

The Adventures of Don & Carol Croft – Parts 81 – 90

Episode 81

McGinty's Report: Busting Underground Bases in the Seattle Area

Editor's Note: Ryan McGinty is a university student who recently moved to Moscow, Idaho, not far from Don & Carol Croft. Ryan built a unique modification of the Powerwand which he named McGinty's Cannon. Don was very impressed with the power of McGinty's Cannon and wrote about it in this Feb. 10 report. This is Ryan's first journal entry reported here, at the national archives of Don & Carol Croft...Ken Adachi]

From Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>
<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc81mcgintysfirstreport26mar04.shtml>
 March 26, 2004

The problem with reporting the earthpipe deployments is that it's impossible to get much sensory confirmation, aside from the obvious Sylph activity that typically, lately, follows in the skies over the busted areas. We rely on Etheric Freedom Fighter's (EFF) reputable psychics for those confirmations but that's not something we can hold up as 'proof' to anyone who's not directly involved, of course. You need to bear this in mind as you read the following.

I can say that if you're a psychic and sincerely want to fight tyrants, EFF is a very comfortable, supportive place for you to be, no matter how much I hammer those damned, lukewarm, brainwashed new age Nazis whom you may have had to associate with by default up until now.

Here's Ryan's report, followed by some of my comments:

McGinty's Report:
 Part 1 of Underground Bases Busted Seattle Area
 By Ryan McGinty

Well this weekend Marty, Josh, Don and I busted the Tacoma and Seattle, Washington areas' main underground bases.

Don and I arrived about 11am at Josh's home--what a wonderful family he has! One of the most balanced families I have seen in a while. Marty arrived about a half hour later. After greetings and getting to know each other, we headed out to take out some bases.

Southern Tacoma has two large military bases side by side, each of them covered in thick forest hiding what's inside. You can't hide DOR though; you could feel it from the highway. As we approached the bases, we were scouting out towers in the area. Less than every quarter mile there's a tower. Where that individual tower is, there are two more right beside it, hiding. Marty and Josh have done an amazing amount of busting for such a huge amount of area. They give a new meaning to carpet-bombing.

Our plan was to necklace each base. I was the DOR sensor. Don put me on duty for it. It's a lot of pressure, but I did my best. One tricky part to gifting with earth pipes was discerning above ground DOR to underground DOR. I learned that when my hands ache, that means above ground DOR. When my head hurts, that's below ground DOR. So far, this method seems pretty accurate.

We drove all around on the back roads, never getting lost, and taking advantage of new, untouched areas.

While gifting one area, a Red Jeep pulled over the same time we did, 100 yard ahead on the opposite side of the road. I gifted and then the guys told me about the Jeep. As we drove by, there was nobody in the car. Don and the guys have been watching the car, nobody left the vehicle. I took a photo as we drove by in order to radionic them later on. Sure enough, an empty car. Don figured that they used an invisibility device to hide themselves. Carol later confirmed this. It was a very odd feeling knowing two psychic spies were in that car. After we passed the jeep, we sent them a ton of energy. Knocked them for a loop. They never knew what hit them.

Ramtha headquarters was located in the area we were passing through. Marty showed us the location. Something helped guide us to that location for gifting. We gifted near a school. Not more than a minute later, seven Ramtha cars tried blocking us in the parking lot. It was strange. The business office we were near was closed, yet they were lining up to the drive through. I took more photographs for radionic fun if needed. Next, we did the final gifting for Ramtha, close to their back yard. Josh noticed a huge energy release. We both saw the Insect alien shrivel up and die. Their mind control will be no more.

We finished up the military bases, then headed north for Sea Tac. Every hotel had at least four to ten cell antennas on them. I couldn't believe how many were on just one block! That's about five hotels with close to thirty antennas on them. We also placed a necklace of gifts around the airport. Up in the skies, we could see Sylphs fighting a battle of their own. There were sure beautiful to see. While driving back, we saw a rainbow form in the clouds near where we gifted. It was facing the opposite direction to the sun, just amazing.

We all had a great time together. Met new friends, and busted a ton of area.

Thursday, March 18

Don was busy creating earth pipes and TBs taking him nearly 8 hours of nonstop work to build our weapons. While Carol and I were on duty for creating two new additions for the Croft Home Protection plan, McGinty Cannon's. We were up late having fun pouring at the same time. It felt good that we created such a large arsenal, those underground monkeys never knew what was coming for them.

Friday morning, March 19

Don and I started out on our long journey. The clouds looked like giant cotton balls floating along as we crossed into Washington. Don and I chatting about orgone and how it's changing lives. Both sharing our observations. The drive from Moscow, ID to Seattle, WA about 300 miles. I set the car for go, no need for stopping.

While driving along I took notes where we needed earth pipes for the return trip. One area between the Washington boarder and the town of Sprague had an underground base. This was confirmed by a convoy of four dark colored, black window American SUV's traveling down distant dirt road. They were only 30 feet behind each other basically in the middle of nowhere. That was the first time I have seen a confirmation like this.

As we crossed the Columbia Gorge Don decided to demonstrate his meditating skills. He was doing it so well I think he was meditating for the both of us. ;)

We reached the Seattle area mid-afternoon. It was the first time for me being in this area. I was surprised how many houses were stacked on top of each other. It was very beautiful, but to cramped for me. If you had to take a leak, your neighbor would be standing there right beside you watching. On top of that cell towers were on every hillside, every large building, every lull in the road, and schoolyard. I didn't look at my cell phone to see if all of those towers help reception, most likely not.

Our first target was on the opposite, west side of the sound from Seattle, a navel base. As we approached, I immediately knew there was some heavy stuff happening here. My hands and head began hurting as if I was having a migraine. Once we spotted the base, Don told me it was time for me to go into action. It's always fun being the DOR finder. You have a ton of pressure on you from the DOR plus the pressure of finding the most effective gifting spot. I was ready, no turning back.

Our first gifting spot was near a housing development. Once the gift was placed immediately I could feel a relief from the DOR. Not after a few 100 yards I could feel a wave of DOR again. So that led me to our next spot and so on. It was as if we were putting dents into the base. We necklaced the base with four gifts. Then set out to get the entrance points to the base. I kept seeing tunnels going under the water coming up on the peninsula sides. We worked our way up it. My head felt a lot better after gifting. We had a couple curious watchers taking notes. We sent them energy and for a loop. They just needed a healthy dosage of orgone love. One gentleman came driving down a dirt road while we were gifting. Being a photographer, I instinctively showed my camera. Nice. Cameras can let you go anywhere.;) Trust Me. He drove off quickly and we sent him love.

Finally, we were done for that area. It was time to head up north to stay with family. We crossed the Sound on a Ferry, my first time ever too. It was a lot fun, felt like a roller coaster to me. It was a long first day for us and we both had a ton of fun seeing new places.

~Ryan

Don's comments:

I used the word, 'meditation' instead of 'catching flies in one's mouth' or 'napping,' though of course, daydreaming is how most of us come up with our inventions, so there's no shame in it ;-)

Hondas are so comfortable. I lived in one for a couple of years, so it felt like 'coming home' to take a ride in Ryan's.

In case anyone's interested to know why, I don't try very hard to develop my psychic ability. Here's a case in point: if you had a choice to take Ryan's or my job on that run, which would you prefer? ;-)

I had assumed that most of the EPs [Earth Pipes] for the west side of Puget Sound would be for the Bremerton Sub Base, but in fact only one was needed there after we did the Bremerton Navy Base and nearby (linking) U/G [underground base] facilities, which we did first. When Ryan's head doesn't hurt any more, the UGB is fried, we've found.

You did a wonderful job, by the way, Ryan! Thanks a lot for taking me over there and for getting us together with Josh and Marty!

Marty, by the way, has found an interesting way to make his job easy: he's a superintendent for a large contracting company and right now he supervises five work crews on very big construction projects around Puget Sound, which requires a lot of driving. The first thing he does at a new site is thoroughly gift the town and especially the neighborhood of the site, so that by the time his crews get to work, they're already happy and focused, so they actually require very little from him and he has more time for gifting or 'meditation.' ;-)

Josh is the resourceful fellow who thoroughly gifted the HQs of the naturopathic organizations in Seattle and Portland who were lining up to ruin Dr. von Peters in front of a federal hearing in Washington, DC, last fall. Thanks largely to Marty's timely and selfless campaign on his behalf the Doc came through with flying colors and those fake, scheming naturopaths got the stink eye from the feds, instead. I think Doc made history then.

Have you noticed that we get our best victories by taking the battle to the enemy instead of 'defending' ourselves? Everyone else wrongly believes that they can effectively protect themselves without attacking the enemy, but we know otherwise. I think these incessant assaults, which now mostly come from offworlders, by the way, at least in the US, are The Operators' incentives to get us to fight smarter rather than harder and taking the battle to the bad guys forces them to watch their own backs for a change. This is what I'm hoping AZ's psychic consortium will accomplish shortly, as it will negate having to do it all with gifting runs.

By the way, Carol and I have 'token-gifted' the NSA and CIA hindquarters in Maryland and Virginia and brave Mark has done that to the MI5/6 hindquarters in London, but somebody needs to go there with some earthpipes to finish the job. If we can do it, you can too, of course.

I particularly enjoyed ruining Ramtha's unlawful fun, much more than I enjoyed busting whatever the hell was under those military bases, though of course the Ramsters are (mostly) unwitting affiliates of the base under Ft Lewis, which is right next door. Marty, who had busted all of the towers around Ft. Lewis last year, by the way (that perimeter is almost a hundred miles) treated us to reports about the way those benighted chumps are manipulated by that faker who 'channels' what turns out to be just another CIA-affiliated, ugly offworld predator like 'St Germain.' What we did was better than shooting that Big Bug with RAID or BLACK FLAG insecticide, by the way. All of us felt the huge surge of energy that came when Ryan pushed that earth pipe into the ground right on the Ramsters' high-fenced HQ property in Yelm. AZ and affiliates had fried the Big Bug under the Rosicrucian hindquarters in San Jose a couple of weeks earlier and Laozu Kelly and 'Dogwoman' gifted that compound not long after that. Kudos to Denis in Quebec who psychically located the Rosicrucians' insectoid underground psychic power source, by the way!

I could picture those two CIA chumps in the red jeep who got concerted blasts from Marty, Josh and I as Ryan was whacking that EP into the ground. I knew they wished they hadn't seen us by the time we all 'had gave them the Eye.' [~Zappa]. Josh, who's learning to trust his considerable latent psychic gift, got out of the car and aimed his Powerwand right at the jerks ;-)

It was right after that when we got to the Ramsters' hive, by the way, and that was an interesting transition. To witness those dead-eyed ramsters swarming around us was extremely creepy, I'm sure the others will agree, and they had the unmistakable spiritual patina of CIA affiliation the way the I AM pavement artists and would-be assassins around Shasta did when Carol and I busted up their stomping grounds last May. By now, 'Mother' Theresa, who lives on Mt. Shasta, has gotten a healthy dose of their incessant surveillance and psychic predations, too. Sour grapes for those jerks, of course, because the deed's been long done and nobody's seen or heard from 'St

Germain' in almost a year. It's impossible to underestimate the standards of belief to which many people will subscribe wholeheartedly to, don't you think? 'Sieg, Heil!' ;-)

They're still really mad at her for delivering the coup de grace during one of their highest (sic) annual ceremonies, a month or so after our visit and right under their snobby noses, at that ;-)

I agree with Mark that the pic of that Ramster's little boy shouldn't be posted, Ryan, but I know your intentions were good. Marty noted that while grownups need to pay thousands of dollars to get an audience with that Ramtha charlatan with the fake Gypsy accent, 'kids always get in free,' which is so creepy that it's hard for me to contemplate. That little boy in the child's car seat couldn't have been more than four, but he evinced pure, adult malevolence when he looked at us. I guess he was 'channeling Ramtha,' too, eh? ;-)

Wouldn't it be fun to toss the entire horde of self-seeking, cynical new age-sewage promoters, corporate executives, unelected gov't officials, charismatic preachers/pedophiles, Great White Brotherhood, CIA/NSA/MI6 gangsters, satanists, unlawful judges/lawyers and serial killers (MD agents of the global dope/butchery cartel), naked, into a big pit and watch them all 'express' their world order on each other?

Our effort would be kind of like 'the natives' sending learned emissaries to study anthropologists in their natal habitat.

We could give the old 'bread and circus' concept a whole new meaning, I think. I guess we could throw in a few of their starved reptilian stooges, since it's technically underground and the reptoids wouldn't have to disguise themselves. That would be sort of like putting lions in there, right? Would HBO show that on pay-per-view? Probably not, since the HBO execs would be in the pit.

~Don Croft

Episode 82

I Wanna Defect!

From Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc82iwannadefect19jul04.shtml>

July 19, 2004

What the hey, if thousands of CIA employees found asylum in Canada, why can't I? I get pretty sick of these murderous FBI cretins in our town. Two nights ago, one of them tried to murder my stepdaughter and now we're slogging through the process of retribution. I get so sick of this stuff.

Local update: As soon as I left for my little vacation on June 30 the FBI bought a house three doors away from our home in Moscow, Idaho, and Carol saw them installing a bunch of cameras and other spy gear. We found out that they had also bought a larger house around the corner, which was the staging area for the murder attempt on Jenny, by the way.

Carol was proactive and thoroughly gifted both properties and, with our good friend, Linda, who is a psychic on par with Carol, began gathering intel on these cretins. They had already beefed up the basement entrance of the nearer house and covered the windows and Linda, while standing in the alley, had a waking vision of the cretins taking a person out of a van, in a wheelchair, who was blindfolded and obviously drugged, and wheeling that person into the basement entrance.

The shape of things to come? Fortunately not but the potential was probably very real. These thugs all need to be arrested and imprisoned, but meanwhile we'll do what needs to be done to protect ourselves and our loved ones.

When I was walking home from the bus depot last week, I walked through a group of three very grumpy FBI guys around the sidewalk in front of that house. They all failed to return my friendly greeting. Carol had already told me the score, of course. I think they already knew they had to leave, otherwise they'd have had the customary FBI smirks on their criminal faces and yesterday, Carol and I saw that the house is for sale again ;-)

Yesterday afternoon, too, we rode over on Carol's motor scooter and stood in front of the other house, sizing up the opponents, if you will. One of the FBI cretins stood in the driveway and engaged me in a staring contest, which he lost, and the fellow who tried to murder Jenny then drove up on his motorcycle, so we goosed him, too. That night we blasted the snot out of six people in that house who had been involved in the murder attempt and tonight we'll do the coup de grace, probably around twilight, from behind the property. I like to telegraph my punches sometimes because it earns me some points and terrorizes the terrorists better. You should try this if you're not a pothead. Most of those cretins use pot and coke, so they're already paranoid a hell and easy meat for Hellboy. Carol talked me out of taking along my pistol with the Teflon-coated bullets ;-)

We had driven the feds out of the previous 'command center' in town last summer about this time. I guess it's not over 'til it's over, as the Yogi says.

Think globally, act locally.

Okay, enough about that—what I really want to tell you about is our vacations!

We all get a little stressed now and then and until June 30 I honestly never understood the function of vacations. I'm 55, so I guess I'm kind of slow that way. Like the guy who takes along a fishing pole in order to justify just sitting on a boat in the water, I planned to make the trip pay off by networking. It was still very pleasant and uplifting, of course, because I absolutely adore my fellow warriors and look forward to every opportunity to meet more of them.

What triggered my urge to travel this time was that some orgone warriors in Canada had been contacted by three alleged 'final companions' of Wilhelm Reich and I thought, 'My God, if they contacted any of us, the CIA will suicide them shortly!' so I figured that I'd sneak over to Pennsylvania and Ontario and make contact with them and publish it for their safety, after some initial contact from our friends there. The CIA had recently killed my good friend, Wilhelm Muller, in British Columbia, so I was genuinely concerned.

The three turned out to be ringers, of course, sent in to defuse what Steve Richard and Steve Baron had initiated so well and thoroughly. One of the oldsters is apparently Waffen SS, in fact ;-)

Well, it was clear to Carol and I that I needed a break. I considered hitchhiking for the sake of solitude but Linda fairly had a fit, as she could clearly see me getting picked up and tortured to death by some CIA-sponsored satanists, so I went by bus, instead.

Of course the FBI was present on the buses and in Spokane the US Border Patrol was checking everyone's US Citizen identification, which is a horrid violation of privacy. I don't have any standard ID but luckily my native tribal ID card worked for them and that was worth knowing.

The guy who checked it came up to me in the bus station in Spokane a couple weeks later and cleverly questioned me, which was kind of cute and fun, as he's an Indian, too. I think he's a genuine person, though has bought into the myth that there are terrorists outside the US who are not employed by the US or Her Majesty's alleged governments.

I got to Bismark, North Dakota, the next morning and spent the day there, visiting with Carol Two Eagle. She told me a bunch of stuff that she didn't feel comfortable sharing in email and I came away from the visit with a greater appreciation of just how profoundly corrupt and murderous the FBI are. Carol had spent a lot of years at Pine Ridge, helping the folks cope with the massive, repetitive assaults there by the FBI and one of those jerks, a regional boss agent, had tried several times to frame her and get her into prison. When he realized that she was just too powerful, he pointed his pistol in her face and threatened to blow her head off. It gets pretty overt for people of color in the US these days who wish to exercise their birthright. You'll be hearing a lot more about and perhaps from Carol Two Eagle, as my Carol and I will be working closely with her to defeat the FBI, finally.

There's a fellow in Bismark who's a 33d degree mason and appoints all of the 'elected' officials in that state. He was courting Carol Two Eagle's support with promises of wealth and 'power,' until she approached him in the State Capitol building during a legislative session and said, 'Hey, Mr. (I forgot the jerk's name), this is for you!' and she kissed her hand, then turned around and slapped her own butt, just like my own Carol would have done. It's easy to make friends when one fights the occult world order in the open.

I don't mind (much) having the FBI around as long as they're not in the process of planning my murder but in Michigan, I got that feeling that someone was peeking more aggressively than usual, so I sent out a massive, non-directed Hellboy blast and the guy across the aisle puked, and then keeled over. He was hauled off the bus, still unconscious but breathing, by paramedics and his FBI chum got off at the next rural stop after giving me a strange look. I think they're all too chicken not to travel in pairs or groups these days. After all, nobody likes them except their dope dealers.

When I got to Detroit, though, the cops were waiting at IAM and giving me 'that look' so I figured the Canadian border cops, on the other side of the tunnel in Windsor, Ontario, had been warned by the FBI not to let me, Idaho's Number One Terrorist, into their nice country.

Although I was pretty hot to get to Toronto and help Steve Baron jumpstart the final, dramatic gifting campaign there, I was also a little relieved, as it gave me an excuse to visit my friend, John Kilroy, in Boston. My plan was to sneak across one of the New England border crossings into Canada where the FBI wouldn't think to send somebody to poison the border guards against me. The cops in Canada aren't as reliant on computers as the ones here are, fortunately, and I don't think I warranted a national All Points Bulletin there at any rate. They suspect that the alleged US Gov't are the only terrorists in the world, I think, but they're likely to believe the lies the FBI tells about me if they're approached individually.

It used to be pretty tough to escape the NSA's dragnet (impossible before we figured out what the Succor Punch can do to their gear) but I can usually avoid the FBI skunks without even a Succor Punch and their psychics are the ones that the NSA and CIA didn't want, so they're easy meat.

I brought along a tent and small sleeping bag because I'm kind of like the turtle, though I'd slept in a couple of motels on the way. I wanted to lose a few pounds by walking and carrying a pack helps with that. It took me a couple of hours to find the Kilroy residence on Nantasket Peninsula,

south of Boston, but when I got there it felt just like home, which didn't surprise me, and after John told me that his granddad used to host the Three Stooges in that house when they were performing nearby, it occurred to me that I may fairly brag that I slept in the same bed as the Three Stooges. I know that's a stretch, as it's probably a different bed, but close enough, eh?

My tummy got a good workout when it wasn't full of Adele's delectables during that visit because both of them are so full of funny stories and impromptu, raucous humor that those muscles got a hell of a workout. If you want a taste of that, check out www.johnkilroy.com, noting that he's one of the finest portrait artists you're likely to encounter and his music is the kind of stuff you may want to have playing in the background to help you through your long, tedious day.

We all like to hang out with geniuses like Genghis Kilroy because it makes us feel smarter, too. He's a kind soul whose main concern is everyone else's welfare, which is a rare quality among the more intelligent of our specie.

Adele shared some insights about the history of the region, which tied up some loose ends for me. If you want a good laugh and some useful information, take a look at Genghis Kilroy's current postings on boards.ethericfreedomfighters.com/eve

One of the reasons, I figured out, that I was sort of pulled over to Boston is that John was poisoned by CIA operatives, ten years ago (and periodically ever since) in an attempt to cause him to die under non-suspicious circumstances. Before that, he had been happily indoctrinating his art students and patrons among the Boston Brahmin (Illuminati families) in the artful study of conspiracy history. For the final judgment, he was brought to Washington, DC, where he was introduced to Chainsaw Cheney in one of the hidden offices in the upper level of the US Capitol Building. He told me that was a pretty creepy experience. It's always creepy to experience direct, physical contact with a predatory reptilian, of course.

These days, we're seeing that the world around us has taken on some fairly surreal characteristics and you may wonder, at times, whether we're really just inmates of an asylum, but in fact if you'll always seek balance, you'll easily see that our side is winning this war against tyranny and the bad guys will all be gone or rightly dealt with, then the nightmare part of our existence will be mostly over. I think that will happen pretty soon but if you're not busting the new death towers in your town it will happen later for you than otherwise.

There are two kinds of innocence: innate, as with children, and acquired, or re-acquired. The innocence of children is vulnerable and corruptible; the innocence one gains from self-discipline and spiritual striving is solid and incorruptible. I'm inviting you to strain yourself to get rid of all the stuff that ties you to the disappearing paradigm because the only way we're going to navigate the present global rebirth process, which seems kind of chaotic at times, is to strive toward innocence and detachment.

I don't mean abandon your farm and stand on the hill with white robes and open arms, of course (that actually happened in America in the spring and summer of 1844;-) Detachment isn't like that. It's an inside process. We're still responsible to take care of our wonderful bodies and our earthly obligations, of course. That's as much a part of our spiritual progress as any meditation technique or belief system (or lack of it ;-) is.

We gathered materials for orgonite the next day and that night we made up a batch.

The following morning, the plan was to initiate a gifting campaign as a misdirect, and then sneak over to the border in Vermont, a five hour drive from Boston. I'd planned to take my chances on a bus from someplace like Concord New Hampshire, but John and Adele very graciously offered to take me all the way to Montreal, instead.

As we got near Burlington, Vermont, Adele sensed that the feds had found us, so John dowsed an alternate route, which took us across the northern part of Lake Champlain to the border crossing in New York State, instead. The guard there obviously wasn't looking for me and John schmoozed her thoroughly enough that she didn't even check Adele's or my IDs. I really wanted to get over to Toronto and to support Steve's presentation in Ottawa on the following Saturday. This was Tuesday.

The short ride through Quebec was kind of raucous, beginning with those two singing the Canadian National Anthem in French and some liberal comments about a sign in a restaurant window that read, 'Menu Enfants.' They dropped me off at a nice hotel, which almost felt like I was in Europe, and we all saw that the Sylphs were having a wild time over the island city itself, but not seen much in the surrounding area. That, along with the complete absence of smog, plus the requisite disappearing chemtrails, was the finest tribute I could imagine to Steve & Celine Richard, Denis Couture, and the other Canadiennes who had so thoroughly gifted that beautiful city. I look forward to spending time with the French cohorts in the fall, when Carol and I hope to witness the victories in Eastern Canada, personally and together. Right now we have to focus on paying off the debts accumulated from our former travels ;-), hence my shoestring journey.

There are enough cloudbusters in the Eastern region of North America that the chemtrails won't generally stick for more than a few minutes, anywhere. West of Cleveland, the situation is much brighter, at least in the US. I get the sense that there are people busting the death towers just about everywhere now, though most folks only do a few, then quit. The reason I felt compelled to support the Toronto effort is that several folks there have been chipping away at the thousands of towers in that metro area for over two years but Steve Baron has committed to sponsoring the final victory effort now and that kind of commitment fairly demands a supporting visit by at least me.

When I got to the Toronto bus station on Wednesday afternoon I was unable to connect with Steve on the phone. I got a map and found his street, which runs along Lake Ontario, west of the city. The address, 2679, indicated that I'd need to walk about 3 miles, so I headed out. It ended up being closer to ten miles, but I wanted the exercise and to get the bird's eye lowdown on how Toronto felt and looked. How better than by foot? I could have taken a trolley to his door but this was my vacation, after all.

As I was approaching his address, a white cat came out and greeted me on the sidewalk and I recognized that this was a special creature. We walked to the front door and when I saw a bench, loaded with tower busters, on the porch, I knew it was the right place. I don't know if you're familiar with the Cards of Destiny but Carol practices that art and it's how we met, seven years ago. I'm an ace of spades, the Death Card, according to my May 5 birthday, which is why I'm comfortable living on the cutting fringe. John Kilroy is a nine of clubs, the Psycho Card, which accounts for his wild but disciplined creativity and his heartfelt appreciation of the bizarre and ironic. Steve Baron's a nine of spades, the same as Linda Kingsbury, and it's characterized by constant rebirth/death, which is why they're drawn to arcane information and personal awareness 'systems.'

We stayed up pretty late discussing all manner of things and Steve was surprised to find another soul who has a well-functioning bull\$#!+ meter. Many of the folks he associates with in his quest for arcania aren't well endowed that way but I assured him that there are plenty of folks like he and I; they simply aren't generally found in new age workshops and seminars ;-)

I think this effort is pulling a lot of like minded people together in Toronto, also some well meaning new agers who, after all, are showing their true worth now by busting towers and shutting down underground bases with orgonite rather than trying to do it all with chanting, group hugs, conformity and rituals. What I've seen, after all, is that the camaraderie that's generated by gifting far surpasses any ideological considerations and this is what I continually stress.

I should note that Facel, the nice white cat, was attacked and poisoned during the first night of my visit, and it happened inside the house. Carol said it was the NSA who did that and the spooks who later showed up around the lecture in Ottawa were also NSA, she said. Ann and the kids spotted them while we were looking for the lecture hall.

After some zapping and a vet visit, Facel was on the road to recovery, thank God, and I got to smack down some NSA thugs after that—always a treat! It made Steve pretty mad, too, which was probably just the opposite result of what these jerks intended for him ;-)

Actually, it was getting acquainted with Steve that caused me to realize that Canada is actually a nicer place to live than America is. Before that, I had assumed that National Socialism had pretty much rotted that country from the inside out but I learned that the black market is alive and well there, as it is here, and that I could do well there, not least because the US sewer rat agencies have a difficult time operating in Canada these days. Canada, despite the obvious corruption of its government, has exercised genuine national sovereignty, way beyond what I've seen in America, by standing against the predatory agenda of the Whore of Babylon (the London trolls who hide under QEII's ample skirts). The US military and espionage agencies happily go about being London's planetary leg breakers, though I'm striving mightily to get our benighted military to just stop being London's wise guys and arrest the damn traitors in DC, instead. They can go instantly from being Zee-ros to being Hee-ros ;-)

Having said that, I do feel committed to stay in my native land and fight these murderous federal agency rats until we finally win the war. I can't do it as well from Canada, as that would make me a hypocrite, I think. I'm a lot more interested, right now, in freedom than safety, as you ought to be, too. When just a few more people take this attitude, the war will be won and these murderous, poisonous cretins and their masters will finally face courts of law.

Here's an interesting development: We on EFF always help anyone who asks for it but it's gotten to be sort of like in ancient Greece, when the Spartans were asked to send military aid. In that case, the Spartans just sent one soldier. In our case we're taking care of business in most cases, individually, without having to generate group support, so we've become sort of like the Spartans.

When the FBI set up two very expensive task forces in our neighborhood last month in order to facilitate our final demise, we didn't think in terms of self-defense, though I've sprayed some bullets in my assault rifle with Teflon, in case they totally lose it and bust down our doors some night. I bet they wouldn't even do that unless there were around a hundred of them. They used 200 to take the little Arab here, on charges of 'credit card fraud' last year ;-)

You can bet I'm not going out with a sigh if it comes to that. I'm not afraid to die but I don't think it will come to that, because, after all, I'm not afraid to die ;-) and all of them are merely bullies, i.e. cowards.

Carol and I went after these local FBI bastards before they had a chance to organize a cogent plan. This is the only way to oppose blatant tyranny. Nobody wins a chess game from a defensive position and life's just like a chess game that way, especially when one has committed to defeating tyranny.

Police Chief Billy calls us from time to time just to let us know that the FBI no longer harass him or Lt Carl, thanks to EFF's intervention last February. You may remember that the FBI had tried to frame those two courageous men and railroad them into prison (a death sentence for any cop) because they'd stood up against the Homeland Security Abomination. Remember the HSA? I haven't heard them mentioned in months—have you? I think all that Gestapo crap has devolved upon the FBI, who has a long history of breaking the heads of people of color and anyone else who won't toe the line, politically, in America.

The newspapers in Toronto note that the pollution problem and even the E. coli contamination on the beaches has disappeared suddenly. They didn't mention that it was because Steve Baron gifted those waters last year but I guess it's because nobody told them yet ;-) The Sunday paper had a story about some divers who visited a shipwreck southeast of Toronto, expecting to have to use powerful lights to photograph it. They were astounded to find that the light from the surface, in the now very clear water, was adequate and that they were able to see the entire wreck rather than just a piece of it, as before when it was murky.

The first day of the resin-pouring marathon, there were thousands of waterfowl, sort of camped just beyond the rocks by Steve's lakefront home. At one point, around a thousand cormorants swooped and landed right offshore, then shot up with the sound of a large waterfall. The swans from miles around have taken up their trolling activity close by. When you stand on the shore you can see for a couple of miles in each direction but the swans are nowhere but within a few hundred yards of Steve's house. None of us were feeding them.

Of course, the sylphs were cavorting right over Steve's CBs, one of which is a replica of Galaero Aurelius' 'hurricane' configuration. I like to call that one 'The Texas Big Hair CB' and it was nice to finally see and feel one of those in operation. There are several reputable inventors in this network who are improving on our basic designs and coming up with entirely new devices, I'm very happy to report.

Steve's a magnet (Kilroy told me I'm a cajoler). Each day, more and more people came to participate in the orgonite manufacturing process and each one left with a pile of devices and an assigned or assumed area to bust towers in and otherwise heal the land, water and sky in and around Toronto with orgonite. His unconditional generosity and effulgent spirit has everyone feeling like he/she is an integral part of this effort, which in fact is true.

Kim Smith, who posts as 'many crows' on EFF, was there and very pleased to see that all her hard work in the past has come to fruition in the form of large scale, committed involvement by others in the area. I was wearing my tee shirt that has a lot of crows on it, so of course gave it to her as a token of my appreciation. Fortunately, I'd brought my loud Hawaiian shirt along, so I could still be recognized as an American. Kim's been with this network since the beginning, three years ago, and was one of the first on the planet to build an orgonite cloudbuster. Actually, there are very few people who have stayed with this from the beginning year, and to me people like Kim Smith,

Jerry Morten and precious few others are entitled to some special appreciation and recognition, aside from giving them the shirt off my back.

I finally met Tom Wloka, who has a very large mailing list to whom he sends out breaking news stories and reports of what's happening in the personal sovereignty movement. He brought along some other interesting and interested folks and we made some fine connections that will likely lead to some interesting developments down the road.

As Kilroy notes in his posts on EFF, the first thing I do when I encounter a new group of allies is to offer to find and bust all of their electronic and nasty-etheric implants. There was a truckload of little implants among that Toronto bunch, so that had me pretty busy for two days straight. Everyone noticed the energy boost they got from having their implants disabled and when this is done in an already friendly and dynamic setting the effects are pretty astounding. How much happiness and empowerment can YOU stand? ;-)

Ann Okal came to this network a few months ago because she instantly recognized that she's supposed to be doing this work. After some struggle, she's managed to arrange her affairs to devote a lot of time to this effort and what particularly pleases us is that she's able to consistently see the DOR energy signatures that the towers and underground bases put out. Actually, I found this out when she and her two older kids, Jennifer and Kevin, were escorting me to Ottawa. On a hunch, I asked her to look at the towers we were passing and tell me what the energy looked like around them. What she was describing was just like what Carol describes. On the final leg to Ottawa, she saw that most of the towers weren't putting off much DOR, so I realized they'd been gifted.

The day before, I'd told Steve Baron that he needs to have a reliable energy sensitive on hand who can tell him what areas have been covered and which are still giving off DOR, so now those two are working together to coordinate and evaluate the regional gifting work.

Jennifer Okal, 17, is turning into a genuine asset to the Toronto effort, too, as is Kevin, 10. They attended Steve Richard's four-hour presentation and were engaged and interested, which you probably realize is remarkable and a testimonial for Ann's mothering skill, as well as to the capacity of the two younger ones.

We got to Steve's lecture a little late, as we were unfamiliar with the campus. Steve was invited by Dr. Rudi and Patti Verspoor, who operate a school and clinic that trains physicians to become homeopaths. Rudi bases his work on Hahnemann's, Reich's and Steiner's teachings and he's quite reputable, according to our own Dr von Peters, who is a renowned homeopath in his own right (www.uncurable.com) and the formulator of Chembuster, the homeopathic/herbal remedy which Carol and I are promoting now.

The Verspoors have a cloudbuster and they've both been busting towers in and around Ottawa recently. They invited Steve Richard of Quebec to give a presentation to around a hundred visiting physicians during a seminar/conference. These people came from Europe, North America and Asia and were a receptive and supportive audience, which is certainly a credit to Heilkunst, which is what Dr Rudi calls his approach. You can find out more about this by visiting www.homeopathy.com

The old-school natural healers are the ones that should be patronized, by the way, because they understand the causes and cures of disease and also understand the process of healing. These fine

folks make ordinary pill pushers and even ersatz naturopaths look like the hacks that they truly are.

We came in late, as I mentioned, and burdened with bags of towerbusters, which Steve Baron had characteristically donated to the effort. Our plan had been to gift the campus and put a couple in the lecture hall but our lateness prevented that. Kevin and I distributed them (with Steve's permission), instead, to the attendees, most of whom got one and that turned them into a captive audience, since many of them are energy sensitives ;-)

I was as spellbound as the rest to hear Steve Richard's presentation and I was particularly pleased to see that he has a fine grasp and a no-nonsense, working knowledge of the energy dynamics involved with orgonite. In fact, his offered explanation of how orgonite works is the best I've heard, so far. After the break (half time) he invited me to participate with him in answering questions and comments from the audience, which lasted a couple of hours and was awfully fun for me. I had hoped to spend more time with Steve and Celine after the meet but they had to get back to their experimental farm in Quebec right away. Steve facilitates the French language forum on www.quebecorgone.com and sells fine products from that site.

The potluck dinner after the presentation was just as high and lively as the meeting was and Patti told me later that Steve's presentation was a highlight of the conference and the subject of a lot of discussion for the remainder of it. Rudi treated me to a short dissertation on his unique approach to healing and curing—what a fascinating man! Most folks only meet one or two creative geniuses in their lives but on my little bus trip back east I encountered several!

The next day, I got on the bus to come home and that trip was pretty uneventful, except for a brief flurry of activity at the border crossing in Detroit. The border cop who checked my ID didn't give it a second glance but as I was standing in line to have my bags checked out, four of them suddenly turned to look at me after conferring together briefly, so I knew that the FBI had spoken with at least one of them about me just then. The fellow who checked my baggage sort of rushed through the routine without looking inside and when I was on the bus, they all kept glancing at me. I wonder if they were thinking, 'So THIS is what the FBI is calling a terrorist now, eh? Hardy har har!'

You may have heard that I'm a kind of non-descript, unassuming guy who smiles sweetly a lot.

On the trip east, the only chemtrails I saw were over the largest cities and those were disappearing fast, due to the presence of cloudbusters and the activities of the folks who bust the towers. On the way west from Detroit to Spokane (almost the west coast) I saw not a single spewplane and the skies were gorgeous, with plenty of Sylph clouds here and there, even over the cities.

That told me that there are actually only a token number of spewplanes flying these days. In fact, Steve Baron told me that the spew assault on Toronto was so massive for three days after I left that I wondered if all the spewplanes in North America were ordered to go squirt Toronto then ;-)

Of course, tactics like this only make the Toronto Tornados more committed and determined to wipe the orgone slate clean in that region forever.

Don

PS

A word about the miraculous recent proliferation of evidence of the Sylphs in our skies: Well, two words: they connect with us through our hearts, not through our eyes and they absolutely don't need anyone to be their spokesman, any more than God does. Also, the NSA and MI6 has contrived to make fake sylph clouds, apparently, and send out some disinformation specialists to tell you 'all about Sylphs and what they want from us.' so DB's prediction about that has come true. 99% of what anyone will be telling you about sylphs is pure horse \$#!+, please consider. Discernment is a heavy burden but it's inescapable these days, folks, and the Sylphs are absolutely real and want to help us.

Okay, the third word is that the Sylphs are non-physical entities. They're not clouds but they often use clouds to show us stuff, the same way you might use a painting to communicate something. Otherwise, they come to us through our hearts, the way dolphins and whales do, and sometimes they come right down and envelop us. You'll know that's happening because everything around you seems brighter and more vivid and everyone around you acts content and happy for the duration. I hope that you'll experience all of this directly and if anyone wants to pretend to preach on behalf of the Sylphs, please don't do it to me, okay? I, like you, have had personal contact with these heavenly creatures, so let's keep it real, okay?

~Don

Episode 83A

Juicing at the Devil's Punchbowl, Part 1

Count 'I Ain't' Saint Germaine and The Rattlesnake

From Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc83saintgermaineandrattlesnake06aug04.shtml>

August 6, 2004

This account is mainly about DB's and Ryan McGinty's initiation by fire last Sunday in the Devil's Punchbowl, east of Los Angeles but I've found that catchy titles get your attention and, now, Constantin Ochescu could really use your blasting virtuosity as he languishes on a bench in the waiting room of the Los Vegas city slammer for being our real friend.

They can't seem to manage to get him into a cell these days because he knows the law better than the reptile cops who snagged him yesterday but they and their covert overseers (apparently the draconians under the city who are sore about our plan to disable all of their activity this weekend) are going to do their best to get the better of him, anyway, and we need to use their own energy to defeat them, yet again. Lilly Ochescu is a black belt karate woman from Romania who's learning, from Carol, some American Cowgirl tactics, as you'll see.

Apparently, a lot of these feds now perceive me as Vlad the Impaler for some reason, though I haven't raised my hand in anger to another soul since I was eleven. Go figure.

Next time you ask the Crofts to come visit, bear in mind that in our wake usually follows an entourage of surveillance, sabotage and voodoo wankers who would like to stop you from exercising your right to pick your companions, okay? I reckon this will further bollox any diatribes directed at painting me as a cult leader and it will lessen the number of invites, too ;-)

We did, indeed, treat the Very Old Rascal to a couple of earthpipes in Pluto Cave near Mt Shasta and I was actually bitten by a rattlesnake near Devil's Punchbowl when I was hunting for Ryan last Sunday, though.

These earthpipes are apparently the most powerful orgonite devices in our arsenal but they only really do much good for underground work. When you deploy them, you might or might not get confirmations in the atmosphere, please note.

When Carol and Linda were at the Oregon Coast a month ago they sort of stumbled onto a plot to generate a massive earthquake in that region, so Carol, Ryan and I went back there last week with 17 earthpipes, which we placed at intervals of 11 miles down the coast from Seaside to Florence, Oregon, just to ensure that whatever HAARPish beaming they were doing to destabilize that stretch and move us into martial law would come to naught.

As usual, we got some atmospheric confirmations. The coast was socked in with heavy fog all day, in spite of clear skies and the usual westerlies, which is an indicator of HAARP interference. As we moved south the wind followed us from the north and cleared away the DOR, thus the fog. Whenever we stopped to eat or do touristy stuff the wind caught up with us and the influx of healthy orgone felt marvelous.

We stayed longest at Siletz Bay, where we ate at Moe's (incomparable seafood) and greeted the seals. Two haggish CIA psychics leered at us all as we stepped on the beach (tough old gals) and we had a little staring contest until they turned away and lit some cigarettes, which for psychics means that they needed to shut out some energy ;-), which we were sending to them.

The other indicator of DOR was that the vultures had returned to the coast. There's apparently a cloudbuster in Florence because as we approached we could see that characteristic blue hole in the DOR muck. Otherwise there was no sign that anyone had been busting towers. Most folks who have CBs and disable death transmitters these days don't contact us, which is wonderful, as it demonstrates that this is a grassroots, empowering effort rather than a personality cult.

If I were actually a leader of this effort, I'd have to constantly say, 'There they all go, and I must run along after them because I AM THEIR LEADER!' I thank God, daily, that I don't even know most of the folks who do this work and that a lot of the folks who are more vocal about doing it genuinely don't even like me. Under the circumstances, whenever any of our enemies say that this is personality cult they're simply making fools of themselves to anyone with a scrap of discernment who bothers to read their rants. Even our enemies know that Carol and I are not profiting from this effort. All we've gathered in from our efforts is \$20,000 in alleged credit card debt over the last three years ;-)

I've gathered payback, though, which to me is a whole lot nicer than money. I guess you'll have to ask Carol what she's gotten from all this, aside from having a man who loves her more than life itself.

We all defeated the chemtrail program, most of HAARP, and prevented martial law from being successfully enforced (by disabling sufficient numbers of death towers) and that's no small feat, I'm sure you know.

Look at the newspapers: the feds tell us that terrorist attack is imminent and even the headlines make fun of them now. When you consider that the Illuminists own all of the PJ folks' favored

media outlets, this is quite a testimonial of how well humanity is doing along the path of awakening.

I think just about everyone knows, by now, that our gifting recommendations are simply basic directions for getting guaranteed, observable results and confirmations with a minimum of time, effort and materials. We encourage anyone with talent and insight to improve on these devices and many folks do that. I still make all of my field pieces funky and basic, as a point of pride ;-)

So, the three of us spent our first few nights in the pop-up camper trailer that Carol had bought in June. Ryan's 6' 5" but was able to fit without too much trauma in the other bed and it was like a lottery to find campgrounds with showers on the hot summer days on our way south. The Oregon coast is the most beautiful coastal area that I've ever visited.

We had just met with our Aztec warrior brother, Luis Santacruz, in Portland, Oregon, which is always a treat. Together, we scragged a particularly tough, satanic Bruja in Mexico who had been trying to get the best of our bro for many years. We laugh at these insipid American women who dabble in the black arts and consider themselves powerful because we've been to places where real magic is performed by old-school shamans. The bad ones have to be reckoned with in 'The Third World,' as Carol and I, Jesse, and one or two others in this informal network have learned firsthand in our travels, unlike the hordes of CIA/NSA trained new age nazi schizoids here whom we routinely knock down like tenpins. More folks are gifting in the Latin countries these days, so we connect the ones who contact me with Luis and Alicia Navor, who lives in San Diego and whose name will come up later in this article. Since Luis joined this effort, last year, we've been doing a lot with obsidian, which the ancient knowers in Central America considered more precious than gold.

We hadn't told anyone we were going to Pluto Cave because it's quite dangerous there, due to the I AM (not!) Fellowship's use of that place for their satanic murder rituals. In case you don't know, the 'I Am' part of the phrase comes from the Bible and is a reference to The Creator—you know: 'Before all things were created, I am.' Want some fun? Next time some neurotic new age nazi tells you that he/she is God, put him/her to the test ;-)

The Monarch Programs' graduates all shun accountability and it's kind of fun to watch them squirm when you make them accountable.

Theresa and David Carlson met us in the parking lot of the little state park and told us that they'd just distributed some gifts there. That was pretty remarkable! Carol and I were very sad to find that the stench of the part of the cave where they bury their victims' remains was even worse than before because that indicated that the satanic new age Nazis had been murdering more children in order to boost their mascot/sponsor, the ET they call St. Germaine ('ain't no saint'). In fact, we had become a little alarmed to hear that someone had started channeling this scoundrel again recently, hence our visit to the cave. The faithful, vacuous Nazis had been cut off from him for about a year after our Mt Shasta Area Offensive in May 2003. Carol and I had gifted a dozen or so key Illuminati energy-theft vortices, hyper-dimensional portals and ritual killing sites known to DB but not obviously connected with the mountain.

We moved a lot deeper into the cave until we got to a point where Carol and Ryan saw a Watcher, which is one of the very old ET entities assigned to report intrusions, etc, to killing sites. Those two attacked the entity, who appeared to both of them to slink on all fours up out of the deeper reaches and was around 20 feet tall when he stood up—maybe he's actually just a little jerk, doing a Wizard of Oz act, though. They drove him back into the cave so that I could plant the

earthpipes, one of which was made with a little moonblood and energized water in some water-based resin. Laozu Kelly had generously given Carol a gallon of the stuff and Carol Two Eagle had been expounding, to me, the power of moonblood in magic, so of course I asked Carol to oblige me when I then decided to make some gifts with the stuff. Last week I found out that a woman in Argentina had been making holy handgrenades with some of hers, and, of course, Zoe in Salt Lake City had done this a couple years ago.

You might be sad to know that there are some powerful things that guys will never be able to do.

Ryan coined the 'I Ain't' appellation after we did the cave, by the way.

I usually pound the earthpipes into the ground, fast, with a six pound sledge hammer but since there were a lot of big stones on the floor of the cave I asked Ryan, who's getting to be a terrific psychic, to point to the right spots so that I would get them all the way into the ground on the first try, which I did.

They saw a bunch of little specks of bright light flying at us after that from deeper in the cave and those were apparently implants, aimed at our heart meridians. We disabled them all in LA with DB's Tesla coil. More on that later.

Carol was unable to go into the burial part of the cave on the way out, because approaching it made her intensely nauseous. She said that some murderers were on their way, sent by St. I Ain't, so we had to leave immediately.

As we were walking toward the parking lot a couple of tunnel-visioned MKids passed us on the trail, walking fast and heading for the cave. Carol later told me they were reptiles. I wished I'd brought a pistol but we figured that if I just kept my mouth shut about going to Shasta we'd be left alone this time.

The Great White Brotherhood's minions rarely, if ever, physically attack you from the front, of course, unless they can cause you to be afraid (weak) first. I didn't turn my back on many strangers while I was in California this time.

As we approached Shasta from the north, Carol could see that a lot of new, very dark activity was taking place under the mountain in the direction of the cave. What we did was directed at the Old Villain, of course, but someone needs to get busy with earthpipes on the north side of the mountain and finish off whatever CIA/reptilian mischief is connected to that jerk.

I AM happy to report, though, that the organization's 'reading room' and warehouse suffered a catastrophic fire last month, during the busiest, most lucrative part of their year ;-)

Theresa told us that she and David had particularly gifted that building last summer, along with the amphitheater where they put on their fake-Jesus plays and other pageantry in the summer.

Ryan found a nifty, big piece of obsidian, marked with a queer symbol, in the corner of the lot and I'm going to use it for something special. They had put it there for protection, of course.

We had thoroughly gifted the City of Mt Shasta in May of last year and we're told that the faithful have been quite dispirited since then. It's important to note that, like in any other cult, these benighted people believe that Saint I Ain't is practically God incarnate and you won't get them to question their beliefs. Some of them upbraid me now and then for speaking ill of their master and

I never try to persuade them that they're seeing a false front. Somebody who knows some stuff firsthand told me that this old fart was the 'apostle' Paul, Roger Bacon and several other historical figures who had led a lot of humanity out into the figurative desert over the past millennia. I have no reason to doubt that and it's pretty intriguing, don't you think? The meek have finally inherited the earth, after all.

It's always a little dicey to gift the ground that cult followers consider sacred because these benighted people consider you evil, therefore easily expendable, but that was nothing compared to what we encountered two days later.

Somebody emailed me to say that she had made several hundred towerbusters with the intention of gridding downtown San Francisco, so of course we went there to see if we could help, since the person said that she was homeless. We agreed on meeting at a certain time but the person was not to be found. Rather, the neighborhood where the meeting was to take place was so filled with MKids and Carol felt a little alarmed and smelled a setup, so we left after a couple of hours.

It became fairly apparent that the bad guys didn't want us to get to LA, where DB, whose site, cbswork.com, had been fatally sabotaged by the domain's owner, six weeks before. DB had essentially been deprived of a livelihood since that happened, nor was he even able to access his own site or even to receive PayPal payments. That was conscious betrayal and sabotage, and I want you to know that betrayal must never be confused with 'personality conflict' or 'misunderstanding.' DB had bent over backward helping this fellow get out from under his MK Ultra past and present, during the time that Carol and I were helping another fellow do the same. I'm not mentioning names because these subterfuge efforts are designed to make betrayal look like a something else, but we were all, in fact, scammed by their handlers, at least, and we won't be rescuing any more active MKids from now on, pleased note.

Fortunately for Carol and I, www.worldwithoutparasites.com, is under our control, so I did the only reasonable thing and avoided making contracts with anyone in the past three years that this informal network has grown and thrived. Ken Adachi has been generous and supportive for the duration by sharing my writings on his site, www.educate-yourself.org, and we very much enjoy our visits with him and his lovely wife, Ayoko, when circumstances allow.

Thanks to the very kind and timely help of another partner, Steve Richard, of www.quebecorgone.com, who facilitates the French-speaking contingent of this grassroots effort, DB now has a brand new site, under his own control. Keep watching it for some exciting, inspiring and sometimes scary blogs from 'Cbswork,' okay? It's www.ethericfire.com

By the way, the ID is meant to convey that 'CBs Work!,' not 'CBS Work,' just as Succor Punch is pronounced, 'Sucker Punch,' not 'Sooker Punch.' Succor, which means, 'to nourish,' really is pronounced, 'sucker.' I could have named my invention, 'Suckle Punch,' but I wanted something with impact. 'Suckle Punch' is kind of confusing, like what an infant might feel in a topless bar. I want you to get the full flavor, so to speak, of our acronyms.

We all get scammed, now and then, because, let's face it: nice people are and will always be targets. Carol, who had been recently accused of being a variety of roguish secret personae, including 'satanic witch,' and 'Don's CIA handler,' even got caught in a few less-than-charitable people's crosshairs lately and she's a little less patient with betrayal than I am. I kind of feel sorry for the fellow who recently scammed/betrayed her because she's a good part Injun and, as Carol Two Eagle says, 'Indian women in battle take no prisoners except to torture them.'

When I tell you what happened when Carol was accosted by the cops at the Devil's Punchbowl and, yesterday, here in Las Vegas, you're going to get a new appreciation of this quiet, otherwise mild woman whom you may have thought you know. Lilly Ochescu's not too shabby, either ;-)

DB, Carol and I had wrongly assumed that we could help a couple of well-meaning, very talented and resourceful, 30ish MKids, even though I'm always fast to tell folks that 'We don't rescue,' and our good intentions simply bit us on the butts, that's all. Live and learn, eh?

There will be a new board set up shortly, named ethericwarriors.com, which will feature the postings of 26 people who are tested warriors/gifters. These are the ones who have carried 99% of the work on the boards in the past three years, after all, and have exhibited constancy in the face of enemy fire, subterfuge and betrayals. Some of them aren't very charismatic but they're all real friends to Carol and I. 'Good friends help you move; real friends help you move bodies.'

The reason we'll do it this way is because, frankly, we're just not smart enough to catch all the insincere, sometimes very patient and resourceful people who are thrown at us by the CIA and MI6 to steal our time, energy and resources & to lay intricate traps for us. Our intention, as with our three, previous, good faith efforts, is to provide an exemplary format—a living witness, if you will—that anyone can use for inspiration, education and confirmation. I think we'll get it right this time.

Before this, by the way, we didn't really know who would stand on the front line with us but all that traveling we've done has paid off in terms of getting to know folks and allowing them to get to know us, so this is timely.

Our hope is that many, many others will adopt this approach, which is essentially the cell method that worked so well for the French Resistance during the nazi occupation period and is now working for the Constitutional Unorganized Militias in the US now. They, too, learned from their mistakes, having previously been subverted in the nineties and enervated by thousands and thousands of FBI and CIA agents.

All wars are won and lost this way, of course, not by bullets and bombs.

Steve Richard is setting that new board up for us right now and will turn it over to me when he's done. I want to feature the Women Warrior chat function because that showed a lot of potential before. As Carol Two Eagle told me the other day, women in general are getting fed up with paternalistic hegemony now, so I'd be an idiot not to exploit this unique opportunity to chop the feet out from under the old-fart occult world order, don't you agree?

Larry Rockefeller's instant demise may be a good portent for us all.

I've always been a little ambivalent about reptilians, especially since our early experiences with them included some close interactions with some apparently friendly, helpful ones from under Florida/Bahamas/Cuba/Yucatan. I still honestly see good in all of God's creatures, or at least the potential for virtue, even in the most degraded of the predatory sentient beings whom I've interacted with, face to face.

What I witnessed last Sunday, though, has inspired me to buy a whole lot of 9mm and .45 caliber ammunition as soon as we get home. As it gets harder and harder for the hostile reptiles in human form to maintain those forms, it would be wise to have a firearm on hand because I believe they do intend to kill us all if given the opportunity. I'm going to fight back, if so, and without qualms.

I still firmly believe that the assumption that reptiles ever created or enslaved humanity is dead wrong, but I now appreciate that most of them desperately want to kill us all, perhaps very soon, and have always tried to control us, though.

I don't use the terms, 'Annunaki,' or 'Nibiru' much, because I don't have any direct corroboration for any of the claims made about them. I also believe that you and I were put here to defeat the occult world order, including the Illuminati, Vril, Great White Brotherhood, the various satanic orders on all continents, the cadres of non-human predators, etc., which have always been the front for error and spiritual rebellion on our planet. I don't even like to use the word, 'evil,' very much because I just don't believe in devils, no matter how hard others try to persuade me to believe that way.

Do read others' cosmologies, if you feel like it, and make your own conclusions. I stay away from cosmologies because I think just about everything, even a rapid pole shift, is up for grabs right now and that we're simply not capable of understanding what's coming, so why speculate? All that concerns me is winning this war in each moment and it sure feels like we're winning now, with overwhelming help, protection and guidance from The Operators. If you're able to see elementals, please note how happy they are when any of us show up, okay? I think that by now all of us, who have the proper humility, have seen the Sylph's cloud sculptures and felt their love for us. They're all happy because we've been fixing the planet's orgone matrix with our cloudbusters and, especially, with the gifting.

I did a couple of firewalks a few years ago and the tribulations we've all entered lately feel kind of like walking on fire to me. If you ever have an opportunity to experience this, I heartily recommend it. One of the Persian poets once wrote, 'A knower is he who is dry in the sea; a lover is he who is sure in hellfire,' and the simple truth is that when we relate to life from our hearts we're given everything we need to be happy, productive, safe and knowledgeable. There is no suffering as bad as uncertainty, by the way, and victory can be summed up in one word: confidence. Orgonite gives that to us and takes it away from the bad guys. I realized lately that we're already through the worst of the calamities. The worst part was when nearly everyone was asleep and we few who were waking up felt hopeless, helpless and isolated in the face of the occult world order's genocidal plans.

Here's the deal, as I see it: many people realize that we're winning now and more sleepy PJ folk are waking up each day. In the face of this awakening process, and in light of the fact that we're winning all of our battles, why worry? Even if we get scragged by a huge comet, inundated by towering tsunamis and/or get overcome by hordes of hungry, heartless lizards (keep proper ammo on hand, just in case! ;-)) at least we'll go out gloriously and the struggle IS the object of the game of life, after all, just as the journey is more important than the destination. When we're all sitting around a hundred years from now, not having to toil any more, pay for energy or to even consider poverty, sickness, hunger, strife or predatory reptiles, we old veterans will gather here and there around the globe, roar with laughter inspired by old gallows humor, and swap terrific war stories about the good old days (now). I already feel sorry for our progeny, in fact.

Sunday's events proved to all four of us that we can't be defeated, at least, and I want you to experience the same assurance and confidence without necessarily getting shot at by a sniper, bitten by a deadly-poisonous snake, manipulated hyper-dimensionally, beamed by a variety of Vril and reptilian ships, surrounded—Rodney King style—with vicious LA cops and black-shirted Homeland Security Abominations, or otherwise severely tested ;-)

Sunday's trouble for us may reasonably said to have started two weeks before, when DB had gone to the Devil's Punchbowl to gift the vicinity of the altar there. By the time he arrived, the sun was going down and a crowd of people had arrived at the parking lot of the county park facility, whose employees leave and lock the parking lot's gate at sunset. A Los Angeles County Sheriff Deputy stopped DB at the gate and said, 'I'm sorry, Mr. B*****, but you have to turn around and leave,' so D drove away to the nearest dirt road, turned north, skirted the spectacular geological feature, parked his car and walked to a stone ledge overlooking the altar, which was about a half mile from the gate.

He had arrived at the boulder overlook in darkness and in time to witness Lawrence Rockefeller gutting a terrified young girl in the middle of a circle of black-robed, torch-bearing celebrants, who had brought along a dozen or so other children to be killed during the ritual. DB was so infuriated that he vented his anger directly at the old murderous Illuminist, whose heart stopped. When the rat suddenly keeled over, dead, the others looked angrily around and he could hear them yelling, 'Who did that!?'

The next morning, of course, the news of the old parasite's death was announced in the news. DB told me that he had seen Rocky assume his genuine draconian form right before he slaughtered that little girl and his description was pretty graphic. Maybe you can get it directly from one of his blogs but for our purpose, I'll refer to all of the predators in human form as humans, while not doubting at all that what DB is relating is accurate. If you, too, will steer clear of belief, denial and judgment, you're guaranteed to be as happy as I am.

I could repeat some of his observations about how the children are 'prepared' by the CIA for their own painful, violent deaths in some of the remote desert shacks on 'gummint' land which he pointed out along the way but you can read other accounts to get that. It's pretty grisly and depressing. Next door to DB lives a 'retired' CIA pediatrician, by the way. I think you know that the CIA only uses pediatricians to harm children.

Carol and I had never seen so much surveillance as we did Sunday on our way to the desert park facility from Los Angeles. In fact, that's about all we saw and it was practically a traffic jam.

As we were doing our shopping in preparation for the trip, it was fun to watch DB, who was driving, roll down his window every time we approached a plainclothes, probably off-duty LAPD peeker and say, 'Good morning, officer!' Okay, the fun was watching the 'made' surveillance guys' faces after that ;-) I'm used to living with another telepath and world-class psychic, so DB doesn't usually surprise me when we visit him in LA.

By the way, thanks mainly to DB and Rick Moors, there are NO CHEMTRAILS over LA any more but there are a whole lot of gorgeous clouds, including a parade of Sylph sculptures and very little smog any more, closer to the ground. The plant life in the LA Basin is vibrant and practically screams, 'Thank you!'

We're winning now.

DB had informed us that the secret police agencies have new ways of putting implants into people now, based on some reptilian technology. I watched that pan out during the day as just about every person who came close to us was fiddling with their glasses or using their cell phones in odd ways. He told us that these two devices have view screens on which our chi meridians light up and some crosshairs so that when the meridians are properly targeted, a magnetic propulsion system sends the nanotech implants into the meridian from a distance of up to ten feet or so.

When you pay attention, you can feel them go in. It's a lot subtler than the methods they had been using before, by the way. The older appliances shot implants by compressed air and the implants were larger, so they felt like a static shock or something similar. The darts a few of our cohorts found in their skin were quite a bit more painful but that method was apparently only used for a few months and was for poison, carried in hollow plastic darts. I think all the open discussion of that on the net stopped the CIA/NSA from using it by spring of this year. Some, including Carol, had been retrieving the darts, which often didn't penetrate all the way into the skin.

When you sense that you're receiving an implant, just take note of where it is and tape a magnet to it later on, of course, but DB rigged a small Tesla coil so that he holds the secondary coil in his left hand and attaches a long wire to the electrode at the top of the coil, placing the other end of the wire against the skin where there's an implant. I did this and found about 11 implants, mostly around my throat area, which I'd received since the last time I busted all my implants, in January of last year ;-)

I found most of the newer implants on my own after DB and Carol told me where to look because the wire end gives a sharp tingle when near an implant and the tingle stops when the implant is dead—takes about a minute, usually.

Ken Adachi traded a smaller, battery-operated Tesla-coil type device with me a couple days ago and we're testing whether this will do the same thing. It's a good healing device, otherwise, I'm told, and he sells them for \$300 or so on educate-yourself.org

We use a Tesla coil at home to boost our radionic effort to destroy the Federal Reserve Corporation and I know it's doing a good job because as soon as I put it out in the pyramid the sewer rats jacked up their attacks against me ;-)) and initiated some frantic aerial surveillance for a few weeks.

This is an aside, but right before we left, Kelly came over and handed us a small orgonite device that's made around one of Cesco's fascinating coil forms. Cesco's an artist in Norway who has a genius for making energy devices out of wire, by the way. We're trying to persuade him to market these creations. Carol and Ryan could see that the orgonite device was generating a vortex, so Kelly let me stick it out in the rotating part of our pyramid structure. Even I could feel the boost from that. The gift has no crystals in it, by the way, which supports my assertion that crystals are not the primary ingredient of orgonite. Rather, it's the ordering aspect of crystals which boosts the etheric effects of the metal/resin mix. The jury's still out on that, of course, as this was only one experiment. We need to consider whether the elementals will like orgonite that has no crystals in it, for instance, because it's obviously the elementals who are able to connect the various devices and exploit their synergy.

On the way to the Punchbowl the nature of the surveillance gradually changed from the standard NSA/CIA box method in LA to a more subtle and comprehensive reptilian telepathic/visual network, reminiscent of The Agents on the movie, THE MATRIX. Also, we could see that there were a whole bunch of huge reptilian ships parked right over the Punchbowl, waiting for us.

DB said, 'It's probably going to get rough, so anyone who doesn't want to face it needs to say so right now, before we get closer.'

Of course all four of us were ready and willing to die in our efforts to seize sacred ground from the occult world order, so there wasn't any reason to pause.

He told us that the site was expropriated by the Jesuits (all reptilians) in the 1600s in order to facilitate their Illuminist human sacrifice rituals and thereby consolidate their control/genocide in the region. Devil's Gate (JPL) was set up by them, too, directly on the other side of the San Gabriel Mountains in Pasadena. Aleister Crowley more recently arrived to consolidate the underground activity at Devil's Gate, of course, with his protégé, Parsons. Note that the Jesuits' arrival in California and the rest of North America followed the period of the Inquisition in Europe. They were pretty pumped up then by the blood of countless thousands of innocents.

The reptilians and their draconian overlords use a lot of these major vortices for hosting hyper-dimensional portals, which is probably how Lawrence arrived there in the first place. They make their black robed chumps carry the terrified, naked stolen children on poles, trussed like pigs, down the trail, instead, from the parking lot.

The whole region is honeycombed with underground bases connected to Edwards Air Force Base. We hope to get back there with a few dozen earthpipes and clear out the entire rat nest.

By the time we arrived in the park's lot, I was almost used to witnessing bizarre human behavior among our trackers, including one surreal 'family' who climbed out of a big Mercury sedan with a license plate which had nothing on it but a queer symbol (an orange triangle in a circle) on it when we were buying ice in a convenience store outside of Palmdale. The people were all caricatures and radiated hostility and hunger. I wonder what they tell cops to do when they see this license plate. That might make a good story all by itself.

Now I understood why the people of Los Angeles have always seemed so strange to me. DB says another reptilian 'nest' is Salt Lake City and of course there are a lot more, including Las Vegas, where Carol and I are right now, visiting Constantin and Lilly Ochescu. Predatory reptilians both generate and feed on human misery. I bet you know some of those.

In his very comfortable, lovely LA suburban neighborhood, none of the kids look at all like their parents and the kids sometimes let slip comments like, 'This is Dad Number Four!' The CIA Monarch Program, which includes many millions of severely programmed pajama people in all of the enormously (but previously) successful mind control subgroups, like MK Ultra, Artichoke, etc., is founded on the systematic abuse of little children and in many cases the murder of their birth parents, sometimes at the children's own hands. I don't know how far down the rabbit hole you're comfortable to go, but suffice it to say that I don't feel confident to share the whole smash in this article or anywhere else. A lot of folks who like to read my writing would be repelled by that information and I want you to keep reading, frankly.

It's definitely time to end this occult nightmare, and expeditiously. The only thing the other side can't survive is exposure. Telling each other about them is like putting salt on a slug.

Many, even most of us in this gifting effort are 'alumni' of these programs, though, including me, and we want payback, perhaps more than we want to 'heal the planet' or to 'help mankind,' though of course we wouldn't have washed out of those programs as adolescents if we didn't have consciences in the first place, or at least some personal integrity and character strengths.

The ones who stayed in have certain, distinguishing characteristics: they're fearful, manipulative, shun accountability, are slavish and flattering, untrustworthy and self-seeking. In other words, take a new, harder look at the entire cadre of politicians, academics, bureaucrats, clergy, institutional scientists, rock concert habitués, pot addicts, designing women, angry men, most of

the swelling gay/lesbian community, all of the Illuminist/satanic occult groups & fake religions, nearly all celebrities, ad infinitum. As I said, there are many, many millions of unwitting people and fewer conscious participants in the staggeringly massive Monarch Program, in North America, Europe, Korea and Japan. The ‘trilateral’ thing comes up again and again.

The only reason we washouts were not all killed is that countless thousands of deaths of boys and girls in their early teens who are not suicidal or sickly would awaken quite a few pajama people, so we were all foisted into dead end lives, instead. I was fifty when I woke up to my own potential, for instance, after a brief period in my late teens when I first realized that there’s a loving God. Keeping the PJ folks asleep is the secret of the world order’s hegemony, of course, since Illuminism is only parasitic.

I assume that if you’re reading this, you’ve already disabled all of the new death transmitters where you live. This allows the PJ folks around you to wake up to their own potential faster. If you haven’t done it, why not? You can sure afford it at 25 cents per tower. For the cost of a restaurant meal with booze you could do your entire small city.

Part of the alumnis’ desire for payback is that we’re angry that our handlers stuck us in bad relationships & dysfunctional families, blocked us from getting educations and making good livelihoods and overall just \$%#@#ed us over with dark, post hypnotic, very deep and self-defeating programming as adolescents, which in most cases has taken us decades to struggle out of and into the light of day.

I didn’t wake up to the fact that it doesn’t matter whether the world ends or not (as long as we live from the heart and in the moment) until the actual threat became blatantly apparent, two years ago after the death tower network was completed, worldwide.

Thankfully, this life’s pretty short and we’re able to eventually forgive even the most heinous of personal transgressions when we choose to focus on what’s best for our hearts and consider virtue to be its own reward. To live up in one’s noggin during these trying times is probably a new kind of suicide.

I have toyed with the idea of starting a suicide hotline for satanic feds, though of course it would really be just an information source: how to do it right the first time. Maybe I could just refer them to Jeffrey Dahmer and Jack Kavorkian, the Dynamic Duo. Waste not, want not. Maybe they could have made a group deal with Ray Kroc, since nobody really cares what’s in them burgers, anyway, as long as the thousands of effervescent, faux redhead Ronald McDonald clones roam the earth.

But I digress.

As soon as we started down the mile long loop trail into the Punchbowl, it was obvious, even to me, that the energy of that place was an absolute mess and the whole area reeked of death and despair. The only sound in the whole desert canyon was the buzzing of flies, in fact.

This is where they filmed the scene in which Captain Kirk battled the draconian, by the way.

Since DB had been there before, he knew where to leave the trail on the way to the altar. After a quarter mile, the trail got pretty steep and on one ledge, Carol, who was between DB and me, started to fall off a cliff and DB caught her. She’d gotten so dizzy from the energy that some devolved entity had an easy time just pushing her over backward there, so we decided that she

shouldn't go further and that I'd just take her back while DB and Ryan gifted the killing ground, not far from where we were then. We all knew that Carol wouldn't have survived much more of that.

We made it back to the parking lot without a lot of trouble and we expected the other guys to show up an hour or so later but, as more and more reptoids arrived in the lot and constantly circled Carol, looking for an opening, I went back and forth between our Jeep and the edge of the canyon looking for some sign of the fellows' return. Meanwhile, Carol kept searching for them telepathically and was getting a lot of interference from the non-humans.

This article's longer than I expected and last night, after I'd written the above, our friend Constantin and I were stopped by Las Vegas cops and he was taken to jail for not having a driver license or license plates. He had been driving around this way for several years, having sufficiently humiliated the local judges with his knowledge of the real laws and he had been teaching me some of this after we arrived here in LV yesterday morning. The cops were simply waiting for an opportunity to arrest him yesterday and it happened when he and I were going to Lowe's to get some 1 1/2" copper pipe. When the two reptiles were done trying to intimidate me and had cuffed Constantin and put him in the back of their patrol car, they told me 'You're free to go,' so I walked across the street, bought the pipe and walked back to the house so that the feds could all see me carrying it. While he and I were getting harassed in the parking lot, a fed chopper was hovering overhead in between the times I blasted it. I guess they were gloating but we'll shortly see who gets the last laugh, eh?

Carol and Lilly (Constantin's Romanian wife) found the cops and Constantin, who were still there after I'd walked away, and the female cop hassled Carol, then began acting as a conduit for the draconians underground here, who of course know that we're here to shut them down today and tomorrow. The ladies had massive headaches from that reptilian cop's continuous assaults as soon as the little female one jerked open Carol's door and began hassling her, but we thoroughly gifted the jail where Constantin's being held, then overgifted the courthouse, copshop and City Hall downtown in case they're foolish enough to stick him in front of that judge again this morning.

More on what Carol experienced with this cretin in the next installment, of course.

Anyway, I gotta go because I think we're going to be busy giving those two reptile cops their comeuppance shortly, during the time we start hammering our gifts into the ground in and around Las Vegas. I'm not going to telegraph this specific sucker punch at those two cops because I relish the surprise factor sometimes.

Remember, folks: whenever the other side attacks you, FIGHT BACK! If you don't want to fight back, please don't expect things to get better.

I guess there are two cliffhangers in this account ;-)

~Don Croft

Addendum

Comments from DB (cbswork) posted at his web site concerning this episode:

Devil's Punchbowl

What a weekend. Well, the Crofts, myself, and Ryan went to the Devil's Punchbowl on Ritual Day and placed hundreds of units for miles all over the sour ground. We saw and photographed, dracs, retpoids, were shot at, waylaid, ambushed and required a helicopter rescue late yesterday to get out.

We splashed two sailplanes, evicted an entire squadron of gravlevs, and closed that portal forever. Going to let the doc do the detail in one of his adventures. By far, the hairiest gifting run EVER.

Cops by the dozens with guns, BLACK EYES, some with slits, license plates with only orange triangles and an entire cadre of CIA hunters trying to end it.

But, by the Grace of Divinity - and some help from Tink and her many, many angelic friends, we got out. I received a dislocated shoulder, a turned ankle, a few implants shot into me and Ryan had to be carried out by helo.

But, the portal is now closed to them (established by the missionary Jesuits 400 years ago) and is correctly spinning.

It was a long and rewarding day, and as usual, another victory for our side.

And, now, the entire gang can NOW see the reptilians, hear them the whole smash. My friends are awakened now...more warriors with the gift.

And Ryan and I have great shots of all of this, film and digi. Which, of course, we'll get up here straight away.

DB

Episode 83B

Juicing at the Devil's Punchbowl, Part 2

Five Earthpipes for the Devil's Hole ;-)

Part 1

From Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc83Bearthpipesforthedevilshole10aug04.shtml>

August 10, 2004

We just left Lilly Ochescu in Las Vegas, having made sure that she's going to be okay and that Constantin is about to sue the satanic black robes off of Judge Gregori and the peaked hat, truncheon, armband, jackboots and black fascist tunic off of Arresting Officer Kyprios, plus suing various and sundry other kidnapppers and extortionists in the Las Vegas 'justice' system.

Lilly and Constantin are in that crunch zone, initiation period, when all we have to go on is our personal faith and friendship and she deserves all of our energy support right now. I bet you remember when you've experienced similar initiation periods and also recognize that we all get them from time to time along this spiritual path. This is the part which isn't funny, of course.

It's time for all of these personal sovereignty aficionados around the US and Canada to get some publicity and public support, I think, and I intend to be one of them before long. Carol said the CIA induced Kyprios to arrest Constantin in order to stop him from educating me and DB, who will contribute to this report, notes that the same old guy in the NSA who is behind most of the

assassination and mayhem plots in the western world has also initiated this interference. Your dance card will be full again by the time we two get our reports posted on <http://www.ethericwarriors.com/>, then on <http://educate-yourself.org>, folks ;-)

About ten percent of the people who read my articles and write to me say they want to live in true freedom now, so this opportunity to broadcast the information about personal sovereignty is surely timely. Five years ago, about one in a hundred of the people I correspond with expressed that desire.

Here's something that most of the Etheric Warriors know from direct experience: in order to gain a better understanding of who we are, we need to stand up for our rights by actively fighting tyranny. Slaves can grouse about government oppression/corruption, mind control, death towers, chemtrails, the Gulag, ad nauseum, until the cows come home and they won't be punished for that but when you and I actually start to do something about it we come face to face with the entire hierarchy of vindictive minions of the occult world order, both human and less than (not-so) human.

Watching Lilly and Carol together was an inspiration for me. I spent much of the last four days getting Ethericwarriors.com up and running after Steve Richard generously set the thing up for us all and the two women worked together nonstop in the etheric realms. On Sunday, they did such a good job of keeping the felonious feds and the licentious Las Vegas cops off our scent that I was rather bored, in fact, and it felt a little like baseball to me, as my day in the backseat was only punctuated by some naps and some feverish physical activity (knocking earthpipes into the hard ground at underground base sites). The only real sacrifice I made that day was to get a blister on my left hand.

Lilly absorbed and mastered every technique that Carol had to offer and next time the two female warriors get together it will no doubt be more of the same. We only had a chance to spend a couple of hours with Constantin on the day we arrived in Las Vegas and he mentioned that Vlad the Impaler of Transylvania, where Lilly's dad was born, contributed significantly to the bloodline of the present European nobility. I then fancied myself a sort of Vlad the Impaler for the feds but Sensei Dennie feels that a more appropriate appellation for me might be 'Vlad the Impala,' because of the way I bound around the countryside, just out of their reach. Sensei's a bona fide sword master and Lilly, as I mentioned, is a karate black belt.

She was astonished when she met me because my writing style gave her the impression that I'm a pugnacious, perhaps very vocal person and in fact she said, I seemed more like a good (no colic?) baby ;-). Everyone who meets me after reading my stuff has a similar observation. Really, I'm more like Woody Allen than Bruce Willis.

We brought along a pile of earthpipes to cancel out a few underground bases on our way home. As I'm writing this, we're heading north on US95 from Las Vegas, having made a detour, through Pahump, to Devil's Hole, which is a frightfully hot little spot on the edge of a big oasis area on the eastern outskirts of Death Valley.

There isn't a whole lot to tell, except that the surrounding area was 110 degrees, Fahrenheit but as we approached the little volcanic butte that hosts Devil's Hole (a hole in the ground at the base of the butte) the temperature climbed 12 degrees within a half mile and the new Jeep began overheating for the first time, ever.

I jumped out of the car and put three earthpipes in the ground close to the Old Villain's hole while Carol drove up the road a hundred yards or so to turn around. Each time she stopped the car the temperature gauge pegged out in the red zone and she said that the reptilians and draconians underground were furious at us, spinning enormous amounts of DOR at the car's engine in hopes of stranding us there, miles from anyone.

The confirmation that we had picked the right target was in the form of three tiny lenticular clouds, alone in the desert sky just over that spot. We saw them from 15 or 20 miles away and they kept shifting their position, and then merged together as we approached the drop zone. They then moved west, into the prevailing desert wind, and Carol said they were telling her to stick two more earth pipes into the ground and to toss out a half dozen or so of the towerbusters which Lilly had donated for our trip. We had put five TBs closer to the hole/butte. Carl said the underground minions were furious but of course impotent. Right now, the only place they can physically harm us is underground, mostly.

We passed by some enormous dust devils on our way out of there, stirred up by draconian wrath, according to Carol. We had to drive about ten miles along a poorly maintained gravel road to get to the drop zone in the first place, so it was a tedious drive back out of there.

Here's an example of how following the advice on ethericwarriors.com can pay off, by the way. If any geographical feature in your area has the word 'devil' or 'hell' attached to it, assume that it's in dire need of your orgonite gifts. These names are apparently not accidental or whimsical, with the possible exception of Hell, Nevada, perhaps ;-)

You might be wondering just how many pipes one can fit in the Devil's Hole ;-), but I don't believe in devils.

As we drove away from the hole, this afternoon, the temperature outside immediately dropped back down to 110, of course, and the car stopped overheating. I thought that making the air and our car's engine heat up was a pretty good trick. Give the devil his due, eh? ;-)

Traveling north on US95 from Beatty, Nevada (on the junction of 95 and the highway leading up out of Death Valley), we saw three weather balls on mountain tops east of the highway, all of which are on land that allegedly belongs to the federal government (assigned to Nellis Air Force Base for bombing practice but really, just another excuse to put in massive underground bases. We had gifted one of the big underground base vents by the edge of Hwy 95, almost three years ago during our first gifting mission to Death Valley, but this time we put three earthpipes around it. If anyone reading this has the opportunity to get over that way and has some orgonite to spare, it might be that gifting these weatherballs, which seem to be accessible by paved road, would be a big service to the region and may contribute to reversing the desert here. These are fairly new, by the way.

We know there's plenty of moisture in the atmosphere because much of the desert of Nevada is covered with green in August, thanks to the cloudbusters and other orgonite around the Western US. Until recently, due to long term HAARP-induced drought, the whole region looked like it had just experienced a nuke strike. Mt Charleston, just outside of Las Vegas, has an ancient pine forest and the ground is covered with thick, green grass. 'Las Vegas,' means, 'the meadows,' and was named by the early Spanish explorers, apparently just before the occult world order, likely via the genocidal, sourpuss Jesuits, induced desertification in this region, partly through ritual human sacrifice and genocide.

Carol, Ryan, DB and I were in Devil's Punchbowl nine days ago and I'm a little handicapped by the fact that those three are energy sensitives and quite psychic, while all I can do for most of that episode is to report what they told me and to bear witness to the bizarre features of most of the 'people' who were around us that day. When DB straggled out of the desert he was unable to articulate what he had experienced but this morning on the phone he practically demanded that I post the second installment of my report so that he could fill in all the blanks; so get ready for a treat after you read this, okay? DB's approach has that scary/enlightening aspect that can't be imitated or equaled. I'm really glad that he's gotten his own site, www.ethericfire.com, outside of anyone else's control but his, and that he's posting freely on an internet board again (ethericwarriors.com)

The guy knows Greek, Latin and Aramaic, maybe even Amharric, but he doesn't know HTML (thanks from all of us, Steve, for helping him out with that!)

Wow-as I'm writing this, we just saw one of those vans full of fat CIA ninjas roaring along a desert dirt road, parallel to this highway, going around 90 to 100mph. Carol says they're looking for us ;-)

The van has just spun out onto the paved highway, about a half-mile ahead of us, and went north at that speed. I asked my wife to get into their heads after I sensed a wave of fury coming from that direction and she said they're thinking, 'They've GOT to be here somewhere!' Since leaving Las Vegas around noon (It's 5 PM now) we passed half a dozen fedboys on the road, including a couple of CIA Special Agents In Charge who didn't see us, along with the same number of cops who were looking for us. It's fun but a little creepy to watch these guys looking frantically all around as we pass them.

I restrained myself from offering the universal gesture of unsympathetic recognition (a rhythmic arm/hand gesture indicating the futility of espionage, the word for which rhymes with 'perturbation'). In fact, Carol spots the spooks from a mile away, usually, and I can tell that she often doesn't like to offer me that information because she knows I'll just roll down the window, lean out and extend that gesture to them when they get close enough not to be able to pretend they don't see me.

They're just about out of sight now. I really shouldn't discuss her invisibility technique on the net (if we give them the info, they'll figure out how to counter it) but I'll continue to share it with the warriors we meet in 3D, don't worry. It's not likely that you're going to make these guys as mad as we do, so you won't have to contend with Chris Farley evil-twin types. DB told her this morning that she's using 'an old yogi technique,' when she hinted to him about it but I never heard old Yogi Berra say anything about this. I have faithfully followed his advice, otherwise, though, which is why, 'Whenever I come to a fork in the road, I take it.'

Whoops! Another cop car, followed by a fedboy, just raced by us in from the opposite direction ;-)

We just saw another fat-ninja van racing along on the other side of the highway on a dirt road, also going north. He's just now turning onto the highway in front of us. We'd just popped another couple of earthpipes onto the vast underground base we're driving over, so it's no wonder that they're kind of frantic. They know we're doing it. I don't mind stepping out into 100 degree sunshine to pound these things in the ground, but you can bet these guys in body armor and body fat aren't really pleased about their jobs today (Sunday is apparently their 'Day of Recovery') and would like to vent their frustration on Idaho's Number One Terrorist ;-)

They don't know we're driving over into California to undo their 'pediatric' Monarch mind control facility under Mono Lake, of course. They apparently think we're going straight to Reno because we were on the phone this morning with Reno Richard's DOR-busting compadre, Kitchie. ;-)

Wow-these ninja vans are all over the desert now! We can see for many miles around and they're raising so much dust out there that it looks like the Seventh Cavalry is looking for Geronimo. One of them seems to have just come right up from underground. If it weren't for a little street smarts and The Operators unfailing protection and guidance, we'd be scared right now.

In this area, you can see giant molehills all over the landscape, obviously pushed up from underground. DB favors making it rain in all the deserts now because he feels it would flush them all out like rats.

Okay, enough of that-let's talk about what happened at the Punchbowl after Rocky, that nice desert dweller who rescued the fellow, brought DB up to the parking lot, nine days ago.

Ryan and DB had spent several hours walking uphill toward the park facility, which they had intermittently seen, less than a mile away along the canyon but kept finding themselves back at the bloodstained altar stone where Lawrence Rockefeller took his last breath, two weeks before that.

They apparently decided that the only way to break that cycle was to walk downhill, instead, away from the place where Carol and I were waiting for them.

All this time, we were treated to a freak show in the parking lot, of course. I don't mean to denigrate genuine human oddities, of course; these were coarse imitations of human beings and they all hung around in the 105-degree summer heat for several hours, obviously just to seek opportunities to get close to my wife, who was desperately trying to contact DB and Ryan, telepathically. Some grisly images of the fellows' demise were occasionally planted in her mind but otherwise she mostly saw them steadily trudging uphill, which of course indicated that they were heading our way. I just figured that they'd gotten off the path, which wasn't much of a problem in this case.

After four hours of waiting, DB stumbled out of an off road vehicle, covered with sand, with torn clothes, a shower shoe on one foot and a torn sock on the other, delirious and unable to walk without support. When we left the house that morning, he'd told his family that we'd be back in time to take them to the beach in the afternoon and when I saw that he was starting down the trail at Devil's Punchbowl with rubber thongs on his feet, I remember thinking, 'Great-I really don't feel like taking a rough hike in this desert heat! This is obviously an easy trail, or DB wouldn't be wearing thongs.' The sign at the top of the well-groomed trail said it was a loop, 1 mile long. It looked like one could do it on crutches.

After we left the trail at the bottom it got a little rough, though, and we had to get over some huge, tumbled boulders to get to the Illuminati/Jesuit ritual murder site. We passed a yuppie-looking couple, whom DB immediately said were CIA watchers, and he and Carol said that the various lenticular and other weird clouds just over us were loaded with assorted evil empire spacecraft which were beaming us with all their might. The CIA folks pretended to go the other way, but began following us as soon as we were out of sight. As we blasted them, they began talking loudly but they stayed out of sight. They weren't there to harm us, after all. We were entering a soured vortex which had been turned into a hyper-dimensional portal, of course, and

DB is going to directly relate what he and Ryan encountered in that dead zone after Carol and I returned to the parking lot.

[Hey! We're now driving over Montgomery Pass on our way to Mono Lake and we saw a herd of mustangs!]

As I mentioned in the first installment, the only living things we saw on the way down were flies. DB treated us to some of the traditional descriptions of devils along the way. He said that Beelzebub was known as 'Lord of the Flies,' and was depicted as a giant, sitting infant, covered with flies.

The only other creature I saw was a long snake that moved ahead of us at an extraordinary speed in the direction of the altar, soon after we left the path (and the neo-yuppies). I wondered out loud what that meant but nobody commented.

The beaming from the ships had become so severe that Carol was unable to walk upright without assistance and she nearly fell from the narrow path along a moderate cliff, so we all decided that she had to go back and that I had to take her. In fact, she'd already started to topple when DB, who was next to her, grabbed her hand.

Those roiling lenticular clouds stayed in that position for several hours and were probably mostly responsible for the hyper-dimensional interference of DB's and Ryan's return trek then.

At around 5:30PM, the clouds disappeared and at the same time, everyone but the two most creepy looking waiting guys and a 'family' in a minivan, next to our Jeep, left the parking lot in their vehicles. The two County Park employees had left early that day, by the way-at around 4:30. Carol felt that the abrupt departure of the creepshow's coincidence with the departure of the ships above the vortex, which had already begun to spin the correct way from all the gifting, was ominous and the only phone number we had for DB was for the cell phone in his pack, not his landline phone at home, so part of our frustration came from our inability to call his wife.

A half hour after the strange ones left, Rocky drove into the lot with DB and said, Get this guy some water, quick!

I helped him into our Jeep, gave him a couple bottles of water, started the motor and turned the air conditioning on. He wasn't very articulate but managed to let us know that Ryan was still in the canyon, perhaps hurt, and that we had to find him before dark, otherwise he'd be murdered.

Carol went to the payphone and called the Sheriff Department, who immediately dispatched a rescue party; I followed Rocky to his home, a couple miles down the road from the park facility. By the time we parked, DB, who was pretty severely banged up from falling down and otherwise receiving some supernatural rough treatment on the way out of the canyon, was at least coherent enough to point in the direction where Ryan was waiting.

Rocky walked with me to one of his neighbor's property, a quarter mile away, which had a commanding view of that part of the canyon and from there, we spotted Ryan, about a half mile away, walking toward the area where DB was waiting. We were able to get his attention and indicated that he wait for me there.

Rocky walked back home to be ready for the arrival of the rescue party and by the time I walked around to the spot near the cliff where we saw Ryan a helicopter had arrived overhead and a Sheriff Deputy, led by Rocky, had come to where I was.

On the way to that spot, I was bitten by a rattlesnake and the wound was bleeding. I had a sense that I was going to be fine, so I continued on around the giant sandstone outcrop to find Ryan (and the two other fellows) and when I got back to the Jeep I was going to put my zipper on the snakebite to take care of the poison, which is what happened.

We got within a hundred feet of Ryan but were unable to scramble down the short cliff. The helicopter had arrived and the deputy was in radio contact with it. Ryan clearly didn't want to get into the chopper but, since I couldn't hear him and assumed that he wasn't fit enough, at the moment, to climb the cliff, I gestured my advice to let the guy who was dangling from the chopper just pick him up. Ryan agreed, and the three of us returned to Rocky's place.

I was grateful for the Sheriff Department's rescue party but was a little unprepared to find that a half dozen cop cars were in the driveway, too.

DB was fit enough, by then, to drive the Jeep back to the parking lot but I was in a hurry to get back to Carol, so I asked one of the cops to take me up there right away, as the gaggle of cops were apparently not in a hurry to unblock the dirt driveway and let the Jeep out first. We'd all heard three gunshots in the canyon before the rescue got underway and I was pretty sure Carol would be wondering what was what.

I guess I should have felt intimidated but I honestly felt that I was in control of the situation, which probably sounds strange at this point. Two cops got in front and I was locked in the backseat. They asked me a lot of questions during that short trip, which I didn't answer directly, and the driver had dark glasses and seemed particularly cold. Carol and DB later said that he's a full reptilian and wears the glasses because he was having a hard time keeping his irises from turning into slits ;-)

Forcing reptiles to reveal their true features is the new sport, by the way. You heard it here first!

When we got to the parking lot there was another congregation of cop cars and rescue vehicles. One would assume that a busload of preschoolers had wandered of into the desert and needed succor, even though Carol had clearly said on the phone that only one man was out there and that we had a good idea of where he was. I got out of the car and saw Carol, in the middle of a group of cops. She seemed nonplussed to me, then, but she told me later on that one of the cops, another full reptilian, had tried to goad her into striking him by telling her that she wasn't allowed to join me at Rocky's place. In California, just like in communist China, even a rude word or gesture toward a cop can get you beaten to a pulp and then thrown in jail and that was obviously what the reptile was aiming to cause Carol to do. He knew that to stand between her and her man was pretty much guaranteed to at least get him cursed and shoved.

That kind of reminds me of another technique of manipulation that's often used to put someone off balance: when an individual or group wishes to make a person of integrity appear to be a scoundrel or sociopath, they'll insinuate that the person is guilty of certain imaginary transgressions and/or character flaws and will spread this calumny in private conversations with others, while feigning friendship with the intended victim, usually through flattery. Ordinarily, the target will at some point react in his own defense, accusing the instigators of slander and backbiting and the instigators will pretend to be wounded by that and may play the lapwing:

shedding crocodile tears and saying, 'Why can't we all just get along?' Really, it was appropriate for Rodney King to say that but in this example, it would be more like one of the LAPD assailants saying it. See how this tired old artifice works?

[Carol and I just put five earthpipes along the southern and western highways around Mono Lake and by the time we finished hammering the last one in, the feds were already coming up from underground and scrambling to find us. It's early dusk now and we can see them zooming around the dirt roads closer to the lake-twits!]

As always, we aim to intimately associate with the very small of people who can look at these histrionics and say, 'What a bunch of wankers! I want to hang out with the folks who are actually putting their necks on the executioner's block, not with these connivers and ersatz servants of humanity!' and I personally feel a bit sorry for the much larger number of well meaning people who allow subterfuge to sap their energy and take away their fledgling faith and confidence. They say they're confused, but on the other hand there's no escaping the fact that each of us are accountable for our own discernment or lack of it right now.

Another, nicer cop saw what the reptile was doing and came to Carol's aid, assuring her that she wouldn't be prevented from joining me. They'd all heard the three high-powered rifle shots from down the canyon, of course.

Another thing that Carol told me, much later, about that episode is that the cops were asking her a lot of questions. She knew that some of them were involved in the murder rituals that took place there during every new moon and full moon period and her telepathic ability was honed, razor sharp. When she was asked the names of we three, she gauged their mental responses. Remember that cops are not given much info by their superiors and almost no info by the feds, okay?

They weren't very familiar with Ryan's name (newer warrior), but when DB's name was mentioned, their brains went into overdrive and she told me that they already suspected that he was involved but weren't sure. When she mentioned my name, they stopped writing and their thoughts, especially the reptile's, became so frenetic that she couldn't follow them.

DB arrived in the lot not long after I did and the helicopter landed in a field just beyond the trees. Some medics were gathered around DB, who was now sitting in the passenger seat, and all three of us were being questioned by cops and medics while we waited for Ryan. Carol and DB told me that the reptile cop who drove me to the lot and a reptile medic were shooting implants into me (I'm kind of a butthead when it comes to putting myself into treacherous situations, in case you didn't already know that) as I pestered a human medic with questions about Ryan, and when Ryan and one of the chopper crew came walking through the trees, we all got in the Jeep and drove away.

Here's something strange: When we arrived in the parking lot from Rocky's place, people had begun arriving and parking in the lot, obviously in advance of the night's rituals. The sun had just set and the gate to the parking lot is closed and locked when the sun goes down, ordinarily. None of the cops appeared to even notice the new arrivals and as we drove out of there we went past a line of cars that were coming up the dead end road.

Remember: when DB had arrived at that parking lot around sunset, two weeks before, the lot was nearly full of civilian cars and a cop at the gate (one of these?) told him, 'I'm sorry, Mr. B*****, you have to leave.'

Here's another strange thing: When DB arrived with Rocky the first time, a reptile 'family,' who had been having a 'picnic' in the 105 degree sun for about four hours, right next to our Jeep, had been the only freaks to remain after 5:30, when the rest of the parking lot freak show and also the bank of lenticular clouds over the vortex/portal had suddenly moved away, en masse. Rocky was able to convince the 'mom' to let him use her cellular phone to try to reach the park staff, whom he knows.

We didn't stop until we got to DB's house, even though we were all thirsty as hell, having even drunk the melted ice in the cooler ;-). We all felt a bit like Alice in Wonderland and were treated to a parade of obviously furious and glaring reptiles in vehicles on the highway until we got to the other side of the mountains. In fact, as we turned onto the secondary highway from the road that leads only to the state park, we followed a sedan in the backseat of which a hostile-looking young girl had turned around and was staring at us. That car turned at the intersection toward the main highway, where we would have turned, but DB said, 'Don't turn here, they've set up an ambush!' so we took an alternate road and arrived home safely.

DB's going to fill in the gaps of this account and will describe what he went through in the following post and when Ryan gets done in Yosemite, where he doesn't have internet access, he'll no doubt contribute his recollections and observations, too. I think he'll be there until the end of August, then will join us in Moscow, where he attends the University of Idaho.

That day was kind of like the Battle of the Bulge for the four of us; a watershed event, a confirmation and, of course an initiation. Each of us were isolated and in danger during part of the day and the fact that we survived showed us, at least, that the absolute worst that the occult world order can throw at us can't harm us. The truth, which is kind of sad to me, is that in order to gain faith and confidence in this life one has to take some pretty startling risks and to go on faith alone at times.

That night, even though the two other fellas were in a lot of pain and discomfort, we gathered around the table on DB's patio and had a bragging contest until the wee hours, likely keeping the pedophile CIA doctor next door awake with our raucous laughter.

I didn't suffer any physical discomfort that day, other than the rattlesnake bite, so I wasn't suffering the next morning. I must say, though, that I expected DB and Ryan to be hobbling, at least, because they'd really been through the mill, as you'll see. They both seemed unaffected, though, and even DB's feet and shoulder, which he had dislocated, were completely pain free.

We had some more networking to do in Southern California, so Carol and I left our camp trailer parked next to DB's house and went to Irvine to meet with Ken Adachi, again. He showed us a lot of nifty new energy tools so that he could get Carol to scrutinize them. One of these is a hand-held, mini Tesla coil which we had a hunch might disable implants. DB had rigged his own Tesla coil up to do that and the first night we stayed with him I found and disabled, with the coil, about a dozen new implants, mostly around my throat area. See, the bad guys don't like it when I express myself ;-)

We didn't have a lot of time to spend with Ken that afternoon, so we arranged to see him the next day and to meet his lovely bride, Ayoko. We needed to get to San Diego to touch bases with Alicia Navor, who had been busting up the death matrix in that city so well that the sky and lower atmosphere there is now pristine and full of gorgeous clouds and you can see that the western horizon is now as clear as a bell.

You probably remember that Alicia is the one who confronted, interrogated and photographed the felonious fed who had parked in front of her house in order to intimidate her. She put the photos on the net, which, for a sewer rat, is much better than shooting him. DB said that one of the feds he outed was then posted to Greenland as punishment ;-)

Alicia insisted on treating us to dinner and even paid for our motel room and the next morning we all got busy busting up most of the underground activity connected with the Navy bases there. First, though, she showed us the reservoir she'd gifted. The water was crystal clear and the ambience there was splendid but before she did the deed there, last spring, the area had been like a sewer because of the activity underneath it.

We did the waterfront first, downtown, and there were so many feds that it was tricky dropping some of the trick Water Oblations that DB had contributed for the effort. I'd never seen so many feds in one place, in fact, since I gifted Pocatello and Blackfoot, Idaho, two years ago during my field-testing excursion with the new Towerbusters. Back then, like in San Diego, I don't think any of us could have sneezed without getting some on one of them, in fact.

As we moved about the harbor and coastal target areas, though, the crowd thinned considerably and we got all of the devices into the ground and water without a hitch. We had to pound three of the pipes into the ground in upscale neighborhood alleys, though, in Coronado, and at the state park beach near Chula Vista the park cop was waiting for us and by the time we got to a good, private gifting area we did a couple practically under the nose of a roving fed in a pickup who was tagging along after getting the park cop's report. We took a wrong turn at one point and ended up at the gate of the Sub Base, where a Marine in full battle dress with an automatic weapon politely directed us how to turn around. We immediately found a nice secret spot where the racket I made by hammering an earthpipe in the ground didn't attract any attention.

I usually wear my 'covert shirt,' which is the Hawaiian shirt I bought in Arkansas, just to tweak the feds but on that day I opted for something a little more subdued, thanks to the 'Orange Alert' that the Homeland Security Abominations were trying so hard to inflict.

I like the military and if any military guys and gals are reading this, would you please just go to Washington, DC, and arrest the federal government so that we can all have our planet back? Thanks!

I almost forgot: We had passed Pendleton Marine Base on the way to San Diego and were buzzed by a half dozen Navy Blackhawk helicopters then. Carol always gets in the heads of our surveillors and these guys weren't harmful; just doing what they were told. One of the choppers, though, had a CIA passenger, Special Agent Testosterone, with a Buck Rogers energy weapon, and he was beaming us. Anyone who wears a Harmonic Protector or equivalent device (we don't know of any, yet ;-)) won't even feel this stuff, of course, but I smacked the idiot with a whopper of 'unconditional love' and we watched as the helicopter quickly landed beside a line of PortPotties in a fenced-off field next to the freeway.

A helpful hint to all fallacious, freakish federal cretins in aircraft: you guys ought to start wearing disposable diapers if you're assigned to beam Etheric Warriors from the air or offend us by buzzing our homes. By the way, I bet none of you guys will fly over DB's house any more ;-)

The only bad thing that happens when unlawful surveillance/attack aircraft go down involuntarily is that fires are sometimes started. I'm too nice to make them crash but some of us obviously aren't, please note.

The reason we wanted to get to San Diego to meet Alicia is that she combines the qualities of fearlessness, resourcefulness, selflessness, spontaneity, lovability, wit and intelligence that we appreciate so much in all of our close friends and fellow warriors. Also, she's taken on an entire big city all by herself. Those are the qualities that pulled me to Canada in late June to meet Steve Baron, Steve Richard, and Ann Okal then (I didn't have the opportunity to meet many of the rest, unfortunately). It's also what inspired us to go to Las Vegas last week to meet the Ochescus and to stop occasionally to visit with the 'other don,' don Luis Santacruz in Portland ;-)

By the way, Alicia is my hermana grande and don't be fooled by the difference in our heights, okay?

When she and Carol walked out onto the pier at Ocean Beach to drop in three more of DB's Water Oblations. Carol was able to show Alicia what to look for that indicates the presence of Undines, which are big water elementals. Alicia saw it clearly. Carol says that DB's assertion that Undines often take the oblations out to sea is probably accurate because she didn't sense that the devices hit the bottom when they tossed them into the ocean there. Normally, when orgonite devices hit the bottom in a body of water she can feel some reverberations. She said that as we were leaving the downtown waterfront a couple of Undines, around a thousand feet tall, were standing in the harbor, gesturing their appreciation. When we got back to DBs place, he told us what times we had done the harbor and the pier ;-)

By the way, on the way back to DBs, some MKids [CIA MK Ultra mind control programming] tried hard to run us off the road twice and Carol said, 'I wonder what Ryan and DB have been up to today!'

Steve set up a chat function for the new board and I wanted it to be just for women warriors but I think a better approach will be to set it aside, other than for general use, for scheduled Women Warrior Chat Sessions, because they seems to get an amazing amount of work done when they aren't interrupted by chattering males ;-)'Hey, baby, I don't like to use lines to pick up wimmin.'

We stopped to see Ken again on the way back to LA and Ayoko joined us in time for us to have a meal at Sam Woo's. That part of Irvine is a sort of suburban Chinatown and Carol and I love to shop in the 99 RanchMarket next door, which is actually a Chinese supermarket/department-store with a resident herbalist's shop. We stock up on Ginseng and other stuff there, in fact.

Ken and Ayoko are a delightful couple and it's obvious that she adores the guy. It's always gratifying to know couples whose marriages actually work, which I also witnessed as John and Adele Kilroy's guest in Boston recently. I'm told that the first ten years are the hardest ;-)

Carol finally had a chance to meet Andy Scharm of www.ctbusters.com in Monrovia and we had a nice meal together. The only other patron in that section of the restaurant was a reptile who sat, staring at us, the entire time. The first time I looked at him his eyes were wide open and entirely black, which some of the folks on EthericWarriors.com have reported seeing. I hadn't seen that yet, so it was kind of special for me. The rest of the time his eyes were normal. Carol and I had magnets taped all over Andy but nobody besides the reptile paid much attention to that because, after all, this was LA.

The next day we left for Las Vegas.

~Don Croft

Episode 84***Soothing Mother Earth and then CUTting to the Chase in Paradise Valley***

From Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc84paradisevalley12oct04.shtml>

October 12, 2004

Carol and I went back to Yellowstone this weekend because she felt that the huge caldera there was getting ready to blow up. That would probably fill the earth's atmosphere with so much ash that we'd all be propelled back into the Stone Age, at least those of us who were unlucky enough to survive.

In fact, the CUT people (Church Universal and Triumphant, centered at the Royal Teton Ranch in Corwin Springs, 7.5 miles north of the national park entrance) who have extensive underground facilities near the threshold of Yellowstone National Park's north entrance were apparently counting on surviving such an eruption while the occult/corporate pavement artists who normally dog our footsteps (and control that luciferic organization, of course) were conspicuously absent on this trip, perhaps due to the fact that they have a vested interest in our success in gifting the caldera adequately. Carol has the impression that they've mostly abandoned their own underground facilities in the park, which she feels physically connects to the CUT underground facilities.

We only encountered three fed peepers in the park but may narrowly have missed getting murdered by a National Park Ranger whom Carol told me was intending to run us off the mountain road with his pickup—a sort of would-be kamikaze like the FBI guys who had tried to run some of the etheric warriors off the road (including Carol and I) a few months ago. She has the impression that about a third of the park's employees belong to that anthill (oops—read: church).

In fact, we had just entered the Nat'l Park from the north and had put down three of the 15 earthpipes designated to surround the caldera (a 97-mile loop around perhaps the most volcanically unstable area on the continent) and Carol noted that the elementals and departed Indian elders/healers were expressing their approval and encouragement when we had to stop to let a small herd of buffalo pass along the road from up ahead.

Soon after we began to move again, the car's electrical system started misbehaving and I had to pull over and shut off the ignition. For about five seconds the lights flashed on the dashboard and all the needles moved back and forth. On our previous visit, not long after we gifted the I AM killing field within the park boundary on the northwest edge of the caldera some of their ritual energy manipulators apparently managed to turn off our car's electrical system for a moment. There isn't a lot of traffic in that section of the park, so it's not an area we wanted to get stranded in.

The I AMers at the cattle-less ranch (the paying devotees call themselves 'chela' which is a Sanskrit word for 'slave,' which is a word for 'chattel,' so maybe it is a ranch of sorts, after all) use a practice they call 'decreeing' to deal etherically with their enemies. This is a group-focused activity, heightened by rapid chanting. Beyond what the paying chattel do, of course, are apparently some more skilled psi ministrations by the Great White Brotherhood trained staff members but there's no substitute for the raw power that can be generated by any group that's willing to focus their energy on something. This is something we've experienced a few times,

recently, in the chat function of ethericwarriors.com, though of course we're nobody's chattel as far as I can tell, and there's no secrecy or hierarchy among us. We don't chant, either.

The motor of our year-old Jeep started again, only on the second try, after which everything was working right except the odometer, which we were using to count off the miles for gifting. The 'trip' feature on our digital odometer can be set to zero and we'd counted off about 20 miles, having deposited four earth pipes every six miles by then. The clock was fine and was telling the right time after the mishap.

Just after we had experienced the electronic anomaly a park ranger in a pickup who was giving us a nasty look as he passed us in the opposite direction pulled abruptly off the road behind us, as though to turn around, but we didn't see him following us after that.

I mention the clock because I monitored the time between when we arrived in the park (around 11AM) and the time we left (around 4:30PM) which is how much time one would expect to have spent 'on the job' including driving for 180 rural, mostly mountainous miles and pounding in 15 earthpipes.

As we were leaving the park at the end of the 5+-hour excursion I wanted to get a photo of an emerging Sylph cloud above where we'd caused the oppressive cloud cover to break apart above the gifted area, which is what anyone can expect from deploying that many earthpipes around a pirated area or a huge underground base. I asked Carol why the Sylph cloud was pink and she just felt that being in high mountains did funny things to sunlight in the late afternoon, though of course this was a couple hours before sunset, according to our car's clock. I looked at my watch, though, and it was nearly 7PM. Her watch indicated the same time.

From what she could gather (according to the thoughts/intentions Carol read in the guy's head) the CUT-devotee Park Ranger had quickly turned around with the intention of following us, then pushing us off the road (there are no guardrails in that part of the Park) but we had apparently vanished to him, picked up by a Lemurian ship (according to Carol's estimation), where we were hosted for 2.5 hours, then deposited in the same spot without having been aware that we'd been shifted around in time and space.

Of course I have no other evidence whether or not this is what happened but Carol and I have both lost and gained time in dicey situations before (as have some of the people we know and trust) and she's pretty good at isolating the moment it happens, at least in my estimation. As with all the supernormal stuff, I'm just offering an explanation that seems plausible to us. Proof may or may not come later on.

She feels that one reason our rescuers didn't change the time on the car's clock is that they wanted us to focus on the job at hand completely. We look at that clock instead of our watches when we're in the car. Also, Carol felt that the Lemurians wanted to toss me a bone, since I'm not energy sensitive and couldn't follow the dynamics of the expedition the way Carol could, so I'm passing the bone along to you if you're like me. A similar scenario happened to Carol when she was gifting new death towers in Namibia, three years ago.

The only other weird experience we had that day was when a fedmobile, on the far side of the loop, pulled over in front of where we were parked and the driver apparently vanished. We pulled up beside that one, close, as we were leaving and Carol rolled down her window and took a couple of digital pictures. The only other time this happened in my experience was when Ryan, Marty, Josh and I were pounding in the last earthpipe around Ft Lewis, Washington, in May and a

fedmobile drove up and parked on the opposite side of the road about fifty yards ahead of us. Since Ryan was off pounding the EP in the ground in a hidden spot (he's really good at finding spots that have no hidden rocks ;-)) the rest of us were acutely aware of the fedmobile and were blasting the cr@p out of the occupant(s). Marty even got out, stood in front of Marty's SUV and aimed his Powerwand at the fedmobile. When we drove slowly by, after collecting Ryan, we saw nobody inside. The NSA & perhaps the CIA have some pretty tricky cloaking tech, apparently. Did they get it from the Klingons? ;-)

Other than gifting whatever's under the I AMer's purview the next day, this was the easiest critical gifting run we've ever made.

We'd thoroughly gifted the dozen or so accessible major vortices within the caldera in June of last year and two other gifters, at least, had gifted in the Park since then. Carol says that groups of 3D Indian healers and others have regularly been going to Yellowstone to sort of petition the caldera not to blow up and end human civilization. When Mt St Helens burped last week and we saw brown clouds and unpredicted rainfall where we live, a couple hundred miles downwind of that volcano, we felt confirmed in our plan to visit Yellowstone with earth pipes the following weekend.

The caldera has been sacred to all the major and minor tribes in the region for centuries or millennia, of course, and those unrestricted native herds of elk, buffalo and moose don't seem to want to leave. It feels wonderful there and also throughout Paradise Valley, the course of the Yellowstone River which leads to the Park's north entrance, but for two or three miles around the Royal Teton Ranch it felt oppressive to us and sort of lifeless.

The sky above the chattel ranch was the very last of the low, oppressive regional cloud cover to break up from our gifting efforts and that only happened as we were driving away after gifting the cult's HQ on the day after we EP'd the caldera.

Cesco Soggiu in Norway had sent us ten of his unique, powerful coils which he had configured for earthpipes in this case, so we featured these in our excursion, making nine EPs with Cesco's coils and 13 'plain' EPs with the requisite, ordinary cone-spiral coils. I put a pinch of tobacco in each pipe's orgonite plug after Jody, our gifting compadre in Moscow (our Idaho town), had brought over an HHg made with tobacco for Carol to assess. Carol added some of her dried menstrual blood to each, too. We already found out that putting a little menstrual blood in orgonite makes it a lot more effective for healing pirated vortices and for putting the hurt on the patriarchal occult/corporate world order, too. Others, we knew, had done this in Salt Lake City and Buenos Aires and I suspect a whole lot more have done this without telling us about it.

There's a huge, whitewashed statue of Mary overlooking Butte, Montana, which is on the route we took from our home in Idaho to Yellowstone. It's carved from the granite of a ridge top, not far from a HAARP array. Richard in Reno was there a couple of months ago and busted all the towers, so the HAARP array wasn't doing much but Carol brought along some extra orgonite in case we were able to get up to the statue, which is a DOR spigot in spite of its exalted theme. The access road to the statue and HAARP array is now gated and locked, of course, due to the presence of so many terrorists in America. The agencies that erect and lock gates across public roads now are the terrorists, of course. Across the valley is a huge, ugly strip mine that's very, very deep. Carol calls it 'Montana's Butte Hole.'

This kind of ties into the CUT notion because Elizabeth Clare Prophet, who set up the digs beside Yellowstone in the 1980s likes her chattel to call her 'Mother of the World.'

As far as I can tell, when the Babylonian civilization began vigorously supplanting the older, more balanced cultures with exploitive patriarchy they deified the female principle. That's a common smokescreen tactic, sort of like how the criminals in Washington, DC, erected 'Mother's Day' in the early 1900s in an attempt to stop women from demanding suffrage. This ersatz deification may explain why western cultures have such an unbalanced attitude about women, alternating between seeing any given female as a saint or a bitch. Men, especially, are deeply programmed to be blind to the fact that women are essentially equal spiritually, intellectually, emotionally and physically, to men, with slight variations to make it interesting. In real terms, male and female complementary characteristics carry a lot of potential synergy, which is why a good marriage works so well. The fact that good marriages are as plentiful as hen's teeth in western cultures indicates how deeply and effectively we've all been programmed.

The parasitic occult/corporate world order has clearly put most of its subterfuge efforts into controlling the white race, shaping it into its favored engine of global exploitation in recent centuries. This is why the prominent cults, mostly developed in the mid to late 1800s (CUT came directly out of Theosophy, est. 1875) are mainly made up of white people, for instance, as are all of the obvious and hidden hierarchies connected to the old world order. Some have bought into the notion that this is due to some intrinsic superiority of the white race but it's becoming clear, finally, that whites are simply easier to brainwash and control than are people of color, which is why the old Babylonian families eventually picked England ('Rule Britannia!') as their vehicle for global conquest and domination.

Semeramis, Nimrod's mom, was deified, and the Isis cult was apparently the Egyptian version of the 'Mother of God' idea which later moved from Mithraism (the Roman soldier-religion-a synthesis of Babylonian and Egyptian cult practices and dogmas) into Christianity, intact. How else could someone like Lucretia Borgia become a pope's incestuous mistress and even determine who was going to be the next pope, and the next, and the next?

By the way, I personally believe in the Divinity of Christ. No amount of sleazy engineering by patriarchic hierarchies or by their tag-along baby-eating cults has been able to obscure that Sun of Righteousness as far as I'm concerned and I'm not even a Christian. By the way, when we drove past the substantial but un-manned guard shack and into the Church Universal and Triumphant's headquarters compound Carol was kind of shocked to find a life-sized, whitewashed stature of Jesus tucked away between a couple of church buildings ;-) and it reminded me of the whitewashed Mary statue above Butte.

Historically, Jesus' mother was apparently a real Jewish princess, highly honored in her society as a lineal descendent of David and quite wealthy in her own right. Joseph of Aramethea, her uncle, is known to have been one of the wealthiest traders in the Roman Empire. I personally believe in the Immaculate Conception, too, but Mary wasn't likely a virgin when she conceived Jesus, nor do I believe that Jesus died on the cross, nor is there any indication that the cross, which was sacred to pagans before the Christian era, is a valid symbol for Christianity, nor is the fish.

The Pope's ceremonial mitre (tall hat) shows the open mouth of a fish and in Sumerian times, carried through Roman practices, it was the habit, so to speak, of the Pontius Maximus ('greatest bridge' between lowly humanity and whatever divinity) wore a robe and hat to resemble the scaly skin of a fish and the open-mouthed fish head on the PM's own head.

There are some good books about the direct transference of Babylonian/Egyptian/Roman religious symbolism and practices into early Christian ideology and if you're one of the billions

who have confused this with the person and teachings of the historical Christ I recommend that you look into this. If you're Jewish it's a good idea to get open-mindedly into Zechariah Sitchin's revealing, supportable writings about the pre-Abraham origins of the Jewish culture, though one need not agree with his unfounded assertions about the true nature of the Jewish Religion, of course, and I don't support irrationalism in any form, whether it's the Creationism ideology of Christian fundamentalism or the idea that some cynical lizards created homo sapiens a few millennia ago.

Muslims, who hold to the Divinity of Jesus and Moses as dearly as Christians and Jews do, have known these simple truths for almost 1400 years, which may be one reason the occult/world order has been trying so hard to subvert, then erase Islamic cultures since the mid-1800s. Not that Muslims in general have a slate that's much cleaner than anyone else's, of course. Since religion is the foundation of all western cultures we need to come to terms with it so we can move out from under the ancient brainwash protocols that were facilitated by clergy, pedants and theologians who were and are on the payroll of the occult/corporate world order. That's the only thing I'm driving at. I don't care whether you believe in God. The world order itself came out of these religion-based cultures, though, after all. This ersatz spirituality ('irrationalism' is the term that Theosophy bases its approach on) is simply a newer expression of the insistent parasitic hegemony that apparently originated in Sumeria 6,000 or so years ago and parasitically glommed onto each succeeding phase of western history, from Babylon up through the House of Windsor.

Post-mortem deification/sanctification/mystification is how the patriarchic occult/corporate world order has dealt with all of the would-be effective people in the world, actually, who are real or potent threats to the persistent parasitic hegemony. For instance, most of the Christian saints were first killed by the Church as heretics, then elevated to 'sainthood,' sometimes pretty fast. Martin Luther King, Jr., was betrayed by friends, then murdered, then a major thoroughfare in the black neighborhoods in every city in America was named after him, not long after the 'civil rights movement' was brought by the betrayers to a grinding halt. Gandhi couldn't be touched by London's assassin until after London fomented the rebellion in Pakistan, then biographers swarmed the memory of the man and attempted to whitewash him as something other than the etheric warrior that he truly was. George Washington was apparently poisoned by Masonic doctors (look at his last portrait to see what look to me like the obvious wasting effects of slow poison) then sanctified and memorialized by the Masons. I have the impression that the London-affiliated Masonic hierarchy in Virginia just didn't want Washington to speak out about Jefferson's betrayal (Jefferson had immediately named Gallatin, a Swiss/British banker, as US Treasurer when Aaron Burr murdered Hamilton).

This is the time for women to assume their position of equality in the world's affairs and that's taking some adjusting all around, no less for females who have bought into the tired old saint/bitch female paradigm. Women are generally better than men at some things and vice versa but why not see this in terms of potentially synergy rather than strictly as competition? For instance women are more naturally skilled at sharing information in a constructive way and men are more naturally skilled at detached judgment. At least this is how it seems to me at the moment. I have to struggle with the gender brainwash protocols as much as anyone these days but I think it's a worthy struggle.

Applied information, which is what etheric warfare and healing are all about, favors a well-functioning, fairly detached mind and very present involvement. Judgment requires that one acknowledge and come to terms with emotional processes, sort of 'outside of time.' Women have always known that most men can easily be manipulated through their emotions and men have always known that most women can easily be manipulated through their minds

(beliefs/paradigms). The object is for both to stop manipulating, of course, and to facilitate more and more spontaneous synergy between the genders. In a lower expression, women naturally want to protect territory and men naturally want to take territory. These aren't mutually exclusive urges and both can be applied to higher purposes.

Of course, I'm mentioning these generalities for consideration and discussion. Really, there are some men who are better at the mental stuff than most women and there are some women who are better at navigating the emotional sea better than most men. I guess the point I'm trying to make is that it's time for us to studiously erase the effects of gender prejudice, avoid the pitfalls of those awful pendulum swings to extreme attitudes in the process and just continue to move forward so that following generations will be burdened less and less with these ancient prejudices.

You might have noticed that your own kids are less prejudiced this way than you were at their age. We don't have to control this process; we only need to foster it within ourselves now and watch the wonderful effect that's having on our own lives and on those around us.

One of the oldest scams I know, probably connected to the angel/bitch con, has people believing that men are mainly intellectual and women are mainly emotional. The reverse is true, of course. Old Dorothy the Druid taught me that and it holds up well under scrutiny. Both ways of relating to the world are needed for a person to be balanced, of course.

The day in Yellowstone was overall the most uneventful gifting run for us since we started gifting over four years ago. When you're out on your gifting missions, you've probably noticed lately that the surveillance isn't as heavy or overt as it was even six months ago. We believe that this is so because the luciferic occult/corporate agencies are losing so many of their psychics by attrition in this spiritual war and also that their concerted efforts to slow us down, misdirect us, get us to distrust and even fight each other and generally do what any other parasite would do in the circumstances to protect its hegemony within the host is becoming more and more counterproductive for them.

In my correspondence I'm more often seeing that whereas before, when one came to realize that this actually IS a war and that it's being waged against humanity in general, one has had a strong tendency to withdraw, lately, more and more people are taking this unsought realization as a confirmation that they're finally achieving genuine empowerment through their own intelligent efforts.

I've been pretty rough on newagers since this network started over three years ago. I recognize that more than half the people who are now gifting have been enamored of the luciferic principles that underlie what I call the newage movement. Last week that was sort of driven home for me when I got a note from someone who challenged me (yet again) on the issue of 'talking about love but also talking about blasting feds, etc.,' and I gave him the standard response about how folks who talk about love cite Jesus as the example of that & that Jesus opened up a can of Whoop@\$\$ on the usurers at one point and was quite aggressive and unforgiving toward some entities, otherwise.

That didn't satisfy the guy, so I asked him (facetiously, I admit) whether he should be the arbiter for us of just when the line might be crossed. We both ended up laughing about the issue, actually, and that helped me see the practical function of the luciferic doctrine movements in a fresher light. CUT is the ugly sister of the newage movement, of course, because of EC Prophet's blatant con but in fact the sweetest spinners of the Big Lie are the more insidious misguiders, in my view

because PJ folks are thoroughly programmed to look at the words rather than at the deeds and hidden agendas of the sweeter talkers in that movement. Carol and I talk about this a lot because, of course, she came through that movement on her path to empowerment. The fact that I never bathed in that alleged light on my way to the present is that I never could stomach blind acceptance of dogmas. Most folks, especially females, don't really care about issues like that and, honestly, I emphasize it too much.

In fact, only a tiny fraction of white people who get disgusted with institutionalized religion will likely look anywhere but into the standard default ideology, which is luciferianism (institutionalized enlightenment based on 'works' rather than on 'grace'-the old Cain/Abel metaphor). The cruel joke, of course, is that the same occult/corporate agencies who created Theosophy, Masonry, Rosicrucianism, Golden Dawn, OTO, Scientology, Ascended Masters, Great White Brotherhood, ad nauseum, from which the new age movement sprung and still gets its sustenance, also created the luciferic church doctrines, very long ago, and religious fundamentalism more recently. 'World Order' isn't a new concept: it took millennia for these ancient families and agencies to arrive at the present threshold of overt global domination. Subterfuge and the clever art of erecting ersatz 'higher/hidden reality' facades and related hierarchies have been their primary engines of exploitation right along but that's all based on the assumption that the individual can only progress spiritually by his/her own efforts, not through grace and virtue.

Virtue is the urge to live according to the dictates of one's conscience, of course, and grace is something that's freely given, not earned. I'm not about to dictate any ideology in my writing but in fact the people who have done a lot of gifting work are finding that it's easier to have some personal faith and hope now, in spite of worldly trends in the other direction. This isn't a religious development but every religion has guidelines that can be used to develop personal faith. Empowerment is part of faith and gifting is very empowering, also a selfless effort. Selfless service causes us to grow spiritually.

These façade erectors are the same exploitive agencies that caused their own perverted forms of Hinduism, Buddhism and even Islam to be main instruments of cultural decay in the West, East and Near East in recent centuries. They induce people to abandon traditional forms of mind control in favor of these newer, 'empowering' ideologies and the more insightful seekers of truth sooner or later come to realize that they just can't fake empowerment and enlightenment, so they start looking, yet again, for something in this world that's genuinely capable of helping them unlock their human potential.

Most of us realize that this isn't likely to happen just by our own efforts so we look for people who are already doing it. Lao Tse said, succinctly, 'There's something ponderous and one-sided about the learning of the self-taught,' and we instinctively know that in order for us to find away out of the occasional personal rut we're likely to need a little outside, objective help or examples and that, by extension, each of us are another's potential teacher and exemplar.

This isn't just another attempt to get you to look to the internet as the instrument of our salvation but in fact in this context, how otherwise do you reckon that so many like-minded potential teachers and students have found each other in the past few years? ;-)

How many people do you know, aside from those of us you know through the Internet, with whom you're capable of having this conversation? Let's face it: most nice folks will cling to their PJs until they're pruned from stiff, lifeless fingers ;-)

Let's just face it and move forward from there. How's your gifting campaign coming along, by the way? Gifting is the best, cheapest shortcut I know for experiencing genuine empowerment. It requires absolutely no blind acceptance of dogma or obeisance to erectile protoplasm or principalities.

The more gifting you do, the more clearly you'll see the outline of the hidden parasitic hegemony that messed up your town's atmosphere in the first place.

All parasites must first deplete the vitality of a part of the host (Liver? Brain? Joints? Heart?) before it can be 'secure' and a parasite's *raison d'être* is to extend its territory (are parasites mostly males?) and increase its own influence and progeny gradually until the host is entirely depleted. When 'parasite' is mentioned one naturally thinks of worms but in fact there are many kinds of parasites: fungi, bacteria, viruses, slime molds, secret handshake societies, medical practitioners, London bankers, institutionalized academicians, telephone solicitors, etc.

I found out by experiment and observation in April, 1996 that all parasites in the body can be killed easily by mild, painless (to the host) electrocution. Dr Clark was making the claim but I needed to verify it before I could accept it and then promote it. I found out more recently that 'gifting' an area with orgonite deprives bi-pedal parasitic entities of their safety and security, thus exposing them to scrutiny and lawful justice. By extension, sending very focused, amplified life force to the more voracious bipedal parasites (serial killers in the government and their related 'NGOs') deprives them of existence in 3D. That's a little bit like the ionization process which kills internal parasites while boosting the vitality of the host. How is that not a loving process? A healer can be fairly described as vicious from the point of view of the pathogen but the person who's suffering sees the healer as a loving friend.

The main reason I use provocative rhetoric in the first place is that it gives me an advantage in the fight to anger my opponents. Etheric street fighting is my forte, after all, and I enjoy it. It's a service, too, since I'm preventing others (the host in this case) from being harmed by these senseless, incorrigible, bloodthirsty predators.

The parasite has a fundamentally schizoid purpose, of course, but all white (now: western democratic liberal) cultures are characterized by schizoid ideologies now and the white race has been the vehicle for global exploitation for the past few centuries, so is deserving of this special scrutiny.

Carol's got some Blackfoot Nation relatives in Northwestern Montana but she hasn't seen them since she was a child. Even so, she distinctly remembers that the Indians relatives and friends she met as a child were entirely human, unlike where we live now, where the Coeur d'Alene tribe were heavily infiltrated by reptilian ancestry after the Jesuits established a mission there in the 1840s, as are the older white communities in and around that reservation, just north of us.

This is why she was surprised to learn that Steve 'Dr Freedom' Smith and Laura 'Dooney' Weise had been so beset by reptiles in Stevensville, Montana, not far south of where Carol's grandfather's Indian family live. Stevensville is about a hundred miles south of the the Flathead (Blackfoot) Indian Reservation. The Salish Indians who lived in that valley were moved north to the Blackfoot Tribe's traditional home around Flathead Lake in the late 1800s. We're examining the possible relationship of the arrival of the Jesuits with the increase in reptilian DNA in native populations but it's too soon to say much except to note that the Jesuit mission near the Smith's place and their recent gifting excursion with us to a Jesuit ritual site not far to the west of them may have some direct bearing on their ongoing trouble with reptilians where they live.

When I write stuff like this I usually forget that this seems pretty strange to people who haven't encountered the reality that reptoids and reptiles live among us. I hope you'll get one of DB's Reptoid Repellents, walk into any MalWart, a favorite haunt of all who have reptilian DNA, and watch the reactions of some of the employees and customers when you get in their 'energy bubble.' Be sure to notice changes in the eyes and also behavior. 'Nuff said ;-)

but if you're in Southern California your main challenge will be to find some social venue where reptiles and reptoids don't predominate. The reason I like Toronto so much, I discovered, is that there aren't many reptoids there and I'm not particularly specie-prejudiced, especially since Carol and I encountered some nice reptilians in Florida during the time we were making and testing our first cloudbuster and meeting with Al Bielek.

The deadly Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever is apparently a biological weapon that originated very close to the Smiths and they lately earthpiped the newly expanded underground corporate biological 'testing lab' in nearby Hamilton, Montana where somebody else's orgonite was recently found and mentioned in Missoula's prominent newspaper. I didn't read that article but I was told that an FBI 'spokesman' told in the interviewer who wrote the article that more information about the harmless, though dangerous-looking, object is on educate-yourself.org. I love free advertising.

On Friday we got a late start and drove only as far as Missoula, not far north of Stevensville in the same valley, and stayed in a RV campground in our little pop-up camp trailer so that we could visit with our friends, Steve and Dooney, in the morning. They had joined us last June, as I mentioned, to thoroughly gift the old Jesuits' ritual killing site in the nearby Bitterroot Mountains at the ruins of an ancient Celtic standing stone site and amphitheatre.

Since they arrived in Stevensville a few years before they'd been beset by reptilian interference with their healing business, mainly centered around the activities of a middle-aged matriarch, and it wasn't until they learned about gifting and related etheric warfare technology that they were able to put this bizarre fact of life into perspective and to start countering the manipulation and energy attacks from this woman and her 'family.'

When we saw them a few months ago they were in the worst of their travails, I think, and were in the early stage of turning the tide. Three months and over a thousand TBs and HHGs later they looked a lot more robust and resolute than before and Dooney was poised to do a final gifting run in the vicinity of their oppressor's own home.

Effective spiritual warfare has a distinct street-fighting aspect.

We knew the local reptile association was upset about our planned visit with Dr Steve and Dooney because the previous night, in the campground, we barely slept for all the disturbance, including the waking impression (both of us experienced this) that some little bipedal Chihuahuas were walking all over our sleeping bag several times. Carol woke up with a long scratch on her upper lip that looked and felt like it was made by a tiny, dirty claw. I guess one of the little buggers stepped on her face. We'd never encountered that before.

Dr Steve gave us both a chiropractic tune-up to die for and showed us, graphically, how most DCs seem to be unaware that the feet and ankles need to be the first area of treatment if the rest of the joints on up the line are to remain in balance. To illustrate the point for me, he touched a dozen or so extremely painful joints from my feet to my skull, adjusted my ankles, then touched them again. The second round was only a fraction as painful as the first and as he worked his way up from the feet that all got sorted out.

By the way, when any of us are successfully attacked it always happens through displaced joints-have you noticed? The reptiles had given Carol a whopping headache but when Steve adjusted her atlas the headache went away; the attacker were deprived of an opening. Her atlas has nearly always been out of alignment but it hasn't usually caused a headache, by the way.

My mid thoracic area's been sore for several years (the psionic assailants get at me through my heart region; they get at Carol through her head) and now, three days after his tune-up, it's still pain-free. I'd visited about thirty chiropractors, some extensively, and none of them had been able to heal my upper back because none of them thought to look at my ankles. A Napropath in Belize taught me how to prevent my lumbar vertebrae from ever again causing me to assume the horizontal position during work hours. In that case, it was a simple exercise to stretch the quadriceps muscles, which shorten on many folks, especially tall people like me, and rotate the pelvis forward. That was ten years ago. Before that, I used to spend several painful days per year on my back after doing a little improper lifting.

I recognized as soon as he demonstrated the significance of the ankles (foundation) as the Logical starting point for chiropractic care that the entire profession of chiropractic needs to be overhauled and that chiropractors need to overcome their MalWart mass-production mentality and start earning an honest living at last. This is a major, fundamental realization for these would-be healers that would help them all to be genuine servants of humanity rather than merely opportunists and temporary fixers.

I really hope he and Dooney will publish a book about this simple, liberating approach. Do you know any doctors who truly have a social conscience? I've met only a handful, including Steve, and I'm in contact with a LOT of doctors in my business.

He explained all of this very well, in an entertaining way, to me and that if I can understand it, anyone can.

By the way, he uses a triangle analogy for health: the bottom edge is 'structural integrity,' one side is 'emotional, mental, spiritual balance,' and the other is 'proper nutrition.'

I like triangle analogies and the one I enjoy using a lot relates to discernment. In that case, in order to discern properly, one has to stay in the middle of a triangle whose points are belief, denial and judgment.

Carol's had trouble with her ankles all her life but the adjustment Steve gave her in June still held. He fixed me up so well that the walk I took yesterday morning in Livingston, Montana felt as invigorating as walking used to feel when I was a raw-foodist, sixty pounds lighter and thirty years ago. That noted, if I'd had an opportunity, even way back when, to eat one of Dooney's mushroom/bleu-cheese omelettes I'd have broken any diet regimen ;-)

Lots of things are coming to light now which genuinely empower and liberate us-have you noticed? When one has tasted this one generally loses that sense of titillation that goes along with the endorphin rushes which one often attends luciferic workshops, again and again, to experience. When enlightenment seeking has become an addiction, it's time to re-evaluate one's path, I think.

The reason more and more people are abandoning institutional paradigms like churchianity and luciferic false-enlightenment dogmas and adopting genuinely new ways of being, instead, is that we all got tired of false promises of empowerment and liberation and decided to take this process

into our own hands with each others' help and encouragement and with a whole lot of information sharing. The curious part of that is that we're now expending more genuine effort than before toward our spiritual growth but are more conscious of the function of grace in the process.

Steve and Dooney made an extra long cloudbuster with the notion of doing a little 'moonbusting' and it was tied upright to a tree that day. While Carol was getting her tune-up Dooney agreed to let me aim it at the notch between two mountains to the west where a strong wind was originating and pretty soon the oppressive wind slowed down to a strong, invigorating breeze and the dark DOR that was seen in the mountains, past that notch, was exchanged for some bright atmosphere.

When we were all camping in the Bitterroots in June (Ryan McGinty met us there, by the way) there was still a lot of snow at our high ridge crest campsite and it was pretty windy. We'd brought along our little mini CB, which I pointed into the prevailing wind, and the wind stopped. It remained calm for the duration of our stay. Most folks who have CBs don't usually think to point them into the wind when the weather turns unpleasant. Consistently stopping strong wind with an ordinary organite CB was one of our earliest successful experiments.

I guess 'ordinary' is an arbitrary term. Most of us don't consider it extraordinary any more to 'fix' the weather where we live, any more than we consider it extraordinary to see MalWart mavens' eyes turn to slits or go all black. Others might still complain about the weather but we do something about it ;-) and so, of course, can you for around a hundred bucks' worth of ordinary materials. As long as you're spending the money, why not get one of DB's trick Reptile Repellents and go have some fun in MalWart for a change instead of dragging yourself through that dense DOR? I came across some article about the Chinese People's Army's Intelligence Corps' active involvement with MalWart, by the way, but I didn't read it. I hope it pops up again.

There isn't much left to tell about the weekend. When we got up on Monday morning we hadn't given any thought to where we needed to put the seven remaining earthpipes to cancel the I AMer baby eaters in the area, so we left the camper in a truck stop parking lot, looked in the phone book for a funny-name church (we didn't know what they called their organization, I'm embarrassed to admit) and dowsed that the Church Universal and Triumphant, listed as having a Post Office Box in Gardiner, Montana (the north entry of Yellowstone Nat'l Park) and a toll free phone number, was the right one.

We'd noticed a big, cheap looking metal building with a big, cheap, pseudo-Celtic cross nearby in a Jones Town style compound of temporary buildings and house trailers on the other side of the Yellowstone river from the highway, on our way to Yellowstone the previous day. It was in the middle of that five mile or so stretch along Paradise Valley that actually felt bad, so we figured that this was the right place and dowsing confirmed it for us. Carol had the impression that this was the visible tip of the underground 'iceberg' and felt that a huge underground facility extended from the caldera fifty miles north to this spot. We went back into the national park and I pounded three EPs in a suitable spot a few miles into Yellowstone NP, then another EP halfway to the chattel ranch, then three more on the CUT property as Carol was driving along the road overlooking the compound to distract their pavement artists. Both the CUT folks and the I AMers at Shasta have a huge intel and surveillance network that mimics their parent organization, the CIA.

She then circled back to pick me up, diagonally flanked by one of their psychics in a car, and we drove into the compound, through the unoccupied guard shack, tossing out towerbusters along he way in and out of there. Another couple of their psychics, one of whom smiled at us beatifically, drove past and checked us out from the other direction as we were driving out from behind that

big church or whatever it is. Otherwise, we didn't see anyone in that big compound. Maybe they were all busy decreeing at us at the moment ;-).

There are no signs on the property, other than an old one on the highway side of the river, at the entrance to another very plain looking compound, which reads, 'Royal Teton Ranch.' There's a pretty cool old hacienda in that smaller compound, so maybe it was an actual ranch before the luciferic baby eaters bought it and move their chattel into those cheap trailers and barracks. This morning I did some homework on the internet and confirmed that we'd gifted the right place ;-)

As I was hammering the last three earthpipes into the ground on the other side of the bridge on the property I got an attack similar to Moctezuma's Revenge (I think some underground chattel were enthusiastically 'decreeing' me on behalf of their herders at the time ;-)) and barely made it to a toilet in time, down the road. Altogether I think we came out on top in that etheric battle, my temporary discomfort notwithstanding.

It will be fun to see what transpires with the Church Universal and Triumphant and 'The Mother of the World,' in coming days.

Carol said she was told by the departed Indian elders, as we were leaving the caldera, that our efforts will assuage the earth if it's meant to be and that the eruption may have been successfully averted. Of course what we did can only be seen as part of a greater effort to help the earth heal from the transgressions committed by the minions of this ancient parasitic world order and their brainwashed billions. Some idea of just how powerful predatory/parasitic human energy can be is evident, at least to veteran gifters, in how much orgonite it takes for us to cancel the effects of the more prolific human DOR sources relative to how much it takes to disable predatory technology and even to heal pirated earthgrid vortices.

Carol was skeptical about stopping the eruption at Yellowstone before that but was willing to try. She said, when I asked after we finished the caldera, that they clearly told her that busting up the baby eaters' underground stuff wasn't at all essential to stopping the eruption. I think that extraneous gifting run was just good clean fun-icing on the cake for us. Both of us get pretty irritated by the saccharine shenanigans of fake prophets and their heart-dead chattel.

I was hoping to get some usable observational data for Cesco's coils but since those EPs were mixed in with the others my wish wasn't granted this time. I like to get repeatable results before I'm comfortable promoting any new inventions. I'm confident enough in Carol's and Kelly's analyses of the extraordinary effects of these coil creations, though, to recommend that people buy them and do some experimenting in their gifting excursions and watch for special effects. I did feel a distinct vortex-boosting effect when I put an ordinary TB that Kelly had put a Cesco coil into (no crystals are in that TB, by the way!) in the rotating octahedron aperture in our backyard pyramid, at least.

Watch the ethericwarriors.com 'Vendors' section for Cesco's upcoming website. I'm personally pleased that someone has finally come up with a powerful new static coil form in addition to the two basic coil designs that Linda Kingsury spontaneously suggested to Carol in June, 01, before this global, grassroots effort got started (ignited?).

~Don Croft

Episode 85***Carol's Costa Rica Trip***

By Carol Croft <caroldestiny@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc85carolscostaricatrip01jan05.shtml>

January 1, 2005

Dolphins and whales have always had a very special place in my heart. Every time I went to the Oregon Coast I tried to get to Depoe Bay or Newport so I could go on a whale watching tour. One time when I was out in the ocean a group of eight gray whales came right up to the boat that I was in. One of them that was floating right beside the boat rolled on her side so she could look directly at me. The feeling I got from that experience was unbelievable. I don't even have the words to explain how much love I felt coming from her. From that moment I was hooked.

I had been trying for a few years to find a place where I could swim with the dolphins. Most arrangements for that are very expensive and there are no guarantees that you will actually get in the water with the dolphins. In November '03, Linda and I went to Key West to go on a dolphin tour. We hired a boat and actually found a few dolphins but the captain of the boat would not let us get in the water because it was too murky from a recent storm. Linda and I decided to do some research to find an affordable tour, some place where there was a better chance of getting in the water with the dolphins.

Every place we looked at was too expensive until we found Delfin Amor Eco Lodge, "Dolphin Love" in Spanish. Delfin Amor Eco Lodge is located on the Osa Peninsula, which is the southern most tip of Costa Rica, on the Pacific side. There are never more than 12-14 people there. So it is uncrowded and intimate. There are 6 screened in cabins. You look out the front of your cabin at Drake Bay and the Pacific Ocean and behind the cabins is the rainforest. It's remote, intimate and very affordable. I thought to myself: This is the one.

Delfin Amor's website is <http://www.divinedolphin.com>

We paid for the trip three months in advance and timed our visit to coincide with the calm weather season. From the moment that we made the arrangement I have been under etheric attack. Someone, for some reason, didn't want me going on that trip. The constant attacks were aimed at my kids, my business, my marriage, and my health. And all along the dolphins were visiting me in the etheric realm, telling me how important this trip was. There was a feeling of urgency from their communications.

About two weeks before the trip I told Don that we needed to make some orgonite gifts for the dolphins. We had bought some new spherical, silicone molds a couple of months before and these were perfect. I made small big secret coils around a Herkimer for the center of each orgonite ball and then chose the other specific gemstones and Don made the gifts for me. These were perfect. I knew the dolphins would love them and they did, as you will soon read.

This was the best and most rewarding trip I have ever taken. I knew it was going to be very significant, but I didn't know how important, yet. I believe the attacks were designed to give me a heart attack, so they could stop me from going. I'm only 47 and pretty healthy so I knew the way I was feeling was not natural. I couldn't even climb the stairs at home without being out of breath and having to sit down. It was horrible. They were really working on me and there was nothing we could do to stop the attacks.

I even thought that I may not come back from the trip; it was that bad. I have always been a very healthy person. This was the worst Psychic attack I have ever experienced. They were not only attacking my physical health, they've also been attacking my kids, my marriage, and my business, though it's gotten easier since I returned from Costa Rica.

The latest incident: they framed and then arrested my daughter, Jenny, on Christmas Eve, planning to charge her with a felony. She has been in jail all weekend as I'm writing this (Dec. 27). I am sitting here in the waiting room of the courthouse to see what they are going to charge her with. When she's in court, I'll go to work on the county prosecutor, who has a wide reputation for doing evil for fun and also for the feds. Sitting directly across from me, as I'm editing this report, is a FBI agent, dressed in a black uniform and a buzz cut. He's trying to intimidate me, like that's going to do this fool any good. These FBI guys all look like Gestapo thugs. If the CIA sent someone he'd probably have a ponytail and a friendly demeanor.

I was here on Saturday afternoon visiting my daughter in the jail, which is on the top floor of the Benewah County office building, along with the Sheriffs Dept. The courthouse is on the second floor and the county offices are on the ground floor. After I came out I started gifting but after I hid the first 2 gifts I looked back at the door and 3 deputies had followed me downstairs to the street. They were standing out by the side door pretending not to watch me--idiots. I decided to go gift the prosecutor's home, so I went up there, did that with another HHg and some TBs, then came back to finish gifting the county building. By the time I came back there was no one outside, so I surrounded the place then drove 70 miles back to Moscow, Idaho, where we live.

This dolphin report must be very important for the readers. To me, it was a life altering experience which I will never be able to forget. Apparently the feds and the other parasites don't want me to share it with humanity, but there is no way they're going to stop me.

The dolphins have been coming to me in my dreams since July and. I knew that I had to go, one way or another.

Day 1

We landed in San Jose, Costa Rica, on a Monday night. We spent that night in a hotel near the airport.

Day 2

The next morning we boarded a small, 12-seat airplane and flew into a very small, rough landing strip cleared from the jungle. There was a jeep waiting for Linda and I. We rode through the jungle and crossed 2 small rivers (no bridges) and then found ourselves on the beach. We then got on a small boat and motored down the coast. About half an hour later we pulled up on the beach in front of Delfin Amor Eco Lodge. We then went up the small hill to the Lodge and settled in. It is a very remote, surreal location on the edge of the rain forest, with a great view of Drake Bay and the Pacific Ocean. When we got there we were welcomed by Sierra, the owner, and some of the staff.

Linda and I settled in and then decided to go down to the beach. We walked up a path along the ocean and found another secluded beach, went for a swim and just lay there on the beach and soaked up the sun and the surroundings. After about an hour we decided to walk back to the lodge. There is only one path along the beach. We walked for about an hour and suddenly realized that we somehow missed the obvious sign that marked the path that led up to the lodge. Neither of us could figure out how we could have missed it (very strange!). The path up to the lodge is very well marked and even has an archway. We decided to walk a little farther because we both

thought, "There is no way we could have missed it!" A little further along I thought to myself, "I wonder if someone or something had hidden the path from us."

We stopped and talked about it, then decided to turn around and head back the other way, thinking, "We had to have missed it somehow." Right after we turned around I heard something in the jungle. I felt a Jaguar watching us. Jaguar magick is very strong in Costa Rica. I asked Linda, "Do you feel that?" She stopped and stood very still. She felt the big cat too. The Jaguar had felt the shift in the energy the moment we stepped off the boat. It was like he was expecting us, in fact. He magically intervened so that we would get lost in the jungle, just so he could check us out. It was mainly the orgonite that he was interested in. Don and I had a related magical experience with several neighborhood cats during a risky gifting mission recently and a mountain lion and her cub lived in the garden behind my house in St. Maries, Idaho, several years ago for eight months so this wasn't new to me.

The different tribes of Indians, including the ones in that forest, honor the spirit all animals, plants and even stones. I think they're closer to this realization than anyone else.

We felt absolutely no aggression from the big cat, just intense curiosity. Neither one of us were afraid at all, even though at the time we were about an hour's walk in the jungle from the lodge. We decided to get back then. It gets dark really fast near the equator after the sun goes down. When we got back we saw that, yes, the trail was very well marked. There is no way we could have missed the turn up the hill, through the archway, to the lodge if it weren't for the jaguar's intervention. We went on up to the lodge and after dinner we turned in.

Day 3

We were awakened by the screeching of the small white-faced monkeys. They love to tease the dogs and the two macaws in residence there. They come every morning about 6:30 -7:00am. This is the morning we are headed out in the boat to Cano Island to go snorkeling. We spent 4 hours snorkeling. It was great. We saw small manta rays, small sharks, barracuda, all kinds of different fish. It was beautiful. Big schools of fish. The sea life near the island is very plentiful. There were even octopus and eels. It was great. Then we landed on the Island for lunch. Roy, our Costa Rican guide, told us that Cano Island was used by the local Indians as a burial ground. What I got when he was telling us this story was that it was more like the place they would bring prisoners to kill them. I saw people being brought here alive and then killed. There was a trail that led up to the ritual killing site. It took about 45 minutes each way to hike up there. I chose not to go. I didn't feel like it was someplace I needed to go on this trip. Next time I come back here I will bring a special gift for that site. No one in our group wanted to hike up there so we just settled in for lunch.

While we were on the beach having a late lunch, someone found a boa constrictor sleeping in a tree close by. That was pretty cool. Then Roy, who is also a marine biologist, told us about the sea snakes there. The sea snake is the most poisonous snake there is. One bite from a sea snake can kill 400 people. There is no antidote for it either. But the good news is that, sea snakes have very small mouths. So it is extremely hard for them to bite you. They would have to bite the tip of your finger or maybe your earlobe. We did get to see one swimming through the water. They aren't very long and they don't swim really fast. Maybe they could if they were after prey. After our lunch we snorkeled a little while longer and then headed back to the lodge.

There was a guest who got there the day before we did. Every night after dinner she would have to use the computer. Was she reporting to someone after each days outing. Yes! She didn't seem like a typical CIA agent but I believe that is just what she was. She got there the day before us and

then left with Linda and I, which is no coincidence. It never failed: every night after supper, Jerry would show one of the videos taken by the professionals at the Eco Center and then told her she could use the computer for the internet as though it were a pre-arranged deal. It is so strange and the satellite internet connection is very expensive for guests. A lot of their film footage has been used in Jacques Cousteau's programs, the Nature Channel and other well-known media outlets.

There is no electricity in the villages along the coast here but there are a lot of cell phones. The locals have to bring their phones to the lodge so they can charge their batteries. The lodge has a big generator for necessities.

Day 4

The next morning we got up and noticed that a cruise ship had arrived during the night in the Bay. It was just sitting out there. This is not a place you would ever see a cruise ship. That's the sort of thing you would see on the Caribbean Coast of Costa Rica. Some one came in during breakfast and said he had been on a morning walk and saw about 8-10 of what appeared to be assault boats moving up the nearby river with a bunch of very pale Europeans on them. German 'tourists'? Why no tans?

Today is our first Dolphin tour. I was so excited! I put 6 of my orgonite gifts in my bag for the boat, and off I went. We got in the boat and headed back out towards Cano Island. We found our first pod of dolphins out close to the island. Spotted Dolphins, about 20 of them. I decided the first day out I would drop a ball each time I saw a pod of dolphins. The second pod was pretty large, about 50 or so. This time I dropped 2 balls. A moment after I dropped the balls I looked back down at the water and I could see a bright light coming up from deep under the surface. I nudged my friend Linda and motioned for her to look at the water. I wanted to see if she saw it too.

She looked at me strangely and said, "What is that?" I told her I just dropped 2 and she was amazed. After we left this spot I noticed there was something very large following us through the water. It was a huge ocean guardian. It followed us for the rest of the day. We then headed out to one of the dolphin feeding grounds. There weren't any dolphins there so we decided to have lunch. After lunch we headed back. Since it was one of their feeding grounds I decided to leave a ball there, too, for them.

On the way back near to the Island we found another large group of spotted dolphins. We started boating in a circle to see if they would interact with us. I put down another ball. The dolphins were all over us. They were even surfing in the wake of the boat. It was so cool. They were swimming off the bow too. They were everywhere around us.

They were reacting very strongly to the orgonite. Roy decided that since they were interacting with us so strongly that we should try getting in the water with them to see if they would interact with any of us up close. The water was very dark in this spot. Roy said it was about 1000 feet deep. I got in the water with my mask and snorkel on. I was swimming around with my arms tight against my sides. If you do this the dolphins don't feel threatened by you. I didn't get to see them but I could hear them just under me. After I got back in the boat when I reached into my bag to get another ball for them and I noticed that my last ball was gone. I re-counted and, sure enough, I had only put out 5 balls and the sixth one was nowhere on the boat. I knew that somehow it was taken and put right where it needed to go, probably by the ocean guardian who was following us.

When I was done gifting that day I had made a big circle in the bay with the five balls. I couldn't wait till the next time out to see what the difference would be with that circle of orgonite in the

bay. The next time out I will drop the other six. The energy in the ocean right there had changed dramatically already. I could feel something phenomenal coming, I just didn't know what it was going to be yet. The anticipation was overwhelming... We headed in for the day. Tomorrow we are scheduled to go on a hike in the rainforest.

Once, during a gifting mission in San Diego, California, I dropped one of ethericfire.com's Ocean Oblations into the clear water from a dock and it disappeared immediately. Several others have had this experience while ocean gifting and have also seen the water guardians.

Day 5|

Today we go to Corcovado Rainforest National Park, about an hour's boat ride from the lodge down the coast. When we beached the boat at the entrance to the park the group of "tourists" from the ship were there. Roy told us that we were going to let them head out first and then we would go in the reverse direction around the single trail. The hike was a big loop through the rainforest. The Germans went one way and we went the other direction.

We never met up with that group, though there was only one trail. It was so weird. Where did they go?

The humidity and heat in the rainforest is so high that you can't walk very fast. You just have to take your time. We saw a lot of monkeys, white-faced monkeys and howler monkeys. We saw a 3-toed sloth, and some really beautiful butterflies. The trees there are 250-350 ft. high. They even have what they call traveling trees. They grow new roots about 8 foot from the ground that reach down and connect to the ground, then the tree drags itself sometimes up to 15 feet across the ground over their lifespan. They drag themselves over to get to the light. It is one of the strangest, most remarkable things I have ever seen. After the hike through the rainforest we went to the covered area to have lunch.

We had lunch and then Roy told us there was another trail we could walk up. There is a waterfall at the end and you can swim in a fresh water pool there. So away we went. It was on this trail that I came face to face with one of the main German/Vril guys from the ship. All of a sudden he was standing in the path along with 2 women. He held out his hand to me, to help me down off of the large step I was standing on. I took his hand and immediately got a visual of what he was. He was one of the Vril leaders from the 'cruise' ship. By the way, when a real cruise ship anchors off shore there's constant boat traffic, taking tourists too and from the shore. The only ones to leave the ship were this group of Germans.

The 2 women who were with him were Vril psychics and we didn't see any of the rest of them after we arrived at the park and they marched off along the loop trail. Where was the rest of their group? I believe there is a portal there in the jungle. What I psychically saw is that the group was walking up the narrow path and disappeared, one by one, as they filed past a certain spot, like walking through a door. But there was no door, just jungle.

When I first saw these 3 they acted surprised to see me, probably because I should have been dead or disabled from their attacks. Now I knew why it was hard for me to hike through the jungle--they were beaming me the whole way. I had barely made it that far. I couldn't catch my breath and I was having chest pains. I wasn't wearing my Harmonic Protector because we were out in an open boat and I wasn't expecting this kind of trouble. I knew, while it was happening, that someone was attacking me but I was so worn out that all I could think about was just being able to make it out of there. The rest of the group had to wait for me at every turn. Right after I saw these Vril, about 3 more turns farther along the trail, I fell and sprained my ankle pretty

badly. I kept going, though, and all I could think about was that cool pool at the end of the trail. Let me tell you, it was well worth it! I could barely walk but man, did that water feel good!

On the way back down the trail, not far from where we were swimming, Roy pointed to a spot down by the stream and he told us that there are a pair of alligators who live there. I'm glad he didn't share that info. before I got to enjoy that nice cool dip.

After all of this, I was wishing that I had been able to bring more orgonite to counteract what those Vrils were throwing at me. That night after dinner I spent a lot of time blasting those Vrils, as you can imagine. I was even blasting them in my dreams. I wasn't going to let them stop me. The next morning the cruise ship was gone. It must have left in the middle of the night and real cruise ships don't leave at night.

Day 6

This is the day of our second Dolphin tour. In this tour package we get 3 days out in the ocean with the dolphins. I couldn't wait to get out on the water to see the difference in the energy after the first ocean-gifting day. It was amazing! The water was so calm--more like a lake than the ocean.

Today, Roy decided to take us way out. We went about 40 miles from shore. On the way out we found 3 sail fish just floating near the top of the water. Their back fins are very high and long. It was very strange, I didn't know they would float like that in one place. We also saw 5 big sea turtles floating on the top of the water, sunning themselves... And then, there they were--we found a huge pod of Rough Tooth Dolphins!

This specie of dolphins are very rare to see. They are one of the oldest known dolphin species, too. It is said that the Rough Tooth Dolphins will go out of their way to avoid human contact but that's definitely not what we experienced on this day. Could it have been the orgonite that I put out a couple of days ago? I dropped 5 special orgonite balls the last time out and today I have 6 more...There had to have been over 100 dolphins or more in this group. I gifted 2 balls because they were reacting so strongly to us and our boat. They were everywhere we looked. So finally Roy stopped the boat. He decided to let us get in the water with them. I got my flippers on and mask and snorkel and away I went. They were really close to me, I could feel them and I could hear them, but I couldn't see them. I had a really hard time in the water as I had sprained my ankle pretty bad the day before on our hike through the rain forest. It was really hard for me to get back to the boat. We all got back in the boat and went on a little farther to get close to this large group. As we were trying to catch up with them about 8 dolphins surfaced. They swam in a line like synchronized swimmers. The second time this group came up I saw a huge fin in the center of the line. The fin had to have been 4 times larger than the other ones.

My mouth dropped open and I turned to one of our two guides, Simone, the Danish videographer, and I asked her, "Did you see that huge fin?" She was looking as shocked as I was. She came over on my side of the boat and we both watched for it to come up again and it never did. We both had seen it. The dolphin in the center of the line had to have been at least 3 times as big as the other dolphins, HUGE.

We boated alongside the pod for a little ways and they started playing with the boat again so Roy stopped to let everyone in the water again. I couldn't get in this time, as my ankle had swollen to twice the size that it is normally. Linda and the other 7 got into the water. I watched as a line of about 6 dolphins swam right toward Linda. As they got right to her they then dove under her. I bet she could have reached out and touched them. Linda looked up at me in the boat and motioned to

me, "In through the crown, out through the 6th." Roy asked me, "What does that mean?" and I just told him it was sign language.

This is when I thought, "If I can't be in the water with them I will just channel my energy through Linda," so that's just what I did. I got into an altered state, then I sent my awareness through Linda, in the water. Once I made contact through Linda I could see dolphins everywhere. They were swimming all around us in the water. Going round and round us. It was like they were cradling us. Then there was one who swam right up and looked at me, then dove really deep, I couldn't see it anymore. As I was trying to see it I saw what looked like a pillar of light coming from really deep in the water. And then in the middle of the pillar I saw that dolphin swimming up. It was unbelievable. The dolphin looked like he was illuminated as he swam up to about eight feet or so beneath me. He just hung there in the water. I started pulling energy in through my crown chakra and sending it out through my heart. The dolphin communicated with me telepathically and told me I was doing it wrong. He told me to bring it in through my crown and out through my third eye (sixth) as Linda had indicated. I did that, then the dolphin said to follow him back down to the bottom, physically. I told it I couldn't because I was afraid. I asked if he was the huge dolphin that I had saw before and he told me, no, the big one was their leader and that this one was his messenger.

Linda and I were having the same experience with this messenger but we were each getting individual messages through this dolphin. Linda, in the water, saw this one coming straight up from the bottom and hovering just beneath her the same time I was seeing it etherically from the boat. We were both invited to follow him down to meet the big one.

He started telling me a lot of personal things: He said that I need to stop allowing myself to get caught up in the unworthy things of life and that I was here for a much bigger reason. He also said that I was only using a very small part of my gifts and said that he would be helping me with that if I would allow him to do so. Of course, I said, 'Yes!'

He told me how sad the dolphins were that most of humanity were holding themselves back in their spiritual evolution, especially in this critical time. He said that the humans are caught up in trying to hang on to the things in their lives that they no longer need. If we would just let go of these things the dolphins can help us so much.

The dolphins so want to help us advance; each and every one of us! He showed me a few of my friends that were caught up in this trap because he wanted me to see some examples. These friends are so dear to me, and I want to help them so badly, but it is their lives, their lessons, and their own spiritual evolution. Until they agree to let go, there is nothing that can be done. Letting go of everything we know, every thing we hold dear, for a higher purpose, is a very hard thing to do. Even the best psychics have a hard time with this one from time to time. It is very important right now to the dolphins to wake up as many people as they can. There is a very strong sense of urgency around this for the dolphins.

Then he went on to tell me that the safe place to be was in the water, with what was coming. He showed me a picture of what was coming. At first it looked like the water was rising and then he showed me how the ocean was washing away the land under a shelf of basalt. The sand washes away and the land sloughs off into the ocean. This all appeared to be in slow motion. This means it is not going to be an abrupt change. As he was showing me this I looked up the coast from where we were to as far as San Francisco and it was still sloughing off. I then came back to him and he showed me that North and South America were no longer going to be connected and that the coast all the way up past Seattle was going to be gone. The coast was going to be a lot further

inland. I asked for a time frame, and he just told me 'Soon, soon,' and then he reaffirmed what he had said before: The water was the safe place to be.

He also told me that the dolphins and whales were trying very hard to communicate with humans now and that I must try to facilitate this process. They desperately want to help us. They want to wake up as many people as possible right now. The time is crucial, he kept telling me that.

He also showed me how the US Navy and other agencies are trying to kill them all off now, because the dolphins and whales so desperately want to help us humans. What he showed me was heart wrenching. How they are being tortured by the sonar and by the different radio frequencies that the Navy is using on them.

This meeting seemed to go on for hours but it was in the space of about 15 minutes, then all of the sudden I could hear Simone and Roy talking and Roy yelling at the guests in the water to tell them which way to swim so they could find the dolphins. Soon, every one else got back in the boat. Linda was the last one in the boat. We made eye contact and she said wait until I tell you what happened. I nodded at her and we started back for the lodge. When we got back to the lodge, I couldn't even talk to anyone. I just went back to the cabin and was still overwhelmed with what I had seen and experienced. I just sat there with tears streaming down my face. I had felt so much unconditional love from the dolphins and it was so moving that they wanted to help us humans so badly that I couldn't hold it back any more. After awhile, when Linda came back, I started to tell her what I saw. She was shocked, and she told me that what I was telling her was almost exactly what she had experienced. Everything was the same except our personal messages. That was confirmation for both of us.

The Dolphin messenger also tried to express how thankful all of the ocean creatures were for orgonite. The ocean is one target area that we gifters haven't explored much yet and right now I feel it is very important to gift as much as possible out there. I don't know if we can alter that scenario of earth changes or not, but we can definitely make it a lot easier process to experience. I think that we have already taken a lot of the power and possible devastation around it away, thanks to all the people around the world who are gifting.

Day 7

Today is a free day. I caught up on my journaling. I wanted to rest my ankle so next time out in the boat I would be able to get in the water.

Day 8

Our last day out with the dolphins. I felt a very large presence out in the bay this morning. We'll see. Today there are about 12 people going out on the dolphin tour. They told us this morning that we were going out in 2 boats. Linda and I were hoping that we could go out in the small boat with Roy. We didn't want to go out in the other boat with all those people. When we got over to the main lodge we saw the lists. Linda, myself and three other guests were on the small boat with Roy. There was a young couple from Belgium and a woman from France in our boat. It was a very small group, which is very good. I had 2 orgonite balls left. I gave Linda one for her bag and I had one for my bag. Linda and I were talking about going to gift one of the active volcanoes in Costa Rica when we got back to San Jose. She was thinking she was going to save her ball for that.

After we picked up the French lady, we started looking for dolphins. We usually see dolphins as soon as we get into the boat, but not today. Next we went out to Cano Island, there are always a

few out by the island, usually the spotted dolphins. But no luck--we didn't see anything. I just knew this was going to be the best day yet with the dolphins, so what was going on?

We then headed from the island out to sea. We went to all the usual feeding grounds and places that we had seen the dolphins before but had no luck. Then all the sudden, over the radio, one of the fishing boats told Roy there was, of all things, an Orca. So we headed out there and sure enough there he was. Roy told us there hadn't been an Orca here for about 2 ½ - 3 years. I knew right away that the orgonite had drawn him in. It was so cool! This is why we didn't see any dolphins. They had all headed out when the Orca came in because Orcas eat dolphins. Most people call an orca a whale but orcas are a dolphin specie--the largest one. There was only one Orca here. Roy said the others were probably further out.

We boated along side the orca for over an hour. It was so cool. I started trying to communicate with the orca right away. I used the technique that the dolphins had shown me our last time out. The orca was so big, so proud. Definitely, the king of this realm. I communicated to him how honored we were to be in his presence. He told me that he was here to pay his respects to the ones who brought new energy to the water (that would be Linda and I). The other boat was there, too. That one had Sierra, the owner of Delfin Amor, on board. The orca stayed closest to our little boat because he knew we had more orgonite gifts and he wanted one.

The orcas come up for air about 3-4 times in a row and then they dive really deep, and are down for 10 -15 minutes before they surface again. It was like he was playing hide and seek with us that day. One time when he went down for a long dive I used my 'dolphin etheric sonar' and found him. Roy was standing up in the boat looking for the orca with his binoculars. I tapped Roy on the leg and I said, 'He's right over there, Roy.' A few seconds after that Roy turned to look in the direction I had pointed and up popped the orca. He turned around and looked at me with the most astonished look on his face. I did this to him for about 4 more times and then he finally asked, "How are you doing that?!" It was so funny; he just couldn't get it.

This went on for about an hour, then the orca headed back out to sea. Linda was so thankful for the interaction with the orca that she took out the ball she had been saving for the volcano and dropped it in the water. It was so cool! The moment she dropped it the orca instantly made a U-turn and came back, right toward us. When he got almost to us he dove straight down. WOW, what a thrill that was! I looked at Linda and her eyes were as big as saucers. Then the orca went back out to sea. The other boat kept following the orca but we decided to stop and have our lunch.

After lunch Roy looked at me and asked, "OK where are the dolphins, Carol?" I shut my eyes and did my dolphin-locator technique and told him, "They're over there, just off the southern most tip of the bay." Then I had Linda do it and she got the same spot. Roy looked at us very strangely and said, "We'll check out one other place first." I think we made him a little uncomfortable but he's a really good guy.

So we went back over by the island and there were no dolphins there. There were, however, a mama Humpback whale and her calf. Roy got on the radio and called the other boat to tell them the whales were there. The other boat was almost back to the lodge. Boy, am I glad I wasn't in that boat! They gave up way too easily that day.

Anyway we spent a little while with the mama and baby and then Roy said, "OK we'll give your spot a try. Are they still there?" he asked. So I checked and I said yes and away we went. When we got to the spot it was amazing. There were about 1500 dolphins. The water was literally boiling with dolphins. They were feeding. Everywhere we looked there were spotted dolphins. Some

were playing with the boat: swimming alongside, surfing in the wake in back of the boat and also swimming and jumping out in front of the boat. They were there to give Linda and I a proper send off. They were ecstatic about the orgonite and they were showing how grateful they were for the gifts. It was overwhelming to see that many dolphins in one spot. There are no words that can even come close to expressing how it made me feel.

We were there with them for about an hour. We got in the water one more time. The water was alive with the sounds of the dolphins. I tried to express to them how grateful I was for their existence and their love for mankind. It was time to get going then so we got back in the boat and headed home. About half way back to the lodge there was a big sea turtle floating on the surface so Roy stopped the boat. The sea turtle was only about 20 feet from our boat. I was standing up and looking over at him. He looked up at me, swam over to the boat, on top of the water, and then looked up at me again as if to say, "Thank you," and dove down. He was so close to me I could have bent over and touched him. When he swam over to me, I looked down at him and said, "You're welcome, old man!" The whole trip has been full of these overwhelming moments and I feel so blessed.

At that moment Sierra asked us from shore, over the radio, where we were. It was getting close to sunset and she was starting to worry. She asked Roy what was delaying us and he told her, "You won't believe what has been happening out here!" Then he told her we were on our way and would be there soon. We were almost back to our beach when the biggest, most incredible rainbow appeared over the ocean. There had been just a hint of rain that day. It was one of those storybook moments that most of us only read about or see in movies but today, several times, we had lived those moments and I will remember it for the rest of my life. I am definitely not going home as the same person who arrived, that's for sure. I'm still having contact from the dolphins now as I am editing this story. They tell me that all I have to do is ask and they will be here. What a comforting thought!

When we got back on the land, I realized that I was vibrating like crazy. I didn't know what to think. I got back to my cabin just as fast as I could. I lied down, ran my energy and tried to center myself. This was like nothing I had ever experienced. It was like activating kundalini, only, about 100 times stronger. Linda had gotten back to our cabin before me and she was lying down on her bed. I told her what I was feeling and asked her if she felt anything like it. She said, yes. I asked her what she was doing, because nothing I tried was making it subside. So she showed me a technique to align the right and left sides of the body. I did this and it toned the vibration down, some, but it didn't go away by any means.

We felt like we were under control enough to be able to have dinner and talk to people. We had dinner but we couldn't stay and visit. I wanted to get back to our cabin so I could see if I could figure this out. I went to bed early. I was lying there, trying to relax but the moment I shut my eyes I was connected to the orca again, so I asked if he could tell me what was going on. He told me that he and the rough tooth dolphins had activated 5 more strands of DNA in both Linda and I and that once we integrated these we would be given a 6th strand automatically. This was their gift to us. What a gift! I don't know how I was able to sleep that night. I felt as if I was laying on one of those vibrating motel beds at high speed. WOW!

Day 9

Today is the day we leave for San Jose. We got our bags packed, settled our business with Sierra and headed down to the boat for our trip back. I felt like I wasn't even walking. It felt more like I was floating everywhere I went. We got into the boat and headed back north along the coast to the place where the jeep was waiting for us to take us to the little jungle airstrip. When we got there

we had to wait for about a half hour for our little airplane. Linda and I and one other woman (the harmless CIA spook) got on the plane. The pilot told us that we were going to make a stop at another little town along our way. We were up in the air for about half an hour when we started making our descent to another little jungle airstrip. Thank grid, this one was actually paved--well sort of.

That runway is bordered on one side by a big cemetery. We came to a stop and I asked Linda how many people were getting on. She counted in Spanish, and told me, 'Five.' This was a small, 12-seat airplane. You practically had to crawl in on your knees and I'm a little claustrophobic.

As the other passengers were boarding Linda and I were sitting near the front of the plane. A young man said he wanted to sit in the front seat and started moving forward. When he passed by I smelled the stench of rotten flesh. The moment he sat down, poor Linda dove right over his head to try to get to the pilot's door to get fresh air. This airplane has 3 doors: a door on each side for the pilot and copilot and one in the back for the passengers. I was hyperventilating and just could not catch my breath. I really had to concentrate in order to calm down.

The pilot got in then and all I could think was that once we were up in the air there was no way to get fresh air. I closed my eyes to try to get a grip and then all I could see was a giant human head. It filled up the whole plane. A dead guy out of the cemetery next to the airport had attached himself to this poor kid while he was standing there waiting for the plane. Our experience with the dolphins had left Linda and I sort of 'wide open psychically.' This guy had to have been someone very powerful in the community because his spirit took up the whole plane--every bit of space and air. That's why Linda and I could hardly breath. I couldn't even open my eyes for the remainder of the trip, because every time I did I was totally overwhelmed by this spirit. I DID NOT want him attaching to me so I pulled in my aura and did my protection. It was the most horrendous half hour flight and I was so glad when we got back down on the ground.

The crew and the workers at the airport were looking at us as if we were crazy because Linda and I fought to get out of the plane so that we could get to fresh air. They were thinking, "Crazy American tourists!" I could hear it as if they were saying it out loud. Really loud!

We had a day and a half to spend in San Juan. The owner of the hotel, that morning, got us a driver to take us out to see a huge herb farm nearby which he thought Linda, the herbalist, would really enjoy. It was really neat.

We wanted to go to Arenal Volcano and Tabacon hot springs but the owner of the hotel told us there was no way we could get to Arenal and back in one afternoon. We asked the driver who took us out to the herb farm and he said, "No problemo!" He was the nicest young man and he spoke English very well. We had one orgonite ball left and we wanted to put it in one of Costa Rica's biggest volcanoes. And that is just what we did.

Day 10

It was a 3-hour drive, each way, and we were even able to spend 3 hours at the hot springs resort at the base of the mountain. We looked for the perfect spot for the orgonite and found where the volcanic water for the hot spring was coming up out of the ground. That was the perfect spot, so we gifted and then went down to enjoy the hot water. "Hot" water was right! It was so hot we could barely get in it. We found a cooler spot up near the top where we could get in the water. As I was sitting there in the water I tried to make some sort of contact with the volcano to see if it liked the orgonite. An ethereal woman approached me and told me that the volcano was very distressed because of the number of people who came to the hot springs and that this is why the

water was so hot. She also told me that what I gifted there was greatly appreciated but the volcano would need a lot more orgonite to fix the imbalance caused by humanity. She told me that the entire volcano, which has been belching lava and fire, would need 8 more gifts around it: I estimate four earthpipes and four holy handgrenades. I'm hoping that some gifter in Costa Rica will get in touch with us, and will do the honors soon. Otherwise, when I go back I will take care of it. It would be a lot better if someone native to the country does it, though. Mt Arenal has the same unstable energy signature as Yellowstone did before we gifted it recently. Mt. Arenal needs the orgonite really badly right now.

It was about 8pm when we got back, so it is definitely possible to do this trip in a day from San Juan. They are so laid back here, most people just figure that it is too much to squeeze into a single day. You have to hire your own driver or rent a car, though, if you want to do the trip in one day.

What a great trip! I have been home now for about 2 weeks and I'm still getting impressions and visions from the visit with the dolphins. My psychic abilities have grown a lot more, too. It makes me a little uncomfortable, actually, because it's hard, still, for me to go out in public. I really have to work at not hearing everyone's thoughts these days. I guess this is just part of the process of integrating the Dolphins' gift to me.

WHAT A GIFT. I give thanks everyday.

~Carol Croft

(I was recently sent this bit of info. I thought I would share it with you. It is further evidence that there is definitely something big coming... Even the whales are mysteriously progressing/evolving. <http://www.abc.net.au/news/newsitems/200412/s1261785.htm>)

Mysterious Whale's Song Baffles Biologists

From ABC News On Line (Reuters)

<http://educate-yourself.org/cn/whalesbafflingscientists09dec04.shtml>

December 9, 2005

<http://www.abc.net.au/news/newsitems/200412/s1261785.htm>

A lone whale, with a voice unlike any other, has been wandering the Pacific for the past 12 years, according to US marine biologists.

Scientists from the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution in Massachusetts have traced the movement of whales in the northern Pacific by using signals the US Navy records to track submarines.

They have told New Scientist magazine that the lone whale, which sings at a frequency of about 52 hertz, has cruised the ocean since 1992.

A whale in the Pacific is baffling scientists with its unique song. (File photo) (ABC TV)

Its calls, despite being clearly those of a baleen, do not match those of any known species of whale, which usually call at frequencies of between 15 and 20 hertz. Team leader Mary Anne Daher says the mammal does not follow the migration patterns of any other species either.

The calls of the whale, which roams the ocean every autumn and winter, have deepened slightly as a result of ageing but are still recognizable.

Despite the whale's unique song, Ms Daher says she doubts it belongs to a new species.

Reuters

Episode 86

Mission Freedom for Africa

By Dr Rushidie Kayiwa

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc86missionfreedomafrika21oct05.shtml>

October 21, 2005

Dear Don,

Find the full report on Mission Freedom for Africa.

First of all, thank you for enabling Mr. Kizira and I to begin this mission by availing us funds which gave us a big push in this adventure and I extend our gratitude to the friends that contributed to this noble course of setting Africa free from disease, and to put back the smiles on the faces of Africans.

Most of the time one can have enough will, but the will needs the means to reach its destination.

The Mission

It all started when we received funds from Jeff McKinley [Jeff wired this to the Doc on behalf of a generous but anonymous donor outside the US. ~D].

When that came, I went to work right away. We bought materials and we started making the tower busters. We made over a thousand of them. We intended to distribute them in both Uganda and Kenya but due to political and customs obstacles we decided to distribute them only in Uganda and leave Kenya and Tanzania for the next mission.

We set off in our Mitsubishi Pajero to Southwest Uganda and we distributed our 'bombs' and met many curious people, whom we were happy to inform. They had no trouble understanding our mission and we got a lot of encouragement.

We finished the Southwest in about a week's time and the people we met at our lodgings were very interested to know about what we were doing. We also gave them health counseling and Kizira, with his spiritual powers, also told people their hidden secrets. Some were shocked to meet a man who can tell what a stranger is thinking.

We visited hospitals in that area. Many people there are sick and we told them about the bad energy which is produced by the new towers around the hospitals and schools. They were

shocked to hear that, and expressed anger at the government for allowing these near the hospitals and schools.

As we were coming back through the area we visited a few hospitals and most patients were soon discharged from the hospitals due to the quick recovery they had after we had planted the tower busters around the 'telephone' towers and the hospitals, themselves.

When we returned to Kampala, our base, we rested for a week and then we set off to the Northwest.

That is part of Uganda that Don knows about [Western Uganda has the majority of major vortices in Uganda and Kizira's main interest with orgonite has been in healing these energy centers and restoring the ancient, benevolent entities' presence in them. ~D]. We drove west from Kruma Falls to Nebbi District and Moyo, near the border of Congo.

The people there liked what we were doing, after they learnt about our Mission but they don't support the government at all. It is the birthplace of the former president whom most people call a dictator: Idi Amin Dada.

I believe he was a great man but that he was taken advantage of by the colonialists because he was uneducated.

What he did to develop the country and the infrastructure he put in place there was not equaled by any President after him but when I become President I will do more than they all have done.

We visited a hospital and talked to the patients and, to our surprise, when we returned there on our last day of the Northwest mission most of them had been discharged.

Bad energy can keep people from recovering in hospital. The patients just feel weak and it's sometimes impossible for doctors to understand what the patient is suffering from in that case.

Kizira enjoyed meeting a large number of people on that mission and they were happy to have a man of his capacity and talent in their midst who could answer their questions.

Some of them have since come to visit Kizira and I in Kampala and we've taught them all about zappers and herbal remedies as the solution to their health problems.

We spent two weeks in the Northwest and are now resting in Kampala in preparation for our mission to Kenya and Tanzania.

Let me tell you that people in Africa are very open-minded and enjoy hearing what we have to say. We will succeed as long as we can keep the fire burning. We feel proud that it is part of us to heal the land.

I hope that many Americans will come to Uganda to experience this work with us and to see with their own eyes. Ugandans are quite happy about the work.

Thank you, Don and Carol and the rest of the team! You are doing a great job when you stand with Africans for healing and to make us feel that we have you as partners in this mission.

I remain

Your friend at work,

Dr Rushidie Kayiwa

From Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

Another benefit of joining forces with these two remarkable men, as Georg Ritschl (organise-africa.net) and I have done, is to get some experiences and insights that are entirely unavailable to the Western tourists, scholars, relief workers and others who visit the Dark Continent.

You've likely already experienced the power of orgonite to transform the environment and 'jolly up' the PJ citizenry in your own town enough to move them powerfully but gently away from the destructive mass hysteria and paranoia induced by the death towers and the What To Think Network, so Dr K and I invite you to jump up to the next level and know what it's like to be in a country where everyone already understands the magical dynamic of living in the world and, not least, are unafraid to talk to strangers ;-)

When you go, take some money to pay for another mission. A thousand bucks gets an awful lot done and half of that will probably be spent on gasoline, which is costly in Africa. The food is inexpensive, plentiful and delicious, at least in Uganda, and you'll feel like you're in an adventure movie 8)

You'll never meet a more frugal man than the Doc, by the way, and if you want to know something about Africa and Africans you'll only begin to get that by going there and working closely with them, as we've done. You can't possibly buy an experience similar to this one!

Doc Kayiwa is probably going to be President one day and Carol clearly sees that, too. It's kind of cool to know someone before he/she becomes renowned and you can see that he has a genuine social conscience as well as political aspirations. Can you imagine any American politician or MD doing this work?

Kizira took Georg and I along on a gifting mission to heal the savaged vortex at Bujagali Falls near the headwaters of the Nile River in Uganda and I'm not a fan of rituals but this one was pretty powerful, unlike the arcanery that passes for 'shamanism' among the insipid Western posers. The drumming's a whole lot better, too ;-)

That sort of thing happens all the time, even spontaneously, in East Africa and folks like Kizira are employed by people to consult with their ancestors and to heal the body and spirit. Genuine traditionalists who have a social conscience immediately understand and appreciate the benefit of orgonite, of course, because they already know that life is all about energy dynamics. Their cordial attraction to orgonite is one way you can tell them from the fakers and dirty magicians.

Kizira remotely kicks predator butt, too. This is something he wouldn't consider when I suggested it to him a couple of years ago but he started doing it a little bit later.

Nobody had to teach this witchdoctor how to throw energy effectively, of course. By the way, the first thing he tells newbies is to stop believing that they need an intermediary (priesthood) to pray to God and to just directly express to God what's in their hearts. I was astonished by how much this fellow reminds me of DB, by the way. We were instant friends.

If you're like me, you'll reserve judgment about Idi Amin but we know that the worst of the mayhem in Uganda happened right after he was deposed and it continued until the current President, Museveni, threw the cynical British saboteurs/manipulators out of Uganda in 86.

The Doc is a youthful man, very easy going and self deprecating, which belies a vast and varied field of professional experience, including careers as a government health official, an army officer, and an obstetrician in a Michigan hospital for several years. The only time I got a glimpse of his warrior aspect was when there was danger around. The guy doesn't flinch or deviate from his path. An attempt was made on his life right before Georg and I arrived and he shrugged it off, though his car was destroyed in the event and he was slightly injured.

The closest approximation to his level of commitment and focus that I've seen in this network has been in our good friends, Laozu Kelly and DB.

America and other Western nations are known for a variety of prejudices and I consider race prejudice to be one of the less tenacious forms because, let's face it, people of every race and culture are going to keep making babies together until all of humanity look like the magnificent, pre-1800 Hawaiians. You can see more interracial families in the American South than in the North, Midwest and West, by the way, which illustrates my point best.

Educational and economic prejudice seem a lot more insidious to me and, having spent most of my adulthood (so far) at or below the poverty line and having failed to spend much time in college I was on the receiving end of both. It really stings, I can tell you. It's easier to be fat and ugly in the western world than to be poor and unlettered. I have to say, though, that when I was wandering through Southern France and Quebec even the poorest people there had art around them so, obviously, not all of the poor in materialistic cultures feel as cheated by life as I did.

As you can see from the easy partnership that the Doc and Kizira enjoy, these prejudices are not as deeply ingrained in Uganda. When Dr Paul Batiibwe, who is the chief surgeon and director of Kiboga District Hospital, introduced me to Kizira he brought along his dad, who is a retired, influential national official. Doc Kayiwa was there, too, along with Georg and I, and Kizira conducted a ritual and told each of the visitors some relevant hidden information.

Kizira's background, before committing to a career in healing and magic, was fishmonger, guerrilla fighter in Museveni's army and carpenter. His mom is a traditional Buganda witch so it was apparently not a great leap to jump into his present career. He's a natural genius, along with having extraordinary psi ability, and is fairly fluent in English so you'll get a lot from him if/when you join the effort in East Africa. His sons are terrific drummers, too.

He manages to keep all of his kids in school and in most of Africa, including Uganda, there are only private schools and education is considered essential, so tuition is usually a family's primary expense. Over here, housing is what eats up the most of our household budget but in Uganda you can build a cool, roomy, lovely and comfortable house for next to nothing and it's fairly easy to get some land and grow food.

President Museveni has been quite generous with refugees in Uganda and I saw some of that firsthand when Doc Batiibwe and I went to the war torn northeast on a gifting mission. Dr K didn't mention this in his report, but after he and Kizira had gifted some power spots in NW Uganda the CIA/British- sponsored mass murderer, whom the prostituted press call a 'rebel leader' immediately fled from there into Congo then. The Brits want the uranium deposits in N Uganda and, like any other sociopaths, are not open to the option of fair trade so they slaughter

and drive out the inhabitants of the region with a proxy aggressor. Our heroes weren't apparently in any danger this time, by the way.

Musaveni's government gives refugees from this incursion fertile land in less stressful parts of the country and encourages them to farm. Abundant and vital agricultural products are Uganda's trade stock and since the Brits stop the Ugandan government from getting much money they barter with developed nations for goods and services a lot. Sour grapes on the part of the Whore of Babylon, of course.

Doc Kayiwa is a little sore at Musaveni, by the way, because he hasn't allowed free elections, yet. Right after he, Georg and I busted all of the hundreds of death towers in and around that city, though, there was a sudden rash of resignations and firings of tenacious, corrupt, high level government officials and this was apparently orchestrated by the President.

People in my country treat arbitrarily 'important' people with a lot of deference but in Africa those distinctions are kind of blurred, which isn't to say that education and material success aren't marvelous benefits, at least potentially, or that accomplished and successful people there aren't respected there—they are. It may be that the enormous momentum of such an ancient, deep and intricate culture has simply made it unlikely for western standards to be taken to heart. They revere other, older hierarchies a lot, such as the Buganda royalty who are not directly connected to government, religion or business but have a lot of cultural influence. Dr K has been a guest of the present Buganda king, by the way, who has taken a personal interest in his activities. I observed from my first day in Uganda that distribution of wealth by patriarchs is a common practice in that culture.

I recognized, too, from the first day that to get an understanding of this old but vital culture would require perhaps years of close association. It's not hard to appreciate it, though, and even when I was in Gula, the most devastated city in the country, nobody panhandled me, which is a good thing because I'm a complete sap for hard luck stories and tend to believe them all. I've never seen so many hardworking people in a nation. It's mind-boggling, really, and they all have an air of confidence and hopefulness in spite of material lack.

My revulsion toward arbitrary distinctions in America accounts for much of why I always felt so refreshed when vagabondage took me to third world countries and why I craved to leave America since I was 17 and hated to come back, every time, until I found out that I can easily and effectively change those social dynamics and can reform even my own programmed, diseased attitudes with gifting.

Nothing clears away the personal sewage as well as selfless service and orgonite even gives us a shorter path to that happy station, too. Now that I can finally afford to go live in another country, strange to tell, I don't mind sticking around here until the job of destroying political/economic tyranny is finished by this new, unorganized grassroots movement. Who would ever have believed that gifting and etherically blasting governmental mass murderers is more effective than shooting them? It's sure a more empowering antidote for centralized tyranny! ;-)

Something that bears repeating is the fact that miraculous and historic events are almost never recognized when they happen. The Doc's and Kizira's recent gifting exposition is both groundbreaking, as you can see, and miraculous and I'm confident that you'll appreciate this after a moment's contemplation if you haven't picked up on it, yet.

As the Doc says, and I've witnessed, there's plenty of will in Africa to do right but not a lot of means for now, due to a generations-old economic blockade by The City of London and its creatures. When you contribute to this vast, young Mission it's technically not charity because the people who will do the work that you'll be capitalizing in Africa are already sacrificing their time, personal resources and even safety to carry it forward. Your contributions are your 'investment in humanity,' as Eddie-san, another gadfly of the etheric realm, who lives in Kyoto, likes to say. Eddie's befriended some African émigrés in Japan, by the way, and they're interested in the work we're all doing.

Whatever you want to contribute can be sent directly to Dr Kayiwa in this case. Due to omnipresent interference by the occult/corporate dung beetles (mostly MI6 and CIA spies, who stick out like sore thumbs there, by the way, heheh) the only safe way to do it is to wire it directly to Dr Rushidie Kayiwa in Uganda via PayPal or Western Union and to send him an email with the reference number. His email address is simion94@hotmail.com and please CC your email to me, just in case, at info@worldwithoutparasites.com , and I'll make doubly sure he gets the information.

I actually saw a swarmy, effete old MI6 scumbag in Kampala, up close. I looked right up his long patrician nose while I was doing email, right before he apparently sabotaged the power supply to that internet café, which one of the Doc's buddies owns and operates.

Naturally, there's been occult/corporate interference, with email, snailmail, health, etc., directed at our heroes there. I wish I knew that old MI6/masonic fart's name so I could publish it here and cause him to be posted to lovely Tazjikestan or something so he can stop bugging little African boys. I'm sure he was the field agents' Big Boss and that he was trying to 'put me in my place.' The proper place on the totem for any genuinely humble man, as Lao Tse advised, is the bottom, though, and I've made it my life's goal to achieve real humility ;-).

When Georg and I arrived in Uganda the Doc had arranged for us to be whisked past customs at the behest of 'Secret Supporter,' whom you're likely to meet if you go there to help. Thanks to these two, many top government officials are experiencing extraordinary health from using zappers, by the way 8) and I mean Georg's and my donated ones.

Dr Rushidie has also lately been distributing a proprietary herbal cure for AIDS and other serious illnesses. Kizira is an acclaimed herbalist in a country where most people prefer to consult traditional healers. If you want to understand their unique professional relationship you'll need to spend some time with them. Then you can tell me about it, okay? ;-)

The foreign contributor who kindly made this mission possible is the first wealthy person to take an active interest in supporting widespread African gifting.

I feel confident that more and more wealthy people, like this one, who have social consciences will show up and the more money and orgonite that can be sent to Africa, the faster the continent will be freed from the grievous chains of exploitation and shine as the world's exemplar of empowerment. I don't ever worry about it because, as my mentor, James Hughes, said, 'Is God broke?'

This slow explosion of empowerment on that continent through the distribution of orgonite by Africans is a prediction I've been making for five years and it's finally being seen by others as credible, thanks to the efforts of these two intrepid men and to the budding involvement in Kenya of David Ochieng, Mrs. Odoni, and Prisca Nyakundi, and in Tanzania, thanks to Abdullah and

Faaria Jim and Daniel Nyalusi. Georg Ritschl in Johannesburg has been instrumental every step of the way and I'm confident that he'll be in the forefront of Africa's liberation for the duration. You can purchase orgonite from him, which he'll then send for you to our gifting compatriots in Kenya and, indirectly through Abdullah Jim in Uganda, to Tanzania. It's currently not feasible to send stuff directly to Tanzania, I'm told, and Abdullah will put it on a bus from Kampala to Daniel Nyalusi in Dar Es Salaam so it won't be scrutinized by corrupt Customs officials and MI6 stooges en route. Georg's site is orgonise-africa.net.

Did you ever imagine that you can make a real difference in Africa? Did you ever really believe that sending money to charities or missionaries there ever does much lasting good? If you think the UN agencies are there to do anything but exploit Africa on behalf of London please think again, okay?

Here's something else to ponder: Africa's post-colonial predicament is much like the condition of Europe on the eve of the Arab, North African, Turkish and Persian scholars, doctors, scientists, architects, poets, bookbinders, engineers, philosophers and merchants bringing Europeans up out of the Rome-initiated Dark Age, which had sunk to its lowest level during the murderous 'Crusades.'

Have you noticed how the current rape of Iraq by London's ancient, multinational ruling caste and their witless American cannon fodder resembles those brutal medieval incursions in almost every major feature? Now, there's a book in the making! ;-)

The current, nascent Renaissance in Africa, though, is a lot cleaner and will spread a lot faster and farther than the one in Europe did and I'm unable to express how proud I feel to be a part of that process.

You, too, can directly participate in this, of course, so what's stopping you, my friend? You can certainly afford it and I hope you're not just reading this for entertainment! This life is for decisive action, after all, and you probably understand that you can make a big difference in the world or you wouldn't be reading this.

~Don

Episode 87

Carol and Don's Highway Pastimes

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc87highwaypastimes02nov05.shtml>

November 2, 2005

We discovered that you can have a lot of fun with an orgonite cloudbuster on the roof of the car when we were driving to Florida from Idaho in September--more on that in a bit--but the best highway fun for us came a couple of weeks after we got here, when Carol inadvertently got behind a fedmobile in order to have a moving shield for speeding.

Do you know that trick? She swears that the cops will always go after the guy in front of a line of speeding cars and the Florida interstates and turnpikes are kind of like the Autobahn, anyway, and one rarely sees drivers pulled over for speeding.

The funniest part is that they always assume we're smart enough to do this stuff on purpose and even when we get lost while under surveillance they assume we're exercising some tricky new style of spycraft, even though most gifters aren't even aware of their dung beetle entourage. It reminds me of the old Monty Python, 'Confuse-A-Cat' skit and sometimes-confused feds, in bunches, look like the Keystone Kops, especially after you've done some surgical blasting.

If you can manage to be married to a telepath you'll get lots of new fun like this that others won't likely experience, though we're all telepaths when we're dead so it's not really a big deal-don't feel like you're lacking something.

On that afternoon we were driving from Jupiter, our new home on the north boundary of West Palm Beach, to St Augustine, about 140 miles north, to examine a catamaran for sale. She got behind the first vehicle she encountered that was driving over 75 mph, which happened to be a van with US Gov't license plates. The speed limit on I-95 is 70. There was one fellow driving and something big in the back, which we could see the top of because the windows weren't tinted.

He sped up from 75 to 90 immediately, which seemed awfully odd, since gov't drones never speed-I think they get punished by their supervisors when they're caught. So, she got in his head and discovered that he's NSA, taking some broken psionic equipment from the Navy Ship that was being used to keep the dolphins away from us when we were at the beach. Guess who broke it ;-)

Here's where the pastime started: we blasted the crap out of that guy and he did some bobbing and weaving, trying to get away from Carol. Of course she stayed right on him, keeping a safe distance behind, and the guy got on the phone, then. Within five minutes there were feds all around us, including a big pickup with black windshield right behind us, matching our speed.

Carol got a big headache, apparently from whoever was in the pickup, but the other surveillance vehicles left the highway shortly after we blasted the drivers. I focused on sending energy thru her headache and the pickup dropped back a quarter mile or so & the headache disappeared.

It started raining heavily and the guy in front didn't slow down, though the rest of the traffic did, and the pickup came right up behind us again. Carol said the driver was an android and to punctuate the statement she had me observe that the windshield wipers were operating only intermittently in a way that you or I would be unable to see well enough to ride someone's bumper during a downpour at 85 miles an hour. Showoff-obviously NSA.

We both hammered that guy and he dropped back a quarter mile, again, then we focused on the guy in the van. Shortly after that the van pulled off at a rest area, so we parked beside him and I followed him to the restroom. He did a little quick turn and went in the other door from me. I was looking forward to getting next to him while blasting. That would have been a real p!\$\$er! 8)

You might have noticed that the three sewer rat agencies do their spycraft in three distinct styles. Say what you will about the Homeland Security Abomination; the What To Think Network may claim that the FBI, CIA and NSA are one agency but we're not seeing it around us these days, though it's true that they seem to be a little more coordinated than they were in the days when two FBI and CIA surveillance teams drew their guns on each other when DB stepped out from an aisle in a Pasadena supermarket in the late nineties.

FBI

In case you want to fine tune your observations, here's how they look: FBI look like crew-cutted, high school football jocks or Mormon missionaries in costume and they radiate aggression and skewed, blustery confidence. They're usually young, white males, too. These are the ones who often make a point of getting in your face as 'plumbers,' 'gas meter readers,' 'repo men,' 'utility workers,' etc. A lot of them simply look like the bully in your elementary school's playground or particularly aggressive fundamentalist Christians. It may be that in Ted Gunderson's day there were people of integrity in the FBI, but I suspect he was one of the last. They like to pretend to be real cops, too, and are fond of busting down doors, slaughtering families while dressed up like battle-armored ninjas. They love costumes. These jackbooted ninjas are the ones you and I probably won't ever see, unless the BushSr regime gets its martial law wish. If that wish is granted, they'll likely be the last people we ever see ;-) but from where we're standing this seems to be getting less likely each day, thank God.

When we were on the other side of the state, near Port Charlotte, looking at another catamaran for sale we came out of the boatyard and found four FBI vehicles by the gate, including a ubiquitous unmarked white van with orange ladders on top, and the drivers were all out of their vehicles having a confab. This was out, literally, in the middle of nowhere ;-). We blasted them all, of course, which is something you need to do every time you see or sense a fed near you. Etherically blasting them is a public service because these folks all make a living being lawless predators, so when they're not trying to harm you or violate your right to privacy, they're guaranteed to be doing that or worse to some other innocent person.

Those agencies are set up to ultimately destroy us all-they were ultimately each chartered to do that by that pre-eminent National Socialist, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, though the NSA and CIA grew out of the US Navy and British Intelligence some time after FDR's timely demise. The only lawful national cops worked for the Treasury Department, of course, and included the Coast Guard. We used to actually have a Treasury Department but the International Monetary Fund assumed that role after a military coup ended Nixon's presidency ;-).

CIA

CIA pavement artists try their best to blend in, so they're actually conspicuous that way. No sane person goes to that length to be inconspicuous, of course. They give off a sort of paranoid vibe and will go to great lengths to avoid eye contact with you, even though they're all around you, if possible, when you're out gifting. They seem to be the default gifters' surveillance teams because, let's face it, most folks don't ever think to look for them. Look for them! ;-) If you see anyone around when you're dropping orgonite, please assume they're CIA and only do it when they're out of sight, assuming you have a Succor Punch running in your car. Don't Dally Around, either! If you spend two minutes burying a bit of orgontie when you don't have to it's much more likely that your CIA entourage will catch up with you and mark the spot for later retrieval of your gift.

The CIA are the ones who use the most psychics and it's likely that if you see a CIA freak driving a car there will be a psychic in the passenger seat. The psychics are mostly middle aged and even elderly women but we've seen a few men among them. That gives us an idea how long these folks have been at it. Watch HEARTS IN ATLANTIS if you want to get a clue about the history.

NSA

The NSA are the bee's knees, the cream of the crop; these are often flamboyant, dress in bright colors, drive fancy cars, radiate genuine confidence and try their best to intimidate without actually hitting or shooting you. Once, when I took my kids to a restaurant in Bellingham, Washington, we came back to the car and there were two NSA guys standing there, pretending to be panhandlers. They were actually being obnoxious to everyone who passed by on that

downtown sidewalk, though they ignored all five of us. They were dressed in expensive, stylish clothes and shoes and were articulate and clean-shaven, though one had long hair. They just wanted me to know they were around, I guess. I think lots of hippies joined the NSA, which shouldn't be surprising since the hippie movement directly resulted in a vast expansion of the federal bureaucracy, too. I was a teen in the sixties and I saw lots and lots of hippies, since then, move into the 'public sector,' as potheads who simply lacked the ambition to be entrepreneurs or artisans. If you'll apply some critical thinking to this and not get sidetracked by Theosophical arcanery you'll see the signs, yourself.

As you can tell, these NSA guys (we rarely see women in the NSA) are sometimes witty, even, and I can tell you that they resist our blasting efforts the best. They come the closest to being worthy opponents, I think. It was obviously NSA hackers who destroyed ethericwarriors.com last month, for instance. The NSA operates in Canada with impunity, probably because they grew out of British MI6 after World War II.

One reason that Carol gets mobbed by spooks when I'm not with her is that arrogant men assume that women are less powerful than men are. You'd think that the trail of destruction that Carol leaves in their ranks, in her wake, would give them a clue by now, but I have to assume that they're just masochists.

The NSA's Men in Black I encountered outside of Baltimore, three years ago, didn't fit that mold, though. I thought they were in town for a morticians' convention except that I already knew that NSA favors brand new Lincoln Town Cars with chrome grills and the parking lot was full of them. I also knew that morticians don't carry heavy caliber concealed weapons at their ankles, of course, or wear dark glasses inside buildings and constantly talk into radios. Maybe these guys were just the lower MIB echelon: wetworkers; assassins; not Will Smith or Tommy Lee Jones types. I had just finished gifting Washington, DC's satanic pentagram, though, so I had a good sense that their bold appearance was just sour grapes. I'd done pretty well evading them in the city for the previous three nights during my gifting sorties.

The following summer, when I was in the Reno, Nevada driver license bureau, an NSA guy sat beside me and tried to intimidate me. Carol was sitting across the aisle and was astounded that I didn't notice the crew-cutted, muscular guy flexing and scowling directly at me but I think the Harmonic Protector I was wearing just transmuted the energy that he was throwing at me. We had just finished an incredibly big gifting campaign with Richard, earlier that day. On the way out of there I put our business card under his new, white Lincoln Town Car's (it had a chrome grill and he was parked in a handicapped parking spot right by the entrance ;-)) windshield wiper. Carol had pointed out the car as his, of course.

Back to the tale: We followed the van out of the rest area, all the way to the St Augustine exit, where we got off in a way that he couldn't see us. The menacing pickup didn't get off the highway at the rest area but a state trooper was waiting in the parking lot, talking on his radio. Along the way I took the wheel while Carol went out of her body and into the van. The cargo, a big, tricked-out Chinese psionic weapon, was apparently being taken to Savannah, Georgia, where the Chinese military have an extensive port facility, probably like the one in Long Beach [CA] that everyone knows exists. Our first encounter with the one in Savannah was almost five years ago, on our way back to Ft Pierce, Florida from visiting with Al Bielek in Atlanta.

That time, we felt a need to leave some orgonite at the port and when we approached, Carol got quite sick from the dense and poisonous DOR radiating from what the Chinese were bringing in there, which was apparently huge lots of bioweaponry for the chemtrails, among other nasty stuff.

She wasn't able to drive, in fact, and was barely able to focus enough to find the central, strongest point of the DOR so we could drop the orgonite there. Being psychic, she was literally incapacitated but all I felt was a little nausea and irritability.

That was the year that the chemtrail program was at its peak and unopposed and it was a month before we made our first orgonite cloudbuster. Everywhere we went in the US, that year, the DOR was quite dense, even in Navajo and Hopi land, and that was even before most of the death towers were erected. Have you considered what our world would look and feel like by now if not for orgonite and the commitment of a few thousand souls to distribute it intelligently?

There was a strong alien presence there, too, and this was one of our very first gifting missions, so the human and non-human predators were pretty confident and aggressive.

I often say that I don't want to be psychic and some folks think I'm scamming. I really don't, because I can see the pain and discomfort that go along with it every day in my wife, DB, and others who are truly talented and committed to defeating tyranny. In other words, there's not much glamour in it from where I'm standing and I'm perfectly content to get my occasional intuitive hits and realizations. When I happen to see a ghost, spaceship or elemental in fleeting moments it's just fun and games, not my reason for living. I can then honestly say, too, that if I can experience this stuff, so can you. They are nice confirmations of a wider, richer world than 3D, after all.

Meanwhile, that Navy ship that was the weapons platform for the Chinese psychics, NSA psionic operators and Navy sonar predators who were beaming Jeff, Carol and I and the dolphins during our first swimming/gifting excursion here is apparently still in Palm Beach so when we get our catamaran in a week or two that will be one of our first gifting social calls ;-)) as we bring it from Ft Lauderdale to our own Jupiter Inlet, grid willing.

We later found out that a pod of rough-tooth dolphins came to retrieve all that orgonite we left out beyond the surf that day. Some surfers spotted them the next day. You may know that these are the specie who initiated Carol in Costa Rica a year ago and also showed up in Haifa Bay a month later to show our psychics an underwater nuke bomb that was supposed to initiate Armageddon on behalf of the BushSr cabal. Twits.

Have you noticed that all of these folks are lately looking like they've been through the wringer? 'You're welcome!'

And 'Thanks!' if you, too are doing your civic duty and etherically blasting the crap out of these mass murderers whenever you think about it. There are so many good ways to empower ourselves in this new, grassroots global movement and new ways are showing up, still! Don't you agree that this is the best time to be alive? The dolphins in our chatblast sessions are getting more aggressive toward the megamurderers, by the way, and pretty soon maybe Carol and I will learn some tricks from them that we can pass along to you. Getting the boat seemed to be a milestone, judging by how obstinately the feds tried to stand in our way of getting the financing.

A couple of weeks ago, the day after Carol went back to Idaho to get some of our stuff and tie up some loose ends, I had a waking vision (very rare for me) in which several dolphins told me to 'Get it done!' When I told Carol about it the other day she was galvanized and drove that little U-Haul truck 11 and 12 hours each day to get here sooner. She's about four hours away from home now, by my estimation, and I'm about to go to a payphone and call her as soon as I finish writing this report.

She had some interesting experiences along the way. The feds have been all over her since she left here; poisoned her severely in the Chicago airport, tried again in Idaho (smeared poisonous stuff on the door handle of the car she was using) and generally made nuisances of themselves. The night before Halloween someone apparently thought it would be funny to assign her to a haunted room in a motel and when she came out of the toilet at a gas station she caught two feds in the cab of the truck ;-)

Thanks very much, by the way, to Dooney, Dr Stevo, Jeff and Lynda for boosting Carol after the Chicago episode, by the way! She had immediately used a couple of zappers to neutralize the poison but was facing several days of recovery (many of us have been through this a few times). You guys helped her bounce back a hundred percent within a few hours. The healing aspect of blasting doesn't get much play these days but I swear that's going to be the main focus after all these lawless, fake-gov't types and their corporate puppetmasters have been brought to account in coming days.

The only fun she had on this trip, I think, was some time manipulation after she asked The Operators to shorten her trip. Yesterday, for instance, an hour after she was in St Louis she found herself in the middle of Tennessee, on the way to Chattanooga, where she met Doc von Peters at a Waffle House for breakfast ;-). Gotta love Waffle House! That was around 400 missing miles.

The main fun we had on our trip together from there to here was changing the cloudbuster on the roof to point backward and forward at intervals, though it was kind of gratifying to deflate a severe thunderstorm when we were camped east of Topeka, Kansas. It was going to be a real menace if we didn't have a cloudbuster with us-maybe a HAARP tornado, in fact. People in Kansas don't even joke about these destructive, sudden storms.

If you get a chance to take a CB with you on a long trip, watch the feds in front and back of you. You can bet one agency or another, or all of them if you're really a threat to national [socialist] security, like Carol and I are, will have you under box surveillance or will try to, at least. Put a bonehead in the mix and you can really twist their etheric tits!

When you aim it forward, the fed in front bobs and weaves to get out of the line of fire, then either races out of sight or jumps off at the next exit. When you point it to the rear the fed in that position passes you at breakneck speed or can't seem to wait to get off the highway. This happened again and again and provided no end of amusement, taking away a lot of the tedium of that loooong trip.

It's a lot more fun than counting Volkswagen Beetles and you'll learn a thing or two about how the federal government operates that never gets mentioned in the Social[ist] Studies textbooks or on National [Socialist] Public Radio. Enjoy! Tell me about your highway fedbuster adventures, too!

~Don Croft