energy. Very bright, about 2 feet upward. But unlike any HHg I've yet seen, it also has a nipple of deep violet energy - much like a small gas flame in shape - that comes directly off the center. Out of this, comes a very gentle sprinkle of microscopic gold flecks of energy that disperse in the indigo beam of etheric energy. Without any intent, it emits this energy, day or night.

Upon the command, "Do as you were created to do," it began agitating the prana (squiggly energy that comes from the sun, etheric) and drawing it inward. The indigo energy form then shoots upward several feet. These gold flecks, pure, first sub-atomic etheric energy (the etheric plane has four levels, much like the lower physical, which has three - solid, liquid, gas) and these fly off into parts unknown.

At the core of the unit, within the crystal matrix, there is a very almost invisible, very light jade in color energy form, within the figure 8 form of the crystal itself.

Within minutes of intent, malific thoughtforms, devas, elementals, demonic beings, begin to clutter around. Those without their own will are drawn in and dissolved. Conscious, left-hand path life-forms stay out of its...range, if you will. This solves for me the issue of both Mini-me and SHIVA, and their propensity to attract the dark side, when active.

I found the addition of Peridot most interesting, as it appeared to be the catalyst for transmutation of the dark thoughtforms, with etheric aspects, into clear energy. Tourmaline has this ability as well, but the bulk of the energy work was coming from the Tibetan DT crystal and a small green diamond, above it. It was the diamond that created the nipple of energy cone that was actually almost hypnotizing to watch. It drew you in, to the point you just lost time becoming enchanted by its energy form. Very beautiful...

What appeared to draw the energy inward, was Mark's use of those SBB coils, middle and bottom, which gave it quite a strident and powerful energy swirl. Since the arrival of SHIVA and Mini-me, most of the psychic attacks on my home and family have fallen off to nothing. What attacks did occur, I never noticed because these sentries absorbed the energy before it could enter my or other's auras. Unlike a standard HHg, which is always on and cannot do this, these two devices actually grab malevolent forces - etheric and astral - and transmute them.

These devices, which number among an ample supply of various other creations sent to me by their creators, are of constant interest to local etheric, astral, and mental vehicle travelers who "happen by" and take a look about. They seem most interested in the Radionics stand, the Shiva and Mini-me, and some interesting creations by Dmellow from the forum.

Working with a Croft Cloudbuster

Would it surprise anyone if they learned that both of these creations enhance the ability of the CB? With the Shiva, we gained a forest deva - quite tall and from the nearby Angeles Crest National Forest, which is just two miles from my home - which took over operations of the CB. Sometimes it's on, sometimes it's off, depending. Before that, the cb was always on. Now, its "sucking ability" is under the control of this deva, which is parked over a citrus tree and is still there, even when the Shiva is off doing work somewhere else.

Now, the neighborhood has 11 of these forest devas, mostly parked over deodars where I've planted HHGs. These were never here before the SHIVA, but since the one arrived, now there are many. And in a recent scouting of a few cities around here, they have branched out into the Verdugo and San Gabriel mountain range, though they still won't go near Mount Wilson, home of the Rockefeller funded nightmares which sits upon that hill. Most of them are feminine, although a few are masculine. They stand, arms outstretched (if you can call them arms) dead over the center of each tree they have chosen. Two have dropped down into the trees, for reasons unknown. They seem to be directing the elemental life, which, when I moved here three years ago, was non-existent (ever been to Los Angeles? You'd know why - this whole basin, which is the heart center of North America, is still turning counter-clockwise, though it's starting to slow down.)

This report is mainly about Mini-me, a name given it by moi, as it resembled a smaller version of the SHIVA, but they are similar in few ways, as will be explored. For my own self, I was at first startled and uncomfortable with all the "dark" attention paid to these creations. Finding swirling black clouds around your city, with you in the center, much like a hurricane, and knowing full

well that you and your environs are the attention of these beings, can be disconcerting at best. Even more alarming were the many USAF TR3Bs that also were parked in these clouds, obviously working with the reptoids.

But, the positive outweighs the negative, in this instance. Reptoids in the area, which blatantly and in reptile form were frequently coming by on foot, car, or just materializing in the yard or near the windows, stopped that at once. They just won't come near these things. And the closest the reptoids and other nasties came were about three miles, as evidenced by the black clouds they used to cloak their craft. It may well be that these inventions, well placed in certain key areas, are the silver bullet we've been waiting for to outright drive them from our planet. They simply won't come near the things. And what with the forest devas (not elementals, devas are a distinct and different evolutionary being, here on earth, but existing in finer matter than the physical - and unlike humans, they ALL work together and never war; working as a group, yet maintaining their own distinct, individual consciousness.)

The Shiva has no effect upon human predators and their ability to do their tradecraft in my area, unless set like a SP to stealth mode, which is not their function. The Succor Punch creates a localized field effect of anywhere from a few feet to about twenty feet, with a chaos energy field. If directed, it can block transponders, shift light around itself, and many other things, like directing energy and amplifying the intent behind the thoughtform of its user. The Mini-me and SHIVA work with the angelic or deva kingdom, in addition to being the very best and brightest HHGs yet made. Here, cooperation, honest intent, and patience determines outcome. I've made dozens of requests on these devices and had several small sprites appear to do whatever was asked. Sometimes, nothing happened. There were reasons for this, as will be explained shortly.

Its still too early in my experiments and taskings to fully relay the uses of these creations, though I'm sure the inventor may say something about it and more fully explain the idea behind the creations.

These orgone creations have always used the cooperation of the elemental kingdom as the etheric realms are their worlds, as this physical plane is ours. HHGs and all these creations are the bridge, between the two aspects of the physical, the mundane and the super mundane. With the Shiva and Mm, the addition of the angelic kingdom, which is very similar to human beings in their evolution, though they work with energy and not the dull brassiness of our physical, corporeal world.

I planted the Mini-me on the property of a known and very visible reptoid. Their house is now up for sale, and this thing is never around anymore. For me, after putting HHGs on his land, which kept him away from the fences, but did not evict him, this is an important new step. Once the creature is gone, this will be done at another reptoids house, in hopes of achieving similar success. If this plays out, then the repercussions are enormous. We may well have our ICBM against the off-worlder predators.

As we move deeper into the workings with energy that is germane to the more subtle realms, so do we move deeper into ourselves, our motives, and our relationship with those life forms which populate these very same frequencies of life. The Deva/Angelic kingdom works with energy and are known as the universe's builders. It is the devas that build your bodies, based upon the information held in your permanent seed atoms, of which each person has three: one for the mental, one for the emotional, and one for the physical bodies. When a child is born, there is a "master deva," feminine, who directs three minor devas to the child at birth, so the building processes can begin. At the age of 21, these three depart.

This may well be new ground for many orgone aware people. Some of us have been working with and can easily see this kingdom. But, the devas are the builders of humanity's thoughts. They create the form. They create the structure. They follow through.

Truly, the active cooperation of ANY kingdom here on Earth, or otherwise, that seeks the highest and noblest possible outcomes for all sentient life, must be not only our next step towards total self-awareness, but also a very real opportunity to boot the Dark Forces out of this Solar System once and for all.

When I first laid eyes on both these creations, there was and is, no doubt that we are now bridging old Atlantean knowledge in our time. This has been confirmed by the inventor and by other means. Is this as it should be? Who can say?

Isn't it possible that as we struggle with the mass poisoning of the planet by malevolent forces, men and women would emerge who could give us a fighting chance? Of course it is. And it's self-evident. The quick appearance of cloudbuster technology and the explosion of long-suppressed technology ala Reich, Tesla, and Steiner is finding mass acceptance and many bright lights in this new field are emerging with exciting tools that are enabling the aspirations of betterment that exists in the hearts of all of those, whose divinity is expressed by their actions and sacrifices.

We are blessed to have this chance. And equally, we are blessed with some fine creations from the Crofts, Hootens, Mortons, Melody's, Stark's, Gray's, and dozens of other pioneers in free energy and freedom from insanity. Half of the men and women on the Croft forum board are pioneering new and exciting concepts so fast and so amazing and far reaching in scope and potential, that my head spins from it all.

But that's a good thing.

Episode 63

Planned CIA Reception at Mt. Shasta, Part 1

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc63plannedciadeceptionatshasta02may03.shtml>

May 2, 2003

Put your discernment cap on and buckle the chinstrap, okay? I believe I'm giving an accurate accounting, but for you it can't be more than a (hopefully) good story unless there's something in your heart which resonates with it. We all need to resist the urge to generalize our subjective experiences.

We're on Interstate 5 now, south of Eugene, Oregon, on our way to Mt. Shasta. We'll arrive there later this afternoon in time to do some gifting and get a California Omelet at the Black Bear Diner. They put a lot of mushrooms and avocados in them.

On the night before we left home, Carol got a visit from a very aggressive psychic who lives in the Mt. Shasta area and this woman failed to hide her antagonism on that information-gathering (intimidation?) astral visit, so Carol got a glimpse of some of the mayhem that the reception committee was planning to put on us. This psychic was apparently in on the planning.

On the way to Portland yesterday, Carol caught astral sight of two CIA streetpeekers and a psychic waiting for us on the outskirts of the city, so we juiced them all in order not to be seen driving past the city. Carol said one of the peekers was also a killer. We rarely encounter CIA folks unless they've got a murder agenda going for us. Otherwise it's usually the NSA and, since we started in Atlanta, the FBI. Above all these teams are the guys in the gray uniforms who all seem to have weak hearts, which Carol says is the new Homeland Security Force and the UN's espionage/assassination tentacle.

An hour ago, we checked ahead of us and Carol saw seven CIA agents who are the team that includes that aggressive psychic. We juiced the psychic first, which made her mad as hell because nobody had ever gotten to her so easily before.

We juiced the psycho killer that was to have shot us while in the company of a middle aged couple, then we juiced the couple and went on to do the remaining three, one of which is a delivery boy, or 'gopher.'

The psychic is still getting the treatment. She must be pretty high on the occult food chain to withstand the instruments this long. Carol says she's half reptilian. There are an awful lot of reptilians in the occult establishment.

It's kind of interesting that the all-human psychics never quite get over the feeling that they're making stuff up, but the reptilians and part-reptilians aren't operating under that handicap and their psychic sight is as natural to them as our physical sight is to us. Also, the native reptilians are far more durable than any of the other predators. I personally feel, though, based on our experiences in Florida a couple of years ago, that there are some reptilian hives that are no longer predatory and that a few are even on our side now.

I asked Carol if this CIA team is affiliated with the I AM (Alice Bailey Theosophy--satanic) Center in the town of Mt. Shasta and she said they are. We went after their boss and Carol was surprised to see that it's Hilarion himself (aka St. Germain, Kuthumi, ad nauseum). I put Mr. Skull on him, since the entity who connects with that device has pretty much kept Dr. Lees disabled, according to what Carol's seeing. We'll check on them again when we get to Mt. Shasta later today and make our strategy over dinner, based on the gifting-site information we received. I dearly hope some CIA folks are stupid enough to show up when we're in the Black Bear Diner.

Hilarion appeared as an unassuming little old man to Carol but she recognized his energy. He shows up as any number of personas, according to how he wants to affect the audience. I wouldn't be surprised if he shows up as a big, horny devil at those chump-satanist rituals. I wasn't surprised to find out that he's just some link in the CIA food chain in practical terms.

We'd been warned by a knowledgeable friend that a couple and a companion would show up on this expedition, possibly at the CIA killing ground in Pluto's Cave, and to be very wary of strangers. Carol got that the psycho killer is the individual who attempted to abduct one of our close friends in that very spot not long ago. We'll be wearing our pistols in that cave. I'd hate to think that we wouldn't go out shooting if some of those CIA creeps got the drop on us. I know we'll be well looked after, no matter what happens.

The fun part for Carol and I will be to see how taking Shasta away from the satanists will affect the new age programming in all those millions of nice but temporarily witless people out there.

Our take about Hilarion is that he's a full-blooded, fairly autonomous ET, so he can't actually DO anything on our planet. He can show up and try to frighten or con people but he has to rely on the trudging humans in the occult daisy chain, mainly the CIA and their Theosophical-satanic errand boys/girls, to get anything done in 3D, just like the Operators have to rely on us, the walking wounded and spiritually handicapped, to get their healing work done on earth.

That's why Carol and I focus on the human and mostly human leg breakers these days and it's why we don't care much if the entities who use our Powerwand and Shiva decide that certain deserving predators won't die. I'm certain that if it were up to us to make those assessments we'd be in more trouble right now instead of less because we're not in a position to understand the finer points of universal law.

A CIA agent in a dark red truck spotted Carol at a rest stop a half hour or so ago, south of Eugene, Oregon. When she came out of the restroom he was staring at her with a s**t-eating grin on his face and he followed us out of the rest area, and then passed us. Carol tried to follow him but he drove ninety miles per hour until he got to the next exit, then parked at the end of the ramp and watched us go by. Carol said he saw me point at him and when I juiced him all that happened was that he completely forgot what he was doing and didn't report us.

At any rate, that guy slipped through Carol's net, so we mustn't let our guard down. She had done the invisibility (to predators) routine for the car but not for the occupants. [Carol later told me that he had been spying on somebody else in the rest area when he recognized Carol, so I guess we were higher on his list of priorities. ~D]

The I AM Reception Committee at Burney Falls (an hour or so before sunset, Friday 5/2/03)

The following happened on the evening we arrived in the Mt. Shasta area, which was Friday, May 2. I'm writing this in our motel room the following morning in Weed, California, which is one of the towns to the north of the City of Mt. Shasta and is also at the base of the mountain.

Thanks to supernaturally gaining some time on our drive through Oregon (the last time that happened for us was on a drive from Phoenix to Sedona, two years ago), we arrived at Mt. Shasta much earlier than we'd planned, and we didn't want to wait for a meal at Black Bear Diner (Carol later said one of the I AM/ CIA stooges was already waiting to poison us there) so we drove out to the farthest two target areas on our list of spiritually polluted, Great White Brotherhood power spots. These two are Burney Falls and Medicine Lake, each about fifty miles from Mt. Shasta.

When we got to the falls, it was raining heavily and we didn't bring rain gear, so after some hesitation, we hiked down to the falls and tossed one Lemurian-crystal HHg into the pool under the falls, and did the 'other task' further downstream at the designated spot. There's a nice, paved path down the cliff face to the base of the falls and along the stream quite a way from there.

On our way downstream to do that second thing, we passed an alleged fisherman, who avoided looking at us. Carol said that people don't normally fish in the pouring rain and said there was something not right about the guy. After we did the thing we went back toward the falls and there were a bunch of people there, some looking into the pool where we tossed the HHg, a couple walking toward us on the path and two more people walking up the path from where we'd just been (nobody saw what we did downstream). As you can imagine, not many tourists would show up in the rain on a dismal late afternoon at places like this, especially since it's fifty miles off the beaten path.

The base of the falls is about 300 feet down a cliff and the whole thing is visible from the edge of the parking area. The path zigzags down the cliff from the viewing area. We were walking up the cliff path from the path along the stream when we saw the couple stop at the turn, about 200 yards ahead of us, overlooking the deep, turbulent place in the pool where I'd tossed the HHg.

Before the young couple reached us from that point, Carol quickly told me not to let them pass on the left. The fellow in front was staring at us and grinning and tried to get us to move over to our right, away from the cliff face where there was no guardrail, but I simply smiled, said 'Hi' and stood by the cliff side in front of Carol to let them pass. I said 'Hi' to the woman, who looked like a 25 yr. old Hillary Clinton, as they walked by us. She didn't look at either of us. Carol said she had directed the tall fellow, who looked like a pretty typical MK Ultra pothead drone, to push Carol over the edge. He probably would have promptly forgotten it ;-). This is mainly why I'm opposed to pot: it turns millions of humans into compliant, unconscious hand puppets for the satanic world order.

Many people who are in cults, no matter how nice they are, would likely kill to protect their belief paradigms. The history of the Roman Catholic Church is an obvious example of that tendency. To extend the example, the inner workings of the murderous espionage branches of that older organization are not even discussed in polite company, though they're an integral part of that community and dress up like priests and monks. I'm sure that most of the I AM devotees aren't aware of the ritual murder that routinely takes place at the hands of the upper level of that group. Those few at the top are the ones who interface with the unlawful secret police agencies of our fake federal government.

The entire reception committee at Burney Falls were from the I AM 'fellowship' in Mt. Shasta but only the head psychic, the older woman, was aware of the CIA connection to that cult, according to what Carol was seeing. I haven't a clue how those folks could have been waiting for us [we figured this out a little later ~D], but nobody saw us do our deeds, at least (and as usual). The fake fisherman went up the path to the edge of the pool at the base of the falls with another of the guys (the second guy came down the path before we got to the cliff path-he had also stood staring down into the pool from the spot on the path where we tossed the device) and they just stood there looking into the shallow end of the pool, downstream from the waterfall.

I'd tossed it into the deep, turbulent part, so no divers will be able to get to it and they can't turn off the huge waterfall.

It was getting pretty gloomy down there, as the sun was low in the sky and it was heavily overcast and still raining.

We just stood by the guardrail higher up the path and watched the whole thing play out below us as Carol got into each of their heads and monitored their thoughts.

Carol said that the fake fisherman was armed. We didn't bring our pistols because we didn't think anyone knew we were there, but next time we leave the car, we're taking them. Thanks to my big mouth, Carol said they all assumed we were armed so they were being extra cautious with us. See how we can turn our liabilities into assets? We're planning to do some more target practice later today [May 4, Saturday].

The path up to the top of the falls gives a good view of the path at the bottom, so we watched them confer as Carol read their thoughts. The two female psychics (the Hillary Clinton clone and an older woman who, with a female companion, had followed us up the path toward the falls)

started psychically attacking Carol immediately and halfway up the cliff she nearly fainted from the onslaught. I started blasting them both (I felt sure that they thought we were standing in the way of them saving humanity from its worthless self) and Carol made it back to the car on her own steam but we were amazed at how well they held up under our barrage. Carol got, a little bit later, that the older woman was accessing twenty other I AM psychics in the town of Mt. Shasta to give her attacks more tooth.

We then set the Shiva on that distant conclave through that woman and it cycled through the whole crowd, essentially ending the problem for Carol. None of them were particularly put off balance except the boss psychic at the waterfall, she said. Most of the folks who sell themselves to these cults are altruistic and might wake up sometime.

Meanwhile, Mr. Skull hadn't had much effect on St. Germain, nor did the Shiva, so I asked my doppelgangster to take a turn and that one is keeping the old bugger distracted enough that he isn't following our progress. Carol said he's constantly swatting at the black panther but that the old ET fart doesn't need to sleep and he never gets tired.

We had smacked the other predatory psychic (the boss woman in the local I AM CIA six-person assassination/abduction team) with the Shiva and Powerwand but it only made her mad, kind of like slapping a pit bull. Before we got near Shasta, we put the Mr. Skull/Powerwand combination on her and that took her out of action but didn't stop her yelling and screaming at us. Carol says she's a good part reptilian and big as a boat, also that she's a dagger beau who is extremely sexually frustrated. Who'd voluntarily have sex with a porcupine, after all? I think I just earned a penalty for using too many metaphors.

She is the link between St. Germain and the CIA I AM ('and that's all I am!' ~Popeye) hitter team, so they were all effectively removed from the fray. We'll just keep Mr. Skull on her until she goes away. I bet an enraged cultist is more dangerous than a payrolled CIA psycho-killer, anyway.

We left Burney Falls and after 26 miles we turned north off of California Highway 89, which leads east and south of Shasta, and drove toward Medicine Lake, which is 32 miles into the forest and mountains, far from any people. We hadn't quite figured out what to do about the I AM psychic attackers at this point and Carol was feeling a little off center from their continuing barrage, but right after we did the thing with the Shiva to stop them, she saw a ghost deer cross the road in front of us.

As sometime happens, that distracted us from seeing the sign indicating the turn to go to Medicine Lake, so we drove on until the snow blocked the highway, about twenty miles into the mountains and about five thousand feet above sea level, then Carol said the Operators indicated that we should put a Lemurian HHg in the vicinity and toss out five TBs along the road back out. I hiked into the woods and buried the HHg where it will not likely be found, then Carol saw a huge bear ghost move across the road in front of the car. A mile down the road, we saw a sign that indicated that we'd just inadvertently gifted the vicinity of Bear Springs.

The bear was bigger than a Grizzly, Carol said. I wondered out loud if some departed shaman was showing us something and she mulled that over for a bit. When she saw a huge elk ghost cross the road about a mile further, my theory's market value went up for her and when she saw an enormous golden eagle ghost swoop across the road in front of the car (by now it was night time), I quickly tossed out the last towerbuster and she said that the Indians were having a little fun with

us. She seemed a little pissed and said, 'They could have just asked us to take an HHg there and we would have done it!' She'd never seen super-sized animal ghosts before.

Back toward Highway 89 we took the first turn to Medicine Lake and drove sixteen miles until deep snow blocked that road, too. Along that stretch, I saw a little wisp of 'fog' and asked Carol if it was a ghost. She was amazed that I saw it at all and said I got it right. We gifted another Lemurian HHg deep in the forest where we had to turn around and laid three TBs along the road on the way out. I spotted two more ghost wisps and Carol said, 'You'll probably see one more, since the Indians like to do things in fours,' and that the ones I saw which she looked at were Indian men.

Right before she figured out what was happening for me, I saw a small frog or toad hopping across the road in front of us and I said, 'Oh, great! You see all these magnificent beastly manifestations and all I get to see is a little toad!' but she told me that the Indians were giving me something for my efforts by showing me the ghosts and that it might lead to more gifts during our present adventure.

My old friend, Dorothy, who is a Druid, a healer and a Seneca native elder, told me that all of the local Indians were invited to a huge feast by the US Government during the treaty negotiations long ago and they were all killed by poison then. It was in Panther Meadow, high on Mt. Shasta. That place is snowbound, probably until June, and it's one of the suggested gifting locations but, thankfully, we had left an HHg in a good spot there on September 21, 2000, when Carol and I first started this project together.

Dorothy was greeted by a large group of Lemurians who were having a picnic in Panther Meadow in 1972, the first time she visited the mountain. She was driving by on Interstate 5 and followed a spontaneous urge to drive up the mountain. After the tasty picnic and a short nap on mats (she said they didn't want to damage the plants), they took her 'through a large tunnel' into another huge meadow for some more pleasant socializing, then they took her back to the parking lot. The tunnel was a hyper-dimensional portal of course. Until she later learned who they actually are, she thought she'd just spent an afternoon with some nice hippies in odd clothing. She didn't know enough about the mountain to realize at the time that there are no tunnels there.

It was during an informal initiation at the Summer Solstice two years ago that Carol and I camped in the woods beside Panther Meadow and heard the Lemurians singing from sunset to sunrise and I saw their craft constantly darting around the skies over the mountain. Carol saw them standing around us in the grove of huge firs near the meadow and spoke with them off and on all night long. For an instant around sunset, right before all of this started happening, I was able to read Carol's thoughts when she was silently reading the wrapper of her granola bar. She was shocked when I asked her why she was reading the granola bar contents out loud. The really good stuff never seems very remarkable when it's happening. When it starts to happen, keep your eyes, ears, heart and mind open, because the Operators are probably trying to show you something or prepare you for your next level. Do you see why I say it's important to report all unusual events and observations for the record? I'm counting on my reports encouraging everyone who reads them, whether they believe what I'm saying or not.

St. Germain and the rest of the fake-angel, Alice Bailey con artist, predatory/parasitic secret world order 'spiritual' crowd do their best to replicate this growth process but it can never be more than a pretty hologram, completely devoid of heart energy and substance and the initiate ends up losing much more than he/she hopes to gain by following that carrot-on-a-stick. Most children can easily discern the stink of that fakery from the fragrance of the real thing, and the big

challenge of the adult mind-controlled majority (including that noisy little institutionalized 'Moral Majority') is to break down the programming that keeps them trapped in their head fantasies and delusions and away from their hearts and discernment faculties. These are the pajama people until they learn to listen to their hearts, which leads to the systematic dissolution of all that nasty programming.

We got a motel room in Weed, California after all that. We weren't quite comfortable getting a room in Mt. Shasta quite yet but maybe our last night here can safely be spent in that town. Weed is five miles north of the City of Mt. Shasta, which is probably the single biggest magnet for MK Ultra drones and deep-programmed world savior wannabees on the continent, as well as home to some actual relevant, conscious, awake human beings. It sure will be a nicer place to be when Carol and I are finished this week. Maybe the real-people minority here will feel confident enough to come more boldly out of the woodwork at last and a whole lot of the hypnotized, grinning devotees will stop selling their bodies and will achieve their full potential. These cults are a form of spiritual prostitution, after all, as was shown to us at Burney Falls. Those I AM devotees aren't bad people. They've just sold themselves to bad people in angel costumes in exchange for-what?

Don Croft

Episode 63

Planned CIA Reception at Mt. Shasta, Part 2

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc63pt2plannedciadeceptionatshasta02may03.shtml>

May 3, 2003

Day Two (Saturday 5/3/03)

After compiling our notes about the previous evening we went off to get our well-earned meal at Black Bear Diner in the town of Mt. Shasta. I first asked Carol if St. Germain's CIA hit team was still out of commission and she assured me that they were, since the psychic pit bull who passed St. Germain's orders along to them was still incapacitated.

We parked behind the diner and got our lovely breakfast. Before the food arrived, Carol was busy checking all the people in the busy diner and everyone who walked through the door and worked in the kitchen. She got some awfully strong thoughts from the women at the next table. They were visiting the town and one of them had met the waiter (who seated us) at a bar the night before and cheated on her husband after that with the fellow. I had wondered why they had such a long, sensuous hug as she left. I didn't leave him big tip after Carol told me that. She wasn't being nosey-she only picked that up because she had to be very open, telepathically, to pick up the scent of the CIA.

She said one of the waitresses was part of St. Germain's local new age Borg and that she'd recognize us from our mug shots as we were leaving. Sure enough, she got that 'look' of enraged recognition that I saw on a Borg couple a little later in the day as we were telling her 'Bye!'

On the written notes we received last week that suggested the best possible places to put Lemurian HHGs in order to deflate the Great White Brotherhood's efforts around Mt. Shasta was a fairly cryptic note saying to gift the spring near the Castella Exit of I-5 south of Dunsmuir, which is the town that's just south of the town of Mt. Shasta

The notes indicated that the Lemurians might show us a path into their city from that spring [the regular, maintained path ends at the spring itself.]

After careful exploration and map dowsing, we determined that the spring was nowhere near the highway and that we'd probably have to hike a couple of steep miles to Indian Spring at the base of Castle Crags, which are the vertical basalt peaks at the top of a fairly tall mountain.

We trusted that assessment, though Carol wasn't able to sense any major energy in that direction and we weren't in very good physical condition for a long, steep hike.

The confirmation came within a quarter mile or so in the form of a sudden wave of nauseating, debilitating energy that stopped Carol in her tracks. She said she hadn't felt this weird since we put that cloudbuster up into the vortex on the western side of Brandburg, a huge, isolated mountain which is the main vortex center of the Namib Desert in Africa. That time, the angry reptilians under the vortex were spinning so much dead orgone at us that we were barely able to stand, let alone climb up the steep rocky slope carrying a cloudbuster.

I'd brought along the smaller pistol because of the potential problem we'd had at Burney Falls and after we'd climbed another half hour or so--sure enough--a couple had moved quickly along behind us on the path and stopped whenever we stopped, just like ordinary pavement artists do.

I could already sense that the psychic female was checking us out with all her might and Carol heard her 'Shh' the male companion when they were talking about us, so I spun some energy at her from the Shiva. Carol said this only put up a barrier so that she couldn't read our thoughts, since there was nothing malevolent about the woman.

I just figured that she's like most of the rest of the local new age Borg: a well-intentioned person who just hasn't yet seen any reason to question her affiliation. We stepped off the path and let them pass. Even I could see by their countenances that they were part of the new age community centered in the town of Mt. Shasta around the personality of St. Germain. The guy wasn't a sensitive, but he sure wanted to know what we were about. It was fun to watch his face and body language as we discussed the hike. The woman kept looking at the lower left front part of my closed vest, where the pistol was in its holster, and she grimaced, slightly, every time she did so. Carol said they were specifically sent by the I AM hierarchy to keep very close tabs on us.

I didn't feel that they were a threat, but on the other hand, I didn't want them to know where we were going. I talked to them about the Castle Dome trail, which forks to the right near to the base of the crags, though we would be taking a left turn which leads to Indian Springs.

I may come across as a blabbermouth and tell-all in my writing, but in fact, when the chips are down, I play my cards Very Close to my chest ;-) in a style worthy of W. C. Fields.

Sure enough, though they stayed just out of sight ahead of us, they did take the turn to the right. I sure as hell didn't want these folks to know where we were going because she was an awfully sharp psychic.

After that couple passed us, Carol was getting more and more debilitated by the backward spinning vortex and was also getting a bit of remote interference from the black robed crowd, who apparently wanted to keep that energy spinning the wrong way. I juiced them with the Shiva from time to time, but it wasn't having much effect. She felt some relief when the trail went

through the small ravines because the energy was moving over the surface. When she sat down on a log at one point, I sensed the presence of some Lemurians and she told me there were three of them there, giving her some encouragement and taking most of the pain from her legs. She mentioned that the Indian Spring vortex is only one of the openings to their hyperdimensional city and that they very much appreciate what we were doing. I didn't give much thought about whether they'd show up and give us a nice experience at the Spring because doing this stuff is reward enough for me, as it probably is for you, too.

We were able to move a little faster after that and when it seemed like we were getting close to the fork in the trail, I asked Carol if the Borg couple had gone past it. She said they were waiting along the right hand trail to see what we would do, so I roared as loudly as I could several times in their direction and sent the woman a forceful image of myself, enraged and looking for them with a gun in my hand ;-)

Carol said they scooted farther up the trail then and hid, their imaginations keeping them from wanting to dwell on our personal business for the time being.

Shortly after that, we came to the fork and went toward the spring along a (thankfully) fairly level and extremely scenic path. We met a middle aged couple coming from the spring, but didn't chat beyond saying 'Hi.' I could tell they were part of the Borg, too. Carol said they weren't particularly looking for us, but that they recognized us from some mug shots that the members had gotten shortly before our arrival in the area and I saw their looks change from friendly to suspicious as we passed them.

The chance of meeting Borg people on the paths to any of the sacred sites in the region is about the same as meeting devout Southern Baptists on a walk through any Wheeling, West Virginia, city park.

We did our business at the spring, overgifting because of the interference we experienced getting there, and another couple showed up. These weren't Borg, which was nice for a change. They warned us that a couple of people (you guessed it: the first Borg couple) whom they'd just passed on the way back from Castle Crag told them they'd spotted a bear near the fork in the trail. Carol told me that the bear had shown up to discourage the first Borg couple from going to the spring at all.

We found bear s**t on the trail a little later. Carol recognized it from her own outdoor experiences on Mt. Spokane, where she grew up. I'd never seen black s**t before.

Path Beyond the Spring

She told me, the next day, that a path appeared beyond the spring, but that she didn't want the hiking couple to see us on it, so she didn't mention it to me at the time and she temporarily forgot it after that.

On the way back down the mountain Carol told me to tell her when I perceived that the energy flow of the spring-centered vortex began moving the right way and I was pleased to find that I was able to sense that change right after it happened. She told me that sometimes when a raped vortex gets healed, the direction change is so sudden that it knocks her on her butt because she had adjusted her bearing to compensate for the energy moving the other way. That happened on our first visit to Bohemian Grove, two years ago. After Greg put the HHg in the tree in a primary vortex then, thousands of dragonflies suddenly appeared around us and Carol fell right over ;-)

The first Borg couple passed us again halfway down the trail. They didn't even say hello this time and by the time we got to the parking lot they were gone. The second Borg couple was still there, though, and they wouldn't return our friendly greeting or smile at us. They steadily glared at us as we were leaving.

Right after we spun the Shiva energy at the psychic on the trail, it occurred to me that it might be prudent to spin it at whoever was getting her to watch us, so Carol saw a circle of psychics around St. Germain who were using the woman on the path to watch us. The harder I spun the energy at him, the bigger he got, according to Carol, so I soon quit doing that. She said he was still being pestered by my doppelganger but that it no longer completely kept him from doing his work.

I sure didn't relish the thought of going into Pluto's Cave while this guy had access to most of his human resources. As I may have mentioned, the mostly-well-intentioned (though heavily programmed) local Borg centered around this jerk was all he had to work with, since the CIA had washed their hands of us during our excursion to Shasta.

The little CIA team that was assigned to St. Germain was out of action, though we did see one of its members waiting for us to get off at the highway exit after we finished our breakfast a couple of blocks up the street that morning. We were driving back onto the highway to go to Castle Crags when we waved to him ;-)

Carol told me that some of the local psychics in the Borg are already questioning their affiliation because they're completely unable to stop us, see what we're doing, or even slow us down. They know that if we were up to no good, it would be fairly easy for them to stop us and I'm sure they're studiously unaware of the lower level thuggery that exists in their organization for those times when the nicer Borg members are unable to deal with situations like this. Once a psychic gets a good look at the full team roster, there's no going back to the rosy way things were perceived before, no matter how schizoid she/he may be.

We drove immediately to McCloud Falls, not far from the town of McCloud (the third town that's on the base of Mt. Shasta-this one's on the south part) which was the nearest point on the dwindling list of gifting targets, and peppered the upper and middle falls area with TBs and a Lemurian HHg went into the pool of the upper falls, which are the main energy centers.

We're told that the pirated energy of these falls empowered the satanic activities in Sacramento (California's Capital) and Redding, so we wanted to get it done well. We didn't encounter anyone there, as Carol said the Borg was getting discouraged and throwing up its hands by then, having lost two of its most cherished locations and a couple of lesser ones. Since most of these folks operate mainly out of their heads, I'm not holding out much hope that the wonderful healing energy that now comes out of the vortices that we gifted will be seen as remarkable by very many of them. Most humans are not predators or parasites, but when our delusional personal belief paradigms are challenged, we humans can be quite aggressive and even destructive.

You may have noticed that while new age devotees are militant pacifists they fairly cheer when any element of society which represents a challenge to their programming gets brutalized by the regime, as the events around the media setup and the subsequent mass murder of that community in Waco demonstrated. Heavy mental programming is always characterized by schizophrenic belief paradigms and complacent arrogance.

We drove up to pristine Castle Lake, which is on the other side of Castle Crags from the spring, reachable from the town of Mt. Shasta, and I buried a Lemurian HHg in the snow on the ice of the

lake. I tossed a couple of TBs out nearby after that and right after I turned toward the car to leave a black SUV showed up and three thuggish-looking fellows, one with a shaved head, gave us that predator look as they scrambled out of the vehicle and ran toward the frozen lake. Carol said they wanted to find the HHg, but of course, I'd taken precautions to get it to a spot that wasn't obvious and these crack addicts probably couldn't find birds**t if it dropped on their pointy little heads.

We left several more TBs along a stretch of the 8-mile long highway where Carol felt some strong, sick energy and as she was about to toss the last one out, the black SUV went barreling past us on the way back to town. Carol said they were frustrated and angry and that the bald guy was a black robe ceremonial participant in the seamier side of the Mt. Shasta Borg. I bet he was recruited from a prison somewhere. He looks like any of the armed robbery and murder aficionados I'd encountered when I was a psychiatric aide in a facility for the criminally insane for a brief period in 1972.

We couldn't make it to Heart Lake, another reputed entry point to the Lemurian city that has been pirated by the Great White Brotherhood, because the trail was covered with snow. If it weren't a steep trail, we might have attempted it. It's on the other side of Castle Crags from Indian Springs. We trudged through a few miles of deep snow a year ago on Moscow Mountain in order to neutralize the nasty array there which was hammering us but we were on a roadway, not a steep mountain trail. When we drove back into town even I could tell that the Borg there was losing heart already and was no longer intensely interested in stopping or even tracking us.

We went 8 miles up Everitt Highway onto the mountain to leave a Lemurian HHg at the vista point that was listed as one of the target sites and has a terrific view of Castle Crags, across a big valley, then went back to Weed, where we spent another night. Right now we're still in the motel and I'm writing this while it's still fresh in my memory.

Last night, we put the icosahedron/crystal device (Carol got the plans for this from the same little alien dwarfs who gave us the Big Secret plans-I need to publish the plans so you can make your own or sell them, but I have to wait for Carol's okay) on top of the Shiva and Carol set the apparatus onto St. Germain. She said his belly swelled up immediately and by the time we were done watching a movie, she said he looked like an inflated balloon ;-) This is the technique she used to waste the reptilian queen in Los Angeles earlier this year.

Maybe now we can safely go to Pluto's Caves. When Carol wakes up we'll make our game plan.

By the way, we recently rented a good movie which illustrates our approach to business. It's called MY FIRST TWENTY MILLION and the title is very misleading because it's about some young entrepreneurs who disable a treacherous Bill Gates character (played by Tim Robbins) by giving away the programming and plans for setting up a \$99 holographic computer based entirely on the internet. They were then in line to get rich from consulting fees. That film graphically backs up my assertion that the only thing in this world that has true value right now is information and that intelligently but generously sharing the information is the real fountain of prosperity right now, not hoarding and exploiting it.

Don Croft

Episode 63
Planned CIA Reception at Mt. Shasta, Part 3

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc63pt3plannedciadeceptionatshasta02may03.shtml>

May 4, 2003

Pluto's Cave-Day Three (Sunday 5/4/03)

We'd saved this gifting area for last because it has a reputation for abduction (by CIA/Satanists, presumably) and we were specifically warned to go there armed.

We gifted the town of Mt. Shasta with about sixty towerbusters, mostly in the residential areas, to assist the weaning of Borg members away from the old predatory/parasitic hierarchy associated with St. Germain. Carol said the old fart was pretty ragged by the time we got up that morning and that his true form was becoming more and more evident to the Bailey-Theosophy-oriented devotees, worldwide. We decided to re-apply the Shiva and geometry/crystal device to him each night for a while after that. We'd used that combination on David Lees but it had little effect on him, perhaps because he's got more human ancestry than the other fellow does. Carol wanted to pick up some Powerwand-sized Lemurian crystals from a new store she'd heard about in the town, 'The Crystal Room,' so when they opened at 11AM we took stock of what was in the store and discussed our needs with Beth Wilson, the owner. She's very well acquainted with the stones and is careful to make sure that each stone that is sold is going to the right person.

She has several singing bowls for sale, each made of crystal. One of them, made of rose quartz, is the only successfully completed rose quartz bowl, she said, because the manufacturing process tends to create air pockets in rose quartz and the bowls explode when they're reheated in the final step of the process. The crystal is ground almost to dust, then heated to 4,000 degrees F, cast in a centrifugal mold, allowed to cool, then heated to that temperature again, at which time it becomes re-crystallized in the new form.

She's found that the F-sharp tone bowls resonate with what she calls the 'high heart' tone in people and that the Lemurian crystals also resonate to that tone. Cbswork had given us a little demonstration at his house a month before of the relative F-sharp tones of the Lemurian seed crystals compared to the C note tones of all the earth crystals and semiprecious minerals. Beth wasn't aware of this distinction, so her findings about F-sharp were quite a confirmation for us.

The reason I was most impressed with her, though, is that she's aware of the importance of objective science in the investigation of the properties of minerals. She recommends, to every customer, the handbook, CRYSTAL POWER, CRYSTAL HEALING, by Michael Gienger, which is the first book about the metaphysical characteristics of minerals and crystals that I've personally found valuable.

Gienger is an Austrian who applied scientific principles to his own native ability to discern the healing properties of minerals. In the early 1990s, as a naturopathic student, he initiated controlled studies involving a large number of volunteers of all ages from a cross section of society, much the same way that our cloudbuster forum has been informally set up, to find the common effects of specific minerals on human health and consciousness.

He was able to relate his knowledge of the genesis and chemistry of each mineral to the influences of that mineral on people. The book is an exhaustive study of these aspects and rates well as a textbook in any school or university, in my opinion, because of its objectivity. The book was first published in 1996 but was only recently translated into English.

That shop is a magnet for energy sensitive people and truth seekers, I think, and Beth's well-grounded, dogma-free approach creates an open atmosphere there so that everyone who goes there feels welcome and enriched.

Beth characterizes, for me, what can be done commercially in the field of metaphysics when one is free of dogmatic limitations. It was a distinct pleasure and surprise to meet her in Mt. Shasta. If you want to make an extra special Succor Punch, Powerwand or any other crystal-based device, I hope you'll contact her for a Lemurian crystal. They cost more than ordinary quartz crystals but are well worth the extra money. Her email address is crystals@snowcrest.net; her business phone number is (530) 918-9108, and her website, which she tells me needs updating, is www.crystalsmtshasta.com.

I guess it's worth telling that a woman who was sent by the I AM hierarchy came into the store soon after we arrived and stayed there until we left. We didn't interfere with that one because we wanted her to know what we were doing there and that we're not monsters. Most of the people in the I AM 'Borg' won't miss a beat when they find out that they've been serving an unworthy master and then drop their affiliation with that hierarchy, we believe. We tossed all those TBs out in the town to help them make the transition from spiritual slavery to freedom.

Only a tiny number of people near the top of the I AM organization know the true nature of Hilarion/St. Germain and the purpose of all that mind control. These are the ones who also affiliate with the CIA and are willing to do bad things to promote their group's true agenda. Many of the rank and file of that 'Borg' are self-sacrificing and capable of some pretty heinous actions if they feel their belief system is directly threatened, which probably accounts for the presence, in the pouring rain, of all those people at that remote waterfall, the evening we arrived in the area. The Shiva and Powerwand had little effect on them because they sincerely felt that they were acting within universal law. The boss woman in that group at Burney Falls, who was the main psychic, knew otherwise but she was drawing on the power of a whole lot of innocent psychics to sustain her attacks on Carol.

Also, we weren't aware of their collective psychic scrutiny of our progress up to that point because they didn't carry that 'dirty energy' signature with them when they were astrally peeking at us. All the professional predatory psychics, from the stupid FBI all the way through the CIA/NSA to the ultra-slick ones from the Dark Masters, give off that characteristic etheric stench when they're present. I guess these are the vultures of the astral realm. If you've ever gotten a whiff of an actual vulture as it flies nearby you understand what I mean, though if you have a cloudbuster you won't be seeing any vultures in your neighborhood. Now we know to check on the presence of more innocent peekers when we want to keep what we're doing a secret at the moment. Only the green, untried psychics in cults like I AM lack the discernment to know exactly who they're working for these days, I think, and a new tactic is for someone in the CIA to prevail on the cult hierarchy to use one of their green ones to spy on us. I think this is a fairly desperate measure, since they risk waking up the psychic this way.

It was on the way to Pluto's Cave that Carol had the realization that the Lemurians apparently had shown us the path to the entrance to their city the day before at Indian Springs. We were specifically told that if a path appears beyond the spring that it means that we've been invited. I guess we just took a rain check this time ;-). We plan to go back this summer to gift the places we just couldn't get to because of deep snow this time, namely Medicine Lake, Black Butte and Heart Lake. The latter is also reputed to be an entry point to the Lemurian City.

I'd expected Pluto's Cave to be close to Mt. Shasta but in fact it's about ten miles from the mountain in a pretty flat area. The entrance actually through a 'sky light', which is the collapsed roof of the huge lava tube. This cave originates from the north, somewhere in Oregon, which is fifty miles away, and Indians were known to have used the lava tube as a sort of underground highway until somebody (the early feds?) dynamited a section of it.

Our impression is that these lava tubes were already in place when Mt. Shasta was formed.

We gifted the entire area in clever ways, as we were told that the CIA often conducts its satanic rituals (personally overseen by St. Germain) inside one of the sections of the cave, which is a lava tube that extends to the north. We were advised that they'd be hunting for the orgonite objects, so we focused our gifting mostly in the cave that had the death stench in it. The other 'caves' are the intact parts of the gigantic lava tube that extends to the south which were separated by skylights. The one farthest south had that peculiar stench and Carol said one spot held something underground that was trying to get out, probably the spirit or spirits of whoever might have been ritually slain and buried there. She says our gifting yesterday freed those spirits by now. That's the southern end of the series of caves. The lava tube is entirely obstructed by stones and debris beyond that.

St. Germain showed up to intimidate our friends at the other end of the lava tube and farther into that cave is where one of them nearly got abducted by one of the CIA psychos right before the old jerk appeared to them, as they were leaving.

By this time the I AM Borg were feeling pretty well defeated. Their biggest, best effort was focuses on our arrival at Burney Falls, two days before, and when they saw that we couldn't be beaten or even slowed down most of them soon realized that we weren't operating outside of universal law and they simply quit trying to stop us and felt a bit disoriented. The local CIA I AM hit team were still in disarray because their psych boss had thrown in the towel and was no longer on the job at all. The parameters for using the devices around Mt. Shasta were new to us but very instructional. I sometimes think we learn a lot more from our limitations than we do from our strengths.

Carol felt the waiting presence of a couple of people in the cave as we were driving from the county road toward the parking lot, but she later said they were only there astrally, and we juiced them so we could have some privacy during the gifting process.

If you want to do some of your own gifting of Pluto's Cave, take a look to the east from the entrance to the Cave at the end of the path from the parking lot and you'll see a well-maintained gravel road that makes a 90-degree turn. We believe that this is where the killers park when they bring their victims to the cave to be sacrificed. The road is wide there to allow for quite a few parked vehicles. We didn't gift that parking area, so please have at it. We saw a lot of fresh footprints there when we took the wrong path and ended up in that spot instead of at the cave entrance, so some people, probably not tourists, had been there since we arrived in the area, otherwise the heavy rain would have obliterated the prints in the fine volcanic sand two days before that. The cave entrance is 0.2 miles from the state park's parking lot to the south along a marked trail (we didn't see that and assumed that the bigger roadway to the east was the trail) but it's only about a hundred yards from that road. If you do some exploring and find the reputed ruins of an Atlantean city some distance to the north, underground, let us know and be sure to take some digital pictures. You won't need to worry about getting lost.

Before we had arrived at the cave's parking lot, we had watched a delicate, gorgeous lenticular cloud form all around the top of Mt. Shasta, which was always in clear view as we traveled on the highway around the mountain for 12 miles to the north and east (we took a short detour to gift Lake Shastina on the way). That was replaced by white, puffy cumulus clouds while a vast array of lenticular clouds formed over our heads and along our path toward the cave. By the time we were done the sky over the wide valley, which was formed by countless lava flows from the north, was full of those little lens-shaped white clouds, many of which interlocked in a way that we hadn't seen before. They kept forming in our path later that afternoon, all the way to Klamath Falls, Oregon, where Carol said that the Lemurians just wanted to let us know how much they appreciate what we'd done for them in the area around and on Mt. Shasta and that they were deeply bowing to us. Preventing the Lemurians from interacting with the rest of humanity must have been high on the Great White Brotherhood's genocide agenda.

We spent the night in Klamath Falls and drove all the way home the next day.

On the way, we gifted Crater Lake. The area around it was in deep snow and it looked like we were driving in a huge trough because of the very high snow banks on either side of the road. Before we got to the snow elevation, though, a very large coyote leisurely crossed the road in front of the car. It was noon and the only other time in our lives we'd been that close to a coyote was during one of the times that the Sasquatch were singing (?) together near our previous home in the woods not far from Newport, Washington, two summers ago. We threw out a towerbuster right after that and kept our eyes open, but we still missed the obvious turnoff to Crater Lake, strange to say. A few miles beyond that, a weasel crossed the road, which was bounded by tall snow banks by that point, and Carol said we were to start gifting every mile or so after that.

Twelve miles further down the road, we came to a junction that showed us that we'd missed our turn to Crater Lake National Park, so after we gifted a few miles down that other road, we doubled back, found the correct turn (an opening on the left in the snow bank) and went up to the edge of the crater. It took us quite a while before we could figure out a way to get a HHg over the enormous snow bank that obstructed our access to the crater's edge but we succeeded and went back to the highway, gifting for several miles from the Crater's edge along the way. We got to see some of the colors in the water when a ray of sunlight made its way through the thick cloud cover. The water is 2,000 feet, nearly straight down from the rim of the crater. There's a thousand foot volcanic island near the northern edge of the lake and you can look down into its crater from the rim.

The lake's about five miles in diameter and the island is apparently on one of the primary points of North America's section of the overall earthstar grid, so some thorough gifting was called for right now in advance of the coming satanic versions of the Weesac Festival on May 15. The power spots on and around Mt. Shasta are primary energizers of the world order's oppressive occult machinery and so is Crater Lake. Taking away their occult power sources is the best way I can think of to defeat these jerks. It's far more elegant, lawful and efficient than shooting them all, especially since there are a dozen eager chumps waiting to take the place of every fallen satanic wonk in the world order.

This was the third time on our gifting excursion that we missed turns and ended up doing something that we hadn't planned for at all. We had assumed that we could just drive around the rim highway and toss out a bucket full of TBs but the rim highway was closed to the public and 20 feet deep snow separated the road from the edge of the crater, anyway. We'd strung out quite an array of TBs along adjacent highways before that and got an HHg into the crater, so the job was well done after all.

Neither of us had ever seen a weasel cross a highway before and we already knew how important it is to pay close attention to all the birds and animals along the way. We saw that one about five miles beyond the turn we missed.

We went up US Highway 97 all the way to the Columbia Gorge after that and when we got to the US 730 turnoff of Interstate 84 on our way home, we took a short detour to the poisonous underground base near Umatilla, Oregon, just to twist their panties again.

The first time Carol went there was in August, in the company of Melody and our friend, Linda Kingsbury. They all got the characteristic metal taste which indicates a high level of ambient nuclear radiation when they drove into the area. They did a bang-up job of gifting the base with several HHGs, so on our second drive-by gifting excursion there in December the radiation wasn't nearly as strong. By the time we gifted it a third time, in early April the radiation was almost gone and on this trip it was apparently not present at all, but we wanted to let them know that we still cared, so this time we drove right up on top of the base and put a titanium HHG on the ground.

The CIA people thought we were still in California at that point, as we were routinely frying all the psychics they sent out to peek on us and every time an Oregon State Trooper spotted us we erased his memory with the devices before he could call us in to the CIA. The Sheriff departments and local police along the way didn't have us on their surveillance lists, Carol said.

After we got about forty miles away from Umatilla, Carol, who was tracking the thoughts of the grumpy Big Boss of the underground facility (this one was wearing the light gray uniform that, to us, indicates the new Homeland Security felons and/or UN military espionage personnel), said he sent out hunters in two vehicles with standing orders to shoot us on sight. Though they were only searching in the local area, Carol said he didn't have the authority to order a hit, so we juiced him again with the devices. He's not a killer yet, so the only thing that happened, Carol told me, was that he got terrorized and his extreme anger and frustration turned to fear and hopefully a larger dry cleaning bill. We didn't bother with the drones with the automatic weapons and body armor.

We'll be sure to stop and gift again the next time we're in the area ;-). Carol wonders if the proliferation of house trailers in the vicinity of the base has something to do with the very short lifespans of the miserable people living there. Why buy a house, after all, if you won't likely live to pay off the mortgage?

When we were coming over the crest of Paradise Ridge on our way into the valley where our town is located in Northern Idaho, we saw one of those bright orange Andromedan (according to Carol) ships close to the horizon to the northwest. It was 1:30AM. We hadn't seen one of those since we saw the one on our way through Death Valley, also well after midnight, on our first visit there in November 2001. Right after we got onto the southbound highway on our way to LA after that, Carol was given the plans for the Big Secret from one of the little guys who were probably from that craft. That happened near China Lake Air Force Base. At the time she was interacting with the dwarf, I saw a field of bright, white light from a craft that had illuminated part of the mountainside on the other side of the base and the lighted area moved slowly up the mountain. I'd seen this happen in a remote spot in Western Canada several years before that. Carol said the light was being projected from their craft.

The first time we saw one of those huge orange craft was in Florida, in January 2001. On our way, trying to chase it down, we came across a big, halogen-lighted triangle antigravity craft that was obviously doing the same thing we were. The pilot of that secret-government ship obviously

didn't see us until we had stopped the car and got out to look at it, at which point the triangle ship banked steeply and moved quietly away. We were a quarter mile from it. Of course the stately, blimp-shaped orange ship was so huge and so far away that we never even got close to it, even after driving directly toward it at sixty miles an hour for ten minutes or so. When you see something like that orange craft, it's impossible to tell if it's five miles away or fifty. The triangle craft was about half the size of a football field and was flying at about five hundred feet altitude. We stopped the car as soon as we spotted that one and our paths were about to converge.

That happened right before we made our first cloudbuster, so maybe some new invention is about to pop into Carol's head, or even into mine ;-) The icosahedron/crystal device came to Carol from these nice folks shortly before she was to visit Malta last summer.

Don Croft

Episode 64

Yellowstone/Grand Teton

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc64yellowstonegrandteton16jun03.shtml>

June 16, 2003

Carol and I had planned to go to Yellowstone on Saturday, June 14, but when Carol saw on the calendar that the full moon was going to occur at 3AM on that day we decided to get there the day before in time to have taken back (on behalf of humanity) the compromised vortices in that National Park before the local Satanists would have the opportunity to do their ritual killing there that night.

Melody (D-mello on the forums at www.cloud-busters.com) offered to come along and suggested that we configure a solar-powered SP to attach to one of her pine-resin orgonite Harmonizers which had the terminals of an internal coil sticking out of it, so I made the device in time for our departure, Thursday afternoon.

We picked Melody up on our way to the Bitterroot Mountains, a north/south range that lies between us and Montana. Most of Yellowstone National Park is just south of Montana in the northwest corner of Wyoming.

Unusual Clouds

Soon after we started east from St. Maries, Idaho and along the St. Joe River into the high, forested Bitterroots we noticed a couple of anomalous clouds to the northeast. We put the top down on the convertible so we could all watch the sky and scenery and those clouds, which resembled the spiral clouds that are sometimes seen over major vortices, stayed ahead of us for hundreds of miles, all the way to Missoula, where they merged with a huge cloud of similar appearance. Other clouds came and went along the way and a couple of times a chemtrail jet flew into the edges of the larger of the two clouds, apparently in an effort to disrupt it. Of course, chemtrails over Northern Idaho never stick very long because we did our homework here. Can you say that about where you live?

Juicing the Spew Boys

That inspired a serendipitous new game: I asked Carol to connect with the pilot telepathically after I juiced him and she said 'He's not in the cockpit right now-he's on the toilet.' According to

what she was seeing I'd scared the cr*p out of the guy. I didn't give it a lot of thought until yesterday, on our way home, after I did it to two other spewpilots and Carol saw the same result. I'm thinking that we may have initiated a new terror campaign against the terrorists, perhaps even a guerrilla sabotage campaign, if you consider that astronomically higher dry cleaning bills is sabotage. Try it yourself! I'm going to Powerwand (1, 2, 3) the cra* out of every single spew pilot I see from now on. They're poisoning our atmosphere, which makes them predators, even if they do, in fact, love their mothers.

I tried to get online in Missoula to update the thread I'd started about a possible current nuclear threat to the people in the Los Angeles Basin, but I was unable to get online, so I chalked it up to Someone protecting us from peepers. Logging onto the net with my wireless connection makes it possible for the secret police to find me, after all, and from what Carol could see, the Homeland Security Abomination agents and even their predatory psychics were unaware that we were even on the road by now. That protection protocol tied in with those strange clouds, we discovered later.

Andromedan Sentries

That night we camped about an hour south of Missoula along Interstate Highway 90 at a state park. As we were all bunked under the stars I saw an ephemeral figure off to our left and commented to Carol about it, asking if it was a good or bad guy. She said it was one of those little white Andromedan guys and that there were several others around us, watching out for us. She told us that they also put those clouds in front of us to let us know that they were overseeing this Yellowstone/Grand Teton healing project.

I've often seen their little ships and Carol sees the occupants in 3D, as have some other players in this network. These are the folks who gave Carol the instructions for building the Big Secret, the Cube and they just gave her instructions for another device, which we'll make. It occurred to me that they might have been the ones who gave Karl Welz (and us, by extension) orgonite, as this was quite new to the Lemurians, reptilians, dolphins, Sasquatch and other native earth races when we shared it to them in recent years. Carol quickly confirmed that this is the case. Since the Draconians may be here now in order to make war on these nice little people some other puzzle pieces may be falling into place. And some of us still think this is all about we humans and reptilians ;-)

Friendly Reptilians

Speaking of reptilians, I just heard, indirectly, from a severely paraplegic friend of ours who has been diligently using a Succor Punch for about a year and a half. I basically drafted the young man into service back then and told him that his contributions could be incredibly useful and that his handicap will have no bearing at all on that. He's lately been in frequent contact with native reptilians from that friendly hive that's under Florida and they've been instructing him about the true nature of the interspecies relationships between humans and reptilians. I'm going to deal with that subject in another thread, but suffice to say that my insistence that not all reptilians are predatory is being well-confirmed by his unsolicited reports. This fellow shows a lot of potential or helping us all advance this network's awareness and effectiveness and since the recent surgical removal of some trick implants that the bad guys had inserted years ago he's shifted into psychic overdrive. We're awfully fortunate that he's accepted my challenge.

The next morning, Melody asked Carol if she would be able to meet the Andromedans and Carol told her to ask them since they were standing right in front of her. She held her finger out, like in the movie, ET, and felt one of them touch the end of it, at which point she got a big heart energy rush.

On the Road Again

Before we reached the point where we'd need to pick which Park entrance we'd use, Carol said there were four fedmobiles waiting for us, mostly around Livingston, Montana, where Elizabeth Claire Prophet's predatory new age hive is located. They focused on that area because we'd mentioned the desire to go there and disable the hive.

Since Ct. St. Germain still officiates over that group, as he did over the I AM fellowship at Shasta, we figured that we'd done enough damage to the secondary satanic agency and that we'd be better advised to go in by another route. Have you noticed that the I AM Fellowship disavowed their close association with Ms. Prophet's bunch after that scandal erupted around her a few years ago? This is better than any soap opera.

Homeland Psychic Meets Powerwand

Soon after we turned south from the interstate we encountered a Homeland Security Abomination psychic peeker in a shiny new, red Honda sports car convertible with the top down. I guess she was enjoying the day, as we were. I was just admiring the car, which was in the parking lot of the gas station we had stopped at when I saw her staring intently at us and apparently gloating over her good fortune, so that was pretty fortuitous and I blasted her in time to stop her from reporting us. She stayed at the gas station and didn't follow us. Maybe she had to go to the bathroom or something. Nor did any other agents pick us up until we'd gotten several miles into the park itself. Melody had disguised the car to look like my brother's Subaru station wagon in the eyes of Homeland Security Abomination peepers, a couple of whom passed, but missed seeing us on our way to the Park.

After the encounter with the psychic predator at the gas station, Melody spotted six bald eagles flying in formations of three not far away and we were all pretty spellbound by that, since none of us had ever seen eagles flying in formation in circles before, but we'd all seen an awful lot of eagles over the years.

Forty Fedmobiles

I asked Carol to count the waiting and expectant fedmobiles in the park, after we entered, and she came up with 'four,' but after we made and juiced four of them on the first (short) leg of the trip she said, 'Oops, I guess they were telling me it's forty instead of four!'

There's a big loop of highway inside the park which takes you close to most of the major vortices that needed gifting. Carol had tried to enter the park last winter, but visitors aren't allowed in until after the end of May each year. Since most of the park is above 7,500 feet there's a LOT of snow there from autumn until summer.

Fire as Cover

There was a forest fire in recent years that destroyed most of the timber in that huge, mostly forested park. When you travel through there you realize that no natural fire could have burned this extensively over so many natural barriers so our impression is that many separate fires were set by the felonious feds in order to keep the public out of the area during the summer season for a considerable length of time afterward while they constructed a new underground base. A lot of strange, vehicular traffic during the construction phase would have created quite a bit of commentary and speculation among the public and of course doing that in winter is out of the question at that altitude. These days, I think they just close off large areas and tell people there's forest fire. We encountered that situation in the California Sierras last summer. The wide detour

around the cordoned-off area took us downwind into Nevada and we neither saw nor smelled any smoke ;-) I wrote about the anomalous things we did see, though.

HHg Deployment

Carol had dowsed nine locations for HHGs before her first attempt to get into Yellowstone last year and Melody dowsed a fresh map before we entered the park and came up with the same locations. We found a couple more, which accounted for the eleven HHGs we'd brought along. Melody's solar Harmonizer later went to a sunny meadow high up on Grand Teton mountain (and far from the trail) near some fresh bear poop. (I guess bears don't just do it in the woods, after all; so another assumption, 'Do Bears Sh*t in the Woods?' bites the dust-another icon broken. That bear's karma ran over my dogma. I'll grit my teeth and hold onto my seat next time somebody asks, 'Is the Pope Catholic?')

Not to confuse you: we did Grand Teton the day after we did Yellowstone.

Since the Yellowstone vortex targets were around an approximate circle within the National Park made by 115 miles of paved road and since we would be exiting the park from the south, having come in from the west, we feinted south to Old Faithful geyser, then doubled back around to get the rest. We disabled two military transmitters at Old Faithful and buried an HHg as close as possible to the huge hot spring from which the geyser occasionally erupts.

Yellowstone is full of these hot springs and geysers and we found that most of the dowsed locations were characterized by several of them. Whenever possible we tossed the devices right into the deepest parts of the springs, but walking close to them is quite hazardous and many people have been scalded and acid-burned to death after falling through the thin crust in the vicinity of the springs. Like some men and women, the beauty of some of these springs has a potentially deadly edge to it ;-)

There was one spring which received an HHg that was radiating bright, turquoise-colored light in its white steam even though the sun was behind dark clouds at the time. Carol said that was visible orgone. None of the other springs we saw gave off visible light.

Since all but one of the vortices were in very good shape, they didn't need a lot of help in quickly creating a huge, blue hole in the dark HAARP storm that was sent over the area that day. The hole started opening shortly after we gifted Old Faithful. As we drove along the western, upwind part of the circular route, gifting vortices, the hole got bigger and bigger and extended downwind to the east. We dropped towerbusters in streams and puddles along the road between the vortices (I had brought thirty of them along, five of which I later deployed around the solar Harmonizer to amorphise the orgone field-this is how we hide singular orgonite devices from the peepers, who would otherwise simply focus on the center of the circular energy field and snatch the healing device).

When we got to Mammoth Hot Springs in the northeast part of the circle, near the road that comes south from the north entrance, the sky simply refused to clear and we all got the ominous feeling that's characteristic of a place where ritual killings occur regularly. It wasn't as strong as Ct. St. Germain's favorite baby-killing ground at Pluto Cave near Shasta, but it was unmistakable, so we gifted the area with TBs in addition to leaving an HHg in one of the deep springs.

Ending - "that voodoo that you do so well..."

A resort/park service housing complex is nearby, about a thousand feet lower in elevation at the junction of the road that comes from Livingston. Carol said that a lot of the practicing Satanists

who are associated with Elizabeth Clare Prophet/St. Germain live in that compound and that they had already planned to ritually kill somebody later that night. Her impression is that the rituals involve throwing the victims into scalding, acidic water, which has to be a slow, painful death. Another impression is that after a murder site has been gifted, the satanic men no longer are able to achieve erections there, and that without all of the participants (except the victim, of course) having orgasms, the rituals will fail, which carries a penalty for the suppliants. By now they apparently no longer even show up if their sites have been gifted with orgonite because they are, after all, essentially cowards. I wonder who would have been killed that night.

None of the fedmobiles showed up after we gifted Old Faithful and those military towers, forty miles to the south. We did get into a buffalo jam, though, along the way. In a narrow pass a herd of buffalo, including a lot of calves, ambled by, single file, in the other lane on their way south. That was fun to watch up close. You'll see a LOT of wildlife if you go to Yellowstone. A coyote even walked by our car in the daylight, which is extremely rare, and there are plenty of elk and moose. We didn't see any bears that day but it may have been too early in the season for that.

By the time we were ready to leave Mammoth Hot Springs there were two fedmobiles on our tail. We juiced them and they stopped following us, though we could see that they were pretty angry. They had shown up after we were done, of course ;-)

ECP Offensive

Right after that Carol and I started feeling pretty lousy, physically. Melody didn't seem to be affected, which was instructive. I feel that they didn't expend the effort on her because she was pretty much in an 'observer' capacity on this trip. By the time she did her masterful work on Grand Teton the following day, the surviving members of the local opposition were pretty broken and dispirited, I think ;-)

By the time we left the park, several hours later, I could barely walk due to the pain in my right knee and our necks were feeling like we had spiky, tight dog collars on or something. EC Prophet and twelve of her sycophant adepts were really hammering us by then and St. Germain was giving them all a hand, according to what Carol was clearly seeing, so we dealt with that and the problems went away, leaving us exhausted but otherwise no worse for wear. The sky cleared then, too.

The rest of the gifting was pretty routine after we did Mammoth Hot Springs but while we were in the northeast part of the big circle of highway, in an area that was on a steep mountainside and the highway was broken and patchy (no guardrails, either) the car's electrical system faltered and I suspect that if I didn't juice the snot out of EC Prophet's soiree and a couple of nearby fedmobiles I might not be writing this account and the only reading you'd be doing with our names in it by now would be an obituary. They were obviously pretty mad at us for stopping their fun at Mammoth Hot Springs.

The nice thing about these gifting episodes is that there's no way to predict what we'll find after we take that initial step and put ourselves out there but we always have fun and learn new things.

Around dusk, after we juiced the Satanists and Ct. St. Germain (again, just for good measure) we came to Inspiration Point, another gifting location. The roaring river is about 2,000 feet, almost straight down in the narrow Yellowstone Canyon, not far north of the impressive waterfall. I heaved an HHg as hard as I could down toward the water and Carol said it did bounce along the steep slope far below and entered the stream.

By the way, the cynical people at the tops of organizations like the I AM Fellowship and Elizabeth Clare Prophet's bunch of miscreants don't really care that St. Germain looks like a hairless Yeti in his native form. Fortunately for the masses of duped new agers who were formerly directly connected with this predatory ET, though, they can't 'resonate' with something that's obviously heinous and his stranglehold on them has been broken now that he can no longer show up looking like an Aryan superman ;-). Not to say that he's not still a hell of a charmer among female hairless Yetis, of course (There's no counting for personal taste, as they say).

By the time we got to the penultimate (next-to-last ;-).) gifting location it was dark, the moon not having yet risen. I managed to get an HHg into a hot spring's sweet spot by hitting the bubbly part with a good throw. Carol and Melody, who remained in the car as I hobbled to the target and back, said I narrowly missed an encounter with a jackelope ;-).

The very last one turned out to be where the highway passed over the Continental Divide, then we were done and drove all the way (75 miles) to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, where we managed to find a motel room at 1AM. I'd never felt so beat up from gifting, but I'd never been assaulted by thirteen experienced ritual Satanists and a hairless Yeti before, either.

The next morning Carol and I felt right as rain and after a really good breakfast we made our leisurely way to Grand Teton and did the place, which is a major, major, major energy center for the continent.

We took a back route and it's probably good that we did, even though we didn't sense that the Homeland Security Abomination or EC Prophet's psychic bloodhounds were looking for us. St. Germain was busy with my Doppelganger and Carol's 'Cube' again, so we weren't concerned about him. He may not have to sleep and it may be impossible for any of us to cancel the old rat bastard out, but he can be severely distracted for extended periods, at least. I wonder why he needs to be around? Maybe it's to graphically demonstrate our own vulnerability to us. I know these creepy entities hate it when people laugh at them. If you can make them mad, you essentially own them, though. Remember when these baby killers used to make us impotently furious? Furiously impotent? ;-).

Feathered Salute

Right after we entered Grand Teton National Park from the south we saw a couple hundred white pelicans circling right above the road in front of us at about a thousand feet altitude. Another thousand feet or so higher an osprey (sea hawk or water eagle) was circling over the same spot. There was no water nearby, in fact we were among sagebrush, so we just felt grateful for such an impressive sign of-what?-- and tossed out a couple of Towerbusters in appreciation, then drove to the trailhead on the slope of Grand Teton. I was amazed that there was no pain in my knee as I climbed up the steep mountainside and back down again.

We did the deed, taking our sweet time. Right after we put the turbocharged harmonizer on the ground, Melody and Carol got a clear impression of how the energy dynamics had transformed. The clouds immediately disappeared from around the top of the mountain (I saw that, at least) and they both saw energy moving rapidly out from the mountain in many directions at once. Carol saw it as a vertical rotation along each 'spoke.' I don't know if the grid map we were consulting is valid but this vortex is obviously a central one. When we have a lot more data from our and others' field work regarding earth grids maybe I'll be able to have an informed opinion, but you can bet this was important to the world order, based on the unequalled efforts they made to top us on this trip. The experiences we had at Shasta only involved active opposition by the members of the I AM Fellowship and Ct. St. Germain but he feds were in the game in huge

numbers this time, so I assume that these vortices were much more essential to the overall predatory agenda than the ones round Shasta were.

Los Angeles is the only other place we've gifted that had this level of opposition. I think that if it weren't for Cbswork's persistent and relentless gifting efforts in and around Los Angeles we might all be pushing up daisies by now and smelling like that spot in Pluto Cave that used to be St. Germain's playground.

SRIC: Special Rat in Charge

When we were about to drive back onto the paved road, after doing the mountain, a white SUV fedmobile with antennae sticking up from the cab drove past us toward the mountain with a very angry looking middle-aged man at the wheel. I smiled and waved at him as though I were a male version of Dinah Shore and then juiced that Homeland Security rat as an afterthought, then we proceeded to Jenny Lake, where Carol and Melody tossed in a couple of TBs for good measure. A couple of feds waited in the parking lot for them to return but I was eating a snack and didn't bother with them. We did them as we were leaving, though, then two more fedmobiles quickly showed up: a SAIC in another white SUV right on our tail and a red-car psychic by the side of the road. I juiced the Special Rat in Charge and he immediately pulled over, then I juiced the psychic and that was the last we saw of any feds for the rest of our trip. I guess that bunch had a slow learning curve or else nobody warned them about us. I have the impression that these Homeland Security Abomination rats aren't very forthcoming with each other.

We stayed at a campground east of Twin Falls, Idaho that night and Carol said the Andromedans were still thick as thieves all around us. The most eventful thing that night was when a little bunny ran past our tent and woke me up.

Jerry & Rhonda Morton

We had a terrific visit with Jerry and Rhonda Morton, our fellow players near Boise, Idaho, that afternoon and Jerry showed us his latest orgone creations. Since I'd met him last summer on my extended 'Southeast Idaho Towerbuster Evaluation' campaign he'd developed quite an impressive line of personal orgonite creations and had also made some significant observations about how orgonite and cloudbusters work. He graciously gave us one of his gold-rimmed orgonite/gemstone items that are designed to be placed under the pillow while sleeping and I test-drove it last night. I'm very impressed with its ability to help me move through some unresolved issues while in my dream state. I hope he sells a LOT of these. I think they're really good for children and others who have night terrors.

In case you don't know, Jerry's the man who wrote the initial article about this network for the IDAHO OBSERVER. I've never met a more perceptive and considerate person than J. Morton and I'm awfully grateful to be his co-worker. His success with uncovering the contrived underlying satanic energy grid in Boise is a watershed. I was inspired to 'undo' Washington, DC, last fall after reading his accounts of the satanic layout of Boise, Idaho and by his resounding victory in undoing that previously secret artifact. 'City Planning' takes on a slightly skewed dimension when we realize what the hidden patterns for most cities in the western world are actually a means through which the putrid old world order have been able to parasitically and perpetually suck energy out of the unwitting inhabitants until now. What a bunch of vampires. Does anyone still believe that these secret orders are even remotely helpful to humanity?

Lemurian Sunset

On the way home, right before sunset, I saw the requisite Lemurian craft, flying slowly along below a ridge top at the far side of the valley we were driving through at the moment. The craft's

light shone off and on at intervals of two or three seconds but when I directed Melody's attention to it the small craft was no longer visible. It's okay-she's seen this stuff before. Carol sees these craft and their occupants without even looking at them.

~Don Croft

"When a resolute young fellow steps up to the great bully, the world [order ;-)], and takes him boldly by the beard, he is often surprised to find it comes off in his hand, and that it was only tied on to scare away the timid adventurers."...Ralph Waldo Emerson

Episode 65

Welcome to Radioactive Nevada

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc65radioactivenevada01jul03.shtml>

July 1, 2003

The strangest event of the whole trip was when Carol and I were sitting in the Department of Motor Vehicles in Reno, Nevada, waiting to renew my driver license before we headed home to Idaho that afternoon. It was the day after Richard Leider and ourselves finished disabling all the underground bases in the vicinity of Fallon, Nevada, which is about 80 miles east of Reno in the desert.

Carol was sitting to my right and in the next chair to my left was an angry Homeland Security Abomination agent who was apparently trying to intimidate me. Actually, I didn't even notice the guy at all. I even looked past him and nodded to a couple of friendly people who were sitting a few chairs away. Carol only told me about the guy as we were leaving the building. She was astonished that I didn't notice him, as he was intensely uncomfortable and was looking directly at me, flexing his muscles and exuding animosity. She said she'd given him a long stare to let him know that she'd made him but he wasn't budging. We'd jerked them all around pretty severely in the previous two days, of course. She didn't feel his animosity, which also surprised her. It was his body language that got her attention. She figures that the Harmonic Protectors were shielding us so well from his bad juju.

When we left the crowded building there was a brand new white Lincoln Town car with no license plates, parked in the handicapped parking spot by the entrance. We both knew it was this sh*tbird's official car, which means he was a boss. I left our business card under his windshield wiper. The card says, 'Don and Carol Croft' with 'Let us entertain you!' in smaller letters underneath. We put our own site, www.worldwithoutparasites.com and Stuart Jackson's site, www.cloud-busters.com on it.

The Reno cops had obviously told the feds where we were after spotting our car in the parking lot. Those are awfully good cops. I think the Nevada cities can afford the best. We believe that the local, county and state police departments are already growing weary of the Homeland Security Abomination, though. Since the felonious feds have been unable to create any more large-scale American mayhem (since they blew up the World Trade Center) or to incite Armageddon in the Mideast their obvious Nazi orientation is coming into sharper focus for many people. Richard told us that he saw a picture of the Homeland Security Abomination's paramilitary uniforms (complete with jackboots) and that they're gray. Carol's been astrally seeing more and more gray-uniformed bureaucrats in our 'predator response' missions in the past eight months and they're not usually Americans any more. And we thought FEMA was bad!

We like getting these physical confirmations that we've performed a mission well. I guess if we'd done it any better, that poor guy might have just shot us out of frustration ;-)

We picked Richard up at his digs in Reno on Saturday afternoon. We took a detour on the way to Reno from our home in Northern Idaho in order to look for my wallet, which I had dropped when I put a HHg-the coup de grace -- on the 'roof' of the huge underground base in Umatilla, Oregon. I'd taken the opportunity to relieve myself at the same time, as it was dark and there was no traffic and that's when my wallet dropped out of my trousers, we figured. That was on our way back from gifting St. Germain's lair at Shasta two months before, also during the new moon. It so happened that D-Mello, Carol and I had gifted Yellowstone right before the previous full moon. I wonder who's making out our schedule for us. The strangest part is that my driver license had expired the day before that and I'd been assuming it had another year on it. Carol was told that during that time the local cops in our town, right after we neutered 'Hilarion,' were instructed to arrest me for any excuse if I was seen driving a vehicle. Some of the local cops already don't like us because Carol went to the copshop and told them that the next cop that comes sneaking around the back of our house at night will be shot. Only a few of the local cops are the Homeland Security Abomination's buttboys, of course. The one that was behind our house that night was acting for them, not for the local gov't. We like cops in general.

It's a good thing that we took that detour to Umatilla because just east of Touchet, Washington we were nearly run off the road by a flying saucer coming toward us in the opposite lane. Really! In fact we narrowly missed having a wreck when the fuel truck ahead of us pulled off the road to avoid being struck by the truck hauling the disc. The flying saucer was sticking out about ten feet into our lane, carried on a flatbed truck and loosely covered with clear plastic. It was about 30' in diameter and all banged up. There were no vehicles leading or following that truck.

Carol made eye contact with the Homeland Security Abomination passenger in the cab of that truck and she told me he was thinking, 'Oh, SH*T, it's the CROFTS!' and that they'd picked that route to hastily/sloppily remove the crashed alien craft because 'they're just a bunch of hicks in that area, anyway.

TOUCHE-deal with my big mouth yet again, you witless, fake-government thugs! Those are well armed and militarily trained hicks, by the way, you elite, effete, bloody Homeland Security Abomination Pr**ks! ;-) You'd better burn your stupid gray uniforms pretty soon, I think, and learn to fake respectability if you want to avoid prosecution.

We'd sent a thoughtform image of our car off in another direction from Lewiston and the feds were apparently seeing that image down along US95, our customary route to Nevada through Boise. We cloaked our car so that the two or three feds who were checking our detour route wouldn't see us. There were three fedmobiles west of Lewiston along US12 watching for us, so the Homeland Security Abomination was being pretty thorough. They didn't pick us up again until we got to Reno, though. Maybe Carol will let me tell you how we do the cloaking. When I do, you'll probably think, 'Why didn't I think of that?' It's fun to see the feds looking right at us and not recognizing us. That's not their usual poker face, which they use when you make them. It's more like a weasel's look. 'Naked' fed predators are interesting to watch.

A new yellow Volkswagen was waiting for us at the Oregon/California state line and followed us south in the customary surveillance mode (you speed up and slow down and the tail matches the speed at about a tenth of a mile behind you). Carol said he was one of the I AM fanatics out of Shasta, perhaps a retired secret police guy. They're still pretty sore that we spoiled their party. A

friend who lives in Weed, which is the city on the northwest slope of the mountain, says that it feels really awful in the city of Mount Shasta, on the western slope, since we ripped the veil surrounding that disgusting Ct. St. Germain. We characterize their new hostility as the hangover next morning after a drunken party. In this case, Alice Bailey started the party in the 1920's or so ;-)

The reason we're not often aware of the I AM psychics' surveillance is that they're not generally bad people, so they don't evince that energy stench of the Homeland Security Abomination psychics, many of whom are apparently enlisted right out of Satanist covens. We figure that the I AM cultists are just a bit deluded, but who's perfect, anyway?

We already knew that the fake US gov't has made extensive underground labyrinths in the West Nevada desert valleys because you could see dense brown smog near the ground throughout that region when you drove through it, We didn't want them to know our route or game plan because there are HUGE secret police resources in that region. They're headquartered in Reno, we knew from our Bohemian Grove/Death Valley gifting mission a year ago. We'd detoured southeast from Sacramento a year ago after doing Bo Grove and it was the first time we ever eluded the secret police for a significant distance. In that case we did it entirely by stealth. There were two aircraft looking for us over Sacramento and when we got near Reno we saw a whole lot of fedmobiles, the drivers of which were apparently unaware that we were targets yet, so we detoured through Monitor Pass. That's when we saw the 'monolith' on a 9,000' peak.

Reno Richard had been at the forefront of the gifting effort for some time and had gone to the Fallon vicinity twice before with a couple hundred towerbusters and a few dozen holy handgrenades. This time, our combined arsenal was about three hundred of the 3oz towerbusters and two dozen HHGs, including three that were made with Lemurian seed crystals.

On our way north from Los Angeles in early April Carol and I had disabled a gargantuan HAARP facility in the southern part of the San Joaquin Valley. We didn't know at the time that Richard had disabled a very large one in the northern part of that valley, near Sacramento, the week before and had carpet gifted downtown Sacramento, which was one of the key occult connections through which the occult regime was siphoning earth energy from Mt. Shasta to the north. This ugly occult network was set up in California in the late 1800s, before the area became very populated.

Disabling this West Coast occult network may be the key to disabling this fake US Gov't in the short term, which is why we want to move to California ASAP. If you consider the timing as a factor, the west coast occult net was set up right before the Federal Reserve Corporation was initiated at Jekyll Island, Georgia in 1911. The Jekyll Island Hotel, in which the rituals were performed by mostly European bankers, got one of our very first HHGs two and a half years ago. Somebody else went there and added more recently, I was told. That person is not a declared participant in our informal network, by the way. I think it's terrific that much, perhaps most of the gifting work is done by people who most of us never hear from. That's got to be doubly frustrating for the new Homeland Security Abomination Nazis who desperately want martial law so that they can commit mayhem right out in the open. If you and I don't stop these murderers, who will? If you're reading this I'm assuming that a ride in a railroad cattle car to the guillotine is as repugnant for you to consider as it is for me. No spaceships rescued the Jews and Gypsies on their way to the camps, nor should we expect those favors if we shirk our responsibilities this time.

We decided to go to Monitor Pass first and drop an HHg there, since it's on a major grid line and is apparently important to the bad guys. The 'obelisk' had been reduced in height by about 60% since we'd seen it a year before. After we turned off the highway onto the gravel road leading to that peak we could see that it was actually made of piled flat stones rather than made from a single block. Soon after we dropped the HHg in the bush and were driving back to the highway we encountered the first fedmobile of our excursion. This was a black SUV with darkly tinted windshield and windows. I could barely make out a fellow sitting in the passenger seat, so I assumed this was the SAIC and gave him a friendly wave. The car stopped right after we passed and they were apparently surveying the area, looking for signs of where we'd been. I wouldn't be able to remember where I put the thing, so I'm sure they'll never find it, and we tossed out several TBs to camouflage (amorphise) the holy handgrenade's vibrant orgone field.

Another fedmobile was blocking the road in front of us near the highway but Carol said a psychic was on board that one, so of course we juiced them and they took off fast.

On the way down from the 8,000' mountain pass we encountered a whole lot more fedmobiles and even a killer on a motorcycle rushing up the highway. It was a pretty typical rural fedmobile neo-trafficjam that afternoon. Boy, they all looked angry! Carol said they were supposed to just murder us up there. For the rest of the gifting mission they never got close to us. We'd taken all of their psychics out of the game. I hope you'll do that from now on when you go out gifting. These fake-gov't shi*birds rely heavily on their psychics these days. It's kind of like kids in school relying on calculators and not being able to do equations well on that account.

Apparently the ordinary pavement artists are made quite uncomfortable/afraid when we send them our special love, too, judging by the looks we're seeing on their faces lately.

This morning, on the way home, we were discussing the proclivity that a few people seem to feel to discount the empowering effects of simple objects you can make from ingredients found in any WalMart store. These folks seem to gravitate more toward arcane & complex but ineffective approaches, perhaps in fear of the implications of personal empowerment that our ridiculously-simple approach seems to represent. Along with that come the occasional claims that one is able to disable all of the new transmitters with a single application of some mysterious material-you've seen this from time to time, I'm sure. The first one we encountered was from a fellow who called himself simply, 'Jeshua,' and for \$3,000 he'd sell you a device which was allegedly able to stop all the crime in a large city at once and forever. Maybe the jury's still out on that one, since he absconded before he produced any of these ;-). Gosh, maybe he ascended instead of absconded.

In fact, what we are finding is that one may access one's latent ability in order to easily disable predators remotely and even heal serious illnesses but for physical deadly-energy tech and pirated earth energy vortices one needs to place a physical healing energy device in the vicinity to correct the imbalance. There are probably some spiritual growth lessons in this simple truth for us all. I'm probably fonder of shortcuts than most others are but in fact disabling a million dollar deadly-energy transmitter with a 25-cent device qualifies as a shortcut in anyone's reckoning.

Reno Richard, at one time in the company of two locals, busted all of the transmitters in and around Fallon, Nevada and he and Carol had dowsed the maps this time and found the focal points of underground poisonous energy production. Lots and lots of people in that region are dying or have died from cancer and nobody had offered a clear explanation for this local phenomenon. At one of the dowsed locations we found a typical nuke cooling pond-the largest we'd ever seen. We took that one out with four Towerbusters. It usually takes one or two. A sign

said it was for 'water treatment' but of course it didn't smell like sewage, as actual water treatment plants always do. Nor was there any aerating equipment.

We used this opportunity to try out an orgonite pendulum that Nancy Langdon had sent to us, as I had promised her that I'd 'test drive' it in the field during a mission. This pendulum turned out to be quite lively and responsive and if you want one you can contact Nancy at nlang22@yahoo.com

Richard told us that military officers are not allowed to live in Fallon, where there's a pretty big Naval Air Station. They're told to live twenty miles away, outside of the polluted area. In my view, the officers are generally more expendable than the enlisted men, and that's not a prejudicial statement. It rather reflects the old world order's backward, patriarchic view of hierarchy and it reflects my near-desperate desire to remove any intimation of elitism from our own informal group effort.

In a viable military unit the officers are in front during battle because they are the exemplars. Exemplars never excuse themselves from situations that are risky for the troops. Do you remember reading that George Bush, Sr., bailed out of his plummeting aircraft first during WWII and left the crew to perish? His aristocratic self-indulgence exemplifies what I'm trying so hard to stop from happening in our own network. There's no excuse, ever, for elitism. This realization is one of the high-end parts of human nature that we need to reinforce constantly.

The gifting mission was pretty routine, actually. We did the dowsed spots and, because the bases were underneath most of the valleys we drove through we simply dropped TBs every mile or so along the routes and put the HHgs near key spots, choosing them simply by 'feel' and the presence of larger-than-usual above ground facilities.

We started out at that nuke cooling pond in the west, went south to gift a reservoir on the Walker River Indian Reservation and camped overnight there. Everything in the vicinity of our campsite was dead and there was no wildlife as far as we could tell. If you sleep in the desert you're normally in a melee of jackrabbits, coyotes, scorpions, snakes, Big Bugs, etc., because the nightlife in deserts is pretty much the only life. The dust itself was apparently radioactive there because the next day Carol's sinuses were bleeding and the skin on her lips is still peeling, three days later, though she wasn't in the sun much at all. The customary metallic taste was absent due, most likely, to the radiation transmuting effects of our Harmonic Protectors. She hates to think how sick she'd be right now from all that nuclear radiation if she'd had no protection at all.

We started laying TBs every mile, north through Fallon, back west again to the nuke ponds, and then surrounded the Fallon Naval Air Station with devices. Lots of feds showed up at the northwest section, which is apparently where one of the main entrances of the underground base is. The presence of all those fedmobiles on the other side of the fence showed us that an HHg needed to be put nearby ;-)

As usual, these days, they did 'hit-and-run' appearances, perhaps just to let us know that they know where we are. We juice them all as a matter of course because these criminals need to know that every action against a sovereign person is a crime, even just 'showing up' in an official capacity because the existence of these agencies is unlawful. They CAN be trained, folks. If you're one of the benighted few gifters who are still in denial about the presence of secret police peekers and are dismayed that your busted towers keep coming back to life, please be more diligent about discouraging them, okay? This is the only way you'll know that they won't find and remove your towerbusters and HHgs right after you put them down.

After that, we drove over a pass and into Dixie Valley because Richard had seen a large, dark funnel-shaped DOR cloud there on his most recent mission to Fallon. Sure enough, there is a Department of Energy facility in the pass leading to the valley. We saw indications of several cave-ins along the way, Carol tossed a TB at the Salt Mines Brothel and we found a Marine Corps installation at the south end of Dixie Valley. We got to use the spudgun by that base to get a TB close enough to a singularly weird tower with a sort of merkaba-shaped device on top of it. The tower is on the perimeter of the base, about a quarter mile from the road.

Going north in the valley we found indications of an underground base that's just as big as the one under the valley that Fallon sits in. We laid a line of TBs and several HHGs, including one Lemu, for about sixty miles before we apparently came to the end of that base. There were fenced-in air vents every mile or so along much of the route. By the time we had traced our steps and left the valley toward Fallon the brown DOR had just about completely dissipated from Dixie Valley already. The DOR was also gone from Fallon.

We went northeast of Fallon to Stillwater, which is a 'National Wildlife Refuge.' That's another term for 'underground base' of course. It was a huge, natural marsh until the feds drained it recently. I don't think they want 'the public' to go there any more. It used to be popular among fishermen and duck hunters before the feds restricted the use and then drove away and/or killed all of the wildlife.

North of Fallon was a huge, standing DOR 'cloud' that resembled a high fog bank. It looked like it was 3 or 4 miles away but in fact we had to drive 15 miles to get close to it. We laid a line of TBs every half mile along the western perimeter of the 'wildlife refuge,' and then drove through Fallon and then north along US95, dropping a line of TBs, then the remaining HHGs toward the DOR fogbank. By now the wind from the west had picked up to HAARP proportions but the DOR wasn't being blown away. The last HHG was a Lemurian and it was right on the east end of the fogbank.

As we were driving away we could see that the DOR field was already starting to diminish and the next day, as Carol and I were driving past there again from Reno on our way home we could see that the DOR field was entirely gone and that in fact there was no more brown DOR anywhere in the valley that Fallon sits in.

~Don

Episode 66

The Bitterroot Mountains Mission

[Editor's Note: In this episode, Carol Croft, for the first time, takes the keyboard away from Don and does a little 'reportage' of her own.]

By Carol Croft <caroldestiny@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc66bitterrootmission23jul03.shtml>

July 23, 2003

About 15 years ago, I was sitting in a chiropractor's office waiting for my friend who had an appointment that day. I was bored and thought I may as well read something, so I picked up what I thought was one of those 'Readers Digest' things. I opened it up to a page titled, "Stonehenge of the Coeur D'Alenes" [the Coeur d'Alene tribe was prominent in NW Idaho]. I was hooked. Since

then, I had been up to that sacred spot in Idaho's Bitterroot Mountains four or five times now looking for those sacred altars.

Don and I, along with our friend, Linda Kingsbury, had made plans a while back to go up there for a weekend to have a look around. It turned out that Don wasn't able to go, as his daughter and her friend came for a visit that weekend. So Linda, who is a gifted psychic and one of my teachers, and me decided that it was very important to get up there that weekend. So we packed our gear and away we went.

We had decided to make a long day of it and start out by going to one of our favorite spots on the way: Hobo Cedar Grove, near Clarkia, Idaho. This place has been a very magickal spot for both of us, ever since we first went there. We like to go there so we can drum down through the giant, ancient cedar trees. There are, or were, a lot of fairies/tree spirits there.

Dark Energy

A man whom Linda had met a month or so ago told her about a huge cedar that was just about 100 yards outside of the protected area. He was trying to get it officially included in the park. So we decided that we would put a Tower Buster next to it to try to help out. We found the tree and put the TB down and immediately saw the orgone boiling up from the bottom of the tree. The whole area changed. We climbed back up the bank and had a snack at a picnic table up on the high ground and then continued down the original trail into the cedar grove. We noticed right away that the tree spirits and fairies weren't there, so we took a look and saw that they were still watching the grove, but from a distance. We wondered at the time what was going on, but we knew that something wasn't right. When we got down to where the loop trail was, there was an arrow directing walkers to go a certain way around the loop. The arrow was pointing in a counter clockwise direction. I immediately got that the government/forest service wanted people to walk through the grove counter clockwise because that would take power away from the vortex (anybody have feed back on this? <caroldestiny@turbonet.com>). I am wondering if they often do this in power places? I bet they do!

We, of course, chose to walk in a clockwise direction. Right away we felt that something was not right. As we were walking, I noticed a particular tree that stood out from the rest. The bottom of the tree, near to the ground, was hollow and it looked like someone had carved it out in an intricate way. There were a lot of small chambers and in the middle, it looked just like a face--monkey or dog-like. After taking a close look at this, we proceeded to walk along the trail, drumming. Shortly, we looked up and saw the biggest spider web I have ever seen. The sun was illuminating it as if to tell us, "Over here!"

Stranded

When we looked in that direction, I noticed that the ferns that were covering the ground were blowing around as if there was a breeze, but there wasn't a breeze. Then we noticed that we weren't alone. There were a group of beings trying to hide from us. So we stood there to figure out what was happening and why they were there. The trees looked like they were very dry next to the ground. I saw that these beings were feeding off the trees' energy, so we decided to surround them. Linda went one way and I went the other.

Linda went back up the trail a short distance and started drumming the heartbeat of the earth. The beings started shrieking and covering their ears. One of them even charged at her, but she simply turned away and kept drumming. After a while, she got really tired and felt like she had to sit down. When she did, she almost lost consciousness. She caught the significance of that (manipulation) and immediately stood up and started coming over to where I was standing.

I found a spot on the other side of the ferns and was using bells to make the same beat as the drum. I could see them looking for a way to get away from us. A few of them came over to where I was standing and were scrutinizing me. That's when I got from them that they were marooned here. I looked at them and I saw that their faces were shaped like a cross between a monkey and a dog. It was the same face that I had seen in the bottom of the tree trunk. That's when it occurred to me that they're from Orion.

At that same moment, I started to feel dizzy, slightly disoriented, and very tired. I looked up and saw Linda coming. We both realized at the same time that we needed to get out of there. But before we left, we put down an HHg right in the middle of the ferns. When I set the Holy Handgrenade, the ground seemed to quiver a bit and then the orgone started bubbling up like crazy. I really like to watch that process!

By the time we got nearly out of the grove, we noticed that the tree spirits and elementals that had moved away were already moving closer to the huge trees. They couldn't be there after the parasitic visitors had taken over their sacred grove. We'll go back there soon to do some follow-up work and to make sure the pitiful Orion guys have left.

By the time we got back to the car, we realized that it was getting late. We had originally wanted to make it up to the Bitterroot site so that we could make camp before dark. We decided to take a gravel-road shortcut that eliminated about 80 miles of travel and we got to Avery, Idaho, near the Bitterroot headwaters of the St. Joe River, in record time.

It was about a 5:30PM by then and we would have plenty of time to get close enough to the archaeological site so that we could hike in and make camp before dark, or so we thought. What should have only taken about 45 mins to walk along that gravel US Forest Service road, took 3 and a half hours.

None of the roads that were on our map were there when we got to them (the roads had been changed around since my last visit, five years ago). You would not believe some of the places I had to take my sporty little red convertible! (I was mortified. ;-)) We finally found a suitable parking place. Our plan was to hike in about 2 miles and make camp right on the sacred spot. It was dark when we got there, so we made camp right where we parked. The genuine Powers That Be were looking out for us, I guess, because they did not want us to camp up near the stones. We found out why the next day.

Pre Dawn Discovery

We got up early the following morning because we wanted to get over to the site to see where the sunrise shone on the spot. We left the car with a few snacks, water, brush cutters and my 9mm Glock pistol. 200 yards up the trail we came across a campsite. There was garbage everywhere; a bear had been there and tore things up. There were 2 sleeping bags there which, to both Linda and I, looked like there were bodies in them. We both sensed death there. We looked at the mayhem, looked at each other and decided that we knew if we discovered dead bodies in the bags that we probably wouldn't go on.

I agreed that when we came out I would see if the bodies were real, then we proceeded along the path. You can imagine that we were both pretty freaked out by what we had just seen. We stopped and did some centering exercises to calm ourselves and that helped.

We started down the hill. The site was on the other side of a saddle, on top of a round knoll. One of the abandoned Monitor Copper Mine's main entrances was at the bottom of that saddle and the last time that I was there, the entrance was just a rough hole in the ground around which the Forest Service had placed some of that plastic, fluorescent orange fence material to keep people from falling into the deep, vertical mineshaft. When we got to the old mineshaft this time, it was covered by a thick metal grid that was probably about 10 feet square. There use to be trees surrounding it, but they had been removed. The rest of the trees in the area were still standing. The path this far in had been cleared considerably since I was here 4 or 5 years ago. Is there something new underground there? Are they using this old mine for something other than mining? (I Think Sooooo! ;-)

We continued up the knoll on the other side of the mineshaft where the path was overgrown. The brush was a lot denser than I had remembered. I brought my pistol because of the bears and cougars in the area. Just over the divide in Montana, there are a lot of Grizzlies. On my last trip there with Melody (D-mello on the cloudbusters forum) and our witch friend Barbara, we saw and smelled fresh Grizzly Bear urine in our path. The higher huckleberries were in season then (August) and bears love to eat them.

Milt Turley

The first time I came to this spot was with an old logger from St. Maries, Idaho, named Milt Turley. Milt had been looking for these stones for thirty years, which is a lot longer than I have. He'd parked in a spot and had us look over the side and there, just a few miles away, we could see the Grizzlies in a meadow at the bottom of the ravine. Anyway, I would never go into this spot without a gun. So as I walked, I was trying to familiarize Linda with my pistol just in case something happened to me and I dropped it.

As we were clearing a spot in the trail, I caught a smell that was all too familiar to me: a strong scent of urine. A cougar will tend to over-mark his or her territory this way. A cougar and her cub had made their home for eight months in my magickal circle (in the tall grass behind my yard) when I lived in St. Maries, ID, so I knew that strong, unique scent.

Right before I smelled it, Linda told me that she had the impression that we were being followed. When I smelled it, I told her that she was right- we weren't alone. We were being stalked by a cougar. Whenever we had stopped, we could hear it in the underbrush. She was a little frightened by this and asked me what to do if we actually saw it. I told her to be sure not to run and not to look at it; just stand still and look at the ground.

We decided not to linger there much longer and moved on up the trail. At one point we felt the ground move and Linda said: "What was that?" (Linda's a city girl) There was a herd of elk close by. They're so big, that when they jump over fallen trees, they shake the ground when landing. We started seeing a lot of elk droppings after that, so apparently the sacred knoll is their territory.

Deathbed Confession

When we got near the ancient site, we both started dowsing for the location of the stones. We were using dowsing rods to find the burial site. The man who owned the mine and sacred site had confessed on his deathbed to Milt Turley that he knew that if someone was to see the sacred alters, that they would have shut his mine down to protect the site. So in 1949, he had bulldozed the stones into a trench and covered them. He told Milt that he was ashamed of what he had done and had to tell someone before he died.

The last time I was here, right before it was time to go, I decided (out of frustration) to just go with my gut instinct and see where it led me. I found a spot on the top of the eastern slope that I was sure was the right spot. When I had arrived home two nights later, I had a lucid dream about the stone circle. In the dream, it was right where I thought it was.

Back to the story.

Our dowsing led us over towards that area, but not quite. It was hard to get my bearings because the undergrowth had gotten a lot heavier and taller than it was on my previous visit. Our dowsing led us in an arc just below the spot I had visited before. I kept telling Linda that the site was on top the hill, not down where we were being led. But we went where we were guided and after a while we decided that we were going too far down so we both checked, by dowsing, if we needed to leave the Lemurian-crystal HHg that Don had made for the site in this spot. We both got a strong, clear 'Yes.'

I found a twin tree to leave it by and we started back up the hill. We were leaving the HHg there because we knew that it would open up this spot and do what was needed to help the stones get uncovered again and it would clear the way for the next time that we'll return (soon I think). We're already planning another visit this fall, after Melody and I get back from Ireland. This is a strange, disorienting place these days, so when you hike in, you have to mark your way to avoid getting lost. Every time I come into this area, it is completely different. This is characteristic of any very large, artificially distorted vortex.

Five Black Robes

When we got to the top, we started back along the way we came, both feeling like we had missed something. Shortly, we knew why we had that feeling: In a certain spot, we both felt like there was someone watching so we stopped to check it out and nearby, hiding behind the trees, were 5 people dressed in black robes. We took a closer look psychically and found that these black-clad people were Jesuit ghosts who were ritually confined to that site.

The Jesuit missionaries (or whatever) went by wagon train to Mullan, ID and then did a sort of a pilgrimage south along the west side of the Continental Divide to this sacred site. In the beginning, they were led by Indians. The Jesuits, being the first occult archaeologists of the present era, apparently already knew the significance of these ancient artifacts and of this particular earth-energy vortex and they clearly wanted to exploit both. This was a common practice of the Jesuits throughout the world whenever they were given license to plunder. The Jesuits arrived in the early 1800s and set up Cataldo Mission to the north of the site. This was generations before there were many white settlers in this region. During that period, they seemed more interested in keeping other whites out, rather than preparing the way for settlement. Anyone who knows the history of the Jesuits, realizes that they had little altruistic motive on behalf of the natives, whom the Jesuits exploited as well.

These five ghosts were there to guard the site and to try to keep people away. I imagine that this practice is similar to the storied Pirates' practice of killing men at treasure burial sites for the same purpose. Don encountered pirate ghosts like that in the Caribbean. They wouldn't let us get close to the stones and were apparently able to induce cougars and bears to attack people there. We had been led to find a safe perimeter of the site. As we were watching them, we were trying to get them to understand that what we wanted to do was to restore the site to what it was. As we were visualizing what we wanted them to see, we could see another gentleman arguing with the black-clad men. He wanted them to let us do what we came to do, but the black robes didn't want us there. We tried to get the black robes to leave, but soon felt, again, the urgency to get on the path

and get out of there. We could feel very strongly the impending danger if we didn't leave as soon as possible.

At that moment we heard a bear nearby and we sat down and tried to be as quiet as we could be but, again, something told us we needed to get going, NOW! I got my gun out of the holster and made sure that Linda remembered what I had told her about how to use it and we started walking quickly out of there. For some distance we could still hear the bear behind us in the brush and it frightened us both a bit. I fell down an incline and turned my ankle and as I was assessing the situation I caught another strong whiff of cougar urine. It was so strong, in fact, that it irritated my eyes and I'm sure the big cat was only a few feet away from my head. Linda reached me, pulled me up by my arm and said, 'We gotta GO!

By now both of our hearts were beating like mad, of course. We hurried out as fast as we could and didn't slow down until we got to the top of the next hill. From there we looked back and saw the Black Robes at the bottom of the hill, glaring at us. Behind them, though, we saw some elk that shifted into images of ancient Celts with elk horns on their heads. Here we turned around to see the Black Robed people down at the bottom of the hill watching us. And behind them we saw the, what we thought were elk, fade and turn into Celts with horns on their heads. I know I risk appearing like a lunatic but Linda and I both saw this and for psychics this sort of encounter is no more unusual than if you were to see Chinese people in the Appalachians. We know that they were the ghosts of Celts or were ancient time and/or astral travelers from that place who wanted to help us find the artifacts so that they could be restored to their correct positions in order to help restore the health of the earthgrid. The Jesuits have always been dedicated to exploiting and destroying that timeless and vibrant global. These black robed-bandits are the ultimate rat bastards of humanity and the worst part is that they do their filthy, evil work in Jesus' Name. Thanks for showing us the perimeter of that site, Celtic brothers! Seeing you was quite a rush!

After that exhilarating confirmation we began to worry a bit about what we were about to find and the molested campsite that we'd seen on the way in. when we got close we both realized that something had changed there. The bags didn't look 'occupied' any more and were strewn around instead of lying beside each other. I went, as promised, to check it out and they were empty, without a trace of blood. Bears are very messy killers/flesh-eaters, so there would have been a lot of blood. As you can imagine we were both relieved but also baffled. We both felt sure that there had been dead bodies in those sleeping bags before, in fact we were so certain that we wanted to wait till we were on our way out before we investigated the potential horror of it. Did some Homeland Security Abomination Sh*tbirds set up this site to frighten us from proceeding to the sacred site? After all, the old world order and their despicable secret police agencies are founded on the ritual Satanism that the Jesuits also practice and in fact there's no real distinction among any of these predatory/parasitic groups.

When we returned to the car we found a pile of fresh Grizzly poop near the driver side door. This whole adventure had been like a Stephen King movie. I'm still wondering about everything we experienced that weekend. Don and I have encountered this high weirdness of the old world order fairly regularly but this was Linda's initiation ;-)

Cataldo Mission

As were driving back down the rough logging road from the old Dominion Mine we both were inspired to visit Cataldo Mission, which was way out of our way, just to see if we could find a historical reference about the connection between the mission and the Celtic site. The old Jesuit mission was one the few sources that I didn't check a few years ago when I was gathering information. We also knew that Melody was there selling her hand-made baskets at the market

place on the grounds. The mission had become a popular tourist spot and Melody's a genuine Mountain Woman, after all.

Fortunately, we arrived at the Mission before Melody and her husband, Jim (Don's older brother) left. Melody said we should go inside the Mission and take a look and she brought along one of her superb tree-resin Harmonizers (she doesn't like the term, 'Holy Handgrenade.'). She left one in the confessional booth for a while to transmute some of the dead orgone that confessions produce and to help some of the faithful ghosts that were trapped there to get released. I suddenly got a bright idea, inspired by that, and left an HHg up inside the church at an undisclosed location.

Linda helped to conceal me from the tourists and astral spies while I placed it in that strategic place and then we caught up with Melody at the door. On our way out, Melody said: "Where are we going to put it?" I told her not to worry; I already did it. She wanted to know how I did it with all those people around and I said, "I told you, I could be invisible!" We all had a good laugh at the Satanists' expense.

Don had left a couple of Tower Busters on the mission grounds when he was gifting across Northern Idaho last fall and I think that may have taken enough of the bad juju wind out of the 5 etheric blackrobes to keep Linda and I from getting eaten by wild animals earlier that day. I'm sure now that Cataldo Mission had been the occult power base for the Jesuits' previously-powerful exploitation of the sacred site and powerful earth vortex at Dominion Mine.

As we were walking away from the church, we felt the bad-energy plug being pulled up there on the mountain where the stones are and I saw the 5 dead Jesuits go down the drain and back to the Mission. We then knew exactly, why we were led along all these strange paths for the last couple of days.

It is SO IMPORTANT to follow our gut feelings when we initiate adventures like this one! We trust and have faith that there is a good reason for everything we're led to do, no matter how strange or weird it seems at the moment, and so should you! It always becomes clear in the end, so just hang in there and follow your instincts, as we do. We're all pretty excited to return to that sacred site and see what develops next. We'll do what we can to initiate the process of restoration there and I'm sure the doors will open for that when the time is right.

~Carol Croft

Episode 67

German Illuminati's Idaho 'Safehouse' Gets Busted

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc67illuminatisafehousebust05aug03.shtml>

August 5, 2003

August 4, 2003

Carol and I went hunting for it; found it; and busted it. I posed near the front door after we drove through the arched entrance and up the long, private driveway. It's right on the other side of Paradise Ridge, a short distance from our home in the valley. The ridge top is the one location in our exploits from which all the orgonite devices had been removed (the second batch was buried and is still unrecovered). That was a hell of a nasty array on top of that ridge and the local Satanists are apparently the ones who were recruited to comb the pine forest there to find our

spudgun-launched TBs last winter. No doubt the local baby killers feel quite honored that some top level German Illuminati sh*tbirds came to stay for awhile in that castle.

Boy, are those occultists mad and surprised (can you say, 'contumely?!')! It's okay, because challenges build character and since they have no character to speak of, I probably did them all a huge potential favor.

Carol tells me that the German Illuminati showed up here several months ago because the Homeland Security Abomination just aren't up to the task of 'dealing' with us both. The former Homeland Security Abomination 'safehouse' at 812 Blaine Street, which we gifted last year and blasted a few times a day just for fun, has been deserted for a week or so ;-)

The Germans picked a lovely mansion, I must say, though it felt pretty yucky there in spite of all the orgonite that had been left there last week by our friend, Sarah. We dropped quite a bit on the property today, too ;-)

The picture of me in front of the entrance to the mansion is in my public files on www.cloudbusters.com. It looks like they'd just built a barracks farther back on the grounds (Army of Darkness?). The truth I'm proving to you, the reader (if you care to experiment with my approach), is that the most powerful agency on the planet is powerless to stop a fearless person from simply doing as one's intuition dictates.

I fully guarantee that I'll be out walking around long after these sorry bastards have all been tossed into their own prisons or executed for their capital crimes. I think it's exquisite that they'll be changing places with all those millions of innocent people of color, innocuous potheads, and political prisoners in American jails. I guess we don't have too many prisons, after all!

Note that we were led to our discovery and exposure of this plot due to a friend's timely dream. It's a good idea to take dreams seriously and to act on what our intuition gets from via these 'training films.' If Carol and I hadn't committed to following our intuition faithfully, together, three years ago, we wouldn't be having all these marvelous experiences and insights.

August 5, 2003

I didn't know the pic was blurry. I first looked at it this morning. I'll get Carol to take a better pic when she gets back from Ireland, don't worry. We'll enjoy going back there, really. It's just another mansion, folks. NOTE that nobody's shot me or turned me into a toad. I figure they'll either be gone or will have put up a 'Trespassers Will Be Violated' sign if they've got any smarts at all. I'll be sure to let you know.

I'm pushing the envelope a bit, but that's my job, after all. I've found that some people tell me they're concerned for my safety now, but I tell them that, really, they're concerned that I'm demonstrating that the bad guys are actually weak and ineffective; not invincible at all and that threatens the 'concerned' people's paradigm, which may be a fate worse than death to folks who feel the need to control their environment and others.

Another CB is going to Linda Kingsbury's place (which is just beyond the Illuminati's property from where we live) in a couple of days. That ought to put the squeeze on those filthy birds, eh?

She's got her medicine wheel and herb-garden maze in full operation, by the way. I expect the CB will go in the middle of the medicine wheel. For what it's worth, our vortex is a whole lot more

powerful than what the wheel is generating and the herbal sun tea we make under the rotating octahedron is a real power punch--much more enlivening than coffee!

The skies are gorgeous, again, and there's been a lot of nice, gratuitous rainfall since we broke HAARP's back (okay, they broke their own stinking back by overextending) last week. We didn't do that, that is to say we didn't do anything in particular lately. The vortex in our backyard can't be seen to be responsible for all this. To believe otherwise would be a delusion. I'm not faking humility. Believe me, if I thought I was responsible for this victory over HAARP, I'd claim it ;-)
I'm not one of those anti-science folks who get a little bit of confirmation for an effort and extrapolate that in to an assumption that they've destroyed the old world order, all alone. Maybe somebody can make up a virtual tickertape parade program, sort of like Star Trek's holodeck, for these folks so that they can at least feel like the world applauds and worships them, eh?

Now that I've wrapped a super mobius around the Trinity Wand that Laozu Kelly made for us, Carol's gone, so we'll only get his assessment. Linda will be gone by the weekend so won't be piping up about it (she's an excellent energy assessor). I want to send it to that woman in Great Falls, Montana, who has a CB and grows hay and has told me that the drought there has been devastating since late spring. Using a Trinity Wand in a place like this, which maintains a fairly pristine atmosphere now, may not be an adequate test. I'd like to induce her to put the Trinity Wand in a vortex and see what transpires. I don't know if the good weather here went east, past the Rockies to where she is. If you're reading this, Montana Woman, please send me an email at terminator3@turbonet.com, okay?

Carol noted that the mobius coil is extraneous (only marginally better than no mobius and the coil effect is only good for a very short range without a frequency pulse generator, at best) on this device unless there's a current getting pulsed through it. I'll furnish a frequency box and solar panel to whoever lives in a desert and would like to put this thing in a vortex and leave it in a safe place (assure me that you can do it without the Peekers seeing you, okay?), though this thing technically belongs to Kelly and I may be sticking my neck out a bit. We can talk, at least. Doesn't somebody in Southern Arizona or New Mexico want to put one of these in a desert vortex?

Meanwhile, we're field-testing some PIPE BOMBS, which is what I'm calling my Greg-Brown-inspired watergifting device that's simply a copper pipe that's half-filled with orgonite & half empty, with the end open. Carol's taking three of those to sacred springs in Ireland (I shined the copper and sprayed gold pain on the closed ends in order not to terrify the Gestapo at the American airports who will no doubt savage her luggage a couple of times) and will monitor the effects. I've made two of those with the Phi ratio of 1 unit internal diameter to 1.68 unit length.

Resonant cavities may be our next Big Step, since that's apparently the principle that Dr. Grebbenikov used to create his flying paint box and create an invigorating chair. I think that's how the Lemurians get around (I don't mean on paint boxes and chairs, of course).

That's, right, I said PIPE BOMBS! Gee, do you think that will p*ss off the jack-booted secret police goofballs who are reading this post? ;-)

GET READY TO GO TO YOUR OWN DAMN CONCENTRATION CAMPS, YOU HOMELAND SECURITY ABOMINATIONS!

For the benefit of our other-than-American networkers, please excuse our current, apparent Turrets Syndrome epidemic/endemic among the American operatives in this network. It's just that

when one is in the heat of battle it's hard not to use some expletives. Maybe you can learn to talk that way as you incite your own murderous secret police organizations to a frenzy of frustration and impotent rage with some extensive, successful gifting at their sancta sanctora.

I note that a few of our Australian brothers and sisters have already succumbed to this American contagion, but some of our European, African, and South American co-workers may simply be too refined to become susceptible to this G****mned malady.

Who else is seeing the masses of light lenticular clouds now? After HAARP sh*t the bed last week in the American Pacific Northwest, there was a massive victory parade of gorgeous lenticulars past here for a half a day. It's fun to watch them forming and if you keep looking up you're likely to see one of their ships in 3D. Be patient and stay in an alpha state if you can. This attracts their attention and they seem to enjoy putting on little shows for us.

I've already started packing for Uganda/Rwanda ;-) and will go after Carol and I have gotten reacquainted when she and D-mellow gets back from Europe. We need to get back up to the mountains, with Linda and D-Mellow, and put the finishing touches on that old, previously-perpetual black-magic/Jesuit molestation of the Celtic altar-stones/amphitheater site during the fall Equinox and maybe-just maybe-we'll get some pictorial evidence of the amphitheater, at least, then, and generate some archaeological interest so that the US Forest Service will back off and let somebody dig up those six alter/pyramids that the miner buried in 1949.

Those two brave Doctors in Uganda, Kayiwa and Batiibwe, are setting up an internet forum for viable, alternative AIDS remedies with Dr. Cary in India. This is a historic effort on par with what you and I are doing here, I think. I'm hoping Georg in Jo'burg can let Muttwa know about this so that the old man will take heart about Black Africans spearheading such a courageous and far-reaching effort. What the heck, maybe I can visit a bit with Georg on the way. I think we owe it to ourselves to find ways to support, acknowledge and encourage brave people like Credo Muttwa who have sacrificed much of their lifeblood on behalf of freedom and of enlightening the masses (including you and I).

I guess I'm using this post for an update.

The vortex created by the kinetic pyramid/octahedron device has been restored here, three days after I got the new motor going--did I say that? Slower rotation, in fact, is not a limiting factor. During the four days it took me to replace the motor the vortex had dwindled considerably. Carol feels that if it had disappeared it may have been a lot harder to get it created and spinning again.

Typical of what we're all doing, a little tiny bit of effort has gotten a huge result. It truly feels to me that the Federal Reserve Corporation is losing vitality and substance daily now and the rate is accelerating. I heard that Greenspan is acting nice lately to his creatures in Congress, perhaps in an effort to keep his foot in the door. That NESARA silliness was generated for rearguard action, by the way--note how the Illuminati always try to make their parasitic/predatory agenda appear to be our salvation ;-) Do you fancy inviting a pedophile into your home to watch your children while you're gone? Why in God's Name would anyone trust these gangsters to manage our economy, especially after they openly stole all the gold from Ft. Knox and put it in their vaults in New York City? The fact that their position is essentially untenable is what is making it so easy for us all to kick their scabby, scurvy legs out from under them now.

I think NESARA is just about fully discredited by now, especially since a public access TV personality has openly challenged the protagonists to an open debate on his program. Mark Davey at www.suckingeggs.com has aired that challenge on the net.

I've told Sherry Swinney that my fond hope is that Alan Greenspan will end up in the same cell in a South Alabama prison with Warden Bullock, the fellow who's attempting to persecute our brave Patrick Swinney right now on behalf of the warden's federal drug lord employers. I wonder if they pay the warden in heroin. Guess which one would be the bitch? ;-)

Did Greenspan subsidize the tobacco industry just in case he'll be needing some currency (cigarettes) in prison someday?

~Don Croft

Episode 68

Laozu Kelly vs. Moscow Mountain

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc68moscowmountain22aug03.shtml>

August 22, 2003

I was doing a virtual Hitler-style victory jig when Kelly and I saw that rapidly forming rainstorm over Moscow Mountain a couple of days ago.

I live ten miles closer to the mountain than he does and have generally been involved with the thing since May, 2002, when Carol and I trudged thru deep snow for over two hours to largely disable a huge tower array on the next lowest peak from which we and the rest of the valley were being electronically savaged 24/7.

Carol and I had been meaning to get back up there and finish the job. We weren't even aware of the status of the vortices at the two highest peaks, so when Kelly brought it to my attention last week, I asked him to try some of his new, watered orgonite jive up there and handed him a Latah County map.

Really, it's like navigating through a can of spaghetti to get to the peaks, but since I'd been there, it wasn't too daunting to point out the main route. (An aside: the reason I'm going to tell you the following freely is that you know I'm not trying to sell you anything.) Several years ago Linda Kingsbury, Carol's long-time psychic associate, had an apartment not far from where we live now and from her front window had a clear view of most of Moscow Mountain. She had been quite troubled for sometime after moving in there by the presence, not far from her, of a heinous, predatory thoughtform, so she did what she could to banish it. It then went to the big transmitter array on the lesser peak of Moscow Mountain. Carol and I simply assumed this was generated by the considerably large community of Satanists here who mainly affiliate with the primary church in town, but also directly served the NSA/CIA, the Homeland Security Abomination, and lately the German Illuminists who moved into the mansion/barracks on the other side of Paradise Ridge (which borders the other side of the valley from Moscow Mountain).

When Carol and I arrived at the vicinity of the towers (we couldn't see them through the trees, so she gauged their presence by triangulating their energy), we both felt like we'd been swooped by a very ugly energy/entity and Carol immediately put down the first HHg and said: "Incredible--that big, nasty thoughtform just got sucked into the HHg!"

That happened again a few months later to a similar thoughtform when we gifted the Mormon Temple and a nearby major transmitter array near Spokane. We spent another half hour setting two more HHGs in a crescent pattern around that peak. The snow got deeper the higher we went and by now, we kept sinking in up to our knees. I'd thought we would be able to just drive to the top because the dense tree cover hid the snow from view from a distance. Since there had obviously been no vehicles along that forest service road for a long time, we assumed that the dung beetles that put up the array and maintain it (these take a lot of maintenance, I'm told) get there from underground. Ever after we did that job, Carol saw some DOR shooting up and out from the backside of that array, toward the wilderness, so we didn't feel much of an urge to get back there after the snow melted.

After we took out the underground nuke along US95 highway, where it goes down the other side of the pass near the west edge of Moscow Mountain's ridgeline, she saw that the electronic component of the DOR at that site stopped shooting out, so we assumed that this nuke was mainly set up to power that array.

We completely disabled a similar array a few months earlier on top of Steptoe Butte, which is about 30 miles north of Pullman. The first nuke ponds we found were about ten miles from the butte and Carol noticed that as soon as we tossed a couple of HHGs in one of the ponds, not only did the other pond fill up within an hour, but the big array on Steptoe Butte stopped pulsating altogether. Kelly's first experiment with his new orgonite/water devices was to put one on Steptoe Butte to heal the vortex, which by now--a year and a half after we busted the array--was still not in good shape. There were no weather phenomena to confirm that, as far as I know (I can't see that from where I live), but I do accept his evaluation that his device had healed the vortex and that it was spinning the right way now and gaining momentum and strength. My feeling about that was doubly confirmed by what I witnessed the day after Kelly finished placing the devices in the vortices on Moscow Mountain.

Laozu has a particular gift for sensing chi, which is apparently the reason he's often invited to China and Taiwan to associate with some of the master healers there. Since he's got that characteristic Teutonic modesty, he'll never mention that to you, but since it's such a big part of his consciousness, we speak freely about it when he's working with us. He sort of reminds me of Spiderman in that the folks in Pullman who know him as that unassuming guy who builds and rents gorgeous apartments on a hilltop and who used to be a math teacher, are entirely unaware of his supernatural abilities.

I particularly like to watch Carol and Kelly interact when they're analyzing energy or interpreting what Kelly's getting directly from the Andromedans through his crown chakra. More on that, later, as it unfolds, but he's working on a rather unique device which requires a component which he'll have to visit Chinatown in San Francisco to find. When he and I were in Spokane a couple of weeks ago getting some of his other components, we went to a Chinese restaurant and I swear that every time any of the female staff came near our table, they started giggling. I know it wasn't on account of me, even though I'm strikingly handsome, charming, witty and urbane ;-)

Every day around here this summer has been pretty much like any other: clear blue skies punctuated by occasional rain, but the day after Kelly put his experimental devices on Moscow Mountain, I noticed that the sky over the valley was in a kind of good-natured turmoil, obviously centered over the mountain. I thought at the time, 'Well there's my evidence that Kelly's things have changed the energy dynamics more than what we'd done there fifteen months ago--we certainly didn't see results like this!'

He arrived at 4PM, as agreed, to help me get some plywood cut up in his nice, big shop over in Pullman, ten miles away. Within five minutes of his arrival, the sky got darker in the vicinity of Moscow Mountain and by the time we'd driven through town to the lumberyard, it was raining hard on the mountain itself with occasional lightning strikes. Rain was being dumped from fast-formed cumulonimbus clouds and we even got pelted with a little hail from an arm of the storm that was forming into the prevailing breeze. There was NO strong wind accompanying this phenomenon, which would cause any meteorologist's brain to fart, no doubt.

There was a secondary storm centered in the vicinity of the Illuminati mansion south of Paradise Ridge and I made the mental note that this was probably a sympathetic response of Paradise Ridge's already healed vortex to the two invigorated ones on Moscow Mountain, across the valley. The valley is about 8 miles wide, so the display was in easy view from anywhere in the vicinity. I might add that after I spudgunned a half dozen TBs into the dense woods near the HAARP and drum array (sounds kind of like 'fife and drum,' eh, Bmosely? ;-)) on Paradise Ridge from the window of our speeding Chrysler a year ago, the local army of Satanists apparently combed the area and removed them because Carol and Melody saw that the array was suddenly on line again last winter and they had to go there and bury a suitable HHg to take it out again. They were closely followed to the array, of course, and only got it done on the second pass. These Satanists are really persistent and, until we figured out how to make them behave with a Powerwand last January, had often thrust themselves into our field of vision and glared when we went on our daily errands.

I don't know if you're familiar with the difference between these schmucks and payroll NSA/CIA Homeland Security Abominations, but it's quite distinct and the Satanists obviously take our work more to heart than the fake-gov't nine-to-fivers do. We got to look at this storm from several angles as we drove to and from the lumberyard and Pullman that afternoon. The sky all around the double storm was clear blue, peppered with lazy cumulus clouds, exactly the same as I'd seen happen in south Idaho last summer after I'd busted all the towers in each succeeding town along the interstate.

It's also what our compadre in Australia's Outback sees regularly over his CB and other energy contrivances. I have a feeling lots of folks reading this, who have CBs, have seen this phenomenon lately, but perhaps not taken much notice. After all, how can one person really affect the weather, eh? Come on, now--aren't we too insignificant to do something like that? Don't you at least have to go up there in a plane and drop some silver iodide crystals in the clouds? ;-)

It didn't take long to do the shop work and as we were standing outside afterward, I asked Kelly to comment on what was happening in a strange, lovely spiral cloud not far from us. As we watched in the next two minutes, more appendages appeared in the spiral and he said it was like two spinning 'S's. I said, "You mean kind of like a swastika?" and he said "yes". By then, half of it had become a cumulus cloud.

I've been harping, so to speak, on the presence of these strange amorphous cloud formations, which I'd never seen before late 1999. I've watched them, many times, since we made our first CB in March, 2001, turn into soaking rainstorms and the rain then is very gentle, but substantial, with no accompanying wind. I know that a few folks in our network, when they see these gorgeous new forms snaking rapidly out across the sky, behave like Chicken Little and post emphatically that HAARP and the spewplanes are molesting them again ;-)

Actually, it's not a new phenomenon. It was so rare before, though, that a well-known photographer in the early 1930s went to a remote location along the coast of Maine to take

pictures of these clouds as they formed overhead from a source, probably a vortex, out over the ocean. The perspective view of these is quite astonishing. Why not start looking up more often so you can experience the joy we feel whenever we see this process? I use the appearance of these clouds as one of the visual confirmations that our gifting missions have been successful because they simply can't form in the presence of DOR. I know that many of us have seen both small and large, white lenticulars form and remain while this process is taking place and it's one of the most encouraging things I've seen.

We went to Kelly's house not far away to pick up that curious coil he got from one of our associates in Iceland who is an artist. It's a small lotus shape contrived around a pulled-up SBB spiral, all made from one piece of bare copper wire. Kelly wanted me to take it home for Carol to study after she gets back from Ireland next week because he sees a lovely, bright synergy of dynamic and static chi around that device. He's made a CB on the principle of a toroid's core and added a coil around it to enhance the energy flow. Once Carol had said during their Andromedan sessions, that one of Kelly's jobs in this network is to show us how to improve a basic CB's performance with the addition of an easily made device. That's certainly in line with the essence of our approach, which is to directly involve as many people in this empowering work as is humanly possible. The swastika cloud we'd seen was more directly over this CB, so when I realized that I said, "Well, of course!"

The edge of Moscow Mountain's storm had approached Pullman, upwind, I might add, but as we were driving back to Moscow, we watched in utter astonishment as every speck of sky that had contained that very tall storm system became a big, blue hole in the sky within fifteen minutes. It didn't move off and dissipate downwind- it disappeared! Would I believe this if somebody else had reported it?

I couldn't say, but both of us watched it happen. As we were standing in my backyard by the pyramid, turning round and round and looking with our mouths open (figuratively speaking,) a quiet helicopter arrived and began circling around the property-just out of range of my pellet rifle. It felt kind of like it was trying to dance with us ;-). In two years of living here, no helicopter has ever circled our place. A drop duster circled over the house, out of range of my rifle, the day after I started the device in the pyramid spinning. I said to Kelly: "Watch this!" and started beaming the schmucks in the chopper with every ounce of my energy. A few seconds later it erratically ducked behind the hill nearby, then came back up and shot over toward the helipad on the street by the bigger Mormon Church, about a mile and a half toward Paradise Ridge. Actually it made a beeline for a closer grove of tall trees then quickly ducked down behind them to begin the approach to the church's helipad. I'd never seen that happen before in a populated area ;-)

When he had picked me up that afternoon, he came inside while I got ready to go and noted that an entity had induced him to feel some anxiety. Since he's not a naturally anxious person, he wondered how that could be, so he looked for, and found, a couple of visiting psiops astral agents. I said, "Want to see how I handle them?" and he said, "Go ahead."

I imagined bombing and strafing them from my virtual P-51 as they ran in vain for cover across an open field, then said, "Problem solved, right?" He said, "Yes, they're gone--What did you do?" Right after that, another one showed up in the living room, he noted, so I said, "Okay watch this time," and I drew the visitor into my lungs then slowly breathed him out through a long tube and into a virtual furnace. Usually I don't feel their discomfort until most of the breath is gone. Kelly told me that this predatory entity left in a hurry, too. This is fun, folks! Try it!

The Illuminati dung beetles get awfully antsy (sorry ;-)) whenever anyone in this network who gifts, gets together with any other gifting member. There's only one other big vortex in our area (besides the one we made in the backyard ;-)) and Kelly's agreed to do another experiment there because even though we all finally finished taking out the huge underground base there, the vortex, though no longer showing any DOR, is still not spinning yet. I'll wait for him to post about that experiment, too, before I comment about it.

You can do this work, you know. What's stopping you? Do you think you're not worthy or something? Do get a life, if that's how you think, please! Arise from your La-Z-Boy and start moving your feet.

'HEEEAAA-UH-LLL!' as that no-neck televangelist would say.

~Don Croft

Episode 69

Ireland Gets an Earth Energy Boost

By Carol Croft <caroldestiny@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc69irelandgetsboost05sep03.shtml>

Sept 5, 2003

Melody and I arrived in Dublin on Thursday, the 7th of August. Both of my suitcases and one of Melody's had been opened and searched by the American Gestapo--what a pain! I never lock my luggage; why bother?

We got a taxi to our motel and rested, then took the train downtown to find out about our tour to New Grange the next day. On our way to the tourist office, we saw this huge (about 150-200 ft. tall) spire. A big chrome spire in the middle of a group of old buildings and, boy, did it look out of place! There was no place to gift really close. Everything there is concrete, so we walked down about a half a block and I found the perfect spot. There were a bunch of cab drivers there waiting for their next fare. Melody was worried they might see what I was doing, but I could tell that they were just looking for their next mark. I asked if it was O.K. to put it down and I got a 'yes'.

Friday, August 8

On Friday morning, we hurried through breakfast as we were both pretty excited about the New Grange Tour. We caught the train and made our way back downtown to the tourist office to catch our bus. We were accompanied on the bus by two agents. I had this tour reserved for a couple of months now, so they knew when we were coming.

['New Grange is considered to be the central 'burgh' or 'mound' of ancient Irish mythology with its legends of heroic deeds and romantic stories probably reaching back in to the Bronze Age community that lived around it. It is also the center one of three enormous cairns covering an area dotted with different Stone Age, Bronze Age and Iron Age structures that chronologically overlap each other. The cairn is carefully positioned over a complex inter-connecting water/energy flows.' ~Michael Poynder. The Golden Mean arc was delineated there from early times with large stone markers and it's located close to where the 'main line' that also goes through Giza enters Ireland. The features are too numerous to go into here but the SE 'wall,' in the center of which is the entrance to the underground chamber, is largely quartz. It's an unbelievably intricate structure, though it looks like a pile of dirt to the uninformed ;-)) Most of the sacred sites that Carol and Melody gifted in Ireland are on the line between Dublin and Sligo ~Don]

When we arrived at New Grange, the two agents were soon joined by three more. A man and woman and three young adults [MI6 rookies?]. We were going through the big display in the Visitor Center when Melody asked if there was anyone else. A little voice told me to turn around and when I did, I came face to face with an older female psychic. She was really angry when I turned around to face her and she didn't have a chance to get away from me. I just stood there and stared at her. Boy, was she angry! I got that she wanted me to be afraid, but she got back: 'I Don't Think So!'...All together, there were six agents.

We went down the stairs to wait for the guide. We were standing there, wondering where to sit, when I looked up and saw the group of five agents standing nearby. I overheard the older gentlemen say: "It's OK, they don't have a clue who we are." At that same moment, he glanced back and saw that I was standing right behind him. He looked as if I could have knocked him over with a feather. All the color left his face. He immediately turned away and went to sit at a table nearby. Melody marched over there and sat at the table right next to him with his "family", as in 'We'll see who can intimidate whom.'

We had a look in the gift shop there. In the book section, Melody found a great book called "PI in the Sky" by Michael Poynder. The book shows a ley line from the Great Pyramid in Giza - that happens runs right through the middle of Ireland. It crosses Stonehenge, then New Grange, and leaves Ireland on the west coast at Sligo. This was another sign of where we needed to go next. It was no coincidence that we found that book, so I knew that our next step had to be Sligo. I've always been one to follow such obvious signs.

We proceeded up to New Grange with our tour group. The tour guide separated us into two groups, as the big group was too large for all to go in at once. Melody and I were in the second group. However, all the agents, except one, ended up in the first group. Somehow, I don't think that this was a part of their plan ;-)-again, we being looked after. They went in first and we had 10-15 minutes to do a little exploring around the exterior of the Cairn/Mound. We both got that we should probably gift the outside of it, just in case there wasn't a spot inside. So we gifted while the agents were on the inside. Then, while we were on the inside, they were on the outside! I bet they were going nuts, knowing that they couldn't see where we had done the gifting ;-).

We got back on the bus for Dublin. After returning, Melody and I were walking down a main street, but as we were walking, Melody was getting ahead of me. I was trying to catch up when suddenly- a man stepped out of a doorway. He was obviously intending to follow her, but I hurried to catch up with him. When I did, I looked right into his eyes and said, "Excuse me!" He stopped dead in his tracks. He had the silliest look on his face, like a kid who just got caught with his hand in the cookie jar. He knew exactly who I was. After I got past him a little, I turned around, but he had disappeared from sight.

Shortly after that, we found Molesworth Street, which is where the Masonic Temple is located. As we were walking up the street, we noticed that there was a policeman (or security guard) coming up behind us. He crossed over and walked up the other side of the street toward the Parliament Building, which faces the street that the Masonic Temple is on. When we got close to the temple, I scoped it out and saw there was no place to gift. Everything was concrete. Melody walked over to talk to the guard at the Parliament building. She wanted to keep him busy while I looked for a spot. I got up next to the door and looked over the edge to see if I could see a suitable spot, but no luck. When I looked up, I saw a camera pointing at me, so I waved at whoever was on the other side and I rang the doorbell just for kicks. What a disappointment that no one came to answer the door ;-)

I walked over to join Melody. As we were walking down the street, two guards came up behind us really fast. We looked at each other and just knew it concerned us, but they passed us by. They did that for effect, I'm sure, but we didn't give up. We found out that we could get a tour of the Masonic Temple during the week, so we decided we that could come back for another fly-by. We were scheduled to come back through Dublin in two weeks.

Saturday, August 9

On Saturday morning, we got our rental car and started out for Lingo, located on the northwestern coast, opposite that of Dublin. It happened that we were going to be very close to Uisnech. Mide, the national center of Ireland, was conceived as a point where an umbilical cord attached the island to the womb of the gods, who endlessly created and sustained its existence from above and below. Mide is a real place, namely the Hill of Uisnech, now in County Westmeath. This place is the center point of the four provinces. I knew we had to take care of it, but it's a very tough spot to find.

For one thing, the sign points in the wrong direction! This spot is barely marked. It took two trips to a local pub just to figure out just where it was! I could feel the energy, but it was very erratic. We had to go through a gate that said "Beware Raging Bulls and Suckling Cows- Do Not Enter" We went in anyway because we didn't see any cows. We went through the field and up the hill. About three quarters up the hill was the capstone. Myth has it that the goddess Eire is buried there. Melody was sitting on the ground when I got there. I walked over to the stone, sat on it, and shut my eyes. I wanted to get a picture of the energy. The energy was very confined and erratic, but subdued. As I was sitting there, I saw an enormous vortex at the very top of the hill. Melody decided to stay near the capstone and soak up the energy from it while I made my way up to the top of the hill where I found the cows that the sign was warning us about! I determined that it I was close enough and buried my gift.

As I was making my way back down the hill, I was almost overwhelmed by the energy surge. When I looked down the hill at the capstone where Melody was sitting, I felt both a great sorrow and joy from that ancient site. WOW...

Sunday, August 10

The next day we were in Boyle. We stayed at a wonderful Bed & Breakfast whose owners were trying to help us locate Michael Poynder, the author of the book we had found at New Grange, PI in The Sky. I really wanted to meet this guy and tell him about the cloudbusters, the forum, and what we were all doing. We heard that he had been living close to Boyle at Lough Arrow, near Carrowkeel, and had done a lot of research there for his book. We went into Boyle to the Visitor Center, but it was closed.

Not far from Boyle, we saw a sign for Lough Arrow. We turned and went to the local grocery/pub to ask about Michael Poynder. The woman told us he wasn't in the area anymore. She thought he was somewhere in County Mayo. She wanted to know where we were going next, so we told her that we wanted to go to Carrowkeel, but that we couldn't find any info on the site. She suggested that we go to Carrowmore first. They had a Visitor's Center with maps and other info. So that's what we did.

Carrowmore is a burial Cairn circle. There is an outside circle of cairns which faces the very large one in the center. The center cairn is the one that we gifted. These are dated almost 2000 years older than New Grange, about 4500 BC. While on the tour, the guide told us to look at the

surrounding mountains and there were little points on many of them, which were obviously cairns. One of those hilltop cairns is the oldest in Ireland.

The guide said that Maebe's Tomb, also known as Knocknarea, looming over this site in the distance, was facing the oldest cairn in Ireland. I knew immediately that doing Knocknarea would take care of this oldest ritual site. In addition, Knocknarea is right on the main ley line going through Ireland. So after we finished with Carrowmore, we drove over to Maebes Tomb/Knocknarea. It is on the very top of the mountain. We parked at the bottom and hiked right up the side of the mountain. It is a long way up the mountain; steep too. It took a couple of hours to hike up there. When we got to the top, the energy looked like one of those electricity spheres, where you put your hand on it and the sparks follow your hand. The area was sparking out in every direction, but not very high. The cairn was right on the very top. We were sitting there- and sure enough- we had been followed. There was a man in an overly neat hiking outfit, sitting with his back to us. I went ahead and found a spot near the cairn to gift. Melody brought some of her garnets to gift this spot. She walked around the cairn clockwise sprinkling her garnets.

Legend has it that Queen Maebe had requested to be buried standing up in all her warrior regalia. When I put the gift on the ground I could see her look up and smile. It was like she sucked it right into the ground. I'd like to see them find that one! I said a little prayer for her and Ireland.

As we were walking away, we noticed that the whole top of the mountain had 'opened up.' It was a huge vortex. It grew very big, very fast. About that time, a plane that was looking for us flew over. Just like in America- always late and never on time! Later we looked over in the direction of the vortex and saw white lenticular clouds over the vortex. What a nice confirmation!

Monday, August 11

What a better way to start off the week than to take a trip to Purgatory? St. Patrick's Purgatory, that is, Lough Durg. We couldn't let this opportunity pass us by. We gifted the lake. It's said that Saint Patrick came here to slay Durg; the Corra, the Serpent Goddess. She was a representation of the Triple Goddess. Legend has it that when he was trying to slay her she swallowed him whole. It took 3 days for him to find his way out. When he finally made his way out, he killed her by slashing her in the stomach, 'cutting off' the three lower chakras which represent survival, control, fear, passion, aggression, and the connection with the earth (mother).

After we gifted the lake, Melody and I sat down to watch what was going to happen. The lake, which had been very black and still, slowly began to come alive. I saw four big fish jump. Then I noticed something on the bottom that looked like a giant snake. The eyes slowly opened and it started to move a bit. Then it stood up. Durg resembled the snake which represents the Kundalini symbol, Universal Life. She got bigger and bigger. When I went around the departure building, I could see her watching us. She smiled and gave us a delightfully devilish wink. I wonder what she had up her sleeve? The annual pilgrimage to the Island was taking place the same week that we were there and I wondered if those people felt it, too? As we were leaving, I offered a little prayer that, when I needed to, I might draw a bit of her Warrior Energy. I then said goodbye to Durg.

Not far from Lough Durg is Donegal. There is a line from Uisnich which runs through there so we gifted the most ancient site we could find, Castle Donegal. There was an agent waiting for us when we came out. He was pretending to talk on his cell phone, but he was paying way too much attention to what we were doing. So far, the agents we had come across were pretty inept. Maybe they're just aren't used to having people spying back on them.

Tuesday, August 12

The next day, after I spent a little time at an internet café, I decided to put the orgone pipebomb that I had with me in the Shannon River. This river is the largest river in Ireland. I put it in a discreet place near a bridge. As we were driving away, I felt the ripple of energy, but very subtle energy. I don't feel like that they work as well as the HHGs. The HHGs are much stronger in water. It was a very small orgone pipebomb, though. I left the larger ones in my car back home because they look too menacing, even though Don shined them and painted the closed ends with gold.

We next visited Tinacarra Dolmen, which has some connection with Carrowkeel, on our way back. We had an appointment the next day at noon with a guide for Carrowkeel.

Wednesday, August 13

We got up early the next day and went down to the Abbey in Boyle. The energy in the Abbey is set up like the chakra system. It was easy to activate it. Things there are really lightening up. Everywhere we go, people keep telling us how 'lucky' we are to have such good weather for our stay. It is always rainy and gray in Ireland, apparently, but thanks to our gifting, we didn't have to experience that. I believe that they manipulate the weather in Ireland to keep the people there subdued and depressed.

Carrowkeel

We went to get our new friend Brenda and her daughter. Brenda is the owner of one of the B&Bs we stayed at. Her husband and daughter came along too. We also stopped to pick up another friend, Loretta. We had an appointment with Martin Byrne, our guide for Carrowkeel, at noon. We were supposed to meet him at the Donkey Sanctuary which is a sort of base for the site. We got there and went up to Martin's house. His wife was called away that morning and he needed to watch over the wee ones, so he gave us directions to where we needed to be. He told us to open the gate and drive right up to the top; otherwise, it is quite a hike. We all got out and started up to the first big Cairn. You can go inside this one. It is a bit small inside, but very cool. I took out our gift. Not far in front of this location is a place they call the Sun Spot, which is occulted or hidden. There is no marker for it. It's the place where the light of this sacred site comes out of the ground and ascends to the stars. I dowsed for the correct location. The heather on this mound of mounds is quite thick, so it was easy to conceal the little gift that I left.

The Carrowkeel Star follows the layout of our solar system in miniature. The size of the Star has a diameter of about 1600 yards, which shows that it is a man-made star. Each cairn is associated with a particular planet. The layout of the cairns, stones, and ring forts also mark the annual events of the Sun's travels from solstice to equinox to solstice and the maximum and minimum rise and set of the Sun.

There is a spot there called The Pollnagotum. This spot is very important as it sits directly on a major strata fault line which runs between all of the major cairns of this site. The central line of cairns was sited on a direct north/south line in a star layout. The cairns were placed over the configuration of the fault line to build up the energy. There is a huge open hole south of the center line of cairns which is an opening to the fault line. I had to climb down into that hole. Surprisingly, I found a small trail down to the bottom and into the hole. I climbed way down because I knew I had to place my little gift as far down as possible.

At the lowest part, right near the opening of the bottomless pit, I found a very good spot; but I had to reach into the hole to place it. I knew someone was watching me and that they were very close. So close that I felt something grab for my arm when I reached inside to gift. I quickly pulled my arm out. It really spooked me.

I had to reach back in again to place it. What a creepy feeling! Then it tipped over and I had to reach in a third time to set it upright. As I was reaching in, I felt something crawling up my arm (It reminded me of the scene in the Matrix when Neo touched the mirror and the silver climbed up his arm and enveloped him and took to the next reality). This was one of the worst experiences I've had while placing an HHg [she usually has me do it ;-) ~Don]. I really had to work at keeping myself calm enough to get the job done. I then started climbing up and out of the hole. I felt an urgency to get out of there quickly. It felt explosive.

When I got out, Melody was waiting for me at the top. She felt it too, so she was doing what she could to hold the energy back. This fault line is where the energy is built up and then forced through the Sun Spot. That's the reason this was such an important location to gift.

We then made our way back to the car, where we met some people who were friends of Michael Poynder. They'd heard that he was in West Port on the coast near Galway. He was preceding us through Ireland. On our way back to Doyle, we stopped to gift Lough Arrow, which is another important spot along Ireland's earthstar line. It is a beautiful lake with Lough Eire close by. It is really pretty there.

We went back to Boyle and did readings for some people. Anne, a friend whose acquaintance we'd made at the Tourism office, was setting these readings up. She wants to be our manager and is really a kick. We later went out to dinner with Anne and her co-worker, Emma. Emma invited us to stay the night at her house. After we visited for a while, we turned in.

When I turned off the light and got into bed, I could see that I was not alone in the room.

The visitors were shadow people, which startled me. I turned on the light and tried to figure out what was going on. I quickly got that these things live deeper in the earth than even the reptilians and had followed me from the hole at Carrowkeel. I tried to find out what they wanted, but they wouldn't communicate with me; so I shut off the light and settled back into bed.

But not long after laying down, they were there again. There were eight of them standing on both sides of the bed. I tried to use the Shiva on them, but it didn't seem to faze them. They were grabbing my arms and pulling on my wrists. I knew that they wanted to take me back to that hole in the ground to do something for them. There was no way I was going with them and I related that to them as plainly as I could, but they wouldn't leave me alone. I finally remembered that I had my succor punch with me, so I turned on the light, got it out of my bag and put it in bed with me. They backed away, but they still wouldn't leave.

I was afraid to go to sleep, as I didn't know if I would still be there in the morning, but I guess I eventually fell off. I woke up in the morning with sore and visibly bruised wrists. I don't know what they did after I fell asleep, but it makes me really uncomfortable to even think about it (They still come to visit me after returning back home. They come about every other night. Don and Kelly are helping me with it).

Thursday, August 14

We drove down to look at a mound where they crowned the kings and queens of Rathmore. We decided to gift this spot because it's the center of one of the four quarters (counties) of Ireland. After that, we decided to go see the largest Fairy Hill in Ireland. We needed a break and this was a wonderful experience. We had to climb up a small hill to get to the large mound. It was so cool! At the top of the mound, there are a bunch of little fairy houses built into the rim. One of them

almost looks like a castle. I brought them each a little piece of crystal and I left a little bit of my hair because I wanted them to remember me there. What a magickal place it was! You could shut your eyes and feel them all around you, flitting here and there. It was beautiful. What a nice refresher after everything else.

Friday, August 15

On Friday, we went to Crough Patrick, which is a very important pilgrimage mountain for the Christians. It is a very large mountain, but we didn't want to hike to the top, as we were both weary from all of our previous treks. So we decided to gift just a little way up. I got a very creepy feeling there. At the bottom of the mountain, near the bay, is a grisly memorial black sailing boat festooned with human skeletons. Apparently it memorializes the Illuminati's genocidal famines. It was horrible. How can these people get on with their lives if they are constantly reminded of that horrible past? That, along with day after day of dark, wet weather, thanks to HAARP and ancient Illuminati juj- YIKES!

The weather has been very beautiful since we started gifting almost 2 weeks ago. Everyone we come in contact with mentions how nice it has been! Just don't ask them about the historical stuff. One nice thing we saw: Irish people frequently pull down the new deathforce transmitters these days. Somebody climbs up to tie on a big rope and a whole crowd just pulls until it falls down. Why can't everyone do that?

We saw more towers in Ireland than anywhere else. I guess the old world order fear the Irish people more than the rest of us.

Saturday, August 16

As we were making our way to the west coast, I noticed a castle out in a field and I knew I had to go see it. We stopped and asked some kids how to get there. They told us to go down the lane and take a right and the next road. We did and there was a man on a bike, so we asked him and he said to go to the farmhouse on the right and that they would let us in. We proceeded to the old farmhouse and were met by a wonderful little Irish woman. She was so sweet. She gave us a key and told us to walk through all the gates that said Do Not Enter. She was great.

She showed us to the first gate and we proceeded from there. When we got to the Castle wall, we had to unlock a really old gate and then we walked into the courtyard. This castle was so cool. And we had it all to ourselves! You could tell that there were very few visitors there. This is by far my favorite of the castles that we saw. It is located on R460 right before you go into Gort. We found the spiral staircase and went up the stairs to the upper levels. We found two huge owl nests, but no babies. It was too late in the season for that. It seemed like a treasure hunt with all the beautiful feathers.

We went up to the top floor and I looked out the window. The window had a divider so that there was a top half and a bottom half of the window. I looked through the bottom half of the window and could see all the scenes and people of the past centuries and what their lives were like. It was all very serene. Then I looked through the top half of the window. What a contrast! There were death towers on the horizon in the distance. YUK! It made me really sad. I wish I had this treasure in my back yard at home. We started back to the farmhouse.

When we got back, the little Irish woman invited us in for a drink of water and some wonderful conversation. She was very aware of the history of the castle. Most people there don't have a clue what they have in their own back yards. It was so refreshing to talk to this lady and her husband.

We had a very nice time with them. We stayed near Saint Bridget's Well in Clare that night. It is a very nice shrine. The energy there felt really nice.

Sunday, August 17

We stopped at King John's Castle What a horrible, horrible man he was! Mercifully, we went on and found a wonderful stone circle in Lough Gur. WOW, that was neat! I could definitely see myself there in times past.

Monday, August 18

On Monday, we went to see Kildare (on the way to Kildare we saw an enormous HAARP array near Shannon Airport-if you're going to be near there, please knock it out with a couple of 12oz HHGs, okay? Do your bit to help the Irish get past all that Illuminati-induced gloom! We'd only brought 19 small gifts, so we couldn't use them on transmitters). Saint Bridget's Cathedral is here. It is a beautiful church. There are 2 nuns here still keeping the flame lit for Bridget. As we were walking in, above the entry is a skull and bones and other Masonic markings that I couldn't quite make out. That part was pretty creepy.

Tuesday, August 19

We headed for Dublin on Tuesday morning to return the rental car and make arrangements for traveling to Wales. While driving along the highway, I noticed a SUV following us. All of the SUV's windows were tinted, as is usually the case with Boss Spook vehicles. We had stopped at little out-of-the-way spots along the way and then got back on the highway, but only to see him there again in the rear view mirror. So I finally pulled over really fast, forcing him to pass us and we Powerwanded the c*** out of him. I got into his alleged brain and learned that he was suppose to keep track of us and report our whereabouts at all times. They are really trying to keep track of us as we get closer to Dublin as there are four or five spots left in Dublin that they are really worried about. We next stopped to see the Hill of Tara.

Tara was the capital of the four realms of old Ireland: Ulster, Munster, Leinster and Connaught. It was there that the late Bronze Age Bards, Ovates, and Druids, assembled every year for the major festivals before the kings of the late centuries of the first millennium BC and on into the Iron Age. It was chosen as the capital because it's a hill that, although not very high, commands a view all around for many miles. There was a curse put on Tara by an early Christian priest/sorcerer who was so incensed by the misuse of power by the (then) King of Tara, that he extinguished the 1,500 year old ritual fires of Tara. The ritual fires of Tara were the psychic fires of the Earth energies that activated the layout of Tara. So in order to cut off Tara from it's energy, the curse took the form of a Christian stone ('plug') being set at the corner of the tiny original church within the graveyard and right over the inflow energy. By doing this, the priest effectively put in a barrier, just like putting a large boulder in the middle of a stream. The water is disrupted and is forced to part and flow around it. Tara was immobilized as a sacred site and after that, its effectiveness as a place of magical power was lost. This was a deliberate act of energy manipulation performed with full knowledge of the effects. Since then, the history of Ireland has been predictable and the people of that Island have suffered for it ever since.

We gifted this site for the sake of healing the past. We walked around the site a bit and then I placed the gift in a perfect spot. The Hill of Tara is right on the main ley line from Giza. Right after I placed the gift, a big flock of ravens- at least 100 of them- flew right over our heads making a loud racket; so we knew we were right on target. About the same time, a plane looking for us had flown over the area low. We went to the old church and graveyard that was close by. As we were entering the graveyard, a big owl started hooting at us. The owl has always been one of my totem animals, so it seemed to be another confirmation. I guess we did a good job there.

When we arrived in Dublin, we made travel arrangements to go to Wales that night and returned the rental car. We also booked a tour of the Grand Masonic Lodge of Ireland for 2:30 that afternoon. After finishing our travel plans for Wales, we proceeded downtown on a bus.

We found our way back to the Masonic Temple and as we were walking up to the front of it, we noticed a Gestapo-looking guy on the front steps looking around like crazy. He was definitely watching for someone. Gee, I wonder who that could be?

By the time we got to the door, he was staring at us. The front door was open. He greeted us (if you could call it that) and when we told him we were there for the tour, he disappeared and returned a few moments later and told us to wait at the end of the hall. After going to the restroom, we found a really good place to leave our little present. We started to leave, but he blocked our exit. I told him that we didn't have time to wait around for the tour, as we had to catch the ferry for Wales. He insisted that they had someone who could take just the two of us on a tour. The guide appeared and led us up the big staircase. This guy seemed really nice and Melody hit it off with him right away. So she talked with him extensively.

He took us down a little hall where he opened a big door and directly behind that was another door. There was less than a foot-wide gap between the doors. Behind the second door was the Temple Room where he started his rap. He kept repeating that the Masons were not a religious order and performed no hocus-pocus. I asked why the pentagram there was right side up because the ones in the States are all upside down, but he had nothing to say about that and instead repeated that masonry has absolutely no connection with paganism. He wanted to make that point abundantly clear, but of course, the place was chock full of pagan symbolism ;-)

I went around and around the room, acting as if I was looking for a spot to leave something. I knew they were watching us very closely through their cameras and I really wanted to give them something for their time. I was making the guy a little nervous I think, because I kept moving around, looking behind the drapes, at the back of the room, under the seats, behind the pictures-the whole bit. He was funny seeing him jerk his head around trying to keep track of me while at the same time engaging Melody in a long conversation. Then he said: "When do you ladies catch your ferry? Do you have time to see the Arch Hall?" We said, "Sure, why not?" So he showed us out and along another hall. The light fixtures in that hall were very ornate. They were designed with the Masonic compass as the focal point of the light. The hall definitely looked like some sort of processional way. Then he opened a door to a very dark room and flipped on the lights.

The whole room was Egyptian. When you went into that long room you had to pass through four curtains: the first one was light blue, the second one was dark purple, the third one was red, and the fourth was white. Up near the head of the room was the altar, with a different symbol on each side of it. There was a pyramid with the All Seeing Eye, and on another side was what looked like an upside down trident. Another side had some Masonic symbols, which I wasn't familiar with, and then a skull and crossbones. In front of the altar there was a trap door on the floor. Behind the altar, there were 3 throne chairs, the one in the middle being much larger than the ones flanking it. This room gave me the creeps- Big Time- and it actually felt dangerous. The man said that a lot of laughter went on in this room, but I could hardly believe that. Melody piped up and said: "Well if they don't laugh here, they gotta cry!" I was very proud of her.

He started talking about 'the broken person,' and how we are more than this physical body. Weird, I wonder what breaks when that trap door opens below the feet of the Unworthy? What I could have done there with a bunch of little Towerbusters. Oh MAN!

That night, we took a ferry from Dublin port over to Wales.

August 20-21

We spent two nights in Holyhead. There just happened to be a lady staying at the same B&B as we were, who lived in the town just next to Mark Davey's village. She said she could give us a ride the next day. This is what I call fate! So I called Mark Davey and set it up. I thought we could go there and spend one night, visit with Mark, and then go to Manchester and catch a train or bus down to southwestern England. We had made plans to spend a few days with Dominic's Mum, who lives in Holsworth, but at the last minute Melody called Mark and told him we weren't coming. So we ended up taking a bus over to Bangor in Wales. We couldn't catch another bus and had to take a train the rest of the way down to Exeter, which is within an hour of Dominic's mum's house. Melody called her when we got there and she came to get us. She is a really wonderful person. We visited for a little while and then got some much needed rest.

Friday, August 22

The next day I was upset because I wanted to rent a car. I had planned to make it to Avebury, Glastonbury, and Stonehenge. It just didn't work out! We had so much of fun, though, with Jennifer, Dom's mum. On the first night, Jennifer had given us some old books and I found Carn Brea in one of them.

I had assumed it was in Wales, but it's in Cornwall, Southern England, about two hours from Jennifer's house. So off we went on our quest for Carn Brea. Carn Brea is on a ley line that is referred to as 'The Saint Michael's Line.' The site is on the edge of a little town called Redruth, Cornwall. Cornwall is known as "The Land of Merlyn."

Jennifer parked the car near the trail up the hill. She waited at the bottom for Melody and I and we proceeded up the hill. Melody went on ahead and I made my way up more slowly. I had to stop and rest three or four times. I felt really light headed because of the high energy there. When I finally got to the top, there was no sign of Melody. I dowsed for the best spot was to put my little gift.

Carn Brea is where they would light the first fire of the Summer Solstice. Once it was lit there, they would continue lighting fires on hilltops across the region. There is a lot of activity on top of this little hill. I walked around the big stone cairn and it was really cool. Very big. Then I noticed I was being watched.

I looked up the hill and sure enough, there were two MI5 agents, a man and a woman, near the huge Celtic Cross on the top of the hill. The man had a pair of binoculars and the woman had a telephoto camera. They were both looking down at me with their binoculars and camera. I walked around and pretended to place my gift in at least 10 places. Then I looked back up the hill and they were still watching. So I turned around and stared back at them and then I waved up at them. Then they turned and walked down the backside of the hill. After they were gone I placed my Holy Handgrenade. They were there ahead of us, so they knew we were coming. That only happened there and at the Masonic Temple. Everywhere else, they came after the fact, just like the Homeland Security Abominations in America...

Jennifer took us to Roseworthy where her family's home is. We found it and she was very excited about it. She then gave us a tour of the moors. It is so beautiful up there! She had seen a stone circle in that area and she wanted to show it to us. We finally found it and it was wonderful. In the

middle of this ancient circle was a stone with a candle and flowers. Some had been there not long before us and had done a spell. It was really nice.

Saturday, August 23

The next day, we went out to the moors east of Jennifer's house. Morte [French for "Death"] Point is out there and Dominic wanted us to check it out. WOW, what an experience that was!

Morte Point is located just outside of Mortehoe in County Devon. This hill has an evil portal. We got there and it was still fogged in at 1P.M. in the afternoon. The fog usually lifts by 11:00A.M. or noon. Jennifer went to look at her Aunt's grave while we walked up the path to Morte Point. It was so foggy, I was thinking to myself that there must be a lot of people who get lost here. By the time we got to the third rise, after entering this place, I started picking up on something very big and evil. I looked up the next rise and there it was-a huge, black hole/portal. WOW! I walked up close to it and bent over to place the HHg on the ground right at the opening. When I was bent over, I could feel something brush up against me. I looked up and I saw what looked like a bunch of thin blackish arms or snakelike things reaching out at me. As you can imagine, I took a really big step back. This hole smelled like rotten meat, like death or vultures. I could tell that these things were carrion eaters. YUK, what a smell!

When I took that giant step backward, I noticed that there were not just one portal, but three. I looked 'down' the one on my right and I could see- as plain as day- Montauk. I knew what it looked like because Don and I were there a couple of years ago. On my left was the third portal. I looked down that one and I couldn't see the end. It was very dark, like the middle one. I got immediately that this was one of the places the World Order hierarchy bring people that they want to get rid of without actually murdering them, per se. They bring them here and throw them into the center black hole. I bet a lot of people have gone missing from this location. This place is literally dripping with death. As we were leaving, up drove the MI5/6 agents- right on cue. Jennifer said that lots and lots of folks wind up missing on Morte Point and their remains are never found. These snaky carnivorous people are the same ones that accosted me after I put an HHg in the hole at Carrowkeel. We'd never even read or heard about this predatory, non-humanoid species, but they're obviously in cahoots with the Illuminati.

We did some tourist stuff and then headed back to Jennifer's. On our way back, we came across a huge, very new, weather ball. It is located just North of South Morton. It is very close to a crossroad if that helps. I didn't have an extra HHg to leave there. It is really hard to drive by something like that and not gift it, so if you're out that way, please have your way with that weatherball! They are heinous.

Sunday, August 24

Jennifer took us to a spot called The Hurlers. What a neat place it was. It had three stone circles and a lot of other interesting stuff. Wonderful energy there! We noticed that the earth energy in Ireland responded much faster than it did in England when we did our gifting there. We had a picnic and really enjoyed ourselves.

Monday, August 25

The next morning, Jennifer took us to the airport for our trip back to Dublin. After we landed in Dublin, I made up my mind that I had to gift the last spot on my list. So we caught the bus downtown from the airport. The tourism guy helped us find the street that the Theological Society was on and away we went. It is so hard to gift downtown Dublin because there are very few places to hide a HHg. Anyway, when we got to the Theological Society, but again, there was no place to gift, so I started looking around. I found a spot that was within about 100 yards from

their front door. They were not expecting us this time. And as they say: 'The third time is the charmer.'

We gifted this place simply because 'Cbswork' told us it was an important target and apparently closely related to the Illuminati's predatory efforts in Ireland. It seemed like a fitting place for our last Holy Handgrenade.

We flew home the next day. All in all, it was quite a trip!

Carol Croft

Episode 70

Another American Nazi Bites the Dust

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/cn/adc70AmericanNazibitesdust01oct03.shtml>

Oct. 1, 2003

Even though I feel sure that Martial Law, at least the kind hoped for by The Old Villain, is no longer possible in America, I was taken aback late last week by a brochure I found in the local post office among the innocuous postal ones and AOL/CIA 'free internet' CDs. It depicted the image of the new 'Secretary of Homeland Security' and of course if you put a peaked hat and armband on the guy he'd look like any of a number of Heinrich Himmler's sycophants.

As I was standing in line, holding this printed abomination (probably with my mouth hanging open), a reptile walked into the post office and started shooting the breeze with one of the male clerks. Carol had waylaid him as he entered the lobby because she likes to make reptiles look her in the eye but he simply wouldn't do so, nor would he say more than a couple of words in response because he knew who she is. He was wearing a Latah County Sheriff's Dept. sergeant's uniform and even I could see he wasn't really human. After I finished my business he backed up in my path so that I had to walk around him. He was kind of nervous, so I think somebody sent him.

I guess a couple of years ago this all would have upset me a bit, but what did get my goat a little was that brochure, which is titled, 'Are You Prepared?' or something. I scanned it for specifics, of which there were none, and it was apparently designed to boost people's xenophobia, which is the fear of foreigners. There were no references to swarthy, leering, murderous Muslims but of course there didn't need to be, did there? I saw some of the literature and imagery that was distributed in Germany just before Hitler invaded Poland and this is what it reminded me of, though of course the hoped-for invasion (Chainsaw Cheney's and the rest of the traitors' wet dream) in this case is kind of reversed due to the presence of countless thousands of Russian and Chinese troops in America's underground bases right now and many more along both borders in Mexico and Canada ;-)

As soon as I got home, of course, I cut out his little image and stuck it in the radionics oven. In this case, I simply put the pic inside a Succor Punch made on a hollow crystal.

Images are the best witnesses for radionics, though it would have been terrific to get some alleged hair from his comb or one of his boogers or something.

Carol said he started shaking right away and that he died after a couple of days. The fact that he didn't immediately keel over with a fatal heart attack tells us that he was probably not actually the head of the Homeland Security Abomination but that he was stained with innocent blood, nonetheless. I wonder whose picture will show up after this if they're stupid enough to print another edition of that brochure.

This unlawful, murderous regime is still laboring under the delusion that most people in America still support this treasonous federal government. I guess you could say that they don't have a finger on the nation's pulse. You can always get a few depression babies (that's what I call the pink wealth addicts/willing slaves/emotional plague enthusiasts who were born during the Great Depression) and white trash to fly those stupid flags from their cars. To me, that's like wearing a tee-shirt that has a big arrow pointing at the wearer's head with 'STUPID' printed underneath. You don't see many of those car flags outside of the more degraded areas of the US. Would you value that kind of support? The number of people who know that this fake gov't blew up the WTC reached critical mass not long after that event. What do you think that did to the malevolent false patriotism thoughtform that had so many Americans flying car flags during the previous genocide in Iraq? I've thought of flying one of those flags upside down, which is a true indication of the state of affairs, but of course even I don't go looking for trouble. Did you watch CNN when the American Army officer raised a US flag upside down in Iraq in view of the camera?

I hope to help us all avoid the necessity of a military mutiny to arrest the traitors in Washington, DC, which is imminent now that the regime has failed to achieve its own version of martial law. I'm holding the internet up as an example that we humans can form just governments on the planet without resorting to military coups. I bet all those invasion troops on US soil would jump at the chance to return to Russia, China, (East) Germany and the other UN countries they were abducted from and as long as they're not shooting at us or hauling us off to the concentration camps I consider them our guests and even potential friends and allies. We need to finish off that underground base complex centered around Dulce, New Mexico, folks! All we've disabled are some of the peripheral ones, so far.

If I weren't going to Africa next month, Carol and I would go right to the heart with a few hundred organite devices and take out that Dulce underground complex, as Richard and we took care of the bases around Fallon, Nevada, last summer. Why not strike at the heart if you intend to neutralize a ravenous beast? Others are shooting spit wads these days and whining about tyranny but we've got the Big Guns, so why not use them? I keep forgetting that more and more of the folks who read this stuff are from other cultures: a spit wad is what naughty little American schoolboys make by salivating on some chewed, folded bits of paper, then shooting it with rubber bands at other pupils, or perhaps the teacher. I guess that now makes them eligible for summary decapitation under the Brave New Patriotism laws. Truth really is much stranger than fantasy, folks. The present regime makes H.P. Lovecraft look like a research journalist.

Wanted: A Few Good Men

Have you noticed how often they name a new head of the Homeland Security Abomination? Why do you think that is? A few of our network gleefully whack the top predator every time a new one gets appointed. It's kind of like winning prizes a carnival marksman booth for us. Allegedly they aren't doing much, yet, so what's the fuss and why else are they appointing so many 'new' heads to this monster? According to our reckoning, several folks in our informal network have prevented their 9/11-style mayhem in several major US cities since our first effort in Chicago on July 4, 2002, and we regularly check to see if anyone's been appointed as the next boss of this bunch of nazi thugs after each time we fry the current one with our special kind of love. They're foreigners as often as Americans, by the way, at the top of that dung heap.

At least two times, that we're aware of, somebody else apparently did something similar to our efforts to stop Homeland Security Terrorists from committing mass murder. The blackout in the Northeast that was concurrent with the massive assault on the internet that destroyed millions of PCs was probably the latest failed bid for martial law and they've tried that a couple more times in Europe since then. What a bunch of losers/halfwits The Old Villain has on the payroll these days!

The reason we speak openly about our activities is so that more and more people can participate. That's empowering and has a sort of democratic implication. Yes, folks, your 'vote' actually does count right now! ;-)

Dearly Beloved, We've Gathered Here Today...

Cbswork advised me to check the obituaries after he got busy erasing reptoid predators at the top of the American dungheap with his radionics/vortex-boosted efforts. I don't read the papers, so what I'm getting is filtered through the internet but if you take a look at who's been kicking the bucket in the past couple of months you'll get the picture and also a lesson in how the reptiles in human form are a little different from ordinary people. The Bush family's got a lot of those, as do the Royals, but of course those are all figureheads and even whipping posts designed to distract our attention away from the more culpable predators, which is why we never go after them. The very worst predators' names are rarely if ever seen in print or on TV. Ollie North was an example of a predator who was much more powerful than his alleged rank implied, and the demise of Chainsaw Cheney after the failed plan to assassinate President Cujo last November is an example of what happens to The Old Villain's favored ones when they don't live up to the scheissvoegel's expectations. I sincerely pity the poor pajama-clad souls who are even yet laboring under the delusion that the media whores/newsreaders are giving us even an approximation of truth about the political landscape.

Of course, I like reptilians in general, as I like all sentient species. I don't know what all the fuss is about. They're our earthly neighbors and fellow natives and many of the hives are not predatory to humans. The predatory hives give the others a bad rep. The nicer ones living under Florida, the Bahamas, W. Cuba and Yucatan were quite supportive after we made our first CB in Florida almost three years ago and took it up the coast for some field trials. Up close, they lacked that menacing aspect that you've probably seen in the reptiles where you live. They're kind of cute the way they ape human behavior and I like their sense of humor and the way their shiny little saucer craft show up at odd times. They even have some individuality. Compared to those green predators I inadvertently killed in Pasadena in February with my brand new Powerwand the Florida ones seemed more familiar and I wasn't uncomfortable around them, even up close, as when we visited with Al Bielek then (there were two of them at the next table for three hours in that IHOP, monitoring our conversation, and they didn't even eat anything—I wonder if they were invisible to the waitress ;-)

Here's a reptile story the likes of which I'm SURE you've never heard:

Lizzies, Lizzies

A friend/client of Carol's told her last week that she and some friends had attended a new age conference during which there was a guided meditation. She wasn't comfortable doing that, so she just politely sat there. She was near the front of the crowd of 300 or so in that room and during the meditation she turned around and was shocked to see that just about everyone in the room looked just like big, seated lizards.

During the break, she met up with her companions, who were also quite agitated. Before any of them opened their mouths, she said, 'Let's write down what we just experienced, okay?' They did so and in each case they described exactly the same observations.

How cool is that? Carol didn't remember who conducted that workshop and it really doesn't matter, anyway. It sort of boosts my recommendation not to blindly follow those new age mind control protocols, though, don't you think?

In places like Southern California I feel quite sure that about a quarter of the population is partly or purely predatory reptilians in human form. Al Bielek told us that in order to maintain a human form, purebred reptilians need to regularly drink human blood. Hence, I suppose, the incessant blood drives by the Masonic Red Cross, whose literature has claimed that it was started by Count Ste. Germaine. I read that in a promotional pamphlet from the International Red Cross Society that I found when we were living in Tonga in 1884. I bet they're not saying that any more. My theory is that reptoids from all over the world gravitate to areas where there's already a concentration of reptiles, a sort of 'Like seeketh like and taketh pleasure in the company of its kind' scenario. That may account for Cbswork's experience one day in Los Angeles during a gifting mission when he instructed his Succor Punch to cause his car to become invisible to all predators. After a few minutes he'd been nearly blindsided several times by cars driven by folks who obviously didn't see his car, so he changed the parameters immediately to specifically make his car invisible only to secret police agents (all of whom are now officially predatory, by the way, because this government is manifestly treasonous and they're employed to enforce its unlawful mandates). Carol taught me how to make the car invisible (I could show you but she'd have to kill me ;-)) and it's awfully fun to watch the faces of the secret police as they drive by in both directions, frantically looking for us. That's one of the most fun aspects of our gifting missions. When they know you're looking at them they get all stone-faced, but when they don't know you're looking they are as animated and nervous as Woody Woodpecker. I suppose that's an appropriate analogy for those p@#&*rheads.

I feel a little bemused that some folks who should know better, assume that progressive movements need to involve 'the masses.' In fact, even a cursory look at history indicates that this has never been so and in fact 'the masses' are always a hindrance in the beginning stages of any grassroots movement, which is what this global cloudbuster network is, and they're fickle as hell, which is why The Old Villain invented 'bread and circuses' in the first place ('Who's gonna win the Superbowl?').

I'd sooner enlist a bunch of English soccer fans than invite 'The Masses' into this little active network ;-).

Mark Gets Marked

Most of the people who are reading our offerings and then making cloudbusters and also disabling these heinous new omnipresent towers will never even send me an email. One of Mark Davey's detractors in England publicly claimed that Mark had joined a cult ('crazy' is a favored, time-honored appellation bestowed on viable warriors by disinformation agents) and that I was scamming people in order to sell cloudbusters. I prudently decided early on that we would not be selling any of these devices because I knew that this accusation would damage our efforts if it were at all justified. In this case, the detractor is just making an ass of himself, which is okay but certainly won't stop him. I think I told Mark that arguing with these payrolled scheissvoegel is like wrestling with a pig in the mud: the pig has a grand time, but you only get filthy and exhausted.

After Mark created that lovely blue hole in West Yorkshire, he got the confirmation he required in order back this network 100%. Without confirmations like this from our own efforts, folks, we're just wasting our breath talking about this to others.

The only orgonite devices we sell are the Terminator Zapper, which was developed and marketed six months before we made our first CB, and Carol's inexpensive Harmonic Protector. I've been making and selling zappers for 7 ½ years and the T is the fruition of a lot of R & D during that time, especially in the final stage in which I had Carol's help. I think the CB and the other inventions kind of grew out of what we learned from that, mainly, though Reich's offerings were what inspired me to investigate orgone's symbiotic relationship to microcurrent in healing serious illnesses.

There are many thousands of cloudbusters in the world, perhaps twice or three times as many as my wildest estimate if my considered hunch that the Russian Gov't has been distributing them is correct. After all, Dr. Reich advised his associates that his demise was being orchestrated from Moscow, even though the Russians were already using ORACs in their hospitals by the early 1950s. Al Bielek told us that Dr. Reich had worked for the CIA until he figured out that his contributions were being applied to predatory programs such as MKUltra. Reich's associates were completely unaware of any of that.

I'm only personally aware of a few hundred cloudbusters, though I've had second-hand reports of a great many more, because most people who make them aren't interested in telling even the inventor about their efforts and in fact, generally, once a person has set up a CB and busted the new towers in his own town or neighborhood he/she likely forgets all about this stuff, which is natural. After all, once you've fixed what's bugging you, why not get on with life? Reasonably, local chemtrails, HAARP molestations and neighborhood deathforce transmitters are really no more annoying than a bunion in real terms and it's probably cheaper, quicker and easier to fix those 'big' problems than it is to fix one's bad feet.

Carol and I have disabled all the towers for a hundred miles around our house, visited other countries to fix vortices and to do a little networking, and traveled extensively in the US and Canada to disable underground bases and clear the smog/DOR from entire large cities, but this is our calling right now and we enjoy it immensely. We're paying our own way in every case (we've got two maxed-out credit cards to prove it ;-)) and the rewards we get are the abundant sensory confirmations that follow our efforts, every time.

If we'd put that amount of energy into gathering a following we'd probably be bitter by now and bogged down with sycophants and backstabbers. As it stands now, we've apparently got more Teflon on us than Ronnie Reagan did because since we don't stand to gain anything in particular by promoting this stuff the occasional gratuitous and even concerted attacks from ill-wishers rather draw more good people to us out of simple curiosity and The Old Villain knows for sure that if we aren't heard from by our friends on the internet for even a few days the fake gov't will be scrutinized by an uncomfortably large, vocal number of rational people and right now, thanks to their recent, blatant treason, those Nazis in Washington, DC, are loathe to contend with any scrutiny at all, especially on the net.

This is a win/win situation for you and us and it would be a real shame to waste this opportunity to disable their potentially genocidal infrastructure with impunity. Ten years ago any of us would have been suicided or disappeared for committing so much mayhem on their capital and management-personnel assets.

Right now, Mark Davey is under the gun more than anyone else in this informal global network is because he set up Etheric Freedom Fighter, a board strictly dedicated to reporting our collective efforts, strategies and tactics, to disable this world regime.

I've never witnessed such a vehement response by the legions of secret police hackers, psionics agents, character assassins, sorcerers and other saboteurs as has been directed at Mark and Phillipa, who is his able and conscious psychic consultant. Georg Ritschl is sending a Powerwand to Mark, who is having to contend with this mob more or less barehanded with whatever remote support a few of us occasionally send them.

I have no doubt that he'll prevail and I'm very impressed by MI5/6's massive response to his recent efforts. This is one of the best confirmations we could get. Everyone who posts there has had to contend with their hackers. I've never seen anything like that in the US. I think one reason they're so determined to shut Mark down is that they stand to lose so much if even a few hundred Brits take this project to heart. The City of London is the world's financial, and therefore political, capital and all of that mess depends on a sanction from the Queen, whom Lyndon LaRouche has called 'The Whore of Babylon.'

The English are never far from a referendum to disband the monarchy and when that occurs all of the little banker trolls and malignant secret police jerks who are hiding under QEII's ample skirts will be exposed to the light of day and that will be the end of the IMF, the World Bank, and, by extension, the global dope trade, National Socialism, communism, Wall Street, etc, etc. and I know from my years in the parasite extermination trade that better health is ALWAYS the immediate result of expelling parasites ;-) This is just as true in the body politic as it is in the human body.

At this point, they can't kill Mark or Phillipa because they've already got enough of a profile on the net to ensure that their murders would precipitate a global groundswell of attention to this effort and that, too, would spell the abrupt end of this world regime. Do you have even a hint of the potential we few have tapped into? There is no leadership in this grassroots movement but there are many exemplars and potentially many, many more. We constantly try to outdo each other, which is the proper expression of the competitive spirit.

Jeff Rense and Trevor Constable stopped publicly attacking us as soon as it became obvious that their condemnations and ridicule over a two-month period had doubled the number of activists in this network within a month, so what do you suppose would happen if the news of a murdered activist got out? Life is sweet in several ways for us all these days ;-)

DeMeo is still on the attack, though. I just heard from a man in Namibia who had made two Cbs recently and was asking for my advice about how to deal with some local DeMeo sycophants who were haranguing him for deploying orgonite cloudbusters and telling him that he'd joined a cult. This was the first contact I ever had with him and I suspect that after he's got it straight that the reverse is true in his case I may not even hear from him more than one or two more times. That's pretty typical. I count myself lucky if they even tell me their last names and where, in general, their CBs are located ;-)

By the way, DeMeo ordered a cloudbuster kit from Michelle Ridgley over a year ago and apparently built it not long after that because when Carol and I were in a motel on one of our gifting missions we saw on the Weather Channel that there was a neatly circular rainstorm centered just east of Ashland Oregon, where DeMeo lives. Carol went there astrally and told me that he dismantled it right after that. As you know, when you first make one of these CBs you

normally get an initial little 'thank you' from the atmosphere for about twenty miles around in the form of gentle, sustained rain and a pleasant ambience. That is, if you've taken the time to disable the new towers where you live you're pretty much guaranteed to get that response. We were fortunate in that we got our initial observations before they started building these horrible, underground-nuke-powered deathforce transmitters all over the globe a couple of years ago.

We weren't even allowed on the property of Orgonon, Dr. Reich's workshop in Maine, even though we visited during a time that it was scheduled to be open to the public after giving them a month's notice of our arrival. As I'd posted before, a CIA agent who became my girlfriend briefly (before I connected with Carol) tried to entice me to move to Santa Fe with the offer to let me copy a large quantity of Dr. Reich's own handwritten notes that she'd been personally given by Eva Reich. Since I wasn't that fond of her and wasn't, at that point, particularly interested in Reich's information I declined her offer. Too bad, as her masters at Langley probably took that material back right after that. Her assignment was to travel the world and insinuate herself into the confidences of the more demonstrable healers/pioneers on the planet. She called herself Rhoda Sage when I knew her four years ago.

With 'supporters' like James DeMeo, it's no wonder that none of Dr. Reich's voluminous unknown writings have been published since before his murder in 1957 and I hope to God somebody with some integrity will get their hands on Dr. Reich's remaining occulted material before it all disappears from Orgonon into the bowels of Langley. What will it take to make that happen? He'd discovered how to overcome gravity, had developed a workable orgone-powered engine and who knows what else, besides leaving a written legacy of his powerful insights and inspirations and much of that is probably recorded for posterity at Orgonon. A few Towerbusters tossed over the fence along three sides of that heinous CIA compound outside Washington, DC, last November was one of my token efforts to get a little payback for what they did to Dr. Reich during his life and even in the present. What a bunch of parasites!

Of course, no doubt saw they noticed that lovely, big blue hole we poked in the raging blizzard (no wind where we were standing, of course) over Rangeley that day with our brand new orgonite cloudbuster. I've got pics of the CB standing on a snowdrift in the sunshine next to the 'Orgonon' sign that day in early March 2001.

Etheric Freedom Fighters is set up to report activities. It's really okay and appropriate if only a few people participate there now because we don't want to fill up space with a lot of empty ruminations or noisy glad-handing. Since the secret police in Britain are so vigorously slamming Mark and Phillipa now and hacking the snot out of anyone who tries to post there I know that this approach is already paying off.

Mark's very good at marketing and networking and as soon as he's cycled through all of this and gotten a clearer picture of where the true potential lies in his efforts, I think he'll get the energy that's required to overcome his assailants, with the network's help, of course. Both of us have banned several agents, mind control dupes and malcontents already. Several folks, some of whom I've personally known, have shown up to bait me into personal fights with them and I banned them, too. We're not inclined to that kind of fighting ;-)

What I learned from the first CB forum two years ago when it first got started, is that summarily banning these incorrigibles early on creates a sweeter atmosphere in which substantive, committed, action-oriented people are more comfortable posting, so they do so more often. We orgone warriors are essentially quite gentle people. 'The meek' are indeed inheriting the earth right now, folks. Otherwise the troublemakers will run the show by default. I don't give a lot of

thought about whether the troublemakers are on a gov't payroll or not because in fact that's not important. We are what we do, after all, not what we say, and some of my favorite people are posting now about what they're doing to further the work and knowledge connected with this brand new technology.

From where I stand, Mark doesn't need to 'do' much right now except weather the storm and keep this site open. The storm of secret police harassment clearly indicates to me that they KNOW that we're on the verge of the next step, which is wider awareness of this network on the internet. Every time I ban a troublemaker I get the next human wave of MI6 hackers and their pitiful satanic ritual sorcerers (witless Crowley-wannabees, no doubt). It happens like clockwork, but have you noticed, folks, that their assaults are getting weaker each succeeding week? That means we've cycled through most of that unwashed horde by now and the path is getting clearer for us. Keep boosting Mark and Phillipa with your Powerwands 2, 3, Shivas, and whatever else you have on hand until we've gotten past this hurdle, okay?

Remember when Teia's brother (a Maori shaman) vanquished the reptiles who were trying to keep that ancient predatory hive portal open on New Zealand's North Island last fall? He's the one who first gave me the notion that we don't really need tools to do this work, but it wasn't until after I'd made my first Powerwand and experienced that 'feeling' that I knew for sure that this was so. Around the same time we got a Shiva from Mark Hooten and the 'feeling' got refined more and expanded. Now I've gone back to using an ordinary Succor Punch, through which I direct 'global artillery' barrages at friends and foes for healing, disabling or even killing, whichever is appropriate under universal law. Dr. von Peters came up with that technique. Anyone can do any of this, of course. This has turned me into a voter at last. I never knew I could make a difference in politics ;-)

Refugees vote with their feet but we vote more proactively with our Powerwands and similar tools once we've overcome the mind control protocols that prohibit us from effectively stopping tyrants in their tracks. This is more elegant than just shooting these rabid, fake-gov't rats, don't you think?

What are you waiting for? GET BUSY and have some good, clean fun in the process!

Don Croft