

The Adventures of Don & Carol Croft

Episode 1

Moonbusting Part 1

By Don Croft <zapper16@earthlink.net>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adcmoonbustingpt1.shtml>

March/April, 2001

This is just too bizarre not to have a written record while it's still fresh in my mind. I guess it doesn't matter to me anymore if anyone believes it or not. It feels very real to me (Carol certainly has no doubts about it) and there are just too many evidences and confirmations for us to suspect that we're just making it up. Our conviction is strictly a personal matter, though, and you need to use your discernment to see if this story has relevance for you. I used to laugh at people who wrote about these things. Now I laugh about people who laugh at these things. So it goes.

Carol Derry and I had been growing our relationship with the Wingmakers and some native reptilians that have been following us in a 4-man (!) craft since our meeting with Al Bielek on February 1 in Atlanta. Other groups have lately come into this working relationship, including dolphins and Pleiadians. It's apparent that good guys conspire just as much as parasites do, except the good guys love and trust each other and the bad guys wait for opportunities, such as, a sign of awakened compassion, to tear each other's throats out.

Both of us had then noticed two individuals at the next table at IHOP who seemed peculiarly interested in our conversation with Al for 3 hours or so. We made eye contact with them and they seemed pleasant, if odd and lacking in social graces. Afterward, Carol told me that when she came back from the restroom toward the end of the visit, she was struck by the realization that these people were reptilians, disguised as humans. I take her very seriously, as her psychic perception has a very good track record and she is one of the most reliable and fearless living people that I know personally.

Our relationship started nearly four years ago. She is my sister-in-law Melody's, best friend and fellow witch. She's had the ability to see energy and non-physical entities since early childhood and has been able to spontaneously astral travel for most of her life. We became partners in energy work nearly a year ago [June, 2000] in Idaho, when Carol helped me develop the Terminator by using her special abilities. Four years ago, I traded a zapper and an orgone accumulator (orgone devices make psychic perception much stronger and clearer) for a couple of Cards of Destiny readings from Carol. I call them "News You Can Use." I'd been making zappers for a year when I met her and had just discovered the work of Wilhelm Reich through Serge Kahili King's excellent book, *Earth Energies*. I'm grateful to Mr. King for throwing out all the dogma that became attached to orgone work since the death of Dr. Reich and I hope others can use this book as a practical introduction to using these energies.

We started our energy work last year [June, 2000] (aside from the zapper business) when we used the Zapporium--our mobile factory, RV, energy center, home, which is loaded with high energy devices—to heal a vortex in the vicinity of Jim and Melody's land (we simply parked the RV within the vortex overnight). Both of us sensed, then saw, some very irate aliens (grays) as that was occurring. They were unable to get into the Zapporium because of the intensity of the orgone field and were unable to harm us. The vortex, the energy of which was being 'stolen' by the grays, straightened out to its natural form within a few hours & the aliens departed after letting both of us know that they were very perturbed. This set a pattern for what came later. The Holy Handgrenade straightens them out almost instantly when it's placed on the ground or in a body of water.

In the following pages, I'll bring the Wingmakers and native reptilians into sharper focus for the reader, don't worry. We've encountered other groups, but these two, especially the Wingmakers, are the ones we're working with [after this writing we began working with the Lemurians, too]. .

I stayed in rural Idaho with my brother Jim while waiting for a new engine for the Zapporium. Jim's a real

mountain man and is also a world authority in medieval bookbinding. That took two months, during which time I used the solar panels on the Zapporium and continued my business. I also established a partnership with Carol who lived 20 miles away. Carol and I left together in late August, committed to do whatever we were guided to do in the healing trades together. We didn't have a clue where it would lead, but we were having plenty of fun finding out.

By the autumn equinox, we found ourselves on Mt. Shasta. On a whim, we had visited the Oregon Vortex a few days previous to that. We were having difficulty finding it, so I asked Carol to look for the energy, and we drove toward the dome of energy that she saw. I had a flood of 'hunches' as to the nature of the vortex and its connection with other energy centers in the world. Carol saw that the center of the spherical energy field was about 50' below the ground and that the energy was being generated by an object, probably some sort of crystal, placed there in antiquity by Atlanteans for some reason (we're in the slow process of learning more about it).

After the short tour, we looked at some literature and a globe in the little gift shop there. The fellow who had bought the land in the 1930s was an amateur archaeologist (& metaphysics buff) and was apparently aware of what was underground. The fellow died in the 1940's or so, and left specific instructions in his will that nobody will ever be allowed to dig on the property.

Someone had marked some lines on the globe which connected the Oregon Vortex to the Great Pyramid at Giza, the northwest point of the Yucatan Peninsula, through a point on the Texas coast north of Corpus Christi, then through the Tongue of the Ocean, west of South Andros Island, Bahamas, and into the Bermuda Triangle. This was part of a pattern superimposed by a star tetrahedron on the planet. I don't remember the rest of it, but I had been very close to the South Andros, Yucatan (I was shipwrecked there six years ago, after a hurricane) and the Texas locations previously. I felt a huge upsurge of energy and realization that there was something valuable for us to do and find in those three places. I have always had a consuming desire to visit the Bahamas in particular.

My introduction to metaphysics came when I became involved with my second wife, Susan, shortly after discovering the zapper. I guess that by curing my lifelong depression with the zapper, it prepared me for seeing the value of energy work. I found that I have an aptitude for making flower essences (by assisting Susan, who is a gifted healer). One of the peculiar characteristics of this metaphysical work is that, though it's not physically, mentally, or emotionally strenuous, it can still be exhausting. Often, after a few hours of processing the blossoms, we would almost stagger home and into bed for several hours of deep sleep in the middle of the day. That's pretty typical of any work that involves psychic energy. Getting the munchies can be another effect, and also euphoria. I'm writing this because I can't sleep after the moonbusting episode yesterday near the secret, underground base west of here. I'm pretty wired, even though I'm tired.

I should also mention that I began working with crystals after being introduced to their effects by James Hughes three years ago, after he and his wife, Rose Mary, worked on me using one of their copper grids. That's a whole other narrative, but briefly, James has suggested many of the modifications that I've made to the basic zapper. His energy credentials were established in 1979 in the instant that he was struck by etheric lightning. Until then, he was a successful Maytag dealer with no background in metaphysical subjects. This is truly a strange and wonderful world. It took him five years to realize that he wasn't going insane, but had simply been given instructions for his new career (Carol and I feel that the Wingmakers made that happen—James identifies them as Atlantean elders). She says that she realized this after our latest meeting with James and Rose Mary, in Massachusetts earlier this month. Some of the Wingmakers are Atlantean elders—it's actually impossible for us right now to determine whom, precisely, they all are.

On Mt. Shasta, Carol felt an urge to find a sacred spot among the ancient firs near Panther Meadow, which is about half way up the 12,000 ft. mountain. We felt guided to a spot which felt like a shrine—a large boulder with several huge trees arranged in a semi-circle around it. I had brought some folding chairs so we could be comfortable. We set the chairs in the middle of the semi-circle, facing each other, and we both felt and saw some entities that were apparently waiting for us. I saw them as shimmering energy, like moving heat distortions. Carol saw them in more substantial shapes and colors.

At the instant of the equinox, I was looking at Carol & suddenly felt myself being stretched upward, and then compressed. She was watching me and started laughing. She later told me she saw me stretch upward, then snap back down into a squashed shape. She had said that there was a ship directly over us, which belonged to the entities we were seeing. More recently she has told me that we had both been taken aboard, given information and returned to our bodies in the instant of the equinox. Most psychic people realize that only beneficial races and entities are able to be on or in Mt. Shasta. Many Atlantean artifacts have been found there and in the vicinity. Similar artifacts have come to be associated with the Egyptian culture. Drunvalo Melchizedek has the most comprehensive historical overview of these things that I know about. His work is fun to investigate and he is a personable teacher.

Port Arkansas, Texas

Immediately after the Shasta experience, we realized that we needed to go to the three places I mentioned earlier. Within a couple of weeks we were in Port Aransas, Texas, near the place where the line between the Oregon Vortex and the Yucatan location crossed the Texas coast. I spent a few weeks trying to get our boat seaworthy for the trip to Yucatan and the Bahamas. As it happened, my attempt to go to sea failed in an ignominious capsizing. I had successfully crossed the Gulf six years before after extensive preparation and forethought. The first shipwreck then occurred after I had sailed my 19', open boat through a hurricane for 2 or 3 days, but dragged the anchor afterward and landed on the beach, putting a big hole in the bottom. This time, I suffered from a combination of over-confidence, hurry, and forgetfulness of what the sea can be like.

As we were getting ready to go to Florida for another attempt, the two people who we had befriended in Port Aransas, Charlie and Susan, told us about their favorite place up the coast a little way where a 3,000-year-old oak grew. I got a flash that this was what we had come there for. Carol quickly agreed, and our friends took us there the next day. Carol saw the energy dome, which was identical to the Oregon Vortex, from a few miles away. There are no other trees like that in Texas. The Charter Oak, of similar age and located in Austin, had recently been poisoned and killed. Carol said that this tree was suffering because the vortex, whose center was also 50' under the tree, was distorted.

The next day I made my first Holy Handgrenade. I put some quartz crystals in one of the little black boxes we use to make our zappers and filled the box with orgone generating material. We gave it to Susan and Charlie and they put it in the ground next to the tree. Carol, who is able to see vortices remotely once she has visited them, said that the vortex immediately healed and strengthened and that the tree will now be healthy and vigorous again.

Actually, this was the second HHg, but the first one intended for a vortex. I made the first one after Melody told me that there was an entity, perhaps an elemental, that made many people uncomfortable whenever they passed a certain spot not far from her property. Carol felt it was a gnome and I felt a presence there, myself. I made an orgone generator and left it as a gift in that spot, after which Carol and I felt a sense of appreciation and gratitude from the entity. She now thinks it may be a reptilian. Melody now likes the spot and she and Jim bought the property it's on. Carol and I have come to realize that only beneficial entities actually like orgone. Parasitic/predatory entities seem to suffocate in the presence of strong, healthy orgone.

This is how we sort of fell into the understanding of why an HHg can perpetually keep a location cleared of unhealthy energy in terms of the cooperation of earth elementals, or devas. I suspect that the elementals, like us, have a fairly short attention span for activity that's not fun, so giving them an orgone generating device provides endless enjoyment to them, thereby holding their attention and inspiring reciprocity, which seems to be an innate characteristic of all sentient beings. I think that others who do energy clearings need to be more aware of what they can do for the devas, rather than the other way around.

We felt a tremendous sense of completion after giving the HHg to Susan and Charlie and then it was time to go.

Fort Pierce, Florida & Don's Bahamas Excursion

After arriving in South Florida we noticed that the energy at the beach was very erratic and a little sickening, and the orgone generator in the Terminator was putting out more energy than usual. We soon realized that this happens whenever there is a lot of deadly and/or dead orgone present. Driving the length of the island that the beach was on we came to a nuke plant about 20 miles south, which was responsible for the sick energy field we had experienced. I made another crude HHg and we went right back to the plant and put it in the bushes at the entrance of the facility. Carol said the sickening energy was immediately drawn into the HHg and the sickening field immediately diminished to just outside the building that housed the reactor. We immediately felt better and the field has remained that way ever since (It's been six months).

Incidentally, lying on the beach we also noticed that a dark little cloud kept forming over one of the apartment buildings nearby. We later identified that as dead orgone, not a real cloud, and attributed its creation to destructive emotions felt and expressed by one or more people in that building. This partly led to our knowing that a Holy Handgrenade in ones living quarters will guarantee that the unbalanced energy will be transformed and returned to the source as good, balanced orgone, which is rejuvenating, stabilizing and even reduces fear and anger.

We had already learned that orgone generators increase their output of orgone in direct relationship to the strength of the deadly/dead orgone field through which it passes. This is in contrast to what happens when an orgone accumulator encounters an unbalanced orgone field: it absorbs the bad orgone and becomes toxic.

Based on my boating experience in Texas, I further modified the boat by adding floatation around the edges and tried it out in rough Atlantic seas in early December. It came through with flying colors, so I crossed the Gulf Stream a couple of weeks later with the intention of visiting the three spots that Carol had dowsed on the charts. I took the boat there in mid December during a stormy period. The 50-mile trip across the Gulf Stream from Miami to Bimini was very rough, but I didn't even get my shoes wet. The next day on the Grand Bahama Bank, though, was a little different. Due to the shallow water (6 to 20 feet) the seas were very close together and often breaking.

I arrived at the vortex' center late in the afternoon. I felt very uncomfortable, almost sick with distress. I didn't want to get close to North Andros Island, another 40 miles to the southeast, in darkness because I wasn't familiar with the waters there, so I dropped anchor and spent the night. I didn't sleep because it was just too rough, so after a few hours I pulled the anchor up and prepared to leave. In the process of hauling the anchor on board from the stern, a large wave broke into the boat, swamping it. The boat stayed upright because of the floatation I'd built around the gunwales, and the engine was dry because I'd put a motor well in the middle of the boat, toward the stern. I knew I didn't have enough gas to reach Andros at that slow speed and I ran out a couple of miles short of the island and dropped anchor in the calmer water there. Somehow I lost the anchor and woke up after I'd drifted several miles to the south.

By this time, I was so weary and soaked that I didn't have the energy to put the mast and sail up, so I threw out the other anchor and tried to sleep. The short, steep waves kept breaking into the boat and I bailed constantly for a couple of days before it calmed down enough for me to get my wits together enough to raise the sail. It was easy to reach the shore after that and sail up the coast toward a settlement, but the wind changed to the north. I found a sheltered spot and tied to some mangroves in order to get some good rest. The moon was full and the boat was left high on the beach by its tide—too high to launch until the proper moon phase allowed the tide to come high enough again. I eventually decided to walk the 10 miles or so to Red Bay, the only settlement on the west side of the island, after a passing fisherman stopped to see if I was okay and told me where it was. It's not on the chart I had, which was lost anyway when the boat got swamped.

I guess I'm writing this because I believe the ordeal was a gift and a lesson and to give more insight into whom the writer is. I never felt that I was in danger. I've always had a tendency to be a little too mentally oriented. Things like this tend to slow me down and get me in touch with the real world more. I did have an experience with sea sprites during the worst of it. I was able to know when a wave was about to break over me in the boat without looking. On the rare occasions that I was taken by surprise by a breaking wave, I felt the presence of a

sea sprite, laughing at me. I know they aren't human, which explains why they can find humor in our suffering instead of empathy. I'm laughing now but I didn't see the humor at the time (which is even funnier). Part of the fun of living on this planet is our interaction with elementals. They never take things as seriously as we do. Guy Murchie was fond of saying, "The heaviest star known to man is B-Sirius."

I had brought about 60 Power Bars and a hand-pumped reverse osmosis device, which gets fresh water from seawater. I only drank about a half gallon a day and finished all the Power Bars in the 13 days of the episode. I didn't have a bowel movement during all that time (should have brought an enema bag). When I reached Stancil Evans' house in Red Bay at the end of the day long march through intermittent mangrove swamps and along beaches, he graciously offered to let me stay the night and to take me to the boat the next morning with some gas. He wouldn't accept money, but did accept the Terminators I offered. Bahamians are generally very open-minded. Stancil had helped many Cuban and Haitian refugees. His house is the first one on the road from the dock at Red Bay. Now he has a very good business arrangement with some Greek merchants who buy sponges and fish from him. They gave him a very nice icemaker—quite a commodity there.

The next morning I had a BM that made me feel like I was experiencing childbirth. Much later, Carol told me that the labels on the Power Bars state that you need to drink a lot of water when you eat one. I think the seismograph at the University of Florida recorded the landing of the Giant Turd in the Bahamas.

I motored around the island and down the eastern shore to Kemps Bay in the next three days, meeting some very fine people along the way and trading zappers for hospitality. Being a little shy now about open water, I went along the shore in the coastal lagoon, which may have been ill advised, since I holed the hull in 7 places on the coral heads. The holes were in the compartments, so the boat was only half full of water. I had stopped at one of the US facilities on North Andros that maintain the secret base. I didn't know much about the base at the time, but I was struck by their sense of urgency in sending me on my way and the tight-lipped behavior of the civilians that I met there. The director was very kind and gave me copies of the portions of the charts that covered the Andros shoreline, but made it clear that I wasn't supposed to be there.

I needed more cash to get back to Florida, so while I waited for the Bank of the Bahamas in Kemps Bay to open (they only open for three hours on Wednesday mornings) I was befriended by Willy Smith, who paid me the highest compliment when he told me "You have the soul of a black man!" He is the one who mentioned the underwater base. He didn't know it was marked on the nautical charts. I had planned to visit Cuba on that trip and wished to find a traditional healer I could donate the Crowd Zapper to. An engineer told me that I could use the regular zapper circuit with a 12v car battery to zap up to a dozen people at a time and I felt this would be a terrific boon to the rural Cubans, as it would quickly cure every illness they were prone to. The Bahamians are a little too prosperous to use one, it seems to me, as they can afford to buy the single ones. I was strongly warned not to go into Cuban waters without getting a visa first. One woman told me that her brother had drifted into those waters in a storm while fishing and he's still in prison there.

Another reason I'm writing about this episode (which only remotely relates to the cloudbusting and HHg campaign) is to demonstrate some of Carol's skills. At the instant that the boat was swamped Carol woke with a start and had a clear image of what was happening to me. She got out the chart and made an X on the exact location, about 5 miles southeast of the center of the vortex. Kashi, the Atlantean, sometime Wingmaker, who joined us on Mt. Shasta in September, went to her and said, "He's crazy!" Carol said he'd been with me up until that point.

I got back to Florida from my solo trip to the Bahamas on January 12.

Here's an example of the open-mindedness of people who haven't been brainwashed as we Americas have been: Some Bahamians told me that one chemtrail jet had spewed it's poison along the eastern, populated shores of Andros Islands, from north to south, after which most people got a flu. There was an uproar, which was reported in the Nassau newspapers, and the Bahamian government had words with the US Ambassador. After that, I don't think any more chemtrails were spewed over the Bahamas. One lady who told me this still had the

'flu,' which disappeared after she used one of my zappers for an hour or so. People tend to heal quickly there.

My Paradigm Gets Goosed

Before leaving for Atlanta later in January, Carol dowsed that we needed to take three Holy Handgrenades, though it wasn't clear yet where two of them would go. One was for the nuke plant outside Orlando. By now, I was making them in the characteristic cone shape.

We were unable to get closer than a mile to the Orlando nuke plant. The closest spot was on the perimeter road around a state prison. We stopped outside the north fence of the prison yard and Carol got out and put the HHg into the swamp that surrounded the nuke. The vortex had been wild and was spinning backward, with many smaller, darker swirls coming out the sides in a way that reminded Carol of a Medusa's head.

We're pretty sure that something besides electric power generation has been going on there, especially considering the inaccessibility of the grounds. Within seconds, a very large volume of deadly orgone began funneling into water around the little HHg, the backward spin started slowing down and the auxiliary swirls began to shrink. The response of this one had been much slower than any of the previous vortices we'd encountered. Carol says the spin has since reversed to a clockwise direction. Maybe this is just what happens when a nuke is built on an earth vortex. The human macroparasites seem childish in their irresponsibility by building these things without regard for the harm they may be doing to themselves as well as us.

Al Bielek

When we got to Atlanta the next day, Steven mentioned that Al Bielek lives there and that he'd really like to meet him. Carol said, "Why don't you call him?" Steven found his number in the phone book & called to invite him to lunch, which Al graciously accepted. I had heard Al on the Art Bell program several times and had read about the Philadelphia Experiment and Preston Nichols' account of the work at Montauk, New York. Though it was all intriguing, most of it seemed pretty far out to me, especially the Montauk story. My approach to things like this had been to just withhold belief and disbelief until some corroborating information showed up elsewhere.

I was a little surprised to find that I had a lot of questions for Al about things that he had not discussed on the radio or in his published work, namely the activities surrounding the American military campaign in Antarctica, led by Admiral Byrd in 1947 and some of the other activities of the German secret order that has always financed and operated the facility under Montauk, New York. The 1947 expedition, publicized as a mapping exercise (!) ended in a rout and received no publicity after that, although thousands of combat troops and many Navy fighters and bombers were involved. Al told us that the military was sent to neutralize the Germans who had built a base there. They easily repelled the Americans with very high tech energy weapons and antigravity craft.

He said that the Nazis were not involved in the activities, but that a secret group of Germans had developed and financed this operation in conjunction with the Montauk facility since long before WWII. They had made contact with an alien race that had given them technology. He said that part of their funding came from the plundered train full of Nazi gold which General Patton had ordered an investigation of shortly before his assassination. Though it's not officially known who took the gold, Al says it was taken by the group that was operating the Montauk facility. Al's father was apparently a member of that secret group, as was Phil Schneider's father, the 'medical officer' for Project Rainbow (the Philadelphia Experiment) in 1943 and a colleague of Al's during that time.

He told us a little about his trip into the future aboard the USS Eldridge and his involuntary trip through the CIA's dedicated portal in one of their underground facilities at Langley, Virginia, to a planet in the B Sirius system through which they throw people they don't want to deal with but are unwilling or not allowed to murder themselves, like Al. He was the only one ever to be thrown back, apparently. He told us that they pitched him back after he told them that he's spent time with the Wingmakers when he was propelled to the year 2843 in

Project Rainbow. The bad guys are all apparently scared of the Wingmakers. We've since discovered why, to our benefit.

Al told us that the B Sirians have been planning to establish colonies here so that they can eat humans—one of the sweet deals made with them by our alleged government. This is no surprise to many of us, considering what they've been cooking up with the Chinese alleged government since Nixon's time and even with Hitler, himself, during the war. Yikes—there's no doubt in my mind that the alleged US government has only one real enemy, the Constitution and, by extension, the People of the United States.

The night before we met Al, we were visited in the wee hours by a man in an expensive suit, who just opened our locked motel room door and began looking around the room. I sat up in bed and asked him what he wanted, and he excused himself politely, and walked back out. Carol told me he was from the NSA, sent to get a visual image of what we were doing in the room. We had brought our zapper making paraphernalia, which was spread out on a coffee table in front of the couch. I've wondered if they knew, before we did, that we'd be seeing Al. Most of the Montauk players like Al Bielek and Preston Nichols, had their memories erased, but they gradually recovered some, if not all of their experiences. Some genuine patriots like Phil Schneider, were murdered after they began going public with revelations of deep underground bases and secret deals made with negative aliens to sell us down the river. These men were too great a risk to have just signed a secrecy agreement—their memories were erased. Of course this shows the essential stupidity of their former employers, since memory storage is not strictly a function of brain cells, and the brain is holographic, anyway. Big Brother will never achieve his fondest desires because he fails to understand the best and primary part of what makes us human—our spiritual nature. Fortunately for Big Bro, though, we've developed a device [the Succor Punch] which can make him experience his own spiritual nature, whether he likes it or not.

Backtracking just a little more, Carol and I had seen two UFO's north of here (that was just north of the underground base west of Vero Beach) late one night as we were returning from Orlando in mid-December. One was very big, orange and elliptical, the other was much smaller--the size of a small commercial jet, triangular with halogen lights on it. The triangle one was apparently surveilling the orange one and was almost directly over us before the crew noticed our car.

We had gotten off the interstate and driven west on a side road in the direction of the orange ship for several miles when the triangle one showed up. We are assuming that the orange one was huge because, though it was moving to the north very slowly, it was not getting any larger as we approached over a ten minute period, driving over 60mph. When we saw the triangle one, I immediately stopped the car and we got out to get a closer look at it. It slowly turned on its side and moved away from us, making what sounded, to me, like a hushed, sucking sound.

This was just northeast of the base that we were near yesterday during our moon busting exercise. We're sure it was an American craft, powered by a fusion reactor that generates the electrical field needed to manipulate gravity, as described in *The Cosmic Conspiracy* by Stan Deyo.

Meanwhile, Back in Atlanta

We were ready to leave town but didn't know where to put the HHGs. Carol dowsed the map and came up with the two locations: Savannah and Jekyll Island. By the end of the day, we saw the beginning of a new pattern: healing distorted vortices which energize the various evil agendas of the present day alleged world order and their alien fellow predators.

We drove toward Savannah and noticed that smog extended 60 miles from the seaport. We both saw a bright, small UFO on the edge of the smog field, which disappeared after a few seconds. Entering the field, Carol began feeling nauseous and I began feeling irritable. Not surprising, since smog is simply dead orgone.

Carol was unable to find a focal point of the disruptive energy field, though it was strongest at the port facility. She sensed the presence of a great number of grays and B Sirians there who were angry with us and were trying to stop us. Carol had never felt sicker than when she was near the port. The field was so huge and tumultuous that Carol was unable to find the source of it. We simply went to where she felt the sickest and put the HHg in some thick bushes there. Carol said the energy started swirling around and funneled into the HHg as though it were being flushed down a toilet. The pulsations, which were making her ill, stopped immediately. The ET's were furious & some of them began following us.

Chemtrails

Our take on the activity there is that the port is being used to import and distribute the biotoxins which are being sprayed throughout the country in the form of chemtrails and that they are purchased from China—perhaps one of the major aspects of the Clintons' dealings, from which the media whores distracted public attention by going after his sex life ad nauseum. Apparently, much more than McDonald's toys and pirate CD's can be had for a bargain price in Shanghai these days.

It's astonishing, but not too surprising when you really think about it, that more people aren't aware of the chemtrail program. I've seen hundreds of these unmarked, white Boeing 707's on the ground, as well as in the air, all over the US. People are now dropping like flies and/or being debilitated by several 'new untreatable diseases', due to the success of a generations-long mental disorientation program- this is considered normal. I am confident that enough people will wake up to stop it before the macroparasites have achieved their aims, which is no doubt the extermination of segments of the world's population by race-specific biological weapons sprayed in the skies above populations.

Jekyll Island

I was excited about going to Jekyll Island because I knew that the Federal Reserve Corporation was 'secretly' set up there in 1910 and the final phases of the usurpation of the Constitution (the only government supported by the American People) was planned at the same time by the same players—mostly European bankers and their American stooges, including J.P. Morgan. I now believe that every parasitic and predatory scheme of these human oddities is assisted and even inspired by off-world parasitic entities, which these men apparently worship as 'the devil.' I've heard it said that wealth is not necessarily associated with intelligence

Carol found the wounded vortex at the old Jekyll Island Hotel in which the conspirators had met in 1910. I went into the building and put the HHG into the structure itself, which resulted in more wailing and lamenting by grays and B Sirians. On the way out, we instructed lots of ghosts who were watching us from windows in the mansions surrounding the hotel to go to the light, which Carol said they immediately did. Why do paranormal researchers make these things seem so complicated?

We drove home right after that and spent a couple of days recuperating.

Don Croft

Episode 2

Moonbusting Part 2

By Don Croft <zapper16@earthlink.net>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adcmoonbustingpt2.shtml>

March/April 2001

Our First Big 'Weird Science' Trip

We had been invited to Manhattan by some very wealthy people who had been buying lots of Terminators and wanted us to set up a factory in Costa Rica. The date of the meeting was set for March 31, so we left a week early to do some energy work on some vortices that we had dowsed the map for and to visit some of the ancient Druid sites in New England. The first HHg stop was the Pentagon, outside Washington, DC. Carol saw a dome of very dark, sick energy (artificially produced), which was obviously centered deep under the middle of the pentagon shape, also a distorted natural vortex at the northeast corner of the building.

It was a Sunday, so the parking lots were nearly empty, and we parked as close as possible to the vortex. I got out, walked to a spot where I could bury it, and at that moment a car raced out of an underground parking garage a few yards away, under the Pentagon building itself. By the time I'd gotten back in the car, two federal police cars had converged on that car, blocking the road, and the police were questioning the driver.

One of the police moved his car out of the way so we could pass. I asked Carol, who is telepathic, to see what they were up to. She said the three people in the car were spying for North Korea and that the whole activity was manipulated by the Wingmakers to ensure that no one would notice our activity there. We went straight to Philadelphia after that to meet with an electronics broker and a publicist. We got an email that the rich guys postponed the NY meeting, but we were on a roll and had lots of other work to do in the northeast, so were not disappointed.

We had finished the Chembuster the day we left Florida, but hadn't used it (or so we thought). The initial use was to be a few days later in Rangeley, Maine, in honor of Dr. Reich, whose laboratory, Orgonon, is there.

The Federal Reserve Bank

Having concluded our business in Philly the next day, we were guided to Manhattan in the middle of the night to put an HHg in the vortex around which was built the Federal Reserve Bank and the World Trade Center (need I say more?). [reminder: this was almost six months before the felonious feds demolished the WTC]

Carol saw that the energy near the ground was pinched and compressed and very dark. We found the bank, which is the ugliest building I've ever seen, and put the HHg into the ground between that nasty place and the World Trade Center. Most people don't know that as soon as Roosevelt established the UCC [Uniform Commercial Code] in place of the lawful, Constitutional courts, he began moving the nation's gold reserve from Ft. Knox to the underground vaults of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. He had made it unlawful, by executive fiat, for 'common citizens' to own gold bullion and the Fed got whatever the compliant among the population agreed to give up. I see that period as the most calamitous time in our nation's history, since the people allowed themselves to be hypnotized into giving up most of their freedom, in a way that is essentially the same as the people of Germany, Italy and Russia were doing, though the Russians deserve some credit for being the only population that offered resistance to the new global tyranny.

Twenty million in the alleged Soviet Union had to be murdered, and the rest had to be starved and beaten into submission before they capitulated to the City of London's proxy rulers, the Bolsheviks. Americans, at the same time, welcomed the same system with open arms and even overlaid Christian themes on the process, sad to say. To the Germans and Italians, it may have just seemed like more of the same, considering their history of class consciousness and submission to aristocracy, even the new, heavily financed aristocracy made up of former street thugs and other criminals in snappy uniforms. European aristocracies had routinely been created this way whenever there was a royal coup—no different than when a new US president throws out most of the mid level bureaucrats when they get into office and replace them with their own family members, concubines and other

sycophants. I KNOW we are ready for and deserve better than this stinking mess.

At the same time, Roosevelt caused it to be a punishable offense to personally own gold. People were much more gullible at the time than now. I think many more people are aware now that the alleged government is not acting in their best interest. Presidents now find it expedient to do in secret what Roosevelt and Truman did openly regarding the suppression of personal freedom.

If anyone were to wonder who really runs the show in the US, no more would need to be said to prove that the Federal Reserve Corporation (through its Uniform Commercial Code and its alleged "ownership" of the population) is the only government now. That will all change in a single day when enough people become aware that their birthrights have been usurped by criminal politicians. We can then return to lawful government without necessarily shedding a drop of blood. The information age has provided some interesting new opportunities in politics and journalism, as well as finance, so why don't we take full advantage of them?

The Fed interfaces with the European banks through the World Trade Center and Rockefeller Center. Over half of the shares of the Fed are owned by Europeans, especially British. Carol and I are getting that a full fledged world war has been averted, though the City of London will perhaps be destroyed by a lunchbox nuke—one of the many they've 'lost track' of.

This would instantaneously terminate the power of the international banks and their stranglehold on all of the governments of the world (including ours). It would end the exploitation of the world's resources as well as stop the organized genocide of Africa and related 'eugenics' programs. The power vacuum left by the disappearance of the UN, the delegates of which are all appointed by the same individuals that operate the IMF, can and will be filled by an elected world parliament.

More From Al Bielek: The Galactic Federation, Hale-Bopp, Star Wars, & 15 Hz

One of the things that Al Bielek told us, which stretched our worldview to its limit, is that there is a Galactic Federation. The invited members meet three requirements: the ability to defend one's planet from invasion, political unity and I can't remember the third one, though I remember that it was obvious that we've already met that one. I haven't seen this information in his published material. This Federation, also, is not made up entirely of friendly planets and the ones who are preying on us in cooperation with the earthly governments also belong to this Federation, so we need to decide as a race if this membership is even desirable.

Al claims that the Star Wars program was an effort of all of the world's military to get the capability to repel an alien attack and/or invasion. The first use of the weapons were on the 'comet' Hale-Bopp, which was actually a projectile being guided (by B Sirians and Draconians), to strike the earth. Many who worked in secret programs tell us that hostile alien craft are downed on a daily basis in many countries by Star Wars technology [see Phil Schneider's Last Lecture]. No doubt, these didn't go through the proper channels before preying on the population.

The object that was seen intermittently behind the 'comet' was the ship from which the projectile was being guided. Hale-Bopp was diverted long before it would have reached Earth. Our military had been aware of this for years before Hale or Bopp had seen it, but was just waiting for it to get within range of the new weapons. If they had failed, the resulting catastrophes and "earth changes" would have fulfilled all of the 'earth changes' predictions of Nostradamus, Cayce, Toyce, Scallion, etc., which are now no longer relevant. Al told us that when the USS Eldridge 'touched down' in the year 2063 that a military coup had replaced the world order and was guiding humanity toward representative government. He said that during the month he was hospitalized there for radiation sickness he was easily able to piece together that the only physical catastrophes, aside from the nuclear destruction of a few cities in a limited nuclear war, was that the oceans had risen gradually to a level which made it necessary for people to move out of most coastal cities, a process which has already begun, since the polar ice caps are melting from the bottom up.

I forgot to mention that I'd studied Al's work for many years, along with the other Montauk participants'

writings and lectures, but I was never quite sure if this was true. Carol and I were both impressed by his sincerity, humility, his quick and candid answers for even my most specific questions (he was just as quick to distinguish what he said he knew directly from what he conjectured or didn't have answers for), and his unwillingness to profit from his information, though he was barely getting by on social security and a few dollars worth of sales of materials at his lectures, most of which he donated his time for. Carol said his aura was very clear and strong, though a little odd, probably due to having had his identity transferred from his original body.

I had the impression that he wishes to make up for some of the harm that the Montauk facility had done and is doing to young boys in the MK Ultra program, which the movie, Conspiracy Theory, touches on, and for its other insidious activities, even though he was never taken to work there in a fully conscious state.

Many events which had been inevitable, by the way, became less likely when the Philadelphia Experiment disrupted the time stream that the earth was in. The resulting chain of events make it seem clearer to me that the Hand of God is involved on many levels. Muhammad said, "Men plot and God plots, and God is the best plotter." It seems to me that an attribute of divinity, or at least of extremely advanced spirituality, is the ability to turn the misdeeds of the macroparasites into beneficial acts. The allegory of Moses and Khidr in the Qur'an [Koran] illustrate that very well.

Everyone seems to agree that 2012 is an important year in human history. James Hughes had told me that 15 Hz will be Earth's resonant frequency then. We made our Terminators to operate at that frequency on a hunch and it has far exceeded our expectations. The Draconian that has been harassing us since we started moonbusting really seems to hate that frequency. We have a frequency generator set at 15 and hooked to the copper grid/crystal arrangement (thanks, James!) in the floor of the Zapporium. That's another confirmation. Actually, whatever angers the macroparasites (human and otherwise) is probably good for us. Every time we put a Holy Handgrenade in a location, I ask Carol if anyone's angry with us. She has always said, yes, so far. I figure that if we haven't angered a predator, we just aren't doing our job right.

Montauk

We drove out to Montauk, which is on the eastern tip of Long Island, right after we found our way out of Manhattan. Montauk is where Al had spent many years of his life working in the MK Ultra program and other projects while in a hypnotized state. He began recovering his memory of this and the Philadelphia Experiment in the late 1980's. The first glimmerings of recognition came when he saw the movie, PHILADELPHIA EXPERIMENT, around 1988. A little later, he began meeting others who had been involved in the programs and who were also recovering their memories, all of which had been erased by post hypnotic suggestion. This is all covered in greater depth on Al's CD, which is available from that site [Editor's Note: As of April, 2002, this web site has been taken down by Al Bielek due to a legal dispute the CD producer. The CD can be obtained directly from Al Bielek found at this link. We will soon post an article with more details. Ken Adachi].

Carol saw the energy of the underground facility from about 30 miles and began feeling sick within 10 miles. The closed-down base under which was the center of the vortex was inaccessible, but we planted a Holy Handgrenade within the field and near the old lighthouse. We both immediately felt the energy lighten and begin to heal. Though our military had closed the base when Senator Goldwater became aware of what was happening there in the early eighties, there is still a great deal of activity going on at deeper levels.

MK Ultra

Montauk is the original place where young "Montauk Boys" were taken into the MK Ultra program. Al says that there are centers in all of the major US cities now where this is still going on. Timothy Leary, Richard Alpert (Baba Ram Dass) and Alan Watts were employed by the CIA to conduct mind control research with hallucinogens in one part of the MK Ultra program according to some research journalists, while other parts of the program created assassins, mass murderers and serial killers, many of whom have been triggered into mayhem on the eve of the passage of stricter gun control 'laws' and of unconstitutional executive powers.

Conspiracy Theory is a movie that profiles some of that. The psychiatrist in the movie portrayed the role of Dr.

Jolyon ("Jolly") West, who was the personal psychiatrist of most of the individuals that have been in the news as assassins, schoolyard killers, federal building bombers, etc. [Dr "Jolly" West of UCLA is detailed in Brice Taylor's book, Thanks For The Memories -Ken]. Since this was made in Hollywood, it was not allowed to show that this predatory shrink was just part of a larger organization ;-)

There's plenty of documentation on this from intrepid investigative journalists. I don't even keep track of it any more. I believe that in the future people will be absolutely astonished that the Americans of this time period could even entertain the thought that this sort of thing isn't happening and that so many Americans now subscribe to 'non-conspiracy theories.'

The rest of the world, especially the Russians, are astonished that Americans are so hoodwinked.

Al is candid about his role in this. To his credit, he did what he could to make the program less brutal to the young boys who were abducted for its purposes. Also, there's more awareness now about one's freedom not to participate in programs like this. As late as the 1950's, when Al was first acquired to work at Montauk, it was considered honorable to do whatever the government wanted one to do without questioning it. Also, Al's cooperation couldn't be considered strictly voluntary, since he was put into a deep hypnotic state with strong post-hypnotic conditioning [all working personnel involved in the Montauk Project and similar black operations were subjected to Mind Control- where memories are "wiped" and replaced with false 'cover' memories. -Ed.]. He told us that ET's were and are heavily involved in these programs and that a Draconian is the overseer.

Wilhelm Reich & The Montauk Project

Historical perspective can help us have some compassion for how people made choices. Wilhelm Reich had been a communist as a young man, for instance, because he hated fascism and probably felt that this was the only way to oppose it. Fortunately, he was expelled from the party after he found ways to teach the street level party members to be more content. About the same time, some of the other psychoanalysts in Germany and Austria (including his mentor, Freud) got together to drive him out of their territory. Apparently, he was having the same success rate with his patients from the upper classes, the perpetual cash cow for most shrinks before the oxymoron 'health insurance' became popular.

I mentioned these things because they had helped me understand how Al's activities fit into what had been happening in the world in recent history. My own study of the lives and habits of macroparasites helped me to believe that Al is telling the truth. Subsequent study of the Wingmaker material and our own experiences with those entities gave me validation from a different direction. This probably makes me seem like the most pessimistic sort to some people and the most optimistic to others. Actually, both optimists and pessimists seem to agree that 'this is the best of all possible worlds.' ;-)

Al told us that Reich was one of the first scientists employed by the CIA in mind control research. When he realized what the aims of the CIA were in the late 1940's Reich quit the program after sabotaging the research, but it was too late to stop them from using his work. The Montauk Boys Program was based on Reich's findings and the researchers forced the boys to engage in sodomy in order to get psychic control over them. Carol told me that the reason I was particularly uncomfortable at Montauk is because I had been one of the early recruits as a child. Al told us that many of the boys died before he was able to get the programmers to stop forcing their cooperation. This would help explain my hatred for this kind of activity. Al says that as he travels around the country he now recognizes many men who had been recruited in the program. The first few hundred were taken from the immediate vicinity. After it became apparent that this would lead to exposure of the program, they used the time tunnel technology (this had been used to abduct Al and his associates from around the country) to pick up boys, brainwash them, and return them before their absence was noticed. This technology was contributed by the B Sirians, whom Al says are the hardware merchants of the galaxy. Carol and I are finding out what the aliens got out of that deal.

Strategic Deployment & Human Munchies

I hadn't mentioned that we had put HHg's in two other vortices in Florida—one just off the coast south of Palm

Beach, the other one in Miami Beach, where the Stonehenge-type arrangement was recently unearthed. Carol got telepathically that the B Sirians needed these vortices to create the conditions for their materialization here. Al had said that their payment for technology would be an endless supply of humans as food, mainly in a few major American cities. We believe that our simple actions have stopped this from becoming reality. Our confirmations have been increasing with each of these actions.

We weren't able to find a motel room in Montauk, so slept in the car the rest of the night. Carol noticed that the HHg wasn't working quite as it should, so when it was light enough, we found it and saw that it was not sitting upright. Setting it squarely on its bottom quickly caused the final shift in the energy field. She said that there were more ET's upset by this than at any of the other energy vortices we'd fixed.

Although there were very strong warnings on the NO TRESPASSING signs at the entrances to Ft. Hero, the closed down military base in the vortex under which Al had worked, and police seemed to be present most of the time, we walked through one of the open gates for a little tour. We didn't go far because the buildings were obviously not in use and it just felt creepy, especially to me.

Druid Time Portal

We took the series of ferries from Long Island to New London, CT, later that morning. It cost \$50 and took longer than it would have to drive through NYC, but we enjoyed seeing the eastern shore of Connecticut and stayed the night in a motel in Lyme, home of the famous ticks. I wonder if those ticks originally came from blue monkeys <grin>.

We had the urge to go right to a Druid site, so Carol dowsed Kent Cliffs, NY, where an underground chamber was said to be close to highway 310. The highway was about 20 miles long, and after we'd driven the length of it once without seeing the chamber Carol closed her eyes and saw the location, which we found a few minutes later.

We took several digital pictures, two of which showed some ghosts and another of which showed a relief carving of some Celtic knot work on one of the stones inside the chamber [this image was bright, as if highlighted by a spotlight, but over the following months it faded out almost completely. At first, it appeared to be a six pointed star]

Carol said that this chamber had been used as a time portal but they had recently moved the portal's location. New York State who is a member of a 3,000-year-old Druidic order & also descended from a line of native medicine women. She was simultaneously initiated into the order by both her Druid grandmother and her native grandmother, who was a medicine woman and native elder.

Needless to say, my friend shared very little of her occult career with me, though she distributed a lot of zappers to other native elders in the US on my behalf—sort of an offering on behalf of my white American ancestors who were quite obtuse in their ignorance of the unity of the human race. When I painted her kitchen awhile back she did tell me of her experiences with the Lemurians on Mt. Shasta when she visited there the first time (1972) she had thought they were just nice hippies who had taken her 'inside' the mountain.

She's by far the youngest 80-year-old person I ever knew.

A Second Portal in New Hampshire

There was another time portal then at the Stonehenge site in Salem, New Hampshire, so we drove right up there. The snow was pretty deep when we got there and it was around midnight. Carol found the energy of the place and we only had to go ¼ mile into the woods. Apparently time portals appear at certain times in certain locations, related to astronomical/astrological arrangements [this statement corroborates perfectly with information provided at dowsing workshops by master dowser Walt Woods...Ken.].

When we got to the site we were both overwhelmed with a very loving, tingling feeling and Carol said there

were several Wingmakers visible to her on the other side of a time portal. I recognized the feeling of their presence as being similar to what I felt in the ethereal presence of Manifestations of God in my dreams and contemplations.

There's really no denying what it is. We get little rushes of it sometimes around orgone generators and crystals, but this was much stronger and more substantial. She kept vocalizing what I was thinking and then told me what they were telling her in response to that. She recognized one of them as the entity that came back from the Bahamas with me in January, whom we had both seen and I was calling Norm because I thought he was a gnome. He had particularly liked the seven orgone generator pyramids that I had made and put in the upper level of the Zapporium.

I felt a terrific sense of confirmation from this, and a further realization that we're taking part in a cosmic drama. At this point I was no longer just motivated by my anger toward the macroparasites. It seems that the more successful we are in defeating them, the less they annoy me. That must be an evidence of the progress of my spiritual healing. Carol never had that sort of anger. It looks like she's just having fun with the whole thing. Dolphins are like that. I've been telling her that I want to be like her when I grow up. She probably thinks I'm just kidding.

The portal had opened just as we arrived and closed again when they finished telling us what we needed to hear. That sort of timing has been characteristic of our work together. Synchronicity is a new science to us but has been part of the modus operandi of the ET's and our spiritual forebears forever. If I have any genius in me I'd have to say it's in the form of a sense of timing.

Orgonon

Though it was late, we felt it was expeditious to drive to Rangeley, Maine, for the Chembuster debut. We made it through very rough road conditions to northeastern NH, across the White Mountains, but had to rest for a few hours in the car. There wasn't a chance of getting a motel room in that area.

We arrived in Rangeley in the afternoon, just after a blizzard & another snowstorm was on its way. We rented a motel room and fell asleep from exhaustion and I had a distinct dream of Wilhelm Reich in which he showed me the device he had put underground to create the artificial vortex that Carol had seen in the vicinity of Dr. Reich's research estate, Orgonon, just before we arrived in town. I should have paid closer attention, but Carol told me that the work we are doing is beyond most of the pioneering orgone work that Dr. Reich had done because ours was based on orgone generation, not orgone accumulation, therefore it's apparently incorruptible. The predatory regime that usurped Dr. Reich's good work for their own destructive purposes can't even understand the basic Holy Handgrenade.

We had emailed Orgonon a month before to let them know that we'd be coming. Their website indicated that they would be open to visitors at this time, but we had gotten no response. We called that afternoon from the motel to see about a visit the next morning, but we were told that this would not be possible.

Watching the weather channel on cable TV that night, we noticed that it was raining for about a 20 mile radius around Ft. Pierce, Florida, where we had set up the Chembuster a week earlier for about 5 hours on the day we left. It seemed a little odd that it was raining nowhere else in the region. When we got back, our neighbors told us that it started raining after we left, and that the drought was over, at least for Ft Pierce. Water rationing had been planned for South Florida.

The sky was heavily overcast when we arrived in Rangeley and another storm was forecast for the next day. I got up at around 3:33AM and set up the Chembuster in the motel room. When we went outside about 8AM we saw a circle of blue sky directly overhead, surrounded by very dense, dark cloud cover, which was moving fast.

Though we were unable to get into the Orgonon facilities, we parked outside the entrance and took a few pictures of ourselves and the Chembuster beside their sign for the record. Carol told me that Dr. Reich was very

upset with them for not letting us in, but that there was nothing there that we needed to see anyway.

I wondered why he was still around as a ghost and asked him to go to the light, which Carol said he immediately did. She said he had been afraid to do so before that. She later told me that the Wingmakers gave Dr. Reich the information that was the basis for his orgone research, and that he felt ashamed for the way his findings were used by the alleged world order. He reminds me of Al Bielek and other patriots that way. Dr Reich dearly loved his adopted country, but was oblivious of the dark dealings of the men who had destroyed and replaced the real government by the time he arrived in the late 1930's.

Wilhelm Reich's Imprisonment & Murder

Dr. Reich was imprisoned and murdered shortly after his work with the Cloudbuster got into full swing. That was when the parasitic ET's had just established a partnership with the leading governments of Earth, so disabling their ships was probably rocking the boat pretty severely. Also, he had made it clear to the CIA that he was opposed to their aims regarding the use of sexuality in mind control.

The AMA and their stooges at the FDA finally got their wish to have him imprisoned for his healing work and even had his books and records expunged from all institutional libraries and publicly burned (what other western nation did that in that century, hmmm?). They had been trying in vain to make that happen for many years, but needed a nod from the top predators to railroad him into prison, where he was more vulnerable to their assassins.

Like many other patriotic American pioneers in the 20th century who chose to learn this lesson the hard way, Dr. Reich had assumed that the UCC courts are capable of holding fair trials, so he made the mistake of showing up in court rather than fleeing the country, which would have been prudent. I consider the AMA to be similar to the mafia in that both organizations are subordinate to the secret police (the NSA and their premier leg breakers, the CIA) and are considered expendable by them.

I've put all of the alphabet soup police agencies into the same category as sub-groups of the NSA. Only the county sheriff is constitutionally sanctioned, and that is an elected office for obvious reasons, not an appointed one. Having said that, I realize that many people who work for the multitude of unlawful police agencies are well intentioned and have consciences, which makes them liabilities for their bosses in the long run. After all, they're the ones who have to decide at what point laws are no longer worth enforcing, and all of the armies on the planet are not sufficient to subdue this well-armed population on behalf of the City of London if the police refuse to support the current regime any longer. NO doubt our own military has already been severely culled (by the Gulf War Syndrome) and the remains scattered abroad as mercenaries for the same reason.

Suppressed Healing Technologies

I've been told that there are still alleged laws on the books that make the possession of orgone devices a punishable offense. Zappers are far more effective in curing illnesses than any orgone devices alone are (the Terminator has a significant orgone-generating component) and so are a much greater threat to the drug/medical cartel than Dr. Reich's inventions were, but the unlawful government agencies that used to prosecute true healers can no longer do so in broad daylight because critical mass has been reached among the population regarding awareness and resentment of institutionalized evil in the form of federal agencies such as the FDA.

So, Carol and I have assumed our birthright of free speech regarding the nature of inexpensive, effective healing and the success of this device. The alleged laws passed for the parasitic agencies that suppress healers mean nothing to us personally, nor do we consider their approval necessary or even desirable. After all, opposition by the alleged government in these matters has become a terrific endorsement for people in our trade.

They have had to content themselves with paying obfuscators to slander the makers of these devices and the simple scientific principles on which they operate. Some public schools have hosted presentations by professional obfuscators who are warning students not to try zappers (shades of DARE? ;-). It's all good publicity, as far as we're concerned, and just another evidence of the profound stupidity of human predators.

A concerted effort was made in the summer of 2000 to discredit the zapper and put manufacturers out of business. The techniques used were identical to those used against Dr. Reich and others earlier. This time, though, it must have backfired because it simply stopped and the two businesses that were targeted were back in business in a short time, probably with a large number of new customers. I felt like I didn't get my party invitation that time—Monty Python coined the term, 'Secret Policemen's Ball' a few years back for a fundraising presentation for Amnesty International, and held a subsequent 'Secret Policemen's Other Ball.'

Since the government officials in Britain, Canada, and the US who initiated the ill-advised crusade were doubtless appointed rather than elected, they probably didn't have their fingers on the pulse of public awareness. I might add that the British bureaucrats (inbred aristocrats, of course, and supporters of the six-fingered glove industry) were especially bold in their stupidity and arrogance. The Canadian ones most nearly approximated human intelligence in their approach, since they subsequently quickly approved the devices for sale. Maybe the wife of the Minister of Health cured her cancer with a zapper—who knows?

Return to Old Salem

Meanwhile, the diameter of the blue area of sky kept increasing. We drove south toward Boston that afternoon and could see the blue area receding behind us, though we were driving in the direction the weather system was moving.

We went to Hampton, NH, to take care of some business and stayed at a motel on the beach that night. It was the same overcast condition that was in Rangeley before we arrived, so we set up the Chembuster on the porch, took a picture of the sky at which the CB was pointing, and left it in that position all night. The next morning the sky in that direction was clear, so I took a picture of that and we left for Salem, MA. I took another picture of the 'praying Elvis' lawn ornament that the owners had placed with some other icons. He had a red jacket on. What does it all mean?

As we drove south 40 miles or so to Salem we saw the overcast continue to break up. It had been quite oppressive, so even though it brought precipitation it had the menacing aspect of having been created through the HAARP network, which made it fodder for the cloudbuster.

About 15 years ago, Carol had a vision in which she was being burned as a witch in Old Salem, Massachusetts, and buried afterward in a graveyard. She felt a strong urge to visit the graveyard, so we began searching for it when we arrived in Salem that afternoon after taking care of other business.

We needed help to find the graveyard. Salem is a large city that never used the services of an urban planner, as far as we could see. A nice lady offered to lead us to the graveyard. We noticed that there was a dense field of dead orgone there, so Carol suggested that we put an HHg there to clear it up, which it immediately did. There weren't many ghosts there. We told them all to go to the light, including one who Carol said was the most notorious of the judges who sentenced the witches to death. She said he was lurking there and was particularly afraid to approach the light—I guess that's how all predators end up if they don't get it straight by the time they die.

Nathaniel Hawthorne had described the witch trials as a way for the predators who were running many of the communities in New England on behalf of the 'crown' to divert attention away from their own satanic activities. Francis Bacon, not long before that, was the chief inquisitor in England of the witch-hunts and, at the same time, overseeing the creation of the King James Version of the Bible. He was part of the predatory network that ended up taking control of all of the Masonic lodges in Europe just prior to the creation of the American Republic. Note that when James' crown was usurped a little later by the Venetian (read: Babylonian) banking agents' proxy ruler, the masons in England never missed a beat and many of them got knighted and given land and titles.

I, for one, believe that the American Revolution was primarily a move to establish individual sovereignty as an institution for the first time in history and was the fruition of Muhammad's unprecedented teachings on that

subject (Muslims know Muhammad as the 'Comforter' predicted by Jesus). The best evidence I can offer is the Bill of Rights, which even the present day alleged US government still pays lip service to out of fear of the People. Also, no predatory regime, no matter how candy-coated their rhetoric, would ever advocate the possession of firearms by the populace and the abolition of a standing army, as the Constitution clearly does.

We got a motel room and set up the Chembuster again, though the overcast had been breaking up. Next morning the sky was entirely cloudless and the wind had stopped blowing. I stayed in the room to work and Carol went back to the graveyard, where she immediately found the grave that was in her vision & took a picture of the gravestone.

James Hughes

We visited my daughter, Bevin, who is a student at Brandeis University in Waltham, MA, after doing some business in Boston, and went to Springfield, MA the next day to meet our friends, James and Rose Mary Hughes, who had come from Ashland, Oregon, to give a kundalini/psychic reading workshop. James credentials in the field were established in an instant when he was struck by etheric lightning in 1979. Five years later, after intense suffering and loss, he was finally convinced that he hadn't lost his mind and began relaying the teachings he had been given in that instant.

He never advertises but from that day they've had as many people guided to them as they could personally handle. Rose Mary got her healing gift shortly after James began using his. I believe it was a reward for her perseverance in the marriage during the five years it took for James to recuperate. They've been together for 46 years, having married when they were both 18 and penniless. Actually, James had an old car and a cardboard box full of personal stuff when they got married.

He's so immersed in the energy field of the ones he calls Atlantean elders that casual conversation with him is usually full of useful information. Carol spoke with him for a few minutes and later told me that it was the Wingmakers that had been communicating through him all these years. She said that as he was talking, they were standing behind him and filling in the blanks themselves. One of the reasons I admire him is that he avoids temptation to have a following or to capitalize unreasonably on what he does. He won't even give a name to his work or claim special status for himself. This is another characteristic of the new paradigm, in which 'the meek are inheriting the earth.' Predatory and cynical people are simply unable to stand being in their presence, which James takes as a matter of course, not worth dwelling on.

The first thing James tells the people in his workshops is to be committed to the healing work. There's usually a lot of audible squirming when the word 'commitment' comes up in an energy workshop full of new agers. Carol and I are getting a lot more psychic ability and learning more about using energy, but we see these new abilities as survival skills rather than parlor tricks or social climbing techniques. We really have put our lives on the line.

As we left Springfield, I saw a UFO that flew across our field of vision in front of the car. It disappeared but not before Carol also saw it. She told me it was the reptilians and they wanted to let us know that they'll be our friends and allies from now on. That craft also showed up just above James left shoulder in the background of a digital photo, which is on my hard drive.

A Separate Peace

We picked Bevin up to spend a few days with her during her spring break. After visiting some business associates in Portland, Maine, we all drove down to Richmond, Virginia, where Bevin was to meet a friend from school. We set up the Chembuster there for a couple of days and cleared up the overcast condition there.

We were both aware that a craft had been following us since we left Florida, crewed by native reptilians. They had started monitoring us when we met with Al Bielek. Two reptilians had not so subtly monitored our conversation with him in the restaurant for over 3 hours from the next table. A couple of weeks later in Ft. Pierce, one of them had walked up to me and stared me in the face. I was startled by that and mentioned it to Carol, who told me it was a reptilian. That was a day after Carol saw one of their larger craft land in the woods

next to the RV campground where we were staying.

Up until that night in Salem, we considered them parasites, but it suddenly occurred to me that if they are native to earth, as we are, we should try to come to terms with them. Besides, they had been with us long enough for me to feel that we had a relationship of sorts with them. They hadn't harmed or provoked us. The B Sirians, on the other hand, had been harassing us and marking our bodies with their implants.

I thought of the analogy of the Angles and Saxons in England at the time of Arthur. The Saxons were descended from Norse invaders who had come to England to plunder and subjugate the locals. After many generations the Saxons had turned to farming instead of plundering but remained at war with the locals. Arthur simply approached them with an offer of peace, which they gladly accepted and the two groups became a nation before long.

I verbally addressed them (they're telepathic but I wanted to make my intention clear) and promised that I will never aim the Chembuster at them. One of the reasons I had built it was to be able to shoot down UFO's, which I had considered anti-human. The spiritually advanced races don't use physical ships to come here, I'd come to believe. So the first thing I did when I initially set up our Chembuster was to ask Carol where the B Sirian ship was that was monitoring us and pointed the Chembuster at it. Carol sensed extreme alarm from the aliens and said that the ship instantaneously shot into space, out of range though still in line with where I was aiming.

We later came to understand that all antigravity craft of the parasitic aliens and humans are powered by nuclear fusion. These reactors are all vulnerable to the Chembuster because they require a deadly orgone field to sustain their nuclear reaction. The B Sirian craft still won't come close, though I made the same peace offer to them.

Cold fusion, on the other hand, is an orgone process, as are all of the new free energy technologies. Viktor Schauberger wrote about the new paradigm of energy production, based on implosion rather than explosion, many years ago. The parasitic ET's are still trying to maintain the old paradigm, as are their human stooges, the present day alleged world order (they call themselves the New World Order). So we garage inventors will be showing the way in the development of the new technology.

I no longer feel that physical aggression is necessarily appropriate toward the macroparasites. I was surprised to learn that we are more advanced than they are, spiritually, sort of the way in which many apparently primitive human societies are more spiritually advanced than the ones with all the technology, fine art, philosophy, etc.

As soon as I made the gesture to the reptilians, Carol told me that they were grateful for the promise and were after all just following us because they were curious to know what we were up to.

On the way to Portland we were late, so I asked the reptilians to run interference for us by causing the traffic cops to look the other way or drop their donuts when we were speeding. I drove by a couple of Maine highway patrol cars at over 80 mph right after that and Carol said they didn't see us. I felt a very strong sense of gratitude to our new friends. This was the first of many such episodes. It reminds me of the closing scene of Casablanca where Rick and Louis walk off arm and arm as new friends and allies...

Carol sees the unhealthy orgone as dark energy—the worst of it has a reddish glow. Usually, when we first set up the CB, lots of this energy comes into the base of the device through the tubes, where it's changed into healthy orgone instantaneously and sent back out in a spinning motion. When one touches the pipes at this time a little pain is experienced in the hand and arm. This pain goes when one touches the base. [As of March 2002, the farthest range of a Chembuster we've witnessed, evidenced by disappearing chemtrails, is 150 miles]

The original Cloudbusters had to be connected to a body of water. Moving water was preferable. If one touched the pipes while they were drawing in the bad energy it caused intense pain and even unconsciousness. I had read about one case in which the person who touched a cloudbuster in operation was nearly killed and had to recuperate in a hospital. A spark was seen to go from the pipes to the person. Electricity and orgone are always

present together in varying proportions. I had suspected that the orgone generator would take away the harmful aspects of the Cloudbuster and make it more portable. The results have far, far surpassed my expectations.

T.R.T. Raids the IRS

Our associates in Maine had told us about a demonstration they would be attending at the IRS Building in Washington, DC in a few days. We felt this would be a good experiment for the Chembuster and promised to meet them there.

So, after Bevin's friend picked her up in Richmond, we drove back to DC the night before the demonstration so we could get a good parking spot in front of the IRS Building. We set up the Chembuster in the car (we had left the Zaporium in Florida), aiming it at the building, and tried to sleep. Sleep was difficult because so much bad energy was being drawn into the cloudbuster. In a few hours the sky had cleared (rain had been forecast), as had the Chembuster. We covered it with a blanket. It still looked like we were hiding a weapon and we looked forward to seeing if any secret police would take notice.

I think my main motive for going there was to get one of the jackets, which looked like the ones the storm troopers use when they break down the doors of the rule breakers in the wee hours and haul them away (does that ring a bell?). But instead of the alphabet soup letters on the back, these jackets say: TYRANNY RESPONSE TEAM.

About 500 people wearing these jackets walked around the IRS Building several times, after which Mr. Benson, author of *The Law That Never Was*, invited the IRS director to address the demonstrators and show where in the IRS rule book (note, these are not laws) is the rule requiring anyone to pay income taxes. There is no such rule, of course, but that subject is not in the purview of this article. Of course, the director didn't come out, but he did stand in the shadow of the police chief just inside the door and took pictures of the crowd. I'd like to see his photo album sometime. I think parasites generally don't like to be exposed to sunlight or fresh air. It was a lovely day.

There were plenty of secret police watching the crowd, as well as SWAT sorts, including one taking videos of all the protestors from the front steps of the IRS fortress. Three of the secret ones—judging by their expensive shoes and clothing, I'd say they were Secret Service agents-- were within 20 feet of our car, but they never seemed to notice it, even when I went there to change my shirt. It looked to me like a 6' long rocket launcher, covered by a blanket, was propped on the dashboard, pointing at the director's office (it was the only one with a balcony, so I think it was intended originally to be used by the director to address an adoring Depression-era crowds or something).

I don't know what it would have been like without the Chembuster, but there was plenty of ugly energy when we arrived in the middle of the night. Fortunately, the energy on the CB was clear all day and nobody got freaky or unpleasant. Some even engaged the SWAT cameraman in pleasant conversation. On my early walk around the premises, I found a tractor-trailer, which was loaded with SWAT people. At 5AM, they weren't trying hard to hide their presence.

Around mid afternoon we went to the NSA headquarters, about 30 miles northeast of DC and put a HHg in the ground just within the field of the vortex there, which was huge and, of course, very distorted. I was surprised to learn that there are not many natural vortices within DC itself, considering how extensively the planners had used sacred geometry. Somebody needs to put one near the Washington Monument, though, which is in a vortex that is not completely occluded.

It's not hard to figure out where the fountainheads of evil are in this world. It's pretty much as simple as 'follow the money.' In the case of the NSA: 'follow the information,' since they allegedly control the means of transmitting information here. I suspect another vortex would be found near Brussels, where the massive computer called "The Beast" is located and in the financial district of London. I'd be curious to know if there's one at Buckingham Palace, too. The families that have generated the most evil since Babylonian times finally

ended up owning England shortly before the British Empire was started. They were the ones who financed William of Orange to usurp the throne in the early 1600's. The New World Order is just the present form of their ancient hegemony. Their modus operandi has always been the control of money and information.

Paradigms, The Old & The New

I surmised that the knowledge of how to build on and use these energy sources had not been regained by westerners until the middle 1800's. It looks to me like the Masons and Mormons were the first westerners to use this knowledge extensively in modern times. The Chinese have never stopped using these practices and the Druids (and whoever preceded them) had full competence in them.

I don't know what will come of these things. I'm content to work on a 'need to know' basis, since the explanations wouldn't mean very much to me in my present state of awareness. In the old paradigm, a lot of energy was spent preserving information through secrecy. I doubt that any of the old secrets are unknown to us now, especially if one knows how to use the Internet. The new paradigm seems to dictate that the best way to hide the truth is to say it clearly and plainly. Things that are true are almost never what we expect or wish them to be and they have a tendency to stretch our worldview and even obliterate it. So much of what we believe is conditioned by our prejudices and fears which takes a great deal of effort and contemplation to grow out of, old ways of seeing and hearing.

The best confirmations for me until now have been the expressed anger of predatory ET's, which has gotten more and more overt since we started last summer. I've concluded that the human parasites have very little to say in the course of 'human' events. Judging from the appearance of the Draconian who has been so present lately, I also suspect that the stories of devils and Satan may have come from uninformed human contact with these individuals. If we were afraid of him, I suppose it would be easy to build that sort of story around him. As it is, he's just a nuisance, and every time he does something overt we get more information, which probably just makes him even more angry and perplexed.

Al Bielek had told us that there were several ET groups working at Montauk and that the boss was a Draconian [titled "Charlie" according to Al Bielek...Ken]. He told us where the Draconians come from, but that information doesn't have much relevance to me and I keep forgetting those details. I just see them all as large parasites.

We drove back to Ft Pierce after we straightened out the NSA vortex.

Don Croft

Episode 3

Moonbusting Part 3

By Don Croft <zapper16@earthlink.net>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adcmoonbustingpt3.shtml>

April/May 2001

I don't remember how the subject of moonbusting came up. I think it was because we had rented a B movie recently (we watch movies on our VCR while we do our manufacturing work) that was about an evil entity on the dark side of the moon who was planning to do bad things to Earth through the Bermuda Triangle's connection with his moon territory. On a hunch, I asked Carol if there was information we could use somewhere in that movie and she gave me a strong 'yes.'

So, having waited patiently for the opportunity to get back to my workshop so I could extend the CB's range, I wondered if it would be possible to affect the moon with a Chembuster. I'd come to believe that our moon is all or partly artificial, though extremely ancient, and was a base used by predatory aliens—a staging area.

I'd listened to Richard Hoagland's accounts of structures on the surface, especially on the dark side, which was not decimated by the event that cratered the bright side so extensively, apparently in the same time period, that half of Mars' surface was also obliterated. It sounded pretty convincing, especially after having read the book *Someone Else Is On The Moon*, which was a photo essay (compiled from NASA's files before they could remove them all) of enormous equipment operating in some of the moon's craters, and the extensive network of tracks between the craters. These photos were from NASA files before some extensive editing took place in the early 70's in most of their file locations.

William Cooper had done a dissertation about the human base on the moon that he'd become aware of around that time while he was working in Naval Intelligence and subsequently acquired several accounts from eyewitnesses who were participating at various levels in that project.

Stan Deyo wrote *Cosmic Conspiracy* in the late 70's, in which he gave a detailed history of the development of antigravity craft by humans in the 1950's. This research was covered in various publications until the mid 50's, but was never seen again in any publication (except his book and a few other underground ones) after a certain date, at which time all references were dropped. I got his book when I was living in Tonga in 1984-5. It was published in Australia, but had been unavailable in the US until the Internet was up and running a few years ago. I got two shocks when I read that book: there is extensive censorship in America, and a few nasty, dried up, passionless old men (except when they dress up in black robes and ritually slaughter babies) who really do secretly run the world. Stan didn't seem to be aware of any ET connection with the antigravity research when he wrote that book.

Cooper gave a very convincing explanation of how and why the Apollo missions were faked. For example: the Van Allen belt would have destroyed any life aboard the spacecraft since there was no radiation protection on board. The extremely cumbersome spacesuits are still used even though much lighter, more user-friendly ones had been perfected in the 60's. Computers were not advanced enough then to do the calculations that were necessary. The movies of the moonwalks showed them jumping a few inches high instead of what should have been a couple of feet, considering the low gravity. There were no stars shown in space. Notice that NASA is still using 1970's technology in their space program. They are obviously being trotted out as a smokescreen. The presentation went on for an hour and I couldn't find any weak points in it.

Speaking of weak points, I'm a science fiction buff. I've never read anything presented as fiction that didn't look like fiction. Al Bielek's story has always sounded bizarre and unthinkable, but it never seemed like fiction. It seems more and more like simple journalism to me lately. I contrast this with the stories told by people I consider professional obfuscators. We've been able to use Al's information to help us sort out what's been happening around us. Obfuscators, being essential parasites, give no usable information, no matter how fascinating they may sound or how 'nice' they seem.

When I returned to the US in 1985 I read *World Order, The Hegemony of Parasitism* by Eustace Mullins. Many believe that this book contains enough hard and circumstantial evidence from public record to convict the nasty old guys mentioned in the previous paragraphs as well as the various echelons of their sycophants, stooges and thugs, all the way down the predatory dung heap, from the City of London, through the Rockefellers, Kissinger, the Bush men, Idi Amin, Pol Pot, Winnie Mandela, Saddam Hussein and Hillary Clinton, to most of the planet's towns and villages. Parasites are as parasites do.

This infestation of the body politic will need to be healed from the outside as well as from inside. A quick remedy would be to use the Internet to elect a temporary world congress whose purpose would be to form an elected world government. I have no doubt that there are so many enlightened, otherworldly entities ready and willing to help us with this that it would be easy and would quickly take on a life of its own. Did you hear that here first? You'll hear it again soon from someone who's never heard of me if this is timely.

Moon Dwellers

I asked Carol to see how many humans are on the moon, and whether they had built a base or were using existing architecture. She said there were around 80, half of them American and half of them Russian, and that they were using an underground base that had already existed. I then wanted to know how many aliens were there. She said that there had been 10,000 until the arrival a few years ago of a number of Draconians aboard the huge ship that had been behind Hale-Bopp. They had come to the moon to organize some very bad things after the military here thwarted their attempt to use the comet to help them take the planet. She recently told me that there's a portal in the moon, like in the *Stargate* movie, but that it's not big enough for a ship to pass through.

Just as Roosevelt sold the American Republic to the British banks in the 1930's and Clinton sold the remains of our national security to the Chinese, the New World Order has sold the planet to parasitic off-worlders. I guess it hurts more when allegedly lawful governments do things like that. The New World Order has never had a mandate from the population or any lawful basis for their position and actions. They just made it up. Maybe that's why it's so easy for little people like us to throw a wrench in their machinery. The strength of our early nation was in its Constitutional individual sovereignty mandate and its relatively close alignment with universal law. The New World Order is squarely opposed to universal law and is thus vulnerable to the concerted effort of a few people who are in harmony with true order.

Lock & Load

We dowsed that the extension of the 6' pipes of the Chembuster to around 11' would make it possible to affect the moon, so as soon as that was finished, I propped it up and aimed it at the moon. When the aim was correct, Carol saw that the whole moon started shaking as though in a 5.0 earthquake. She said that the occupants were terrified and completely unaware of what was causing it. She said that a half hour would be plenty and that it would take a total of 5 sessions to persuade the aliens to leave. We did the second half-hour session later that morning

We waited a couple of nights to do the third session. We would have done it sooner, but the moon wasn't visible after the first night. There were no clouds and we knew where to look, but we just couldn't see it. Carol, as a practicing witch, keeps close tabs on the moon and it's cycles.

Carol got up around 2AM and did that one herself. Since she doesn't need to physically see it to know where it is there was no problem getting the aim right. 24 hours later a very quiet helicopter appeared over the trees about a quarter mile northeast of our campsite in the RV park. It hovered for a minute then started flying back and forth at about 400 ft., shining a spotlight on the ground below. This kept up for about half an hour. We both stood outside and watched. I asked the reptilians to 'cloud their minds' so that they wouldn't come our way and Carol said they immediately did so and not to worry. She felt that the chopper crew considered it ridiculous to think that this could be coming from an RV campground full of retired white people. I see their point—I call them Depression Babies and their majority enthusiastic support for the receding regime and their brainwashed worship of mediocrity has always sickened me.

This is the generation that came out of WWII (I do respect the sacrifice of the veterans and the ones who died then) with the conviction that whatever the government wants is fine by them and conformity was the order of their day. Centralized power grew by leaps and bounds on their watch and the persecution and murder of people like Wilhelm Reich had their full support and approval. Some things have changed for the better, thank God!

It wasn't accidental that the US, Europe, Russia, and China all adopted similar social/economic orders around the same time and that the IMF (Babylonian families) financed and micromanaged it all. Lyndon LaRouche refers to the Queen of England as the 'Whore of Babylon' because of her nominal support of the world drug trade, historically a British monopoly. It's also no accident that the drug trade now envelopes and is bleeding these nations to death. Most people my age are fairly incapacitated, spiritually, by their regular use of drugs.

The helicopter inspired me to do something to tweak the parasites a bit. An Air Force bombing range (or something) is on the map about 40 miles northwest of Ft. Pierce. We discussed going there to do the next moonbusting session, since they obviously had figured out where it was coming from and I wanted them to know that we knew.

We humans are probably the last race in the galaxy that doesn't use telepathy as the primary mode of communication. Carol is very good at it and even has a hard time shutting out other people's thoughts in crowds, sometimes. She assures me that anything we're thinking about while we're outside the Zapporium is clearly received by more than one group of ET's, especially the B Sirians, and, by now, the Draconians, who are their bosses. So they already knew we would be going to the Air Force base.

Getting In Closer

The next morning we drove up I-5 to the exit closest to the base and took the 2-lane highway through Yahoo. Carol said to drive another 6 miles after we spotted the water tower of the base. Over the base she saw a very dark, dome-shaped energy field that is typical of extensive nefarious underground activity.

A couple of miles before we were to deploy the device, we saw three police cars parked by the road, obviously waiting for someone to show up. There was no shoulder on that road or anyplace besides farm driveways to park on, so we picked a large driveway near a farmhouse that looked deserted and set up the Chembuster at the roadside. We couldn't see the moon, but Carol found it and had me adjust the aim until she could sense the moon shaking. It only took a few seconds. I had to move it every 5 minutes to sustain the shaking effect.

Within five minutes, Carol said there was a very large triangular craft from the base right over us, though we were invisible to them. I couldn't see it, but I'm familiar with the trick. At this point I no longer had the urge to aim the Chembuster at it. I've decided not to be an aggressor and the moonbusting isn't hurting anyone. Besides, the military men who are flying these craft are most likely not fully aware of what they're doing and won't remember it later. That's how they got AI to work for them.

We packed up after a half hour and drove home. The police were still in the same spot. Carol said that they were on the lookout for us, but hadn't been told exactly what to look for. There are plenty of weak links like this in the predators' chain of command, but the good guys like to share information with each other. Carol also said that if we had been arrested by them, we would have been taken to the base and executed. Oh, well—most things that are fun carry some risk. The police, of course, had no clue what this is about and were only following orders. It reminds me of the cops in *The Matrix*.

After that we considered it expedient to change our address. There were at least two reasons for this: the top heavy organization we were dealing with is very slow to make changes, even slothful, but we had no doubt they were on to us in our present location and the rent was due in a day or so. We moved to the Florida Keys to be closer to the Bahamas, where we would be going at the end of this week to do some work. That's another story, of course.

A Caller From Dracos

The morning after we arrived at Grassy Key, Florida, we did our fifth moonbusting session. By now, Carol said that most of the aliens had already left and in fact a huge Draconian ship was just overhead and was observing us on its way out of the territory.

Although I'm not accustomed to telepathy or astral travel, I've had a few experiences with both. Carol routinely does both and has gifted ability. After the fourth session, she told me that a Draconian, who has been in charge of all activity with humans, came personally to check us out. Apparently it was hard for him to conceive that so much trouble could be made by the likes of us and he was not accustomed to looking into these things personally. There were many levels of flunkies beneath him.

Before she mentioned it, I had gotten a clear image of a fellow standing outside the Zapporium door while we were in bed with a look of consternation on his alien face--a tall, skinny guy. Carol said he couldn't get inside because of the 15Hz frequency. He would have been able to tolerate the orgone field for a while, though, if it weren't vibrating at that frequency.

He's showed up here every night since then [rarely now, as of March 2002], though I'm no longer aware of him. The second night, after our fifth moonbusting session, Carol told me that he wanted to talk to both of us but had to slow us down so that we could be more aware of him. My response was that I didn't need to talk to a parasite. They never give anything of value, so why bother with them? Have you heard the Indian saying: The eagle never wasted so much time as when he consented to be taught by the crow?

But Carol was curious, so we both went to bed (he needed for us to be asleep in order to communicate—doesn't that just figure?) I woke up suddenly about 1AM and looked at Carol. I could see his face superimposed on hers, though it was transparent—creepy, but par for the course. It looked like a stretch image of Richard Gephardt's face and also the image of Baphomet the Hermaphroditic Goat in the inverted pentagram in *Morals and Dogma* [by Albert Pike.Ken], the Masonic bible. Yes, there are actually grownups who believe in these silly things. Remember the adage that says that wealth and intelligence are not necessarily found together.

In the morning Carol said he had talked to her for a long time but she couldn't remember a single thing he said. I told her that he was just looking for a weak spot to exploit and she agreed. I've been subjected to that sort of 'communication' from humans in the past, especially in relationships before I learned to stop falling in love with control freaks, but I don't think anybody would try that now with me.

He had attached what Carol calls cords to both of us. Mine were in the area of the third chakra. He was apparently trying to weaken my resolve. Parasites can't relate to the fact that when a person acts from integrity, nothing will deflect him/her—not even the destruction of the physical body. He attached a much stronger cord near Carol's heart chakra. I had been able to remove those things with a tool I made from a sound crystal with a Mobius coil around the base, held in the hand and pulsing 15Hz [the Succor Punch...Ken], but it was a temporary fix that enabled Carol to get through the day without pain.

The next evening, Carol was relaxing, listening to the Wingmaker CD, and she told me that some Pleiadians were around her, dissolving the cord that the Draco had put there.

Helpful Dolphins & Underwater Cities

Speaking of Pleiadians, after we rented the campsite in the Keys, we noticed that it was across the road from the Dolphin Research Center. I hadn't thought a lot about dolphins, but this caused me to start thinking about them in terms of what we'd been doing.

I used to listen to whales when I lived in the Virgin Islands in the early 70's. It was very sweet, and the deeper one went in that nice, clear water, the louder it got (because of the pressure). My next experience with whales was in 1995, a few days before I sailed into the hurricane near Yucatan with my little dory. It was a calm day and I was sitting, reading a book when I noticed a shadow pass over the book. I looked up and saw a large whale

flipper overhead, then looked behind me and saw a big eye. I was transfixed and in a moment the whale went underwater. I thought, 'I could have touched him!' and went back to reading. A few seconds later, the same thing happened. I reached out, but was unable to move to touch the second one either. In those moments, I knew something had transpired spiritually. These two were pilot whales, about 20 feet long. They are probably technically dolphins. My first psychic contact with dolphins happened a few days ago.

The day after we arrived here Carol went over to see what would happen. She said some dolphins, who communicate telepathically, had been calling to her. An hour later she came back and told me that three of them had introduced themselves to her. One of them was especially knowledgeable, though not physically well. There are little placards by each pen that tell a little about the individual dolphins and what their names are. I asked her what their real names are and she said they are hard to pronounce. I'd asked her to take a holy hand grenade there in case any of the dolphins wanted it. With the dolphin's permission, Carol left one in the water on the edge of his pen.

We went there together shortly before closing time that day. The one who was ill came close to us and looked at us both for a minute. Carol was obviously getting a lot from him, but I couldn't sense anything. The next pen had the two others that Carol told me about. They both came close to where we stood and looked at us and made a lot of sounds. I felt a wave of love from one, and Carol said, "Anra just reached out and hugged you". Anra is an approximation of her real name, Carol said.

That night, when the Draconian fellow was trying his best to get at us, we both got a series of communications from Anra and the older dolphin. I should have written mine down. The process for me is like this: I'm awake and relaxed and my toes and then feet start twitching like crazy. Then my heart chakra starts absorbing very loving, playful energy and sending it back out, then images start appearing in my mind.

Carol's process is the same, but instead of toes, she feels a little tingling in her fingers. She says that regular telepathy doesn't involve the heart chakra this way. Her images were of underwater cities and map locations in the area we've known we are supposed to explore in the Bahamas near South Andros Island. When Carol told me the Pleiadians were healing her, I recognized their energy as similar to the dolphins but more refined and ethereal.

We had just gotten back from a clandestine visit with the dolphins that evening after the facility closed. Carol wanted to give an HHg to Anra so she could help with the older one's healing. This HHg is a little different and has a rare earth magnet in it to create a more concentrated, localized field for chakra balancing [St. Buster's Button]. We put our dinghy in the water at the boat ramp a couple of doors down from the dolphin residence and rowed there. Carol walked out to the platform from which the humans relate to the dolphins & got Anra's permission to drop it in the pen. After a few minutes, Anra started familiarizing herself with it. We went over there the next day see them again and heard one of the people there say that the older fellow was more energetic than she had ever seen him before, even doing unsolicited back flips.

The dolphin communications happened two nights for me, but it's pretty much continuous for Carol. Here is a good example of how we process truths: I think I reached the limit, for now, of my smaller capacity for this and I'm taking a break from it. I don't even sense the Draco guy now, though Carol said she saw his ship right over the campground in 3D today on her drive home. I am enjoying the intermission, because I suspect that I'll be in a maelstrom of new experiences in the Bahamas shortly. These things are happening all around me, but I'm unaware because I'm not quite ready to be with it 24/7.

We Get Remote 'Viewed'

I have to put this in: Carol pretty much has a part of her awareness in the psychic realm around the clock and tells me when certain entities show up. Sometimes we notice this at the same time, but I'm still a neophyte. We have been 'remote viewed' and two government-paid psychics watched us while we were moonbusting by the secret base. One of those is a well-known author of considerable integrity, even though her patriotism may be misguided. She left when she realized that we weren't harming anyone (she also finally realized that her

employer has no integrity). The other was watching us through the eyes of a redwing blackbird. He didn't tell his boss our location. The remote viewer episode was kind of weird, like the person doing it was in a trance, not fully conscious--mechanical, almost. Now I understood why the alleged government no longer puts a lot of money into the remote viewing program.

Expanding Our Perimeter

One day, around that time, it occurred to me to cut the boundary wire I'd installed around the inside of the Zapporium to focus the energy of the large Mobius coil that I'd wired into the energy/frequency grid. Putting a crystal inside the Mobius coil had made the boundary wire un-necessary, I thought, and I wanted to test that. At the same time, I connected another large Mobius coil, which was wrapped around a very big, smoky quartz generator crystal, in series with the grid to the frequency generator, which sends a constant 15Hz through the extensive network beneath the floor of the Zapporium (we added a large Mobius coil/crystal sphere to the grid a few months ago, also two Hebrew alphabets, one gold-plated, the other silver-plated, which James had just developed and was selling).

I did this all within a few seconds, but we felt a huge rush of kundalini through our sixth chakras. Carol was nearly overwhelmed, but I just felt something like a coffee rush. She saw the energy shoot out in all directions from the Zapporium. The boundary wire had kept that energy within the vehicle and more subdued before this, which explains why the Draco was able to get to the door, but couldn't come in without an invitation (is that where the vampire belief got started?). As we weakened, he was able to come in for short periods, but he clearly hated the frequency. He can also tolerate strong orgone for short periods, which is probably why he's the boss of all the parasites (sort of like being the leper with the most fingers).

About two hours after I cut the wire, a helicopter showed up, circling our campsite just above treetop level. Carol was off shopping, which was too bad, since I wanted her to read the minds of the people in the chopper to see where they were from and what they were up to. There was a long arm with an instrument on the end of it, which they were obviously using to monitor something. It was close enough for me to see that it wasn't a camera. It circled around the Zapporium once and flew down the beach a quarter mile or so (the campground was the center of it's activity). I quickly went inside and turned off the frequency generator. It came back, circled the campground again, and left. The whole episode lasted about 15 minutes. It was after Carol got back from shopping that we did the 'send tough love to Draco' exercise.

Keeping in Touch Is So Important

Someone apparently put the thought into my head that we could stop being defensive and actually pursue this individual. I asked Carol to connect with the Draco psychically and tell me what happens. I held the crystal/coil/frequency tool [the SuccorPunch] next to my heart chakra and focused on the Draco with the intent of sending bright blue, concentrated orgone back along the cord that was still attached to me and immersing him in a 15Hz orgone field. At the instant I felt it was done, Carol said he was jumping around like someone gave him a hotfoot. I mentally told him that I'll be doing this whenever I think of him as long as he's anywhere near the moon or Earth, and I've been keeping my promise.

Carol said he was scaring her with descriptions of what he was going to do to me for making him feel this way but that he was, indeed, unable to break free of the energy field I was creating for him. He may not be staying much longer, but I've learned that it's unwise to rest on one's laurels concerning these folks. They're extremely resilient and treacherous. When I was done, the cord was gone.

This is right in line with the new paradigm way of solving problems: ask for divine assistance and just follow the simple instructions. Life used to be so hard. We had found a very dense field of dead orgone directly over the huge, flat hill that was erected on Homestead Air Force Base. Until recently, I think, when the alleged government created underground facilities, they just left the dirt on top of the hole. Since the book about secret underground bases came out in the '90's, they learned to put it somewhere else. A big hill in swampy south Florida is pretty conspicuous.

Homestead Air Force Base

Carol said that there was a weather control facility underground there, at which some humans and aliens from 5 races were working together. One of the races was fairly new to Carol. These sometimes walk on all fours generally and remind her a little of Jarjar Biggs in the latest Star Wars movie. I had asked her to look at Wright Patterson Air Force Base a few months earlier and she'd seem them there—in fact one of them 'looked' at her then. She tells me now that the ones working with our alleged government are renegades of a race that is using Venus as a base in our star system [the ones of this race who are observing Carol and I now are legitimate ones from the group that were involved with Nicola Tesla].

By the way—the aliens at Wright Patterson AFB are not captives. You may remember that the Serbian and Bosnian diplomats who were taken underground at that base to reach a peace agreement a few years back came back up to 'meet the press' considerably chagrined and white as sheets. That was even covered in the prostituted media at the time. When Bush Sr. ran for president against Clinton in '91, Reagan's only public appearance in support of Bush, who he allegedly hated, was in front of the old hangar doors at the defunct Roswell Air Force Base in New Mexico. There wasn't a huge crowd there. I wonder if there's a connection?

At that time, we had planned to go to South Andros Island, Bahamas, as soon as possible to do some energy work and retrieve our boat, which I'd left there in January. Since the weather in the Bahamas was unseasonably bad, we decided to wait until it cleared to make the trip. I had been able to negotiate rough water on the way over, but the boat is too small for two people to do it safely, and Carol needs a certain comfort level in order to do her best psychic work.

We set up the Chembuster on the beach (following a half hour session of moonbusting), aiming at the stratosphere over South Andros Island, 100 miles or so directly east by southeast.

The Big Guy Stops By Again

A few hours later, Carol was a little alarmed and told me that the enormous Draconian ship that had been directing Hale-Bopp to hit the earth before the Star Wars array diverted its course, and which had lately been behind the moon, showed up directly above and to the east of us on its way back to its home planet. That was night we had our tête-à-tête with the Draconian big wheel. He had told Carol that he was leaving (liar) and that he wanted to finish his business with us first.

A couple of days after we pointed the Chembuster out to sea, the smog which had covered the Keys dissipated and the strong wind slowed to a seasonal breeze. Some much needed rain then fell for a day or so and then the sky cleared to its traditional clear blue color.

We noticed that there were still thunderstorm clouds directly over the secret base at Homestead AFB, fifty miles to the northeast, but nowhere else, so we brought the Chembuster to our campsite and directed it at the storm clouds over the base. All this time we had left the 5' long extension pipes on, which makes the Chembuster more efficient for long range targeting but still allows it to work on local conditions.

We've lately been surprised to learn that the simple orgone generator is the basis of a new technology which none of the parasitic ET's had been aware of. The new technology follows the new paradigm, which is based on energy moving toward the center, or attraction—love, if you will. The old paradigm found expression in technology based on movement away from the center, such as internal combustion engines and nuclear reaction.

No doubt this is why Dr. Reich was able to neutralize alien and domestic anti-gravity craft with his Cloudbuster. Our take is that they rely on nuclear fusion for power and that the reactors fail when the deadly orgone is drawn from them. If anyone thinks that we humans don't yet have nuclear fusion devices, I suggest a review of recent history, which shows that secret technology is always at least a generation ahead of the 'state of the art' technology of the market place and the scientists spoken of by the prostituted media are themselves, completely unaware of what's been accomplished. Just extrapolate: a few years after the media had blabbered about the Star Wars program having been abandoned, they showed a test/demonstration of the new space-based laser weapon,

which was many steps ahead of the crude toys the talking head scientists evaluating the Star Wars program before it had 'lost funding' had been enthusiastically babbling about. That was during one of the extremely rare occasions that I watch CNN. I guess the CNN censor was in the toilet or hanging out at the water cooler soliciting a woman or a boy when that one got past him.

Al Bielek had assured us that Hale-Bopp had been diverted from it's Draco-directed earthbound path by a particle beam weapon that several governments of earth had successfully developed and deployed in the 1980's Star Wars program. As I mentioned, the striking of the planet by the comet in 1998 would have fulfilled all of the predictions of Cayce, Nostradamus, and present day seers regarding catastrophes and earth changes.

The future's up for grabs now, which is the main reason I feel compelled to share our recent experiences. I used to feel so pessimistic and suckered by doomsday scenarios that I was always unconsciously looking for a suitable hole in the ground to hide my family in just in case. Now it feels like the bad guys lost already, whether they know it or not. I really believe that they got the world by default when the kings and religious leaders lost their power in the mid 1800's and now it's up to us to take back that responsibility collectively and stop encouraging the plunderers and parasites who think they're in control.

Don Croft

Episode 4

The Bahamas

Part 1

By Don Croft <zapper16@earthlink.net>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc4thebahamas.shtml>

May 2001

We picked a date to fly to Nassau and bought tickets from Chalk Airlines (a mistake), a small airline operating out of Florida. As the weather in the Bahamas had still not cleared, we asked them to change the date or give us a refund. They refused both, so I'm mentioning this as a warning to anyone who would be tempted to use their services.

We bought a portable diving compressor to take with us, since Carol's vision of the underwater city was in water that was a little too deep for snorkeling comfortably.

On May 4, we bit the bullet and just flew to Nassau. The airline officials wouldn't allow us to take the compressor because there was an odor of gasoline, though I'd carefully emptied the gas and oil from it the day before. The delay caused us to miss our connecting flight to South Andros Island, so we spent the night in a family hotel, which was very nice, in the city. These hotels have lower rates and cater to the visiting family members of the locals. We didn't get too exercised about the delay and change of plans, since we knew that the Wingmakers always know what's best and circumstances often change our plans and requirements.

South Andros Island

Norward Rahming is the Chief Counselor (kind of like mayor or governor) of South Andros Island. The alleged US government had built a docking facility at Kemps Bay, South Andros in the early 1980's, during the construction of the secret base on the bottom of the Tongue of the Ocean about a hundred miles to the southeast (it's 2,000 feet down and marked on all of the nautical charts). Mr. Rahming acquired the buildings and land of the docking facilities afterward and established a boat building shop and marine service station. Anyone is free to use the dock without charge. He also built a small hotel near the dock and operates a guide service for foreign visitors who like to go after bonefish with local guides

I'd left our boat in Mr. Rahming's boatyard and his son, Joel, who runs the yard and shop, had allowed me to repair the damage that I'd done to my boat when I landed on the reef a couple of times when motoring along the shore in January and to safely store the boat. My friend, Willy Smith, who is a commercial fisherman there, was at sea, but was due to return in a day or two. We had put the boat's accessories, including the 8 hp Johnson outboard motor, in his dad's storage shed 5 miles up the coast in Smith Hill. Willy was using the motor, having repaired it after I had allowed saltwater to dry in the carburetor. So we wouldn't be going anywhere until he got back, and the rough sea conditions would have to change before we got in the boat for the 50-mile trip to the location Carol saw on the map in her vision.

Messages From The Heart

During our first night on South Andros, we contacted the Wingmakers and I put the Succor Punch device on my heart chakra and strengthened the orgone beam to the Draco. I had been doing it every night for a few nights. At first Carol told me that the Draco made some dire threats concerning our safety if I didn't stop. Naturally, that just made me more determined to keep it up, since I know the analogy or riding a tiger, and by this time the Draco was actually lightening up. We both felt that the initial anger was due to the activation of kundalini by the 15Hz orgone field I had created around the Draco. When we first become activated this way pure, chaotic emotion is produced. For someone who is not familiar with unconditional love, the emotion is most often expressed as anger. Under these circumstances, the emotion must be expressed. 15Hz orgone is a manifestation of unconditional, or universal love in a potent form.

(Here's a weird little aside [June 2001]: we now have a small colony of ants in the Zapporium. I hadn't given

them much thought, but Carol said this morning, “Look how fast they’re moving!” and it’s true: they move as fast as spiders—about twice the speed of other ants their size. I asked Carol if there’s a queen in here, since they’ve been with us since we left Florida weeks ago. She said the queen was drawn to move in because she liked the 15Hz orgone field, which is quite strong because of the copper grid/crystal arrangement under the entire floor which is connected to a frequency generator. There are 7 large pyramid orgone generators over the cab and an orgone generator between each of the twelve large quartz crystals on the grid. We sometimes need to turn off the frequency generator to get to sleep but it generally prevents parasitic entities from entering or even reading our thoughts.)

(Back to the Andros Island a few weeks earlier:)

The Ties That Bind

Having connected with the Wingmakers, Carol was in a state that enabled me to ask them questions. She generally has not trouble communicating with them, especially when we’re in the process of our metaphysical chores, but we needed to find ways to pass the time and I’d neglected to bring enough books to read.

I knew that ‘Abd’ul-Baha is among the Wingmakers from time to time. I have to say that I don’t know if the Wingmakers are even a cogent organization. I tend to think they are not and members come and go. The new paradigm does tend not to favor institutions.

I asked Carol if he had information for me. I got an image of him then. I don’t remember what I got from him in terms of information, but when he was done, Carol said he seemed to be waiting for something. I said “Does it have something to do with our living arrangement?” and Carol said, “Yes, and he’s got a smirk on his face.”

I asked if it would be more appropriate to marry Carol than to be shacking up with her and Carol said he nodded his head, smiled and left. So I proposed and she accepted (thankfully). We want to get married on Mt. Shasta during the summer solstice. During the ‘confirmation procedures’ there during the fall equinox, I’d first had the urge to marry Carol but I have to say that I’ve let my feelings that followed my experiences in two failed marriages override my integrity, though I was entirely devoted to Carol.

I just have an integral feeling that shacking up is contrary to universal law. My religion certainly doesn’t sanction it, but this feeling doesn’t seem to relate to morality. It’s more like an instinctive drive, like eagles and hawks have, to be committed to one mate.

Until I met and later fell in love with Carol I didn’t realize that for marriage to work, my partner needs to be as committed as I am. I don’t think that’s an issue with eagles and hawks, since they are instinctively committed to each other until death. There aren’t any fair weather mates among them.

I certainly don’t have a problem with anyone else’s living arrangements—to quote Seinfeld: Not that there’s anything WRONG with that!

I think the Wingmakers stopped me from bringing books, because we had to be quite inventive to find ways to pass the time.

The first morning on South Andros, we took a cab to Willy’s parents place and brought the boat stuff back to the hotel. I turned the boat upright, reassembled the rudder and overhauled everything that needed attention. At this point, all it needed was the motor. I kept a mast and sail on it for emergencies, but we’d need the motor to get our work done in a timely way.

The Bimini Vortex

There’s a very, VERY large vortex, the center of which is about 35 miles east of Bimini. Many people know about it and some have gone there to work on healing it. The energy is distorted, due to some damage that had been done to the crystal structures set up by the Atlanteans there. We flew through the center of the vortex on

our way from Miami to Nassau and Carol said she felt the energy for a distance of about 60 miles, making it the largest energy vortex she'd encountered. The Wingmakers had directed us to make a larger-than-usual HHg for that one, so I did so and attached a parachute so that when I placed it in water it would land upright. They had also directed us to take two more HHg's with us to the Bahamas, along with a half-scale Chembuster, which I neglected to do. I had two of the little box Holy Handgrenades among my stored personal things.

I took the boat to Bimini in mid December during a stormy period. The 50-mile trip across the Gulf Stream from Miami to Bimini was very rough, but I didn't even get my shoes wet. The next day on the Grand Bahamas Bank, though, was a little different. Due to the shallow water (6 to 20 feet), the seas were very close together and often breaking.

The Cruel Sea

I arrived at the vortex' center late in the afternoon. I felt very uncomfortable, almost sick with distress. I didn't want to get close to North Andros Island, another 40 miles to the southeast, in darkness because I wasn't familiar with the waters there, so I dropped anchor and spent the night. I didn't sleep because it was just too rough, so after a few hours I pulled the anchor up and prepared to leave. In the process of hauling the anchor on board from the stern, a large wave broke into the boat, swamping it. The boat stayed upright because of the floatation I'd built around the gun whales, and the engine was dry because I had put a motor well in the middle of the boat, toward the stern.

I knew I didn't have enough gas to reach Andros at that slow speed. I ran out of gas a couple of miles short of the island and dropped anchor in the calmer water there. Somehow I lost the anchor and woke up after I'd drifted several miles to the south. By this time I was so weary and soaked that I didn't have the energy to put the mast and sail up, so I threw out the other anchor and tried to sleep. The short, steep waves kept breaking into the boat and I bailed constantly for a couple of days before it calmed down enough for me to get my wits together enough to raise the sail.

It was easy to reach the shore after that and sail up the coast toward a settlement, but the wind changed to the north. I found a sheltered spot and tied to some mangroves in order to get some good rest. The moon was full and the boat was left high on the beach by its tide—too high to launch until the proper moon phase allowed the tide to come high enough again.

I eventually decided to walk the 10 miles or so to Red Bay, the only settlement on the west side of the island, after a passing fisherman stopped to see if I was okay and told me where it was. It's not on the chart I had, which was lost anyway when the boat got swamped.

Sea Sprites

I'm writing this because I believe the ordeal was a gift and a lesson and to give more insight into whom this writer is. I never felt that I was in danger. I've always had a tendency to be a little too mentally oriented. Things like this tend to slow me down and get me in touch with the real world more. I did have an experience with sea sprites during the worst of it. I was able to know when a wave was about to break over me in the boat without looking. On the rare occasions that I was taken by surprise by a breaking wave I felt the presence of a sea sprite, laughing at me. I know they aren't human, which explains why they can find humor in our suffering instead of empathy.

I'm laughing now but I didn't see the humor at the time (which is even funnier). Part of the fun of living on this planet is our interaction with elementals. They never take things as seriously as we do. Guy Murchie was fond of saying, "The heaviest star known to man is B-Sirius."

60 Power Bars

I had brought about 60 Power Bars with me and a hand-pumped reverse osmosis filter which can wring fresh water from seawater. I only drank about a half gallon a day and finished all the Power Bars in the 13 days of the episode. I didn't have a bowel movement during all that time (should have brought an enema bag).

When I reached Stancil Evans' house in Red Bay at the end of the day-long march through intermittent mangrove swamps and along beaches, he graciously offered to let me stay the night and to take me to the boat with some gas the next morning. He wouldn't accept money, but he did accept the Terminators I offered. Bahamians are generally very open-minded. Stancil had helped many Cuban and Haitian refugees. His house is the first one on the road from the dock at Red Bay. Now he has a very good business arrangement with some Greek merchants who buy sponges and fish from him. They gave him a very nice icemaker—quite a commodity there.

The next morning I had a BM that made me feel like I was experiencing childbirth. Much later, Carol told me that the labels on the Power Bars state that you need to drink a lot of water when you eat one. I think the seismograph at the University of Florida recorded the landing of the Giant Turd in the Bahamas.

“ + Holing Da' Hull on the Way to Kemps Bay + ”

I motored around the island and down the eastern shore to Kemps Bay in the next three days, meeting some very fine people along the way and trading zappers for hospitality. Being a little shy now about open water, I went along the shore in the coastal lagoon, which may have been ill advised, since I holed the hull in 7 places on the coral heads. The holes were in the compartments, so the boat was only half full of water.

I had stopped at one of the US facilities on North Andros that maintains the secret base. I didn't know about the base yet, but I was struck by their sense of urgency in sending me on my way and the tight-lipped behavior of the civilians that I met there. The director was very kind and gave me copies of the portions of the charts that covered the Andros shoreline, but made it clear that I wasn't supposed to be there.

I needed more cash to get back to Florida. While I was waiting for the Bank of the Bahamas in Kemps Bay to open (only open for three hours on Wednesday mornings), I was befriended by Willy Smith. Willy paid me the highest compliment when he told me “You have the soul of a black man!” He is the one who mentioned the underwater base. He didn't know it was marked on the nautical charts.

I had planned to visit Cuba on that trip and wished to find a traditional healer I could donate the Crowd zapper to. An engineer told me that I could use the regular zapper circuit with a 12-volt car battery to zap up to a dozen people at a time and I felt this would be a terrific boon to the rural Cubans, as it would quickly cure every illness they were prone to. The Bahamians are a little too prosperous to use one, it seems to me, as they can afford to buy the single ones.

I was strongly warned not to go into Cuban waters without getting a visa first. One woman told me that her brother had drifted into those waters in a storm while fishing and he's still in prison there.

Another reason I'm writing about this earlier Bahamas trip here (which only remotely relates to the Chembusting and HHg campaign) is to document Carol's special skills. At the instant that the boat was swamped, Carol woke with a start and had a clear image of what was happening to me. She got out the chart and made an X on the exact location, about 5 miles southeast of the center of the vortex. Kashi, the Atlantean and sometime Wingmaker, who joined us on Mt. Shasta in September, went to her and said, “He's crazy!”

Carol later told me that he'd been with me up until that point. I got back to Florida from that solo trip on January 12. Our last trip gave me the chance to take care of things I couldn't attend to on the solo run, especially the Blue Holes of South Andros Island.

Episode 5

The Bahamas

Part 2

By Don Croft <zapper16@earthlink.net>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc5bahamaspt2.shtml>

May 2001

Blue Holes

On day two in South Andros, we went to the blue hole at the south end of the coastal road -- the only road on the island to speak of. We decided to walk back, but paid a local lady who stopped to give us a ride to take us the 9 miles to Mars Bay (we hitched and she was the first person to arrive). I'm glad she wasn't shy about asking for money. The price of gas was \$3 a gallon. I would have offered to pay, but she beat me to it. It was fun talking with her, especially for Carol, who hadn't traveled outside the US.

The blue hole at Mars Bay is right on the edge of the beach. It's perfectly round, about 100 feet in diameter and nobody has been able to determine its depth (Carol said it's about a thousand feet deep}. At low tide, the hole is surrounded by exposed white coral sand, which continuously falls into it.

I took a breath and dove down about 30 feet and saw that the sandy edge slopes down about 10 feet to the rocky walls. The walls are honeycombed with large openings from which I felt some pretty strong currents that were colder than the surrounding water. There was quite a lot of plankton, so the visibility was only about 15 feet, and there were a lot of fish of varying sizes. I suspect that a lot of fresh water comes into the hole through the caves.

We swam to the middle of the hole to drop the holy hand grenade I'd prepared with a little parachute. Carol took some pictures of the 'launch' with the underwater camera she'd bought for my 52nd birthday (May 5) and we watched as it slowly descended out of sight.

Carol said that the energy of the vortex there was already very strong and pleasant but it gained a lot more vitality, rotation rate, and color as soon as we put the HHg in the water. Also, the gnomes that had followed us came closer to the hole and were discussing us. They still wouldn't acknowledge Carol's attempts to communicate with them, though.

The guardian of the vortex, who Carol says is an Atlantean, was very pleased with what we did and communicated that to the elementals. On the walk back to Kemps Bay, I heard them several times as they followed us in the bush along the road. Once it sounded just like a bolting horse in the extremely thick growth (you can't see more than a few feet into it anywhere on South Andros).

Atlantean Crystals

Carol told me that the holes are formed over crystalline devices that survived the destruction of Atlantis. Coral doesn't grow within the helix-shaped field that is directly over the devices. I've always thought that the coral formed very quickly to make Andros. I've been on many coral atolls, especially in the Pacific, and have never seen such rough landscape as is on Andros. In the Tonga islands, the coral is so old and dense that it looks to me like basalt. The ancient Polynesians cut it into large blocks for building their house platforms.

We stayed there for another hour and discussed chartering a boat with a fisherman who showed up to see what the tourists were doing. The Wingmakers told Carol that we'd have to do the work ourselves, so we didn't make a deal with the fisherman. The site of the underwater city given to Carol by the dolphins is only 45 miles from where we were. We felt frustrated that conditions didn't permit us to go straight there.

About a half hour after we began walking back, Carol told me the HHg had finally reached the bottom of the blue hole.

Nearly every car that passed us stopped and the drivers offered to give us a ride, but we said we were just getting some exercise. I'm sure we would have had some nice conversations.

The next day we waited for Willy to arrive. It was pretty tough for us to just hang out and everybody was too busy to play.

The Second Blue Hole

So the following day we went to visit the other blue hole I knew about. Our blisters had healed up enough to go again so we started walking north to The Bluffs, near the other end of the road. Within five minutes a young lady stopped to give us a ride and, when we told her where we were headed, said “There are lots of others—let me show you!”

We stopped first at the one I had been to before. I threw one of the HHg’s into the middle of the hole and the energy immediately grew stronger, brighter and began rotating faster. This one had been a little more sluggish than the one we’d been to at Mars Bay. Carol said that was due to some people who lived beside it and were angry most of the time. Our guide’s deceased grandmother, who had been very fond of this blue hole, had been upset about the activities of these people (Carol picked that up), but was very pleased with what we did there, as was the guardian of the vortex. I believe that the Atlanteans had found a way to live out of time in a way that’s more substantial than astral travel. Carol feels that some of the Wingmakers are also Atlanteans.

Stargate

The next one she took us to was located just a short distance from the one I knew about and was only recently discovered. Someone had named it ‘Stargate’. I handed our guide one of the older orgone generators that I’d brought with me in December and had stored at the island. After she threw it into the blue hole, the same things happened as it did with the other blue holes. Any configuration of orgone generating material, especially when aligned crystals are molded into it, works fine for this. The cone shape just works better, especially when it’s upright. In severely disrupted and ‘managed’ vortices special care needs to be taken to maximize the potential of the orgone devices.

In Florida, Carol was instructed to use an extra large HHg for both the huge vortex east of Bimini (we’ll have to do that one next time unless somebody else gets to it first) and the one east of San Diego, which is not that big, but is severely distorted by the nefarious work being done in the underground base there. We were instructed to install a special copper coil in one of the HHg’s destined for Bohemian Grove because of the nefarious activities there (not the least of which is large scale pedophilia) conducted by criminals among the world’s foremost bankers, politicians and military men every summer around the solstice.

The last of the generators went into the fourth and last blue hole we visited on South Andros with the same results. It’s worth mentioning that our guide was sacrificing some sleep time as she was working as a mechanic on the night shift at the power plant for the island.

That night, all four of the Atlantean guardians of the blue holes came to Carol and offered to help us whenever we asked them. The elementals had also become friendly with us. One of them, whom I call Norm, has been with us off and on since my trip there in December/January. I’ve seen and heard him several times since then, and generally sense when he’s present.

Willy

The next morning Willy showed up. It was also a very calm day at sea, so I filled up a couple of six-gallon gas tanks (enough to get us to the site and back) and hauled them to the dock. I caught up with Willy in the boatyard and he greeted me in his customary flamboyant way. He’s one of those people who are always ‘on’ and is quite a celebrity locally. The motor was still at his fishing camp on one of the cays south of the island. In fact, that camp was within ten miles of the place we needed to go.

Years ago when I visited the Yucatan coast in my sailboat, I noticed that most of the fishermen there were using very big, powerful outboards. The money they were getting for their catch didn’t begin to compensate for the amount of fuel and the cost of the motors, as the bottom had dropped out of the market for fresh fish.

At the time I thought it would be more appropriate for them to use smaller motors. I did meet one man who was operating an old converted fishing sailboat with a small diesel motor. It looked very seaworthy and could carry a lot of fish and ice.

The Bahamian fishermen were getting a good price for their fish but also preferred the big motors. Willy remarked to the other men at the boatyard that he'd used my little 8hp Johnson all week trolling and only used a tank of gas. He also told them that my Terminator had cured all of his health problems, which was nice because people who hadn't tried one there were skeptical. There was a lot of flu there since the chemtrails started showing up recently. I was glad to hear them openly discussing it. We were able to show a couple of flu sufferers that a zipper cures it in a few minutes.

We white Americans don't have much tribal identity, but most of the people in the world still do. I've noticed that in a tribal society, people get their awareness en masse whereas we tend to do it more individually. No doubt both ways have their benefits and drawbacks, but if brainwashing is taken out of the mix, there's a lot to be said for both.

Willy made it clear that I was welcome to build a house on any of the beaches he owned in the vicinity of Smith Hill. I've decided to send him the title to the boat in exchange for that gesture. We'll be doing more work there sooner or later and it will be nice to have our own place. I'll most likely just put a concrete pad down for a large tent or two.

We had planned to take no more than a week or so to complete our work there. We still needed to visit the site the dolphins showed Carol and drive the boat 250 miles back to Miami, stopping at the Bimini vortex on the way to drop the big HHg. The sea had already become rough again, so we reluctantly decided to simply fly back to Miami. We're sure we'll be back there before long, though.

Homeward Bound

Judy, Willy's wife, drove us to the airport that day after we visited with her and the children for a while. Passengers are required to check in a couple of hours before the flight (I don't know why), so we got to observe the locals in the waiting room. It's actually more like a porch since it only has walls on two sides. Rufus, a cab driver, walked to a small table and slammed down a box of dominos and within minutes a tournament was underway in which most of the people in the waiting room eventually took his or her turn.

One thing I like about the Bahamians is that they're very sociable and never seem bored. It's easy to start a conversation with anyone there. I remember that it was like that here before TV got established in the living room (the beginning of the brainwashing and the end of society as a forum). That's probably why porches are no longer built on houses. When I was a little wanderer in Kansas City in the early 1950's, I remember people on their front porches would often call to me during my evening constitutionals. America was a different place then, a different place with a different heart.

Don Croft

Episode 6

Road Warriors of Sorts

Part 1

By Don Croft <zapper16@earthlink.net>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc6roadwarriorsofsorts1.shtml>

May 2001

When we returned to Grassy Key, Florida the weather was seasonally warm and breezy and the perpetual smog had gone, thanks to the cloudbuster. Carol had the impression that the humans, and especially the ET's in the underground base at Homestead AFB were at their wits end trying to get their technology back online. I wish I knew why a cloudbuster neutralizes weather manipulation equipment.

We'd noticed that for several days after we left, the weather map on CNN showed perpetual thunderstorms directly over the base but not anywhere else in the vicinity. That had stopped when we returned and the atmosphere above Homestead was clear of smog.

Apparently, the 'secret' base had been built at a time when the telltale mountain of excavated soil and rock was not considered noticeable by the public. Now, I think they move it to other locations when they build the underground bases—kind of like the prisoners of war in that movie with Steve McQueen and Charles Bronson from the sixties who were tunneling out of the Nazi POW camp.

Parasites rely on the host not knowing of their presence and there's been enough public discussion of underground bases in recent years to cause them to be more discreet, I believe.

Can anyone tell me why some people don't want to confront evil and call it by its name? In my version of a perfect world, everyone takes a stand to either confront evil or assist it. It's hard for me to have respect for anyone who does neither. I don't own a gun or advocate harming evildoers except to stop them from harming others.

Bohemian Grove

For instance, while the world's 'leaders' are engaging in pedophilia outside Guernyville, California, why doesn't the local sheriff exercise his obligation and arrest them all? Many locals know they do it every year around the summer solstice and busloads of young children are seen arriving there before, and leaving after the ceremonies (at least, the surviving ones leave by bus). The county and state courts would be obligated to convict them based on the testimony of multiple witnesses, no doubt. It really isn't complicated. That sheriff has more actual power than all of the pedophiles and their minions combined.

I guess the lukewarm fence sitters who believe that reality is a big gray area really do believe that those silly politicians who blather on the TV, in Congress and the Oval Office, ad nauseum, really do run the show. May God grant that their fences may all become electrified. That will get a little passion into them, at least.

These dried up old parasites get together for the Bilderberger meetings, Council on Foreign Relations meetings, International Monetary Fund meetings, World Bank meetings, UN Security Council meetings, US Presidential cabinet meetings, etc., but only at Bohemian Grove do they openly commit predatory acts immediately punishable by law. Maybe next year somebody will do something constructive about it. Some might argue that these oddities are so shut down, emotionally, that they have to molest and ritually murder children and infants in order to actually feel any strong emotion, but I think even the most resolute fence-sitter will agree that this is no excuse.

The Sheriff would be an international hero overnight if even just the internet covered the event. No doubt ABC, NBC, CNN, BBC, NPR, and CBS will be discussing the latest trivia instead of reporting the event beyond a brief mention around 3AM, before the censors have had their cappuccinos. Don't you know that these criminals not only wish to continue harming us, but are deathly afraid of exposure?

Nuremburg was aborted by the lawyers' and Dr. Jung's machinations, I believe (the 'collective guilt of the Germans' myth was Jung's gift to the postwar Nazis) despite the gallant efforts of Whittaker Chambers and the American Jewish Congress, but this would be cleaner, with less muss and fuss. You don't have to say anything—just think about it.

The sheriff's deputies could be polite and even use padded handcuffs on them—maybe Greyhound buses instead of school buses or cattle trucks, to take them to jail. I think 30 Billion dollars bail each would keep most of them locked up until the trial, at least.

I'm way ahead of myself here, since the Bohemian Grove was the last of our US projects, on this trip, at least. I've read the witness reports, victims' testimonies, and many documented works by writers concerning the criminal activities of the alleged new world order. For you to believe me, you would have to see the same material. I guess I'll have to be satisfied by expressing my opinion, though I dearly wish to convince everyone that this is true. If I were to keep all the books, videos and articles that I've read and studied on this subject, I'd need to haul a third trailer, so I'm opting for the shorthand method in hopes that the thoughts I've expressed will resonate with a critical mass of readers. I might copy Taylor Caldwell's bibliography, which is mainly made up of contemporary documentation from mainstream publications, though I favor the black and Jewish authors who publish under LaRouche's banner and some of the John Birch Society literature (they backed a black presidential candidate, Alan Keyes). Eustace Mullins is a particularly vigorous documenter.

Acknowledging The Predators

Just as catharsis is a healing process for someone directly involved in these criminal activities, so is the acknowledgment that they exist good for the soul of the citizens of the planet. I wish I knew for sure why white Americans are the demographic group which is most resistant to considering this information. Is it because they feel that their unequivocal economic hegemony may be threatened by exposing these 'benefactors?' Food for thought...Is loss of credit more unthinkable to them than the establishment of a true world commonwealth based on individual freedom and responsibility? Under that paradigm, they'll be even more prosperous, since there will be no predatory agencies laying traps for taking their wealth. Is any group more worthy of the twisted assessments of such a malignant mind controller as Sigmund Freud than the pale-skinned purveyors of western democratic liberalism? Yikes.

Al Bielek told us that the combined militaries of the planet did get together to divert Hale-Bopp from hitting the planet (it was guided from the Draconian ship that was seen behind it intermittently) so there's already some infrastructure for a united world in addition to the internet.

The internet was set up by the military, and I believe a faction of them is protecting it from being usurped by the felonious feds and the international Gestapo. I'm sure I'm expressing thoughts that many people have but are unwilling to share publicly. I think you'll find that there's no retribution waiting for anyone that openly speaks about this on the internet. You sure as hell won't hear them expressed in an objective way on any of the media owned by the celebrants at the Bohemian Grove debauchery—yes, including NPR, which gets most of its money from the Rockefellers, Carnegie-Mellon, et al. They admittedly only get 3% of their budget from the 'public' in their fund drives.

Venusians

We started driving north on Overseas Highway in the Florida Keys around 9PM on May 22, 2001. About five minutes into the journey, a UFO slowly flew across the road in front of the Zapporium at about 100 feet altitude. When I first saw its flashing light I thought it was a helicopter, but when it was very close, I could see that the bottom was very flat and extended for about a 20 foot radius. Carol later told me (she was following in the car) that they were from the 'secret' base and wanted to be sure we were leaving (no doubt!). That night we slept in a highway rest area south of Ft. Pierce.

I woke with a start at 3AM and noticed a very bright light in the southeast. It was much brighter than any star or

planet I'd seen, so I went outside to see if there were other stars visible. There weren't, but when the sun rose, Venus was in the position I'd seen the light in. I'm hesitant to say this was a ship, though Carol later told me that we'd gotten the attention of the Venusians that inspired Nicola Tesla. She says they're nerdy, technical types.

When she was under Wright-Patterson, a creature with very long arms and a look that reminds her of Jarjar Biggs of the latest STAR WARS movie noticed her. She later saw some of these fellows under Homestead AFB. She now says that the ones involved with the alleged government here are renegades, not of the group that worked with Tesla and are observing us. She says the bunch that guided Tesla enjoy watching some of our movies, including Matrix, Johnny Mnemonic, Mystery Men, etc. They don't care for X-Files for some reason.

The Terminator, AIDS, and B Sirians

We drove to Atlanta to see our good friend, Steven White, who had arranged our visit with Al Bielek. Al couldn't meet with us this time, as he was getting ready for a trip, but we spent a very pleasant evening with Steven and his family. Steven has begun to promote the Terminator to black civic and church groups in Atlanta, as it's a sure cure for AIDS. We send zappers to our African friend in Namibia for distribution among AIDS sufferers there and he's having 100% success. There's something else you probably won't hear about on NPR ;-), since their corporate sponsors are actively trying to depopulate Africa with bioweapons, including AIDS, all of which are neutralized in the body by any zapper on the market.

The cloudbuster was set up to point above and ahead of us. It was cold, blustery and overcast when we got to Tennessee and stopped for the night. By morning it was sunny and breezy, contrary to the predictions of meteorologists. This has happened repeatedly since then. The next day there were a couple of very large lenticular clouds nearby (uncharacteristic for that area) which Carol said were hiding some very large B Sirian craft. They were gone a few minutes later as we began driving toward St. Louis.

Luna Mound, St. Louis

On the way through Kentucky we could see the dark clouds part ahead of us as we drove, though it remained fairly cold and windy. This kept up all day until we got within 30 miles of St. Louis.

We saw a line of thunderheads, arranged from north to south, from horizon to horizon, 20 miles east of St. Louis. There were no breaks between them and they had an artificial look. I'd read that this is characteristic of weather control technology, which uses standing electromagnetic waves to contain and direct weather fronts. If you remember seeing the satellite photos of the weather during the flooding of the Midwest in 1991, this was obvious. Natural weather fronts are curved every time.

As we approached the storm front, an opening appeared ahead of us. The storm line was only about 3 miles wide, though there were very tall, but square, cumulonimbus clouds in the center. Having plowed an opening through the dense cloud cover with the cloudbuster, I stopped to take a picture for posterity. Carol was anxious to tell me that the clouds were full of B Sirian craft who were actively engaged in mutilating farm animals and pets in the surrounding countryside, and would I mind shooting at them with the cloudbuster? She learned telepathically that this was preparatory work for a planned invasion of countless thousands, perhaps millions of B Sirians, who would then begin eating us—all in conformity with their agreement with the fellows at Bohemian Grove that I mentioned earlier. Am I getting anyone's attention?

This time they didn't shoot out into space but lost control of their craft and collided with each other. They weren't brought down but they had to stop what they were doing. Carol told me that the Draconian that was attached to our cord was laughing at them. Laughter is a sign that emotions are being expressed, so I took this as a good omen. The sun would soon set, so we decided to spend the night near Cahokia Mounds, east of St. Louis.

The largest mound, named Luna, is shaped like the base of a pyramid. I'd seen a display in the interpretive center there, based on excavations, that showed a village with houses made of papyrus, identical to the ones the Marsh Arabs still build near the mouth of the Tigris River. Thor Heyerdahl had proven decades ago that Mesopotamians had populated Easter Island prior to the arrival of the Polynesians, though of course the human

history of Easter Island was more likely begun many millennia before that.

Ancient Settlers

Professor Barry Fell, an oceanographer at Harvard, had later proven that the population of North America, from coast to coast, included Egyptians, Phoenicians, North Africans and Celts from Spain and Portugal. This proof was finalized partly by the analysis of runic inscriptions found in stone throughout the continent, which gave the names of the people present and the dates of the carvings.

There was no date found later than 1300BC. Velikovsky claimed that a worldwide catastrophe at that time effectively ended the Egyptian empire. There are Egyptian hieroglyphics carved in stone near Mt. Shasta, though they could be Atlantean, as they created the ancient Egyptian culture, I believe. Copper ingots, identical to the ones from Egyptian mines, have been unearthed near Chicago, and there are countless Egyptian artifacts in caves near the confluence of the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers. The sacred languages of some of the Southwest Native American tribes are found verbatim in sacred texts found in Libya and other North African nations.

Dr. Fell first discovered the remains of Egyptian culture in Polynesia, in the same places that Heyerdahl began his quest. When I stayed in Western Samoa I was struck by the similarity there of ceremonial dress and people's names to Egyptian illustrations and names. I was given Barry Fell's book shortly after that.

'Missouri' is said to mean 'people of the long wooden ships' in the native language, and Cahokia was known to be a trading center that predated the Indian culture there. The Jesuits set up headquarters on Luna Mound in the 1700's. I naturally assume that they already knew something about the pre-Columbian activities there, considering their mandate to know everything there is to know about everything. There were plenty of other, more suitable places in the area for them to set up shop.

I asked Carol to look at the energy at the mound and she said it was a vortex created artificially by an Atlantean device buried under the base of the mound, similar to what we found at the Oregon Vortex, at the huge tree on the coast near Corpus Christi, the extensive vortex east of Bimini, and at the blue holes. We haven't looked at how the mound vortex lines up with those and other sites, but we soon will.

I suppose it goes without saying that the B Sirians were siphoning the energy of that vortex. We have the impression that they won't be able to operate efficiently on our level until they've absorbed sufficient earth energy from these vortices, and they seem to be concentrating their efforts within the United States, perhaps because of some deal they made with the Bush (both) and Clinton administrations. Their treasonous deals with the communist Chinese would be misdemeanors compared to this.

Though this wasn't on our initial list of 13 vortices to apply HHg's to, Carol was instructed to put on the mound and also to 'shoot the moon' one more time. As it was late and we were being surveilled by some park security people, I simply put the base of the CB on the ground and held the pipes in position while Carol directed me to move it until she could feel the effect was accomplished on the moon. We kept this up for a half hour or so, and loaded the CB back into the Zapporium. Carol also told me that the park personnel were being used by ET's to watch us up close. I'm glad she has a sense for this, since it came in handy later. Just as shamans can look through the eyes of animals, ET's can do so through susceptible humans (most white Americans can be used this way because of the resounding success of the brainwashing program directed at them). Anyone who is drunk or stoned has no control over being used this way by ET's or shamans. Humans aren't as proficient at using other humans this way, as far as we know, but agents are able to direct people who have been successfully subjected to the CIA's MK Ultra Program.

Retribution

When I started the Zapporium steam came out the exhaust. The B Sirians had broken my head gaskets, which were less than a year old. This is the only time we've gotten any retribution for stopping their fun. I drove to a mechanic in Missouri the next day, having gone through about 6 gallons of water in the radiator to get there. As it was the day before Memorial Day weekend, we had to wait four days before the mechanic could work on the

engine.

My mom, sister and stepfather live in the St. Louis area, as do my old friends, T and K, who helped me get started in the zapper business 5 years earlier by getting lots of very sick people to use zappers and subsequently get well quickly, and they're also in the metaphysical healing trade now.

Being a naturally antsy person, I wouldn't likely have spent quality time with any of them if the engine hadn't broken down that way. Here's another example of Wingmaker assistance (intervention?). They used the retribution of the B Sirians to everyone's advantage, since T and I made a cloudbuster and it's clearing the weather and smog in the whole St. Louis metropolitan area and surrounding countryside now [this is the one which was first discovered to destroy chemtrails, for which cloudbusters are primarily used throughout North America and Europe now, March 2002].

We spent some time with my family, too, which was very nice for all of us.

Manipulated Meteorology & Metaphysics

The cloudy, cold and windy weather cleared within hours of our arrival at Luna Mound, of course, and remained pleasant and warm, though it rained off and on for days. There had been a drought before that, of sorts. That is to say it was overcast a great deal, but hadn't rained. This is a sure sign of weather manipulation. In the earth's fashion, when it gets cloudy, it rains, and then it clears up. Strong winds are also not a normal feature of our planet's balanced weather. There was no strong wind during our visit but as we drove southwest after leaving St. Louis, we encountered a lot of wind and overcast skies. The wind was blowing toward St. Louis, but K has kept me updated by email and that wind never reached them.

I was amused to hear that K and T's neighbors, who normally ask them about everything they do outdoors, studiously avoided mentioning the cloudbuster, which was set up in the front yard next to the Zapporium. I'd think the Zapporium, at least, would have drawn some comment or question. I wonder if both were invisible to the neighbors. The ones next door were town officials. I suggested that even if K had explained it all to them it might have sounded to them like she was speaking Chinese. People reading this on metaphysical lists will know exactly what I mean.

In fairness, when I first met James Hughes, he talked to me about metaphysical things, mainly energy, and it sounded a little like gibberish, though I was spellbound. Only after He and Rose Mary had worked with me on their grid, activating my kundalini, did I begin to understand what he was talking about. This was even after I'd spent a year with my second wife making flower essences, having almost daily visions, and hearing stories of her interaction with elementals and ET's. I wonder how far out it would have seemed if I hadn't encountered her before meeting James. I'm not using the names of people who wouldn't appreciate scrutiny as a result of my writing. It fascinates me that I started marching along a metaphysical path right after I cured my life-long depression in 12 hours with my first zapper in 1996.

Don Croft

Episode 7

Road Warriors of Sorts

Part 2

By Don Croft <zapper16@earthlink.net>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc7roadwarriorsofsorts2.shtml>

May-June 2001

Ark. Angel

We needed to visit Jack O'Brien, a successful inventor/engineer, and Sue Potter, who had kindly been circulating our stories on many internet lists, in Arkansas. They have been working together for years, applying their skills as psychics to heal and balance the planet. They most often work alone but have often worked with others, even in extended groups, to focus on different aspects of energetic healing for the planet and humanity.

Carol and I are encouraged when we see other people spontaneously doing this work. We feel that we are all being invited and guided to participate in an orchestrated, unified healing process for mankind and the earth. In accordance with the new paradigm, anyone can participate according to his/her talent, inclination, expertise and commitment. The only prerequisite seems to be to follow one's intuition. On one level, we're all skilled physicians and intrepid warriors in the spiritual realm, though at times we may be seen as and/or feel like the walking wounded and a leaderless mob. The shining moments are what drive us forward. Lots of people know what I'm talking about.

Also in accordance with the new paradigm, this has nothing at all to do with institutions or formal training but has everything to do with faith, commitment, humility, and the desire to develop our discernment and effectiveness. It's so apparent to Carol and I that the shots are all being called from the unseen realm. That's where the generals are. Their orders come as intuitive promptings and the pattern of their inspiration shows the underlying unity of our race. Only by acting and seeing the fruits of our actions can we start to see the unifying principle behind them. Fearlessness is the standard for our acts.

After we checked into a motel, we had a terrific dinner at Sue's with Jack and their friend, Karen, who often does healing work with them. After dinner Jack and Sue began doing psychic stuff and Carol looked at it all. She was able to confirm that most of what they did was having a good effect, and the entities they were interacting with could be clearly seen by Carol. I believe that the Wingmakers prefer that we work together, and there's probably an optimal number of people for the effective completion of each project.

No matter how many times we humans drop the ball, opportunities still come up for us to shine.

Before I'd met Carol, I'd been frustrated by the level of fear present in people I'd been trying to work with. Her fearlessness has been very healing and inspiring to me in the past year. In our travels, we've met others who are also not afraid to do this work, such as Sue and Jack, Steven, K and T (I respect the wishes of others to remain anonymous—it's not necessary to be a tell-all like me to be effective)

It's not time to talk about what Jack is doing with us yet, but rest assured it has potentially far-reaching implications and is in line with his successful career and my confrontational stand regarding the alleged world order's exploitation and oppression.

Sue introduced us through email to Gladys Bridges, an Arkansas crystal dealer, who has graciously agreed to supply crystals at a fair price to anyone who wants to make holy handgrenades and cloudbusters. Her email address is gbridges@hsnp.com. She's a very nice person to boot.

Strangely, although the sky cleared immediately after we parked the Zapporium at the motel, dead orgone began to gather in the valley, reducing visibility to about 3 miles. There's no heavy industry in the valley and not a lot of cars and trucks, so it couldn't be mistaken for 'smog.' There are no large cities within a hundred miles.

The Succor Punch is Born

I was inspired to make a mobius coil around an old quartz generator crystal and put it between the pipes of the cloudbuster with a 15Hz frequency circuit from a zapper. It had been remarked by many people that this crystal just wasn't special, but I've got a soft spot in my heart for ugly ducklings. I asked Carol to watch the effects as I assembled the apparatus. As soon as the crystal/coil was sitting between the pipes in the upright cloudbuster, she saw the dead orgone begin to rotate and visibly 'drain' into the ends of the pipes. When I put the electrodes of the circuit onto the ends of the coil, the activity speeded up by 50%. My ugly duckling crystal was turning into a swan now [we later dubbed this a Succor Punch].

Carol told me that she could see that a confederation of ET's and humans were directing a great deal of energy and technology to neutralize the cloudbuster with massive quantities of dead orgone. They all seem kind of stupid to me, since any balanced person would have known after these few months that increasing the amount of dead orgone in the vicinity of any orgone generator makes it work better and faster, like when Hercules threw Prometheus on the ground in the myth, and there's simply no possible way to 'overwhelm' one this way.

I find it interesting that the Venusians, who inspired Tesla to design and build such miraculous devices, were unaware of the orgone generator. The only entities we know of who seem familiar with it are the Wingmakers (whoever they are) and the off-world Pleiadians. The dolphins had been unaware of it, though receptive to it. We didn't stick around to see how long it would take to neutralize the dead orgone field this time, as we had a schedule to keep.

So, who is Ark.Angel? Sue started signing her email's 'BerZerkiel' right after our visit. She had suggested that she might start channeling information from the angel, 'BerZerkiel,' so now we're hanging on every word of her emails.

We'd put mobius coils and 15Hz circuits on a couple of generator crystals for Sue and Jack to use during their daily planetary healing sessions. I had suggested that this would sharpen their psychic perception and provide additional protection from errant entities and Sue has told me that I was correct and she expressed their appreciation. The crystal on the cloudbuster, which had been cloudy, is now clear on the end from being in the strong orgone field. This seems to be a standard result.

Vortex Fixin' , The DIA, & Strange 'Smog'

We drove through Tulsa and north into Kansas on our way to Denver, where we were scheduled to put a HHg in the vortex at the new, eight billion dollar Denver International 'airport' with its multilevel underground facilities not apparently related to flying.

We had been directed to put one in the vortex located at a Mormon Temple in North Kansas City, but a fellow metaphysician had done that for us. That one belonged to the Reorganized Latter Day Saints Church and the vortex there has been described to me as a time portal. The original Mormon Church headquarters remained in Independence, Missouri when Brigham Young took the majority of church followers to Utah long ago. Our take is that the Mormons are the first western organization in modern times to exercise the knowledge of placing sacred structures on natural vortices. This was traditionally done through the Middle Ages by the Masonic orders which built the cathedrals in Europe.

Washington, DC, was laid out on an extended Pentagram, with the Mall and White House in particular symbolizing the Isis/Osiris cosmology, by American Masons in the early 1800's, before the advent of Joseph Smith's influence. There are no natural vortices in any of these locations, except the Washington Monument. The Pentagon and NSA Headquarters, which were placed and built in the 20th century, are on natural vortices.

It's well known that Mormons are sought by the secret police agencies in America because of their loyalty, Masonic connections, and their ability to keep secrets. I suspect that the Pentagon's construction had something to do with that, too, but don't know what the connection is. The general who oversaw the construction of the Pentagon also managed the Manhattan project. Maybe he was a Mormon. Nobody but the Russian government

knew what the Manhattan Project was about until after the Americans nuked the non-combatant populations of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Like Dresden, which was firebombed, these two cities were clearly not engaged in war-related industries. Nagasaki held the Roman Catholic headquarters for the country. Truman wanted to nuke Kyoto, but the Secretary of War, who was supposed to decide where to commit that war crime, had spent his honeymoon in Kyoto and was feeling a little too nostalgic to obliterate it.

As usual, the overcast skies in front of us parted as we drove through Oklahoma and Kansas. We drove through clear conditions the rest of the way to Denver.

Having driven perhaps a million miles in the US over the decades, I've noticed in just the past couple of years that there is 'smog' nearly everywhere now, sometimes as dense as light fog, but darker, of course. On this trip we also saw chemtrails over all of the populated areas. The only place we saw no smog or chemtrails at all was in Utah—some thoughts on that in a bit...

We drove to the Denver airport, but didn't see any ground or gardens in which to put the HHg, so Carol asked the Wingmakers for some direction. They told her it would be obvious, so she got out of the car and they told her, 'Look up.' She saw a small rabbit sitting on some rocks on an embankment. The rabbit immediately hopped around a column & Carol went there and put the HHg into a hole among the large rocks where it wouldn't be noticed. We didn't see any vegetation near there that would interest a rabbit. That vortex had been compressed toward the ground, but was gradually released back to its healthy state.

There was a Draconian ship above the complex, and a couple of B Sirian ships, so it took awhile before they gave up trying to maintain the distorted form of the vortex. They'd gotten there right after we did, though we had been openly discussing our intention to go there. By this time the parasitic ET's had become fairly incompetent at monitoring us. Carol says that this is partly because the Wingmakers are making us invisible to them more often and because the parasite/predator ETs are just too busy trying to fix what we've been doing. Also, the Draconian that had been involved with us is apparently getting interested in other matters. I guess the thrill is gone from being a parasite now that he is getting in touch with his emotional body, perhaps for the first time. Kundalini activation can be such a bitch, as we all know.

The Salt Lake City Run & Nighttime Visitors

It was early enough in the day to get to a place close enough to Salt Lake City to leave the Zapporium while we did the deed there early the next morning, so after a very beautiful, but uneventful drive across the Rockies, we parked at a highway rest stop on I-70, near US 89, which we'd be taking south. Salt Lake City was 120 miles northwest of there, easy for me to get to and back before Carol got up if I left around 2AM.

There was a single truck parked at the rest stop when we arrived. When I got back, Carol said she had an eventful night, as the truck was occupied by non-native reptilians who were surveilling us. The truck was still there when we left—the Zapporium was there over twelve hours. Carol heard them outside the Zapporium walking around during the night.

Meanwhile, I had slept for four hours or so and left for Salt Lake City in the car. I've always enjoyed the landscape around Utah, which is the most surreal in the country. I arrived in the city a little after 4AM and had to drive most of the way through town off the freeway, which was closed. After about 15 minutes, I saw a bright flash to my left. I only saw a quick upward movement & knew it was an antigravity craft, as it made no noise. The streets were nearly empty at that hour (I later asked Carol who was in the craft that I saw in the city, and was told it was one of the Venusian ones that had just begun observing us).

I felt an uncustomary sense of trepidation and a strong impression that I was not welcome as I approached the Mormon Temple downtown. As I stood in front, preparing to place the HHg in the ground, I noticed a person on the edge of the plaza in a baggy suit who looked like a detective. Though nobody else was present except a street sweeper, the man in the suit didn't seem to see me. I buried the HHg this time so that nobody would find and remove it and the feeling of foreboding and alienation immediately dissipated. My watch said 4:44AM. Carol

woke up in the instant I did that, 120 miles away. Both of us felt a very strong release of suppressed earth energy.

Though there was no wind, and no other vehicles came to the rest area during the time I was gone, Carol said that several times the Zapporium was roughly shaken by reptilians from the truck near the Zapporium in attempts to get her to go outside to investigate. This was not unusual, so she didn't give it much thought.

We noticed on the trip south through the state that the people we met were very relaxed and friendly. I must say that I had always dreaded driving through Utah, though it's very beautiful country. I had been put off by the feeling of alienation I had there, being a naturally gregarious person. I had the feeling that there was some mind control, almost hive-mind activity going on among the believers/citizens, which was based on the application of a combination of corrupted earth energy, intention, and sacred geometry. The elongated tetrahedron steeples of the churches and temples always looked like transceivers to me. I know that Mormons had been extremely aggressive in the West, at least, in acquiring cell phone communication networks and a friend of mine in Canada, whose phone had been tapped, was able to get the tap traced to a junction box on the property of the local Mormon Church. He had been critical of the alleged world order in his phone conversations. There is no mandated free speech in Canada. I personally think that no religion has the right to interfere with the birthrights of its members, let alone the non-believing public.

Carol said that the Wingmakers told her that it would take up to a week for the mind control apparatus of the Mormon Church to disintegrate completely, and that the reason no chemtrails had been sprayed over Utah was that they had already been sufficiently controlled without having to subject them to endemic illness and debilitation, nor was there any plans to kill off large parts of the population there as there are throughout the rest of the world.

It occurred to us both that the Mormon believers are potentially an unstoppable force if they decide to reclaim their birthrights and may yet be shining examples for the rest of the world this way. I know that individual Mormons have done heroic and exemplary work in the fields of tax reform, common law, new paradigm science and healing.

I had once heard someone use the term, 'grinning like a Mormon' to describe someone who was acting in a superior, up-to-something way with a little self-righteousness mixed in. That's the way I used to see Utah people whenever I traveled through their state before. The day following the HHg episode in Salt Lake City, I found that the people I encountered in Utah were suddenly open, cordial, and more thoroughly human than I had experienced in my previous trips through the state.

Truthfully, the members of any religion you could name most often display identical grins when dealing with 'non-believers.' This in no way relates to the principles on which these religions are founded, and I'm not one to blame God for the shortcomings of people who constantly drop his Name. Two phrases come to mind: (1) Everybody wants to go to heaven, but nobody wants to die (2) Ever'body talkin' 'bout heaven ain't goin' there (I believe heaven is open to anyone inclined to go there, but the phrase is good hyperbole).

We'd do well to concern ourselves personally with the 1% or so of any organization who have a clue about individual responsibility and freedom. Old ways of politicking simply don't work any more, thank Grid.

Don Croft

Episode 8

Road Warriors of Sorts

Part 3

By Don Croft <zapper16@earthlink.net>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc8roadwarriorsofsorts3.shtml>

June 2001

Duke Made Me Do It

We had an intriguing 3D experience with some Venusians who had been following us since we used the Chembuster (CB) on the underground base south of Miami, Florida. We were driving south on US 89 from I-70 and Carol directed my attention to a few very small clouds that were lined up east to west directly in front of us. The only other clouds in the sky were over the Rockies far to the east. It was obvious that somebody was creating and maintaining the little clouds to conserve energy (it apparently isn't easy to be invisible).

I asked Carol if they were up to no good, but she couldn't tell right away. I'm afraid I jumped the gun a bit—I parked the Zapporium, took out the CB and started blasting the little clouds (John Wayne had slept in the town we just passed through, according to a sign we saw, so there may have been some subliminal thing working in my head).

Within a few seconds, each cloud I shot disappeared, but each time the one next to it got bigger. When it was obvious that I wasn't winning, I quit. By that time, Carol had pulled her car over and was standing with me. When I'd given up, she said, "Why are you doing that? They're just watching us and now you've made them mad." She said that what I did wasn't harming them, just making it hard to stay cloaked. I was relieved.

I immediately quit, put the CB away, and apologized to the people in the craft. Carol then said "Look at that cloud of dead orgone!" and I got excited again, took my sound crystal with the mobius coil and started directing orgone into the cloud, which was a hundred yards or so in front of us and slowly rising from the ground.

First a hole showed up where I was pointing the crystal, then a counter-clockwise vortex started spinning around the hole. It looked like one of those spiral galaxies that we've seen in deep space telescope photos—really cool, but it was spinning in the opposite direction of the little circles I was making with the crystal.

Carol and other sensitives see this stuff all the time, but grunts like me get pretty jazzed when we see it happening. All of this time, there was a single cloud above and in front of us, which didn't move, though there was a good breeze blowing from the north. It actually got a little dark while all this was happening. Carol told me that all five of the craft were in that one cloud and that they wouldn't 'talk' to her, but were watching and listening.

After offering our friendship and promising not to shoot at them any more, I got in the truck and tried to start the motor. Carol had to pour some gasoline into the carburetor to get it started. She said the dead orgone we saw had been put into the carburetor by the Venusians as a little payback and that if they were really angry they would have broken something, as the B Sirians did when we did our last Chembusting exercise by Luna Mound at Cahokia a couple of weeks earlier. I had to lay the CB down on the floor in back, pointing at the motor, in order to keep going. Thankfully, the motor ran smoothly again after a few miles and has been fine since then.

The little clouds stayed near us all the way to Flagstaff the next day. When we were having lunch in Flagstaff, we saw the same sort of little clouds all in a row, low in the sky. We watched them for the hour or so we were there, and they didn't move, though there was a steady, strong breeze.

That evening I saw one of the craft depart (the setting sun reflected off the side of it, which got my attention). We've since made contact with them. Carol got their leader's name, but couldn't pronounce it. He likes some science fiction movies that we have.

The Raven

On the way to Flagstaff we stopped at Four Corners, which is the point where Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona meet. It's also a natural vortex & formerly a national park. Now the Navajo tribe owns it and regulates the activity there. We didn't see any smog on our drive through the Ute Reservation in Utah, but suddenly we were immersed in it as we arrived at Four Corners to offer the holy handgrenade to the guardian of that vortex. Carol said the vortex was being kept pristine by the Navajo shamans, but that our offering had been accepted in honor of the unity of humanity. A very old raven showed up and appeared to want our attention. Carol told me to follow the raven to find the right spot to put the Holy Handgrenade (HHg), and just then the raven flew to a pile of large stones about a hundred yards away. I went to that spot and put the HHg in among the stones as the raven watched from a few paces away. Carol said she saw a Navajo woman's image superimposed on the raven.

Navajo land is unlike any of the other terrain on the continent and is indescribably spectacular. I had driven through there when I was nineteen years old in my budding hobo career, but apparently was oblivious to most of the beauty then. Why do some old people pine for their youth?

On this trip, though, the smog became so dense by the time we reached the vicinity of the Hopi land that we were alarmed at the implications. We decided that we'd facilitate getting a CB there as soon as possible to clear away all of that dead orgone, since they were obviously being targeted for some reason, probably because their existence poses a threat to the current regime. We need to go after the predatory agenda wherever they're concentrating their deadly attention.

Hyper in Sedona

As I mentioned, the Wingmakers had us make 13 HHg's before we started on our weird science trips in March. Along the way, they added a few, probably on account of my peculiar inability or unwillingness to keep secrets. Carol, who tends to be handicapped more in the opposite way, and I both agree that the Wingmakers allowed for this trait of mine before we got involved with them.

After finishing the day's Terminator business in the Flagstaff motel room, we drove straight to Sedona. We'd asked Melody to send the pile of mail, including money orders, which accumulated in Idaho to Sedona and expected them to be there when we arrived, which was Friday afternoon. When the package hadn't gotten there, we assumed that was because we needed to spend more than a day in Arizona. The plan was to pick up the mail, put an HHg in the vortex field in Sedona, meet someone in Tucson, and then drive on to southern California for the next phase.

Standing in the Post Office, I noticed that my body was vibrating, starting from the vertical line of chakras, mainly the heart, and spreading out to the rest of my body. Carol saw that before I could tell her about it, of course. She said that this was happening because some energy workers had been 'fixing' the vortices around Sedona and they were spinning at an un-naturally high rate. She was quite uncomfortable, but I just felt energized. Naturally lethargic people like myself appreciate most kinds of extra energy.

The Wingmakers had us put the HHg, which was hastily made in Flagstaff using a pretty party hat, on the ground in town. Carol noticed that the hyperactive spin slowed down right away and all of the vortices were again in harmony. Like most doctors, 'powerful shamans' apparently often feel the need to fix what isn't broken. Thankfully, engaging in p---ing contests is becoming faux pas with more of them and now they're starting to look for the unifying principle of the new paradigm and get in line with that. Big egos are best left at the door with six guns and big white horses.

When we got back to the rest area parking lot to get the Zapporium, Madame Raven was waiting for us. I asked Carol to look at the energy to make sure my hunch was correct about that, and she said I was definitely right.

Vibrating in Phoenix & Trial in Tucson

The folks we needed to see were in Tucson, so we got a spot in an RV campground in Phoenix for the weekend. That night I put the sound crystal with the mobius coil and frequency device on my chest and I started vibrating

again. In a few minutes, I was filled to bursting with kundalini. Every time Carol touched me she jumped. I actually went to sleep right after that, content in the knowledge that I was getting some good information that would be unlocked at the appropriate time in the future. The only other times I've felt that so strongly was on James and Rose Mary Hughes' grid in Ashland, Oregon. They really ARE wizards!

I wanted to go to Tucson to meet the folks I mentioned, but took the time instead to catch up with writing down our experiences. I worry a bit about forgetting important things if I wait too long. The fellow in Tucson is a celebrity who was shortly to be in a show trial in a kangaroo federal tax court, so I had offered to give him a HHg to keep in the courtroom (he graciously accepted it and promised to put it on the defendant table as a paper weight) and to fix up one of his wife's crystals with a mobius coil, etc. Carol had felt that the HHg, especially, would give him an advantage because the contumacious behavior of the crooked judge and prosecutor would not be effective, and the jury would have less fear and more courage. Very simple. I personally wouldn't show up in any of those unlawful admiralty courts except in chains, but everybody has their own style -- a fact that I respect and work with. He was quite confident he could win, since he knew the appropriate constitutional laws and is a very, very good orator.

After another day of catch-up with writing and Terminator manufacturing, with some restaurant touring mixed in, we drove back to Sedona in the car.

Looks Like Science Now

Some of you may know that when miracles are experienced they don't seem weird or wondrous at all. At least that's our experience. Firewalks feel that way to me, for instance (except for the little glowing coals that get stuck between my toes after I get done). I'd gotten used to getting reports from customers of 'miraculous' cures over the years so I don't even record them any more or give them much thought. Besides, just about any cure seems like a miracle to the average incompetent, jaded doc who is in the business of keeping customers until their assets are all gone, not curing illnesses. It just looks like science now. I like the really weird stuff anyway, being an Ace of Spades. Well, according to our watches, we would have had to drive over 100 miles per hour to cover the distance between Phoenix and the Sedona highway cutoff, but I never went over 80 mph. This just told us that we needed to be someplace at a certain time, so we paid closer attention after that.

We picked up our mail and started out of town, following our urge to visit a nice metaphysical store on the way out, where I got Carol a beautiful heart-shaped crystal from Madagascar, a place that figures heavily in her astrological information (I found out later).

Bell Rock Portal

As we passed by Bell Rock, Carol got that look that tells me she's getting a message, so I asked her 'What's up?' She said that we needed to be going by Bell Rock at that moment because a portal opened up there briefly and she needed to identify what that felt like. The Wingmakers told her that when we return together at some undisclosed future time, the portal will open again and we'll meet the Wingmakers in our own dimension, face to face. That explained the time warp that happened earlier. I love the Wingmakers' style! I bet a few of them are also Aces of Spades.

After an uneventful, but incredibly hot trip through Arizona and a night in a rest area, we arrived at the pass west of Palm Springs that opens onto the Los Angeles metropolitan area. The smog was piled up and spilling over that pass and a strong, cold wind was blowing from that direction. There was a stationary cloud on the south edge of the pass that Carol told me was covering a very big B Sirian craft that was unloading something into the underground facility there that belongs to our alleged government. Yuck.

We knew we'd be spending a few days in southern California, but didn't want to be in that awful dead orgone field, so we drove through San Bernardino in the direction of Victorville and got a motel for a few nights at the pass nearby. The dead orgone/smog extended a little above and beyond the highway exit where the motel was located.

Slim Spurling's Environmental Harmonizer is said to remove dead orgone fields and their attendant particulates, which together make up 'smog.' I don't have one, but I believe this is true. I dearly wish more people in cities would just get these devices and use them correctly. They are probably superior to cloudbusters for this task, though they no doubt work on similar principles. Both devices regulate weather, though in slightly different ways.

When we got up in the morning, the smog had retreated to much lower elevations, and the sky was uncharacteristically blue, which was nice but not surprising. We were now ready for our descent into Gommorah.

Don Croft

Episode 9

California Gemmorah

Okay to Look Back This Time

By Don Croft <zapper16@earthlink.net>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc9okaytolookbackthistime.shtml>

Oct. 2001

San Diego Vortex

The large, very sick vortex just east of San Diego was a place we'd been warned by somebody to stay away from, as he'd personally known of someone who had been murdered by a black helicopter with a harpoon sort of device for just walking on the land there, so of course we just couldn't wait to get there!

The Wingmakers told Carol that the underground base and vortex were at the upstream end of Sweetwater Reservoir, so we drove there. When we arrived, she was told to go immediately to Otay Reservoir, a few miles to the south, which we did. She then saw the vortex, which was exceptionally large and medusa-like, as the vortex at the nuke plant outside of Orlando looked—very unusual and sinister.

We had tried to drive to the spot on the highway that was marked on our map, but that road was blocked and bulldozed out of existence a few miles prior to the site, so we took an alternate route. There are no fences around the land over the underground facility, but metaphysical folk in San Diego know about it and the attendant dangers to curious visitors. Many people had disappeared there.

The people who know about it assume that the alleged government doesn't want to draw attention to the activity there, so didn't put up fences. It's on the edge of the metropolitan San Diego area. Instead of fences and uniformed guards, they apparently feel it's expedient to just 'disappear' curious visitors. They know that anyone still in the Matrix won't be curious about that area.

I'm actually feeling pretty confident that the critical-mass number of people who have left the Matrix and know for sure that the alleged government is waging war against us has already been reached. I think that number is only a few thousand, so perhaps you are one of the lucky few.

The tide is turning now, as evidenced by the young people peacefully demonstrating against the World Bank's atrocities can attest. Their parents missed the mark in the sixties when they demonstrated against the felonious feds, since our alleged government has always taken direction from the cynical, predatory old men who own the World Bank. So you could metaphorically say that in the sixties the dog attacked the club that was beating him, but now the dog is aware of who's wielding the club and is attacking him, instead (spiritually, of course, not physically). I'm so tickled to see this happening at last!

As soon as we stop feeding the human parasites in the body politic, the ET ones will just dry up and blow away. Isn't that obvious? Of course the human ones will have to resort to either honest work or honest criminal activity, as I mentioned. I don't think it's possible in the emerging paradigm to conduct predatory activities under the 'color of law,' given the sudden and widespread effectiveness of the internet and enough people's discernment. Cicero had said 'politicians are not made, they are excreted.' None of my associates pay any mind at all to the prattle of these redundant folk.

Carol told me that they were expecting us to show up at Sweetwater Reservoir, but were shocked to find us at the real location, Otay Reservoir. See how the Wingmakers can even use my big mouth (keyboard?) to advantage? I do have an intrinsic hatred for secrecy, unless it's for somebody's protection or a non-offensive confidence. The new paradigm's way to hide the truth is, after all, to state it clearly and in simple terms. Secret societies—humbug!

We parked the car nearby and walked toward the old reservoir, at which a couple of fellows were 'fishing.' A government pickup truck showed up within seconds of our arrival and the driver scrutinized us, and then drove

over to where the two men were. We walked to the right spot and I put the larger than usual HHg where I was directed. Carol didn't look well. A black helicopter flew slowly from behind a nearby hill, and then flew back.

Cloaking & Unidentified ET's

We got into the car and every four or five minutes, a helicopter flew within view. This happened during the whole time we drove up the coast, almost to LA. Carol said that they at first wanted to make sure we were leaving. During the time between the pickup turning away from us and the appearance of the black helicopter, Carol said we were invisible to human surveillance, so they didn't have a clue what we did and didn't see the HHg at all, thanks to the Wingmakers. The helpful reptilians, who usually run interference for us with mind control on surveillors, weren't able to enter the Southern California metro area, Carol said, because the reptilian hive there is predatory and aggressive. The one we're friends with is mellow and not harmful to humans.

All they knew for sure was that we severely damaged the apparatus that predatory ET's had set up in conjunction with our alleged government that was keeping a black hole sort of portal open underground, in the vortex. Carol didn't know what it was intended for, but only that it was more than usually nefarious. As I was placing the orgone device, an ET-type that Carol had never seen before thrust some green slime down her throat and into her stomach, which began to hurt.

Putting a Terminator on, she felt better in a few minutes. She said it was mycoplasma—the same stuff used in chemtrails, and that it was intended to cause her to have a very prolonged, painful death. I'd heard years ago on Art Bell's program accounts of people picking up bits of slime that dropped out of military planes over Everett, immediately after which they got extremely ill, some even dying. I assume now that this was done in the early stages of chemtrail experimentation. Now it disperses nicely when it comes out of the UN tanker jets overhead, so we stopped hearing those stories.

I guess the ET picked on her because they just didn't see me and what I was doing for a few seconds. I can tell you that if one of those fellows showed up, it would be worth the experience to me just to see him, since I'm a confirmation junkie. Carol's seen this sort thing all her life, though, so she doesn't need much confirmation that way. From her description, the only image that comes to my mind is the predatory commander of the attacking alien ship on GALAXY QUEST. She says they aren't Draconians and hasn't a clue where they're from or what they want besides the enslavement and exploitation of humanity.

One of them got into the black hole portal and tried to hold it open. I checked with Carol during the day and she said that after awhile, several of them were in there, though they knew before long that it was a futile effort.

The vortex straightened right out to its pristine form. Carol said that the HHg wouldn't have worked if it were any smaller. The only other place that we know of that needs one that size in the huge one, centered 35 miles southeast of Bimini on the Grand Bahama Bank. It took ten minutes to fly through that vortex on the way to Nassau from Miami. That's the one I went a little crazy in during a storm. I wish Carol had been with me then. I wish we knew what sort of thing they had planned for that black hole.

The atmosphere cleared up right after that and became pleasant. It was overcast and windy until we did the deed. One of my customers in San Diego told me a few days later that she knew something good and momentous happened there that day.

There were many helicopters taking turns surveilling us all the way to Orange County. We passed through a sort of permanent roadblock halfway to Orange County at which indeterminate federal police were looking into each car on the eight-lane highway. Carol immediately said the alleged cop that looked at us took a picture of us. A few minutes later, a car that came up behind us slowed to match our speed and the driver looked at the orgone pyramid in the back window and the six feet long cloudbuster, which was between the seats, with the top end resting on the dashboard.

I asked her if the fellow was a felonious fed spook and she said, no, he's just a regular guy stuck in the Matrix

that the spooks were using to look at our devices. They caused him to slow down and were looking through his eyes to see our stuff, just like the Navajo medicine woman was using the raven in a nicer way. Creepy, but what else do you expect from criminals with unlimited bank accounts and warped, infantile shamans at their beck and call? Baba Ram Dass, Alan Watts and Timothy Leary, former (?) CIA operatives, no doubt helped the psyops guys swell their ranks with psychically proficient, but integrity-challenged 'young, mighty shamans' through their involvement with MK Ultra. That's not to say they aren't nice guys, of course. I remember that one young lady I knew who had lived at Mr. Dass' ashram in New Mexico in the seventies was told the Big Secret there —“It's all in the head!”

Anyone in a discerning moment realizes that the use of hallucinogenic drugs stops spiritual growth, so it's understandable that Dr. Leary et al. emphasized their use so emphatically at the time. At least nobody is calling their shenanigans 'spirituality' any more.

Thank God the younger generation is more discerning. I'd always wondered why so many metaphysical folk my age are so adamant about not opposing the established order, but now I understand 'where they're coming from,' and it's not a place I'd like to visit, thanks.

China & Long Beach, California

The rest of the day in Los Angeles was mostly spent in traffic, though we delivered HHg's to two locations and left the cloudbuster between Hollywood and Burbank. The first HHg went on the property of an underground base at the Seal Beach Naval Weapons Station, where there's a vortex which was being used by a consortium of ET's and American and Chinese military people. I mean communist Chinese, of course. The Chinese Military owns and operates the container port facility in Long Beach that's in the news now and then. Last time I know about was when a container full of automatic weapons bound for the Watts district of LA was discovered there. I bet that that investigative journalist who ran that story was suicided or is unemployed. The CIA had to show up at a Watts public meeting just to say this never happened. I wonder how many people there believed them.

Carol told me that the Chinese scientists at the facility were particularly interested in our cloudbuster. Now there's a conundrum. Two forces seem to be at work in China now, even in the same individuals. One is moving toward even more oppression and the military takeover of the US (stand in line, fellas), the other toward free market practices and individual freedom. We'll do what we can to encourage the latter course. I'd be happy to share the cloudbuster information with anyone, as it can't be used to harm people or the planet.

The vortex healed, of course. We didn't feel too concerned about what was going on there. It kind of paled after our experience in San Diego, and we weren't being overtly surveilled any more.

Hours later, we got to the small vortex across town in Encino and dropped the HHg there. I drove east on US 101 until Carol told me to stop and we deposited the cloudbuster in the bushes by the side of the highway. Carol wrote down the number on the light pole so it can be recovered at the appropriate time, but we've since lost the map. We were informed that it would take about a month to clear the dead orgone out of LA.

No doubt there are more vortices in the area, and plenty of other places that need HHg's, but these are the ones we were directed to take care of initially. No doubt other energy healers will do the rest when the time is right [as of Jan. 2, 2002 LAARP {Los Angeles Atmosphere Reclamation Project} is well on the way to finishing that job]. Unlike Lot's wife at the Biblical Gemmorah, Carol didn't turn to salt as we drove away from Los Angeles that day. It is an icky place, though. We both found it nearly impossible to even drive through the area before that day, but I guess being on a mission makes unpleasant things like that more tolerable.

Don Croft

Episode 10

Bohemian Grove

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc10bohemiangrove.shtml>

June 2001

It occurred to me as we drove north through the San Fernando Valley, that if there were only one Chembuster in every state, the chemtrail program would have to be scrapped in the US. Considering the amount of dead orgone in California, it felt as though ten would be required there. I'd read accounts of a cloudbuster being used during the 1970's by Trevor Constable in southern California to remove the omnipresent smog from the desert east of Los Angeles. The before and after photos were astonishing. He'd done the same thing in Israel, at the Sea of Galilee.

If anyone can tell me why the whole San Fernando Valley has always had so much dead orgone, I'd appreciate it. It would be such a nice drive if you could see the mountains.

Linda & Metaphysical Road Service

The reward for suffering through that extensive dead energy field was our arrival in Walnut Creek, east of San Francisco, and being greeted by Linda, Carol's longtime friend and sometime teacher. We spent three days parked at the lovely apartment complex where she lives and spent many hours comparing notes and giving and receiving inspiration and insights. Linda is a gifted herbalist that is able to do with her own tinctures what others have done with flower essences and homeopathic remedies. Like Carol, Linda parleyed her natural psychic gifts and energy sensitivity into a rewarding and useful career.

She had been aware of the Wingmakers website, but hadn't pursued the subject. When we told her what we'd been up to with it, she decided to contact the Wingmakers during meditation. She told us that they immediately started constructing a set of wings for her, etherically. Her description reminded me of butterfly wings.

The next day, as Linda and Carol were returning from the San Francisco airport with Jenny, who had just finished the school year in Idaho, they were parked in rush hour traffic on the freeway, miles from an exit. The gas gauge on Linda's new Toyota indicated empty, which was a cause for some alarm. A moment later, the same gauge indicated that the tank was half full. Linda and Carol say that they both immediately knew this was done by the Wingmakers and they did it with humor. Linda is another person that takes miracles in stride.

I asked Linda if she knew a way to improve the HHg's and she immediately explained the coils that we have since been putting in ours.

Bohemian Grove & Children

On June 18 we went to Gurneyville, north of San Francisco, to carry out the Wingmakers instructions regarding Bohemian Grove, annual gathering place of the most depraved and powerful men on the planet. I made a special HHg for that which had one of the coils that Linda described. The predators were due to arrive for the coming solstice, during which each year they hold a satanic ceremony, dressed in black robes, and do God knows what. I'd first heard of it on a short wave radio program on which several young people gave their testimony regarding their experiences there as children, victims of rape. By this time I'd done enough reading about these men to understand that this was not unlikely.

In their testimonies, many famous men were named by these young people and the program was hosted and directed by a state senator from Nebraska, friend and confidant of former CIA director Casey (the director was suicided at his home soon after this) The senator was using this program to do what I'm doing now: to call for the investigation, arrest and prosecution of the participants of the annual satanic activities at the Grove.

Others have written extensively about this, so I don't need to duplicate their efforts. The basic facts of the activities at the Grove are not unknown to the townspeople of Gurneyville, we found out.

Elementals & "W"

I had been contacted by a Wiccan who lives in the area and wished to help us heal the wounded vortices there. This person, whom I'll call W, is a competent and fearless healer who is closely connected to the land, elementals and ethereal beings in the surrounding area. The alarm and disgust expressed to W by the elementals and long-dead native medicine people had reached a sort of brink or limit, beyond which their support and influence would be withdrawn.

There are six vortices, only one of which is in Bohemian Grove, which connect in a small area around Gurneyville. Carol had gotten an image from the Wingmakers of the spot we were to put the HHg. W led us there from Carol's description and graciously put it in place. All of us felt an immediate lightening and breathed easier. W announced that the 'insect people' were the first to notice and appreciate what was done. I then noticed the presence of thousands of dragonflies, which I knew had not been there moments earlier. I always notice dragonflies. As we walked back to the car, W greeted all of the elementals along the way and mentioned that the assembled medicine people were very pleased and encouraged by what we did and would now enthusiastically resume their healing work.

The atrocities committed against the whole human race by the men that assemble at Bohemian Grove are done in secret and with more than adequate protection by armies of lawyers, spies and assassins. We have no doubt that they are directly responsible for all of the genocide, wars, epidemics, despotism, impoverishment and enslavement of billions of people.

Only at Bohemian Grove are they vulnerable.

The County Sheriff

The only law enforcement agency allowed by the Constitution is the county Sheriff, elected by popular vote. Based on existing testimony, the Sheriff of Sonoma County, California would be justified in arresting the assembled perpetrators at any time during their days long pedophilic orgy at Bohemian Grove. Not only would he be within his rights, no force on earth would dare try to stop him. These predators rely totally on secrecy to carry out their plans. Where secrecy is not possible, they rely on extensive brainwashing and mind control. Intimidation is the last resort, and public intimidation is unthinkable in the US even now.

Please note that I'm not being seditious and I'm not advocating that anyone break any Constitutional laws. Seditious acts are those which undermine the Constitution. All of these men are manifestly guilty of that; I'm not.

A few years ago, the Sheriff of Nye County, Nevada, arrested US Forest Service agents when they attempted, with drawn weapons, to stop him from entering land allegedly belonging to the federal government. Nothing bad happened to the Sheriff. On the contrary, I understand he was re-elected. Although Dan Rather never mentioned this historic event, it's well known.

Parasites & Fear

Typical of the criminal mind, which is essentially arrogant and stupid, there are times when his guard is down and these are the times to act against him. A person with integrity doesn't need to watch his back constantly and doesn't need an army of thugs and spies in order to be safe. I wouldn't be writing this if I were afraid of being tortured or killed by these predators, but I have faith that the publication of these writings will demonstrate that it's now safe to discuss these things because under the emerging paradigm, parasites will no longer be able to rule us. I won't be waiting for our space brothers to rescue us from these people, thanks.

I'm currently living miles from the nearest town, and I'm a half-mile from the nearest neighbor. Aside from a BB gun, which I play with a bit, I have no protection and am not hiding. In fact we've been surveilled here several times since our arrival, even by the triangular craft that Art Bell reported seeing -- the same type we saw

in Florida, up close, in December. I hadn't noticed before, but the house shook last time they showed up. Outside, as it was hovering behind the trees on the edge of the yard, all I heard was the characteristic, low 'sucking' sound. So I guess there's a subsonic quality to the antigravity device they're apparently using.

I don't even shut or lock the gate. I love living and am having more fun than ever, but I will oppose and expose them to my last breath, no matter what they do. The schoolyard bully picks on anyone on the playground except the kid who isn't afraid of him. That kid has to let the bully know that he's not afraid to die. Men who had been in prison tell me it's the same way there.

I'm telling whoever among the predators and sycophants that attend Bohemian Grove's satanic activities who care to read this that I am not afraid of torture, poisoning, mind manipulation, attacks on my loved ones, or any atrocity their fertile if infantile minds can contrive to stop me. Having said that, I'm also not a bit worried that they will try. The fact that you're even reading this demonstrates that they are powerless to influence what is done on the Internet or even in privately owned publications.

If you're afraid of them you're just encouraging their predatory behavior, so stop being afraid of these parasites! The other thing a bully fears is being confronted by even a small group.

When a pedophile is released from jail, people plaster his picture and stats on all the telephone poles in the neighborhood as a warning. How is this any different? Aren't we pretty much obligated to draw attention to these pedophiles, at least during the summer solstice period?

Many people in my age group who were teens in the hippy era have been thoroughly brainwashed and conditioned not to confront evil or even discuss it. Well done, Drs. Leary, Alpert, and Watts, MK Ultra operatives extraordinaire! Also, congratulations to British Secret Service's Tavistock Institute, initiated under the direction of Sigmund Freud. Thanks to Sigmund for persecuting his one time protégé, Dr. Wilhelm Reich, since this led to Reich's orgone research and his American residency.

Unguarded Predators and Restored Vortices

Our children's generation, however, have demonstrated their spiritual acumen and commitment to the emerging paradigm by peacefully demonstrating in order to draw attention to the criminal activities of the World Bank, which is more or less the epitome of the parasitic alleged order. I hope this writing will inspire some of them to direct their attention to the annual activities outside Gurneyville, California, as this will strike at the only unguarded criminal acts of the men who own the World Bank. I would be pleased and honored to join them there next year. If four of us show up it will be as though a thousand are there. As an experienced sign artist, I can make some impressive placards. W told me that all of the gangsters' bodyguards, family members, and secret service people hang around Gurneyville during the 'festivities.'

Speaking of festivities, a day after we'd been there, Carol told me that another HHg was needed to finish the job, as an enormous amount of energy was being expended to contain and limit the effect of the first one until the criminal activity at the Grove was finished. I quickly made another one and FedExed it to W, who put it in one of the other vortices just before the arrival of the felons. The Wingmakers told Carol that not only did their cherished ceremony not produce the customary results, they actually didn't have any fun this time preying on the little children that had been bussed in for the festivities. She was told that this severely shook their confidence and that they didn't have a clue how that could happen. Finally, Carol told me that the six vortices have combined into one very, very powerful one, the energy of which will not be available to the parasites any more.

So, now you know, fellas! Better luck next year, and maybe we'll see you there! You should know, too, that I might point my cloudbuster at the next antigravity craft that shows up here. I know it won't hurt anyone, but the guys inside will get a distinct surprise. The good guys like it when I point the CB at their craft, which are way better than yours. Get a clue.

Don Croft

Episode 11

You Must Be Eighteen

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc11youmustbeeighteen.shtml>

June 2001

We had successfully finished our HHg placements prescribed by the Wingmakers for our coast to coast trip at one of the vortices near Bohemian Grove with the able assistance of our Wiccan friend there, and arrived at Mt. Shasta on June 20th, 2001, after visiting the Hughes in Ashland, Oregon, just up the road.

My belated birthday present to Carol was her choice of Vogel power crystals that James Hughes had designed. At his suggestion, she took two to Shasta to keep overnight. One was 12-sided, the other 16-sided, and both double terminated at specific angles. I brought a crystal along with a mobius coil and a frequency device attached [Succor Punch], in order to activate it on the mountain and tune it to the owner to help her through a trauma she was experiencing.

Telepathy Newbies

Carol's 15-year-old daughter, Jenny, had joined us in San Francisco right after she finished school in Idaho. Carol and I opted to sleep in the grove we had found in September, which is near Panther Meadow, but Jenny preferred the comfort and VCR of the Zapporium. As Carol and I retired to the grove shortly before sunset, Jenny asked her mom to keep track of her telepathic messages and report back in the morning with them. The daughter has started to develop gifts inherited from her mother.

On the short hike from the parking lot to the grove, I distinctly heard Carol say, "What time is it? Oh, wait, I forgot—I have a watch on."

I told her the time and she said, "Why did you tell me that?" When I told her she had just asked me, she said, "No, I was just thinking it." Though it didn't feel weird, I knew I'd just entered the Twilight Zone. While we were eating our supper before bed, I 'heard' her silently reading the ingredients on the food package.

We bedded down just as the sun was setting. There were big black ants all over the bedding, so we put food a short distance away to draw them off. Naturally, they simply carried the food onto the bedding. The bugs kept us awake pretty much all night but it's just as well—it would have been a loss to have slept through what transpired.

As soon as the sun had set, we both heard rather strident singing/chanting start up. It sounded like it was coming from Gray Butte, about a half mile away. Carol figured they were just Wiccans performing a solstice ceremony at first, but then the sound seemed to be coming from every direction. There were male and female voices, about a dozen or so, it seemed to me. It was a pretty melody that they repeated continuously until 6:40AM, the moment of the solstice, at which time it simply stopped.

Pull Down the Shades & Tell the Kids to Leave

So, here's what happened between sunset and the solstice:

I rarely see entities that are not fully in our dimension. Carol sees them plainly, just as she hears thoughts of others. In September, at that grove, I'd seen several as shimmering distortions of the background, including Kashi, our Atlantean helper, and Lucille, the fairy that dwells on my sound crystal (I named her after B.B. King's guitar, with her permission) The entities that Carol saw around us were completely invisible to me. These are the ones that were making the music and interacted with us that night. This time, Carol saw through their blue energy fields and saw regular humans with blond hair, fair skin and blue eyes, all youthful adults, Lemurians (who the hell knows how old they are?) though there were others there, too.

A good friend, after I'd known her a few years, once shared a story with me: She was visiting Shasta for the first

time in the early seventies, at Panther Meadow, when she noticed some beautiful young people having a picnic. They called her over and shared food with her. Afterward, they all put out mats, in order not to crush any plants, and took a short nap. When they woke they invited her to accompany them through a very large tunnel, on the other side of which was an identical meadow. I forgot what happened then, but my friend said she got in her car a little later and drove back to the interstate to continue her journey north. For years after that she thought she'd just spent the afternoon with some nice hippies in odd clothing. I guess that most people reading this already know that there are no tunnels like that on the mountain. This friend is from a family that has been involved in a metaphysical organization for 3,000 years. I'm assuming she doesn't want her name mentioned.

One reason I love Shasta so much and consider it home is that the energy there is so pure and powerful that both the parasitic ET's and earthly non-humans simply can't stand to be there. Jerky humans even have a hard time staying long there on the mountain. A visit there is like an etheric colonic to me—also, like a terrific breath of clean air and a long drink of cool water after being in the desert.

Around 10PM, I got an impression that there were a lot of people standing around us. I was trying to sleep, having grown tired of watching the aerial display by the various Lemurian craft. Carol confirmed my impression. She usually just keeps these things to herself—probably the result of conditioning, as children and others soon learn not to step on the paradigm toes of others less aware of their surroundings by pointing out anomalies.

I think I knew right away that they were just waiting for us to have sex but they wanted me to think it was my idea. I was onto them, of course, as soon as the thought occurred to me. I was born at night, but it wasn't last night.

Here's the part that is truly difficult for me to write, so please bear with me.

A lot of people understand that there is tremendous energy released in an orgasm. These watchers stayed around until they had gotten enough energy from our orgasms. Some stayed until the end but most left in small groups before that. Boy, was that weird for me!

I'm sure I couldn't have done it if I'd been able to see them, though I could definitely sense them. I knew before we started that an exchange was about to take place, so that extra incentive was nice.

In Carol's defense, I feel sure that she wouldn't have done that in front of regular humans of our dimension ;-)

They've been with us off and on ever since. Carol says they're helping to protect us now from the alleged government while we disseminate the information about how to easily destroy the chemtrails. This is the third group that we know of who are running interference for us. The main ones are the Wingmakers, of course, but the Reptilians that we met in Georgia and Florida also help from time to time.

The small group that remained after the party interacted with Carol. One of them, she told me, stood over me and aimed a crystal device at my heart chakra, in which there has been lingering pain since my children were taken from me by the alleged government in 1995. I've come a long way, of course, having been very close to suicide, early in 1996, immediately before finding the zapper and killing the parasites that were causing my depression. The flower essences of my second wife were a tremendous boost right after that, but it's been a grueling climb until very recently. The only thing that kept me from killing myself at the low point was the realization that it is extremely hurtful to one's children. Divorce is hard enough on them, God knows.

The Lemurians that stuck around after the show were quite intrigued with the Vogel crystals, even the contrivance that I'd made up. One of them enjoyed the experience I gave him by pointing the device at him and spinning it, Carol told me. I had told her to show me where he was standing.

I'll be SO grateful when we've all decided to return to the rule of universal law, under which governments are forbidden to intrude on family matters unless an actual crime is committed. Under the law of rules that exists

now the felonious court system considers us chattel of the Federal Reserve Corporation, the judges' and lawyers' own liege lord and master.

When we got back to the Zapporium after our excursion, Carol told Jenny what she'd been projecting, including "I can't believe they're actually going to sleep on the ground."

Don Croft

Episode 12

What We Did Last Summer

By Don Croft <zapper16@earthlink.net>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc12whatwedidlastsummer.shtml>

September 1, 2001

Carol was invited to spend September in an African country to show people how easy and cheap it is to cure AIDS. I won't name the country, since all of the governments there have made it unlawful to treat AIDS. She was invited by a foundation which is operated by native Africans [update, it was Kenya].

40 Miles North of Spokane, Washington

We've been sort of care taking a rural tract north of Spokane for the summer. It's given us a chance to study the effects of the Chembuster over time. Also, people in 4 other countries are sending data about their own Chembusters' effects. It's great to see that we're all getting the same results. The one we left in LA has stopped the chemtrails at least around the Hollywood/Burbank area and greatly reduced the smog [it was removed around the time of this writing]. The only account I have of that is from a customer in North Hollywood. She had to drive forty miles before she could start to see chemtrails

The pipe spacing seems to be the bottleneck for people making their own. I'll send a pattern for the three plywood pieces which hold the pipes in position during construction to anyone who is seriously intent on making one or having one made. [This was written before the Relfe's put the info on www.metatech.org or Ken at educate-yourself.org].

I'm not taking money for any of this so that I can continue to promote it in my essentially anarchic style.

Since setting up the Chembuster, we've seen a variety of UFO's. The CB must be some kind of etheric porch light. We mostly see reptilian craft (according to Carol), which are small, disc shaped and shiny, but a triangle craft showed up close to the house early on, and occasionally a Lemurian ship.

Sasquatch

There are at least four Sasquatch on the property, not far from the house. They're quite loud and seem to keep coyotes, deer, owls, etc., as pets, because we hear them usually when one or more of those species are near us, and mostly at night. The most dramatic chorus was at about 5 AM one morning, though, when all four were as loud as an air raid siren. They seem to live at a vortex that's in a grove of trees in the meadow near the house. We put an HHg in the vortex to tone it up, and Carol said they love it. If you listen to the tape recording of a Sasquatch that Art Bell plays now and then, I can tell you that it's accurate. That recording sounds a little scary, but these sound beautiful and not at all threatening. They are extremely psychic and able to shift in and out of our time phase. Carol's seen them four times, and each time they disappear right after making eye contact. Once she saw a mature male with a youngster.

Our friend, Bob, who is a healer on the Flathead Indian Reservation in Montana, told us that he's had lots of interaction with Sasquatch, and that they once took him to one of their communities in the mountains, where they actually raise crops. He told us he was taken by them through a dimensional gateway in the face of a cliff I believe him, as he came from a long line of shamans and gets good results with his healing work. I've sent some customers to him for assistance it getting their immune systems back on line. If a person's immune system is very weak, he/she won't be able to use a zapper properly. His email address is graywolf@ronan.net. Bob's Chembuster is also working well.

CB Report

Within a week of setting up the CB here, the chemtrails were all gone, and none have been formed here since then, though the jets fly over every morning from their base in Canada, then back again in the evening, spewing as they fly. Another white plane, a smaller turboprop one, sometimes flies along the path of the jets at a lower altitude, presumably to try to figure out why the spew isn't doing its job.

We put a CB in the yard of our friend who owns this property. She's in Spokane, forty miles to the south. It took about a week for that one to disappear the spew, too, but now the UN spew planes are unable to get the stuff to set up between here and there, as our CB fields have linked. Another CB was put at the other end of Spokane with the same results, and we put one at my brother's place 80 miles southeast of Spokane, in Idaho. There are no chemtrails now within about forty miles of any of these.

There have been two HAARP attacks this summer, probably designed to disable the Chembusters. The first attack was stopped in a clean line made by the three Chembusters to our south. The second attack was directed at us here. A strong wind came up in front of some strange looking clouds. I simply pointed the CB into the wind and it stopped within about five minutes. The big cloudbank dissolved, and we got a nice, gentle rain an hour later.

Corporate Spies

For three days after that, a big Navy spy plane, like the one the Chinese downed, flew back and forth over us, sometimes quite low. One day, at dusk, a very quiet helicopter flew directly over us at a low altitude. As it passed, I saw another reptilian craft as the two crossed paths.

Spokane was one of the five worst smog cities on the continent. Now it's pretty much smog-free, and the whole ambience of the city has improved. I used to dread going there, but now I can spend the whole day there and not feel tired.

The reason I believe these are UN planes, is that it's common knowledge that all UN vehicles are unmarked and painted white. I got some powerful binoculars and was able to see that the spew planes are stark white with no markings under the wings. Commercial jets have prominent numbers under the wings. Spew planes are also much quieter than commercial or military jets, though they only fly at around 20,000 feet or less, while commercial flights are twice that high. The spew is most often irregular in the way it exits the craft, sometimes shooting far out to one side. Most often, Boeing 707's are used. I doubt there are any commercial airlines or militaries that use these dinosaurs. They're very quiet, though, in spite of their low altitude. I can't even hear them when I'm in the city.

We discovered that Slim Spurling's Environmental Harmonizers work synergistically with the Chembuster, and when a friend of ours was showing Slim what the CB did to the chemtrails, Slim bought it. In that instance, the Chembuster was set up just minutes before Slim's presentation during a visit to a Canadian city. I attribute this faster action to Slim's and Fred's apparent orgone capacitance' from working with their energy devices over the years.

The base of the Chembuster is an orgone generator, as is the HHg. When intention is applied to any orgone generator by these walking energy capacitors, the effect is powerfully amplified.

The Namibian Chembuster [there are six of them as of January, 2002] is being used to prevent sandstorms from reaching the locale. This has resulted in more moisture being brought from the opposite direction in the form of dense fog. It can be many years between rainstorms in Namibia. I'll include more data from that site in the future.

We live in a semi arid part of the country, and rainfall is almost unheard of during the summer. It's rained every week to ten days since we set up our Chembuster, and on the drive to Seattle, we noticed that there was a lot of greenery among the sage brush, and even new sage plants, which were in bloom during what is normally the hottest, driest part of the summer. This rain has been coming from the south, instead of from the ocean, 400 miles to the west. There are no sources of moisture to the south.

Dr. Reich experienced this effect near Tucson serendipitously. He had taken his cloudbusters there in the early fifties to make war on the offworlders who were polluting the planet with dead orgone, as the current human

regime has since learned to do, and he soon discovered that the cloudbusters were refreshing the atmosphere and causing the desert to bloom. The rain came later when he removed the energy pollution from the Sierras.

I can't really talk about what's on our agenda for the autumn, but we'd sure like to get onto a motor yacht and do some networking in Central America and the Caribbean. I'll probably visit a different African country after Carol gets back. It would be terrific to find some investors who would buy a few million components for cheap zappers to be assembled and distributed throughout Africa. It will probably happen, since the old order is now receding faster every day and the new one is taking its place. Our take is that if the established order is so intent on killing off our African family members, they must be pretty important to the planet's future.

For many years, I've believed that when the alleged rulers of the planet are finally convicted for their crimes, a fitting punishment would be to put them to work as janitors and orderlies in a charity maternity hospital in the Central African Republic. This would be an act of mercy, since it would allow them to experience service work before they kick the bucket.

On that note, I've decided to use Canadian pennies on the Terminators. The Queen's face will be the medium through which healing energy will be brought to a large number of people who have been made ill by the agencies that she's sponsoring -- namely the various sub-groups of the international money cartel which finances all biological warfare, genocide and general mayhem on the planet. I'm doing her a small favor. I believe she's not actually a reptilian, as many have imputed, and that any human, no matter how culpable, has a chance to get integrity and a conscience as long as he/she draws breath.

Danion Brinkley

We attended Dannion Brinkley's workshop yesterday. I was happy to learn that, through his study of quantum physics, he's come to know that chaos is not something to be avoided, but is, if used with intent, an unfailing source of spiritual growth, so we should welcome it. The Terminator produces pure chaos with the Mobius coil, and the body takes this raw energy and uses it for balanced kundalini activation, which in turn promotes healing and detoxification from the sub-cellular level on out.

Another point he made is that all of the technology that brings us together is a means of achieving unity and higher universal awareness. This is a distinct departure from the Atlantean paradigm, in which technology had the opposite affect. He predicts that soon we'll simply move from external technology to using DNA to accomplish these tasks, so all of these useful, but sometimes frustrating tools are simply a temporary bridge between our materialistic traditions and the emerging spiritual ones.

I got to hug Danion twice. He asked me if I prefer to be around him when he's calm and composed, and I told him I like him better when he's yelling and screaming.

Don Croft

Episode 13

A Case of Hives

By Don Croft <zapper16@earthlink.net>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc13acaseofhives.shtml>

October 15, 2001

We felt it was unsafe to send this account to many people until we had neighbors again. We were living in rural Washington State last summer, where our closest neighbor was a quarter mile away through the forest, and aerial surveillance and remote (and not-so-remote) viewing of our activities were going on almost constantly, so it just felt too risky to talk about this then in a public forum. If anyone thinks Major Ed Dames is not promoting the Model T of government psychic spying, please think again.

My wife, Carol, spent the month of September in Kenya, working in a village clinic. She took a small 'crowd zapper' that I'd made shortly before she left. It zapped three at a time, powered by a small 12v battery that was charged daily with a flexible solar panel. Briefly, as this is to be told in more detail later, Carol was invited to go there because of the AIDS epidemic and the reputed ability of zappers to cure AIDS. While there were no testing facilities there, everyone who had AIDS in that area who availed themselves of the clinic's crowd zapper apparently recovered very rapidly, even the people who were close to death. Carol took a picture of the outdoor 'waiting room' which was full of AIDS sufferers waiting for their daily ½ hour on the zapper. I'll get her report and pictures onto www.worldwithoutparasites.org ASAP.

We had rented a small house in Moscow, Idaho, shortly before Carol left, but couldn't move in until mid-September.

In the last week of August, we went to Nelson, BC, for a dental appointment, taking Jenny, Carol's fifteen-year-old daughter, with us. That's about 100 miles directly north of where we were living.

We had been looking forward to that trip in order to find the connection, perhaps, between the UN Spewplanes that flew from that direction every morning on their way to American targets and flew back every evening after their day's work (I don't 'blame Canada,' as in the South Park movie ;-)) and the reptilian hive from which the multitude of craft that we saw around us came from. The connection was obvious. Probably because our cloudbuster was drawing in all the dead/deadly orgone, reptilian craft would criss-cross the skies where the chemtrails were being spewed, apparently in an attempt to make them last long enough to spread out in the customary way. They were unsuccessful, of course, since a cloudbuster, like Prometheus, just gets stronger when this kind of energy is present.

I'd thought that there was a secret base north of Nelson in the big valley that showed no highways or railroads on the map. As at Ft. Huachaca in Arizona and Otay Reservoir in San Diego, secret bases are often built around the openings of reptilian hives.

I may have been correct about the location of the airbase, but Carol dowsed the map and told us that the hive opening from which the craft came to work in our vicinity was near Cranbrook, BC, on the edge of the Rocky Mountains, about 120 miles to the east, so after the dental work was done, we piled into the car and drove there, taking our holy handgrenade with us.

About 15 miles before we got to Cranbrook, Carol said she got a mental image of where to place the HHg to close the portal (opening). The image was of a small lake on the north side of the highway and we were to throw it anywhere in that lake. About five minutes later, we saw the lake, but before I slowed down, Carol said 'The Wingmakers told me that the reptilians put that image in my mind—the real portal is east of Cranbrook. It's a steep bank, like a cliff, beside a river bend.'

So, we drove through town, toward a mountain that Carol said was close to the portal. When we reached a junction, Jenny said to turn right, and then directed us to make a left turn and we arrived at the place described

by Carol. It was a short walk to the tall bank, and I put the HHg where Carol directed me. Portals are hyper-dimensional. They're specific locations, usually in natural vortices, through which the reptilians can pass from their deep, underground hives to the surface. There is a force that prohibits them from interacting with us in 3D when we're in a fully awake state, but apparently this force is gradually becoming inactive, since we're able to see their craft more and more and many people are seeing them peripherally. Energy-sensitive people like Carol see them more clearly, but still as not-quite-physical entities.

Al Bielek, Preston Nichols and others who worked with the reptilians in the underground facilities saw them in 3D but these people were in an altered psychological state when they worked underground.

Carol showed me on the map that this hive's southwest portal was this one, and that their only other portal was across the Rocky Mountains, near Edmonton, AL. [we just did that one, too, finally, on March 10, 2002]

They apparently knew we were coming, as Carol said there were a large number of craft present. We got back in the car and drove away. About two minutes later, Carol and Jenny both said simultaneously, 'There's a big, blue ship right behind us!' I knew before anyone said so that this was a Lemurian craft guarding us from the reptilians, who were apparently mad enough to do something extrovert to us.

Jenny had seen this one or one just like it (Carol said it was one of their mid-sized ships and had a crew of about twenty) a week before. She was returning to St. Maries, Idaho, with her older brother and a friend and they'd left the highway during a rain, flipped over and landed upside down in a lake, about fifty feet below a steep bank. Fortunately, all three were able to get out safely and get to shore.

Jenny's telepathic gift sort of blared out the next morning and the following evening, as she was standing on the deck of her brother's apartment, a large, glowing blue sphere appeared right in front of her, then slowly receded into the sky and out of sight.

After we closed the portal, we were only surveilled by one craft at a time in the following weeks. Carol said that they were just too busy trying to arrange another opening to bother with the spewplane program any more.

The night after we got back home, though, a craft from the hive showed up near us and I felt the fellows inside trying to manipulate my mind. I get a characteristic tone in my left ear anytime reptilians are trying to influence me, so that's how I knew they were there. Carol confirmed it, so I put the sound crystal that I bought from James Hughes on my chest, between my solar plexus and heart and applied the 15Hz of the zapper circuit to it.

The energy generated by the mobius coil in the zapper is greatly magnified and focuses by the crystal and can be sent wherever I direct it, so I sent it back along the energy attachment that the reptilians were trying to place on me, as I had with the Draconian earlier this year.

Carol said they saw it coming and deflected it to the hive's queen, hereafter referred to as the Raging Queen, who was directing them. Carol said RQ started squirming and got very angry and threatening, but the attachment was withdrawn from me immediately. I programmed the crystal to keep sending her the beam of bright blue orgone at that frequency. Since then we haven't had any interference from that hive. It had been getting pretty overt right before we made that trip.

In the next segment, I'll go into how this directly related to Carol's experience with voodoo in Africa ;-). The best first step with any predatory entity, human or otherwise, is to make them respect us. That opens the door to harmonious co-existence if not unity later on. Our experience with the friendly hive under Florida/Bahamas/Yucatan showed us that this is not unthinkable & Carol noted that they all honor the same Creator that we do.

Another thing happened in early September, a few days after Carol left. We had been invited to give a talk at a monthly meeting of the Metaphysical Research Society in Spokane then. They meet in a Masonic Lodge, right in

the room with all the satanic symbols, thrones, etc. We'd been to one of the meetings that summer and the people are pretty impressive, though the meeting place is a real bummer to be in.

Before I started talking, I put the pyramid-shaped orgone generator that Carol keeps in the back window of the car into the center of the large inverted pentagram in the middle of the floor and I put the clodbuster, which is a half-scale clodbuster designed for therapeutic work, on a podium, pointed at another satanic symbol above one of the thrones. I told the audience to just take note of any changes in the energy of the room and started talking about our Terminators and answering questions. I passed out about thirty T's to people who were sick. About half the audience was noticeably ill and there were about a hundred people there.

This is typical of any American gathering—50% seriously ill. I've never seen this anywhere but in the US and I doubt that this could have been possible before the Chemtrails and the widespread use of health insurance (an oxymoron, of course). Another feature of US healthcare is that one is challenged to cure the illnesses caused by the treatment as well as the one for which one is treated. In many, if not most, cases of cancer the treatment kills before the cancer has a chance to, and the antibiotics (ALL of these are strong fungal toxins) used to 'treat' infections create conditions that lead to far worse infections a little later. The chemtrails have overridden all other causes of illness, though, in the past year or so, and their diseases mimic the former but are more pernicious.

About two thirds of the zappers were sold that night. In a less aware group I would have sold about half than many [five were stolen—Carol later told me that a felonious federal agent attending the meeting did that out of spite. I had asked all feds in the audience to stand up and introduce themselves at the beginning of my talk, but nobody did that]

About halfway through the hour-long talk, several people noted that the ambience had transformed into a very pleasant, energizing state. Many of the audience who are professional clairvoyants and psychics, could see the customary blue dome of orgone centered on the pyramid, and a child said she could feel the swirling currents as a breeze. Everyone was feeling pretty good, an effect which was more significant because many hated being in the room in which satanic activity had been carried out and in which there were debilitating geometric shapes, such as the inverted pentagram.

If anyone looks through MORALS AND DOGMA, the Masonic 'bible' written by Confederate General Albert Pike in the mid nineteenth century, one will find a diagram of 'Baphomet, the Hermaphroditic Goat' drawn in an inverted pentagram. Notice that the face looks reptilian, perhaps even Draconian. Carol and I believe that this is the image that the 32nd degree and above Masons regard as Satan, their sponsor. We believe that a Draconian or off-planet reptilian show up in their secret upper level meetings and that the humans are just stupid enough to think he/she's a devil ;-). It's no small wonder that LaRouche refers to Satanism as 'infantilism.' We feel it's time to educate these benighted souls and tardiness and hooky should not be allowed.

One other event occurred while Carol was gone that's worth mentioning here. In July, when I asked her if there were any sick vortices around which needed a HHg, she pointed at Priest Lake on the map as the only big one around. At the MRS meeting a couple of people mentioned that there was some nefarious activity going on there but that they were at a loss to know how to reverse it. I got a better map and asked Jenny to point out the vortex for me, and she showed me the smaller island in the south part of the lake.

I was ready to go on September 15, with a holy handgrenade and our little dinghy on top of the car. I had just made a double size clodbuster, which I named Jumbo Funky. Carol had helped me determine the dimensions before she left. I had a feeling that this was connected to the exercise I was about to engage in.

I got to the lake around noon. There were a few rain clouds over the north part of the lake. It took me an hour to get to the little island from the marina on the shore. I used a trolling motor since there was no wind for sailing. It felt pretty crummy there and I was a little nauseous from the time I got there until I left a couple hours later.

When I got to the island, I put the HHg under some brush on the island's hillside, and then returned to shore. By the time I'd gotten the boat back on the car and was leaving, dark clouds were forming over the small island. That night a thunderstorm arrived where we were living, about sixty miles southwest of Priest Lake. The storm came from that direction, which is the first time since we got there in June that any weather came from any direction but south. I later learned that the storm never reached Spokane, 35 miles south of us.

At sunset after I returned from the lake, I had placed my large smoky quartz generator crystal in the center of the pipes on Jumbo Funky and applied 15Hz to the mobius coil that I'd wrapped around the crystal.

A few days before all of this, I'd gotten a very long email from Dr. James DeMeo, who is reputed to be an expert on all subjects related to orgone and Dr. Wilhelm Reich. I won't go into details, but he expressed a lot of anger at what I'd been doing and saying about our cloudbusters, especially the one in Namibia. The letter didn't seem very rational or objective to me, so I asked him for more clarification. For instance, he told me that what we were doing was ineffective and that I was apparently delusional. He also said that we were causing drought, not alleviating it, and that only highly qualified people should attempt cloudbusting. He didn't address my observation that if it were ineffective, at least it wouldn't be doing any harm ;-)

That's what sparked me to make the bigger cloudbuster. It had rained regularly enough all summer to cause the desert for 150 miles west to remain green, long after it should have turned brown as it typically does right after the spring rains. It hadn't rained for three weeks before I got that letter from Dr. DeMeo, so I was concerned that there may have been some truth to his warning. I had a hunch, though, that droughts may be largely the result of parasitic entities siphoning energy from vortices like the one in Priest Lake. I later learned that the older cloudbusters made in the style Dr. Reich designed (DeMeo used that kind) were no longer effective at stopping droughts for some reason.

Carol and I are in the process now of finding others through the internet who are willing and able to find these vortices with us and correct the imbalances. There are groups of people who regularly heal certain vortices, but that requires attention and effort. There are talented people, like Fred Fischl, who do clearing work in cooperation with earth elementals, but that needs regular renewal. Maybe elementals, like humans, don't have long attention spans. The elementals absolutely love having orgone generators like the holy handgrenades around, though, which may partially explain why our method requires no maintenance.

The beauty of our method is that after the HHg is in place, no attention or follow-up is required. I learned the importance of that principle by making zappers that can simply be worn instead of taking daily time and attention to hold some copper pipes or paste electrodes onto the body.

We believe, too, that the massive volume of electromagnetic energy in developed countries is exacerbating the weather imbalances. She took two HHg's to Kenya with her. While she was in the village, there was a thunderstorm every single night, beginning with her arrival. Before that there had been a severe drought. In the absence of electromagnetic activity, the atmosphere there was very responsive to even a little orgone generation. The village had no electricity, not even a small generator, which made us glad we thought to include a solar panel with the crowd zapper.

Cloudbuster and holy handgrenade instructions and pictures are now on www.metatech.org

Don Croft

Episode 14

Deadly Valley

By Don Croft <zapper16@earthlink.net>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc14deadlyvalley.shtml>

October-November 2001

(I was going to write about Carol's September trip to Kenya, but now that the felonious feds have escalated their War on Healing (thank Grid they are as inept with this as with the alleged War on Drugs!), we've decided to include that account in a book, along with our upcoming Kalahari AIDS Cure Safari—a sort of pre-emptive guerrilla initiative in the War.)

The War on Drugs analogy breaks down when you consider that the people at the top of the regime are actually selling the drugs, of course. [see Dope Incorporated-The Book That Drove Kissinger Crazy by Lyndon LaRouche]

We had found it expedient to bring the Zapporium to Southern California in connection with a free energy process we're involved in (a device that can only be prepared above a certain temperature). The alternative was to wait until we got back from Africa, which will be late January 2002 to drive it to a warmer climate to finish the process, which seems like bad timing. More on that later, of course.

About twenty minutes after we left our home in Moscow, Idaho, Carol said, 'Did you bring any Holy Handgrenades?' I hadn't considered it, but neither of us wanted to turn back, so we headed south, taking the most direct route—to Winnemucca (I always call it Run-amoka how can I resist?), then through Death Valley to the vicinity of Gemmorah. I think the only way we can tolerate more than driving through Los Angeles is to have about 200 pounds of orgone generating material around us, which the Zapporium has, in addition to an involved grid/crystal/coil/frequency apparatus under the entire floor.

As we left Moscow around noon, the sky was beautifully clear and blue, except for the nice, healthy clouds, thanks to our two Chembusters, the Joe Cell and seven large orgone generator pyramids in the Zapporium. The chemtrails there had started disappearing within minutes of setting up Jumbo Funky in late September, but the customary wind of the Palouse (fancy name for the prairie that joins the foothills in the vicinity of Moscow) didn't die down until I added water to the Joe Cell in the Zapporium and connected it to the battery, in mid October. There wasn't more than a breeze until I had to disassemble the Joe Cell a couple of weeks later, at which time the wind returned until the next day, when the Joe Cell was back together with better water. Autumn is supposed to stay windy, which is why some people dislike that beautiful area.

There was a bank of what appeared to be artificial weather about ten miles south of Moscow, running east to west. As we approached it, the western end 'moved aside' and most of the way to Run Amoka the edge of the system stayed just above and to the west of us, due, no doubt to the energy from the vehicle. I had wanted to get an indication of the range of our Moscow Chembusters, as there were none to the south of us until Southern Arizona (Al Gray's Array) at the time. For the next four hours, over 200 miles, the chemtrails were being vigorously laid down along the edge of that fake weather system. After that, when it was dark, the moon showed us that the chemtrails remained intact except for in a space about 5 miles in diameter directly over the Zapporium.

We reached Winnemucca after midnight, by which time the 'weather system' had enveloped us. We had seen and dispersed several lenticular clouds along the way, especially after the front had overwhelmed us. We always make sure they aren't our friends from the base on Venus first. They're usually just local reptilian craft. I'd packed my stuff in a little backpack so I wouldn't have to check it in at the airport on the way back home, but I forgot to bring it. My Big Secret [we later named this 'Succor Punch.' 'Succor,' which means nourishment received from others, as in the form of a gift of mercy, and is pronounced, 'sucker.'] was in that bag, so we rigged up Carol's twelve-sided Vogel crystal with a Terminator to make them go. Carol tried the crystal by itself, but she said they were just laughing at her, so she put the pennies of the T on the crystal, and we had our turn to

laugh as they took off. When they're gone, the lenticular clouds simply disintegrate within a couple of minutes. It must take a lot of energy to maintain them. I saw one that was made up of about nine layers, like a stack of pancakes.

I had driven all the way. The plan was for us to take turns driving and go straight to So Cal, but I had gotten some ephedra at a truck stop, so was too wired to sleep. I was in pig heaven, though.

We woke up around eight o'clock and it had started snowing gently. By the time we finished our shopping for snacks, etc., it was coming down harder and a strong wind was blowing from the west. Carol had said that the Wingmakers told her we didn't have time to stop for breakfast if we wished to leave town, and a store clerk told me that the snow was expected to keep coming through the following weekend (this was Wednesday), so we drove fifty miles east, to Battle Mountain, then south, as planned, to Tonopah. I was told that the road was already impassable a short distance west of Winnemucca.

As during the day before, we kept the weather front, with it's blizzard conditions, to our western side until we got far enough south to reach the southern limit, in this case, just outside of Tonopah, Nevada. At times, the snow was just shallow enough to maintain traction. An hour later we wouldn't have been able to drive that way.

Several times, especially when we stopped for gas, we saw a blue hole just above us, which steadily widened. This led us to realize that getting Joe Cells out there in large numbers might do more to destroy the HAARP (and therefore all predatory/parasitic electronic apparati) than a few hundred cloudbusters. The CB's still seem to be better for destroying chemtrails, though, and for improving the ambience of the environment over a wide area.

The trip to Death Valley was fairly uneventful, except that we saw a lot of unmarked white vehicles in that part of Nevada, many of which had no license plates. Also, where we saw more of these vehicles on the highway, there were just a few people living in the once-prosperous little towns, and all of the gas stations were closed down for a stretch of over ninety miles. We had the impression that the few remaining residents were being made to feel unwelcome, but were just unwilling to leave. There was a lot of white vehicle traffic off into the mountains. One pickup, which turned onto the highway from one of these well-traveled side roads, had 'Lockheed Martin' on the side of it. A little further down the road there was an odd-looking building with a huge vent coming up out of the ground beside it, right next to the highway [we put a Holy Handgrenade there on a return trip a couple of months later], and Carol said there was a lot of energy and activity coming from many places underground along that whole stretch of US 95 in Nevada.

A Nevada Highway Patrol fellow stopped us for having a headlight out right before we turned onto the road to Death Valley, which made Carol feel pretty good, as she'd been stopped several times on our travels, and this was my first. I had noticed that police in general don't seem interested in the vehicle, though I'm not sure why. Maybe it just looks too weird for most of them, though a Sheriff's deputy near Mt. Shasta once stopped to offer help when I was parked near there and she complimented me on the appearance of the Zapporium and asked me what zappers are (I painted signs on both sides of the camper shell I built on the 1970, yellow Ford F100 pickup, which looks like an upside down boat to some, a spaceship to the more imaginative).

The road down into Death Valley was in pretty rough shape, and there were no guard rails, which seemed curious to me, as there were hazardous curves during most of the 13 mile stretch from the 4,000' plateau down to the valley floor, which is right at sea level.

Just joking, I asked Carol if there was any unseemly activity going on there, and she pointed to a lighted area about 10 miles further on, which we figured was Stovepipe Wells, according to the map. We found a well-lighted, small RV campground with a bar and motel, all very upscale and new, there, on the south side of the road, and opposite was the road to the wells with a sign that gave directions. Carol said the wells were actually vents for an ancient underground facility, and this was now being used by a consortium of human and non-humans, mostly dressed in what looked to her like white radiation suits, some with helmets, others without. We didn't even stop, though both of us were sorry we had neglected to bring an HHg. As it turned out, that faux pas

may have saved our lives, which may be another case of the Wingmakers turning a liability into an asset.

Carol has a thing going with owls. I rarely saw owls before I met her, but in the past few months, our vehicle has nearly hit several of them as they swooped across the road directly in front of us, and on our walks in the Moscow Cemetery, Carol often stops and talks with an owl that lands on a low branch or light pole along our path. One of them swooped the car just as we turned onto the road leading into Death Valley, another as we were leaving, just after the incident I'll now relate.

Carol told me later that a small plane flew very low, close to us just as we drove past Stovepipe Wells, and that she 'heard' the pilot give instructions to someone to look for an 'unidentifiable land vehicle,' and that he was helping to set up satellite surveillance.

About five miles beyond the motel, I stopped the truck and got out to relieve myself. When I got back in, Carol said, 'Did you see the reptilian? He came over to look at us—he's eight feet tall. I thought he was coming over to where you were. He was right by the truck.' I said, 'Where's he come from?' and she indicated a small, cone shaped mound nearby (mounds are anomalies in Death Valley). Just as we drove onto the highway, a dark shape sped across the road, at a height of about ten feet. I said, 'What the hell was that—was that him?' and Carol said it was, and that he was playing with us, riding on a small scooter-type flyer.

I had made a contact with him through my heart chakra just before we moved down the road, as I've gotten pretty fond of reptilians, especially since we 'liberated' the small offworld reptilian colony near Emida, Idaho, a month before. I had one of those 'AHA' moments just then, when I realized that there are about as many, per capita, reptilians with personality as there are humans in the mainly Caucasian cultures of our world (in other words, very few) which is why it's always been such a relief to me to arrive in a 'third world' country and I get culture shock when I return to the US.

The nice thing about reptilians is that they're extremely attentive and non-judgmental. Although they tend to operate as a hive, that changes when their consciousness raises, and I don't think a hive mind is any more appropriate for them than it is for humans. If you look at which human groups use beehives as their symbols, my point will be well taken. I think that's why 'The Borg' creeps us out so much—it hits fairly close to the mark in that way.

In North America and Europe, a few people can be congratulated for being slightly less mentally conditioned than others, but it's extremely rare to find someone who is free of it. In most undeveloped countries, these mind control programs were never initiated, which is probably why there are such vigorous population reduction policies mandated for their alleged governments by the IMF, UN, and other predatory/parasitic agencies of the alleged world order.

I was relieved to learn that many of our military officers are now discovering that they are nothing more than mercenaries--leg breakers--for these agencies, and I think we can expect to see some creative initiative by them, though the internet, itself, is probably already a result of this initiative. If you consider that our officers went through the entire Vietnam War period without opposing the London banks' predatory sycophants in the White House, this is a significant development.

I hope you who are reading this will take a hint and make an even stronger effort to notice details around you in your travels and inquiries and will use your imagination to connect the dots yourselves. I'd be a little perturbed if anyone ever took my word as being authoritative.

A few miles down the road, just before the highway starts the 5,000 ft. ascent, there's another very well lit, classy establishment, which is a tavern. I wish I'd taken more notice of the vehicles in both of these places, because a white, late model car pulled out of the lot right as we were leaving, and I pulled over to let him pass (the Zapporium, though it has a new motor, doesn't go fast uphill). Just for fun I said, 'Is he one of the guys who works underground?' and she told me he's a guard there, on his way home after work, and that he's not aware of

us or what he's guarding in the facility.

We noted that there were also no guard rails on the highway going up out of this side of the valley, though it's a beautifully engineered road, well paved, marked and banked, with even a shoulder. [A couple of months later we saw a LOT of new guardrails there]

Our route was to take us to Olmancha, but I missed a turn and came out twenty miles north of there on US 395.

I noticed that there were even more white vehicles on the California side than in Nevada. The clerk in the gas station/store stared at us so much, that as we left, I jokingly asked Carol if he was a reptilian, and she said, 'yes.' Just then two unmarked vans, a white one and a silver one, both with heavily tinted windows and no license plates, sped past us at about eighty miles an hour, very close together. Carol said there were four guys in each one, heavily armed, mostly American, but with some Russians and Mid-easterners among them, dressed in black, and that they were really scared of us. In that part of California, people rarely drive that fast—you need to get closer to LA and the other metro areas to see that)

She said they'd been instructed to run us off the road leading out of Death Valley, but couldn't get to us in time. If we'd stopped to drop a holy handgrenade, they would have gotten their wish. Thanks, Wingmakers! I'd like to go back with some friends in a caravan to do that one, since they apparently don't like to have witnesses when they kill people that way. Maybe I could just sign up for a tour with some retirees—drop the HHg then get back on the bus. Maybe you could do it. So many secret bases, so little time!

As though that weren't enough excitement for one evening, we'd seen so many 'UFOs'—I use that term advisedly, since Carol's able to identify all of them and tell where they're from—that night that they no longer needed much comment. The most interesting one, to me, was a long orange one with a lot of lights along the side, moving at a steady rate below the clouds in front of us & not making any effort to hide. She said that was one of the Venus guys' bigger ships. They weren't even concerned about us this time and only use their smaller craft to surveille us. As far as we know, these are the only nice offworlders besides the (now friendly) reptilians we met in Emida who still use technology that's disabled by a Chembuster or Big Secret [Succor Punch]. We believe that this is why they keep tabs on us. Maybe they can see enough of the probabilities that they consider us a link to getting better technology from the Lemurians and others.

Al Gray sent us tapes of some very interesting talks by Barbara Marciniak. Carol gets visits by Pleadians when she needs extraordinary healing after predatory attacks, and we feel that this is their primary purpose here—individual healing and guidance. We are coming to believe that if we are to fix what ails human society, which is what also ails our planet, we need to take the initiative and find the solutions, rather than getting them handed to us by offworlders. To me, this also accounts for the admitted trickery and maze-like directives that Barbara and other (legitimate, in our opinion) channelers get from offworlders.

The only problem we're having with some of the native reptilians is that we haven't earned their respect. Getting their respect helps us and it helps them move out of a predatory awareness. There are only twenty or so predatory reptilian hives, according to the information we'd gotten from one of their queens while she was under duress from our Big Secret [Succor Punch] and a friend of ours turned one of them around all by herself. We turned another around with the help of one of the Lemurians we met on Shasta at the summer solstice last June, and will work with our Namibian friends on turning the queen of the African hive who controls all of the voodoo on that continent. One of our friends in Bosnia may help us turn the queen of the hive which controls the British aristocracy, Zionism, Islamic fundamentalism, the alleged World Order, the UN, the IMF, etc.

A friend in Finland has the opportunity to help us turn the queen of the hive that controls the Russian Government and military, and all that remains to disempower the rest of the allegedly potent tyranny in the world is to find somebody who can do the same for the queen of the hive which controls the Chinese government and military. The rest are small change. Two Holy Handgrenades, placed in the right locations, are all that's needed to do the deed for each hive, though in some cases one is enough, and both can be removed any time, but

not by the reptilians or their human minions. This story is better than any Hollywood script or science fiction because it's real.

Unlike some, who charge up to sixty dollars for a book on this subject, we will never take a penny for this narrative or for information and commerce related to the Chembusters and Holy Handgrenades. We'll continue to earn our livelihood in unrelated ways so that we can't be accused of having a profit motive with this story.

Also, anyone who knows us can assure you that the notion of a following is repugnant to Carol and I, so that's not a motivating factor. We will never interview for mainstream radio, TV, as we consider this the kiss of death for any serious pioneer these days. That policy is subject to change after the current parasitic/predatory world regime is replaced (SOON, please Grid!), and we have no problem at all with the fact that most people who read our narrative do so simply for the entertainment value.

It was getting close to midnight as we were on the final leg to our destination on the outskirts of Gemorrah, a Motel Six beside a Denny's in Palmdale.

East of the highway, near the top of a mountain, in the vicinity of the China Lake secret facility, I saw a large, glowing area. It reminded me of the second UFO phenomenon I'd seen four years earlier, in British Columbia. Carol was leaning against the door, sleeping. I turned to ask her what it was, and decided not to, since I knew how tired she was. She held up her hand and moved it like she was pushing something away from her face.

As she often does, she woke up when I looked at her, so I pointed at the glow, and said 'What's that?'

'Oh, I thought I was dreaming. One of the little white alien guys from that ship kept getting in my face, telling me to listen to him. I was pushing him away, but he kept coming back. They look sort of like the crowd of cute little guys on GALAXY QUEST, but they are friendly, whiter and stockier than those, and have arms that hang down to their knees and knobs on the backs of their heads. There are several of their craft on the mountain, illuminating an area of it, but you can't see the craft themselves. They said not to tell anyone where they're from, which is a planet that humans don't know about yet, anyway.' As I continued driving south, the bright spot moved up and over the mountain ridge, just as the one in Canada did. Carol told me that this is also what I saw four years earlier.

Carol climbed into the back right after she said that and slept in the bed until we arrived here. I'm in the motel now, the next morning, writing it all down while it's fresh in my memory.

Here's 'the rest of the story.'

Kashi, who is the Atlantean elder we met on Mt. Shasta at the autumn equinox in 2000, which was the beginning of our current venture, shows up now and then, and this was one of those times. He was there when the little guy was trying to get Carol's attention, so Carol asked Kashi if this was important and he said that it was.

She also asked the Wingmakers, of whom Kashi is apparently one now and then, and three of them were also there and everyone told her, 'Listen, because the little guy wants to give you the description of a device that Don's to make. However, Don's not to tell anyone about it until you both figure out what it does!' She gave me that description, and I'm pleased to say that it has no moving parts and is in line with things we're already doing, so I hope to give you a report on the outcome in the next installment (no charge, of course ;-)

I'll fiddle with it before I go to Namibia next week. Namibia is a better place to play with this stuff, I think because there's no HAARP, MKULTRA, or other disgusting electronic facilities near there to skew the process or results of weird science projects.

Don Croft

Episode 15

Carol Croft Takes An AIDS Cure To Kenya

by Don Croft

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc15aids cure to kenya27feb02.shtml>

Feb. 27, 2002

I got an email request from the director of a foundation that organizes and supplies a village clinic and orphanage in a village in Kenya, near Lake Victoria, last August.

The request was for a donation of zappers to give to AIDS sufferers there. After some more correspondence, the director asked if I'd be willing to go there and teach the folks how to use the zappers, so Carol and I discussed that and decided that Carol might be a better candidate for that. Ever since I first discovered, firsthand, that zappers cure AIDS, I'd been dying for an opportunity to take this information to Africa, which is undergoing a genocidal program, which has been using AIDS to reduce the population. I'm personally as incensed about this as others do about the genocide committed on the European Jews and Gypsies in the previous century. I've always been curious to know why these people aren't up in arms about the current genocide program.

Notice that I'm not mentioning names. It's because the director knew instinctively that her organization would be jeopardized if the word got out about what we were contemplating. Medical students from a major university and a well-known naturopathic college volunteered regularly for a month at a stretch to administer the supplies of herbs, nutrients, homeopathic and other remedies to the AIDS sufferers and to deliver these supplies to the clinic's small apothecary. There are no carriers to these places, so if it's not taken in luggage, it won't likely arrive. That's an interesting comment on many of the relief efforts we hear about.

Carol was asked not to freely discuss her purpose with her fellow travelers, though the Kenyan liaison in the US who would be going along to supervise the volunteers was well informed and supportive. Each of the volunteers, including Carol, bought their own plane tickets but their Kenyan hosts provided hospitality and meals during their stay.

We made up a bunch of regular, no-frill zappers for the Kenyan woman to distribute according to her discretion and Carol took a small crowd zapper (zaps three people at a time through small, hand-held copper pipes) that I made for her to donate to the village clinic, along with a little 12v battery and a solar panel to charge it daily. She also took along a few Terminators (our current zapper model) [contact Editor@educate-yourself.org for more info on Terminators] and two Holy Handgrenades (HHg), which are cone-shaped orgone generators of our design.

Soon after their arrival in the village, some women showed up to dance for them in the house where they'd be staying. Carol recognized them as witches, of course, and the dance was done to ensure their protection and safety during their stay.

It was apparent, pretty soon, why these women found it necessary to protect them. "Night runners" are men who run through the forest (almost entirely made of thorn trees) naked every night, accosting people who are not in their houses, sometimes invading the houses themselves. There are no streetlights, of course, and not even a small generator in most villages. These guys were voodoo practitioners and that area of Kenya was not a happy place at that time. Where voodoo predominates, there is usually some form of control through terror that keeps ordinary people from moving around after dark. This is common in the countryside of Haiti, according to the book, *The Serpent and The Rainbow*, and Carol told me that there was a prevalent ambience of hopelessness and despair in that region, though all African people are naturally prone to exuberant happiness and love of life. She kept lots of coins in her pockets for when the small crowd of orphans swarmed out of the woods when she walked by each day. She was surprised that they seemed as though they didn't have a care in the world. Their parents had mostly died of AIDS.

She learned that the 'good magic' is mostly done by women and the voodoo is mostly done by men, and that the

latter is fostered and promoted by the un-natural neocolonial form of government there. She also found that these women are not afraid or even remotely intimidated by the night runners, who more likely fear and respect these women.

The whole continent is not like this, apparently, and when Carol later joined me in Namibia, she expressed profound relief that it was so comfortable there and relatively free of misery.

She treasures her friendship with the people she worked with in the village, her hosts and the many AIDS sufferers she helped to cure themselves, of course, and it was pretty apparent to her that a few holy handgrenades and cloudbusters in that region could turn the tables, in short order, on those night runners and the stranglehold they had on the population. I later had the pleasure of their acquaintance when nine of them astrally followed Carol home, but that account comes toward the end of this chapter.

Incidentally she sort of sneaked one of the Holy Handgrenades into the roof of her hosts' home the first day she was there, and it rained every single night thereafter, shortly after sunset. They were astonished by that, since they had been experiencing a devastating drought for quite awhile. I wasn't surprised to learn why this could happen-in areas of the world where there is very intense orgone activity even a small orgone generator can unlock energy imbalances in the atmosphere, as a cloudbuster will in less energetic surroundings. Apparently the entire continent of Africa is a zone of intense orgone activity and it's fairly pristine, since there are very few microwave transmitter/receivers, cell phone towers, etc., which tend to deaden orgone fields and discourage free orgone circulation in the atmosphere. I personally believe that another factor responsible for the lovely orgone there is the exuberance of the Black Africans and their essential sense of harmony, fostered over the millennia, until very recently, by a social system characterized by power sharing between men and women.

The conditions in Africa may be similar to what the white settlers found here in North America and now we're in the process of returning our own continent to those pristine conditions with our cloudbusters and other orgone devices, along with many other folks. You can see orgone currents if you look at a monochrome background, especially blue sky, and let your eyes go out of focus the way they do when you look at one of those posters that look like multi-color, chaotic dots until a 3D image appears. The currents of healthy orgone are brighter than the background, the currents of the unbalanced orgone are darker, and both seem to appear and disappear within a second or two. In Africa we noticed that the bright currents far outnumber the dark ones, and that the currents are much brighter, fatter, and last half again as long as the ones in North America. Of course, Carol and other sensitives just see the energy itself, anywhere, any time, but this exercise is something you and I can do.

The med students that Carol shared sleeping quarter with were aloof and unfriendly with her the whole time, except for a brief interchange with one or two of the friendlier ones. Most got a light case of Malaria, though they had begun taking the prophylactic drug for malaria before their arrival and throughout the trip. Carol tried taking the pills, but they made her feel sick, so she just kept her Terminator [contact Editor@educate-yourself.org for more info] the whole time and she never got malaria or any other sickness.

One of the first AIDS sufferers she met was a young woman who was so far advanced in the illness that she could no longer hold her head up and could only breathe with difficulty. At that point, Carol just gave her a zapper to use, and in a week she was walking around. In another week, she had resumed her duties at the main house, full of energy and health. By the time Carol was ready to leave the village the woman had her bags packed and was going to move to a place in the nearest city.

Each day, Carol showed up at the village clinic, run by Uncle Gaia, who graciously became the proprietor of the crowd zapper. The days were spent ushering in groups of three AIDS sufferers at a time, for a half hour or so of zapping, then zapping three more, and so on.

I must say that our purpose in Carol's visit was mainly to share information with the native Africans and investigate the conditions there, not to play 'great white hope' or get a reputation for applying our AIDS cure. We already knew that it's impossible to move enough zappers into the continent to reverse the genocide being

perpetrated through the UN's agencies (is that even debatable any more?), but our hope is that enough Africans will talk to each other about curing AIDS with electric current. Electric fences are common in many parts of the continent, but not in the area where Carol visited. My strong feeling is that any AIDS sufferer can simply touch an electric fence once a day for three weeks and every trace of the virus will be eliminated. Because of the vitality of the energy there, people heal very, very quickly, we noticed.

I'm openly stating that AIDS is very easily cured by mild electricity passed through the skin by pulsed DC. I get hammered sometimes by professional med people for not providing data like lab reports to back up my claim. I tell them that the burden of proof is not on me at all. It's not worth mentioning to them that there's no electricity in that village, much less a modern medical lab. I don't have any proprietary claim to that information and anyone on earth can repeat what we're doing with AIDS. Besides--I also tell them--my distrust of medical labs is as profound and my distrust of all the other tentacles of the medical/drug cartel, and I think it's time for you to wake up and stop serving that monster!

Even tapping a car battery terminal with one hand while holding the other terminal in the other for twenty minutes or so replicates what the zapper does. Africans are extremely resourceful, so a little information can go long way. Our experience with zappers curing AIDS has been 100% success so far.

Some of these people get tested after the cure, for confirmation; some don't bother with that (I certainly wouldn't bother with it). Carol didn't do a lot of follow up, but at least we know now that what they're calling AIDS there (we doubt that it's the same engineered virus as the one used here) is as easy to cure, though apparently more virulent for the sufferers and kills them much faster than in the west.

She found out that the UN dictates medical policies in Africa and they've coerced all of the governments to make treating AIDS with other than UN-approved drugs strictly unlawful. Of course the drugs are ineffective and even poisonous (only one in a thousand Black Africans can afford them), just like here, and the laws are hardly enforceable, but many reputable traditional healers fear for their lives if they transgress those laws, since most governments there have even less 'due process' police practices than we do here in the land of the formerly free and brave, with our plethora of felonious jack-booted thug agencies, federal, state, county and city.

The beauty of our crowd zappers is that, technically, the sufferer treats him/herself and the only relationship the AIDS sufferers have with the practitioners is as guests.

I'm told by Georg, a fellow cloudbuster aficionado in South Africa who works with Zulu chief shaman, Credo Mutwa, that there is a common plant in Africa that, when made into a tea, cures AIDS. This may actually be the answer. Georg is feeling pretty downhearted about this right now because, although Credo Mutwa is actively campaigning to spread this information, the South African government (Nelson Mandela's regime, don't you know?) has implemented a focused media program of obfuscation to prevent this information from spreading.

I'm trying to convince Georg that their efforts will most likely cause the information to spread faster than if they'd ignored it, just like what happens in the US whenever alternative medicine is attacked by the felonious feds. Our zapper business certainly takes a Great Leap Forward in the number of orders every time they try to whack Dr. Hulda Clark, for instance. I know that there really is no such thing as bad publicity these days. We've come a long way since the 1950's when the 'go along to get along' Depression Babies and WWII vets stood idly by and even cheered when Dr. Wilhelm Reich's books were publicly burned by the felonious federal agents and he was then railroaded into prison and martyred. I think the internet would have died on the vine if it were introduced in those bleak days.

Carol didn't let on that she was psychic until the end of her visit in the village. When the word got out, she was swamped with requests by mothers to contact their children who had died, mostly of AIDS. Carol said that the pressure from all of those recently deceased children wanting to talk to their mothers was so great that she simply couldn't bear it.

The Kenyan woman, Uncle Gaia's niece, who supervised the visitors invited Carol to Mombassa for a little R&R before their flight back to the US, and they stayed in a very nice, thatched-roof hotel and spent a day sailing in an Arab-style dhow over the reefs and the clear, warm coastal waters. It was the highpoint of her trip in some ways, though she was severely sunburned.

Anyone who visits Africa gets sort of addicted to the place, I think because it's so invigorating, but I think, also, because the people are so thoroughly fascinating; even the most destitute and apparently hopeless beggars there have a joie de vivre and presence of mind that one rarely sees in North America, even among the most affluent, interesting and beautiful people. The average person there is courteous, intelligent, curious and willing to converse with strangers. They receive new ideas with an open mind and are quick to adopt them if they find them worthwhile. Typically, if you start telling a sick person there about the zapper, that person will put it on before you finish your first sentence. In North America, you'd be hard pressed to give them away to most people, no matter how sick and desperate they are, though this is changing fairly rapidly these days now that the predatory regime that created and maintains the mind control infrastructure is finally collapsing.

On the way back to the US there were an unusual number of checkpoints with metal detectors, since it was only three weeks after the feds blew up the WTC and Pentagon. For some reason, Carol walked through those metal detectors without setting any of them off, though she was wearing the zapper (it has plenty of metal in it) her silver necklace and pendants, and plenty of pocket change. A couple of months later, when I went to southern Africa, there was almost no security at all in the European airports I went through. I guess they'd figured out by then that the 'terrorist' attack was phony, so why waste their manpower on a sham? Europeans are pretty pragmatic.

The first night back for Carol was spent in a state of collapse since she hadn't slept for two nights before that, but on the second night we got our first visit by the Kenyan voodoo practitioners. Carol had gone to sleep but was shaking and crying, so I woke her up and asked her what was up. She hadn't discussed her psychic abilities in Kenya because she didn't want to have to contend with the night runners there. It was just as well, because, although I was sure she could have easily handled them, now I had a chance to try the Succor Punch on human subjects instead of just predatory aliens and native reptilians. This is the device I was calling the Big Secret, but Carol was given instructions for another device that deserves that name more. I can't talk about that one right now ;-)

We activated my own Succor Punch to chase the fellows while Carol used hers to put up a protective barrier, as they had caused a wound in her etheric field that was causing her some pretty intense pain in her lower back. I sent them all the beam of intense blue orgone, pulsing at 15Hz, a frequency that is anathema to all predatory and parasitic entities, from which they were unable to break free. Carol and I traced the source of the energy to the queen of a very large reptilian hive that ran from Swakopmund, Namibia, to a large swamp, 200 miles north of Kinshasa, Zaire. We learned that this reptilian queen was directly responsible for maintaining the network of voodoo societies throughout Africa, through ten of her offspring with human fathers. Credo Mutwa tells that the queen had invited him to mate with her but he refused. We found this out later on.

The 'son' of the queen in Kenya occupied a key natural vortex west of Nairobi. Carol had noticed the vortex in the distance on her trip to the village and saw that it was severely distorted. She had hoped to travel there on the way back and put the other holy handgrenade there to heal it, but nobody would agree to take her there because of the reputation of the place as a site where cannibalism was openly practiced. One Kenyan did agree to later put the HHg on the grounds of the presidential palace in Nairobi, though.

When we were tracing the energy from the visitors, I asked Carol to take a look at the man in the vortex. We knew at that point that he was 'energizing' our visitors but we weren't aware of his mom until Carol screwed up her courage enough to take a close look at him and his surrounding. It must have been pretty frightful, but of course that fellow is in the business of frightening people. She told me that he's obviously not completely human and that he was in the process of eating a human body part, raw, when she looked in on him. It was only a short jump after that to connect with the mom, whom we immediately energized in the customary manner. This took

the wind out of the sails of our visitors instantly, and they were pretty pitiful looking as they stumbled around trying to figure out what happened. The connection they'd created in Carol's energy field, through which we found our way to the reptilian queen, also vanished at that point, though we kept up the connection we'd formed with the queen through the Succor Punch.

'Succor' means 'to nourish,' by the way. I don't think it's possible to harm anyone with this energy, which is why I've arranged for people to be able to buy them now. I don't take money for this, but Michelle Ridgley is making and selling them according to our specifications. I've asked her not to sell these to anyone who doesn't have a cloudbuster, because I feel that one will more certainly use this in a balanced way if he/she is in the presence of a very strong, balancing orgone generator, which is what the cloudbuster is. Michelle also makes and sells cloudbuster kits and finished cloudbusters if one feels unable or unwilling to follow the instructions for making a cloudbuster which are found on www.metatech.org in the 'chembuster' section. Note that this is not our website and that we don't necessarily support the other discussion you'll find there.

The voodoo guys went back home after that. Carol assures me that they had believed that their 'power' originated within themselves, so they became confused and disoriented when we jerked the rug out from under them. They left shortly after that, but we continued to energize them for several days after that during the time of day when they were in their most sound sleep. They say it's a bitch to get enough sleep when you work nights, so it was convenient for us that they were sleeping soundly when we were wide awake. Allowing for the 11-hour time difference, we woke them up every day when their clocks said 9AM, which is right about when they go into REM sleep. I bet they had nightmares about us when we eventually let them have their day's sleep ;-) They still come around once in awhile, but they're discreet now, so we don't bother them. Some folks may never love you, but most everyone can be made to respect you.

Shortly after the 'dust settled' that night, some Pleiadians showed up in the room to heal the damage done to Carol's etheric body. I noticed them as a distinct feeling, just before Carol said, 'the Pleiadians are here!' Once I saw one of them in a waking vision as a vaporous blue entity with a black sky and a dazzling, blue sun in the background. I found out years later, during a visit to Mt. Shasta with Carol, that this entity is a Pleiadian and I got the same feeling when they came to heal Carol that night. The dolphins' energy is similar to that, though much easier for me to identify with. I can tell you that our experiences make the Star Trek series and movies seem a little crude and clumsy to us, though I think that those programs are a priceless service to the whole human race and are almost prophetic.

I was corresponding almost daily those days with Gert Botha in Namibia. He lives within twenty miles of the portal at the southern end of the African reptilian hive. He located it in consultation with us through email and started making plans to close it with a holy handgrenade, but that's another story. You may remember that Gert got the most dramatic cloudbuster results by stopping the sandstorms that had been almost daily occurrences in that part of the Namib Desert and later bringing several weeks of thunderstorms there. I'll always consider that Afrikaaner desert rat my soul brother.

Editor's Note: Visit Don Croft's Cloudbuster Chat Forum to get the latest reports on dispersing Chemtrails and other fascinating discussions <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/cloudbusters>

Episode 17

The Canada Excursion

By Don Croft <zapper16@earthlink.net>

March 7, 2002

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc17canadaexcursion12mar02.shtml>

We had closed the west portal of the native reptilian hive in western Canada last August with a holy handgrenade. That was near Ft. Steele, BC, on the western edge of the Canadian Rockies, not far north of the US border. We had found the eastern portal, by dowsing the map, in the vicinity of Calgary, Alberta, just across the mountains and farther north. A month after we closed the first portal we attempted to cross the border but were turned away.

This time, though, we decided to just keep trying different border crossings until we got into Canada, but we got through on the first attempt-barely.

The guard asked me a series of questions. The last was 'What's the name of your business?' and I hesitated, since it has no name (nor license, bond, tax number, etc.) before saying 'World Without Parasites!' A crowd of guards with pepper spray (they aren't allowed to have guns) swarmed out of the customs house, dragged me out of the car, threw me on the ground and roughly handcuffed me!

Just kidding-they just had us go in and get checked out by an immigration officer, who gave us dire warnings about what the US border guards would probably do on our return ;-) It used to be so easy! Then we were loose in Canada. Bwahahahaha!!

We drove by the former portal at Ft. Steele and Carol said the energy there was good. They use a combination of natural vortices and prominent natural features usually, like a steep hillside, big hole in the ground, lake, etc.

We hadn't made a secret of why we were going to Calgary and I advised the reptilians who were following us to tell their friends to get into the hive before we got to the portal.

Most people fail to realize that no non-humans can interfere with anyone physically when we're conscious. They have to wait for an opportunity to mess with us when we're in a semi-conscious or unconscious state. Just having a HHg around will discourage all but the most persistent agents (non-humans and gov't operatives alike) from approaching us, and a Succor Punch, used judiciously, will train them to keep their distance forever after.

Two craft kept flying directly over us, and three times one of them dropped something on our windshield which sounded like pebbles. We weren't following other vehicles, the road was clear and the sky was cloudless. After three times, Carol used the Succor Punch on them and they dropped far behind us & monitored at a distance. Carol said they didn't think we'd close their other portal until we got within a hundred miles of so of Calgary. It seems that the various hive queens communicate with each other on a 'need to know' basis, since several predatory hives have been closed down in the past year or so, but the new ones apparently don't believe we can do that.

The location was northeast of Calgary. While driving through the city I got lost and went several miles in the wrong direction. At that point, though, Carol could see the vortex in which the portal was located, so we just drove toward that and eventually found the right highway. A little while later, we could see the location from the highway-it appeared to be in or near the city's electrical power plant, which was lit up like Disneyland. That made sense to me, since we'd seen, in daylight, a couple of reptilian discs flying along the high tension lines that go to Los Angeles, apparently drawing power to enable them to cloak themselves. Parasites are as parasites do, after all.

We were near the entrance to the power plant when Carol saw the two craft bolt into an opening in the ground in a small grove of trees just across the highway from the guarded entrance. I turned around, parked the car and

walked to the grove, where I put an HHg in a good spot. I felt people watching me as I got back into the car and Carol said that the guards were instructed to monitor activity across the highway, though they weren't told why. Carol said that about eight craft got into the hole before we got there. I saw two of them as we were approaching the city. At night, they flash intermittently but not rhythmically like the lights on aircraft do.

I wanted them all to get into the hive before we closed their remaining portal because it apparently takes a long time to make another one and because they're kind of like old Samurai, who are unemployable once their master has died. The nicer reptilians will absorb newcomers into their hive, but the predatory ones won't, except as lunch, perhaps.

Since we'd been on the road for twelve hours, we got a motel near the Olympics complex on the west edge of town. It was pretty cold, and we noticed with a little trepidation that all of the cars there had oil pan heaters which were plugged into the wall.

Carol barely got the car started next morning due to the cold. By the way, a Canadian who is married to a Spanish woman told me that the name 'Canada' actually is from the Early Spanish mapmakers who, when asked what was in that region, replied, 'Aca, nada!' That means, 'Up there, nothing!' I don't know if that's true, but it's a terrific antidote ;-)

Actually, any American who travels in Canada has to admit that it's a lot prettier than here. It did occur to me that perhaps the reason there were so many natives there when the white man arrived is that they could be assured of not being attacked for about nine months out of every year due to the numbing cold.

The next twelve-hour drive through the Rockies and Glacier National Park was along one of the most scenic highways on the continent. A fellow who was directing traffic for a road repair crew visited with us for a few minutes while we waited to pass. He told us that forty below zero in both Celsius and Fahrenheit are the same actual temperature, and that's what Canadians consider cold. We Americans who listen to Prairie Home Companion and shiver at the thought of living in Minnesota during the winter really don't have a clue about how cold a place can be and still be considered home.

We went directly west but the next day we were in a rain forest in Vancouver, BC, putting an HHg in a lake surrounded by vibrant green vegetation. We spent that night in Chilliwack, though, which is at the eastern end of the Fraser River Valley, 60 miles from Vancouver, where glacial peaks can be seen on three sides. We wanted to meet Dennis, who has a cloudbuster there, and tell him the good news that his cloudbuster was destroying the chemtrails in Kamloops, BC, 150 miles away to the northeast. I didn't have his last name or phone number, unfortunately.

By the way, those chemtrails in Kamloops were the first we saw along the way from our home in northern Idaho.

On day three we drove down the valley to Vancouver, stopping to call Dale in Alergrove, who was not able to spend the day with us, but who is in the process of putting together a plan to heal the wounded earth in his neighborhood with HHGs to supplement his cloudbuster's efforts.

Carol had dowsed fifteen locations in the metropolitan area. As it turned out, most of these locations are in parks, which supports Preston Nichol's claim that predatory activity is protected in perpetuity (they wish!) by placing it on city, county, state or national parks.

We put down eight HHGs on the way to Steven's to save time. Most of them had obvious characteristics, and most of them were fairly remote from people's homes and businesses. After I put one in Deer Lake in Burnaby I saw somebody peeking at me from behind a tree. Carol told me it was a tree spirit and that she saw her, too. The elemental was very pleased with what I'd done and wanted me to know it. These are usually as tall as people. I saw one in a photo of a tree once.

We met Steve at his apartment in the early afternoon, and took a second map so he could dowse the locations in the West End, which is the downtown area of the city. We did this in Wakopmund, Namibia, with our friend Karsten, who dowsed the same locations that Carol did on a separate map. Steve has a natural talent for this, which didn't surprise me. I could have spent a couple of days just looking at his interesting books and artifacts, but we needed to do the city, so went off to work after having coffee and some map dowsing.

Thank God Steve had the presence of mind to keep us on track going to the nine locations they dowsed. I really appreciate people like Steve who can stay that focused. I'd gotten lost several times before I reached his address and Vancouver is one of those cities that aren't laid out strictly on a grid. It is the most beautiful city in North America, though, and filled with a variety of ethnic populations, which adds to its charm.

Steve's cloudbuster was in great shape and needed no improvement. We really like what he did with the magnets and coils around the pipes & I'll try that on one of ours. It's sixty feet off the ground but Carol said the energy is clear and large, just like ours. His barrel of aluminum made me a little green with envy, but I got over it. His first attempt at making an HHg didn't turn out as he wished, but Carol said it would be appropriate for the Masonic Temple. We had been taking turns depositing the HHGs, and when we got to the temple it was Steve's turn. As we were parking, a mason was approaching, looking rather intently into the car. Carol told us he was telepathic and knew we were up to something, but Steve managed to get his HHg in place in the few seconds we were out of the fellow's view as he turned a corner. He saw us again as he entered the temple, but Steve was getting back into the car.

That was the only close call that day, though the same cop showed up each time we stopped to put an HHg in the first four locations earlier in the day. Carol said he was giving a visual confirmation and that a transponder, connected to satellites, has been in our car since we were in Death Valley in January. Now I understood why they broke into our car there (I had put clear tape across all the door, hood and trunk edges before we went to bed that night, and the front passenger door 'seal' had been compromised). We decided to just leave it there because we get points for not being intimidated by the predatory world regime. I like getting points, though it feels like we've already won the game. It's kind of like counting coup ;-). I'm sure it drives them to distraction. I'd put Carol up against their best psychics any day. I think we've already done that a few times, actually.

We noticed that the edge of the HAARP overcast moved closer in toward the city during the day, but the sky changed when we were done and it rained steadily after that, which indicated a change for the better in the city's orgone field. Carol had noted that the excellent orgone blanket had been suppressed to the ground as though by quilt stitches, which we all undid with the HHGs. We feel sure that this has put Steve's CB in touch with that field, so the earth will now be able to use it better to communicate with the sky and re-establish the right weather patterns.

I got to put the HHg in Queen Elizabeth Park ;-). I put it between the roots of a very tall tree. On Friday, the previous day, we got thirty rolls of Canadian pennies at a bank in Revelstoke, BC, because I like to put the Queen's face on each of our Terminators, as a kindness to her. This is one small way that she can vicariously work off (through the zapper's healing energy) some of the personal debt to humanity and the earth that is accruing from her enthusiastic sponsorship of this predatory, genocidal, poisonous world regime's banking houses in London and New York.

As we drove the thirty or so miles to the US border, the rain continued, then stopped right before the crossing. On the other side, the wind was blowing the opposite way (from the east) and there was no rain.

The only problem getting back into the US was when the border guard saw the remaining HHGs and asked me what they were. I had him hold one and put his nose over the point and told him they were gifts, which is certainly true. Carol was pretty impressed that I got him to do that. In case you don't know, when you put your nose over the point of an HHg and breathe, the effect is exactly like when you breathe pure oxygen-your rib cage expands like an accordion and you feel rejuvenated. That's an orgone effect.

Episode 18

We Slowed Time Down on Saturday, March 23, 2002

By Don Croft <zapper16@earthlink.net>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc18wesloweddowntimeon23mar02.shtml>

March 26, 2002

Dr. Linda Kingsbury is an old friend and associate of my wife's. She has a healing center here in Moscow, Idaho and is particularly gifted at working with herbs through the elementals that are the herbs' custodians.

A couple of years ago, while recuperating from a bone fracture (it forced her to slow down ;-)) she had a vision of a 'launch pad' made primarily from a copper grid configuration. A month or so ago, she felt a strong need to have a large pyramid in her studio, so I made one out of copper pipes and fittings-ten feet square, each side an equilateral triangle, so it's around seven feet tall. Her intention was to have her healing circle gatherings within the pyramid. Usually, five, or so, local women, including Carol, show up for these at the new moon to work on healing themselves, the city, the region and the planet. (A side-note: a few weeks ago somebody on the CB forum posted that breathing over the point of a holy handgrenade was like breathing pure oxygen, and sure enough, we found it to be true.) There's a St. Buster's Button in one corner of the ten foot pyramid which keeps the pyramid highly charged with pure orgone and free of the unbalanced orgone altogether. The ladies took turns standing on a ladder and sniffing over the apex of the ten footer. One of them became quite dizzy, like when you hyperventilate, and Carol said that if you touch the person who is breathing over the apex you get the same breathing effect yourself. Taking the little St. Buster's Button away from the larger pyramid diminishes that effect quite dramatically.

Linda had asked me for a smaller pyramid, two feet square, to be put inside the larger one, but didn't yet know why she needed it.

Within a few days of Linda's initial 'pyramid request,' a fellow E-mailed me with an odd story (I like anything odd, of course). His partner had just disappeared and their equipment was confiscated shortly after they announced that they'd slowed down time in the field under a rotating pyramid which had crystals in the corners. I knew right away that his story and Linda's obsessions were connected, so I told Linda about it and she agreed to experiment with us in that vein and promised to see about recalling the exact pattern of the 'launch pad' grid she'd seen in her vision.

Linda and Carol are both adept at spontaneous astral travel, by the way, so it's a real party whenever they get together. L's vision of the launch pad gave her the impression it was for the purpose of astral travel.

I was getting a kick out of knowing that my ideas would cause things to happen lower down than the psychic centers ;-)) In fact, it turned out that the focal point of the energy of this experiment was between the heart and solar plexus of the person sitting under the rotating pyramid. If any travel was to take place, it was guaranteed to happen in a more integrated way than via the astral.

I quickly made two pyramids, two feet square, out of ½" copper pipes, last Friday, being careful to screw all of the joints together so that it wouldn't come apart and drop on somebody's head while rotating. I dowsed the crystals to use and put a small D/T in each corner of the bottom, axes diagonal and horizontal, and a 4" long, single terminated one, that I got from a roadside vendor in the Namib Desert in January, hanging from the apex straight down. Linda wrapped that one in copper wire so it would hang better.

She had drawn a rough diagram of the launch pad on paper for us, having gotten the inspiration again shortly before that. It includes the spiral that she designed for the St. Buster's Button (therapeutic holy Handgrenade) last June.

So we showed up at Linda's office Saturday afternoon ready to go to work (play). We dowsed the correct height of the small pyramid and hung it by a looped string so it would keep spinning when we wound it up. Carol took

her watch off and laid it beside Linda, who was the first subject, after we both synchronized our watches.

I don't need to go into all the details at this point, but clearly we needed the launch pad diagram to complete our experiment, so we each took a turn for about twenty minutes under it while the other two watched. Carol and Linda were watching the aura and pyramids' energy & I was just watching the countenance, which my work with zappers over the years has given me some awareness of (when a person's brain parasites are killed, for instance, there's a marked improvement of one's countenance-sometimes the person looks like somebody else within about twenty minutes). Carol and Linda both considerably lightened when they were sitting under the pyramid, more so when they put the launch pad under them.

The launch pad has an axis. When it's turned sideways, the energy is drawn downward. When it's turned front to back, the energy moves upward and there's apparently a change of mass when this is done as the pyramid overhead turns in a clockwise direction.

Without the launch pad some interesting things happen, but they're not particularly noteworthy. All of us could feel the whirling energy created by the rotating pyramids, and it only felt really nice when it was going clockwise. Our take is that this is when we lost one minute on the watch within the field in about one hour rather than when the pyramid was rotating counter clockwise. That will be easy to check, of course.

We'll get around to experimenting some more sometime, but I think it's more important to get this little report out successfully than to get bigger results, and it's going to take me a few days to make the launch pads (I'm making two, of course ;-) out of soldered wire, sandwiched in two pieces of 12" diameter plywood. Linda envisioned another pyramid (the second one I made ;-) inverted in the first one, sort of like the Merkaba, so that will come shortly & I'll send you a report on that, too. We'll be getting a five-legged Star Gate from George Hughes when he returns to England next month (thanks, Ronen in Israel, for telling us about George and your own Star Gate!)! I'm sure this is connected to what we're doing.

The fellow who contacted me with the time manipulation account wanted to get a cloudbuster so that he could have enough protection to get back to work without getting molested again. I haven't heard from him since, but I suspect I will someday.

Notice that this is extremely low tech. The predators at Montauk and other secret government facilities, who mistake feral cunning for intelligence, are getting results with time manipulation using gigawatts of electricity and lots and lots of alien technology, but I believe we're onto something here that is in line with the technology of the Lemurians and other higher races who are not stuck in a predatory loop like the races who are involved with our alleged world order. Dr. Grebbenikov, Viktor Schauburger and a few others have also discovered principles of gravity manipulation that are relatively low tech but profoundly effective. In most cases, these pioneers learned what they knew by observing nature, not by delving into clumsy materialistic science as the Montauk researchers and their alien handlers have done and for which they're apparently already paying their spiritual dues ;-)

However, I'm in total agreement with Danion Brinkley's assertion that all of the high tech communication and transportation devices we're all using now are important intermediate steps up toward the level of no tech reliance on our own psycho-spiritual natures to manifest our needs in harmony with universal law. We would do well to honor where we are now, since that's the only way we'll be getting the information we need to move beyond it.

This report is an act of aggression on my part, pure and simple. I'm sending this out to you before posting it on the cloudbuster forum so that the fed agents who have been interfering with the posts of some of the members there will know that there are other ways to get this information out to a lot of people, and, believe me, They Will Know ;-) that they screwed up when they delayed my Sunday morning posting for a day and a half.

Most of the real news never gets the attention of most people. It's not necessarily because they're brainwashed,

per se, but rather because most people are accustomed to and expect sensationalism. It's another reason most people don't see the abundant ufos in our atmosphere these days. Without a Hollywood soundtrack, this stuff just doesn't have a lot of impact, let's face it.

To me, the most important historical incident recently was not the feds' blowing up the WTC and Pentagon from the inside, with high explosives. It was the fact that thousands and thousands of people crammed into the places where Michael Moore gave his talks and signed his book, STUPID WHITE MEN.

As a conspiracy book, this is not particularly profound, though he did a good job peeling back the most superficial of the many layers of the Bush family's centuries-long tradition of criminal activity and genocide. The real significance is that masses of people are expressing their distrust and non-support of this government, an unprecedented show of non-support, in fact.

This means that the alleged government no longer governs at all. We Americans have such a strong mandate of personal freedom that even the most thoroughly brainwashed are now waking up to the fact that this regime rules rather than governs, and we all find rulership by the alleged elite simply unacceptable. What I'm saying is not sedition, but rather good medicine. I don't even own a gun, nor do I believe that violent opposition or even work stoppages and strikes are appropriate. We have reached a stage of maturity that allows us to simply create a better alternative than tyranny, and we can do it without anyone missing a meal or losing a job.

David Icke gave a lecture in 1998, shortly before Hale-Bopp was to hit our lovely planet (diverted, according to Al Bielek, by our planetary defense system, Star Wars) and told this joke: If Hale-Bopp hits land, it will cause the dust to obscure the sky, destroying life on earth; if it hits the ocean it will cause tidal waves that will wipe out all coastal cities; if it hits the Federal Reserve Bank, it will cause the whole world to prosper.

That's the alleged government I'm referring to, not their puppet- politicians in Washington, DC, who will do our bidding as soon as their banker overlords have been forced (at our insistence-We're the true government) out of their penthouses and into the jail house. Nobody needs to be shot, though the guilty do need to be held accountable.

The Santa Rosa County Sheriff (the only Constitutionally allowed law enforcer in the county) can do that on June 21 this year if he feels like it. The perpetrators will all, literally, have their pants down at Bohemian Grove as usual on that date, without any of their body guards or Secret Service agents to fight for them. Carol and I plan to be there, along with Gregg Wion and other cloudbuster aficionados, and we'll be happy to lend our assistance ;-)

I do believe (speaking of cloudbuster aficionados) that the drought in North America is now ended, thanks to around 150 cloudbusters located in key positions around the continent. This has all been documented by members of the forum over the last six months in the form of weather reports and observations centered on their cloudbusters.

There's more snow in the Rockies east of us than anyone's ever seen, and the salmon run is also unprecedented. Lake Champlain, which was nine feet below normal levels, is now apparently up to where it should be, only two months later. The bees, including honey bees, are flying in the southern states already, reversing the trend of recent years of arriving later and later, even into the summer, and the birds are singing again where there are cloudbusters-remember the last time you heard birds singing? When we see blue sky and white, puffy clouds, our hearts ache with the realization that years of chemtrails had made that sight extremely rare, and people in the cities where there are CBs are learning what life can be like without smog.

Now that the chemtrail and HAARP weather control apparati are nearly disabled, we need to disable the mind control towers that are springing up in every neighborhood throughout the world. These have the flat, vertical plates arranged all around the mast and each plate has a 3" thick cable going to it from underground. As far as we can tell, these are not even usually on the power grid, so it's coming from underground-the implications are mind

boggling, aren't they! These may have been set up to trigger illnesses in certain areas, even in certain racial groups, and even genocide, but without the chemtrails, we believe this will no longer be possible.

We've found that disabling the primary towers, which are usually over a hundred feet tall and located on high ground will automatically disable the neighborhood towers. I'm sure most of us have noticed how close these are together, which makes it obvious that they're not cell phone towers. We've disabled them in Africa, Canada and the US in our travels. Just put a holy Handgrenade as close as you can comfortably get to the tower and it's out of service forever because you've removed the essential deadly orgone field. NO predatory technology can operate without plenty of deadly orgone (seen as smog, usually, but not always) which is why it's so easy to protect ourselves with orgone generating devices which reach out, grab the deadly/dead orgone and transmute it into healthy orgone.

Happy Hunting! www.metatech.org 'chembuster' section has instructions for the holy handgrenades. If you send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to me, I'll mail out plans for the pyramids and the launch pad. Don Croft, 212 Henley St., Moscow, Idaho 83843

Let's all do the time manipulation experiments and pool our information, okay? Don't worry, the jack-booted thugs won't come out from under their rocks to draw attention to what you're doing ;-) Besides, they're too busy monitoring our email to be out murdering innocents any more. Remember that you need to have a cloudbuster to join the forum. This has kept the obfuscators and agent provocateurs away.

Episode 22
California Scheming
Part 1

By Don Croft <zapper16@earthlink.net>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc22californiascheming5may02.shtml>

May 5, 2002

Dragon Al & Friends Liberate Arizona Skies

Dragon Al Gray and his associates, including 'Flash' Gordon, had done an enviable job clearing away the smog from Southern Arizona in the previous eight months with their perceptive placing of Chembusters in every corner of the southern half of the state and in the metropolitan Phoenix and Tucson areas. There are others in the area who built and erected their own cloudbusters, and they're working well within that network. Al determined some of his locations to maximize the fields of the all of the Chembusters in Arizona. The two in Hopi/Navajo land, in northeastern Arizona, apparently made it impossible for chemtrails to 'set' anywhere in skies over the entire state and beyond.

After a bit of brainstorming with Carol in November, 2001, Al and Flash found and closed the two portals of the local predatory reptilian hive, which stretches from Ft. Huachuca's 'secret' underground facilities, east of Tucson, to Williams, in the high elevations west of Flagstaff. Carol had not given them specific information, though was ready to do so. She had a mental image of the location that Al and Flash found on their own.

A third significant member of their team is Carroll, who had done voluntary psychic work for the government in the past but now concentrated on weekly channeling sessions. She refrained from accepting money from the government so that she wouldn't be obliged to cooperate with their requests in case they turned out to challenge her spiritual integrity. In her channeling mode, Carroll provides guidance and specific explanations for Al, Flash and others. We've personally found her work very useful.

I feel the need to caution readers that this is just our personal perception, not a mandate by any means, or a defense of channeling in general, much of which is corrupt. We both feel that we would need to be present in a session, as we were with Carroll last February, to make that sort of assessment. Everything has its own energy signature, and the energy was very clean and powerful in the channeling session.

Accountability

Knowing Carroll had given me a chance to ponder my own attitude toward the government, which has led me to hold no personal grudges against anyone working for the government. What's left for me is antipathy for the corporation which had subverted and gained control of the government in the twentieth century. This is a thoughtform, a simple mental construct. Government, to me, is more than that, as human society needs governing. Humanity absolutely has no need for institutional exploitation in the form of a corporation, in this case, the Federal Reserve Corporation, which is a tentacle of the larger corporation centered in London but not even named as far as I know.

Any form of government can work as long as the representatives are held accountable for their actions by the electorate. Centralization of power is the real bugaboo, with its layers of bureaucrats who labor secretly to fortify their own personal power, safe from direct accountability. When the balance of political and economic power shifts toward the local level there is automatically more accountability and less taxation. This isn't complicated. It's probably also not taught in economics and political science courses in colleges.

The Internet

The Internet itself is evidence that I'm on the right track with this. It's also strong evidence that freedom of information leads to more political and economic freedom. In Reich's early days, people thought their only political options were fascism and communism because they simply lacked the information to include other options. Now we know that fascism and communism are just two arms of the corporation itself and that grassroots determination is the only viable option these days, in its many manifestations.

Tesla lacked the networking capability of the Internet to acquire funding for his projects, so his only options were to ask agents of the Corporation for money, all of which was cut off when he demonstrated the viability of his free energy work. After that he relied on a pension from the King of Serbia to the end of his days (I agree that he must have gotten money from the U.S. Gov't for his preparatory work in Project Rainbow), but his major humanitarian projects remained unrealized.

Carol and I certainly don't measure up to Tesla or Reich in our efforts, but we are making our livelihood from the Internet and promoting our ideas worldwide successfully. I can tell you for sure that I'd fail if I had to sell zappers door to door in the U.S. or by advertising in the printed media, though that may be changing now. We never spend a nickel on promotion, but we have faithful customers in over fifty countries, most of whom had been referred by other customers. I hope you can see that I'm not just expostulating about the power available on the Internet. Now, if only I can keep that hacker from the Corporation from deleting my zapper email orders and correspondence. He got about twenty of them today, but I think I'm getting ahead of the game. I wish somebody would plant a Holy Handgrenade in Earthlink's bushes! I think they're on the east coast, otherwise I'd do it myself.

Even if I have to go back to painting signs, I'll stay active in the Chembuster forum & will keep traveling. I feel that when one has found happiness in the midst of harsh circumstances, nothing can take it away again, and I did that.

Arizona DOR, Going, Going, Gone

Carol and I were astonished to see how clear the atmosphere was as we drove down into that big valley where Phoenix, Arizona, sits. In all my years of passing through there going east and west on Interstate 10 I had never been able to see all the way across the valley because of the dense smog, no matter what season it was. Now you can see across it from east to west, and from north to south and the skies are the deep blue one normally associates with much higher altitudes. Good work, Arizona Cbers!

We also noticed that none of the dead orgone transmitting towers south of Phoenix and all the way to the California border on Interstate 8 were putting out more than a fizzle of deadening energy, thanks to Dragon Al's persistent efforts with his HHGs over the winter and spring. Thank Grid he's got a traveling job! He has good working relationships with so many people that he's found it very easy to place his many cloudbusters across the state and one of his donated cloudbusters is in Las Vegas, one in Page, Arizona, which is on the north central border with Utah, and now on the southern tip of the California Sierras not far north of the Mexican border.

Las Vegas

Texan Jeff had spent a week in Las Vegas a few months ago and said that the spewplanes had converged there and made him sick. The CB we left there (thanks, Al) before that with friends spends most of its time indoors, but when we drove through there last week on our way home the air was fresh and clean, there were scattered rain showers and the ambience was very good, all of which is evidence, especially these days, that a Chembuster is on the job, though Slim's Agricultural Harmonizer can do that on its own. Consistently destroying chemtrails still seems to be the exclusive purview of the Chembuster, but there were no spewplanes in the sky when we drove through this time.

Irrigation Water

One can assume that Jeff's luck in the casino was better than for his arrival time, as he apparently went there in time for a massive specialized attack, similar to what Robert Reynolds is experiencing on a continuous basis at Lake Berryessa, in northern California, which is a supplier of irrigation water for the Sacramento Valley (If anyone has information on why the spewplanes are poisoning the irrigation water (apparently) I hope you'll share it with the rest of us. Vancouver, BC, has been attacked that way until recently, as was Springfield, Missouri once last winter).

Fewer Spew Planes

Many of us are seeing the spewplanes only rarely now, and two factors seem to be operating:

- 1) They're focusing on fewer areas,
- 2) we're defeating them ;-)

My guess is that the spewboys can't maintain that on a large scale anywhere, perhaps because it would draw too much attention to them from an otherwise unaware pajama-clad public. After the local TV news in Miami had a discussion of chemtrails in early April, the skies there remained free of spew for a whole month. They're back in the sky there, now, but I bet there are a lot of angry folks who otherwise would not have noticed if it weren't mentioned on the news. There's a fellow in the Miami metro area making a CB. Maybe this lit a fire under his nether end.

Hopefully, Jeff can remember more chemtrail specifics from his visit to Vegas. I have the impression he didn't spend a lot of time outdoors ;-). (I've got a juicy observation about Vegas that I'll share later in this article, so hopefully you'll keep reading this to get to it).

Sierras Bottleneck

We got a fresh Chembuster and seven Holy Handgrenades from Dragon Al's arsenal in Casa Grande the day after we planted the second CB next to Hopi land. Due to the circumstances of this trip it was a hit-and-run visit with Al, sad to say, but he was a good sport about staying up late talking to us in spite of his early start the next day.

We drove the Zapporium out to the highway, but the shifter broke when I was pulling out of the gas station. Fortunately, Al drove by on his lunch break and connected us with an honest mechanic. We had to leave the Zapporium overnight in Casa Grande for repairs, delaying our trip by a day, so we used the time to go over to California in the car and place the two Chembusters and seven HHGs that Carol dowsed were needed for the project. Before we arrived, she'd found the primary location for a Chembuster in the Sierras, which was to open up the energy bottleneck that was keeping regular rainfall from Southern Arizona. The night before we left, she was told by the Wingmakers to take another Chembuster to an area north of there. She dowsed a location in the Joshua Tree National Forest, which is northeast of Palm Springs, just north of the limit of Imperial Valley.

The first location was between the Algodones Dunes and the Chocolate Mountains, which are the southernmost chain of the California Sierras.

Protected Turtles, Razor Wire, & 'Secret' Underground Base

Carol saw the energy block while we were still in Arizona, about 100 miles to the southeast. She saw it as a natural energy block related to a fault line. We drove along a state highway from near Yuma, Arizona, then onto a gravel road. When we got close to the target location, we saw a new, high chain link fence with razor tape along the top, running for miles around an area where artificial hills from extensive excavation or mining. There were many signs on the fence indicating, apparently, that the fence was erected to protect an endangered species of turtles. They think we're pretty stupid, I guess. The environmental movement's tacit support of the Corporation certainly reaped some results here.

Some railroad tracks ran north along the limits of that fenced area, which protects a massive underground base in addition to the turtles. There's a gravel road along the opposite side of the tracks and there were plenty of warning signs indicating dire consequences if travelers left the road to explore the surrounding area. We put an HHG at a primary dead orgone & communication transmitter about 3 miles up the road from the paved highway. There were no people (except for a few desert rats) living within fifty miles of that tower, so it was obviously connected to the underground base. A few miles further was the spot indicated by the Wingmakers for the Chembuster. We noticed that this marked the limit of the dead orgone field hanging over the subterranean base, as I said, it's a big base.

Remember that this is a good way to spot the underground facilities-dead orgone (smog) in areas where there shouldn't be any. The Subterrenes (thanks, Louis!) are commonplace under us, but ordinary excavation is still used to dig out the bases, and they need to put it someplace. Years ago, they just did it like gophers, leaving the

diggings close by, but now they're apparently using the tunnels to take it far away and dump it. That one we visited is apparently an older one, so they just put a long fence around the excavated material. Homestead Air Force Base has one of the best examples of the Corporation's lack of good judgment, I think, since there are millions of tons of excavated material in a big manmade hill there, surrounded by the Everglades. They even built things on top of it, perhaps in an effort to make it look unobtrusive. That's kind of like putting a big fig leaf on the genitals of a nude statue.

A year ago, we busted their permanent thunderhead from our campsite in the Florida Keys, using our Chembuster with four-foot extensions, aimed horizontally at the thunderhead fifty miles to the northeast. That cloud formation was a by-product of their dead orgone generating apparatus, which we also apparently neutralized. Next time we'll just leave an HHg there instead. It's less dramatic, but more effective. They sent a saucer to buzz us on the highway as we were leaving Grassy Key right after we did that. Carol said they just wanted to assure themselves that we were, indeed, leaving.

California Blue Skins

We didn't linger near the underground base on the eastern edge of Imperial Valley. By the way, Carol saw some blue skinned humanoids working underground with the earth humans and a few reptilians. She had seen the long armed alien humanoids that are using Venus as a home base, working underground at Homestead and told me that these were renegades, and I'm assuming the blue skinned ones were also renegades. I'll ask Carol when she gets home tomorrow.

The long armed fellows are of the group that helped Tesla, Carol tells me, and they are keenly interested in the Chembuster work. They hide their cigar-shaped craft in small puffy clouds, often uncharacteristic of the other clouds in the area. Their craft are powered by the same sort of technology the reptilians and corporate humans are using, so they're susceptible to the CB, so you might want to dowse before aiming your CB at them. I did that in a moment of poor judgment and they put dead orgone in my carburetor right after that. I had to lay the CB down, pointed at the carburetor, before I could start the motor again. I've seen their actual craft several times & we consider them our friends and helpers, as we do some of the reptilians. Keep looking up, folks.

I didn't mention that the Phoenix area was very comfortable. Al's telling me that it's been cooler there this spring. I suggested that his summer will be much milder, too. We lived in a place last summer that's normally hellish hot all summer long. We set up our CB when we arrived at the end of June and by the time we'd left in mid September there had not been a single uncomfortably hot day. Nor was there any strong wind other than the few minutes before I aimed the CB into them when they started up, two or three times.

We drove west over the dunes, not long before sunset. It was quite beautiful, even the sand blowing across the road that was catching the low angle sunlight like blowing snow. Looking back toward the Chocolate Mountains, we could clearly see the limits of the dead orgone field over the underground base, about twenty miles distant.

Don Croft

Episode 23
California Scheming
Part 2

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc23californiascheming5may02pt2.shtml>

May 5, 2002

The Imperial Valley is one of the most unpleasant places we've been, energetically. We're sure that's related to the wall of dead orgone that had been in place for millennia, perhaps, along that section of the Chocolate Mountains. We could see moisture-laden clouds east of the range of mountains along the Pacific Coast, but they weren't making it into this valley. We passed a series of very large dead orgone transmitters on our drive north along the center of the valley to Indio, only one of which got its own HHg. That was the first one we came to (a VERY big one) in Brawleyville, the first city west of the underground base. Carol saw a tunnel leading from the base to that tower and beyond.

We spent the night in a Motel Six in Indio, which is on Interstate 10 just east of Palm Springs. There was a sandstorm in progress (they need a CB!) when we checked in, but the skies were clear and lovely in the morning when we left for the mountain location of the second Sierras CB. We didn't have to drive far off the interstate to get to the high ground vortex Carol was looking for & fortunately there was a big enough chaparral tree to hide the CB in away from the access road.

We hadn't seen a successful chemtrail since we left northern Arizona after putting our first Hopi CB in place. Those were breaking up as we drove away, and we're pretty sure that no more chemtrails will be sticking anywhere in Arizona for the duration. Maybe Rhode Island will be the second state to be chemtrail free, though Washington State may also be in that happy condition already. One CB in Rhode Island would do the trick.

East Coast Warriors

Ivo is a sign painter in Connecticut. He's cranking out Chembusters at an alarming rate, using his super duper Gerber router to make the templates. I'm not sure he wants me to talk about him (a Brother of the Brush). He's getting whacked pretty hard with special spew, maybe because he's so close to Carlo's two great big CBs in Queens, NYC, which is apparently another little Stalingrad-in-the-sky for the Corporation. More data from folks in that area would be welcome. Flo lives in New Jersey, closer to Philadelphia, and her skies are apparently in good shape, so there's some specific targeting by the Corporation going on around NYC.

I've asked Ivo to space out his CBs fifty miles or so apart, since more CBs, spread out, is much, much more effective than a bunch of them close together. Idaho Jerry's got a good sense of what to do this way and it's paid off for him in a big way, according to what we saw along the Snake River Valley for a hundred plus miles in the middle of an intense, though impotent, HAARP assault on the valley.

HHg's

In the spirit of helping that Chembuster remove the energy blocks for more successful Arizona Chembusting, we used up the remaining Holy Handgrenades we'd been issued from Uncle Al's Natural Guard Armory, all the way into Arizona from where we put the CB. Conveniently, all the primaries are located along major highways, so it was easy to neutralize them. Some folks asked about the range of a HHg. That's awfully hard to determine without dowsing, as there are so many variables. If you can see the energy, like Carol and some others can do, or accurately feel it, as Kolina and others can do, you won't need to rely so much on dowsing.

Some mountaintop arrays we've visited needed two HHgs, some needed only one. If I weren't so lazy, I'd put coils in all of our HHgs so that I wouldn't need to make so many. Maybe I'll start doing that now to conserve resin and crystals. I'm using funky, broken crystals for these, by the way, and I'll continue doing so. It really is fine to do that.

One of the mountain arrays along I-10 wasn't easily accessible from the freeway, so we put it at the base of the

mountain as close as possible and that worked very well and quickly.

Grounded Spew Planes & Al's Tucson Tour

There were usually two spewplanes in our vicinity, apparently attempting to dissolve the high altitude clouds that were forming in our path. The day before, shortly before we left Casa Grande, there were some nice clouds moving in from the direction of the Pacific Ocean. They were much too high for rain but they indicated that there was enough moisture in the atmosphere to make rain. Apparently these have been present a lot since Al and the others started getting CBs in Arizona. When we were picking up the Zapporium from the mechanic, we noticed that the clouds were lower and thicker than before we placed the CBs in California. We expect more rain and cooler temperatures in Arizona this summer, though it may not happen quickly. In case you don't know, rain is not expected during the summer there at all. We stopped in smoggy, hellish hot Phoenix last June for a couple of days (months before we knew what the CB could do) and vowed not to ever go there again in the summer if we could avoid it. Let's see what happens there now.

Here's something the Arizona folks can check out if they're so inclined. We drove by an airport west of Phoenix on I-10 and all we saw on the ground there were fifty or so spewplanes, painted white with red or blue tails, some all white. NO planes were landing or taking off. I assumed it was the municipal airport until we passed through Phoenix on the way to Casa Grande to pick up the Zapporium. The Phoenix airport east of town has constant air traffic coming and going.

We saw a second fleet of spewplanes on the ground at the airport in Kingman, Arizona which is a town that's much too small to have significant commercial jet traffic, besides being only a hundred miles or so from Las Vegas, which has another very busy airport.

Al had been given a tour of the CIA facility near Tucson that is used to paint the spewplanes and, presumably, fit them with spraying equipment. He was on the job, selling fire suppression equipment, and was given the tour by one of the facility's directors. I don't know anyone more resourceful than Uncle Al. Maybe he'll grace us with a more detailed account sometime.

The only other place we've seen masses of spewplanes on the ground since the program got going full time is the municipal airport at Mojave, California, where we saw a hundred or so of them. Three years ago I saw a bunch on the ground at Miami when I was on my way to the Bahamas. That was shortly after the program was getting started on a large scale, but I was only seeing the spewplanes in the skies once a month or so.

Mycoplasma & Pajama People

I'm still pretty ignorant of what's in the spew, but I'm pretty sure, based on a large amount of zapper correspondence, that only the mycoplasma is a serious health threat, though the reports of massive attacks in a few areas may have more to do with chemical weapons than with biological ones, and even the Corporation is not too arrogant to know that this must not be done too often or over too large an area if they wish to continue to remain hidden from the Pajama People.

I'm waiting to find out if the mycoplasma infections in the population will start to disappear now that the spewplanes are no longer able to poison the population centers where there are Chembusters present. I'll let you know what we find out. Constant reinfection may be necessary to keep the masses of us debilitated enough not to oppose the Corporation. Let's continue turning up the pressure on our imaginary (thoughtform) enemy's predatory and unconscious agents.

As we had seen in Utah, brown vegetation was the rule except for what had sprung up after the Chembusters had been set up in the desert region last fall and winter. This is evidence of HAARP-induced drought on a very large scale. No doubt the Corporation would like the Pajama People to believe that this drought is the result of the evil, selfish habits of the 'consumers' in developed nations. I guess we're all showing everyone who cares to notice that this is simply untrue and it's just one more spurious effort to get folks to accept more federal restrictive environmental laws. Imagine us living in a fenced area with razor tape along the top to protect the poor

beleaguered countryside from our rapacious appetites. I'm not a consumer. The only consumer I know about is the locust.

New Options, Making Whoopee, & Drought Aid

I hope you'll think twice about accepting labels from the Corporation, as an exercise in neurolinguistics if nothing else. I also hope you'll not assume the UN and its various predatory agencies have any authority over us. Having said that, I am the first to admit that there are fine, self-sacrificing folks all over the world working for the UN. I bet they could tell us some juicy stuff about their employer. I think this relates to Dr. Reich's considered choice to join the Communist Party. Let's all look very seriously at our new options. You can bet Dr. Reich would be an intrepid Internet wonk if he were around today. The Commies expelled him, anyway, for successfully teaching the 'workers' who attended his talks not to be angry. Actually, all he did was convince them to have sex with their wives. As I've said, solutions to even the most insurmountable problems are usually quite simple. I confess that I sometimes provoke my own wife a bit just so we can kiss and make up. That works so well on new agers.

This will become more and more apparent to even the Pajama People in the coming months, as the Corporate-owned-and-operated US federal legislators will have egg on their faces while still insisting on federal aid for the alleged drought areas (clowns are as clowns do, after all). That reminds me of an old National Lampoon Radio Hour skit in which an announcer advised against sending Care packages to Europe. He said the Europeans would just whack them with their polo mallets and kick them into their swimming pools while they have a good laugh at our expense.

Ker Ping!

Carol gave me a .22 caliber pellet rifle for my Birthday. I spent some time calibrating the scope today. I hadn't shot anything since I was in the Army in 1969 & I forgot how much fun shooting is. A CO2 cartridge gets about 40 good shots. My electronics broker has an Uzzi, but I'm not really interested in having firearms, though I certainly have that right and could change my mind if I want. I was struck by the unlikelihood of all that good shooting we see in movies. I do believe gun control is necessary. I had to get into a three point bracing position just to hit a tin can at 25 yards and it wasn't even moving.

It's Working

Most of the way from Phoenix to Idaho showed evidence of recent, abundant rainfall. Along U.S. 95 it's entirely desert until you drive into Idaho about twenty miles. There are still a few areas in northern Arizona and southern Nevada that are still mostly brown, but a couple of CBs on that road would stop any further possibility of drought in the future, we feel sure. To our astonishment, we began to see running creeks from about the middle of Nevada all the way northward along the highway, and more and more greenery. The dead trees and brush still bore tragic witness to what went before, though. I'm sure that by this time everything that grew would have been dead by now if it weren't for the efforts of the Cbers in the American West. We also saw more and more grass growing in the desert as we drove north. In some areas of Nevada and southeastern Oregon it's looking like a prairie rather than a desert. I had to pinch myself, as I'd been traveling that road for many years, in all seasons, and had never witnessed that before.

Southwest Idaho is looking like pictures I've seen of Ireland.

Here's what we saw in Las Vegas: From Boulder City, which is on the southeast limit of the Vegas metro area, until the very northern limit we saw NO dead orgone transmitters at all, though we were diligently looking. This is the first time we've been in a population center and not seen the transmitters every few blocks throughout the city.

Our pet theory is that gamblers and brothel patrons must not be suppressed, energetically. The residential areas in the suburbs, though, are well covered by the transmitters, so the favor does not apparently extend to the workers in the Desert Paradise.

Death Valley

Driving north on U.S. 95 we noticed an anomaly south of Beatty, which is where we customarily turn west through Death Valley on our way to LA from Idaho. In case you're a newbie here, Carol and I had visited Death Valley twice in the last six months. The first time we were made to feel unwelcome, so the second time we spent the night there and neutralized an alien underground base with three Holy Handgrenades. Our car was broken into that night, apparently so a bug could be placed by agents of the Corporation or of the government-we're not sure which. We left the bug there just for fun. Why hide from them? When we talk about this stuff it's just gibberish to them anyway. They're not the enemy, after all, only the thoughtform we call the Corporation is the real enemy.

We stopped for gas in Beatty, and I said to Carol, who was driving the car (I was driving the Zapporium), 'Did you see that big dead orgone field by the highway?' She said, 'It's a reptilian base-you can even see the indentations in the ground over their tunnels-it's really old.' I told her I didn't see that, but to the west of the highway is a small airport with big transmitters, and there's a distinct dead orgone field over it. She was looking at the other side of the highway and missed the airport. She says it's connected to the base in Death Valley, but that we didn't need to leave an HHg there this time.

We took our customary shortcut from Tonopah to Battle Mountain, Nevada. If you ever get a chance to drive through there, it's quite beautiful. The road goes through some very high valleys and close to some 10,000' peaks, which may keep snow on them this summer. There were rain clouds in those valleys, too.

4 AM Calling Card

We camped north of Austin, Nevada, which was a stopping place for the Pony Express. It's a hundred miles from the nearest town, which is Battle Mountain, on Interstate 80. I drove down the mountain to a lower elevation so we'd be warmer that night. There's very little traffic there, so we slept right by the road in the Zapporium. About 4AM something hit our windshield very hard and woke us both up. Carol said the reptilians were swooping us and did that to the windshield. We both went right back to sleep but when we got up around 7AM we saw a new crack in the windshield and a crater right in the middle of it from whatever hit it. They did that to our car when we were on our way to close the hive portal in Edmonton, Alberta, in March. I saw the craft that time.

Predatory reptilians, like their human compadres, are sore losers, but that's the worst they can do to you if you aren't afraid of them and/or don't have a pot or alcohol habit. That stuff props open the crown chakra, making one perpetually vulnerable. I wish you luck if you intend to fight exploitation and have a pot habit. I sure as hell wouldn't attempt it if I were you, unless I'd been free of the stuff for a couple of weeks, at least.

SE Oregon Regional DOR Control Center

It wasn't until around sunset that night, when we arrived at the underground facility in southeast Oregon that we'd vowed to neutralize on our last visit in February (we were out of ammo then) that Carol said the reptilians were swooping us and cracking our windshield to intimidate us into not neutralizing that dead orgone transmitter regional control center, which had about 300 people in a severely Pajama state sitting at monitors apparently regulating the dead orgone output of perhaps thousands of neighborhood transmitters.

We did the 'bowling pin' transmitter five miles away, too, for good measure. Carol had seen a tunnel connecting that with the crowded one. By the way, Uncle Al, that bowling pin transmitter looks just like one of the transmitters you showed me in a picture of the reptilian hive portal location you 'did' at Ft. Huachuca with Flash. I saw another one at the Oakland Airport recently. I don't doubt it has something to do with the FAA, but there's more to it. What we're doing is not interfering with legitimate radar and radio transmission, of course. It only negates the transmission of dead orgone, which is apparently only effective at short range, line of sight, anyway.

Our next to last HHg went to a primary transmitter array close to the highway on a high bluff overlooking a large valley in southwest Idaho, 15 miles from Oregon. We saw no more towers until we reached Interstate 84, which is the road going east through Boise. The concentration of dead orgone transmitters on that east-west route is the densest we'd seen outside of Salt Lake City for some reason. Jerry's got a lot of potential heroics there.

North of there we saw no more significant towers until we reached Lewiston, 200 miles north. We drove through a lot of towns and only saw two of the dead orgone transmitters, both under construction and both in the middle of small towns.

Lapwai, Idaho

I had one HHg left and we were puzzling where to put it when my gas pedal fell to the floor and I had to pull over. We were in the middle of Lapwai, which is the capital of the Nez Perce Reservation just south of Lewiston, Idaho. Carol showed me how to connect the wire back up to the carburetor again, and we left, still wondering where to put that last HHg.

We stopped to eat supper at Skippers, which is an inexpensive seafood franchise restaurant that has really good, fresh fish.

Carol said, 'You know, several people told me I need to do something about the energy in Lapwai, so that's probably where we need to put a HHg -actually, the Wingmakers are telling me to put two of them there, so we need to do that soon. One needs to go where we stopped, the other one needs to go at the other end of town.' I said, 'Why don't I put that bear claw that Bob Billings gave me into one of the HHgs? I have a hunch bears are sacred to the Nez Perce.' Just then a big, burly Indian came round the corner and walked (like a bear) past our table. Bob's the shaman who has a Chembuster on the Blackfoot Reservation in northeast Montana. Hi, Bob! Grizzlies often sleep in the bushes in front of his home and he's a confidant of some Sasquatch in the mountains nearby.

CB Odorizer

After that we drove the remaining thirty miles home to Moscow, farther north on the Palouse high above Lewiston, which is in a big, deep canyon next to the Snake River. That's also the river Boise is on.

We had left a Chembuster with our Wiccan friend, Lori, in Lewiston in November. The smog, mainly from the huge Potlatch Pulp Mill, was incredibly bad in Lewiston for many years, but there hasn't been a wisp of it since Lori put our CB in her front yard (please note that I said, FRONT yard, those of you who are inclined to hide or disguise your CBs) She's in a very Pajama middle class neighborhood, though I doubt she's worn pajamas since she was a child. We can't even smell the pulp mill any more in Lewiston. For those who don't know what a typical pulp mill smells like, imagine opening the lid on a full diaper pail on a summer day.

The environmentalists were (are) in the middle of a pitched battle with the superior force of corporate lawyers on account of the atmospheric effects of the mill, but we erased the problem with under a hundred dollars' worth of stuff from Home Depot, the recycle place and Gladys Bridges.

Joe Blow

Here's what's happening with Joe Blow, which I've named the Joe Cell in the Zapporium: It had been lonely for human company while it was in the southlands all winter, so it was slow to reawaken to where it was when I drove it down there in November to protect it from freezing. Back then I noticed that the truck was moving uphill progressively faster on the way to California. On the way back, the same thing happened, and Carol said a ton of high energy was emanating from the Zapporium and that several times she'd barely been able to catch up with me. I never used to drive fast, especially in the 1970 Ford pickup on which the Zapporium is built, but I was going like a bat out of hell on this trip. The gas mileage actually decreased from over ten to around nine miles per gallon and the engine is running very rough, which is a sign, according to the manual, that the orgone is starting to implode in the cylinders.

I opened up the cell yesterday and it's still producing Brown's gas, which is an imploding gas not related to hydrogen (a sign of life for a Joe Cell, according to the manual), so I'll just keep taking trips in it every week or so when we'd normally use the car instead. It's become more fun to drive the thing. I can't explain it. I'll keep you posted. As with Planet X, the moment is more important than possible future scenarios, and I'm just glad to have

Joe Blow back again, without expectations or strings attached. He's a sweetheart and fun to have around.

Don Croft

Episode 24
Fishing for Feds
Part 1

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc24fishingforfeds29jun02.shtml>

June 20, 2002

(I was going to title this journal entry, 'Hide and Seek with the NSA', but I wanted it to reflect our more aggressive attitude toward unlawful agencies such as the NSA, CIA, FBI, etc.)

Here's a short version for those who are curious about what Carol and I have been up to, but may not resonate with your view of reality: We left Moscow, Idaho on Wednesday, June 19, delivered a Chembuster to Clarkston, Washington, visited our witch friend and CB aficionado, Lori, in Lewiston, Idaho, the town next door, and headed for Bohemian Grove, at least the outskirts of it, near Guerneville, California.

We arrived in time for our friend, known on the forum as Greggus, to guide us to the relevant vortices and to temporary locations for the two cloudbusters we were carrying and all of that was finished by sunset, which was not bad at all for about five hours of work.

Bohemian Grove and the Malta Hive

We felt it was important to have everything in place before the satanic ceremonies by the big owl statue at Bohemian Grove commenced at sunset. We were also timing it to coincide with the efforts of Kolina and the European Chembuster crew in Malta, which Carol said were going well in spite of the concerted effort of many agencies, human and otherwise, to subvert it. Kolina is very sharp about these things and knows what to do. They went to Malta to close off the west portal of the primary, predatory reptilian hive on the planet, which is intimately connected with the secret group that compels the Illuminati to hold those infantile, degrading ceremonies each year at Bohemian Grove. Remember that none of the Illuminati whose names have ever been mentioned are the ones in charge, including the Rothschilds, Prince Thurm und Taxis, et al. If you've ever read their names, they are underlings.

Carol was prevented from going to Malta by the feds, who kept her passport until after her scheduled departure date. No matter, of course, since she really needed to be with me on this trip in order for it to be successful. She'll go next month and build on what Kolina and crew have done so well. There are many vortices there that had been associated with pre-Christian spirituality, but are now severely distorted by the many secret societies, especially the British ones, which are fueling their predatory activities with that stolen energy. These organizations are anti-Christian, so I'm not denigrating the healing message of Christ in any way by indicating that many of the older forms of worship are equally valid. Perhaps their chief endorsement is the fact that the patriarchal secret orders had been so determined to suppress them.

I suspect that the nastiest, most hidden of the Illuminati (at the top of the dung heap) will see their names plastered all over the internet before we're done and very likely after their attempts to institute overt global tyranny and genocide have failed completely this year. Carol tells me that if they can't do it before early November they know it will be impossible to do so at all.

Towers, Towers, Towers

Napoleon said, 'An army can do anything with its bayonets except sit on them,' and now that the Illuminati have 'fixed their bayonets,' which is how I'm characterizing the new ELF transmitters, they have to do something overt pretty soon or else they're going to be exposed, at least the body parts that they sit on.

Let's all continue neutralizing those primary transmitter arrays on the hilltops and also continue talking about the situation! We've already poked some pretty big holes in their network in many cities, and note that it didn't take a lot of effort or money to do that much! Just don't discuss your plans beforehand and never mention trespassing. Take the battery out of your cell phone, since the transponder in the phone gives your precise

location at all times, and if you think you're being tracked otherwise, turn on your Succor Punch and put it in your pocket.

(Oops-sorry! I was supposed to save this sort of discussion for the next part of the narrative.)

The usual huge crowd of 'Fortune 500' and world political leader celebrants weren't there this year, probably because the previous year Greggus and ourselves had cut off much of their occult energy source right before last year's ceremonies, leaving them underwhelmed with their own apparent power. I think it's hard for them to have much confidence in their handlers' occult prowess when the magic stops working. Fickle folks, I guess. I rule out the claim that only a few of the wealthy, influential predators (ersatz aristocracy) showed up out of concern for their security, since they are the only real terrorists in the world and they were the ones who had the WTC and Pentagon blown up in the first place. They all showed up for the Bilderberg meeting in Virginia a few weeks ago, I believe, and they also showed up in Alberta again right after that. Both of those places are far more easily accessible to 'evil Muslims' than Bohemian Grove and much harder to defend for reasons that I'll make clear in a bit.

In the next part of this narrative, I'll offer my observations on the differences between satanic and divine knowledge and I hope it sparks some lively discussions.

Boom

Anyone who's at least been an army grunt with a little field training with explosives knows that the buildings in Oklahoma City and New York and the part of the Pentagon that was being 'remodeled' during 9/11 were blown up from the inside. C-4 is kind of fun, but now they're using fulminate of mercury, which is a lot more spectacular. I bet they didn't trust that 9/11 job to the goofy BATF jerks who failed to bring down the entire Murrah Federal Building because some of the fulminate of mercury canisters the firemen found in the standing structure were unexploded. Live and learn. All the truck bomb did, aside from making an impressive crater in the street, was to break windows and a little bit of building fascia.

Why didn't more people question the purpose of destroying the Murrah building before any investigations could be done on it? That was right before the Internet got going, though, so small wonder.

Spooking the Spooks

I got a chance to teach Carol and Greggus what I had learned about fed active surveillance a few weeks earlier in Los Angeles under the able tutelage of my secret insider buddy. The two of them are extremely fast learners and we got photos of several field agents of the CIA and NSA, which caused them to back off enough to let us put the six HHGs and two temporarily-positioned Chembusters in place without being observed or perhaps arrested.

We drove about the area in the Zapporium, which is arguably one of the most conspicuous vehicle on the planet, second, perhaps to the Oscar Meyer Weiner Wagon, so I'm sure the Special Agents in Charge (SAIC) had some explaining to do about why they didn't see us place any of the devices. Usually there's only one SAIC in an operation, but there were at least two federal agencies trying to follow us.

Since the Zapporium has a rather extensive energy grid made up of crystals, copper wire, orgone generators, mobius coils and a frequency generator, to which the rest is attached, none of the voice and telemetry transponders the various fed agencies put in the vehicle were working while the frequency generator is turned on at 15Hz, so we were untraceable-even by satellite. Carol repelled the various psychics with a Succor Punch as they showed up.

We turned off the screening device when we left in order to get the feds to follow us again and headed toward home (in the next part, I'll tell about the most fun Fed photo-op of the whole trip). After Sacramento, we turned it on again and went to Death Valley to put a Chembuster there.

Carol said the NSA spooks in Tahoe City were waiting for us, but they still apparently thought we were going

home at that point and were just playing with their heads, so they covered the only other logical route. An NSA vehicle passed us on U.S. Route 30 heading toward Tahoe City before we got to Placerville, but Carol said they hadn't been told to watch for us yet. We turned south a few miles before any of them would have spotted us. There was a fake forest fire (saucer crash) on US 395, so we had to make a detour through part of Nevada to Bridgeport. More on that later, too.

"Don't worry boss, we'll get him this time!"

Awhile after we drove south through Bridgeport, I clumsily allowed an NSA psychic to read some of my thoughts while Carol was sleeping on the bunk behind the driver seat for a couple of hours before we got to Death Valley, so they were waiting for us there.

By then, Carol was awake and alert again, and it was quite dark, so we easily eluded their obvious ground surveillance, planted the CB in an area of high brush (for good cover) during a long drive without headlights, and turned off the frequency generator and turned on the headlights, both in the moment we passed the NSA fellow in a white van who was to report our presence. Carol waved to him. I was driving pretty fast and had asked Carol to cue into his thoughts and location before we reached Stovepipe Wells, where she said he was watching the highway. BOY, was that fun!

She also keyed into the intention of the NSA SAIC to send some ninja types in a couple of vans, just like they did on our first trip there last November, to run us off the road ASAP so we didn't linger for any photo opportunities. They didn't find us again, of course, and stopped looking after awhile, according to my telepathic wife, who just got a promotion, apparently. I'm going to start saluting her.

Illuminati Deep Throat

Here are more of the details for our fellows on the cutting fringe of metaphysical research and development. The rest are free to keep their PJ's on and hit the 'snooze' button on their alarm clock. Life can go on as usual: work--booze/pot-work-booze/pot

I'm writing (and you're reading) under a handicap, since I promised to sparingly discuss my former-insider friend out of consideration for his safety. My visit with him warranted a journal entry rather larger than this one, but it also involved too much activity that would land him in a dungeon, the bottom of a lake or a fed psycho ward to tell you about right now. I'm confident that he'll feel comfortable about me talking about it before the end of the year, when we have had our collective victory over the efforts of this unlawful government to create an overtly murderous police state. Of course, we've been living in a police state for generations, and they've invested countless billions of dollars in keeping the Pajama People from being aware of it, since the PJ folks would instantly put an end to it if they woke up to the knowledge their own power, as you and I are doing right now.

We both got a lot of new information from our interaction. He developed a first-hand appreciation of the easy ability of the Wingmakers to protect and guide the process of political and spiritual liberation now in progress and I got a very good, first-hand look at how the felonious feds are able to get information from us and how to stop them from getting it with a little savvy and some simple devices. We didn't have time to get into all the stuff he had taken blood oaths not to reveal, but we can do that later, perhaps. He knows that I'll tell you about it.

We had told lots of folks over the Internet that we were leaving on Tuesday. Our unspoken intention was to sneak down to LA for a brief visit with my friend, but an electrical problem in the Zapporium made that impossible this time.

Langley Maintenance Man

About an hour after our announced departure time a fellow knocked on the door and said he was the new maintenance man and wished to fix an electrical problem we'd reported a few days earlier. It was around seven o'clock in the evening. He was a CIA operative sent to case the house for evidence of whatever we were doing to scramble the psy-ops equipment they'd set up a block away in an effort to make us psychotic or something. Of course that all stopped working when we put the HHg in the bushes under their window. That's the pyramid-

shaped one that Jeff Contreras sent us, so here's a good endorsement for you, Jeff!

After they beefed it up some more, we put an HHg at each corner of our house outdoors. They've beefed it all up several times since then and two transformers leading to that building, which mainly houses the offices of the University of Idaho's Forestry Department, have exploded from overloads ;-) --the later one exploded the day before we left this week.

When I laid Jumbo Funky, our outsize Chembuster, into the wind a couple of months ago, to stop a HAARP assault (rare these days), a black helicopter showed up over our back yard. I hadn't seen one of those in Northern Idaho before, so I'm sure Jumbo really did a number on the CIA's formidable psyops equipment that day. I didn't realize it was pointing at their little setup until that chopper showed up. I was just feeling a little peeved at the sudden wind when I set it to point into the face of it. Good thing for the crew of that chopper, too, that I had no intention to use a bow and arrow and roll of surveyor tape and make it land real soon;-). I think they don't like to fly at all in N. Idaho.

Somebody once told me that when the pilot of a chopper is flying low over your neighborhood on a moonless night, you can also force him to land just by shining a strong spotlight at the chopper. They allegedly have to land to recalibrate their night vision and infrared equipment when you do that. I'll try it the next time I get a chance. I bought a really strong 12v spotlight. I wonder if they're having as much fun as we are?

Jenny, who is also telepathic, but not nearly as talented, yet, as her mom, said the 'maintenance' fellow was exploring the whole house, though the problem was in the bathroom. He looked like an engineer, sort of over-qualified, and drove a very nice, new truck with lots of equipment in the back. I love my landlord, but I know for sure that he doesn't pay top dollar for anything, including wages for a maintenance man. We all knew he was a spook before he left the house, but next time, I'll have the forethought to tweak him a little.

Smile!

Taking their picture is the ultimate coup, probably more humiliating to them than shooting them, which I won't do unless/until the felonious Feds get their wish and put their tentatively scheduled dissident-roundups and 'detention' camp exterminations into operation a little later this year. All bets are off in that case, of course. I really believe we'll all stop them before they get to that point, though. Americans have developed a curious duality in the last couple of generations. For some reason they think it's bad when a robber busts your door open and violates your home, but it's okay if the Feds do it without due process, as they do often these days, especially to people of color.

I'd be willing to be martyred for my religion, as many thousands have been recently, but there's no way in hell I'd sacrifice myself for the sake of their infantile predatory schemes, which should be painfully obvious to any rational, balanced person by now. My parents' generation were arguably much more stupid than mine is, but not even they would have been comfortable with a 'Homeland Security Force.' Yikes!

Bay Watch

Like most of our drives, the one to the Bay Area was pretty eventful. After noting all the new martial law ELF transmitters that we will need to disable along U.S. Route 95 in western Idaho, we were keen to check out what we'd done to the underground facility in neighboring Oregon a few months previously. There were no chemtrails, though there were several of their planes, including a Boeing 747, trying to lay down the spew downwind of that facility, all the way to Boise. Jerry's CBs were making that impossible, of course, but an ELF frequency was obviously being used on the odd-looking clouds that were sort of pointing toward the facility, which is about 170 miles from Jerry's westernmost CB and apparently well within its range.

Cloud Cover

We saw four lenticular clouds form right in the middle of that cloud formation. The apparatus was apparently directed at these clouds almost immediately, as they developed a sort of washboard texture on some of the outer edges. At the same time a chemtrail jet flew right over all of them. We saw the shadow of the disappearing spew

on each lenticular cloud. Soon after that, a green edge formed around them all and the washboard texture quickly disappeared. Then a magenta edge surrounded the green color and the size and density of the clouds increased a bit. About twenty minutes later we passed through what should have been the shadow of these clouds, but there was no shadow at all on the ground, though the clouds had obviously been denser than the surrounding clouds, which did cast shadows. There were Lemurian ships inside, as you've probably deduced by now.

The lenticular clouds which hide the craft of predatory groups are dark and rather ugly. I had seen the flash of a Lemurian craft near the horizon shortly before the clouds formed that day. That's their way of announcing their presence to psychically challenged folks like me. Carol already knew they were there, of course. She said they showed up to distract the folks in that underground facility, which had created the effects in the sky earlier, so we could put a second HHg there and end their predatory activities there.

A young fellow in Holland recently told me about seeing what Carol and I knew were Lemurian and reptilian craft there as he and his brother one day were busting clouds with the 'visual ray,' which many have mentioned doing in the forum. The Lemurian craft was flashing near the horizon, then when he and his brother were watching, it quickly made a huge 'W' flight pattern while putting out a steady light. This was very close to two dark lenticular clouds, which then moved toward each other at high speed and contrary to the direction that the other clouds in the sky were moving. There's an awful lot of information in a demonstration like that.

I congratulated them, both for trying to bust chemtrails with such panache and for putting the observations in writing and I suggested that when they no longer feel they have time and energy to destroy chemtrails this way, why not just put a Chembuster out in the yard and get it done effortlessly, 24/7? Apparently the chemtrail campaign has not been defeated yet in Europe as it has been in North America.

Pipe Calls

We dutifully arrived at the underground facility, which is marked by a windowless building on a hilltop next to several towers with those vertical, 12' tall mast antennae arrayed around the tops of each one and put the HHg on the side of the facility from which Carol saw the energy emerging (opposite of where we'd put the first HHg). I saw a drainage pipe coming out farther down the hill and assumed it was coming from inside the hill, so I bent down and shouted a 'Hello!' into the pipe. At that point I noticed, with a little chagrin, that it only reached the other side of the road and was for draining rainwater. When I got back in the truck, Carol was giggling and said that what I did was felt rather strongly by troglodytes in charge there and it pretty well freaked them out. When we arrived, she had picked up on their plans to do something pretty awful to the population of the area soon, but the date wasn't clear.

She got a similar impression from the underground folks that she gets when moving through a crowd of people, though of course, most of the people in that facility are MK Ultra drones. The MK Ultra program was set up to provide the work force for the World Order and everyone in the secret facilities, from the janitors to the scientists, were processed through Montauk-type facilities as young boys. I apparently was, as were many people on the cloudbuster forum. It used to be considered an honor to be a white man, but now we know that whites are the most easily programmed, which doesn't speak well for our innate spiritual strength. However, that gives us a pretty strong vested interest in bringing the predators down when we do wake up to what was done to us without our consent.

My clandestine insider buddy says they're aiming for October, 2002, to fully activate the crowd control ELF towers and take the dissidents away, as well as all the guns they can round up from among the violently sick, physically disabled citizenry.

Oh, Cell Phones, of course!

I'm patiently waiting for Carl to furnish some evidence that these new transmitters are for cell phones. After he does that, I'll ask him why the transmitters are as close as a mile apart in some cities, such as Sacramento and Spokane, and almost entirely absent in cities such as Santa Rosa and Las Vegas. There are obviously no fewer cell phones per capita in the latter than in the former. I'm sure the other electronics engineers on the cloudbuster

forum, who have been a little shy about publicly discussing this up to the present, would be keen to read Carl's comments. I sense some hesitation on their part, but hopefully, after reading about our own experiences with the Object of their possible trepidation, the dirty CIA, they'll get bolder and give us their learned opinions. If the wetwork specialists aren't suiciding me for blatantly stopping their fun, I'm sure they won't punish these engineers for exercising their free-speech birthright.

Every predatory agency in human history has relied almost totally on fear and intimidation to maintain their control over others. Greggus witnessed the way we all forced the surveillors to leave us alone and we used nothing but a camera and a little telepathy. They are much more terrified of cameras than of psychic acrobatics. I'm sure they don't have a clue that the only reason we could pick them out of the crowd was that Carol and Greggus keyed into their thoughts.

Don Croft

© 2002 Don Croft & Educate-Yourself.org. All Rights Reserved

Episode 25
Fishing for Feds
Part 2
Part 1

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>
<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc25pt2fishingforfeds29jun02.shtml>
June 20, 2002

Box Boys

According to Carol, the NSA had a team of 'box surveillance' specialists waiting for us in San Francisco-a dozen or so. We decided to take a different route to Guerneville from Sacramento. Guerneville is about sixty miles directly northwest of San Francisco. No doubt there were bugs on every line coming from the folks in San Francisco and vicinity that we'd arranged to contact on this trip, which is why we didn't contact them, for which I apologize here and will, personally, when we get back home.

We stopped outside of Sebastopol to make the Holy Handgrenades we'd need for Boogeyman Grove and timed it so that we'd be close to Guerneville before the Feds arrived. About a mile before Guerneville, it felt like we were being watched, so I asked Carol about it. She said there was a fellow on a motorcycle two vehicles back who had raced through traffic to be the first to make visual contact with the Zapporium. I pulled over fast and snapped his photo as he went by. I could see he was very surprised and angry (humiliated) and Carol said he was one of the bosses of the operation and was now out of the game, since I 'made' him. (Try it yourself!)

We remembered that Greggus lives just off of the river road outside of town, so we turned right and started looking for something familiar. We had gotten together a year before to plant a HHg in the nexus of the array of vortices that the Fortune 500 and world political leader bogeymen exploit for their annual satanic rites at the Grove. We had FedExed a second HHg to Greggus the next day, which he deployed in another vortex right before the solstice ceremony.

We went past the settled area without recognizing his building, so I asked Carol to key into the head of the Fed who was actively watching Greggus that day and, sure enough as we were driving back into town, she indicated a fellow driving a cherry picker with his turn signal on. He was converging on Greggus' house, where another agent, apparently from another agency, in another cherry picker was pretending to do something high up on a telephone pole. The various agencies don't like to share intel with each other, which is an amusing aspect of the Illuminati's plans to merge them all into the 'Homeland Security' force. I suspect there would be another war of attrition among the Feds if that ever comes to pass. Sort of like 'King of the Hill' with guns, psyops weaponry and poison.

It's great that the spook showed us where to turn, as we'd forgotten that Greggus' house isn't right on the highway. I took pictures and waved to the two fellows mentioned above. Greggus hopped into the truck with us and we went to work.

Greggus had photographed the fellow who was up the power pole a couple of days before that, but he didn't show up in the digital image. He was way too big to duck down into that little bucket he was in when Greggus took the picture, so Carol reminded me that Al Bielek had mentioned that some of the Fed agents now have a hand-held device that changes their energy field so that they don't show up in a photo when it's turned on. I bet whoever follows us now has one of those in their hand all the time. This guy didn't get that enraged 'look' on his face until Greggus photographed him again later that day. I think he honestly believed we weren't onto him until that point. Pretty thickheaded for a NSA spook. Greggus had tried to get the Sheriff's Department to look into the truck's expired license plates a few days before that, with no luck. I think he should get a 'bug sniffer' to locate the transponders in and around his residence. We're going to get one shortly. It's fine to temporarily neutralize the transponders, but it's better to just find and destroy them all.

In 1997, Wilhelm Muller showed me a little frequency generator that he turned on whenever he wanted to discuss anything within range of the snoops that frequently park next to his property. It puts out a field large enough for two people to comfortably sit in. I later got one of those from a Yugoslavian zapper customer of mine, right after the American Air Force bombed his city with radioactive substances. Incidentally, Bill Muller was the first person to show me that we don't need to fear these predatory agents. I think he stopped being afraid of tyrants sometime during his interment in a Nazi concentration camp as a youth.

The Succor Punch, though, creates a much larger field. I'm curious to know what the limits of the field are. That probably has a lot to do with the person who's using it, of course, but I'm sure the minimum field is adequate to encompass any vehicle you may be driving or a good part of your residence, even without being a master of 'intention.' Anyone can direct the energy, regardless of skill or 'credentials.'

These days, if you're a fairly balanced person, actively engaged in planetary healing (just talking about it doesn't count, since that's a sign of imbalance, IMHO) if you get even a fleeting impression that somebody is psychically snooping you, you're probably right, so just imagine the beam of orgone going from that Succor Punch to whoever or whatever is interfering with you and I guarantee they'll wish they hadn't. Keep them dancing as long as you like. It won't harm them at all. Both of you will get some educational benefits from the experience. You'll find that it will happen less and less as time and your good work progress.

Bohemian Grove

Boogeyman Grove is in a narrow valley along the Russian River, about 10 miles from the coast. Bohemian Highway, which crosses the river downstream from Guerneville, is the road from which the celebrants enter. Since I don't know the area well, it's a blur to me exactly where we put all those HHGs but we put the two cloudbusters in positions that aimed toward the Grove from the other points of a triangle formed with Greggus' cloudbuster, which remained in the gorgeous rose garden in front of his apartment, pointed at the Grove. There is a vortex downhill from where we put the second CB and one of the HHGs went into that vortex. Another went into a sacred pool overlooking the Grove. Yes, we had to trespass to get to it, but it's in a vortex. Right before we arrived at the 'trailhead' we passed two Sheriff's vehicles, which were parked by the road. As we pulled over to walk to the site, but before Greggus and I got out to do it, the cops drove by us, having reported to the Feds that they saw us, according to Carol.

She stayed in the truck, wondering if the Feds would show up, no doubt, and catch us trespassing, but we got back before any of that happened. She had told me that what they were hoping for was a chance to have us arrested so that we could be disappeared on some token legal grounds. Otherwise, the local cops probably would be suspicious of the Feds' intentions and cops, after all, are just PJ people, too.

We put an HHG in the river opposite the bogeymen's play beach; then one near the slaves' gated entrance.

By then it was nearly sunset, so we dropped Greggus off at his place and went to spend the night near the seashore. I got the urge to get up around 6:30AM and climbed down the steep bank to deposit the last HHG for that project in the ocean. Not surprisingly, there was almost no surf and the tide was low, so I was able to get it in place and hidden where it would be constantly covered by sea water. It's very unusual for there to be no surf on the California coast.

Carol told me that putting the HHG there was the finishing touch because from here on, whoever tries to make satanic magic at the Grove will be completely and utterly unsuccessful.

We stopped at the Safeway in Guerneville to get Greggus a spray bottle for the MiracleII that provided some astonishing healing for a long-standing problem. The clerk asked us what we were doing in Guerneville and I told her we were there to shut down the black magic. She asked if we were going to participate in the protest and I said I felt the protests weren't necessary any more. Carol and I had the impression that the people in that part of the state would be happy to see the satanists go elsewhere. The reputation of Bohemian Grove is so bad that it bleeds through even the PJ people's wall of denial.

Playing with Spooks

Greggus made us some fine coffee, then we headed toward Sacramento with the frequency shield turned off so the Feds could more easily follow us and so we could fish for them again.

About twenty miles up the road, I asked Carol where the spook was who was tailing us and she said he was on a motorcycle about 2 blocks back, trying not to be obvious. I ran through the last of the yellow phase of a traffic light so that he'd have to get a little farther back; then, I sped up and turned into a hidden side street and parked the truck. Carol and I quickly got out with the camera and stood behind a tall hedge just beside the roadway. She told me the instant before he appeared, and we jumped out with the camera to take his picture.

As I was fiddling with the camera setting, I heard him rev his motor and zoom off at a very high speed. Carol was laughing because, she said, he almost crashed when he saw us. He had his head down like a racer and was a block away before I even had the chance to look up.

We drove past Sacramento a little way then stopped for gas. I scanned the horizon with the binoculars, and then turned on the spook-be-gone apparatus and we took off in a zigzag pattern toward U.S. Rte 30. Carol had said that the NSA had a light plane in the air, but very low, out of sight so that we wouldn't see it. It was mainly tracking us by the transponder, so it wasn't watching carefully.

Right before we got onto Rte 30, heading toward Lake Tahoe City on the way to Death Valley, I saw the bright flash of a Lemurian craft near the horizon just ahead of us. Carol said they were congratulating us for doing all of that without the Wingmakers' help. Some of the Lemurians are Wingmakers, of course, as are representatives from just about every beneficial agency you could mention-past, present and future. I don't even try to figure out their roster any more.

By now, the NSA was still thinking we were headed home, but we were just playing with them; so they were waiting to pick us up again in Tahoe City.

Star Wars

Here's where it got a little weird, even for us. I swear that every time we drive down US 395 west of the Sierras in California, it feels like we're in the Twilight Zone.

That highway was closed north of Bridgeport, so we had to detour into Nevada, as I mentioned before. Before we got to the detour, though, we passed a very large antenna array on a mountaintop, next to a very high pass on California Rte 89. On the next peak, there is a huge stone monolith, which resembles the heads on Easter Island, but there is no road leading up to the monolith, as there is leading up to the transmitters.

We didn't give it a lot of thought at the time, but when we got to the detour at Rte 395 we saw that there were two extensive rainstorms, one over the alleged fire and one centered over the Chembuster I had left near Fallon, Nevada three weeks earlier (by the way, they'd had many good, long-lasting rainstorms since then). As we drove south, parallel to 395, we neither saw nor smelled smoke from the alleged forest fire. Carol said that there was a token fire started by the Forestry department just for effect, but that the area was closed because the Feds were recovering a crashed spaceship belonging to offworld reptilian would-be invaders. The facility on the mountaintop, which was 30 miles from the nearest settlement, is a HAARP/StarWars scalar transmitter and had been used along with similar facilities in the region to shoot down the craft.

The monolith was erected thousands of years previously by visitors as a primary vortex marker. The nearby HAARP/StarWars facility was put there in order to exploit the natural energy of the vortex. HAARP needs to be defeated, but the StarWars weaponry is protecting us, so Carol and I won't neutralize any of that even if it's being used for HAARP. We believe they can be recognized because they're only placed in areas where there are no people living. This one was at about 9,000 feet elevation.

If that weren't weird enough, as soon as we drove into Bridgeport, the southern terminus of the closed portion of highway 395, we saw a large snowplow heading north past the checkpoint. Apparently that ship crashed very high in the Sierras where there was still snow there.

At the gas station, I spoke with a U.S. Marine who had just arrived, he said, to organize the Marines 'fighting the forest fire' into a convoy for the return trip to Camp Pendleton, north of San Diego. I told him to keep his eyes and ears open, as we knew for sure there was no forest fire. We live in a part of the country where forest fires are not uncommon and the smoke goes out for hundreds of miles and lasts long after the fire is out. Nevada is downwind of the alleged fire and there was no smoke at all.

The next segment of the Twilight Zone was north of Mammoth Lake, where we passed a convoy of a dozen unmarked, unlicensed white vans, driving 65 mph, very close together. The windows were tinted, but some of the drivers had their windows rolled down and I saw Boy Scout insignias on their uniforms. My weird sh-o-meter was already off the scale at that point, so we didn't give it a lot of thought. The front two vans had different letter/number combinations written with markers on pieces of cardboard taped to the windows, beginning with 'P.' the following vans had letter/number combinations beginning with 'C.' The second van was dark green and we couldn't even see the driver. The front van's windows weren't tinted, so we saw the uniforms of the athletic-looking young men, about a dozen, who were seated there. They weren't Boy Scout uniforms but they weren't US military ones, either.

They turned off the highway at the road leading to Mammoth Lake. Carol said they were MK Ultra folks, taking specimens from the spaceship crash site to the massive underground facility there.

Just ahead was Crowley Lake, which had another huge underground complex. Two of the entrances can be seen clearly from the highway and a little community of upscale, upper middle class homes was placed near one of them. The nearest town was about 40 miles south, so this isn't a bedroom community by any means. I guess the boss drones get to live up in the open air. I wonder if they have Stepford wives (cyborgs) to keep them company?

Not long after that, Carol climbed into the bunk behind the driver's seat and I drove on towards Death Valley in the dark. She had been keeping a third eye out for NSA psychics after one of them cleverly pinpointed our location on the way to Guerneville, by reading road signs. This time, the same fellow showed up (I hadn't figured out yet how to sense his presence) and read a thought or two that I was having about Death Valley.

A couple of hours later, there he was, sitting in a little red car beside the road leading down the 5,000' grade into Death Valley. He pulled out behind me and followed me down, so I parked beside the road and watched him go by. At this point, I didn't know who he was, but any traffic on that road at that time of night (around 10:30PM) is a little suspect, especially if it exhibits that kind of behavior.

By now, Carol was awake and sitting beside me, so I asked her to look at the fellow. She said she got no impression at all from him. I noticed that he had stopped just beyond the dirt road that branched off south to Panamint Springs, which runs along the eastern floor of the valley. The moon was about $\frac{3}{4}$ full, light enough for me to find my way without headlights, but too dark for anyone to see the truck from a distance if the lights were turned off. He had stopped about a half mile beyond the junction, so I turned south and drove a couple of miles. Another vehicle, which was larger and pulling a trailer, pulled up behind the small car, then they both moved off toward the east, out of sight up into the small range of hills that runs down the center of Death Valley. Getting a hunch that it wasn't quite time to go, we waited a few minutes and, sure enough, the car came back again, stopped at the turnoff briefly, then moved on to the lighted facility, just uphill from the floor of the valley to the west. Carol had discovered that the red car was being driven by a young psychic that had keyed into my thoughts about Death Valley and he was feeling awfully gung-ho and cocky. She put the Succor Punch on him and said he was so overwhelmed that he had to get out of his car. Now we were completely safe from scrutiny, so we moved back onto the highway and drove towards Nevada, to the east.

We found a spot with sufficiently high sagebrush and left the Chembuster there. We drove the remaining 20

miles to Stovepipe Wells, where Carol had seen the other agent waiting for us. We decided not to stop and take his photo, because the Wingmakers intervened to tell Carol that the NSA had scrambled some MK Ultra hit men from the underground facility east of Death Valley, and they had started out about five minutes earlier in two vehicles. One would drive down the road toward Panamint Springs, since that was where they figured we might have gone, and the other was headed toward us at very high speed.

Two such vans, which looked just like the ones in the convoy we'd seen earlier, passed us at very high speed just as we had turned onto highway 395 going south toward Los Angeles on our first trip through Death Valley last November. If I hadn't taken the wrong turn earlier, they would have been able to murder us without having to worry about onlookers. Highway 395 is well traveled. That was a pretty weird trip, too. I wrote about that one earlier. At that point, the international Chembuster project had just gotten off to a very good start thanks to the efforts of Stephanie and Michael Relfe.

We had returned to Death Valley to put some HHGs over the ancient Draconian base there in February. We rented a room at Stovepipe Wells and I got up around 4:30AM, feeling a strong urge to get the job done. Carol said she heard three large vehicles race past the motel only five minutes after I'd left. There's no traffic in Death Valley to speak of at that time of day, but I was completely invisible to them. The Wingmakers made that happen, not us. I think we made some kind of grade on this week's trip, since we were able to elude the Feds by our own efforts. It feels pretty good to do that and it points up the essential incompetence of human intelligence agencies in the face of the new paradigm.

Two Roads

This leads into my discussion of the two kinds of knowledge and their characteristics. If one considers the Book of Genesis as an analogy, the lesson taught by the story of Cain and Abel points out the distinction between salvation by works and salvation by grace. I'm using the term, 'salvation,' conditionally, since I'm not supporting the Fundamentalist notion of salvation. Rather, I think of salvation as an indication of knowing one's place in the scheme of things as a spiritual being. When one believes that salvation is attained by one's own efforts, he/she is following a limiting line of thought. When one believes that salvation is a gift of God, not earned but given, he/she is following the more creative Divine knowledge and is more easily susceptible to divine guidance and protection. This seems to be the modus operandi of the Wingmakers, which is why I personally feel confident about working with them.

The ancient teachings of the secret societies are essentially Luciferian, therefore self-centered. The divine teachings, characterized by the spiritual teachings of the founders of the major world religions, stress the value of serving others and encourage the development of our latent spiritual talents. The founders themselves were essentially humble and self-sacrificing, stressing the importance of spiritual life over worldly dominion.

The Tao Te Ching illustrates the power of humility with the analogy of water, which always seeks the lowest place to rest, takes the shape of whatever container it's in, and is essential to all life. The power of water to erode and break down all natural barriers is also part of that analogy; so being humble doesn't mean one needs to be degraded. 'Humble' is another word for 'meek,' and Jesus told his followers that one day 'the meek shall inherit the earth.'

Luciferian doctrine leads one to arrogance, on the other hand. If you're a follower, conscious or otherwise, of this doctrine, you're probably getting angry with me right about now.

The European secret societies, which have been molding western thought for the last three centuries, have cleverly mixed aspects of divine beliefs in with the less palatable Luciferian doctrine in order to get folks to move away from independent thought and the concept of individual freedom. Secret societies also fostered an image of spiritual beings as ascetics and otherwise non-participatory in day to day issues, like freedom and creative expression.

In Asia, other methods have been used to subjugate people through religion. Though a careful review of what

remains of the original teachings of Zoroaster, Buddha, and Krishna show that none of the oppressive practices and beliefs of these faiths are rooted in the teachings of the founders, but rather were added by the clergy, long afterwards. Islam is the first religion to have most of the teachings of the founder written down within his lifetime and the Baha'i Faith is the first to have no clergy at all, so these are relatively unpolluted by destructive, divisive, social practices and dogmas.

In the emerging paradigm, receiving seems to have more value than giving. Think about that for a moment. Most giving is done through a sense of guilt or a desire to get something back. Most of us find it difficult to receive a gift, even from a dear friend. One needs to overcome guilt in order to receive freely.

Guilt is the other side of the coin of the belief that we are God, IMHO. It's also the main obstruction to true unity among people.

I've met a lot of people and I carefully consider every belief system that's expressed to me before I try to determine if it has value for me. What most westerners seem to miss is the point that one's actions speak more clearly of his beliefs than his words. Over the years, the westerners I've known who insist that they are God, seem to be very narrow and intolerant of other beliefs and express a lot of resentment when I question them. The Asians I've known who express that belief seem to be talking about something entirely different and also seem to be extremely fond of semantics. I have a good friend who is a Sikh from Punjab, and though he was quite dogmatic about this issue, he was also self-sacrificing to a fault and extremely tolerant and curious about my own beliefs. Also, whenever he was in trouble, he asked God for help. I guess if he really believed he was God he wouldn't feel the need to do that.

This leads me to believe that westerners are given this as part of a mind control program to keep them polarized and isolated, and therefore easier to control. After all, if you can make me angry or hate 'organized religion,' you're in charge, not me. I guarantee that nobody's going to get at me by criticizing my beliefs. Luciferian doctrine is the most organized of all the 'religions.'

I know people who have gained impressive occult knowledge through years of training in secret societies. Many of the spooks we eluded this week, were trained that way. The problem with that mode of education is that there will always be a sort of ceiling, since it's based on a denial of divine assistance. Carol and I have a relatively casual background in metaphysics, but we have faith in an omnipotent, all-loving, independent Creator who works through many agencies such as the Wingmakers. I can tell you that if you're not aware of these things you can only get it by asking God for it. Not even the White Brotherhood can help you with that, and I think they're generally considered the highest human occult agency, a sort of fountainhead of all the secret Luciferian orders in the world.

Don Croft

Episode 26

It's Time to Neutralize Those Pesky Underground Bases-Now

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc26neutralizeundergroundbasesnow13jul02.shtml>

June 29, 2002

(I just got an interesting email from my secret buddy yesterday, but I'll get to that at the end.)

Yesterday, Carol and I neutralized the base which is under the beautiful Snake River about 30 miles west of where we live.

For the past month, Carol has been feeling like she had PMS. She hadn't really had PMS since she started using a zapper five years ago, but for a few days she felt sure that's what was happening. She noted two days ago, when she finally found the source of her discomfort, that psychics are most often the last ones to protect themselves. We had thought it was coming from the little psy-ops facility the CIA had set up in a federally-owned building on the university campus at the end of our little street, but when we went over there again, Carol could see that they had already packed it all up and left, since it wasn't working on us-at all.

She told me that the source of the assault energy was from the area under the perpetually messed up sky west of town. It was toward that direction that our daughter Jenny, had seen the large reptilian ship sticking out of a too-small lenticular cloud a couple of weeks ago.

I made three HHGs yesterday morning and we headed out to neutralize whatever was being used to beam my wife. I had dowsed that two were needed, but I like to have extra just in case.

We got a Washington map (the Idaho border is a couple of miles west of Moscow, where we live) and Carol dowsed that the problem was coming from a Washington state park on the Snake River. Remember that most bases are built under land from which all mineral rights are kept in the hands of the unlawful government, such as state and national parks, military bases, even city and county properties.

We'd never been over there before, and the drive down from the Palouse, which is what they call the north/south band of rolling prairie here (hence the name of the Nez Perce Indians' horse breed, the Appaloosa), to the bottom of the Snake River Canyon was breathtaking. It's a big river with a system of locks and dams that allow ocean ships to travel to Lewiston, Idaho.

We dowsed each turn in the road rather than just follow the highway signs, and the first bit of guidance took us to the end of a road by a little state park that had swimming and boat launching facilities. I put the HHG in the water, hidden by rocks, and as I started returning to the car, I saw two fellows in an old red pickup truck looking at me as they were leaving the facility. I noted it, but didn't think much about it, but Carol told me they were waiting there in case we should show up and that they'd waited a LONG time. She said the driver's thoughts were, 'Finally, we can get out of here!' It struck her at the time that this is not characteristically how fishermen think, and they drove by her to look at the car, but didn't make eye contact with her.

As we were leaving the house yesterday, we noticed that there were about fifty lenticular clouds in the direction of the target area (no, there are no mountains in that direction) and that the sky directly over that area was extremely dark and the undersides of the clouds were distorted. It reminded me of the sky I saw when I sailed my little boat through a hurricane years ago, but in this case the clouds were very still, unlike the hurricane, where they appeared to be boiling. At one point, I saw distinct lines on the edges of a couple of those clouds, obviously of enormous ships having a hard time covering themselves up.

Elsewhere, the sky was lovely; with the white, puffy clouds we like to see, and there was no wind to speak of, as we'd normally experience close to a thunderhead. This was not a thunderhead.

Before we got close enough to turn onto the highway leading to the target area, I turned on the Succor Punch to block the transponders in and on our car so that somebody would have to physically see us to know where we were. Not even satellite transponders work in the vicinity of a Succor Punch, so if you want to get off the NSA's screen, just turn it on and visualize a dome of energy surrounding your vehicle or group and you'll be invisible, even to the Worst of the Worst, at least electronically, and at times, apparently, even physically invisible (!) to them.

I kept aiming the Succor Punch at the weird clouds and Carol said the ships kept shuffling around to get out of my sights, but they wouldn't leave the area. Next time I do that, I think I'll play LA CUCARACHA or THE MEXICAN HAT DANCE on the CD player.

The other HHg site was about ten miles downriver, but we had to drive back up out of the canyon and over to it along about thirty miles of highway. Due to the inordinate amount of rain here this spring and summer from the cloudbusters, the area has become uncharacteristically green, except for on the steep sides of the canyon. It's actually on the edge of a desert, and extremely arid in the summer, ordinarily.

I had Carol drop me off at the point she considered most suitable for the HHg and she drove on to the end of the road, where there was a gate and a guard post. She felt her picture being taken and 'heard' lots of talk over the radio between one of the guards and whoever was on the other end of the transmission and by the time she got back to where she'd dropped me off, I was finished putting it in the river and had almost gotten back to the road. (I bet they were wondering why she showed up in the car without me;-)

Since I'm a little impetuous, it bothered me a bit that the dark clouds and heaviness didn't entirely dissipate by the time we had driven up out of the canyon. It was a lot lighter, but the clouds still had those sharp edges, so I knew the ships were still there.

Within another fifteen minutes, though, the ships had left and the clouds resumed their natural appearance and started moving downwind again. When we put the first HHg down, the dark ones moved upwind about five miles and stayed there.

Carol said that they had been there to absorb some of the scalar energy/dead orgone that was being produced partly from the facility under the river, so when we shut off that energy supply to them, the scalar effect also disappeared. These, she said, were huge ships belonging to the B Sirians and were being used to help prepare for the upcoming phony alien invasion, staged by the Illuminati, which brings us to what my secret buddy's email was about.

First, though, I mention that we HHg'd a brand new HAARP array that is being set up in Pullman, Washington, which we passed through to get to Moscow. Pullman is just over the frontier in Washington, west of Moscow, and the university campus there has some pretty grim genetic labs which need a HHg now, too.

I think dead/deadly orgone has become the currency base of the world order rather than gold. Folks, let's bankrupt them!

Only one antenna is up so far, and it doesn't even have the nasty stuff on it yet. We put an HHg there now just so they'll get a little surprise when they try to turn the finished array on later this summer. We did all of the ELF and other predatory facilities around here already. (I bet you've done the ones where you live, too! ;-)

Here's the gist of what I got from my secret friend:

You need to turn on your discernment function full blast and not just accept or reject any of this. I credit him with being sincere, having a strong desire to serve humanity, and with believing that what he says is true based on his former life of service to the Illuminati. I'm personally acting on his advice now. You can do as you please with this information.

The Aliens Are Coming, The Aliens Are Coming!

The felonious feds and other world order agencies are staging a phony alien invasion, which should be happening very soon. There are large ships, constructed elsewhere, that are stationed outside our atmosphere, much as seen in the movie, Independence Day. Carol says these have been sold to the Illuminati by the B Sirians. They're about 20 miles long. I remember a satellite photo from about five years ago that showed a rectangular craft, around that size, floating above the Pacific ocean a couple of hundred miles off the coast of Southern California. The shadow could be seen on the ocean. It was in the stratosphere, apparently.

Incidentally, that's the area where the chemtrails are made daily now. It's about the only place in this part of the world where chemtrails can still be made to spread out sufficiently and it's apparently designed to create and maintain the drought in the Western US, which the CBs have pretty much busted now, regardless. I passed through a very large thunderstorm centered over Bakersfield, California, which was made independently of any cloud cover coming from the Pacific. I've seen this happen several times in Nevada, too, in the past month.

When we put the second HHg at the underground facility by US 95 in southern Oregon a week ago Carol 'heard' them talking about something very big that they're about to spring on the population and the activity was rather feverish there. I assumed they meant martial law until Carol said the alien invasion scam was also being prepared underground near here, too. I asked her if she saw a bunch of Russian troops underground and she said they were there but that other nationalities were there, too. My hunch was that the foreign ground troops used to enforce martial law might come up from these facilities rather than over the highways or dropped from aircraft, since all the underground bases are interconnected--sort of an underground interstate highway network, apparently, here and elsewhere, mostly in Europe.

Dr. Stephen Greer has been warning about this alien invasion scam lately, as have others, including my friend, James Hughes. The Illuminati agents, such as H.G. Wells, the participants of the Iron Mountain think tank in the early sixties, and many others, have been discussing the advantages of staging one of these events, as it would be their favorite way to get people to welcome their overt tyranny. Last year's ploy involving imaginary evil Muslims didn't pan out, as we're seeing now. The 'Reichstag Fire' sort of ploy worked for Hitler, but we are just too cosmopolitan and aware these days to froth at the mouth at foreigners any more, but creepy, overwhelming, and terrible non-human aliens might work. However, if we can pull the curtain aside in time and show everyone the wizard's backside, who knows? Maybe, just maybe, we can bust their bubble.

As we've learned from the Nazi takeover of Germany, from the Bolsheviks, and from Mao's political machine and many others: once the tyrant is welcomed as a savior, there's very little left that one can do to oppose him, so we are at a critical juncture right now, this summer.

I think this may be the ultimate test of the liberating potential of the Internet, as we all know that the other media are almost completely subverted now, so they will not be a viable information source in the coming days. In my opinion, they never were a viable information source, but it's getting much worse now.

The Bad Guys use technology and magic together and so must we. Our orgone-generating devices are more magical than their technology, especially since orgone (ether) is the medium of magic and we can produce an AWFUL lot of that, as we all know. Also, our magic eats their magic for breakfast and always wants 'seconds'.

Speaking of eating, you might want to get a vomit bag before reading the next part.

I used to think that if we put the Federal Reserve Corporation out of business, the world order would implode. That may still be true, but I rather think now that we need to go after the core group of instigators and that the Corporation, of which the Fed is only one tentacle, are all middle management drones. These are the degenerates that have always shown up en masse at Bohemian Grove and Bilderberger conclaves.

My friend was taken to meet a man called Sing in Hong Kong once. Some of the men at the top of the above

mentioned Corporation were there at the time and they were visibly terrified of Sing, who is a small man, about 4 and a half feet tall, with oriental features (Carol gets that Singapore is named after him or his family, but not clear about that one).

This fellow is the Guiding Light of the world's drug market, which is one of the main supporting pillars of the Illuminati. I won't dwell on his involvement with the White Brotherhood, since many of my readers believe the White Brotherhood are a benevolent organization, but suffice it to say that he's at the top of the Illuminati food chain, along with two others that my friend had not met face to face. Everybody agrees that the Illuminati are Bad Guys, even the Illuminati, so I'm not stepping on any toes here.

At the time, Sing was lying face down on a couch. He looked to be in his thirties, but my friend has the impression that he's ancient. He was told that Sing eats the brains of the children sacrificed at Bohemian Grove and other corporate gatherings. He had so little energy that he had to be helped into a sitting position by his omnipresent bodyguards. Maybe he's got his own Beverly Hills plastic surgeon.

He was in a penthouse on one of the skyscrapers in Hong Kong (sort of reminds me of Howard Hughes).

My friend said that when he was allowed to leave the meeting, he just felt grateful that he wasn't Ted Turner. After all, somebody had to kill those babies and children in order for Sing and the other Illuminated masters to get their dinner I suppose this keeps middle management in line (I guess the Bad Guys in real life don't have the spunk and panache of the ones in the movies, like Jack Nicholson).

So, there it is, folks. I'll be sending Sing healing energy from time to time. Spiritual healing, that is-I have the impression that if he was feeling physically strong he could do a lot more damage than if he's disabled. I hope everyone with a Succor Punch will get in on the act. Every living, breathing sentient being has the potential of getting onto an upward-pointing spiritual path characterized by selfless service, even Sing. It's happened before, so we can't say that it's completely unlikely or impossible.

This is a good way to help derail the ensuing genocide and global devastation at the hands of Sing's subordinates and I truly believe that we're up to the task

For those readers who believe I'm delusional, at worst, and misguided, at best, realize that I'm not advocating harm to anyone and I bet this is entertaining you, at least. I'm confident that even if only a half dozen folks follow my recommendations it will have a powerful and compelling effect on Sing and the Illuminati's predatory agenda, especially since my friend has the impression that he's not entirely human. The non-human offworlders and native reptilians are even more susceptible to the Succor Punch than we are, in our experience. Have fun!

Do you realize that I may be the first person in history to publicly name a top Illuminati? Do I get a prize for that? Can I get a prize for being on the highest number of sh-- lists? Who could be on the panel of judges for that one?

Some people recommended the movie, A BEAUTIFUL MIND, to Carol. It's an account of the adult life of John Nash, who went insane after briefly getting involved with black ops for the government, then recovered his sanity and went on to get a Nobel Prize. We enjoyed it very much, but there seemed to be a compelling underlying message that everyone who believes in conspiracies is insane.

I suppose that message has more impact on folks who don't have direct experience with the seamier side of government operations and mind control, but Carol and I both noticed that John Nash's weak point early on was his massive ego, which he eventually was able to reign in, and that men of science, generally, have difficulty with metaphysics because their training requires them to blindly accept principles of institutional science, which is built on the denial of non-material principles. This usually leads them to blindly adopt institutional metaphysical dogmas when they do push on to investigate the non-physical realm, such as those promoted on behalf of the White Brotherhood, which in itself can lead to insanity in my opinion. It takes one's full attention

and discernment, not to mention, having real faith, to navigate these sometimes-dark waters and dogma won't save one, but strong intuitive guidance and a little faith will-every time.

Even if one begs the question of whether a Nobel prize is something to cherish, considering that Henry Kissinger, Robert Gallo, Averill Harriman and other arch traitors and international criminals have been awarded them, Dr. Nash's achievement is certainly praiseworthy. Maybe someday, a prize will be conceived that is not connected with someone like Nobel, who became wealthy from the international ammunition trade during a devastating international managed conflict. After all, if Hitler or Pol Pot were giving out prizes, who would want to put that on a resume?

To me, saying you've got a Nobel Prize is sort of like saying you are an Illuminati or President of the North American Man/Boy Love Association. It has some value in certain circles, of course, but not in polite company.

That bit about Sing was hard for me to contemplate, and I have a cast iron stomach when it comes to digesting information like that, generally, so I sympathize with you if you're a little squeamish. The reason the White Brotherhood and their Illuminati subordinates use young folks like my secret buddy is so that they can benefit from the spiritual vision of those who are innocent and not mired down by satanic practices. When these well-meaning young rising stars wake up to what's happening, they often kill themselves out of remorse. What's impelling my friend to work with us in disabling the predatory agenda of the likes of Sing, is a desire to atone for the years during which he brought other new-age innocents into the fold and turned them over to his former masters, though he acknowledges that he stopped doing that as soon as he got a clear picture of how he was being used. That's when the murder attempts started happening to him and to his wife.

I guess I could be written off as a lunatic or mind control stooge if it weren't for the fact that the results of our work are so visible and widespread and that so many others resonate closely with our experiences. We who are disabling the regime's agenda represent many backgrounds and belief structures, so it would be hard to make the case that our perceptions are a result of mind control. Generally, mind control is only effective on folks who are not iconoclasts and who strongly desire acceptance.

There are agents of the Illuminati who offer useful information about metaphysics and other subjects, but they're the exception and are brought on stage to provide credibility for their masters. I use some of their works as reference material and I'm grateful for it all, but that doesn't hide the fact that they're working for the Bad Guys, ultimately. Of course I'd never join their organizations, which is the way unaware folks are channeled into the direct influence of the masters.

This actually does relate to cloudbusting, ultimately, since it's my effort to unravel what's behind the mechanism that was so severely poisoning the atmosphere until we all came along. Technically, whoever is responsible for that is an enemy, since it was done to us consciously, in a coordinated and pernicious way, worldwide. Who could argue that it's not important to know one's enemy? I love Sing the same way I love any other sentient being, and I wish the best for him and the other top Illuminati.

Don Croft

Episode 27

Mount Rainer & Mount St. Helens

Part 1

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc27part18jul02.shtml>

July 18, 2002

Jeff Baggaley and I closed the remaining predatory hive portals in North America on July 18th. Cameron and Nora, my younger children, went along good-naturedly for the ride. To save you from plowing through the preceding narrative, I'm going to write a synopsis of what lead up to putting the caps on that hive. A second portal is being constructed off the coast of Oregon, but Carol said it won't be finished until the submarine volcano there reaches the surface, so we only need to close the two above-mentioned volcanic portals to put the hive out of action.

Very large ships are associated with this hive for some reason. Jenny saw one in our area recently when they failed to generate enough cloud cover and one end was sticking out of the characteristic dark lenticular cloud. She said, 'Mom, is that what I think it is?' Carol said that even I could have seen it. That was shortly before we neutralized the underground base near here, part of whose job was apparently to 'refuel' the large craft of the predatory non-human races associated with the world regime-the fuel being dead orgone, of course.

The Lemurians and nice offworlders generate very light lenticular clouds to hide their craft. They use healthy orgone as fuel, of which the supply is unlimited and free. See how simple it is?

Closing Hives

According to what Carol and I were able to learn between June and October, 2001, there had been four devoutly predatory native reptilian hives in North America, along with an equal number of neutral and uncommitted ones. As Phil Schneider had described before he was murdered, there are a number of predatory 'colonies' of offworld reptilians, but these are another subject and are less threatening, since they're not invited participants in the present day order's agenda. These are the guys that the Star Wars weaponry was partly designed to deal with. The 'meteors' which blaze slowly across our skies occasionally and crash in places like Greenland are the downed interlopers. This happens a lot more often than is reported even on the Art Bell show.

The native ones are invited participants, though some may argue that the agenda originated with them in the first place. Maybe a cutting fringe historian or archaeologist can settle that sometime.

We stumbled onto one predatory hive portal at Otay Reservoir east of San Diego, California, a year ago, while neutralizing a particularly nasty underground facility there. Right after that, we got our first object lesson in active (alleged) government surveillance from both air and ground. We also encountered a different Draconian race there than the one we'd been dealing with. They had created and were trying to keep open a sort of 'black hole' portal under our big HHg, apparently for moving numbers of their brethren here without having to use spacecraft. The other end of that hive had an opening near Acapulco, but Carol saw that the native shamans there had made it unusable long ago.

The next hive we were aware of was uncommitted to a predatory agenda. That one ran under a stretch of Missouri, Arkansas and Oklahoma. One of our customers, who is a chiropractor in Missouri, who lives close to the northeast opening of the hive, tipped us off about that when it became clear that the queen of that hive had a connection with her. The Doctor found it expedient to close the hive portal on a conditional basis so that the queen would develop respect for her personally and would decide that an agenda based on mutual respect with humans in general would be a better option. That holy handgrenade can be removed any time by the Doc at her discretion.

After Carol's return from Kenya, we used the opportunity of an ongoing astral assault by the nine voodoo men who 'followed' her home to trace the source of their power. Just as you can 'follow the money' to know who is

pulling the strings in politics, science, medicine, education, the environmental movement, religions, etc., to reach the source of their influence, you can follow the nasty DOR (critical morass) of any organization involved with the worldwide predatory agenda with a little diligence and telepathy. I guess I weigh in with more diligence and Carol with more telepathy, though we've each found that we're capable of operating alone effectively in a pinch.

The ultimate source of the African voodoo energy is the reptilian queen of a single African hive running from Congo to Namibia. Using the Succor Punch to put her under some duress, we were able to map out the major predatory hives on the planet. That was in early October. The number of predatory hives she gave us was twenty. There are an equal number of hives which are neutral or even friendly toward humans. We encountered friendly ones several times around the time that we started working with our first cloudbuster in Florida. Their hive is under South Florida, the Western Bahamas, Cuba and Yucatan. We were creeped out by them at first, but gradually got comfortable with them when we realized their intentions.

We went to Namibia mainly to make sure the south portal of that hive was shut, though our African friends located it and closed it themselves without our help after I arrived. I guess I have more diligence than I personally need ;-) Time will tell whether our subsequent cloudbuster experiment in the Namib Desert was successful.

We closed the only predatory hive in Canada last fall and winter. That one ran under the Rockies, from Cranbrook, BC, to Calgary, Alberta. There is a hive under Ontario and Quebec, but it has come over to our side recently. Some Cbers in Northern Ontario were ready, willing and able to close the west portal, which was near them, just in case. We credit the Wingmakers with inspiring people near reptilian portals to rise to the challenge. This has happened many times after we discovered the locations of hive portals that we were not able to reach.

Richard Smith lives very near the small predatory hive that lies under the Chicago metropolitan area. He found and closed that portal, then found and closed the southern portal not long after that. This may partially account for the terrific skies and weather that Chicago has been experiencing, though the cloudbusters that Richard, Steven, and Tara have made and distributed to others in the city are, of course, responsible for much if not most of that happy condition.

The hive connected with the most exploitive aspects of the planetary agenda runs from Malta to Bosnia. Kolina, the Wheelchair General from Bosnia, along with Lisa, Eric, Ann, and Markus, all of them European cloudbuster aficionados, resolutely and efficiently closed the Malta portal in June and further healed the wounded ancient, adjacent Goddess vortices there. We got the distinct impression that this ancient connection between the reptilians and the world order infrastructure was the 'guiding light' of the world banking system, all European secret orders, the destructive aspects of Islamic fundamentalism and Zionism.

There remains two hives that need attention ASAP: the one which runs from Finland to the Urals is connected with the millennium-long Russian predatory agenda and secret order and the one that runs from Mongolia to northern China operates the age-old hierarchy of China. Note that every bad thing that happens politically these days originates from one or a combination of these three hierarchies, all of which would likely obliterate the others if the opportunity presented itself, which is a good reason to pinch off all their non-human heads sooner than later. Are there any volunteers out there?

Secret Buddy

Our Secret Buddy laments that no rich people have come forward to play a role yet. He wishes he'd known about all of this when he was rich. That wealth and property more or less evaporated when he used his connections to arrange to publish a book that was to expose the predatory agenda. He and his lovely wife survived several murder attempts shortly after that. I guess the White Brotherhood doesn't realize that you don't need to be rich to be effective, though. All of us bear witness to that simple truth. Tyranny is essentially unable to understand, much less effectively oppose, any grassroots movement and tyrants, such as those dried up old farts, will never fathom the lessons they should have learned from a cursory study of history. Maybe after 2012 we won't need to deal with folks like them any more. Satanism should be considered infantilism for this and many other reasons,

no matter how rich, powerful, old, and adept its proponents are.

Of the three surface-world predatory human hierarchies, the Chinese one is the most pragmatic and seems to realize that mayhem for its own sake can be counterproductive. I wish the Brit and Russian aristocracies would take a hint from that and overcome their traditional bloodlust. It could be that China will turn out to be the Joker of the deck, the unpredictable wild card. I'm eager to see what our friend, Kam Wong, will be able to accomplish in the short and long term. He seems to embody the prolific creativity and insights attributed to that nation and race and is now applying his skills and unbounded energy to our planet-wide project.

The three above-mentioned hives fuel and more or less direct all major world conflicts and tyrannies and Carol and I firmly believe that closing at least one portal of each can cause the reptilians to temporarily abandon their human liaisons, essentially depriving each beastly organization of its head, as was done in Malta. We noticed that when a portal is closed, they abandon their surface-world agenda to focus on creating another portal, which takes years of work. It's sort of like what happens when you step on an anthill.

Carol's Malta Trip

The easiest portal to reach is on the coast of Finland. If anyone wants to go there, let me know and I'll tell you the location we dowsed. Carol tried to get to Malta this month, but was prevented rather overtly. She was harassed and followed constantly every time she left her hotel in Paris except for during the brief moments during which she placed a holy handgrenade on the grounds of Versailles.

She was planning to use some devices that the Andromedan dwarves gave her instructions for (I made them) to strengthen and extend the old Goddess vortices in Malta to infuse the world with more female energy, of which we're in dire need these days after many millennia of patriarchy.

The suitcase that contained the devices was kept in Paris for several days & when we got it back yesterday, one of the devices had been tampered with. We get the impression that the Gestapo goons who were examining them were unable to stand the nice energy that one of them was putting out, so one of them cut all of the 12 wires holding the dodecahedron quartz crystal in the center of the apparatus, which turned it off.

Al Gray & Flash Gordon

Shortly after we had our first duress session with the African Queen in October, Al Gray sent us a note of introduction and offered his help. We had the impression that he was a witch like Carol, but was surprised to learn that he's a cagey, resourceful, and tough Texan. In my opinion, our email impressions of each other were correct, though often it was difficult to reconcile that with what we found in a physical meeting later on. Soon after Internet introductions were made all around, he and his psychic co-worker, 'Flash' Gordon, set off to find and close both portals of the reptilian hive running from Ft. Huachuca, southeast of Tucson, Arizona, to north central Arizona near a ski slope. Al has gone on to neutralize most of the ELF transmitters in the southern part of the state; put cloudbusters in numerous places, including two Indian Reservations, and to donate cloudbusters for key spots in California, including Bohemian Grove's adjacent town and the ancient artificial moisture barrier in the southern Sierra Mountains.

Not to be too severely outdone, though, Carol and I put two CBs on the Hopi Reservation last spring and neutralized a lot of the transmitters on the Interstate near the Arizona frontier between Los Angeles and Phoenix, as well as putting Al's donated CB and one of ours in the California Sierras.

After the martial law threat has been diverted later this year, Al will be getting the biggest trophy if he keeps going as he has been, since I think it would take an army of intrepid Cbers to overtake his record at this point.

Gestapo Spooks

It's probably not a good idea to have any conferences before we've all earned our prizes by making martial law inadvisable, for lack of enough ELF transmitters, since we'd just be playing musical chairs with the Gestapo-wannabees who would no doubt show up in droves to hang on our every word in hopes of liquidating us later on.

We have an entourage of these creeps every time we drive to the store these days, and I don't want others to have to put up with that if they don't have to. Getting together in a large group would no doubt make that happen for everyone who attended who's not on the International Monetary Fund's generous payroll. Did you know that the men who 'guard' the President are paid out of London?

A Plan

Our Secret Buddy has conceived a plan to deprive the White Brotherhood of their dark chi. It involves lining up about 20 CBs with solar powered (this part's my contribution), jumped up CBs- a la Hooten- with mobius/crystal-ball frequency arrangements in the orgonite, all of which would be placed along an earth meridian, or ley line, perhaps beginning and ending at vortices. This would no doubt charge the earth so strongly with healthy orgone (chi) that the dark masters would not be able to make enough DOR to extinguish a match, let alone prop up this mass delusion they've created over the millennia.

Since his generations-long family background was centered in servitude to the White Brotherhood, it's been hard for him to break out of that awareness and see the other forces at work besides his own and a few others' heroic, self-sacrificing efforts to awaken humanity to the masters' predatory/parasitic activities and agenda. He's been inside Mt. Shasta, seen the ruins of the ancient Lemurian city accessible by the caves, was warned by one of the dark masters never to return to Shasta (I hope to go there with him), but was unaware of the hyper-dimensional presence of the Lemurians themselves, who have graciously appeared to many people, including Carol, our friend Dorothy the Druid, and I now and then on the mountain, which is apparently one of their surface havens. The masters may be in control of some of the groups who call Shasta home, but they definitely don't own that territory, nor will they.

Lemurians

Since the hive portal closures, the Lemurians are assuming territorial skies that had been held by the reptilians, so it's obvious to us that we aren't the only earthly ones fighting evil these days. The Lemurians have run interference for us many times and I'm sure they're working in ways that we aren't aware of to help ensure humanity's victory over its ancient oppressors. We think they have just been waiting for some folks to step forward and show some commitment and use the tools we've all been inspired to make. I suspect they have no vested interest in our victory but are offering their services out of compassion and love for us. Note that I'm not calling the tools weapons.

Carol and I haven't seen evidence that offworlders interfere in worldly affairs except perhaps in extreme circumstances for specific purposes-for instance, they may defuse a nuclear bomb if a missile is inadvertently launched against a city in another country. Our encounters with them have been in the form of individual healing and inspiration regarding inventions. Carol and I have noticed that the color orange is often associated with their ships and portals, so if you see orange things in the skies you may be witnessing an intervention or other visit.

The Lemurian ships flash and streak as bright, white, lights intermittently and some see a blue, spherical orgone field around them sometimes. Bright flashes in the daytime skies are also signs of their craft. It could be that Dr. Grebbenikov's explanations of his own antigravity craft may be describing the characteristics of the Lemurian craft, which are likely more highly developed than Dr. G's flying Siberian paint box. I don't know why, but I usually see them close to the horizon, though I've seen them overhead a few times, especially when we were on Mt. Shasta. You'll no doubt see them and other unusual craft if you pay attention. Remember that miraculous things don't seem very astonishing without a Hollywood soundtrack.

A lot of us have been seeing the Lemurian craft in the skies in the past few months. Just as Britannia ruled the waves at one point, the reptilians have ruled our skies for a long, long time. I believe the Lemurians, who are also a native human race, were content to live in an adjacent time line or dimensional construct before we all closed those reptilian hives down. Now we have been seeing mostly Lemurian craft in our travels rather than the reptilian ones. On the day I arrived in Namibia there was a long display in the skies over the capital, Windhoek, put on by five Lemurian craft, sort of like a Blue Angels demonstration, but without the noise. A respected observer was interviewed in the main newspaper about what he saw in the African sky that day and Gert Botha,

my host, translated it for me from Afrikaans a few days later. In this case, they showed up a week before the reptilian portal was closed, so they aren't chicken hearted.

As the astronomer on public TV says, 'Keep looking up.'

African Women

Another wild card in the unfolding planetary growth process are the women of Africa. Africa maintained a dynamic tradition of sexual equality in spite of the aggressive patriarchal trends of the past millennia. It took violent suppression by Europeans, followed by their equally vicious current flunkies, to force women out of politics and cut off their access to the economy, but our meetings with some female traditional healers in Kenya and Namibia showed us that this is just a temporary inconvenience. Although I've had a pretty good idea of what it's like to be around very charismatic women, I was unprepared for my psychic encounters with Ouma Lahia in advance of our physical meeting. WOW! No wonder the voodoo guys won't try to harm those African witches. I'm glad she likes me, that's all I'll say about that. When you visit Africa, take some moxie with you.

Wingmakers

Carol has told me that the White Brotherhood, along with their native reptilian cohorts, are essentially defeated already by what we Cbers and others around the world have done under the guidance of the Wingmakers, who deserve the 'White Brotherhood' title more than those very old, hyper-exploitive, utterly degraded, semi-human masters. Of course, the Wingmakers don't seem to care about titles and status, as many humans do. It's hard for me to picture any of them in my Bolivian Admiral regalia. The name is a convenient handle for something vast and incomprehensible to me and the membership seems rather fluid in any case.

The Russians Are Coming

My impression is that we need to step up the pace now, as it would be unreasonable to expect that these jerks will go down without trying to take all of humanity with them into the abyss, so we all need to at least neutralize the ELF transmitters in our vicinity for our own family's safety's sake. Our family will get a few arms and some food and make a single camping trip into the adjacent Idaho/Montana wilderness in August to stash the stuff just in case the headless beast thrashes a bit in its death throes. Carol did see a lot of Russian and other foreign troops in the underground base just west of here and it would be silly to suppose they're just going to walk home now

Don Croft

Episode 28

Mount Rainer & Mount St. Helens

Part 2

Part 1

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc28partB18jul02.shtml>

July 18, 2002

In early September, when we took Seattle its first cloudbuster on the way to getting Carol onto the plane to Kenya, we encountered a huge reptilian ship which was being used to oversee a massive chemtrail spraying project aimed at the world's first cloudbuster array 300 miles east (downwind) of Seattle. The kerosene was raining out of the sky that day.

That ship was over the Columbia Gorge, halfway between the two cities. Carol saw an equally big reptilian ship over Mt. Rainier as we were driving into the Cascades a little later and that's when we learned that Rainier and St. Helens are reptilian portals. Carol said the reptilians were in the process of abandoning the Rainier portal, perhaps because an eruption was imminent.

That was the time we decided that it was important to get those portals closed ASAP but we wouldn't be able to get to it until the snow had melted sufficiently the following summer to drive up to suitable spots on both mountains to plant the HHGs.

Mountain Men

This brings me around to telling you what Jeff and I did that day in the mountains. He's the fellow in Nova Scotia who got tossed in the asylum after a Canadian government official conspired with the national police and his wife to butcher (edit is too kind a term for what they did) the text of some of his cloudbuster forum posts to provide 'evidence' that he was crazy a few months ago. The Wingmakers sprung him twelve hours later, of course, but the plan was apparently to disappear him into a drug-induced semi-comatose state for the duration.

That was right after he neutralized one of those DOR beam facilities (with an HHG) not far from his home, having already begun to disable the chemtrail agenda in western Nova Scotia with his cloudbuster. He's going to share some gems of information about that when the time is right, but suffice to say there's more to this fellow than meets the eye. You probably know how hard it is to keep my mouth shut when I've got some substantial information in my head, but Jeff knows when to talk about that better than I do.

Jeff showed up in his hundred-dollar car and a month's worth of lucre on Monday. He was on his way to Sundance, near Pine Ridge, South Dakota. The first thing he said, after introducing himself, was, "I've got a month after Sundance to go anywhere you suggest and neutralize a network of ELF transmitters-where do you want me to go?"

I don't think he realized at that point that I'm not the leader of this organization. I wouldn't wish that title on anyone, but most of us assume that every group has a leader, so I didn't take offense at his assessment. Ken in Santa Rosa suggested that we might call ourselves Knights Exemplar, which is a clever idea, but that implies a hierarchy, I think, which may be faux pas pretty soon. I'm fond of believing that any title bestowed after 2012 would be about as valued as being voted President of North American Man Boy Love Association. I must admit, though, that I'll give up my Bolivian Admiral uniform only when it's pried from my cold, dead fingers.

We spent the next few days collaborating and conspiring and on Wednesday afternoon we drove the Zapporium over to White Pass in the Cascade Mountains so we could get an early start on the two volcanoes.

Drugstore Set Up

Along with Jeff came a new wave of attention by the feds, sensed rather than seen at first, though our Secret Buddy emailed me that they were planning to plant some dope in the house as an excuse to disappear us. He had

narrowly escaped a similar fate the week before in Ojai, California. He ran into the SWAT team that was in the staging area, gearing up, right after deciding not to enter the house where he was being set up by an acquaintance.

Since I pay attention to things like that, I noticed that the inmates of the crack house next door to us were paying an awful lot of attention to me for a change and parking their cars in front of our house. Also, local cops were slowly cruising by, looking in my windows. This was a new development, too. The only time I ever saw cops on our street before that was when they were visiting our neighbors. Maybe they get a special deal on the methamphetamine they make next door. Somebody ought to open a donut shop in town to get these guys back onto the straight and narrow.

I went next door and talked to the 'godfather' about the situation and that seemed to defuse whatever may have been cooking, though after Carol got back it started up again. The local cops had dressed up like ninjas and raided his house the night before Carol and Jenny left for Europe but none of them were arrested. We believe that's when the cops invited the kingpin there to plant the dope in our house in exchange for no further harassment. They'd really been leaning on him lately, according to what he told me. That was a couple of days before Secret Buddy's warning.

When I visited with the kingpin he offered to sell me some dope, of course, but I think that was just the entrepreneur in him manifesting rather than a setup.

On a given day and night, there are around thirty different people coming and going from that house, which looks like it belongs on Tobacco Road (am I dating myself?) and most of them are caricatures right out of a Dick Tracy rogue gallery.

If that fellow or any of his cohorts show up in our new, upscale neighborhood across town, at least three people will call the cops before he reaches our door, so I think we're off the hook with these little fed-sycophant ninja local cops for now.

I hadn't met anyone like Kingpin since I was in the pokey and he looks like he's between sentences now. Most local police may as well wear swastikas and break windows, since they'd be hard to distinguish from their forebears in 1930's Germany. Those ninja outfits really give me the creeps.

Law & Order

Let's get back on track and have our elected Sheriffs resume their Constitutional duties rather than foist them off on these jerks, okay? Why not right now? I hope to God you don't have to learn about this vital subject the hard way, as I have.

Of course, the local cops will fade into obscurity if the UN (mainly Russian and Chinese) Peacekeepers are allowed to show up in their armada of white vehicles and drop from planes and helicopters around us.

Time to blow away that new-age-patsy fog, folks, and stay focused on disabling what they've got lined up for us. You don't need to shoot anyone or even break anything in the process, which I find ironic, but gratifying. I certainly hope I'll never have to shoot anyone, but I will to protect my family and Carol and I usually hit what we aim at.

Secret Buddy noted in his unpublished expose about the concentration camps et al that Switzerland and America are the only nations whose populace is armed. In both countries an armed populace is mandated as a protection from tyranny. In the case of Switzerland, they are mainly concerned with foreign invaders now, but our American Constitutional mandate to keep and bear arms has more to do with the threat posed by the government itself. You can read the Second Amendment yourself. It's not lawyer-speak; any schoolchild can clearly understand it.

Many people in America have been mentally conditioned to believe that guns are bad. Kolina sent me a cute essay that compared the relative threats of owning a gun and visiting a medical doctor and it shows that it's far, far more risky for your health to visit a doc than it is to own a gun. This brainwashing took generations to accomplish, having begun shortly after the new, unlawful government reached critical morass in 1935.

In Switzerland there is no stigma to gun ownership and just about every household is well armed. They have shooting matches much like we have carnivals and fairs. Everyone shows up to compete for awards and prizes. The people there have been well armed since the 1300's, when William Tell put a crossbow bolt through the heart of the last Swiss tyrant. Funny-I never hear the Swiss being criticized for their guns the way the Americans routinely are. Food for thought?

Our brainwashing can be such a bitch to undo!

Sundance

Poor Jeff had been on the educational fast track for several months before he showed up here. He had to stop my monologues several times so that he could assimilate some of the new stuff that kept coming up, not only about our joint project but also about aspects of his past and family connections that were beginning to make sense to him for the first time. It went both ways, of course, and he gave me a lot of information I need to have, too.

I'm so glad he connected with the Indians! The Sundance rituals are a viable force these days. One of the proofs, I think, is an account Jeff related about a couple of folks he knows who infiltrated the festival on behalf of the White Brotherhood, who apparently hate not knowing about everything that happens in the world. One was a judge in Canada and the other is her boyfriend. Part of the ritual involves some pretty intense fasting, during which there's a kundalini awakening. For an upright person, this is confirming and empowering, but for a person without integrity, it can be fairly monstrous. Those two agents are now in prison after attempting to burn a woman to death with gasoline. Jeff's experience propelled him along his upward spiraling spiritual path, for which I feel honored to have assisted him in my little way.

As I'm writing this, he's in the most intense part of the Sundance ritual. We made a cloudbuster on his last day here, which he intended to leave in Pine Ridge. As a fellow white guy, I sympathize with his unspoken desire to mollify the atmosphere there so it won't be 110 degrees in the shade again. They dance outside in the sun for several days, fasting, not even drinking water, in preparation for the final ritual, which involves some interesting physical endurance activity.

I think the timing of that phony drug bust setup was for Jeff's benefit, since he's apparently supposed to take his cues so that the next time the creepy gov't in Canada tries to set him up he'll be able to avoid trouble. He's an awfully keen observer.

HAARP Storms

It's awfully nice here in northern Idaho now. There was a phony thunderstorm two nights ago, HAARP and chemtrail induced, that skirted around the cloudbusters but the following night we got one of those gentle cloudbuster thunderstorms and it's still raining intermittently. I saw one of the Lemurian lenticular clouds under the phony T-storm near sunset. It had the characteristic neon pink and green edges and none of the orange color that was in the surrounding clouds. Keep watching the skies for those! Carol and I watched another Lemurian cloud like that in Oregon recently that was under attack by a HAARP facility that we were en route to neutralize. The ship was drawing fire to show us what to do, apparently. When the energy was directed at it to cause it to break up, the cloud began to show a pink edge all around it. AS the attack intensified, a green edge showed up inside the pink one. After we put the HHg on the facility all of the HAARP characteristics disappeared within minutes from the surrounding clouds.

Back to the Mountains

We parked by the roadside in a little graveled clearing beside a big tracked vehicle. We were fairly undisturbed the rest of the night except for one unmarked white fed spook vehicle that parked and shone its headlights into the back of the Zapporium, checking us out for a few moments before it drove away. I'll get back to that.

When we got back on the road, toward Mt. Rainier on US Hway 12, we saw that a whole fleet of white vehicles, some marked as belonging to Argus Underground Specialties, others unmarked, were involved in laying four very thick fiber optic cables along the highway. Something didn't seem right about that, of course, since the only big engineering projects happening these days seem to be centered on the creation of martial law.

At one spot the cables branched off in the direction of an unpaved road going up a mountainside. A couple of miles beyond where the cables branched off there were two white vehicles parked as though the crew were waiting for something. I was using the pendulum a lot since Carol wasn't around, and I got that there was a new HAARP facility being built on the mountain above where those two white trucks were & that the cables that branched off were going to that hidden facility. On the way back, I put an HHg in that spot. The two vehicles were still there then, though right after I talked to one of the drivers they both left. He said the cables were connecting Yakima and Gig Harbor, which is on Puget Sound, near Tacoma, but Jeff got an intuitive hit that this was being set up to facilitate the planned phony alien invasion. My psychic secretary concurs and so does Carol. The east terminal of those cables is the big HAARP array on the mountaintop on the south edge of Yakima, which we neutralized on our way back. Somebody ought to neutralize the Gig Harbor end, which is also probably a HAARP array and underground control center.

The night before, we had parked beside one of their monstrous ditch digging machines. I realized that the feds thought I knew something about the fiber optics cables and were trying to figure out how and why that could be. I think the Wingmakers directed us to that spot just to tweak the feds into crediting us with more intelligence than we actually have. I think one of the principles of successful warfare is to confuse your enemy this way, and they've declared war on us, which makes them our enemy, folks, whether you're comfortable with that thought or not.

Mount Rainier

It was a short drive to Rainier. We paid the \$10 fee and drove up to the 6,000' level, where the snowline was, and planted our HHg. It felt pretty good there, I must admit, but after the HHg was in the ground it felt much better. The reptilians had apparently already moved their portal over to Mt. St. Helens at this point. Rainier is nice, but no place that I've visited in this world comes close to matching the profound and exhilarating energy of Mt. Shasta.

We only encountered two spook vehicles on the way down the mountain. We took the drivers' pictures when we pulled over to let them pass. Jeff really enjoyed that part. We had the mobius/crysta/15Hz device in the truck going all the time just so they'd have to send vehicles to keep tabs on us. You should try it! As long as they're going to be bothering you, why not have a little fun with them? Since we aren't telepathic, we dowsed all the vehicles that were near us. I admit that it's more fun with a telepath.

Mount St. Helens

Getting to Mt. St. Helens is a bit more time-consuming and stomach-challenging-miles and miles of twisting, paved logging roads that had to be re-engineered after the 1980 eruption. Melody and Jim live 300 miles downwind of the eruption and their property was covered with several inches of volcanic ash. Jim told me that their garden the following year was very healthy from all that fertilizer, though it wasn't fun cleaning up right after the event.

Close to the mountain, you can see the dead trees that were blown down. They all point in the same direction and you can see how the currents of the blast swirled around the peaks and valleys by the way the trees are lying. As you get closer to the vortex, which is the crater, there are fewer and fewer living things. There were more and more feds in vehicles, though, which is apropos. Volcanic ash is extremely fertile and is balanced food for plants, so the only reason that place is not a jungle by now is the deadening effect of the DOR field that we found there,

I believe. At the same elevation, Rainier is extremely verdant and 'orgonized' and the two volcanoes are only about sixty miles from each other.

Jeff felt a heavy pressure that he attributed to radiation as we got closer and I had a hard time drawing breath, though the altitude was not high. We parked at the lot near the peak, which is as far as you can drive without exciting the forestry cops, and walked up a trail to put the HHg down. We made a couple of feds just by scrutinizing them through our binoculars as they were scrutinizing us through theirs and when we got to a point where we were sure nobody was watching, we buried the HHg. In an instant our lungs filled with sweet air and all heaviness vanished. I made one fed who was ogling me from beside a red car at a distance of about a mile and a half. This may be a distance record. He took off right after that and didn't look back.

The peak next to the crater, which had no clouds around it, was immediately obscured by dark clouds as soon as the HHg was in the ground. These began extending out from it in all directions. I guess the reptilians were foolish enough to leave one or two of their big ships out, even though they knew we were on our way and would probably succeed, as usual. Jeff and I watched as other clouds sort of bumped up against that formation and scooted around it.

We made several more feds on the way out, including, apparently, the Special Agent In Charge, who had brought his wife and kids along as cover-or at least somebody's wife and somebody's kids. Boy, was he mad when I took his picture! I sometimes wish there really were people like Arnold Schwarzenegger and Michael Caine doing this work, but it's unlikely that any spiritually healthy person is collecting those paychecks these days.

We topped at a viewing area a couple of miles down the road to see if any of them would be going to look for our HHg. We got distracted by a middle aged couple, one of whom was getting a panoramic shot with a video camera a few paces away from where we were standing. The camera lingered a bit when it came around to point at Jeff and I. Jeff quickly took their picture and the woman got a mortified look on her face that gave me the impression that she's psychic. My pendulum agreed with that.

I haven't mentioned my kids much. They weren't enthusiastic about going, so I bribed them with some video games and they brought some movies to watch. Nora had been my energy-sensitive assistant when she was younger, before Carol and I got together, but she had lost or suppressed her abilities soon after she moved back in with her mom. On the way home from the mountains, she was visited by the Wingmakers, who appeared as a bright, rapidly moving light inside the back of the Zapporium. I had told Jeff that I felt sure he was going to see at least one Lemurian craft, since they usually show up when we're on our expeditions. He did see one not long before Nora had her visit.

Carol often sees Lemurians among the Wingmakers. She's seen elementals among them, souls of departed people, Atlantean elders, prophets, and some offworlders. I think it would be hard to conceive of a more homogenous group, though the energy signature of all of them is humor, compassion, patience, profound love, humility and servitude. Only a real bonehead could believe that they're not what they appear to be.

When the feds follow you it's hard for them not to be obvious. They match your speed, but stay well back. If you slow down to force them to pass you, they'll move ahead a certain distance if they feel you haven't made them and maintain a steady speed again. If they're made, they'll simply take the first turnoff and you won't see them again. I don't think the European Interpol Gestapo jerks care if you make them or not. I bet the ones in Switzerland care.

That happened once on the way home. This time, when he had passed me and was maintaining a steady speed a quarter mile in front of me I pulled over fast and turned off my headlights. Just then a large truck passed, too, and I got behind him and watched for the other vehicle. There was a fork in the road just ahead and he took the wrong turn, probably thinking that I knew about that fork and was planning to take the non-customary route. I didn't have a clue that the turn was there, just followed my instincts. This is fun and games now, but if it comes to pass, (God forbid!) that these Gestapo jerks get permission to shoot us on sight, these little tricks will come in

handy, I think.

My psychic secretary tells me it's okay to tell you that Jeff picked Denver as his August target, since we both got that the 8 billion dollar 'airport' there houses the multilevel underground control facility for the entire North American network of ELF and HAARP Transmitters, and it probably figures heavily in the imminent phony alien invasion scenario, too.

Carol and I put an HHg at that facility last year, but it's going to take a lot more than that to neutralize it. The surrounding area is apparently important to the hoped-for martial law effort, so his target is well chosen, I think. His good friend in Nova Scotia has taken on the task of neutralizing the extensive network there and is making and distributing several cloudbusters until Jeff returns and gets back into the act there.

Staging Areas in Need of Assistance

Secret Buddy tells me there are twelve staging areas in America for the second phase of the planned 'UN Peacekeeper' invasion. Kam, Carlo and others are handling the one in New York City, Jesse has been single-handedly neutralizing the one in the San Francisco Bay area-come on folks, help him!-LAARP and Secret Buddy are doing LA, and no doubt others are doing it in secret, but this is no time to sit on our hands! Here are some more, including Canada: Vancouver, Seattle, Portland, Halifax, Montreal, Toronto, Boston, Baltimore, Savannah, Miami, New Orleans, Houston. The Chinese government has been operating the Panama Canal since Clinton gave it to them early in his regime. Remember Monica Lewinsky? That was a publicity ploy to distract us from what the jerk was doing to further sell us out to China. No wonder he idolized FDR, who sold us out to London in the thirties. Did that hillbilly get paid with gratuitous sex for all of that? I can say that because I grew up in Arkansas.

The soft underbelly of the world regime is its penchant for centralization and dead orgone generation, which is tailor-made for our unique ministrations, since our devices are a good antidote for their cancerous manifestations.

Don Croft

Episode 29

Carol, Melody, and Linda's Excellent Adventure

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc29excellentadventure8aug02.shtml>

August 8th, 2002

[The following comments are from Linda's and Carol's notes, compiled and edited by Don Croft. For those who don't know, Melody is Don's sister-in-law. She introduced Carol to Don five years ago. Linda is Melody's and Carol's close friend and sometime-mentor in the psychic and healing arts. Linda also has worked with Carol and Don in developing some of their devices]

Maryhill Stonehenge, Columbia River Gorge, Washington State

Carol and Melody had been here a few years ago and did a clearing. The energy here had been messed up for a long time. Carol thought it would be the perfect place to try out the new devices for which she had received directions from the Andromedan dwarves in a series of visions recently.

When they arrived, the energy of the area felt very heavy and agitated, as usual. Carol placed the 12-sided crystal device on the stone altar and she and Melody sent it a little energy to get it started. The energy field from the device increased steadily and forced Carol and Melody to keep backing up until the center area was full of a 'Genesis' type of energy. While this was happening, Linda helped it expand upward.

Linda and Carol saw a trapped Lemurian there. He was accustomed to using organized sacred spaces such as the real Stonehenge as a playground, a place to become energized, but due to a misalignment of the stones in Maryhill he couldn't get back out again.

After they were finished with the first device, Carol put the Vogel crystal device (also made in a copper dodecahedron) on the altar and the energy shot up like a vortex, and completely cleared the energy there. The Lemurian was then freed, and very grateful.

After they were done and looking out at Mount Hood, they realized that the energy coming up through Mount Shasta on a major earth meridian seemed to be purposefully avoiding Mount Hood. That was when they knew that they needed to include this area in some healing work that they'd planned to do along the Oregon coast on another meridian that passed through Mt. Shasta and Mt. Palomar.

They had no doubt that they could correct the artificial energy imbalance they were witnessing.

To stabilize what had been done at the Stonehenge, Melody put one of her tree resin Holy Handgrenades, which she calls Harmonizers, among the roots of a nearby tree. Then she did an attunement and prayer. Carol and Linda were on the east side of the site, observing this process. Carol saw the earth ripple and heave like a frequency wave and then it slowed and came to a stop. Linda felt and saw this, too. The Harmonizer corrected the imbalance of the Maryhill vortex, stabilized the Maryhill Stonehenge structure and connected it with the Earth.

After they were done with the day's exercise, the whole Columbia Gorge looked and felt smoother and more relaxed. Before, it felt agitated and the water was choppy.

August 9th

After they arrived at their friends' house at Cannon Beach, they all dowsed the Oregon map to get the approximate locations for the remaining Holy Handgrenades. They focused on the coastal areas and the areas around Mt. Hood.

As they were dowsing the map, Carol noticed a slight echo in the room. She sensed that someone was listening

through a microphone either directed at or attached to the window. They had forgotten to bring the Succor Punch in from the car. The Succor Punch is a combined electronic and crystal device designed by Don and Carol to pursue and educate interfering entities when they attach etheric "cords" through which they could draw out our vital energy. We later discovered that the Succor Punch also blocks transponders and other surveillance device signals. We became the objects of active surveillance by the NSA and CIA after telling the world how to neutralize the new martial law ELF transmitters that have sprung up like a forest all over the planet in the past year or so.

At this point, she brought in the Succor Punch and turned it on. They had been careful before that not to discuss specific locations on the map. As confirmation that more ephemeral agencies are watching over us and guiding our work with the HHGs, Carol has noticed that when she's placing the devices, the agents who watch her undergo a sort of Brain freeze during the process. That was most apparent in Paris, where the agents are far more aggressive than in the U.S. and less likely to let their attention falter. After all, the Gestapo became Interpol after World War II.

The three women took it easy on the beach for the next couple of days.

August 11th

Number 1

Lincoln City was the nearest dowsed location and Carol felt that this vortex had something to do with whales. They all had the impression that the specific location was closer to Depoe Bay, though. They stopped at a restaurant in Siletz Bay to get some lunch. As they were sitting at the table, Carol felt a lot of pressure at her back. She asked Linda: "Do you feel that?" Linda felt it at her back and shoulder. The distorted vortex was right outside the restaurant in the bay and they knew that it needed to be taken care of before lunch.

Linda stayed in the restaurant and observed the effects as Melody and Carol walked with the HHg to the end of the nearby dock. Carol saw that the vortex was spinning the wrong way and that there was a distinct indent in the water where it was touching down. Melody and Carol said a prayer that the HHg would land in the right spot and at the right angle to do the most good. Then Melody heaved it out into the bay, as close as we could get it to the big dimple.

As soon as it went in, Linda felt the energy relax and start to spin in the other direction, as did Carol. Carol told me that it was just like what she saw outside Guerneville, California, near Bohemian Grove, where we put a HHg into an especially vile vortex a year before with our friend, Gregg, and Carol's daughter, Jenny.

When Melody and Carol got back to the table, they all noticed a distinct improvement in the demeanor of the people in the restaurant. Before, it was so loud in there that the women practically had to yell to hear each other. Now it was a lot calmer and the noise level was reduced to about half of what it was before.

Linda told some stories about how dangerous this spot in the bay was. There were quite a few people who had drowned there. The bodies were never found, even the trained rescuer who went in to help a drowning person. His body was never found either.

Linda telepathically heard a cry for help and saw an arm reaching out of the water toward her just before the HHg was flung into the bay, but in the moments it was sinking to the bottom, she sensed that this bound spirit was set free.

The seals on the nearby beach apparently felt it right away, too. They were more relaxed and surrendered to the sand. Before we placed it, they seemed very confused as to whether or not they really wanted to be on the beach. They kept coming in to shore and then going right back out. In case you don't know, the water along the Oregon coast is not far above freezing, even in the summer, so swimming is not much of a pastime there, except for masochists.

Number 2

They dowsed the Sea Lion Caves as the next HHg location. On the way, they felt that they were under attack by Feds using electronic weaponry. Though the Succor Punch and HHGs normally handle these attacks well enough, the higher-powered assaults, perhaps with scalar technology, sometimes bleed through the protective field a bit, though not in a form that causes real damage.

Since Linda doesn't live within the capacitating influence of a Chembuster, as Carol and Melody do, her energy level was so low by the time they reached the caves that she opted to stay in the car.

Melody and Carol stopped at the observation deck to take a look at the sea lions. The wind was so strong, it was shaking the telescope, so she couldn't get a clear look at them. The sea was extremely turbulent, crashing into the cliffs below. The two women had decided that one of Melody's tree-resin Harmonizers with garnets was appropriate for this vortex.

Inside the cave they were alone, but Melody sensed a third presence and asked Carol to look at the entity. Carol saw a composite man/sea lion entity standing to the left of Melody. In the moment that Melody placed the HHg in the appropriate spot, six or seven of the sea lions in the cave stood up on their hindquarters, faced the women and started chanting in a steady tone. This kept up for about five minutes, during which Carol and Melody felt that they were each being enfolded in the arms of the entity, a 9' tall elemental, whom Carol understood to be the guardian of that vortex (Go on a vortex-healing expedition and meet interesting people ;-).

When they went back outside, the seas had smoothed and were not as high and the wind was no longer blowing.

Number 3

It was about 7:30 PM by the time they got to the vortex in the Oregon Dunes (which is a coastal recreation area south of Florence and north of Coos Bay, Oregon). This is the coastal vortex of the major grid line that runs through Mts. Palomar, Lassen and Shasta in California, and Mt Ashland and the (Atlantean-built) Oregon Vortex, near Cave Junction, Oregon. We've all been engaged in a project with several other people to get enough HHGs and cloudbusters along this meridian to deprive the dark masters, who run the world regime, of their stolen energy.

They dowsed that an ordinary HHg was needed for this one. They placed it among some tree roots and watched the energy go down deep and spread out from there. There is something underground there, perhaps a huge subterranean river or underground base. There is a small Coast Guard base nearby with an oversized landing strip, which usually indicates a pretty large underground facility. They all got the impression that a lot of vile stuff was happening down there.

August 12

The Rest Area

This was an unplanned stop. They had planned to cross the coastal mountains to Eugene and drive back to Mt. Hood, but they saw an enormous field of dead orgone over the city and to the north along the Wilamette Valley. Carol and Linda sensed that they were all under visual surveillance. Linda felt the need to put a HHg nearby and Carol telepathically heard voices saying "here, here, here!" They immediately came to a highway rest area, across the highway from a huge dead orgone transmitter, so they stopped, got a tree resin HHg out of the trunk and scouted for a place to put it (When you travel, notice how many of the primary martial law ELF transmitters are located close to the interstate rest areas). Since they felt that people on the ground were closely watching them, they lingered at a few spots and looked around at the watchers until they came to the right spot.

A man was blowing invisible leaves aimlessly in the middle of the parking lot and a woman on a cell phone was reporting the women's movements. The third watcher in a white van later followed them onto the freeway. Melody took his picture. He was rather surprised and perplexed, since "getting made" for a spook is as bad as

getting coup counted was to an Indian warrior, and Melody felt like she'd somehow made the grade.

They found a tree with a deep crevice into which the HHg fit perfectly. Carol felt that she needed to ask permission of the tree's elemental, but none was given until she put a hand on the tree. At that point, the elemental gave permission, but she felt it creeping up her arm and drawing on her own vital energy, which caused her whole arm to ache.

She had to hold her arm under running water at a nearby faucet to restore the energy and noticed that the orgone above the tree was pooling, gathering strength, and then drawn into the surrounding trees, all of which were dying from the effects of the dead orgone being transmitted by the ELF tower across the highway.

Before this as they were looking for the spot to put the tree-resin with-lapis HHg, they could all feel the dead orgone coming into the tip of the HHg, being drawn into it, as though it were a twister being hooked at the small end. Melody called that HHg, "Pecos Bill". There was a strong waffling effect of the energy, back and forth between the nearby tower and the HHg, until the dead orgone field was absorbed at last by the HHg and transmuted into healthy orgone.

It looked to Carol like the same Medusa-effect that she'd seen at a particularly vile nuclear power plant in a major vortex near Orlando, Florida. Carol and I (Don) had neutralized that one in December 2000, with one of our first HHgs. The Medusa-effect made Carol wonder if there was a nuke reactor under the rest area.

Mt. Hood's Triangle

They had dowsed that there needed to be 3 HHgs placed in a triangle with one point at the southeast side of Mt. Hood. They put the first one where Highway 211 crosses the Clackamas River southeast of Portland, near Estacada. There was heavy traffic on the narrow bridge, and as Carol and Linda walked onto the bridge to drop the HHg into the water, a man walked onto the bridge from the other end and stopped on the opposite side and stared at them. Immediately, a car stopped next to the man right on the narrow bridge and the two talked while they both stared at Carol and Linda. These fellows were obviously Fed agents who were busy with more than just surveillance. Melody got out of the car, walked to where Carol and Linda were standing, and stared at the male pedestrian in a way that only someone who knows Melody can appreciate. This all happened in a short time, of course, but time seems to stretch out when we're in peril.

Linda felt some urgency at that point, getting the impression that the fellow was a psyops agent intent on somehow using the other agent's parked car beside him to cause the driver of a passing car to lose control and slam into the women on the bridge. So they dropped the HHg into the water unobtrusively and got off the bridge.

Looking back on the incident, they knew that they were being protected then because no cars passed during the time they were on the bridge, even though traffic was very heavy and fast before and after that. The second agent's parked car left very little room for other vehicles to pass and visibility was poor approaching the bridge from both directions on that rural stretch of highway.

After they placed the HHg they felt a tremendous rush of healthy energy coming up from the river.

The second point of the Mt. Hood triangle, near Gresham, Oregon, received a tree resin HHg that included rose quartz, turquoise, and garnet crystals, along with Alaskan magnetite sand (A line drawn through this point and the Maryhill Stonehenge, which goes up the Columbia Gorge through Umatilla, Oregon, figures into a later stage of their expedition).

Their impression was that the three HHgs in the Mt. Hood placement was welcoming Light Beings home to the mountain by opening up the ley lines and chambers under and around the mountain, creating a buffer between the mountain, Portland, and the Willamette Valley's forest of dead orgone transmitters and other dense, artificial distortions of the earth's energy grid in that region. The energy around the mountain is now returning to its pristine state, which makes it suitable once again for the presence of the more ephemeral off worlders, much as

that found on Mt. Shasta.

The third point of the triangle is on Mt. Hood itself.

As they were driving to the final location, Linda felt the dead orgone in her fifth and seventh charkas that was being transmitted by the towers along the way. Carol felt it in her head and sensed the presence of a barrier created by the first two HHGs that was blocking the energy from moving toward the mountain itself.

The resin HHg was placed near the junction of US Hwy 28 and Revenue Road, high up on the southwest side of the mountain. Linda got the idea that this placement stabilized the mountain's energy and is healing it so that it can develop into a place in the Cascades Range that will rival Mt. Shasta as a home for light beings.

Even after the first two HHGs were placed (both in view of Mt. Hood), there was a strong sensation of love, freedom, and unity present in the region that wasn't felt earlier in the day.

August 13th

Umatilla

On Tuesday morning, they started driving east from Portland along the gorge. They stopped at the Stonehenge to check on the energy there and were gratified to find a light, airy ambience; very fine energy moving in waves up to the rim of the gorge and down again. When they had first arrived to place the HHg and use the vortex-healing devices, the air was smoggy, but now it was clear and pleasant, and the mountains were clearly visible. Before, Mt. Hood could barely be seen at all through the dead orgone. They could also now see the natural energy flow around the mountain that they had helped establish the day before. This is the energy that had been channeled around Mt. Hood before the three HHGs were put in place.

The water on the Columbia River was unusually calm- glassy in fact. This is a place that's famous for its reliable, strong winds. There are a lot of businesses which rely on the multitude of windsurfers that go there every summer.

They had dowsed Umatilla as an important area to place an HHg, but they didn't know what to look for there. Eight or nine miles before they reached the city, they were prompted to exit the freeway and start looking for the right location. They all started to get a metallic taste in their mouths, which indicated the presence of strong radiation. Their dowsing directed them to a road, which ended at the gated entrance of the Umatilla Army Depot, which is allegedly an ammunition storage facility.

They were being watched through a camera mounted on a pole by the gate. As they turned around to leave, a medical supply truck went through the gate onto the base, which gave them a creepy feeling. They wondered how many people living near this facility were dead and/or dying of cancer and other diseases. They were all experiencing burning eyes and throats by then, in addition to the metallic taste, and felt pain around their livers.

They drove back along the freeway about five miles and exited where they were prompted. Carol received a mental image of a fellow in uniform getting a photo of the women in the car handed to him and being told, "Oh, sh**--they'e here!" As she was seeing that, Linda said, "They know we're here?"

Psychically viewing the photo, Carol 'saw' the Succor Punch on the dashboard of her car.

They figured that they were heading for the backside of the base and followed a dirt road along an irrigation ditch. Along that road, there were many cameras on posts disguised as a watering system, although there were no crops or orchards along the way, and everything was dry or dead. They found the spot to put the second HHg, which Melody put on the ground along with a specially chosen stone, and they watched as the energy of it went deep underground, shaped like a worm, split into three segments and shot toward the heart of the underground facility at the depot.

They drove back to the freeway and on through Umatilla, stopping at some fruit stands. They saw that all of the fruit was extremely toxic, except for what was shipped in from other regions.

They drove up toward Walla Walla, Washington, looking for the right location for the second HHg. This one needed to be put in water and when it was in position, Linda saw an arch being created between this one and the one near Umatilla, which formed into a coil shape, resembling the one that goes into the bottom of the St. Buster's Button, which is a therapeutic Holy Handgrenade designed for body work. They could see the dead orgone dissolving in that field and being drawn into the vortices.

These HHGs have a life of their own. It's like each one knows exactly how to handle their own situation once they're put in place. It's a lot like the way we operate when we follow our instincts. Some feel that the Sun devas (elementals) are the guiding force of all of the orgonite-based devices, which makes sense to me, though one might logically ask who is using the elementals for this work, since elementals have no will, per se. That may be a moot point in practical terms.

Orgonite, by the way, is nothing more than a mixture of equal volumes of resin and metal particles and/or metal spirals. Any type of resin and any metal are appropriate, as this whole process is quite pastoral, as you may have noticed.

Episode 30
Dixie Tower Busters

Editor's Note: This article is an addendum to Don's first Elf tower article posted in late May 2002. Be sure to read that article carefully in order to understand the gravity of the situation concerning these towers. Nothing is more important now than for ordinary people like you to get involved in building (or pay someone to make) these tower busters. It's your life and your country folks. If you don't do it, who will? We have an opportunity here to abort the regime's martial law/concentration camp agenda. According to Don' sources, it's going to happen THIS FALL, 2002. Are you going to sit back and hope Don Croft, single-handed, will save the entire country? <http://educate-yourself.org/dc/dclatestonmctowerrarrays25may02.shtml> .Ken Adachi]

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>
<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc30elftoweraddendum18aug02.shtml>
August 18, 2002

After hearing from Tara, a young mother who has made a Chembuster (my version of a cloudbuster) boosted some key energy sites, and neutralized many transmitters where she lives, north of Chicago, I was sort of jolted on Tuesday into the realization that the Holy Handgrenades (HHg) may be overkill for the martial law transmitters, so after Carol got back from her adventure this week I quickly made up what I consider to be the minimal orgonite device for neutralizing these damned things.

Some of our best work occurs to us in an almost off-handed way. The day before Carol was to go to Kenya, guest of a foundation that operated a village AIDS clinic there, it occurred to me that a solar powered crowd zapper might come in handy. We'd made up a pile of regular zappers to donate to our African cousins. It turned out that the village had no electricity at all, so that little crowd zapper is getting plenty of use in an area where most, especially those cast out of work by AIDS, can't afford to even buy batteries. The pile of zappers were handed out in the first few days, a drop in the bucket, really, but the other has been used to heal lots and lots of people and it won't likely wear out soon.

The cone shape of the Holy Handgrenade occurred to me as I was walking along the shore on Andros Island, not long after my 'Middle Aged Man and the Sea' ordeal, during the most harrowing part of which our Atlantean elder friend, Kashi, who had been accompanying me, woke Carol up in Florida to tell her, 'He's crazy!' and to show her on the map precisely where my boat had foundered at sea in a storm in the southern point vortex of the Bermuda Triangle east of Bimini.

The most menacing of aerial phenomena, both UFOs and conventional craft at just above rooftop level, were sent to intimidate Tara when she first committed to this project, because of a few factors that most of us are not privy too. She not only stood her ground outside when they appeared, but was quite vocal in the cloudbuster forum about her intention to do this work no matter what happens. I hope some of the older and wiser of us can take that lesson to heart and stop whining about the ufo's, choppers, jets, etc., that the feds often send to our homes in their attempts to scare us into a state of inactivity.

Next time any aircraft comes within three hundred feet of my house, I'm going to shoot it with my pellet gun and I'll be aiming at the windshield, too. I really hope one of them tries that again. Let's see if the cops show up then. It's very unlawful to operate any aircraft that way, and the cops know it better than we do, as does the military, who operate some of them. The CIA and FEMA are fundamentally unlawful, so of course it's okay to shoot at their choppers when they violate our homes. Maybe I'll get a chance to see if a bow and arrow and a roll of surveyor tape can, indeed, force one down.

By 'overkill' of course, I only mean that the HHg is more powerful than it needs to be just to neutralize a primary or secondary martial law transmitter. I bet a lot of my readers follow the principle of 'appropriate technology'

already.

Our efforts are better spent making many more of the appropriate Tower Busters for the vast number of the new martial law transmitters, and save our HHgs for multiple arrays, vile vortices, Masonic temples, satanic murder sites, our in-laws' shrubberies, etc., for which they're more appropriate.

Dixie Buster

The Tower Buster is a 3oz paper cup, like the ones for bathroom dispensers, filled with a half/half mix of resin and metal particles into which I insert a single, funky quartz crystal. Like the Ugly Duckling, these lonely crystals are dear to me because they demonstrate that our devices work extremely well with an absolute minimum of attention to quality and refinement.

I don't mean to 'talk holes in the stomachs' (a quaint German expression given to me by a Swedish acquaintance today) of the new agers among us, nor do I wish to denigrate their fine contributions, which far outshine what I've done in many, many cases. My objective from day one has been to enable the most unholy, non-psychic of folks (not unlike myself) to be empowered by achieving miraculous results, and I still advocate waging spiritual war on the regime which is poisoning our lovely planet. I've come to terms with the fact that most of the folks who get into this are new agers, though there are many notable exceptions. The stereotype for new agers is that they talk a lot about service and spirituality but run away from real commitment. I'm proud to say that the folks associated with this forum are exceptions to THAT rule, no matter what ideology they are promoting.

These devices are both the weapons and the ammunition in this war, which I truly believe we are winning now, thanks to the unwavering support and guidance of many ethereal agencies and to the commitment of we few players with our magic bullets and cloudbusters.

Here's some evidence that I've struck a nerve of the planetary regime by telling the world about this tower-busting trick: In early May, I wrote a short article about the purpose of the martial law transmitters and about how one can easily neutralize them. I sent that article out to a network of hundreds of e-groups made up of people who typically resonate to new information like this. At the same time, I posted it on the cloudbuster forum and sent it to my friend, Ken Adachi, who posted the article, along with some photos of typical 'mind control towers,' on his very well attended site, <http://www.educate-yourself.org> Within two days, I was prevented from posting or moderating any more in the original cloudbuster forum, hosted on Yahoo, and my huge address book was erased by someone at Earthlink, my server.

This has not been much of a problem. In fact, it's led to some very good developments. The first forum had become heavily infiltrated with agent provocateurs in the absence of a moderator. From this ordeal, I learned how to get my mail without having to worry about interference by the feds (they had erased all of my business orders and left the other email alone).

Yesterday, Carol and I drove by the remaining martial law transmitter in our county which has not been neutralized and she tossed the tower buster into the brush by the side of the road. That's our 'drive by' technique. We weren't close enough to the enclosure to risk detection of the device--we feel certain that anywhere within a quarter mile (slightly less than .3 kilometer, 440 yards, or 4½ football fields) is sufficient, and it's best to shallowly bury it. If the Borg scrambles at some point to find these things, the distance, combined with the 'braincloud,' a la the Wingmakers' effect on the minds and eyes of the searchers, will pretty much ensure that the tower busters won't be discovered and removed.

Hematite

Even though Carol advised me after I'd made the first prototype that four hematite beads would have made it work better, I opted to test the one I'd made, since many of you don't have easy access to hematite beads. She says this grounds the energy faster so that the orgone field will build up more quickly in case the transmitter gets turned on full blast right away.

She did allow, though, that the field was instantly sufficient to cancel out the nasty energy coming out of that transmitter, which is a primary one, by the way, apparently controlled through a satellite, and that it would easily eat up the stuff even if/when the traitorous feds turn it on full blast this fall.

Feedback

Many folks are saying that the orgonite devices all seem to be operating intelligently, and I got an uncharacteristic telepathic message concerning that first tower buster that went something like this, 'Don't worry about it, Bub, I can handle it.'

As you probably guessed, the reason I did this is so that more towers will get busted in time to prevent the high treason being referred to as 'martial law' from being attempted at all. Though the regime can be characterized by extreme cunning, which sometimes approximates intelligence, and extreme arrogance, which is probably why they refused to consider all of us threats until long after it was feasible to suicide us, they aren't so stupid that they'll commit millions of Russians and Chinese, along with whatever other mercenaries they can con into risking life and limb for them, to invade and subdue Europe, North America and beyond, in the face of a limitless guerrilla force, even in part of one nation, and we've all cleared a lot of 'parts' of several nations of these damn transmitters already, as they well know.

Call to Action

I admit that the prospect of making 300 HHGs next week, which is what will be needed to neutralize all of the primary transmitters, HAARP arrays, underground bases, etc, in my part of the country, was daunting, but I can easily make 250 Tower Busters and 50 HHGs (for hard targets). I found four brand new HAARP arrays along the interstate on my last trip to Seattle from Spokane-300 miles.

I can make sure that the invited invaders will give Northern Idaho, Northern Washington and Northwestern Montana a very wide berth, since there are enough potential guerrilla fighters, including yours truly, to make this counterproductive for them. It's probably worth mentioning that since the attrition of our armed forces after Desert Storm the ground troop force of the US is only numerous enough to control Rhode Island, so they are not a threat, even if the rank and file were willing to kill their unarmed Countrymen, which they are not. All the fancy military hardware in the world wouldn't do much good to an occupying force, which is why the poorer-equipped but nearly uncountable Chinese and Russians are more appropriate. You can bet that most of our military folks will exercise their oaths to defend the constitution if martial law gets implemented, so they'd be on our side if they were to somehow make it back to the US from their far-flung outposts.

Of course, if my region is a bad military risk that means that the mercenaries are more likely to show up where you are, zip cuff you when your local transmitter has thrown you and your neighbors to the ground, and haul you off to the guillotine, so I hope to God I've given you some incentive to match the efforts of Jesse, Dragon Al, Texas Jeff, Secret Buddy, Tara, Kam Wong, Carlo, Nova Scotia Jeff & Angela, Tillie, Kolina & Lisa, Carol & I, and many anonymous others out there and simply prevent that possibility in your region, too.

Imagine how nice the world's going to be after we've faced down the arrogant bullies pretty soon and exposed their ages-old transgressions and genocidal agenda! Dare we think of the possibilities, too, after the Pajama People all around us have found it expedient to dress for the day and assume some of their responsibilities, as we have? The regime would have us all believe that, if given half a chance to manage its own affairs, humanity would turn into a raging, anarchic mob, but I believe that this would be the exception, not the rule.

Most of the world already live their lives with very little interference or 'help' from centralized national governments because those governments simply lack the infrastructure and massive funding required to maintain the sort of tyranny and mind control that's found in Europe, North America and developed Asian nations, so we who live in the developed nations may have to study and be taught by our less-industrialized neighbors how to get along in our local communities without being micromanaged by ethically-challenged strangers, thousands of miles away.

The internet has amply demonstrated that the trend in the emerging paradigm is away from centralized power toward more responsibility and freedom for the individual and each community is a montage of elegantly unique individuals with boundless potential.

It's Now or Never

We've got a little more than a month, perhaps less, to get the tower-busting job done, according to many grounded people's reckonings. Now that the towers are completed in my part of the nation, I'm about to finish the job this month. To state the obvious, pretty soon the PJ folk will realize that these new transmitters have nothing at all to do with communication, since most of them are pretty well glued to their cell phones and will recognize at some point that the coverage is still just as spotty as ever even though a forest of transmitters just went up this year in and around their locale. This is the point at which the regime will have lost the initiative altogether if they haven't found it feasible to initiate their genocidal agenda yet, since every population would be unmanageable once the true nature of these transmitters is even hinted at.

We are probably close to the 'hundredth p.j. monkey' situation right now. Not to denigrate the PJ folk, of course. Scratch the surface of most of them and you'll find a golden individual who wants what's best for his fellows. That's why I don't insult them with the term, 'sheeple.'

History shows that tyranny relies 90% on voluntary compliance and 10% on threat of force and that means the populace has to be conned into policing each other. Who can imagine that those old tactics are going to work in the emerging paradigm? It worked in America when the feds got the WWII vets (commendable for their self-sacrifice, but reproachable for their 'go along to get along' striving to conform) and their friends to burn Dr. Reich's books and cheer as he was railroaded into prison, where he was murdered in the early 1950s.

Most of the American people aren't falling for this criminal regime's latest fear-mongering, race-hatred campaign aimed at the people of the Middle East. Now that the more malleable whites in America are no longer the overwhelming majority and race hatred has become unfashionable, these blatant attempts at mind control and patriotic mob incitement are falling short of their mark, causing thinking people to distrust their alleged government even more. Contrast this with the xenophobia and blood lust that swept the nation after the world regime tricked Saddam into taking Kuwait only ten years ago. Of course, the Internet wasn't around then. Even the peace-loving liberals bought into that feeding frenzy.

As consolation to those who fundamentally hate to look at evil and are inclined to punish those of us who do, the presence of so many orgonite devices, spread across the landscape at each primary transmitter location, will uplift humanity in these regions for two reasons: 1) they are synergistically neutralizing a primary producer of dead orgone; 2) they are spinning the good orgone out into the atmosphere in direct proportion to the feds' efforts to produce the bad, ugly stuff. Of course, the fonts of dead orgone are all operating at about 15% now to keep everyone from integrating the emerging paradigm information, so I guess that would be reason number three to bust them right now. It really doesn't matter what terminology is used as long as the deed gets done. Go ahead and turn the spiritual warrior, Archangel Michael, into an interior decorator if you want.

Since this is a worldwide phenomenon, as far as we can see, I sincerely hope that if you're living in a nation in which armed resistance is not an option anymore (all developed countries, aside from the US, Switzerland and South Africa) you'll at least consider the latter as prime motivating factors to put these transmitters out of commission.

These are NOT for communication, folks, so I think it's prudent to exercise good neurolinguistics and stop calling them 'cell towers.'

The main reason for these transmitters is to enforce compliance to the planned, potentially imminent worldwide tyranny, which is determined decimate the world's population back to the numbers that existed before the industrial revolution so that they can more efficiently manage humanity, whom they have always considered their chattel.

Towers Are Bad News

This stuff is worse than the darkest future scenarios that science fiction writers have been capable of inventing-- in fact it's so horrid and unthinkable that nobody who would dare to write it as fiction would be able to sell it.

Nobody wants to think about an overt, global tyranny that would make Hitler, Robespierre, Stalin, Mao and Pol Pot pale into historical insignificance, but this has been the cherished hope of the Illuminati for perhaps six millennia, in the studied opinions of some people. Let's deprive those old farts in the White Brotherhood of their long-cherished goals, okay? After that, we'll be looking at a very bright future, beyond our fondest hopes.

I feel that it's important to state that globalism is not inherently bad. In fact, it's the next logical step in the maturing process of our species. We just don't need it crammed down our throat this way, that's all. We really are better than that, in spite of what the CIA spin artists in the universities and media want us to believe.

Another reminder is that it's still important to use the holy handgrenades to restore the compromised vortices, neutralize locations of predatory institutions, and sweeten our neighborhoods and cities, so the Tower Busters are in no way meant to make the HHGs extraneous.

I feel that it's important to state that globalism is not inherently bad. In fact, it's the next logical step in the maturing process of our species. We just don't need it crammed down our throat this way, that's all. We really are better than that, in spite of what the CIA spin artists in the universities and media want us to believe.

That's right-I said, 'White Brotherhood.' Why do you think Lucis Trust (formerly Lucifer Trust) is the only institution that refers officially to them as the 'saviors and benevolent guides' of humanity. Yikes. Have you ever read some of the UN literature written and published by that trust? If you do, you're in for a rough ride if you have a tender heart. They're the official publishers for the United Nations, which now formally promotes a 'population reduction' policy instead of its former 'zero population growth' recommendations. Actually, only the terminology has changed, becoming more blatant and revealing lately. The policy has always been the same as it is now.

Don't most people realize that the AIDS 'epidemic' in Africa, for instance, was created and is maintained by the World Health (?) Organization. I was shocked to learn that the UN has forced all African governments to punish traditional healers for treating AIDS sufferers and only UN-sanctioned drugs are allowed to be used for that. Thank God most of the traditional healers, the majority of whom are women, are not intimidated by this threat, nor are most of the men who would have to enforce these alleged laws keen on offending these powerful witches. I don't think these women would bother calling the cops if they felt personally threatened, if you catch my meaning. The voodoo guys are scared of them.

The Lucis Trust's other big interest is the new age movement, which it claims to foster and shepherd. Can you see why I cringe a bit every time someone signs a note to me with 'Love and Light?' I tried signing my return notes, 'Lust and Darkness,' in an attempt to balance it out a bit, but I quickly abandoned that when I realized that some were taking it as a sexual come-on. Words are important and revealing, no matter how enlightened and holy we believe we are.

Turning the Tide

Let's see if anyone comes forward to defend those genocidal old jerks now. Carol tells me that they're already scouting around for the ratlines so they can abandon their berthed, sinking ship when the time comes, pretty soon. All we need to do is minimize the mayhem they wish to commit in their spitefulness and frustration as they scurry along to keep up with their receding paradigm-sort of like the way the Nazi's tried to blow up Paris at the end of their visit there in 1945.

What we're doing right now with our Tower Busters and Holy Handgrenades can be compared to turning the Nazis' high explosives around Paris into chocolate or delicious, stinky cheese. Can you imagine a more fun and

rewarding pastime than this one? It might be a good time now to start thinking about what we'll do with these useless transmitters. I'd like to make a kind of tree house in one next summer. No doubt the free energy electrical generators that are at many of these transmitters, underground, will come in pretty handy for us all. You'll notice that many of them are not connected to the power grid.

I feel that it's important to state that globalism is not inherently bad. In fact, it's the next logical step in the maturing process of our species. We just don't need it crammed down our throat this way, that's all. We really are better than that, in spite of what the regime's spin artists in the churches, public schools, universities and media want us to believe.

I hope that Mark & Suze, Ben & Jerry, Kristina, Kees & Eric, Oroville Dave, Stanly, Secret Buddy, Moonreaderman, Vancouver Steve, Kam Wong and the rest of the orgone pioneers will continue developing their fine, improved CBs and other devices and keep us all posted on their progress! There's certainly room for us all and many more in this new field of service to humanity.

Don Croft

Episode 31

Beating The Felonius Feds' Surveillance Team & Psychics

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc31beatingfeloniousfeds22aug02.shtml>

August 22, 2002

Carol and I went shopping on Monday to Spokane, which is 80 miles north of our little town, Moscow, Idaho.

The NSA, and sometimes also the CIA, watches us constantly due to our past successes in frustrating their wishes, or at least they try to monitor us. We keep a dedicated Succor Punch (SP) going on a 12v battery, 24/7, in the house so they can't listen to our conversations.

On & Off Fun

Usually, we 'make' a fed agent or two before we leave town, and though we didn't have any Holy Handgrenades or tower busters made up, they had to assume we were out to savage their agenda, as usual, so they sent the requisite number of ubiquitous white vehicles to track us after I turned on the Succor Punch just before reaching the first highway junction. When the SP is off, they simply track us by satellite.

I do that so that they'll have to send somebody up each road, since turning on the 15Hz Succor Punch blocks all the voice and satellite locator transponders in the vehicle, leaving visual surveillance as the only alternative.

Carol says we've gotten quite a reputation and that they all hate being assigned to watch us.

I turn it off when we reach a destination, then turn it on again at intervals designed to maximize their legwork. Try it yourself!

By 4PM they had given up trying to locate us. This was a first for us, and hopefully we're setting a trend that others can follow now.

The 15Hz Punch

I don't think it's widely known that you can block electronic surveillance. Wilhelm Muller, the actual inventor of the first successful magnet motor/generator, showed me how to block their mastering and transponders by just punching in 15Hz to a little frequency Box, which he got in Italy. I later got one that was made in Bosnia before the factory was demolished in that managed conflict, but the effects of the Succor Punch are far more powerful and apparently even satellite visual tracking is messed up by it-who knows how?

Although the Interpol spooks are more aggressive than the ones here (I'm waiting to hear if this is true in Switzerland, where folks are well armed) their attention spans have great lapses when one is depositing organite devices, and these guys are the direct descendents of the Gestapo, so you'd expect more out of them.

Let the Games Begin

The first fed we saw was the boss, the Special Agent in Charge. Carol knew they were waiting for us just south of Spokane on US 95.

He crossed the highway in front of us and I gave him a good look so he knew we'd made him. He was driving a very expensive 4WD truck with a large cab-shiny white.

Carol said the second guy was following about a quarter mile back, so I pulled over and waved at him as he passed in his shiny white car.

I sped up to tail him-he was driving REALLY fast-but we got off at the next exit to buy some gemstones. When we got to the store, a regular stop for us, a fed was there watching us. Carol sensed him, but we didn't see him till we came out and he was with a psychic female agent. They were staring at us when we came out of the store

from across the boulevard, but when I waved to them they studiously avoided looking at me ;-)

The woman showed up later on.

I turned the Succor Punch on as we drove across town and turned it off when we stopped for lunch. A couple of feds were watching us from a quarter mile away through binoculars. Carol psychically saw what they were seeing, so we located them that way, and when we pulled out, SP still off, we doubled back after they'd pulled out to follow us, then easily lost them in heavy traffic, as they dared not get too close.

I turned it on again and we drove toward Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, 20 miles east on the Freeway. After we crossed the state line, I turned it off again, we went to the only store in this part of the world which sells organic snicker-doodle-flavored coffee, light roast, and timed it just right to meet the first fed to arrive from downtown Spokane. We faked them out with the SP virtuosity, so they were waiting for us in the other direction ;-)

Carol sensed the guy coming from about a mile away, so when his shiny white van came toward us on the other side of the freeway, I gave him a hearty wave and a smile.

That's the last we saw of the feds that day, though we were an hour and a half from home. For all they knew, we were out busting transmitters like bats out of hell.

Though I know that doing this without a telepath in attendance is not as productive, Jeff and I gave a good account of ourselves when we closed the two remaining predatory reptilian hive portals, etc., when Carol was in Paris last month, and if we can do it, so can you, most likely. I don't know if 32 Hz works for this, but I can try that in the Zapporium, since it has a multiple frequency generator hooked to the built-in mobius coil/crystal arrangement in that vehicle. I'll let you know. The SPs have our zapper circuit hooked up to them, so the frequency's not changeable.

The Empire Strikes Back

That night, Jenny was being psychically attacked by the female agent, so we hooked into that loop with the SP and got that the agent is one of six assigned to try to harm us and to spy on us astrally.

This one created a connection to Jenny's solar plexus through the ground, which Carol said is clever, and the intention was to sicken the teenager so that we'd have to stick around. Of course, the Terminator cures any real sickness aside from acute poisoning, so all that was left was the emotional component.

Carol was loath to do what needed doing because she's so keenly aware of the importance of doing no harm in her work. However, the agent was in the process of harming Carol's daughter, so it was okay to do enough to break the connection.

Federally trained psychics don't know how to defend themselves, as I mentioned. It may not be important why this is so, but it's good to know that it is. Predatory people like that are not vulnerable in the areas that they choose to attack others, that is, the head charkas, but they are easily manipulated though their lower charkas, which is where Carol directed me to focus the SP's energy with her.

All we had to do was to juice up her kundalini in the second and third charkas and she was on the floor in a fetal position, overcome with fear because she had no subsequent control over her mind. The body is always the boss, folks, no matter what anyone told you ;-). The feds show their spiritual stupidity for ignoring this simple truth, but of course to study the energies of the lower charkas in a balanced way requires integrity. Need I say more? People centered in their bodies aren't manipulable by head games, which may be why Africans are immune to mind control, for instance.

I got a flood of threatening mental images from the female agent. This is what I got from the Draconian that was the first target of my first Succor Punch. As with the mentally oriented Draconian, this person's efforts were

pretty pitiful. I'm an in-the-body sort of fellow.

Wanted: Psychic Warriors

Almost a year ago, every psychic we knew or knew about was severely attacked by the fed psychics in an effort to warn them away from opposing the regime. This didn't seem to have much to do with the Cloudbuster effort, since it was just barely getting started. All of them we knew about got physically ill for a couple of weeks, except for the ones who had zappers, of course.

Some of them spun all sorts of fancy explanations for their failure to protect themselves, but most of them seem to know, at least, that they were targeted.

I hope more of them will come forward and use their talents, as Carol is, to oppose the predatory regime. I think it's going to happen pretty soon. Nobody likes the notion that they're going to get attacked arbitrarily by strangers, so my hope is that some of them will avail themselves of our protection/aggression devices and put these spooks in their places.

I've said this before, but Ed Dames presents his version of remote viewing as the ultimate spyware. In fact, it's the Model T of psychic spying tech. If you believe him, you'd believe that the battleship, Arizona, is state of the art naval power. The federal government's unlawful spy agencies, mainly NSA and CIA, are turning out psychics faster than we can estimate and they're all eager to prove themselves. They don't teach them much about universal law, apparently. Sort of like the police academies no longer mention the Constitution, but we know for sure that they can be held to account more or less instantly when they break those laws and try to harm us.

I guess the average Joe, since he's unaware of the existence of the larger aspects of his own existence, is completely defenseless against these predators, so they are always surprised and rather shocked when we identify them and put them on the SP 'spit' for a few turns. The woman agent was the first human to stay the course after that, but in her case we simply went after her boss, to whom she and the other five were assigned to block access by us. It was mighty easy to get to him and we were both surprised to see that it was the same fellow we'd made earlier in the day. He's an accomplished mason, so this stuff is not new to him.

I energized his chakras with kundalini, starting from the base, and he was in pretty good shape, so when I got to his heart I wasn't surprised to find that he's essentially a loving person. Carol said at that point that all he wanted to do was quit, but he felt locked in because it was his livelihood. He appeared to be close to retirement age.

Since Jenny was free of the attachment at this point, we simply left them alone. I'd be very surprised if they try something like that again. Carol said the boss agent was made aware of the attempt to kill us last week, but wasn't connected with it. I've seen him at least once around here-the day that Jeff and I went to the Cascade Mountains, he was hanging out beside one of the transmitters we hadn't neutralized yet.

You can bet they're all reading this post. I'm told that about fifty feds read everything I write.

It's funny, but if anyone were to ask me to do anything requiring psychic perception, I'd have little or no confidence in my own advice, but when I'm doing this stuff it feels like I can't fail. Carol told me that until I was fifteen, I was being trained in the MK Ultra Program to be a spook. They canned me then because of integrity issues-I had it and they didn't. That might explain why I absolutely love tweaking them. I admit that I love it more than life itself. I suppose that as long as I enjoy playing for high stakes, it's better to do it this way than to turn into one of the zombies that one sees in Vegas.

Underlying everything, of course, is my faith that we're going to win this game, once and for all. This is absolutely the best time to be alive!

Don't try this at home unless you're willing to ride the tiger, okay? Otherwise, let your instincts guide you and don't hesitate to follow your hunches.

Don Croft

Episode 32

Successful Tower Busting 101

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc32towerbusting03sep02.shtml>

September 3, 2001

I get the feeling that many folks have a hard time believing that 3 oz of organite in a little paper cup can neutralize the bad effects of a martial law transmitter. I admit that by evening, during the first four days of this expedition, I was feeling sort of like Don Quixote, tilting at windmills, but two things snapped me out of that little funk: a fed SAIC (Special Agent In Charge) visited me at a transmitter site in Blackfoot, Idaho, and after each day of busting regional networks, I contended with thunderstorms over precisely the area that had been neutralized. There had been little rain throughout the summer west of the parts of Idaho covered by cloudbusters, but I didn't know that at the time. A year ago, I had a hunch that something on the ground was being used to fight the effects of the cloudbusters. At first I thought it was just HAARP, but then I suspected that the vast network of new transmitters was producing sufficient dead orgone to keep the sky from assuming its pristine state consistently.

Dixie Hugs

I arrived at the little Dixie Cup solution after feeling some frustration at the thought of producing hundreds of HHgs to do the job that needed to be done on a large scale in my region of the country. After Carol and I tested the idea on some local transmitters, I remembered that we first got the notion that we could neutralize dead orgone sources this way when we were lying on a beach in South Florida a couple of years ago and she was astonished to see the nice orgone field that my Terminator was reaching out about twenty feet instead of three or four feet.

We discovered that afternoon that there's a nuke plant on the long, skinny island, about 20 miles south of where we'd been swimming. We first tested our theory that organite puts out more energy in the presence of a dead/deadly orgone source rather than getting polluted by it when we drove the Zapporium past the nuke plant north of Portland, Oregon a couple of months before that. This was the ultimate test to me, since orgone accumulators become toxic in the vicinity of any dead orgone source, and deadly within up to forty miles of a nuke reactor.

We made up our first HHg the next day and delivered it to the Florida nuke plant south of the swimming beach. That was the day after Carol noticed the orgone field of the Terminator enlarging and becoming more vital. This was in November 2000, four months before we made our first cloudbuster. After we put the four ounces of organite & two little quartz crystals in a Terminator box (1"x 2"x3") we drove out onto the island and put it in the bushes at the entrance to the nuke facility, about a half mile from the reactor itself. We stayed there while Carol watched what happened to the energy. Immediately, the dead/deadly orgone field shrunk from its beyond-sight limit to exactly where the HHg prototype was sitting and remained stable there. Both of us found our breathing easy and the oppressive, vaguely ominous feeling simply vanished outside that spherical field.

I know that a huge percentage of people who work at nuke facilities die of cancer, much too early in life. I fully agree with Dr. Reich's assessment that the real danger from nuke reactors is the dead/deadly orgone fields they produce, which can't be shielded, rather than from radiation itself, which can be shielded effectively. These transmitters all put out that nasty energy right now, which is a good reason not to wait to neutralize them all in your area, at least for your own sake.

Last night, I got back from my first large-scale campaign of neutralizing the new transmitters. After consulting with Jerry Morton, who lives east of Boise, Idaho, and who had neutralized (by that time) more than a hundred new transmitters and major arrays from thirty miles east of his home, westward to Oregon along the very wide, populous Snake River Valley, I committed to covering the entire valley from Twin Falls over to Wyoming, leaving the corridor from Pocatello to Utah to Jerry and his son, Ben.

Since most of the state is wilderness between that valley and our own home in Moscow, on the Idaho panhandle far to the north, that only leaves the populous region including Coeur d'Alene and Sand Point, north of the wilderness area, which Carol and I will finish off together. She'd worked for the Census Bureau in the north panhandle in 1999 so knows it better than most people. Also, she grew up sort of right next door to that area, on Mt. Spokane, in Washington State.

We used the transmitters for fifty miles around our own home to test the parameters of the Tower Busters. We used Holy Handgrenades on all of the arrays in this area (there are nine of those). We're seeing, by the way, that there's an average of one array per six or seven single and double towers, though of course cities larger than a hundred thousand people have more single transmitters per array. For double towers, we put down two Tower Busters, for single ones, one is sufficient, no matter how much crap they've piled onto the tower.

I'll spare you the geographical details so you'll get a feel for the spirit of this exercise, which I dearly hope you'll replicate at least in your own immediate area, for your own sake if not for humanity's, since these damn things are minimizing the effects of your cloudbuster right now and stopping a lot of rain, in conjunction with the chemtrail program. We've all essentially castrated the latter program's biological weapons aspect, but they still have the capability of stopping most of the rain in cooperation with the dead orgone producing transmitters.

It's up to you to find out if you can repeat what I accomplished. I expect that your results will be even more dramatic, since none of the areas where I produced afternoon thunderstorms have cloudbusters.

If you're discouraged about being able to find vortices, don't be! The regime has mapped them all out for you by placing transmitter arrays in and around them. Any time you see more than two new transmitters within a quarter to a half-mile of each other, you will be in a major vortex if you stand in the middle of that. At this point, Carol and I are pretty sure that all of the other transmitters are located at least on ley lines. The regime does this to maximize the effects of their predatory apparatus. This isn't a new practice-it's been part of their occult modus operandi for millennia, which is why there are cathedrals built on the old pagan holy sites in Europe and large corporate headquarters and/or facilities in North America are built on ancient native holy places whenever possible.

The neatest part, to me, is that when one places an orgonite device anywhere near a transmitter, it not only transmutes the deadening energy of the transmitter (all of which are operating at low power right now) into life force and heals the lesion in the earth's energy field that the transmitter has produced.

An ancient principle in warfare is to use the enemy's own energy and information against him. Though the mention of war is repugnant to many of you who have cloudbusters and have also contributed magnificently to the effort of healing these transmitter lesions, the fact remains that the regime is making war on us and on the planet itself, so I'm not out of bounds in discussing our mutual work in this context.

The regime gives us information about the locations of vortices and ley lines simply by erecting their horrific transmitters and arrays. By putting orgonite devices in the vicinity of these sites, we create a condition in which there is more life force in those locations than would have been there if they hadn't put those towers there in the first place.

Los Angeles and New York City are the most challenging areas, since each place has thousands of individual transmitters and perhaps a hundred arrays. I recommend hitting the routes leading out of the city first, since these are apparently designed to prevent masses of well-armed people leaving the metropolitan areas, which would be untenable for even a vast, blue helmeted invading army. I guarantee that you can bust those towers a lot faster than they can put up new ones. I've seen the transmitters in the passes leading out of LA and a photo of these would be sufficient proof to anyone that this has nothing to do with cell phones. They put them on telephone poles about a quarter mile apart along the canyons, most of which are unpopulated. The San Francisco Bay area has the same phenomenon.

I noticed that all the major arrays had the little transmitters like this on phone poles among the much larger, more complex towers. I believe these are designed to stop people from sabotaging the array, nothing else-they're probably to be left on full blast for the duration of martial law so that the array need not have an occupying force. I guess they weren't counting on us, eh?

The first day in the trenches was problematic for me because it was the first time I'd ever covered a large area by myself. That involved a lot of driving along gravel and dirt roads, many of which aren't on the maps, in order to find my way to the major arrays, especially. By late afternoon the wind and rain were so intense that it was hard to keep the last major array in sight through the heavy downpour and dust clouds.

The reason I knew that this thunderstorm was produced by my own efforts is that I watched it form in a blue sky directly over Twin Falls, a city of 50,000, shortly after I'd neutralized the major arrays north and south of the city and all of the transmitters within the urban area between those two buttes. Blue sky and scattered, puffy white clouds surrounded the storm, so it was obviously not part of a frontal system.

This happened on the following two days over Pocatello and Idaho Falls, two cities of comparable size, in exactly the same way as I worked my way west and north.

My goal was to do this in a way that you can easily replicate, so I didn't focus on any of the more abstruse techniques that Carol and I are fond of but might be hard for you to relate to.

If you live in a city, just drive back and forth on parallel major streets, about a mile or so apart, and keep watching for the transmitters. Drop a Tower Buster in a river, into somebody's shrubbery, or other concealed spot not closer than a block from the transmitter, and move on to the next one you see. Remember that if you put it too close it may be discovered in a search. We don't bury these unless there's no other option. The Drive-By technique is fun and kind of romantic to us, pointing up how little effort is required to neutralize these costly apparatus. In that spirit, we put pennies on our zappers as electrodes, a comment on how quickly and cheaply one can cure 'incurable,' otherwise costly illnesses, such as cancer and AIDS.

Put a Holy Handgrenade (more than a pint is not necessary if you can get close) in the vicinity of all the arrays in the city or within sight of it in the outlying area. It's probably best to shallowly bury these as close as possible. If the arrays are in a restricted area and you don't feel confident in 'trespassing,' simply line two or three HHGs up, a quarter mile or so apart, aiming generally at the array. It might be a good idea to get an HHG on either side of that array, as close as you can safely get. The range of these devices can be quite significant if you vector them this way. If you're not confident in your dowsing ability for finding optimum HHG locations in this case, buy one of Ben's pendulums and get up to speed that way.

Here's how I found the first of the two underground bases:

The afternoon before taking on Pocatello, I took care of all the transmitters and arrays in the farming region north and west of the city, which is in a sort of 'pocket valley' leading off toward Utah from the much larger Snake River Valley.

By the time I reached the city of Blackfoot, 25 miles north of Pocatello, the feds had been tracking my progress by noting the sequence of neutralized transmitters. There were two towers just inside the city limits and within five minutes of busting the first one, a shiny, light brown pickup truck with tinted windows showed up and parked beside that tower, which was close to the road.

Making sure the person in the truck didn't see what I did for the other tower, I drove over and parked beside him and rolled my window down. I had to get close to notice the four very thin, oddly shaped antennae on the roof of the cab.

The driver, a middle aged man with very short hair, rolled his window down and I said, 'Do you want to talk to

me?' He said, 'No, sir,' but didn't look at me. He looked bemusedly at the lovely graphics that I'd painted on the side of the Zapporium while I scrutinized all the fancy radio equipment sticking out from his dashboard. That only lasted about five seconds before I drove away. I had the impression that he didn't want to talk much.

The following morning I was ready to take on Pocatello's challenges, and the huge, new conning tower at the small airport and the HAARP & transformer array, along with the town-sized pile of dirt beside it, both of which were across the interstate highway from the airport indicated the presence of a moderate-sized underground base. Zoe in Salt Lake City was the first to note the presence of HAARP transmitters in a major transformer complex, so I was watching for that. All transformer arrays have lightning rods that stick up twenty or thirty feet above the structure, but the transmitters are at least a hundred feet tall, usually much taller, and there are at least four of them. When you see one, bury an HHg nearby.

When you see a transmitter that looks like the top half of a bowling pin, put an HHg as close as you can to that one, too. We don't know what they're for, but sometimes they're at airports, sometimes out in the middle of nowhere. Carol says the energy coming off of them is extremely bad, though we haven't a clue what they're for. Pocatello Airport has one.

After I took care of the single martial law transmitter at the airport, near the terminal, early that morning, I noticed that an airport security vehicle was discretely parked and the driver was watching me meander the grounds looking for other targets. I didn't find any more, so I drove back over the interstate and parked by the overpass, facing the big dirt pile and transformer/HAARP array on the hillside at the edge of the valley. Before any major assaults, I like to park at a vantage point and scrutinize the enemy territory through my binoculars.

As I was doing that, a fed in a white car drove slowly past me, turned right and drove into a gas station nearby. She made the mistake of stopping in the middle of the lot for a few seconds before parking by the convenience store, where she was for several minutes, too long to get a snack and/or use the bathroom, so I drove down there myself, arrived and parked out of sight of whoever was in the store, and entered through the front door.

Surprise! ;-)

The woman quickly bypassed the counter and left, carrying two coffee cups to her car. There was nobody else in the car, but a young man in neat, nondescript civilian clothes and with a military haircut was still at the counter, while the clerk was trying to process his card, which I assumed he was trying to use to pay for the coffee. He apologized to me for taking so long, and I told him it was okay, I had all day. He wasn't in the car when she drove by me on the overpass.

When I looked at the card on the counter, he covered it with his hand, faced me and made some odd comment about county cards, passports, and '9/11 wouldn't have happened if blah, blah, blah.'

I said, 'Oh, come on-anyone who's been in the military knows that the feds blew up those building.' He gave me a very odd look and simply left. I followed him out after paying for my coffee. He had gotten in the driver seat of a cop car that was parked by the gas pumps. The real cop (I assumed) was sitting in the passenger seat with a bemused look on his face. Needless to say, I didn't see those folks again. I sincerely hope that I'm not getting them into too much trouble by writing this, but I thought you would want to know about it.

In case I've given the impression that I'm against police in general, I want to correct that now. I've found that most of the police I've met are just as self-sacrificing and service-oriented as you and I are, and just as much in love with the idea of personal freedom and responsibility. This may not be true in some of the major cities, of course, or out in Goiterville someplace, but I hope that none of us have taken the attitude that policemen are the enemy, per se, and the same is true for the military people I've known, here and abroad.

The NSA and CIA are not legitimate police agencies, nor are they serving any useful purpose as far as I can tell. They're awfully interested in these towers and underground bases, which represent a secret as well kept and

potentially deadly as the Manhattan Project. We've never heard or seen evidence that the FBI are interested in what we're doing.

Felonious Feds

By the way, I'm not pleased with the fact that some feds have kept all of the wholesale zapper payments from being delivered to us in the past two weeks, but we'll find a way to stop that, too, I'm sure, just as I found a way to get my business email again after they tried to stop that in April. When I get more info about the latest transgression by the unlawful feds, I'll share that with you, too. The first assault on our livelihood by them came right after I shared instructions for neutralizing these very towers.

I think the regime sent that MK Ultra sap to kill us just on principle and the folks who arranged that are probably not connected with the ones doing this petty harassment. The killers' handlers really need to have some time-out or get their own heads removed, but I'd like to have a heart to heart talk with the folks who are just interfering with our livelihood. They need to at least realize that their interference has become an endorsement. I could still do this work even if I had to go back to living in my car and snapping sign jobs. I'm sure that Ivo-fellow sign-painter and Tower Buster extraordinaire in Connecticut-can relate.

Of course, anyone with a Succor Punch in the car will remain electronically invisible to the spies during the tower busting episodes, and having one turned on inside the house will ensure that their conversations at home won't be electronically monitored, unless they're online or on the phone. Otherwise, it's pretty easy to get the job done without been seen by the street level federal watchers.

I did trespass that day in order to get an HHg properly placed to vector that HAARP array, which was impossible to get close to. It was connected, energetically, to an extensive mountaintop array overlooking Pocatello. That road was hard to find!

If you decide to trespass on the regime's sanctum sanctorum this way, try to get a feel for how long it will take the guys with handcuffs to get to you. Do the deed and get out of there in that case. Honestly, I find this sort of gambling a lot more fun and rewarding than slot machines or blackjack (or baccarat with Blofeld?) but don't try this unless you are willing to take the consequences for failure. I've got my pit bull teeth in their pants right now, and I'm not letting go, no matter what. Some more pit bulls out there besides the dozen or so who are doing what we're doing wouldn't be a bad idea in these days leading up to their wished-for martial law D-Day. Of course, just because an unlawful government puts 'no trespassing' signs up arbitrarily doesn't mean they own that land, and some county Sheriffs (the only law enforcers sanctioned by the US Constitution) in Arizona and Nevada proved that point by arresting armed 'federal' officers for attempting to stop them from traveling on 'their' land. That's our land, folks, not theirs.

The confirmation for neutralizing an underground base is in seeing the persistent smog above ground dissipate within hours. That's what happened there and over the much larger base in the desert west of Idaho Falls two days later. Of course, there isn't enough industry or population density to create such a smog field in those areas.

The underground base west of our home, under the Snake River Gorge in the unpopulated area downstream from Lewiston, had a persistent smog field, extending from the ground up into the higher clouds, that disappeared right after we put two HHGs on top of the base, close to the very big airstrip there.

The huge pulp mill a few miles upstream in Lewiston had maintained a dense, stinky field of smog up to the gorge's rim until we put a cloudbuster there in February. I dropped a HHg in the huge settling pond connected with that mill when I took a fortuitous wrong turn and ended up there on the first leg of my journey last week. I couldn't smell that settling pond at all yesterday when I drove past there on my way home. It had been the only part of that operation that had still stunk after the CB went up in Lewiston.

Always expect confirmation when you do this work. Otherwise, how could you expect your interest and

enthusiasm to be maintained? Without the confirmations, I'd feel pretty foolish doing this. I hope you'll start small and see the immediate affects on the sky where you live, then decide if you want to extend the benefits to a wider area, which many of you will no doubt want to do after that.

I truly believe that we can get this into popular culture enough to completely dismantle the regime's worldwide genocide/tyranny apparatus, as we've done with their chemtrail plans already with our cloudbusters in less than a year.

We have faith that the Wingmakers are guiding this effort and protecting the participants. Actually, I believe that God's doing it, and that the Wingmakers are simply His/Her appointed agents.

Having said that, I know for a fact that it doesn't matter if you believe as I do and that you'll get the same results that I got no matter what you do or don't believe in. Faith has little to do with belief structures, after all. You'd need to have some faith in order to take anything I'm saying seriously enough to experiment with this stuff on your own, I think. Our faith is what unites us, not our beliefs.

Of course, there are major vortices that aren't adorned with transmitter arrays. We're noticing that there are many people showing up now with the ability to find these places and heal them with HHGs. Most of the earth's major vortices had been corrupted by the regime, which is essentially parasitic as well as predatory, so taking these back for humanity and our lovely planet deprives the regime of their dark chi, without which they can't operate effectively.

Here's what I saw after putting a single HHg in a single transmitter array that was located on flat ground on the edge of a small town:

There was an amorphous white mass of cloud that began spreading from the sky directly above that array, which was made up of four tall towers that bristled with every sort of panel, rod, dish and drum transmitter apparatus. There were no other transmitters within five miles of this array. The cloud formation assumed a sort of funnel shape in the center, which pointed down to the transmitters.

There was no wind associated with it and it remained very white throughout, unlike when a tornado is forming along a frontal system (I spent most of my early years in Arkansas' tornado zone, so I know what tornado weather looks like). It was surrounded by lovely blue sky and puffy clouds. Of course our friends, the Lemurians, were observing from their craft inside the little lenticular clouds under the other clouds.

I was watching this from about 15 miles away, where I had just neutralized another array on top of a butte. I remembered that the three previous days' thunderstorms over the cities I'd visited started out the same way, though on a much larger scale, of course.

Just as the rain-bearing cumulus cloud started forming over that amorphous mass, promising another rainstorm, a large, white, unmarked Boeing 747 flew across an edge of the amorphous part and laid a trail before turning south and flying away. Within minutes, the cumulus cloud shrunk and disappeared and the amorphous mass and white funnel shrank but didn't completely disappear or move downwind. That plane was flying at about ten thousand feet, much lower than I'd seen one fly for the past year or so.

I think that if there had been a cloudbuster in the region, the chemtrail wouldn't have been effective.

After I'd neutralized another principle butte-top array the next morning, clouds started forming from the northeast, which was downwind from the area from which rain normally arrives. I had to climb to the top of that butte, as my truck wouldn't have been able to negotiate the steep road, even if I wanted to gamble being arrested for trespassing there. I think it's safe to assume that any array that requires trespassing on alleged government land is an important one to the predatory agenda.

I didn't drive to the butte because feds were passing me on the road every five minutes or so and the dust cloud along the only dirt road leading to the butte would have given me away instantly.

For several hours, at least six chemtrail jets tried unsuccessfully to stop the windward advance of these high altitude moisture bearing clouds but they gave up around 2PM and the clouds kept advancing over the areas of the huge underground base in the desert that I was able to 'hug'. There were at least four nuke plants above ground around the perimeter of that base, though the densest part of the smog field was in the middle, which looked completely empty. There were two arrays on buttes near the north and south edges, within the restricted zone, the much larger south one having nineteen separate towers on a very high, steep volcanic cone.

Lines of dumped rock and soil can be seen along the road every quarter mile or so, and a huge pile of excavated dirt and rocks is near one of the nuke plants, giving away the presence of the underground base even more graphically than the smog field in the desert. These piles are often seen near the transmitter. They learned not to pile it too high, so you might have to look closely for inexplicable piles of rock and soil in the vicinity of the new towers. Carol 'saw' many of them connected to underground networks and now she's telling me that most transmitters can be manually controlled from directly below ground.

This area is called Idaho National Engineering and Environmental Labs, so I assumed this is one of the places the regime uses to experiment with ways to engineer the destruction of our environment. The confirmation that this hunch was correct came within an hour or so of putting the last HHg in place around the restricted area, which is phenomenally large. I literally watched the darkening clouds extend over the area as the smog fields shrank into two lingering fields, and then disappeared. The very strong wind that had persisted all day diminished at the same time, another confirmation.

New Psi Games

On the drive home yesterday, I was subjected to a brand new (to me) sort of psychic assault which was apparently designed to get me to visualize the locations of the HHGs that I'd placed to neutralize that large array on the southern butte on INEEL.

I had to get home and work with Carol to neutralize that effort. She and Linda had been subjected to it since their visit to the underground base at Umatilla, Oregon, a couple of weeks before that, but had just discovered the source of it, since it's a lot more subtle than anything we'd encountered before, including the ET stuff, early on. This is strictly a human effort involving NSA/CIA psychics and some newer, high tech apparatus.

More on that later, after we get better data, but we're handling it fine, with Wingmaker assistance, and getting more info from the enemy in the meantime, of course.

I hope that the ground level NSA/CIA spooks and psychics won't be punished after we've all established real governments in North America, unless they've been involved in killing people, of course. I don't think the murderous agents have any illusions about working under lawful mandates, but the others probably do. I look forward to meeting some of the folks who have been assigned to spy on us and harass us and swap stories with them. Carol and I have gotten friendly waves from some of them after we recognized them, even before we noticed them a couple of times. Those are usually young people and/or people of color.

Talk to the Animals

The following is worth mentioning, but shouldn't be considered essential to this work. Whenever I needed to find the right farm road to get to a tower or array, I found that the behavior of hawks and doves was helpful, which is ironic considering my ongoing dialogue with cloudbuster aficionados who hate my warfare analogies. This might be a good time to refer to David Icke's assertion that the dove is a symbol of predatory aspects of the ancient world regime rather than to any association with peace, but I don't support or deny his claims about that.

Carol was the first one to point out and demonstrate to me that the behavior of birds and animals in general can be used to show us what to do. Lots of cloudbuster folks have noted anomalous behavior of birds around them, especially hawks and eagles.

Have you noticed that vultures are rarely seen in areas where there is a cloudbuster? We saw them a lot around here before putting a CB up and I only saw a half dozen or so in the area I visited in the last week, though it was hundreds of miles from the nearest known cloudbuster. I'm sure there are no cloubusters west of Jerry's in Idaho because the local thunderstorms had a lot of lightning and wind, characteristics that are almost entirely absent in T-storms when a CB is present. This is another proof that the concerns that we are doing harm with our version of the CB are unfounded.

At any rate, vultures love dead orgone fields and are apparently not comfortable in areas of strong, healthy orgone.

Chemtrails & Spook Busting

The chemtrails throughout Idaho are disappearing just about as fast as they can be squirted out, so the range of cloubusters for this, at least, is vast in every case. I proved, at least to myself, that the chemtrails were heavily dependent on the dead orgone created by the worldwide network of martial law transmitters. A fast drive through the Los Angeles Basin would demonstrate this to anyone these days. You'd drive from blue, healthy sky, and as soon as you arrive in the Basin the sky is whited out at about 20,000 feet and it's blue again as you pass out of the metropolitan area in any direction. The density of transmitters there is many times greater than any place else I'm aware of. This whiteout is maintained by the transmitters, not by chemtrails. This contrast is most obvious when it's seen from a plane.

A fed, posing as a cellular phone tech, was waiting at one of the transmitters along my route, so after discretely depositing a Tower Buster under his unheeding nose, I stopped to chat with him. I was amused to hear him explain that this transmitter, which only had an array of vertical flat panels and was far from any town or highway, was for cell phones.

I noted that these costly erections, replete with buried fiber optic cable, independent power supplies, concrete prefab buildings, underground chambers, etc., are distributed in a ratio of one tower per one to three thousand people, and that it would probably take a hundred years for the tiny fraction of a penny per minute of cell phone use that he said was allotted for all of this to pay for them. No doubt all of this would be obsolete in a couple of years at current trends, anyway (I'm told that most actual cell phone traffic is handled by satellite right now, not ground transmitters), and although I consider that most folks who are corporate slaves are tacit, unquestioning supporters of top-heavy, predatory/parasitic agendas, the top fellows on the corporate dung heap are not stupid and they wouldn't waste billions of dollars on something that wasn't likely to phenomenally line their pockets and increase their own personal power. There is only one corporation on the planet in real terms, after all. Check out David Icke's assessment of the satanic symbols found in all the major corporate logos.

Sacramento has these about a half mile apart throughout the city and in the entire city of Santa Rosa, not far away, there are only two of them, I mentioned to him.

At the end of our conversation, that fellow had the same expression on his face, as did the fellow who was driving the cop car earlier that day.

In our travels, we've only seen one of these transmitters under construction, and in that case it was on a restricted road along the interstate in Nevada. Unmarked white vehicles were there. From now on, when I see anyone at these sites I'll make a point of speaking with them if possible. I hope you'll do the same and share your information with the rest of us.

I'm like anyone else in that investigating this aspect of reality feels like taking the bandage off a festering,

maggot infested lesion, but that analogy holds up pretty well when you consider that not removing the bandage has even more unpleasant consequences. We're in a situation similar to the one the German citizens found themselves in during the middle 1930's-something horrendous is being prepared for us all by the corporate elite, the very same families who created Hitler and put him into position (including the Bush family), but the implications are not fully overt yet. The difference, at least in the U.S., Switzerland and South Africa, is that these families have utterly failed to disarm the populace and the worldwide web is being used by folks like you and me to spread information quickly throughout the globe. Knowledge has always been more powerful than bullets, at any rate, but those civilian bullets are pretty daunting to the regime and America is their hoped-for prize, apparently.

Clinton, the former alleged leader of the American people, loathes the military (no small wonder), but I loathe violence in general, though I support the rank and file majority of well-intentioned men and women in our vastly diminished military, which represent a potent, immediate threat to the world regime once they've awakened to their true responsibility.

As Jerry says, we're pouring resin right now so that we won't have to pour lead later on.

Don Croft

Episode 33

American Towers Corp's New Role in Spokane, Washington

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc33spokanewashington14sep02.shtml>

September 14, 2002

American Towers Corporation, who own about a hundred and fifty or so entropy transmitters in Spokane are now responsible for creating and maintaining the healthiest citywide orgone field I've ever encountered, however involuntarily they fell into this job.

In an effort to bolster the Cloudbuster Forum's temporarily lagging image regarding this project's viability for Everyman, I was going to make tower busters with only orgonite and conquer the stalwart legion of entropy transmitters in the City of Spokane with them, alone.

I asked Carol for her opinion, and she said the Wingmakers told her that orgonite, alone, could bust a transmitter, but that I would have to use five ounces instead of three with a crystal. She passed the buck, in other words, so I still don't know what her opinion is ;-)

Laziness overcame my desire to prove this to you. Hopefully, you can find at least a bag of broken quartz crystals if our vendors are out of them or you're living in a country where getting packages from the US or Holland is like getting a root canal. I think we'll all sort that out soon, at any rate.

After about 150 drive-bys and plantings over the course of several visits by Carol and I (we did the arrays much earlier), the City of Spokane is now entropy-free. Here's what happened in the sky:

Blue Skies, Nothing But Blue Skies

As I reported on Monday, a huge blue hole opened up in the HAARP and spew remnant soup over the city after Carol and I did the downtown area. The spew had been disabled for over a year, thanks to Spokane's two cloudbusters, but there remained shreds and spots here and there in the HAARP-generated androgynous and spotty cloud cover over the city. We will soon fix those HAARP generators and that enormous underground base a hundred miles west (upwind) of the city, but the contrast between their current boundary and the vibrant orgone field over the city is very instructive right now.

After about thirty Tower Busters were laid down in grid fashion, concealed in shrubberies and other spots, as available, every three blocks over the entire section of the city where there are tall buildings (every single building has some form of entropy-producing apparatus on top) all of that indeterminate cloud cover simply vanished in a few minutes, showing a rim. The hole was about ten miles in diameter.

Of course, we put an HHg by the huge Masonic Temple, which Carol says is used as an entrance to new underground facilities.

Driving over the low mountain pass, the whole city was visible to me in the early morning Tuesday when I arrived to finish the task. The blue hole was still there and the chemtrails were disappearing so fast there that I almost thought they were actual contrails (remember them?) but as soon as the jets flew into the surrounding HAARP-generated and entropy-transmitter sustained soup, the chemtrails lingered for up to half an hour.

One of the spewplane pilots even made a little half-loop in the soup for effect. I think that's taboo for them over populated areas because of the risk of waking up pajama people down below.

I did some of the suburbs first, then the upscale residential areas of the city, which have fewer towers than the places where folks are closer to having nothing to lose, so it wasn't until late afternoon that I got the nitty-gritty entropy zone covered.

A curious thing happened in the sky after our Sunday visit. Instead of appearing amorphous, the HAARP soup to the west, beyond the boundary of downtown Spokane's vibrant orgone field, took on an almost lovely aspect, hard to describe. I never saw that before. It was arranged in sine-wave rows, not unlike ocean waves, but the waves were side to side and sort of ephemeral, with a distinct edge to the upper surface, fading out underneath.

The edge of their pattern ended about twenty miles from the city in the morning, but after about eight hours of flying in and out of the edge by three spewplanes, the edge gradually extended to within about five miles of downtown. There are no HHGs or tower busters west of Spokane yet, but I counted four major new HAARP arrays out there recently, and I know there's an enormous base under Moses Lake, Washington, which is allegedly the cargo terminal for the Seattle airport, two hundred miles further west. I was working east of downtown, so I got a good view of the process.

After the last tower was busted in the city, the day was nearly over. Before sunset, I was treated to an awesome display of what the right-spinning orgone field was doing, because just then a spot of durable spew drifted over the city. As I watched, it started to spin around its center like water going down a drain. The nebula-shaped spinning spewcloud got more distinct, then simply vanished in about five minutes.

At that point, some overfed and redundant bureaucrat in the Department of HAARP probably told one of his sycophants, "Turn the damn thing off right now! We don't want any of those Pajama People to see what's happening to those phony clouds overhead!!!"

And sure enough, all of those lovely sine waves simply vanished within seconds then. Isn't there some Bible prophecy about signs in the heavens?

As I said, you can expect confirmation after you've busted enough transmitters in an area to get an effect in the sky. I saw that the first time when I busted all the transmitters in Twin Falls, Idaho, which is a hundred miles from the nearest cloudbuster.

Of course, I had to visit two arrays, one to the north and one to the south, both on buttes, therefore vortices, to get the full effect. One HHG at each array, about 12oz of organite each, took care of them. Not a bad investment in time and organite, eh?

I got a town-sized thunderstorm out of that day's work. Small, white fluffy clouds in a clear blue sky could be seen all around that little storm, though it was piled as high as any Kansas thunderbumper. The presence of a cloudbuster would have ensured that very little lightning would have struck the ground, by the way, and there wouldn't have been that strong wind.

The results are not always the same, but they seem to be dramatic each time, regardless.

There are about 30,000 people living there, and, sure enough, about twenty 'converted' entropy transmitters standing amongst them, all generating the purest, strongest healthy orgone imaginable. Thanks, American Tower Corporation!!! I think the ratio of entropy towers to people favors the towers more in Idaho, because more are needed in places where folks have demonstrated their will to defend their freedom. I mean that.

I like the fact that the NSA/CIA agents are not comfortable here in Idaho. They probably shouldn't get comfortable here, because those agencies are completely unlawful and not even remotely sanctioned by the US Constitution. The FBI have left us alone, pretty much, though they no doubt keep tabs on everyone who has the word 'cloudbuster' or 'holy-handgrenade' or even 'hug,' at this point, in their email or phone conversations. They probably know we're not going to harm anyone, and maybe after doing what they did to Randy Weaver's wife, they're a bit sensitive about their image regarding freedom-loving people in Idaho

Don Croft

Episode 34

Another Way to Kick Some HAARP Butt

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc34anotherwayhaarp22sep02.shtml>

September 22, 2002

We're still at home after a week of planning to get out and neutralize the rest of North Idaho's dead orgone transmitters. Carol had arranged to pick up Melody and attend a full moon ceremony in St. Maries, Idaho, so I tagged along after seeing this as the opportunity to put a Holy Handgrenade on top of nearby St. Joe Baldy Mountain, an extinct mile-high volcano that's the major vortex of the area.

I'd seen a couple of new transmitters on the mountain through binoculars, but Carol and Melody looked at the energy and told me it's a bit clouded, but still pretty strong and clean.

That morning the sky was almost completely whited out by chemtrails, which were being laid by a fleet of Boeing 747's. The striations in the phony cloud cover showed intense HAARP influence, and Carol told me that it was HAARP, from the huge new facility in Alaska, that was being used to affect our area of sky, assisted by the moon's own cycle and the time of year.

We didn't take it to heart, since we knew that it took an awful lot of energy just to affect a little bit of sky, and the edge of the area of influence was just a few miles north of St. Maries, which is about sixty miles directly north of Moscow, our town. Since most of the HAARP transmitters that were used to affect our sky locally have been neutralized, the more distant facility, we believe, has to use so much energy that it becomes counterproductive after a few hours.

Melody had brought along some of her Harmonizers and donated one for Mt. Baldy. For the Hootenists out there, I note that she included garnets, hematite, pyrite, magnetite and a pinch of sage with the tree resin and aluminum particles, and the 12 oz., cone shaped Harmonizer was wrapped with a copper coil and coated with beeswax.

It took me an hour and a half to get to the top of the mountain in the Zapporium and I decided to stick around for an hour or so to see if I could discern any effects.

After I got to the top, the whiteout spread several miles farther north, but within 20 minutes or so of burying the Harmonizer, a blue hole appeared in the mess directly overhead in which fresh chemtrails were disappearing within seconds. The other spew trails, some a couple of hours old, began disappearing around the edge of the hole and new spew trails farther from the hole began disappearing in seconds, too, and the hole expanded in all directions, accelerating until there was nothing but blue sky in all directions. There were still a lot of spewplanes at work, but the spew disappeared within about 4 seconds from each one in sight.

I had gotten back to the paved road on the way back to St. Maries by the time all of the HAARP effects and chemtrails were gone. Normally, after we do something special like that, we see at least one of the Lemurian craft not far above the horizon, but every time they've been far away and we only recognized them by the sequence of their bright flashes. Carol had seen an enormous Lemurian ship start to materialize a block from our house a few evenings ago, and the following night we saw a smaller craft streak down toward the near side of Moscow mountain a few miles east of our house, leaving a trail of luminous orgone, which faded out in a couple of seconds.

This time, as I was driving toward St. Maries to pick Carol and Melody up, I saw the sunlight reflect off of an enormous, slightly convex metal surface that was tilted about 10 degrees and was moving very slowly toward the south.

I lost sight of the craft after the road curved around the St. Joe Valley, but expected to see it again as I drove

around the trees a little farther ahead. I did see it, but instead of being over the valley itself, it was still flying along the same course, but disappeared behind a mountain about five miles away. At first I thought it was about the size of an airliner, but distance is awfully hard to judge if you don't have something to relate to on the object. It must have been many times larger than a passenger jet.

Carol told me it's similar to the ship she saw hovering over our neighborhood silently—maybe the same one. When she saw the one from our house, she was telepathically told not to worry, that they weren't going to let it happen, the 'it' being taken to mean martial law.

I give these accounts to encourage others whom we know to talk openly about their own similar accounts instead of just telling us about them. I'd be disappointed if anyone accepts my reports without some corroborating accounts from other people and/or some legwork of their own.

We drove to Crystal Peak, which is another mile-high vortex a few miles south of Melody's place, and deposited another of her Harmonizers. This one had quartz from Montana, pyrite, magnetite and hematite.

The road shown on the map to get to the peak is no longer accessible, so we put the Harmonizer in a clearing right across the valley. Carol and Melody saw, right after it was in place, bright currents of energy coming up out of the top of the mountain and from the lesser peaks along the ridge leading up to it. They met in the sky some ways above the mountain and the lines formed a crystalline shape which stabilized. This is one of the mountains surrounding what has been called 'Ascension Valley' by some. A lot of sensitives have come to this valley to experience the unique energy. I don't understand all of that, but that's okay. I'm just glad that grunts like myself can play a hand in this game. Melody and Carol had made plans to do that on Crystal Peak, I took the opportunity their Saturday meeting to go to Mt. Baldy, and when I was on the mountain waiting to see what might happen, I traced the line on the state map between the vortices and got the 'Aha!' response.

I discovered, while studying the map, that these two mountains are in a perfect line with the vortex in Priest Lake, farther north, which I treated with an HHg a year ago and got a subsequent thunderstorm from, and with the concentration camp near Kooskia, Idaho, farther south, where I also left a holy handgrenade. We'll do more with this line of vortices, probably farther south along Ascension Valley in an old Indian sacred area. Somebody Who Khows Something once told me that if we can take back five vortices along just one ley line from the dark masters and their world empire, we can then more easily take back our whole planet from them.

The ley line which has gotten the most attention from Cbers, so far, includes the Oregon Vortex, Mt. Ashland, Mt. Shasta, Mt. Lassen and Mt. Palomar (it goes through the middle of San Bernardino, too, where there's a CB), so that one may be the first to be 'inherited by the meek.' Circumstances have led us to believe that this line of Idaho vortices are important, too.

I'm meek. Aren't you? Meek means 'humble,' not 'chump.' If you want to get a clue about the power of humility, read TAO TE CHING by Lao Tse. The book, without commentary, fills about the same size pamphlet as the U.S. CONSTITUTION and is every bit as easy to understand unless you've been institutionalized by too much formal education and are convinced that you can't really know anything for sure.

There are no transmitters on Crystal Peak. In fact the nearest transmitter of any kind to Melody's was in St. Maries, twenty-five miles northwest. Carol and I neutralized that one last month. The next nearest one is another twenty miles farther west.

This is probably why Melody has experienced none of the psyops aggression that most of us have had to contend with who live in the vicinity of the 'cell phone' transmitters. The range of these ELF weapons seems to be pretty short. I've been encouraging the more active of the Cloudbuster aficionados to neutralize all the towers within ten miles or so of their homes so that this personal nuisance can be eliminated. The NSA/CIA psyops agents won't likely bother folks who just have cloudbusters these days—the numbers make that unfeasible for the little psych espionage spy army to contend with. The Europeans Cbers are contending with Interpol or whatever

unlawful agencies are in the business of hurting innocents there in the name of national security. It's all the same organization, as far as we're concerned.

These unlawful spook agencies apparently are mandated, world wide, to stop our grassroots effort in a manner that won't draw attention to their involvement. That's why you can expect to be targeted if you go out and bust the damned dead-orgone transmitters and HAARP arrays on a regular basis, or even just if you've told anyone you plan to do so.

You've read on the forum of people getting sick unaccountably, getting strong feelings of failure and foreboding just before going out to bust towers, being buzzed by low flying aircraft of every description, including the ubiquitous black helicopters and anti-gravity triangular craft. Consider these endorsements rather than intimidation, okay?

It would be nice to think that creating a tower-free zone around us would stop the low-grade interference and all-around pain in the neck of active surveillance every time we go out to buy bread and milk, but when one takes the initiative, it's just like riding a tiger: it's not a good idea to jump off just because you don't want to play that game any more. There's some incentive right there to expand our field of influence until every trace of these transmitters are gone, and you can bet there are millions of dollars being spent just to try to stop You, alone.

You may have noticed that our ranks are swelling week by week, so you can imagine how many will be doing this in a year. Many of the people doing this in metro areas, where the number of transmitters is far too great for one person to do alone, are coordinating their efforts now, for instance: LAARP, New York City, and the Toronto Tornadoes. Carol and I are the Moscow Grenadiers ;-)

The day when we can turn these monstrosities into birdhouses and amusement rides (or scrap) gets closer with each tower buster we toss out the car window but you can be sure they won't be leaving us alone, so we mustn't let them get us into a defensive position. When we're active and vocal about our victories, they're on the defensive, not us.

You've also read from the same committed people how this has caused them to be more determined than ever to win this spiritual war, no matter what. I credit the emerging paradigm and our temporal position in a vast solar cycle for the fact that so many folks, in so many countries, are independently deciding to do this good work. It could be the hundredth monkey principle at work, too, because I rarely meet a person who simply won't hear about these things. The press, other prostituted media, and our self-policing, pajama people family, friends and neighbors may try to convince themselves and each other that these new towers are for cell phones, but on some level everybody knows and physically feels what their true purpose is, so nobody's likely to laugh at us when we tell them about it in simple language.

I suppose it's worth mentioning that the only severe criticism I'm getting these days is from people who aren't actively engaged in this work for one reason or another. The rest of us who have CBs are more concerned with stopping and even healing real enemies than sniping at me or each other, and we're having a hell of a good time in the process and feeling a rather strong sense of purpose and self-worth. These are the good old days, as far as we're concerned!

The receding paradigm no longer has the power to hold up pajama people's belief structure, which took so long to create—some believe that this delusion/illusion's construction was begun many thousands of years ago by the very same families who own and operate the world regime right now. I lean toward that belief, but I don't have enough information to have an informed opinion about it. I do know that one secret regime runs the planet, that it's parasitic and essentially exploitive, and that it has to be stopped before it destroys most of humanity. Parasites give no thought to the implications of destroying their host. It's simply not part of their nature to think that way. That goes for the bankers in the City of London and the dark masters of the regime who own and operate them, just as well as for a tapeworm, a pathological liar or a cancer tumor.

On a more cheerful note, we don't know what the full implications are for our easy victory over HAARP yesterday, but we are confident that these will become clearer as others repeat this experiment or a similar one and share their own observations with us all. That was, by far, the most dramatic effects I'd seen for so little effort.

Don Croft

Episode 35
Mount Baldy
Part 1

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>
<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc35mountbaldy27sep02.shtml>
September 27, 2002

After trying for a week to find an opportunity for Carol and I to go on the road together for a couple of days, but failing due to some conflicts with schools schedules, etc., we decided that it was prudent for me to get up north and try to finish off the towers in Idaho. We'll still try to get over to Central Washington together to neutralize the dead orgone network upwind of where we live.

After our Mt. Baldy victory, the Spew Administration has called out the Big Planes to dose us every day. Nothing's sticking over us, of course, but north of us the trails were lingering longer than I liked, so right before I left on the latest tower busting excursion, three days ago, Carol helped me turn Jumbo Funky, our outsized cloudbuster, so it pointed up into the northern sky. We generally keep it pointing west to prevent HAARP winds from blowing, which it does very well.

I drove north for eighty miles, so I had a good view of the subsequent process. First, all the new spew began disappearing within seconds. This was within a half hour. Then the existing spew remnants sort of shredded away to the north, though the prevailing wind at that altitude is from the west. All of it was gone within two hours. I later found that the field of influence spreads out in a cone. I don't know what the northern limit is, but a hundred miles to the north the width of that cone is about 140 miles.

For the politically squeamish, please jump to the report itself [Part 2]. What follows is some thoughts that I consider relevant, but you may not, and I don't want to exclude you from this beautiful process just because I have strong opinions.

As it turned out, a needful detour into Washington State made it impossible for me to get up to the remaining two small towns near the Canadian border in Idaho, but I'm confident that the Cbers in one of those towns can handle that. We would like to get to the next border crossing farther west and take care of the enormous new underground base we discovered last year there. I imagine it's part of the regime's invasion scenario, sort of like the way the N. Koreans tunnel under the demilitarized zone to get their agents into S. Korea. I'm now confident that the vast majority of folks who work for the US and Canadian alleged governments, including the ones who are following you and I around on our tower busting crusade, would resist right now if they knew just what their employer was really up to.

I don't mean to give the impression that Canadians are tunneling into the U.S., of course. There's an Indian Reservation that borders Canada in W. Montana that has a lot of dirt roads. You Canadians can come across there if you don't like to deal with bureaucracy. I know some other spots, too.

It's funny how this has made me less suspicious of official-type folks rather than more so. The real culprits are at the top of the dungheap, after all. They don't know, as we do, that centralization is not a good idea, so they keep the lower echelons in the 'mushroom' mode. That's about to backfire on the ancient jerks, I think. A 'mushroom' is one who is kept in the dark and fed bull manure. Accepting that treatment is contrary to human nature and to universal law. I feel it's dead wrong to accept disrespect in any manner.

A business acquaintance of mine in Anacortes, Washington has a son who was one of the militia men who stopped the 'defunct' Russian Army from crossing into the U.S. from Canada north of Oroville, Washington (on the eastern side of the Cascade Mountains), to occupy the North Cascades International 'Peace Park' in 1995. I was living on the western side of that area then and I remember when the only highway through the North Cascades National Park was closed to traffic by uniformed soldiers of indeterminate origin.

You may remember (although you may be programmed not to consider it significant) that the Russians who were in the Iron Curtain countries were not allowed to return home after the end of the Cold War. Where else would they go but here? 'Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled underground masses, yearning for some fresh air.' Yikes. At least the countless thousands of Russian troops in the Eastern U.S. are out walking around on the military bases and in the closed-down national parks.

Just before that, an acquaintance of mine who was a longshoreman in Bellingham, Washington, the closest port to the national park, personally loaded manacles from a ship into a big, un-marked, white truck. It was so odd that he left work and followed the truck onto the dead end road leading into the heart of the North Cascades National Park, somewhere near Mt. Baker. I heard rumors at the time that a concentration camp was built there.

Do you remember the media telling about that 'peace park'? Did you ever wonder why no mention was made in the prostituted media any more of that 'International Peace Park?' Their plan, apparently, was to close it to all visitors and fill it with Russian combat troops, trained for urban warfare. The same thing was carried to completion in the Smokey Mountains National Park at the same time. I think they're way behind schedule for getting martial law, and that this is the reason they stuck their necks out ever further by erecting all those ugly towers. When you get to my account of what happened in Spokane yesterday, you might see another use for the dead orgone network they've created. The regime certainly gets points for their 'multi-use' modus operandi, at least.

When the word, 'God' is mentioned in Morals And Dogma, the Masonic bible, 'Lucifer,' their own mental construct of a devil, is inferred for the few who 'get it,' and the vast majority of Masons who warm pews on Sunday mornings are thereby mollified. When the regime's media whores speak about 'peace' it's not the same thing that you and I envision at all, but the Pajama People go contentedly back to sleep when that reassuring word is mentioned.

That reminds me of Lincoln's simile. He asked, 'If you call a donkey's tail a leg, how many legs does a donkey have?' Of course we immediately say, 'Five!' but he said, 'No, he still has four legs. Calling a tail a leg doesn't make it one.' Having studied the life of that dead President a bit, I personally think he used something besides a tail for that example, but this is a family forum.

Here may lie the crux of why we can all go out and commit mayhem on the cherished agenda of, arguably, the most powerful regime in recorded history, yet the worst that's happened to us, so far, is some petty larceny by the Men in Black and getting a couple of lawn ornaments pushed over.

Due to the requirements of the emerging paradigm, the reality that we can only be governed if we give our consent has been strengthened, so the world regime has had to bend over backward in recent times to maintain the illusion that they have power over us all. They actually don't, otherwise somebody would have suicided several of us long before now.

We are exercising real power; they're not, and they're definitely not going to draw any attention to what we're doing by harming or even threatening us in this crucial (for them) period, even though we're steadily taking away their territory.

Everything's based on energy. They know that better than most of us do. Any parasite has to first prepare the body before it can successfully invade. This is done by debilitating the body slowly, by degrees so the cause won't be discovered. This process has been accelerating in recent generations and it's reached a feverish pitch now because they're obviously behind schedule and are under time constraints, set by a universal cycle.

We're simply reversing that debilitating process, and pretty quickly, apparently. We do it where we live and move out from there and network with others in a grassroots manner.

Our success is guaranteed if we stay in motion and follow our instincts. As I see it, even if all freedom on the

planet is ended on November 3, for instance, I'll at least die content in the knowledge that I gave it my best shot and dying is better than living as someone's chattel. What's wrong with dying, anyway? The regime's days will be done shortly no matter what any of us do, simply because the old farts at the top are now being called to account for their deeds. This house of cards, though they call it a fortress, is collapsing right now. The trick, in the end, may be to avoid standing under the falling debris.

In the receding paradigm, effort was only made in hope of reward or fear of punishment. In the new one, the effort is the reward and the punishment, as the case may be. The only thing of real value we can take with us from this life is our character, and virtue is the only thing that really develops character, not kneeling down or bending over for some chump clergyman.

The regime relies on the contagious nature of fear, suspicion, and personal doubt to maintain their fragile hegemony. We are experiencing the contagious nature of courage, love and certainty, and that process means a lot more than any political or economic considerations. In fact, any advance in the latter two is meaningless if the people haven't first gotten some courage and a sense of personal responsibility. If you're reading this, I don't think you fancy yourself well off if you're well-fed, well-appointed cattle.

Don Croft

Episode 36
Mount Baldy
Part 2

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc36mountbaldyB27sep02.shtml>

September 27, 2002

The Idaho Panhandle is eighty miles wide and about 150 miles long. It's mostly wilderness and the population is along the western edge, where the mountains turn into prairie, and in some long valleys. Interstate 90 goes from Spokane, the city in Washington that we freed from the dead orgone transmitters this month, to Western Montana, over the Continental Divide.

The towns along that route are very small, and there were very few dead orgone transmitters to speak of between Lake Coeur d'Alene, in the west, and Montana, and only one HAARP transmitter, which conveniently straddled the highway. I did that one with two Tower Busters, thrown out the passenger side window going east, then west on the return.

The only stop I made was at Cataldo Mission, 'The oldest standing building in Idaho.' In other words, that's the church complex that the Jesuits erected with forced Indian labor in 1853 in advance of their regime's pillagers and plunderers. Just as a tapeworm weakens the host in order to more easily steal its sustenance, missionaries sowed seeds of doubt, fear and mistrust among the tribes in order to make them easier to conquer a little bit later on.

There's a huge 'crowd stopper' near the mountain pass that's at the border of Idaho and Montana which was impossible to reach, so I vectored that one with three Tower Busters, a quarter mile apart.

It got dark after I crossed over the border, which I thought was pretty good timing.

The reason that dead-orgone transmitter was impossible to get to is that my steering coupler broke after I drove into Montana and I only had enough control to drive the truck along the highway far enough to reach an auto parts store in Kellogg, Idaho, forty miles west. That would have been farther in the other direction.

I'm not a mechanic, but I managed to replace the broken coupler. Kellogg is at the bottom of Silver Mountain, which is a major vortex and has a complex array of dead-orgone transmitters, of course, and perhaps even some communication equipment.

You may have found, on your tower busting excursions, that the high places are no longer accessible to the public. We may be led to assume that this is to ensure that our cell phones will keep working, no matter what threat is posed by bad Muslims, but here's one of the areas where the regime's illusion breaks down. There are already a lot of people in this country who resent not being allowed access to 'public lands' in the vicinity of new transmitter arrays and new underground bases with their expensive off road vehicles and pretty soon they're going to simply decide that this is an untenable situation, I think.

Mt. Baldy is the only mountaintop that I've been to recently to that isn't restricted. There's very little new stuff up there and it's 60 miles from the nearest city along very twisty roads.

The fact that I got such spectacular effects in the sky last Saturday just by putting a HHg there showed me the importance of reclaiming the major vortices, though. I hope to show you that it's not necessary to risk confrontation with quasi-military Wackenhut Corporation guys with guns to get that done.

Of course, the easy ways up the mountain were closed off at the bottom, so I had to drive around to the backside, which was a ten-mile detour, and drive up the treacherous old logging roads as far as I could go. I was able to get within a couple of miles of the top before the risk of getting stuck was just too strong, so I managed to get the

Zapporium turned around (barely) on a narrow switchback and put my biggest holy handgrenade there. I 'strung out' three tower busters along the road at intervals until the road came back to the creek near the bottom, and I put one more in the creek itself.

A fellow had piled dirt on the road in preparation for bulldozing it out, so I was stuck there for a half hour while he spread it out.

The Joe Cell had stopped working because the center pipe had corroded through and the water ran out. You need juvenile water for a Joe Cell, that is, spring water that's run downhill for some distance, so I filled an empty jug with that creek water, having noted that there's less iron at the higher altitudes on that mountain. The water I got for the Joe Cell closer to home is loaded with iron, so conducts electricity a little too well.

At least the motor had retained the 30% power boost the Joe Cell had given it. I think it was about to kick over to running on pure energy rather than fuel shortly before it broke because the motor had been running very rough. It ran smoother than ever after the mishap. Carol then asked me to take the top off and examine it because she no longer saw any energy coming from the Joe Cell. I'll have our local machinist make a new center pipe up for us shortly and get the JC back in action.

Of course, when I've achieved free energy success, I'll be completely vocal and strident about it. If the regime is concerned about having its towers and biological chemtrails busted, wait 'til they have to deal with a grassroots free energy promotion campaign, too, and I'm not 'selling shares' for some alleged future development, rather I will be demonstrating it to mechanics and machinists and selling the engineer plans to anyone via mail for \$17 a set.

It's been my life's dream of kicking the world regime squarely in it's sanctum sanctorum and I believe that free energy is the most magic of all the magic bullets, or boots, as the case may be.

Silver Mountain, which has a volcanic top just like Mt. Baldy, took half the day to rejuvenate. I quickly arrived at Lake Coeur d'Alene, where I'd seen one of those big, fake dead-orgone transmitting Sequoias towering over the fir trees and a new HAARP array nearby. The access to those two sites was also restricted. The fake tree was on private property—that's a huge hilltop estate of some rich chump—and the HAARP array is in a high meadow belonging to another one—there seems to be no shortage of stupid wealthy folks and farmers who are willing to take the bait. I got a Tower Buster within a quarter mile of the fake tree before getting to a 'private drive, no trespassing' sign and gate but the HAARP array took some finagling and vectoring with a HHg and a tower buster on either side along the public roads.

The city of Coeur d'Alene, which has about 30,000 people and about fifteen transmitters, is in one corner of an alluvial plain that's triangular with Post Falls on the left corner, fifteen miles west and Rathdrum and Athol in the top rounded corner, about 30 miles north. The center part is mostly farms.

I-90 goes along the south edge of the valley, which is the north shore of the lake, which is pretty big and very beautiful. The transmitters along the highway have a lot more panels and rods than if they were just for the town—again, it's the multi-use factor: stop travelers and disable the townsfolk at the same time.

Have you given any thought to what's being said in the British media in apology for these transmitters? The Brits notice them more than the Americans because Europeans, generally, care more about aesthetics and let's face it: these things are UGLY. They're being told that there are many towers because there are many cell phone companies, and each has its own network. They're told, furthermore, to expect even more transmitters closer to the users as the numbers of cell phone users increases in times to come.

What's wrong with this picture? By following that line of reasoning, we should be progressing from cars to horses; from planes back to trains in transportation technology.

I don't know if the Brits are swallowing that tower proliferation scenario. Maybe somebody will tell them, at least, that in areas where only one cell phone company operates, the ratio of the number of people 'served' per tower is exactly the same as in the areas where there are a dozen cell phone companies.

I know that the same media held a brief campaign a couple of years ago to discredit Dr. Hulda Clark and zappers in general, but our sales of zappers to Brits went up after that, so maybe there's hope for them in this case, too. If this were 1954 America, Dr. Clark's books would have been publicly burned and she would have been murdered in prison by now. Dr. Clark has been exonerated, hands down, even in our unlawful courts after repeated attempts by them to railroad her into prison on false charges. I've even found her books in public libraries, even though the AMA has made its intentions to destroy her quite clear.

They did that to Dr. Reich and many, many other reputable pioneers without even breaking a sweat in earlier times. This is one more piece of evidence of the subtle shift in power back to an informed public, no matter how few we are. The political base of support for arbitrary quasi-governmental agencies are dropping like flies now, thanks to Medicare, predatory Health Insurance (my current favorite oxymoron) scams and other backfires of national socialism, which is so lovingly cherished by the Depression Babies on whose backs it was set up in the first place.

Oops—I guess I slipped into a rant there. Sorry about that.

Hayden Lake is north of Coeur d'Alene. I was going to do that after doing Cd'A and Post Falls but it just felt too creepy there that day and it's going to have to wait because I ran out of Tower Busters. The water towers there are the weapon of choice apparently of the regime, though the biggest, meanest tower we ever saw is next to the area where the Nazis live, speaking of National Socialism. Carol and I did that one months ago when we were on some other business, but happened to have an HHg in the car.

Before I took on the valley, I decided to neutralize the butte-top/vortex array overlooking the valley from the east. I saw on the map that a forest service road went from the backside over the top to the town, so I went over to check that out. On the way to that road, I passed through some shimmering energy for about fifty feet. Carol said it's some sort of portal that was opening at the moment. I didn't experience that on the way back a half hour later.

I came back that way because, of course, the road was closed off to motorized vehicles.

The road on the other side was also closed off, ending effectively on private property, but I vectored an HHg and a couple of tower busters along the road on the way back down to the valley.

The west end of that valley meets the east end of Spokane Valley. The Spokane River goes from Lake Cd'A toward the Columbia River about forty miles to the northwest of the city.

When I was on a rise, I saw a vast field of water towers reaching from Post Falls to Spokane. There are about thirty of them, mostly in areas where there are very few people living, so of course I assumed there's some dirty business involved with that.

I still don't know what that's about, though there's apparently some underground base construction going on along the southern edge. This 'water tower farm' is the area where I encountered the most ground surveillance. Of course I keep a Succor Punch going all the time when I'm out and about so I can be sure that I won't be watched from space and it's much easier to deal with eyeballs on the ground, so to speak.

If I weren't more aware, I'd have to wonder why there was so much traffic on those lonely roads between nowhere and nowhere. You're probably like me at this point if you're an habitual tower buster; it's kind of fun to wave at them and try to engage them in conversation. I don't know about where you are, but here the locals almost all wave back and are usually happy to talk to you. The NSA/CIA agents so studiously avoid eye contact

that you'd think this was Manhattan or Paris. You can be sure they're 'peripheral visionaries,' though, so when you look at them for more than two seconds, they know they've been 'made,' and are out of the game.

Wait until I tell you about yesterday's 'three way' encounter with the Feds [Part 3]! That was fun; at least for me it was.

I started seeing a pattern to these towers. Some of them lined up perfectly, though I suspect they're all on the ley system, so putting Tower Busters by each one is probably getting some long-term benefits.

The spewplanes were hitting Spokane/Cd'A extra hard yesterday, and they were flying low. Boeing 747's, which have the most spewpower, were mostly being used, and I assume the least toxic stuff, perhaps barium salts, was being spewed.

Since we'd neutralized all of the HAARP facilities, the primary vortex arrays nearby, and all of the dead-orgone transmitters, they were only getting about 10% of the desired effect and the spew disappeared before spreading out, though they were able to achieve some fairly long trails.

I forgot to mention that on the way to I-90 from Moscow, my home, which is 80 miles south of Cd'A, I'd done some 'mopping up' of one remote transmitter that Carol and I had been unable to find the access road for and a butte-top, small array over the line in Washington which was also hard to reach.

Don Croft

Episode 37
Mount Baldy
Part 3

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>
<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc37mountbaldyC27sep02.shtml>
September 27, 2002

Mica Peak & Shasta Butte

A companion HAARP/dead-orgone array near Mica Peak, Spokane's worst vortex/mountain array to the south, is Shasta Butte. The access road to that ended at a new private estate, so I put one HHg as near as possible and left finishing it until later on. After I did the water tower farm, it was 'later on' and I found yet another mountaintop array, including HAARP, in line with Mica Peak and Shasta Butte at a lower elevation.

Having lost the rest of the NSA/CIA entourage along the mountain road leading up to the locked gate on the road to that ridge top, I found a good spot to put a second HHg to vector both Shasta Butte and partially take care of the third array. I had a sense some changes in the sky would soon be observable, so I hurried around the mountain to put the third HHg, the charmer, if you will. It happened to be near another, easier access road that wasn't marked on the map. I know it led to the array because a sign indicated buried cable and the gravel was new and thick—not even wealthy chumps with mountain estates could pay for that. Knowing wealthy folks as I do, the come on for them was probably really, really cheap land, sold to them by the alleged federal gov't, who didn't own it in the first place—as valid and lawful as a deal made in a Monopoly game. There was no sign denying access, but a couple of railroad ties were placed across the road, that's all.

You may have noticed that very thick fiber optic cables are buried along the access roads to arrays and even to remote individual towers. Yet one more extravagance to be paid for by you for only 2/10 of a penny per minute of cell phone use? Who says there's no free lunch!? Gosh—maybe Big Brother really is our friend, after all.

I wonder what these guys are thinking. They watch me drive by a tower, then the 'power' winks out there without me having apparently done anything at all. I always make sure I'm not observed when I toss the Tower Busters out the window, and I guess they don't read my written reports or take them at face value. I let one of them have a good look inside the back of the Zapporium yesterday, but I'll get to that in a bit.

As expected, a distinct change was taking place in the sky, over not just this array and nearby Shasta Butte, but similarly over Mica Peak and spreading out.

First, all new chemtrails disappeared within three or four seconds, then the existing chemtrails sort of shredded and disappeared. A lovely, puffy white cloud formed over each array and remained distinct in spite of prevailing winds, though of course they were constantly forming—it wasn't the same clouds, per se.

This led to a concerted low altitude assault on the three clouds, which continued for hours, but had absolutely no effect on the clouds.

In those minutes, too, a very big, amorphous low altitude cloud began forming over the city itself, exactly the way I saw a thunderstorm develop over each city in SE Idaho after I busted the town towers and surrounding arrays. I think four jumbo jets at about 12,000 feet were on that one, as you probably guessed would happen. It didn't fare as well as the puffy clouds over the arrays did. Also, I could see it was getting hit very hard from the direction of Mt. Spokane, judging by the alignment of the ripples that started appearing.

I was off to the north, starting to work my way back toward Hayden Lake, when I noticed that HAARP action coming from Mt. Spokane, which is the area's premier vortex and has the biggest array. We hadn't given it much thought before because it's barely visible from the city, 20 miles to the northeast. I only noticed a few weeks ago that there's an array on top, and that was only when I was looking through powerful binoculars.

Picket Duty

As I was ruminating on the sky phenomena, an Idaho Highway Patrol car driven by a female cop drove slowly past me as I was pumping gas, and the driver gave me a slow, meaningful look, so I knew the feds were having all the cops keep tabs on me, too. I paid for the gas, got my coffee, then walked around toward the back of the gas station, and sure enough, she was hiding there and scooted out to the road when she knew I'd made her. She waited at the intersection as long as she comfortably could, looking at me, but I didn't move until she was out of sight. Wow—good thing she didn't notice that my license plates expired last month. I think my insurance ran out, too. God, do I hate National Socialism!

I was going to do Hayden Lake, but the fact that it felt so creepy there that day, my close encounter of the second kind with that cop, and my curiosity about what would happen if I did Mt. Spokane led me to decide to take the back roads to the latter, which I suspected was being closely monitored, and see if I could make some interesting things happen in the sky from there, too. I'll let Hayden Lake bask in the glow of that nice new orgone field for a bit, then I'll go back and finish the job there, hopefully with Carol, since she learned where some of the Nazi 'settlements' are when she took the census in the panhandle three years ago (which paid for her nice car). I want to grace each settlement with at least a tower buster. They must have a lot of money. That's a pretty ritzy area. Maybe the media has another picture painted about that. The Nazis hold a full dress parade in Cd'A each year, but otherwise are hermits, in fact. They probably shouldn't be that shy. After all, National Socialism has been fully embraced by many Americans, so it's fashionable again.

I earn a lot of points for evading the multi-jurisdictional (of course the only ones with any real jurisdiction are the Sheriff's departments) dragnet in my gaudy truck so often. I hope to win a prize someday, but that's not why I do this, of course.

Carol used to live on Mt. Spokane and spent a lot of time wandering all over the mountain in a jeep when she was in high school. There were no restricted areas then. There's a ski lodge with a huge paved parking lot near the top of the mountain, at the end of a well-maintained, paved two-lane highway.

When I saw a sign, fifteen miles from the ski lodge, saying that access to the remaining two miles was now cut off, I knew some extra measures were needed. I was going to simply put an HHg near the lodge, like Nova Scotia Jeff and I did on Mt. Rainier, but not getting within two miles was a problem.

On the road up the mountain, I tossed a Tower Buster out, one per mile. At the gate, which is at a former lodge, there were several vehicles parked, but I didn't see anyone, so I quickly turned around, drove downhill a way, and planted a holy handgrenade. I sensed that nobody saw me arrive.

Because of the tall trees and the narrow canyons on the drive down, I couldn't see much of the sky for about a half hour. I did see the new spew disappearing within seconds (of course they sensed a shift, so sent several jumbo jets over to the skies over Mt. Spokane) and the new spew shredding as before.

By the time I got back to US Rte 2, north of Spokane, the entire sky was azure blue, though there were at least ten jumbo jets spewing like mad at low altitude over the entire area in a crisscross pattern. I could still see the clouds over each major array farther south, but the jets had decimated the amorphous potential rain cloud over the city by now and it wasn't reforming.

The McDonald Summit

I went into a McDonalds to use the facilities (that's mostly what I use McDonalds for) and when I came back out, a Fed in a white van was parked directly in front of the Zapporium, avoiding eye contact, and another Fed, probably the one in charge, drove by me slowly and gave me the 'I found you' look that only the bosses are allowed to do. I waved to him, he waved back and parked out of sight while a third Fed, in an unmarked white flatbed truck, parked beside me and wanted to know all about how I made the camper shell on the Zapporium.

I told him a bit about that and let him take a look in the back. After that, I pointed at a jumbo jet flying silently

right over us at a low altitude and told him about the chemtrails. He didn't want to hear that, but he didn't leave, either. I said, 'Not only did I make those chemtrails disappear, the NSA is really mad about that and is following me around—there's one (pointing to the back of the hiding SAIC, who was still sitting in the car), and there's another one (pointing at the guy practically blocking my exit). The third one didn't want to hear about that, either. He didn't react at all to those statements, but changed the subject and started asking me about the zappers. I told him a bit and probably could have stayed there talking all day, but I told him it was time for me to go.

I wanted him to see that there was nothing in the back of the Zapporium—more points for me, I guess.

I only had a dozen tower busters left and four HHGs, so I decided to mop up the remainder of towers leading from Spokane to Idaho along US Rte. 2. Brian, Carols' brother, and his family live next to that road and we've been wanting to neutralize the transmitters they live within range of.

Once in Idaho again, I took the state highway south along the border. I had seen an array on Hoodoo Mountain, another major vortex with a bald volcanic top, like Mt. Spokane has, about fifteen miles to the southeast of Hwy 2, which goes east to Sand Point from where it enters Idaho. With a name like that, it's GOT to be a vortex, right?

Assuming that the road shown on the map no longer reached the top of the mountain as indicated, I put one HHG as close as I could get directly west of the summit and drove to the end of the public access road on the southern slope and put one there, too. I had used a very small HHG to neutralize a HAARP array along the highway several miles northwest of the mountain.

That left two Tower Busters and one HHG, so I drove east from Rathdrum to the spot on the north/south federal highway, US 95, where the ley line from Mt. Baldy and Crystal Peak crossed it and buried it there. By the way, along that five miles of rural highway east from Rathdrum are six enormous dead orgone transmitters, though the area is sparsely populated and the road is not heavily traveled. I suspect this makes up the northern array for the entire valley and of course we'll get those shortly.

We'll do some map work and put some more healing devices along that vortex farther south of Melody's place, which is also on that ley line. I wish I'd had one of her Harmonizers for the latest location.

I forgot to mention the other apparent reason for keeping the cities under a blanket of dead orgone. I believe it's simply the regime's way of making certain that the hundredth monkey effect of what we're engaged in, which is a 'little person's' way of taking power back from the parasitic/predatory regime, won't catch hold in the general population, though they might have already failed to stop it.

If this were mainly about rain suppression they wouldn't focus so heavily on the skies over the cities. The old jerks still won't give up that focus on the urban population, years after the Internet has conclusively demonstrated that decentralization is the wave of the present.

At least we few have eliminated the threat of biological assault from the jets. That stuff has the shortest life span in the presence of a cloudbuster, all of whose ranges are sufficient to encompass most of the population of North America now.

Don Croft

Episode 38

Fishing for Feds-Level Two

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc38fishingforfedsleveltwo01oct02.shtml>

October 1, 2002

Carol and I took 30 tower busters to finish off the valley north of Lake Coeur d'Alene yesterday afternoon. As usual, the fun started long before we got there.

Chumming

Carol had noticed that we are being actively surveilled less and less these days. She said it's because it's no longer cost effective because we always make the agents in the first few minutes of their surveillance and of course, none of the electronic surveillance measures work at all when a Succor Punch is turned on.

We were about five miles out of town when Carol, who was driving, said, 'There's something about that white SUV behind us'. Sure enough, the driver was keeping about a quarter mile back and pacing us.

She doesn't usually engage someone telepathically unless she feels that the person has less- than-honorable-intentions, so this was enough for her to read the fellow, who was, of course, a SAIC of the NSA-a new guy to our area. We believe that when one of them gets assigned to watch us, it's like a Frenchman getting sent to a desert outpost in Algeria in the colonial days.

She slowed way down so he had to pass and we waved at him happily. He didn't turn to look, but of course all agents are peripheral visionaries. An older woman was in the driver seat. She didn't turn, either. You can bet that if you behave that way toward anyone else, you'll get a response of some kind, probably annoyance if not a glance or a tentative wave.

He speeded up after that, but was stuck behind another car, so Carol maneuvered to pass him. We waved again and when he was behind us, closer than a quarter mile now, of course, because we'd made him-he was just looking for a graceful exit now-- I turned around and looked at him through binoculars. He remained stone-faced, but Carol said he wished to kill me at that point.

We let him pass not long after that and he went really fast until he was out of sight. Carol said he was cussing like a sailor into the radio to his co-workers and flunkies and that they were all having a good laugh because they set him up and didn't tell him about Carol's telepathy. They're not as kind to each other as we are to our fellow posters.

The woman with him was one of the NSA psychics. They get assigned to all the visual surveillance teams around us now to key into Carol. The woman was in on the prank, Carol said. I admire her for keeping that stone face throughout. I know I couldn't do that. Carol could, but she's part Indian.

We saw no more agents that day, though I often asked Carol to check on it.

This isn't the 'next level' aspect, though, even though it is refreshing not to have to look over our shoulders all the time.

Dark Waters

We did the towers in the C d'A valley and went along the river to the Big City (Spokane) to get resin and batteries, which we get in bulk for the zapper biz and the orgonite devices. Before we got to town, we saw two new towers being set up on a mountain northeast of the city, so we dutifully went off looking for the access road.

What followed was pretty weird, even by my standards. The access road ended on private property. It was paved up to that point and all of the properties around there had acreage and were well heeled. It was a mile from the

array, but Carol said we could vector it with a tower buster there and on the other side of the mountain.

We had passed (barely) three pickups parked in the road about a tenth of a mile from the end. The men were cutting firewood on the bank above the road and they all glared at us, which we found rather odd.

We passed a little clearing on the way back from the end of the road, in which were a dozen or so big log sections, stools, I think, and a collection of antlers with masks, with black hoods attached, hanging on the tree trunks. I bet you can see what's coming.

Carol's face fell when we passed it and I immediately assumed she was seeing something there. We were close to the men again by the time she was able to stop. We wanted to drop a Tower Buster on the site, of course. As she backed up to the site, which wasn't visible to the men, they glared fiercely at us.

We did the deed and drove past the assembly again. The youngest man, who was standing on the bank, evincing the most hostility, gestured at Carol with a peace sign, which he quickly inverted to point toward the ground before we passed.

She said that the folks living around that cul de sac, including these 'lumberjacks,' are all regularly involved in human sacrifice, right there by the roadside. That's what she was seeing when she looked at the site.

There were no more targets to speak of. I was pleased to see that I remembered most of the targets we encountered on the way home.

Shark Attack

I got a hunch to go the longer way home, though Pullman, Washington, and Carol honored that. I wanted to visit the fake ponds that we neutralized last month with a single tower buster. Here's where Phase Two of the NSA assault on us materialized, and it relates to what we saw on the back road earlier north of Spokane, though the demonstration of that relationship was arranged by the nice guys, not by the regime.

This 'settling pond' is at a well-appointed rest area in a remote farming district where traffic along that secondary highway can't really justify the expense of a freeway-style rest area.

Last month, I had noted the high gravel berm there and the steel doors embedded in a concrete fascia leading underground, right beside it. When I casually tossed the Tower Buster into the water, the level was about ten feet below the line indicated as normal. The rectangular pit was divided into two, roughly square graded gravel pits and surrounded by a chain link fence. It wasn't on low ground, so it obviously wasn't related to water runoff, which would have been extraneous at any case, since there was nothing around except farm fields for miles and none of them are irrigated.

After I did that, we went off to look for access to a nearby tower. About 15 minutes later, we returned and the water level of that segment of the pond was up to the high line. The other part of the pond had remained at the higher level throughout. I hadn't tossed one in there, which is why I wanted to return yesterday to finish the job.

Carol said at the time that this was connected with an underground base, but she didn't look into it beyond that.

Yesterday, I walked up the bank and tossed another Tower Buster in, but there was no water at all and the 'divider' had been removed and the pond was lengthened considerably. The sun had set and I listened for the 'splash' but only heard the Tower Buster hit the dry ground at the bottom and bounce.

Carol told me that when the Tower Buster hit the ground, she immediately experienced a sharp pain in the back of her neck.

We drove toward home and the pain got more and more severe and the side of her head started burning. Of

course, we knew this was from an NSA psyops agent or group of them, so we used the Succor Punch to return the favor. The pain gradually dissipated, but the determination and vindictiveness of the agents didn't lessen right away. I decided to go after the boss first, whose name Carol said is Henry Chapelle, then on to his boss, whose first name she told me is Morris. We didn't get the name of the psyops agent they were using, but we did get that he's an old timer, not one of the new graduates they'd been throwing at us for the past few months, nor were they using the dead spies in life-sign maintenance tanks.

The way they found us so fast after having lost us all day is that the 'rest area' is closely monitored by video cameras. There's even a sign saying that there. Also, they were extremely upset with us because that first tower buster had caused a nuclear reactor, located under the facility, to shut down when the water from the pond was brought in to cool it. The reason the pond level came up so fast was that they expelled all of the offending water from the vicinity of the reactor in order to try to get it to start up again.

I don't think the commercial nukes rely so heavily on 'captured' water and I don't know if you'd shut one down this way. The ones we've seen are by open and running water. We routinely drop an HHg in water near them when opportunities present themselves, and Carol said that all this does is limit the field of the dead and deadly orgone escaping the containment facility. There's no way to shield that stuff, of course, which is why people and livestock mutate and drop like flies around the nuke plants until an organite device is deployed there.

What distinguishes that attack is that it was ritual-based; satanic, if you will. I'm still not clear on the connection with that particular site, which seems fairly minor to me. It could be that they're just fed up with us now and are calling in the big guns to deal with us, as it were. They've lately been working on Carol's daughter through her intimate energetic connection with a thoroughly manipulable pothead, who's in jail, but due to get out in three months. Carol's taken steps to alleviate that, but it's up to Jenny to cut the cord; nobody else can do it. We're confident that this will get resolved to the benefit of all concerned, and that no lasting harm will be done through it. Jenny is often favored with graphic protection reminders in the sky from the Lemurians and is generally pretty well balanced. Knowing who to open one's heart to is a lesson that most folks never learn, of course.

I started out opposing ritual dark magic and beating its performers in 1970, in Germany, so this is familiar territory for me and not particularly threatening. I've always maintained that the best a Satanist can aspire to is to be God's hand puppet. I'll play with them anytime they like. They always end up p-----g on their shoes instead of on me and mine.

Attention All Treasonous Thugs

Speaking of guns: we bought that .45 pistol last month, but haven't taken the time to familiarize ourselves with it. Neither of us had ever fired a pistol before and I hadn't fired a weapon since 1969 when I was in infantry training.

The feds didn't follow us out of town that day, but we turned on the SP so we wouldn't be tracked by satellite and then drove to a remote logging road and set up the metal target, which spins when you hit it.

Carol said we wouldn't be tracked unless one of us got an adrenaline rush, because that's what keys in the NSA/CIA psyops people who are tuned to us. I said, 'don't worry, dear, it's really not very exciting or fun to shoot a weapon. They're noisy and they kick.'

I stupidly forgot to put earplugs in and the first shot temporarily reduced my hearing by half, at least, for the rest of the day. That pistol is as loud as I remember the bazooka I fired long ago, though of course my ears are not as durable as before, which I hadn't taken into account. None of the other weapons I qualified on in the army were nearly as loud as that, as I remember. I hate to think of firing the damn thing off in the house.

Carol got a rush from it, though and within five minutes of her shooting session, we heard a plane flying around in the very low cloud cover above the forest, looking for us. They didn't spot us, of course, and the psychic had only been able to give an approximate location. I bet that the NSA/CIA pilot didn't like flying around the

mountains in near-fog, no matter how fancy his instrumentation may be.

From now on, we'll go to an indoor firing range and wear those big earmuff things. I don't think I need any more work with it, thank Grid, but Carol needs to get closer to the target, she feels. I'm not fond of cleaning it, either, or smelling cordite on my hands.

I'd forgotten how much I don't like shooting guns. I'll go back to pellet rifles for fun and we'll just keep this one within reach, magazine removed, to protect our home, which is an act of sanity these days, contrary to what some folks' mental programming may dictate. The biggest deterrent the weapon provides is that unlawful gov't agents know we have it. I'm not aware of any threat that equals their arbitrary, reprehensible attacks on innocents like ourselves.

Without a trace of facetiousness, I can say that I love even these mind-controlled MK Ultra shooters and other wetwork specialists, but that love won't be expressed by letting them harm me or my loved ones in our home.

I say, clearly, that I consider the National Security Agency and the Central Intelligence Agency treasonous and operating entirely and profoundly outside of any established or natural law.

I'm calling for their immediate disbandment and dissolution. I'm also calling for all culpable agents and bosses to be held accountable for their deeds in court; lawfully established or otherwise, in whatever nation they are operating in right now. They shouldn't be allowed to hide behind an American flag.

Don Croft

Episode 39

When The Hunters Become The Hunted, and Other Personal Power Considerations

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc39whenhunterbecomeshunted05oct02.shtml>

October 5, 2002

This journal entry is dedicated to my good friend, Alan Yurko, who just got out of 30 days of solitary confinement for apparently encouraging his fellow inmates in a Florida prison to exercise their sovereign rights not to eat bad food. Of course, those inmates only took made their individual decisions with their own discretion. Alan only mentioned that he wouldn't be eating that stuff any more and followed through with that commitment. He never incited his fellow inmates to anything at all except to follow their higher instincts in life.

He's in prison in the first place because he's a reputable journalist who isn't afraid to lift the lid on the regime's predatory vaccination agenda, certainly not because he broke any real laws.

His latest work clearly shows that the 'Anthrax Cartel' (my terminology) is nothing but a scam based on a well-orchestrated fear campaign and that the official remedies, which involve billions of dollars in manufacturing and distribution, are not only ineffective; they're positively harmful. Even the FDA, the unlawful federal agency which is owned and operated by the same folks who are carrying out this campaign, refuses to approve the procedures. As far as I'm concerned, this research simply points out, once again, that the only terrorists operating in the United States right now are employed, directed and financed by the alleged US government, itself. I hope you aren't entertaining a notion to receive a vaccine shot for anything these days.

After reading some of my material on how Carol and I are dealing with the NSA/CIA agents who follow us around and sometimes try to intimidate us, Alan advised me to be more gentle with those agencies because there are good people in them who regularly and clandestinely throw wrenches into the cogs of their predatory/parasitic machinery.

This is written in reply to Alan, who is good-hearted to a fault, and in acknowledgement of his personal sacrifice and integrity.

Two days ago, after we had left an initial 60-mile long swath of disabled dead orgone transmitters and vortex-arrays, we were driving through Wilbur, Washington and I spotted three vehicles parked together on a side street with two of the drivers standing and conversing. We hadn't seen any feds since we left the vicinity of Fairchild Air Force Base along US Rte 2 a couple of hours earlier, so I was scanning for signs of them when I spotted these fellows.

The older looked directly at me and had that 'Oh, S-t!' expression I've come to enjoy so much, then I noticed that two of the small white cars had 'City Parcel' on the doors in big, nondescript red letters; no phone number or other graphics. Of course, there's no such business.

I turned around at the next available spot and went directly back to confront them. This is a departure from my usual hand-gesture-grin indications that I've made federal agents, but it just felt appropriate.

Of course, the other two cars had split instantly when the boss agent got made and they were trying to get into position again elsewhere, but the boss had gotten back into his car and was sitting, staring forward when I drove next to him and waved at close range.

Since he didn't respond, I made a quick U turn, drove back alongside his car and yelled, 'How Ya Doin'?' He still didn't turn to look at me, so I whistled so loud it hurt poor Carol's ears. Then he looked at me, but he wasn't smiling. I just waved and smiled as usual and drove off, but I could tell I had turned a corner in my relationship with these folks.

During the entire following day of our two-day tower busting patrol through central Washington, I only saw two agents, and they were making sure I wouldn't be getting close enough to exchange greetings.

I'm eager for the next opportunity to humiliate a boss field agent, just as I'm eager to find any helicopter within range of my pellet gun over my house. It's my way of 'counting coup,' which was the option that the more honorable, civilized Indian tribes used to settle disputes with neighboring tribes before the Whites came here.

In my view, since they have no lawful jurisdiction to follow me, keep our mail (they kept several thousand dollars in wholesale order payments for over a month before allowing them to be delivered by our postman last week, for instance, and most of those were sent by Priority Mail), knock over our lawn ornaments, cause our phone calls to be inaudible due to heavy electronic 'surveillance,' send physical agents to prowl inside our home at night through some arcane energy transfer tech or something (I wasn't home that night, of course), or otherwise insinuate themselves officially into our lives, they are Fair Game for my own version of harassment and interference.

As you can imagine, it wouldn't occur to me to drive next to a police car and behave that way. This may illustrate a point about personal power that I'd like to make here.

Lots of folks talk about personal power, give expensive seminars about it, sell books, and otherwise entice the gullible into getting an illusion or, at best, a distant glimpse of what personal power is, there's nothing quite like making a physical, 3D demonstration of one's personal sovereignty.

I gave back the slave number that was foisted on me. That was over six years ago. It was a good gesture and I don't regret it. I don't think it's necessary, though, for one to do that in order to experience personal sovereignty. I use a driver license, for instance, though I know some who get away without even having one of those or registering their vehicles. As with anything, it's probably outside the bounds of prudence to be a purist, not to mention the forced loneliness it implies. Expressing integrity in an intelligent way makes new friends and lets the false friends detach gracefully, though.

I consider hollering at that fed a moderate act, by the way, considering the profoundly unlawful mandate he's operating under that brought him to my attention. Citizen arrest would even have been appropriate, but I've been too lazy to learn the ins and outs of common law to pull that off. Maybe I'll buy some handcuffs and wave them in their faces.

I simply believe that one must express his/her personal sovereignty (my Canadian friends who did that have another name for it, but it's the same thing) in a personal way. Expressing it is an acknowledgement of the covenant under universal law that we all come into this world in tacit agreement with.

When we get in touch with personal power, we also get a boost in awareness concerning personal responsibility. The traditional notion of 'liberty' has always been suspect to me, as it implies anarchy and hedonism, both of which I consider self-destructive tendencies. I sometimes jokingly refer to myself as an 'essential anarchist' because that, to me, implies rejection of arbitrary authority, which we surely all can do well without.

True authority derives from our innate understanding and acknowledgment of universal law. The US Constitution's Bill of Rights is the guarantor of our protection under this unwritten, unwritable covenant, which is as pervasive and immutable as the law of the jungle, only a higher expression than that. Other countries have similar guarantees, or certainly should by now.

For those of us who find it convenient not to pay attention to our inner guidance concerning matters of law, there are written laws in force in every society to keep these people from easily violating the rights of others. I can envision a society in which police and courts are extraneous, but I haven't been to many places in the world where this is practicable. I must say I've visited places which have no apparent need for a formal system of law

enforcement, notably a small, remote community in Yucatan and one or two islands in the Republic of Belau. That's not to say these folks don't have a practical way of exacting retribution for obvious crimes, of course.

What has come to be thought of (under the protocols of our current mental programming) as moderate is to keep the ego in a stranglehold. What most don't seem to realize is that this simply stops one from expressing personal power and from taking personal responsibility. As with other aspects of artificial programming, we are presented with two options: let the ego express fully (read: obnoxious, self-centered, predatory) or suppress it. Actually, the ego is like a fine stallion, or the tiger, if you will. When we engage the potential of the ego with a simple, humane bridle, it's going to take us places we wouldn't otherwise have experienced.

If you're reading this, you're most likely a person of conscience and integrity and I encourage you to stop beating your ego into submission with the club of artificial programming and let it join forces with your intuition and heart-felt desires. If you don't have a conscience or a sense of integrity, none of this will mean anything to you, and for your sakes, I say, 'Thank God for the US Constitution and whatever can adequately replace it in the future.'

This is a non sequitur, but it just occurred to me that Carol and I are enacting a higher expression of General Sherman's march to the sea in the US Civil War. We're marching to another sea, and we're harming nobody in the process, of course. In fact, instead of a trail of destruction and misery, we're leaving a trail of empowerment and awakened possibilities. He had an army, but at this point we're only two among a small handful of people. It's a good demonstration that a few committed, empowered people can undo what was done by a horde of predatory officials, sycophants, unwitting technicians, unlimited finances and the worst of all possible intentions. We're not only undoing it, we're causing it to work for us all. That's real power.

Yelling at NSA/CIA boss field agents is just a field tactic. If they get in trouble with their bosses while carrying out unlawful surveillance orders, that's really not our problem, is it? We still get occasional friendly waves from lower level operatives.

What endears Alan to me so much is his ability to turn every incident into a spiritual reward for himself and others. He's just as sweet and self-deprecating after thirty days in the hole, for instance, as he was the day he went in. A lesser person would have become bitter and depressed by these severe tests. I'm extremely gratified to know this fine exemplar. Hopefully, enough attention can be directed his way for him to get an unconditional pardon.

I'm betting that the Internet is more appropriate for this than any other media, since the really effective, powerful people in the world prefer this media over the rest.

Don Croft

Episode 40

Weather Domes & 'LORAN' Stations

Need Urgent Attention

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc40weatherballsloranstations10oct02.shtml>

October 10, 2002

There were four noteworthy events in our last tower busting patrol:

1. the weird atmospheric feature surrounding the US Weather Service (serving whom?) radar dome after we busted it,
2. finding and busting the regional US Coast Guard LORAN station,
3. the impromptu note we left at the locked gate across the access road to the remote butte-top array, and
4. confronting the boss of a small NSA/CIA surveillance unit in Wilbur, Washington.

Underground Bases, HAARP Arrays, & Radar Domes

We started out with a hundred tower busters and ten holy handgrenades, which normally keeps us busy for two days in rural areas. The route we took (we didn't decide that until we left the house) was the 300-mile loop from Spokane, along US Rte 2 to Coulee City, down through Ephrata to George, Washington (no kidding), over to Moses Lake, home of a key underground base, then up Interstate 90 to Ritzville, where we ran out of ammo. That was a good stopping place, since it's where the road from the Tri-Cities to Spokane ends. The Tri-Cities of Central Washington are filthy right now with underground facilities, unbusted towers and several nukes on the surface and, we suspect, more than an average number of HAARP arrays. Sherry Elizabeth and we busted some major stuff there last winter before we realized that each tower needs to be busted individually.

We need to go back to Fairchild Air Force Base, which is 20 miles or so along Rte 2, northwest of Spokane because we felt it would eat into our ammo supply too much, and it can be easily done in a day trip from our home, combined with some Big City shopping. We did bust some of the peripheral towers, arrays and HAARP facilities in the vicinity, though, and while driving toward a distant HAARP array, we spotted the big radar dome on a secondary highway.

To get to it, we had to drive five miles along a gravel road, and along another gravel road on the way back to Rte 2. Though these roads were recently graded, the rhythmic 'bars' went uniformly across the road and it extended for miles from the radar dome. We've driven on a lot of gravel roads and one can always drive along the edge of the road or in the other lane to get away from those irritating washboard bumps, but not on these roads.

Carol said whatever is being transmitted from that dome is so strong that it created that effect on the gravel roads.

The energy was particularly bad around that big white dome and there was a smaller, older dome nearby that was also pumping out a huge volume of dead orgone. One tower buster each was all that was needed, though, according to my wife, who sees energy, like I see this computer screen.

We did some of the stuff around the airbase after that and weren't watching the sky much until the heavy overcast and rain cleared in a big hole overhead. We saw that the hole was centered over the distant radar dome, which was shrouded in a very dark mass of fog in the shape of a mushroom cloud, reaching a couple of thousand feet altitude. It wasn't moving much. To date, that's the freakiest atmospheric anomaly I've witnessed. It rates higher than any of the UFOs we've seen. Do, do, do, bust those radar domes!

USAF Intelligence

By then, we were on our way to Coulee City. We stopped to do a roadside tower and saw a young fellow with a crew cut in a Jeep Wagoneer behind us as we turned off the highway. We drove down the road a hundred yards or so to turn around and look for a good spot to toss the tower buster but that fellow drove onto the grounds of the tower itself and watched us. I sort of assumed he was an Air Force intelligence fellow, since he obviously

knew something about us and went straight to the tower. Of course, he didn't see where Carol tossed the TB.

When we turned around, he drove out in front of us. I quickly got behind him as he was waiting to get on the highway, and when he was looking, I pointed my finger at him, smiled and did the thing with my thumb that mimics a pistol hammer. He didn't seem to think it was funny. Carol said he was an officer. I felt honored that they didn't send some grunt out to spy on us. Shame on you, Air Force guy, for unwittingly supporting this horrid world regime!

Counting coup on these spooks is just as much fun as busting their bosses' tower network. You really should try it! One of their two engine turboprop spy planes took off right after that and followed us around into the night. Another honor. Of course, the only thing they ever saw was me, waving at them.

Keystone Spooks

It was sixty miles away, in Wilbur, where we spotted the three little fed cars—two white ones and a red one—parked in a little cluster on a side street. Two had 'City Parcel' in nondescript, red vinyl (removable) letters on the doors—no phone number or other ID. The red one was the same sort of car, perhaps a Geo, and was red. The drivers of the white cars were standing, talking, and when I glanced at them (they had a good view of cars coming and going on the main road) the older of the two got that 'Oh, S--t!' look on his face that I've come to enjoy seeing so much.

Something sort of snapped in me and I decided to confront them this time. By the time I could turn around, though, only the older guy was there and he was sitting in his car, looking straight ahead by the time I got there. I shouted a greeting at him when I drove alongside, as his windows were closed. He didn't move his head, so I turned around up the street and drove alongside again, shouted and whistled until he looked at me. He looked pretty mad, but I felt awfully damn good.

Covert Psychics?

Carol said the red car belonged to the psychic of the group. I don't know how it is with you on your patrols, but every box (they wish) surveillance team that gets assigned to us has a psychic. They often pick red cars. Carol says it's an ego thing with them. I don't think their egos have much fun when they get assigned to us.

We're buying some handcuffs and we'll dangle them in view of all the spooks that are stupid enough to follow us from now on. They're making themselves pretty scarce these days around here as it is. I wonder how many big holes a box can have and still be called a box.

I think they put the newcomers on us without telling them about the hazards, just for fun. We like that game, too.

A coulee is a canyon in Washington. I don't know why they call them coulees—probably from the French. Without a topographical atlas, whoever busts towers in the Eastern half of Washington and the southern half of Idaho will find these coulees problematic (assuming there will be any towers left to bust there after November). You can be driving along in a gently rolling prairie and come to a thousand foot drop where a distant ice age lake emptied and carved a coulee on its rush toward the sea. The Columbia Gorge is where the coulees in Eastern Washington all lead.

We turned onto a gravel road that led toward an array that day and we could see the same apparent road going all the way to the towers, about five miles away, but in fact, we had to drive 15 miles to get there because a small coulee interrupted the road to there. Good thing we had that atlas! Your own state (assuming you're in the US) likely has its own version of De Lorme's ATLAS AND GAZETEER. We have them for Idaho, Washington and Northern California right now and will get Montana and Oregon as our tower busting hobby progresses.

Noted Gates

It's a good thing we discovered that arrays can be busted from remote locations by intelligently applying an HHg or two along with some tower busters, strung out from the HHg location. All of the access roads are being gated

and locked now. I consider their new strategy of locking the gates leading to arrays their Maginot Line-too little, too late. We're like a little holy panzer division, doing an end run ;-)

Since I've come to assume that every crisis is an opportunity, as I was contemplating those redundant locks on the chain holding the gate to a butte-top array closed, it seemed like a fun idea to leave a note for the NSA/CIA tucked in the chain, so I wrote one up on the back of an express mail receipt that had my name and address on it, signed it, rolled it up and tucked it in a chain link.

It was a short note, saying that we had just busted the array with a holy handgrenade and that we didn't need to go to the array in order to do it.

Here's what I'm going to run off a few hundred copies of at Kinko's shortly and start leaving on the gates at all the towers and arrays hereafter:

If you're reading this note, you're being informed that I, Don Croft, have placed an orgonite device, which I call a 'Tower Buster' in the vicinity of this tower. I did that to neutralize the considerable volume of deadly energy that it was transmitting. This effort is a small part of an ongoing international project designed to disable the harmful effects of these new transmitters.

As you're reading this, there are people on every continent of the globe who are busting the towers where they live, all acting on their own. Most of us make our own Tower Busters. If you're a technician who earns a livelihood working on these towers, be assured that we don't hold you responsible for the damage they're doing to the atmosphere and to the people who live within range of them.

What I did doesn't interfere with legitimate communication frequencies, but it has disabled specific extremely low frequencies and also the specific radio and microwave frequencies that are designed specifically to do harm. By the way, after busting these towers for nearly a year and reading all that's available on their technical aspects (which is next to nothing) I'm still unconvinced that they have anything at all to do with cell phones or legitimate communication technology. Disabling predatory energy is simply a feature of how orgonite works.

For information on this subject, study <http://forums.cloud-busters.com> and its resources, though of course you'd need to experiment on your own with this simple material in order to actually understand it. I sincerely hope you will do so. Please feel free to contact me personally, any time.

It's highly unlikely that you have any real information about what you've installed and/or are servicing. Perhaps, if you did you'd find other, less harmful, though less lucrative in the short term, employment. If you do know something about the harm this is doing, but are working here, anyway, shame on you!

If you're an intelligence operative and are reading this, you need to get another job now because you're closer to the core of this disgusting regime and that regime is about to go down. If you're farther up the ladder in the NSA/CIA, you probably already know that your unconstitutional job is about to be terminated by popular mandate.

It's inconceivable that you don't know something about its predatory agenda. That makes you, if not culpable, at least an accessory to the most reprehensible of criminal activity: treason. I suggest that you make other arrangement for your livelihood before this dinosaur of a world order comes crashing down on you, personally, in it's imminent death throes. I bet you already know that you've got no job security, even if you're just one of the box surveillance grunts who follow us around.

(signature here)

Don Croft
1915 W. View Dr.

Moscow, Idaho 83843 USA zapper16@earthlink.net

I was thinking of composing this love letter for the past few days, but Georg in Johannesburg, who has <http://www.orgonize-africa.com>, is the first person to announce a similar plan on the forum. I'm particularly gratified to see that I'm not the only one who has conceived this strategy. By the way, I hope many people will deputize his efforts to bring rain to drought-stricken Zimbabwe and stop the process that's leading to famine there. He has the capability of revolutionizing the fortunes of the entire southern part of the continent and it would only take a modest (by US standards) amount of money to carry that to completion.

We found an array that may include some prototype dead orgone transmitting equipment. It overlooks the town of Quincy, Washington, which is fairly notorious for its high crime rate. The per capita concentration of towers in that town is twice as high as the average.

We spotted the huge LORAN (HAARP) array from Quincy and thought it was five miles away, based on the size of the usual 4-transmitter HAARP arrays that we routinely bust. Actually, it's at least twice as big as the latter. We finally arrived after reaching George, Washington. That's the little town on the edge of the Columbia Gorge, which hosts big concerts in the summer. There's a natural formation that's used as an amphitheater there, known in Seattle as 'The Gorge at George.'

We drove right up to the transmitter array, which was surrounded by a fence and had a gated entrance. The Coast Guard has buildings within the compound. We buried the single ordinary HHg not far from the road going in. Of course it's a HAARP facility. Perhaps it still has LORAN functions, perhaps not-who cares? There isn't much dead orgone produced by legitimate communication and navigation frequencies.

LORAN Stations

I'm sure these LORAN stations are major players in the electronic disruption of natural weather patterns in each region of the globe. GPS has made them entirely redundant for navigation. They're absolutely filthy with dead orgone production. Ordinary radio transmissions don't look like that, Carol tells me.

Jesse Zaloudek busted a major LORAN facility north of San Francisco and during that day he reported the heaviest ground surveillance of his array-busting career to date. Arrays are Jesse's specialty. I hope you'll try his new line of Hootenized Tower Busters and Holy Handgrenades. This will help you get a jump start if this is still unfamiliar to you and it will help Jesse get to more predatory arrays and take them out.

One of Jesse's confirmations is that he's one of the few road warriors in this project who's gotten overt interference from the fed spooks in the field. So far, Jesse, Jeff Baggaley, Carol, Melody and I are the only ones who have experienced that, as far as we know.

I consider it an endorsement, and telling about it not only provides protection for us, it lowers the overall chutzpah score for the felonious feds and reduces the fear factor in would-be road warriors, hopefully.

I've come to believe that the alleged harm being done to the planet by radio and microwave transmissions in general (aside from these overtly predatory tower networks), is mostly just Luddite hype and mental programming, designed to 'encourage' us to embrace a simpler (read: toilsome) life style. That may be another of the regime's Maginot Lines, though, because (I truly believe) we're on the verge of adopting non-invasive, non-exploitive communication technology. As with the issue of 'pollution from evil automobiles' this 'Forward, into the past!' agenda is likely moot. I'm assuming you know that free energy technology is about to replace the petroleum industry, just as alternative healing is about to replace the medical/drug cartel. If you don't know that, why not give it some serious thought and investigation, not to mention experimentation?

Holy Moses!

Moses Lake has a big base underground, To camouflage the fact that half the town works there or is connected with it through the dozen or so huge corporations which have facilities around its fenced, patrolled perimeter, a

Boeing 747 with 'Japan Airlines' markings on it does touch and go landings all day long, year in, year out, as does a C5-A from time to time. That's the biggest plane in the world and belongs to the US Air Force. There is no other air activity to speak of there, and we saw nothing happening on the ground at all. This enclosed, patrolled facility was proclaimed the 'Cargo Airport' auxiliary to SEATAC, which is the big air terminal between Seattle and Tacoma, 150 miles west of Moses Lake.

I remember seeing that JAL plane doing the same thing years ago, each time I drove from the Seattle area, where I had a sign business then, to visit my brother here in Idaho and I assumed I was seeing evidence of a very busy air terminal. The jet flies about ten miles away before turning around to land each time. So whoever is driving through the area would naturally make the same assumption. Are the people in Moses Lake all brain-dead or drugged?

It wasn't a workday when we were snooping around the perimeter of the base, looking for places to put our doomsday (for their nasty activities) devices, and there was little traffic. We were followed around by a gold Cadillac, which had four senior citizens inside, including the driver. Carol said the guy is a bigwig in town who 'knows something' about the activity underground and that he vaguely knew what we were up to. I assumed they'd just been to a steak house or a revival or something.

I pulled over, and he eventually drove slowly past. I smiled and waved and he did the same. I wouldn't have dangled handcuffs in his face, since he obviously wasn't a pro. Do I give the impression that I'm not discreet sometimes?

There are a large number of towers per capita in the town of Moses Lake, as there are in Quincy, which is in the same valley, about 20 miles to the northwest. It took us quite a while to bust them all because the town's divided by several parts of the lake and we didn't buy a city map. By the time we were done in the late afternoon, a huge, amorphous white cloud was developing over the base in the now-HAARP-free sky. It was typical of the new kind of clouds we've been seeing when we bust towers in a large area in a single day. There was a row of small, white lenticular clouds around the part of the perimeter of that new cloud that was closer to us.

The nearest HAARP transmitters were sixty miles away, we estimated; too far for the regime to get definitive results in their effort to destroy that potential thunderstorm, and Carol said the Lemurians had decided to anchor what we'd done on the ground and nurture the atmosphere over that base.

We had busted the smog fields all day by simply disabling the towers in them. Of course there's no logical explanation for smog in farming country (if you're using that old, broken-down logic they taught you at MIT, that is).

Lenticular 'Clouds'

The sun set as we continued our patrol, northeast along I-90 toward tower-free Spokane. I was astonished, then, to see that the lenticular clouds are apparently a lot denser than the higher, surrounding clouds. They look white from below during the day, but in the light of dusk they're dark.

Larry in Japan is the first person to tell me that he (and his wife) saw the pink and green rim around a light, low-altitude lenticular cloud. We didn't see that today, but it was nice to get that observation from somebody else, and from so far away. They're also seeing the very dark lenticular clouds, which Carol and I believe hide predatory reptilian craft. We don't see those in North America any more, now that the CB networkers have closed off their access to the surface world with some 'surgical' interventions.

I know it's hard for most of my readers to even contemplate the existence of reptilians, Lemurians and other groups we discuss here, but you really shouldn't take what I write to heart unless you have some corroborative evidence to back up what I'm telling you. If I can convince you to bust the towers where you live, my goal is accomplished. Why not adopt a 'wait and see' attitude toward the other things I mention now and then? We may soon see if I'm reporting viable information regarding unconventional races and species or I'm simply delusional

about them. There's no denying the results we're getting with the orgonite devices at any rate, and anyone can replicate those results.

The first time we saw one of those pink and green rimmed lenticular clouds was in Eastern Oregon, west of Boise, Idaho, when we were going after some key HAARP facilities last summer in support of the Morton's tower busting campaign in Southern Idaho. That time, we drove under the cloud so that we would have been in its shadow. It cast no shadow on the ground at all, though the surrounding clouds, which looked to be the same consistency, did cast shadows.

It really pays to look up. I'm encouraging everyone to look carefully at the sky and smog conditions before and after a day of tower busting and to work systematically and report all of the observations on the forum for the sake of science, education and public record. Some successful tower busting folks seem to be afraid of looking like a kook, even though several people have reported the same results I've described so often.

The pattern and strategy will reveal itself to you early on in the day, don't worry. Just relax and consider it an outing. That's what we do. This is the only time that we spend entirely with each other these days, so we look forward to our patrols with something like yearning. If you do the above, you'll get the visual confirmations you deserve, don't worry.

Tower Busters

If you're in an average sized town, from 20 to 50,000 people and you don't feel like making your own Tower Busters, you can get them ready made. One batch will disable all of the towers you're living under the poisonous influence of right now and your life and those of everyone in your town will be sweeter within minutes of finishing that simple task, I guarantee. You can safely figure one Tower Buster for each 1,500 people in your town, and get three holy handgrenades to disable the arrays that will likely be easily seen on the town's outskirts. There are usually two: one on either side of town. If there are hills where you live, the arrays will be on top of them.

Episode 41

Let's Stop 'Muhammed Harvey Oswald' This Time

[Editor's Note: Don mentioned something to me at the beginning of this journal entry that I think everyone should read: Did you know that the feds are now bulldozing the areas around their favorite busted towers in LA and Chicago, at least? Metal detectors won't find orgonite devices. We put them just far enough away that bulldozing is not one of their workable options ;-). I suggest to folks that they put off worrying about Planet X and start busting towers. If the feds get their way this fall, we'll all welcome some quick death from an errant planet next spring. Ken Adachi]

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc41stoppingmuhammedharveyoswald14oct02.shtml>

October 1r, 2002

I may be doing more than pushing the envelope with some of my readers with this exercise. Until now, you may have been amused, at best, by my more arcane suggestions and claims, but I think our time for effective action against this unlawful world regime is running out unless we can disable the current ploy that's perhaps designed to destroy the last of our freedom and put us on the fast track toward martial law and 'Homeland Security.'

East Coast 'Sniper' Murders

Cbs work's assessment that the string of murders last week, patterned to lead to Washington, DC, are being carried out by a team of ten CIA operatives-three shooters, one handler and a 'cleanup crew' to take care of logistics and cover the snipers' tracks. This led my psychic wife, Carol, to realize that this is directly connected to the planned US political assassination that she and several other psychics had seen scheduled for October.

On The Waterfront

Six of us foiled an attempt by government agents on July 4 to blow up part of the crowd on the Chicago waterfront during the annual fireworks display. In that case, one of the Cbers who is a professional psychic was already on the job, trying to disable the bomb, and he emailed me earlier in the day, lamenting having to do it alone. I told him I'll see about rounding up some folks with Succor Punches and in a couple of hours there were six of us, from two countries, giving it our full attention, as were some Lemurians and nice off-worlders, apparently.

During that time, two people were shot by a 'lone gunman' at the El Al ticket counter in LAX, the air terminal in Los Angeles that's surrounded by Holy Handgrenades. To some of us, the fact that NPR played this down as having nothing to do with terrorism speaks volumes to the effectiveness of the orgonite devices that the LAARP distributed in the vicinity.

The Rockefellers' NPR [National Public Radio] is rattling their saber louder than any other alleged news network right now, so I assume they would have jumped at a chance to do their succubus work with that shooter in LA if only he'd been able to kill a lot more people. Classic maneuver: bomb a bunch of innocents in Chicago, right after a 'cold-blooded agent of evil Saddam' (just another MK Ultra stooge) shoots a bunch of people in a crowded air terminal halfway across the country.

Welcome to a new, safer 'secure' America! (Run for the hills! ;-). Our state, Idaho, wouldn't be a pushover, now that the tower network here is disabled. Nor would the adjacent areas in Washington State. I guess the Canadian Homeland Security equivalent in Toronto, Vancouver and Halifax, at least, would need to worry about Molotov cocktails there, and whatever guns the locals found prudent not to turn in a few years back. Johannesburg might get another chance at an 'Orange Free State,' and goodly parts of Holland, Belgium, Namibia and Australia would now be problematic for Big Brother. I hope that other people in the world are disabling the towers as fast as we are now in our area.

CB Forum

Please let the new cloudbuster forum know if you've done it and approximately how big your liberated territory is! Telling about it is a very, very valuable incentive to get others to do the same-don't you realize that! Rest assured the regime knows about each tower you bust within minutes and somebody's usually waiting down the road to get a glimpse of where you'll be tossing your next tower buster, so your secrecy isn't protecting you from those jerks.

ELF Towers

Everyone else on the planet would be thrown painfully to the ground, flopping like fish out of water, every time their version of Homeland Security presses the 'disable the local populace' button in order to restore order or round up the latest list of patriots. There's a verse in the Bible's Old Testament that says, 'My people perish for lack of knowledge.' (<http://educate-yourself.org/dclatestonmctowerarrays25may02.shtml>)

I just read that those ragtag Chechens are winning another war being waged on them by the Red Army (are our Special Forces helping the Russians this time, too?) If the Chechens can do it, I suppose we can if we have to.

I'd rather replace the regime with real governments before things get to that point here, wouldn't you?

A Few Good Men (& Women)

I'm writing this for the sake of the very few people who will read this, take it to heart and do something constructive with us. I don't expect anyone else to take it seriously and I don't mind looking like a chump to the latter or being laughed at by fools. It would be wonderful if some of the media whores find it useful to tell about what we're doing and laugh about it as they're shuffling their yellow papers. There's no such thing as bad publicity.

If you're keyed into the tower busting process, you probably know that the best evidence that time's running out is that the feds are now bulldozing the ground around some of their more important disabled transmitters in an effort to remove the tower busters. Metal detectors are disabled by orgonite, so they've apparently given up trying to find them and remove them.

Needed: Psychic Intervention

Here's my proposal: while most other psychics and well-wishers have been duped into joining the current love and light peace campaign in unwitting conjunction with the loveless, benighted nazis at the UN, I'm asking everyone, who feels so inclined, to join our current effort to cause the CIA murder team to lose its focus and, in particular, move in on the boss of the operation with every lawful means at our disposal and disabling him long before any political assassination can be carried out by the shooters. I'm talking about the CIA official who's pulling the strings and calling the shots, not necessarily the murderers' field boss, though he's fair game, too.

I think time's too short to be squeamish. When the federal government, itself, is manifestly murderous, there is no real federal government, so what else can we do? If we don't do this, who will? You can bet they didn't bother to set up a protective psychic net around these skunks. That would have slowed us down, at best, but time's short.

I know there are enough psychics on this forum to do the job, but this is a game anyone can play, and more is better in this case. For those who have Succor Punches and/or Big Secrets, all that's necessary is to get an image in our minds of that fellow and send him whatever energy we feel is appropriate. If you're not in touch with your own doppelganger, now might be a good time to get over your shyness and ask him/her/it to go to work for you. Some people don't need any tools at all to do this work.

Try to move beyond what is conventionally considered 'appropriate' in this case. If the local cops there were to get wind of this, most of them would find it appropriate to fill the bastards full of lead. We don't need to do that.

Night Visitor

Here's what I did last night with our latest astral visitors. This guy is a Russian, working for one of the dark masters. He's the most persistent psychic attacker we've met so far.

He went after Jenny, who's been feeling terrific, by the way. He had failed to get the best of Carol for the past week. Around midnight, when Carol and Jenny hadn't been making much headway with this jerk, I simply asked my doppelganger, through my Big Secret, to go after him in the form of a large, black panther and take a few bloody chunks out of him-namely his throat and abdominal viscera. Carol said that did the trick I'll be surprised (but ready) if he comes back again. I'm apparently not done with his master yet.

He was still being chased around by that panther when I fell asleep. This is great fun-it works even better on the less-capable NSA/CIA, CSIS and/or Interpol psyops people you're probably getting harassed by right now if you're actively busting their transmitters. I hope you've found, as we have, that nobody who works for the regime can have any power over us now.

I'll keep a running account here and I hope you'll do the same. It may be surprising to find how consistent our experiences will be and this can be a terrific educational exercise for everyone. Feel free to start your own thread in the forum, of course.

If you'd rather use the love and light approach, that's fine, too-I mean that.

Don Croft

Episode 42

The Tonasket Barter Fair

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc42tonasketbarterfair24oct02.shtml>

October 24, 2002

Carol and Melody's latest opportunity for a well-deserved break from their husbands, the Croft brothers, came last week. In this part of the country, the Barter Fairs are a time-honored institution, perhaps a continuation of the old Indian Potlatch. Melody and Jim started one in Santa, Idaho, about twenty years ago, that is a long-awaited event for many folks in the region, but the premium annual Barter Fair happens in Tonasket, Washington, on a small plateau on the Colville Indian Reservation about fifty miles from the Oroville border crossing into Canada.

Oroville

I had written earlier that the Oroville border crossing is where the Washington Constitutional Militia confronted a huge convoy of Russian troops in 1994 when they attempted to cross over the border and into the 'North Cascades International Peace Park.' The fact that those resolute militiamen in their pickups were successful in turning them back is precisely why the plans for that 'peace (the regime's version of peace, not ours) park' was no longer mentioned and quickly reverted to a 'National Park' again. I suspect the Russians found another route onto (into) US soil after that, because Carol picks up their thoughts when we're in the vicinity of underground bases, which is one reason we're busting all the towers in our region, of course. If the Chechens can whip the Russians' butts twice, you know that we can if we have to, as long as the deathforce transmitters are disabled-which they certainly are now in our region. I'd rather embrace them as friends and welcome them to my fine country. The choice is theirs, of course. We don't blame them for what the regime does, just as we don't blame our fathers and grandfathers for being the regime's mercenaries in all the conflicts since 1865.

I made up 60 Tower Busters and six holy handgrenades for them and Melody took along a plethora of her Harmonizers. Here's where I take out my new digital message recorder. I got it because I didn't want to miss any of the things Carol was to tell me about their eventful trip. Being naturally shy, she clammed up when I put the thing in her face. It was a bit like coaxing a toddler to open up. Fortunately, after she got going, it came out in a flood and I got every little bit!

I forgot to mention that Jenny, Carols' 16 yr old daughter, went along. Her job on the road was to toss out the Tower Busters as they found ELF towers on the highway leading north out of Spokane. After they got on Indian land, the towers were essentially absent.

Portal Activity

Just over the mountain pass beyond Kettle Falls, Melody and Carol sensed reptilians and sure enough, the underground dwellers had reactivated another portal, which must have been unused for millennia. Melody buried one of her Harmonizers there and that was the end of the activity. Carol said that the presence was pretty feeble, they were simply resigned to losing the portal this time and that nothing much would have come of it anyway. Since we closed the portals on Rainier and St. Helens, they've been pretty busy making a new one someplace else, to the exclusion of any parasitic/predatory activity in our region as the regime's cohorts.

Melody felt bad about doing that. She hates to do anything that's hurtful, but Carol assured her that none of the reptilians would be harmed. They don't need to be in the surface world right now.

NSA Reporters

Several of the cops they passed on the highway called them into the NSA, but when they got to the fair, all the cops and pavement artists were more involved with keeping track of the dopers. In some years, 10,000 people show up for this event.

The only time the women encountered the requisite anti-organite NSA/CIA psyops team was on the first day. In this case, they were a couple of middle aged folks in matching green vests and caps who were obviously out of

place among the hippies and mountain people. The woman was marginally competent and had sort of skewered Melody, psychically. Melody felt it and then tried staring the woman down. She asked Carol, 'What do I do, what do I do?' and Carol told her to think of something else. So she started running Scarecrow's song from The Wizard of Oz: 'If I Only Had a Brain,' mentally and the psychics broke contact and they both went away, not to return. I bet they were happy to leave.

They had set up the cloudbuster right away so there wouldn't be any unpleasant weather for the weekend. Of course, the rain that was forecast didn't arrive, nor was there any customary strong autumn wind on that high plateau. The women slept comfortably in the Zapporium, which has a nice yacht heater in it. Carol took along the little VCR with a LCD screen and Carol kept asking her to turn it down because she didn't feel it was in keeping with the spirit of the low-tech-oriented gathering. I think Carol forgot to mention that neither are the combustion engines in the parked vehicles or the PA system being used there.

Visitors

Not longer after the CB was erected, a huge triangle ship showed up. Carol and Melody were aware of it, especially Melody, who was getting beamed from it. The thing was so big that it was casting a shadow in the sky and was close to the sun's position. The ground shadow wasn't apparent, though it may have been on the other side of the mountain. Melody pointed the CB at it and Carol pointed her Succor Punch at it and it was gone in a very few minutes.

Right after it fled, a bunch of light lenticular clouds showed up around where it was located. These were the Lemurians. The ship was one of the regime's B Sirian consorts' ships, probably slated to participate in the phony alien invasion later this Fall. Carol said it wasn't one of the big 20 orbiting B Sirian space stations.

Some of the folks there recognized the cloudbuster because there are a bunch of them around Oroville now. Typical of most CB builders, they never told us about their devices. I'm just glad they made them, though. They got the information off the Internet and decided it was worth a try, then others made more. That's how good really good news spreads, after all.

'Building Inspectors'

Here's what some of the locals said about what's happening in the areas close to the national border near Oroville now: Mysterious white trucks show up at the houses and cabins near the border in the woods and the fellows in them tell the people that they're building inspectors. They poke around, then tell the residents that their houses aren't up to code and that they'll need to do thus and so in order to get them up to code by a deadline, or else they'll have to leave. When they get to the stores, they're all told that the supplies are not available.

Earlier this year, a lot of forest fires were started by 'ball lightning,' and there were several HAARP wind events—typically, 75mph winds that felled trees and damaged property. The woman who told Carol about it said that she called the weather service and they denied that anything like that happened in those mountains because 'it was impossible.' Carol says this is just some HAARP scalar stuff designed to drive people out of the area. The balls of 'lightning' were seen plummeting to the ground from high in the atmosphere and the winds were very localized, not part of a frontal system.

The border crossing facilities on both sides of the line have been beefed up far beyond what one would expect for such remote locations.

The women didn't drive to Oroville, so they don't know if the towers have been disabled in that area yet. One can only hope. I may connect with some militia folks near where we live soon to see if any of them know about what we're doing. They're a pretty informed, very low profile bunch and not at all like the racist, xenophobic paradigm the media has suggested. I've learned that all the ethnic groups in America are proportionately represented in the Constitutional State Militias. Around here, they operate the Search and Rescue operations for some of the county Sheriffs. There's a lot of wilderness close to where we live.

Mt. Rainer Heating Up

One of the men at the fair had found out that Mt. Rainier is throwing ash now and the lakes up on the mountain are heating up. He showed Carol and Melody a baggie full of the new gray ash and said the feds followed him around when he was there collecting it. His impression was that they didn't approve.

Them Their Eyes

Another man with a large iguana draped over his shoulder came to visit the women a few times. He was a friendly fellow, but they had the distinct impression that he has a lot of reptilian DNA and in fact, is one of their walking 'video cams.' Melody said, 'Are you a reptilian?' and the fellow said he didn't know, but that he's fascinated with the 'underground dwellers.' Carol says that his girlfriend was an awful lot like him, also reptilian. They admitted that most other people consider them really weird. I'd like to get to know them, though.

Carol had asked me to make at least four HHGs, one for each corner of the plateau, because the last time she went there was some awfully intense predatory energy there, especially during the all-night drumming circles. I guess the hippies need to get more in touch with how the Indians do that at powwows and maybe ease up on the ol' hallucinogens a bit to keep the unwanted astral visitors out of the circle. I didn't hear what happened this year, but no news is good news, I guess.

On the trip back, though they were making a beeline for Denny's Restaurant in Spokane, they did stop to disable a brand new HAARP array north of Spokane that wasn't there four days earlier. There was a fedmobile waiting to see what the women would do about it, but of course, Jenny was too sharp for them to see her do the deed ;-).

Don Croft

Episode 43

Watch The Sky

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc43watchthesky26oct02.shtml>

October 26, 2002

Watch The Sky for Evidence of Your Success!

It's extremely gratifying to me to see that many are now posting about their tower busting victories. The only component that isn't getting enough attention in most of these accounts is observations of the sky before, during and after significant numbers of tower sites and/or key vortices, and/or underground bases have been healed.

On our previous two-day patrol, in which we busted the underground base at Moses Lake, Washington, the Coast Guard LORAN (HAARP) facility at George (no kidding), Washington, the weather ball northwest of Spokane, WA, and a plethora of lesser arrays and towers there wasn't an extremely remarkable atmospheric display, other than disappearing smog, a big, amorphous white cloud over the busted underground base, surrounded by lower altitude light, small lenticular clouds and an atomic-bomb-cloud-styled, dynamic DOR/fog field over the busted weather ball for a bit which immediately followed the quick, widespread cessation of some less-than-pleasant rainfall a few minutes after we tossed a single tower buster out the car window across the road from the weather ball (classic TB drive-by--in fine style, I might add).

Even if you don't see these more mundane confirmations, I think you'll find that when you watch calmly and carefully before, during and after your excursions you'll catch a glimpse, at least, of some atmosphere anomalies that are worthy of posting here.

Years from now, when serious researchers (REAL scientists, free of institutional gags and shackles) are looking through our posts, your casual sky observations will be solid gold. Try to think of that when you get the feeling that something's not worth mentioning, okay?

Johnny Tower Buster

Here's what one can reasonably expect from 8 hours of mostly rural tower busting:

We only had the day for busting on Friday, so we decided to do some mopping up, mainly Fairchild Air Force Base and little Cheney, Washington, which are only a hundred miles away.

Since we busted the Coast Guard LORAN (major, major, major HAARP array for this part of the country) and the weather ball NW of Spokane the chemtrails had not stuck at all here for more than a minute or so, even on days when we were seeing spewplanes every five minutes, all day long, trying to make straight lines, let alone X's.

We busted those travesties three weeks ago.

On Friday morning, we saw spew here for the first time since we did that. It was sticking for about ten minutes and the planes were flying by every five minutes, so they'd created a bit of a field to the north, out of immediate range of our cloudbusters.

This is a pattern—has anyone else noticed it? We get a major victory over them; they take some time to figure out a new game plan, then just as they find a way to get spew to stick again, we blow them out of the sky, yet again.

By the way, I don't know if many realize this, but the spew is getting less and less toxic. Carol and I are absolutely convinced that what they're doing now is simply trying to maintain the perception that blue skies are not our birthright. What they seem to know is that after years of toxic whiteouts people are starting to notice,

thanks to your and our cloudbusters, that the sky is beautiful again. That means that PJ folks are waking up en masse now, I believe.

This being the regime's primary personal terror (awakened masses) they're investing a load of time, manpower, planes and non-toxic spew to maintain the illusion that they control the skies, not the good guys.

What tickles Carol and me to death is that the fellows at the top of the regime's Spew Administration dung heap probably are certain that we know what we're doing every time we blow them out of the sky after their otherwise-brilliant new strategies, as we did on Friday, again. Actually, what we do, which is simply to follow our instincts, is completely indecipherable to those satanic control freaks who are unable to 'know' anything except that they can hurt people and that they are vulnerable to expressions of their own bosses' displeasure.

Driving north west to Cheney, we discovered that most of the spew planes had been concentrating near where we live, but as the tower busting progressed, more and more of them showed up overhead where we were working; sort of like flies gather around something that's not to be mentioned in public gracefully and will follow it if it gets moved around.

We took care of the stretch of interstate that still needed attention (all of I-90 is now tower free from Montana to halfway across Washington State) then went to Denny's, near Medical Lake, for lunch. The woman in Bakersfield who made the first CB there works at Denny's.

When we went into the restaurant the spew lines were all over the sky and they were making them slightly faster than they could disappear, so they were getting a pretty good score. When we came out, there were just as many spewplanes, maybe more, but the spew was disappearing in a few seconds, all over the sky and not a trace of older spew remained.

I think this is significant because we didn't bust any major arrays up to that point—only a scattering of roadside deathforce transmitters and whatever was on the campus of Eastern Washington University and in the town of Cheney, where the school's located.

If we can do that and see such dramatic results, so can you.

A Gift

One of the fellows who works in the restaurant saw Carol using her pendulum, asked her about it and was curious and aware enough to accept a Tower Buster from us. I asked him to keep it hidden in a pocket, and then watch what happens to the behavior of his co-workers, one of whom he had mentioned treats him rather badly. He said, 'Okay, why don't you come back here in a couple of days and I'll let you know.' I said, 'We already know—we want you to experience it yourself!' He kind of reminds me of Ben Morton. I bet we'll be hearing from the fellow. I wrote down the forum address for him.

'Don't Worry, Boss, I Got 'Em Covered'

After lunch, we did Medical Lake (we had put a HHg at the mental hospital when we visited there in May) and the butte-top big array overlooking the airbase. Carol said a fed was hiding there to spot us, so of course I dropped her off out of sight to bury the single, ordinary HHg and then drove around the top of the butte fishing for the fed among the razortape-topped little compounds, but he remained hidden. I think he had the keys and was inside an enclosure—a tactician!

After I picked her up, she said he was looking at us through binoculars and telling his boss that he'd prevented us from doing the deed. She told me that his boss said, 'Are you sure?' Boy, I bet that guy's in trouble by now! I gave him a friendly wave as we were going down the road, which she said he saw through his binoculars.

Four HHg's

Oops—forgot to mention that Carol suggested that we put the four HHGs we brought in four places around the

base. Those were the same four she put around the plateau at Tonasket to help keep the ambient parasitic/predatory entities from using the potheads' bodies and minds during the Barter Fair (she couldn't sleep on account of that happening en masse around her last time. She indicated to me that everyone there was, who they thought they were this time ;-)

We had left one along the southern boundary before we got to Medical Lake, and the butte top array got number two. We put the third one near the spot where the Air Force Intelligence Officer was waiting for us by a tower on our last patrol, and then the other one went to the last spot after Carol dropped me off at McCrap to freshen up.

She was followed by eight feds and Air Force intel guys (I wish I had a picture of that), but told me that when she got out of the car to bury the thing, the Wingmakers put in a rare appearance just to assure her that none of those guys would have a clue where she buried it. She also said that she sensed the effect of a large iron door slamming shut the instant she put that ordinary HHg in the ground. It probably goes without saying that we only use ordinary HHgs and Tower Busters for our patrols, just to show anyone who's interested that the other fancy stuff is not essential for this. Of course the fancy stuff is nice, too, if you're inclined to spend the time, money and effort to do that- we're not. We like to use fancy stuff in our more personal efforts.

We scooted off to bust a tower that we hadn't had time to get to on our previous patrol through the area and it was hard to find this time because it had been turned off when the feds figured out we were heading there. I knew that because it was nearly sunset and the white strobe lights usually come on before that. Carol didn't sense any DOR coming off it until we got close. She said they couldn't stop the residual DOR from emanating from it by turning off the power.

We had to look at the topo map for a butte to figure out where the tower was because it was a skinny HAARP-sort of transmitter that would have been hard to see that far away even in daylight. The last time we saw it, also close to sunset, the light was blinking like a champ. Carol said they turned it off so they could at least have one remaining transmitter in the region. If I was a nicer person, I'd probably let them have it, but we eventually found it and busted it, anyway. There were two fedmobiles on that road, but of course they got there after the fact.

Drum Array Microwave Towers

We found and busted one of those drum arrays on the way home. It was about twenty miles from the nearest major highway and the feds hadn't a clue we were going that way on the way home, so the light was flashing on it. There were seven big drums on it, pointed every which way.

Carol felt another tower not far from there but the light was not flashing, so we'll get that next time we go on patrol. It's on the way to the area in Central Washington that will be our next campaign, this time with Sherry Elizabeth.

I knew there was another tower a few miles farther on, but it wasn't lit up, either.

Rounding a bend, I saw a red flashing light, dimmer than usual, in a place where there weren't any towers before, so I was pretty jazzed to bust a new tower.

We stopped the car and the light started moving to the north. I looked at it through the binoculars and saw that the red light was sort of rotating around a very dim white/yellow light—obviously not an airplane or 'one of ours.'

Carol told me they're very friendly insectoid ETs who are currently based on Mars, but are from a star system nobody's heard of, but their home planet is blue and green. She said they were invited by the Lemurians to come here to help make sure this satanic regime doesn't get its wish to destroy most of humanity in the coming short days.

She told me that these guys, along with the little dwarven Andromedans whose ship we all saw fly overhead last Monday night, were techies, easily able to stop nuclear bombs from going off.

Friends

All told, in the past week we've been in contact with five or six other-than-surface-earth-human races, including the native elementals and Lemurians, who are humans, albeit hyper-dimensional. We've encountered a few others now and then, too. I'm encouraging everyone who has contact with one or two of these races or others to consider that everyone's contacts are equally valid and not to get stuck in the exclusivity groove. I think you'll find that your contacts would encourage you to do the same thing.

Pretty soon, I expect that our supermarkets, swimming pools and theaters will look like the bar scene from STAR WARS, so why not rearrange our paradigms now and avoid the rush?

Am I the first to offer a hearty WELCOME! to these co-workers from out of town?

By the way, for those of us who have encountered the Lemurians and dolphins, the notions of ascended masters, mysterious alleged hidden, all-powerful, 'secret,' beneficial societies, etc., that are what the regime uses to hook incredulous new agers, is pretty mundane in comparison. For what it's worth, I have it on pretty good authority that you wouldn't want to get to know the entities that the regime's Lucifer Trust at the UN promotes as 'angelic.' I'm curious to see what transpires after they lift the lid on their Jeffrey Dahmer style 'world savior' in December. I hope some local Sheriff's deputy will be waiting in the wings for that miscreant with handcuffs and an arrest warrant.

Back to the subject of tower busting, we didn't see any remarkable atmospheric effects other than the formation of the usual amorphous white cloud over the base (unless one counts the UFO) after doing the most dramatic thing on Friday, which was busting whatever was writhing under Fairchild Air Force Base. The big effects that day came after busting a few mundane towers—not more than twenty. You might not see anything noteworthy at all, sometimes, but don't let that discourage you!

Don Croft

Episode 44

Don Croft Does D.C. in Honor of Dr. Reich

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc44dcdoesdcforwr15nov02.shtml>

November 11, 2002

I went to work at correcting the satanic geometry on which our nation's Capital is laid out in order to attempt to circumvent any possible mayhem from government agent provocateurs and from the DC police force that may occur during the demonstration planned for the following weekend by perhaps tens of thousands of patriotic Americans who are now, as I write this on 11/15, on their way to that city in convoys from across the continent to demand a return to Constitutional government. My heart is with them and I'd prefer to be there, but I wanted the orgonite devices I laid out to 'cook' and build up the healthy orgone shield there for a week before their arrival.

Here's a teaser: After 72 hours of eluding the feds in and around DC, they caught up with me when I had finished the job and was on the phone with Carol. In the small parking lot of an A&W restaurant in rural Maryland, there were five fedmobiles: three of which were brand new shiny black Lincolns, one a new Lincoln 'taxi'-sans passenger, and a jeep, parked next to my rental car. There were two actual Men in Black sauntering about, glaring at me and speaking into microphones. If I weren't so tired, I would have chatted them up and taken some digital pics for you guys. That only occurred to me much later, though. I never felt like I was in danger; even when I was tossing tower busters into the CIA hindquarters compound at Langley.

Before I get into the details, I want to acknowledge Jerry and Ben Morton for discovering similar satanic patterns in Boise, Idaho and correcting the energy imbalance on that artifact with intelligent placement of orgonite devices. I followed their fine example in Washington, DC, and I hope many others will do the same in the many other towns and cities where this patterning has been used.

George Washington Masonic Memorial

Oddly (does this term apply to everything I do?), the most informative part of the exercise was my visit on Sunday morning to the George Washington Masonic National Memorial in Alexandria, Virginia. The monument lies just outside the old jurisdiction of Washington, DC, which was a diamond-shaped area taking in parts of Maryland and Virginia. Apparently, the Virginia parts are no longer federal jurisdiction.

A brief tour of the monument, which also serves as the Alexandria Masonic Lodge and is used for higher ceremonies, was very revealing to me about George Washington's true relationship to freemasonry. Though the masons claim that Washington was an enthusiastic supporter of their efforts, some solid investigative journalism in recent years indicates that this was not the case and that he rather resigned himself to having to use the existing Masonic network simply because it was his only option. Also, during the end of the 18th century, there were attempts, at least in America, to remove the Republic's lodges from British supervision. I think it could have gone either way, which is why Washington maintained his connection to that network.

In Wilhelm Reich's early years, communism and fascism were the only viable options for political action, so I figured that was a 200% improvement over Washington's day. Now, of course, we can blow off all political agencies and artifacts and just use the Internet to create our own informal, effective grassroots efforts, such as the cloudbuster forum, and we can pattern real government on what's been done with the Internet's own organization success, which is free of political parties, corporate manipulation and ersatz ideologies.

Washington agreed to sit for a portrait in 1794, not long before his death, but he stipulated that the artist must accurately represent his countenance and not embellish his effort, as all the other artists had done before and after. I'd never seen that portrait before, but it was prominently displayed in the monument, as were copies. What one sees in that picture is a bitter, broken old man, close to death.

The literature there says that there were three Masonic doctors in attendance during his yearlong fatal 'illness.'

The group was led by Dr. Dick, whose portrait is nearly as prominent as Washington's. The fellow looked pretty menacing to me and nearby his dueling pistols were on display. Dueling was a common means of eliminating political opponents, though I believe those docs were administering arsenic in measured quantities, aiming to get Washington to die on an astrologically favorable (to the organization) day. It's probably a lot like the cancer docs work now, extracting every penny from their patients before allowing them to experience the mercy of death.

Not very long after Washington's death, burley, rapacious Aaron Burr, who later fled to England after being accused of helping the Brits set up a new colony in Texas, shot the relatively wimpy Alexander Hamilton that way, immediately after which a Swiss banker, Alexander Gallatin, was moved into Hamilton's Treasury Secretary position. Gallatin's wife belonged to the pre-eminent British banking and espionage family of the time and he wasn't yet a citizen of the new Republic.

Washington is said to have refused ever to let Aaron Burr into his presence during the War of Independence. Burr openly confessed to having associated with the top British spy in America then and he married the man's widow soon after his death.

I have a hard time taking 'non-conspiracy' theories seriously.

The monument is a small, granite skyscraper, topped by a stepped pyramid and a sort of transmitter device, apparently. It reminds me of the steeples of the Mormon Temples in a way. It's built on a small hill and is the most prominent structure in the city.

I went in there to ask somebody about the location of that Masonic temple in Washington that David Icke describes. I hadn't located it before. It was only after I mentioned that my Granddad was in Harry Truman's lodge in Kansas City during WWII that they gave me the address, which turned out to be part of the satanic pattern I'll get to describing shortly.

I hope nobody thinks I'm out to savage masons. The vast majority is completely and studiously clueless regarding the grander agenda of their organization. They seem to be content to be part of something Big and Secret, that's all. The few higher up in the lodges, like my Granddad, knew a bit about it and were informed about magic, but only a tiny few at the international level, are really keyed in to the organization's predatory/parasitic overall purpose.

Masonic Assassinations

I do believe that Washington was murdered by the international masons, as was Lincoln. In the days before the CIA, this is how it got done. As many people know, the CIA patterns its own network on old Masonic/satanic magic rituals in order to get a little personal power for its operatives and for the organization at mankind's general expense; predatory/parasitic activity.

Typically, when a man of character and substance gained prominence in human society, the satanic network eventually murdered him, then canonized him. Martin Luther King is another example. Reich was killed without later being honored because his life work represented the end of all of this horror. That's probably why they burned all his publications and notes before they threw him into prison.

I was once told that it's against federal law to have even an orgone accumulator. Let's see them try to enforce those alleged laws now ;-). I wish they'd try-we could all use the free publicity and it would be fun to see the prosecutors laughed to scorn by an awakening public.

Wilhelm Reich

I'm dedicating my Washington, DC, effort to Dr. Reich, who was defamed, imprisoned and murdered by the same ancient world regime who drew that big satanic star on the ground and built a city around it in the first place.

In the harsh light of Reich's scientific achievements, relative dim lights such as Einstein are the sore losers. A word of support from Einstein would, I'm sure, have prevented the debacle surrounding Reich's crucifixion. Einstein, early on, acknowledged Reich's discoveries' astounding implications, but soon after apparently realized that his own life's work was shown to be relatively insignificant, after which he shunned Dr. Reich, even during the latter's life-ending period of travail. When Einstein realized that Reich had discovered the 'ether' that the former was trying to deny in his work, he told him, 'This is a bomb for physics!' Like the rest of us, Einstein was sometimes slow on the uptake, not realizing that the bomb was particularly destructive to his own physics ;-)

My heart fairly breaks when I consider what Dr. Reich must have experienced in such a hostile world. I'm quite sure that if he were alive now he'd have no end of support, both moral and financial, from a grassroots network of researchers on every level, much like we witness in our global cloudbuster network right now. Nor would this horrid federal thing that calls itself government dare to interfere in his life and work these days.

The same is true of Tesla, Rife, Schauburger, Mesmer, Leibnitz, Galileo and all the rest who endured the burden of being ahead of their time. By the way, the fact that most of these folks have German names encourages me to believe that the German people may yet be the ones who first propel our project into popular culture and awareness.

Hans Solo

Carol and I wanted to go to Washington together, but family constraints made it impossible, and I later realized that it's better, in a way, that I do it alone, since it will provide an example to others who are similarly lacking in psychic gifts as myself. I'm not saying this facetiously-I really mean it.

Carol's over in Montana busting towers this weekend. We're creating a Gestapo-free buffer zone around Idaho in case the satanic feds get their martial law wish next month. It's her first lone tower busting patrol. I was gratified when she expressed her lack of confidence at not having me along, since I had to overcome the same feelings the first few times I went out without her. We both agree that it's a hell of a lot more fun when we do it together.

We reserved a rental car for me at the BWI airport outside Baltimore. I wanted to at least greet Michelle Ridgley in Baltimore and thank her personally for all her selfless effort in this work over the past year.

At The Airport

I'd made up 40 tower busters and eight HHGs on Carol's recommendation, but the feds contrived to prevent them from getting on the plane with me in Spokane. When I passed through security before going to the flight's waiting area, I got the devices through with very little discussion with the security people. The problem came when it was time to board the plane and suddenly there was a small crowd of uniformed and suited people standing around me.

I can breeze through any metal detector without setting it off these days. Carol was able to do that for over a year, but I just achieved that happy state. I hope you can all experience that little joy after you've built up your personal orgone charge sufficiently.

As I was exiting the terminal to get onto the plane, which had been held up a half hour in the process, I told all the assembled airport cops and administrators, 'It's okay, I can make more when I get there!' They came very close to letting me take those on the plane before the feds intervened (according to Carol). I think they liked me, personally.

Red Cars & TB's

As it turned out, it was better that I didn't get into DC during daylight and when I was in the Home Depot parking lot, west of Baltimore, making up my 40 tower busters and 8 holy handgrenades, I saw a typical Cessna 170 spy plane tooling along over all the major roads in my vicinity for about an hour. There were plenty of other bright red cars in that lot with mine and none of the people who drove by had 'the look' that I've come to identify as NSA/CIA pavement artists.

They'd given me a bright red car without offering a choice. I later saw that it was the only red car in that huge rental car lot when I returned it to the airport on Monday night. A couple of pavement artists were on my tail as I left the airport parking garage after I picked the car up. I pulled over into a median and they stupidly pulled over right behind me, looking a bit sheepish. I think the towers were stupefying them a bit. When I turned, they went the other way. A little later, I turned on the Succor Punch. I wanted them to know I was driving away from Washington and into Baltimore.

Michelle's phone number wasn't in the book and I've got a rep for not being telephone user-friendly, so I'd forgotten to secure the number before I'd left and it felt too risky to call Carol at that point of the venture to help me find it in my old records, considering how hard the feds must have been trying to find me.

As it turned out, it was important that I spoke to few if any people during the exercise, so I promised Michelle that Carol and I would go on patrol with her soon to make up for my faux pas.

A Little Night Work

I took a roundabout route into Washington, DC, because I'd seen a lot of video cams on all the Beltway and I-95 ramps on previous visits. Also, I realized that it would be prudent to enter the city after dark so that the red car wouldn't stand out so much.

As I mentioned, the city is diamond shaped. More specifically, it's a square, rotated 45 degrees.

The geographical center is within a hundred yards or so of the Washington Monument, that tall obelisk on a low hill. Carol said that this erection stands in the center of the only major vortex in the city. The east/west axis on which the monument rests is marked by the Lincoln Memorial at the west end of the mile or so long park-like National Mall, and the east end is the Capitol Building, the formal home of Congress. Much farther east on that axis is the circular Robert F. Kennedy Memorial Stadium, which has a double helix stairway configuration around the outer wall.

As a few researchers have pointed out, there is an inverted, distorted pentagram centered on the north/south axis of Sixteenth Street, which is about fifty yards west of the Monument. The downward point of that star is in the Oval Office; the President's workshop, if you will, in the White House. All but one of those lines is clearly delineated by streets. If you consider the star anatomically, both feet are in traffic rotaries, as is the left hand. The right hand was in the old Washington, DC, administrative building. If you extend out from that arm's point, you'll see NPR headquarters occupying the opposite corner. It wasn't hard for me to see where National Public Radio gets the energy to spin all that news and information out beyond Mother Earth's reality orbit.

Some of the chakras of the star's 'body' are clearly marked by monuments and they all got a good dose of healing orgonite, as did each point except the Bush family's operational headquarters. The 'hips' even got a Tower Buster each. I think the star was quite happy by the time I was done.

Extending to the south, across the Mall, the line goes under the dome of the Jefferson Memorial, which is another satanic temple. The beauty of these edifices reminds me of the world regime's penchant for bastardizing legitimate classical proportions and architectural standards to give itself the aura of legitimacy, much the way a pedophile and/or serial killer may put on a police uniform, clerical garb or judge's robes and even get paid to do so by this filthy, poisonous world regime.

I came into the city from the north along 13th Street. The right foot traffic rotary park got a Tower Buster without any scrutiny from the feds, but by the time I arrived at the left foot rotary there were a white, unmarked cherry picker and white, unmarked van parked in the park and the fellows from the vehicles were apparently scanning for me. I had parked a block away and had no trouble getting a device in the right spot without them noticing me. I'm pretty sure they were just told to look for a red car, of which I saw there were very few in the city, by the way.

Grounding Footwork

Here is where I can pitch the tower buster work as a way to ground and center the still- pseudomystical would-be planetary healers. This is a good way to get some street smarts and these skills apply just as well to high psychism as to my slogging footwork. I offer the analogy of a person arriving at a big city, innocent as a babe with hundred dollar bills hanging from every pocket to describe the state of 99% of people who boast of their psychic gifts.

As you can guess, the rube won't get two blocks before being mugged or taken 'under the mentor's wing' in a confidence scam. When innocent, untrained psychics enter the wide world of high psychism, there are invariably a host of savvy predators, manipulators and false friends waiting to steal every bit of energy/information they can from the novice and many of these predator/parasites have been at this game for a long, long time. Some of them are able to withstand some contact with our orgonite devices, too, so there's no easy way to mark them other than to scrupulously follow our finest instincts.

The responsibility each one of us have to keep our own intuitive counsel these days is nothing short of awesome and in fact nearly overwhelming, but the payoff comes in the form of empowerment, conviction, fuller psycho/spiritual development and stronger faith. And our efforts get pretty fast results and confirmations, thanks to all the nice, unseen helpers that want us all to succeed these days.

As some knowledgeable people in our forum have mentioned, the psychic con artists use copious amounts of real information to get the confidence of the uninformed. The manipulation is in the form of information spin, which is always designed to move our attention away from our 'function' as Reich called it. I'm sure you've noticed that the mentally programmed pseudomystics are the most adamant in denial of their own manipulation and in denouncing pseudomysticism itself. That's a sign of successful mental programming, sort of like how pajama people wave flags and talk boldly about freedom, but are enthusiastic corporate slaves and/or property of the state the rest of the time.

I was glad to learn that Dr. Reich was in the habit of holding pseudomystics' and pseudoscientists' feet to the fire whenever they made their unfounded proclamations, and that's encouraged me to keep following that course. The alternative seems, to me, to let this network degenerate into an ineffective, manipulated charade. What we're all doing is basically scientific, but on a strong spiritual foundation, just as Dr. Reich's efforts were.

When I arrived in the city, it felt just terrible, except for right around the Washington Monument, where two holy handgrenades had been buried six months before.

Satanic Designs

It occurred to me that the purpose of the inverted pentagram and the two axes was to parasitically gather and direct the human energy of the city dwellers into the White House and Capitol Building, both of which are more correctly called Luciferian/Babylonian temples, than government offices. The Federal Triangle, which sits between the White House and the Capitol Building, is home to the FBI, Justice Department, IRS, FTC and a rabbit warren of banking offices.

General Albert Pike's statue, which had been temporarily removed due to public outcry, sits on the east point of the triangle. That's the fellow who wrote, MORALS AND DOGMA, which is the masons' thinly disguised satanic guidebook. He was a Confederate General during the Civil War who extorted the Oklahoma Indian tribes into not supporting the North. In typical cowardly fashion, he exempted himself from every form of real battle throughout that war. Also, throughout the conflict, he was officiating as the acknowledged head of all Masonic lodges in North America, on behalf of the British masters of Freemasonry. He was an avowed Satanist, much like Anton LaVey. He got a Tower Buster, of course. One of our associates had put one of Dragon AI's Holy Handgrenades on Pike's Peak in the Colorado Rockies last summer. I'm sure that place relates to Washington DC's satanic energy net.

The Capitol Building, though closely guarded by DC cops, got a couple of Tower Busters. I felt like the invisible man at times. It's cool how you can start to sense when you're being watched and when you aren't. Here's another case where street instincts blend with budding psychic skills. I must say I was rather dependent on Ben Morton's pendulum. After I started using that one, I realized that this represents the next level in dowsing expertise. Novices can get good, consistent results with Ben's model. I wonder if he knows how significant this is? I was getting the same results by putting my left hand over the point of the Succor Punch while dowsing with my right. You should try this in a controlled experiment. You may be surprised, as I was, at how well the SP can short circuit our prejudices, which often queer the dowsing process. Carol told me it's because we're getting info from the guardian of the crystal in this case, not from our own souls. What's your take on that?

The 'Look'

When I was between targets at the Capitol Building, actually walking on the street behind it, a new, black stretch limousine with darkly tinted windows all around, including the front, cruised very slowly past me so the occupant in the back could get a close up look at me. I had the sense that this guy was relying on a higher agency than the NSA to find me. I saw him two or three more times up close before I was done in the city, and in those cases I spotted him first and evaded him. I had specifically asked for a tiny car so I could get in and out of traffic quick. Carol said he's somebody from the White House. Maybe he's eating sour grapes after what we all did to that CIA creepy-crowley who was directing the sniper shooters in Maryland and DC last month (if you're inclined to accept CNN's assessment of that situation, then consider this statement simply an expressed opinion, okay?)

Shortly after that, I was putting a Tower Buster in the reflecting pond in front of the Capitol and a motorcycle cop went behind my parked car and got the plate number. By the time I got out of the Mall there was a fedmobile behind me, which I easily lost in traffic and visited the other targets that night without incident. This was around 2AM, so the fedmobile was pretty obviously tailing me.

After that, the DC police began giving me 'the look' every time they saw me, and I knew there were all told to watch for me and report my position. When they get that look, they no longer return your greetings. Try it yourself! All the cops in Moscow, our town, are doing that these days for the feds, whose conspicuous presence is now being discussed openly here, even by people who aren't pot dealers.

I drove southeast of town about ten miles to spend the night in the car. I didn't want to check into a motel because a cop would have picked up on that and the feds would be boxing me in the next day, or at least trying hard to.

Day Two

With my jetlag I slept until almost noon, then decided to put tower busters on the four points of the city's perimeter, which I hoped would take up most of the remaining daylight hours, then go to the CIA hindquarters at Langley just before dark. My timing was exquisite, though I was made by one of the surveillance cameras along the Beltway and followed briefly a couple of times.

The route to Langley was so circuitous, and out of the purview of DC cops, that I got there undetected, no doubt surprising whoever was watching the monitor connected to the video cam at a service gate on the west side. I turned around right in front of the cam just to tweak the bastards, then tossed a TB into the compound after I drove away. I put another one farther west because I knew I wouldn't be able to access the north fence. This vectoring really, really works. I had tossed the first one near the sign that indicated that the facility is now named after George Bush, Sr., and then drove to the east fence and tossed one in from there. It was nearly dark at that point and the TB, which was quite heavy because I had to use steel ball bearings (BBs) to make it, nearly struck a big surveillance cam that was sitting on a fence post. It was pointed along the fence, not at me, but I knew they had spotted me. I drove away without headlights for a half-mile, then got on the highway that led into Georgetown.

The city felt a lot better by the second night.

I spent the rest of the night doing the rest of the targets, including one tossed onto the White House grounds literally a split second before a boss federal cop with gold braid around his hat rounded the corner and gave me a hard look. Two fed cops on bicycles had scrutinized me in turn as I approached the compound fence right before that and after I encountered their boss. I was out of sight for about two seconds, altogether. I almost hit a camera that time, too, or perhaps a microphone. It sort of 'chinked' on a thing that jutted up from the garden bed.

Hoo, Hoo

As David Icke notes, the Capitol building is in the 'head' of an owl shape, delineated by Pennsylvania Avenue on the north and Maryland Avenue on the south. The Washington Monument represents, anatomically, the owl's hing that its shape and function suggests according to its location on the owl's 'body,' The ears of the owl are marked by two peculiar roadways behind the Capital Building, as is the outline of the head.

I agree with Icke that the owl represents Moloch, the old Babylonian god to whom groups of children were sacrificed, which explains to me why that 40 foot high granite owl presides over the murderous satanic rituals that used to take place at Bohemian Grove before we apparently shut that facility down last June. Ted Gunderson and others have gotten testimony from people who had been taken as small children to the Capitol Building and to Bohemian Grove for ritual sexual abuse from day care centers, then returned before their parents picked them up at the end of the day. Some field trip, eh? Senator Joseph Biden was one of the pedophiles named most often by these witnesses. The current President apparently has a long history of sexually abusing small children as well as ritually murdering pseudomystical chumps. I still think Cheney would do more damage as President, though.

Say Cheese

That's not to say owls are bad, of course, just as five pointed stars are not bad. All the past presidents have been photographed participating in those rituals, by the way, including Reagan and Carter, the 'nice' ones. An eyewitness reported that Kissinger, during the leisure periods of those little R&R times, likes to dress like a woman and get chased by bare-chested manly men through the woods. Is that how he really earned his Nobel Prize? I think he let the guys catch him, so that prize wasn't won in a footrace.

Icke delineated a large, six pointed star in the city, too, and I saw plenty of streets on the map that were configured at the proper angles, but the image itself escaped me. There's somebody in the city now who has volunteered to continue this project, so Carol and I will watch the Icke video again and send her the marked map. I'd hate to think that I was the only person doing that fun, rewarding work there.

Across the River and Into The Towers

I saw very few deathforce transmitters in the city, but across the Potomac, in Arlington, there's a line of about forty transmitters facing DC. At least they'll be easy to bust, all in the same day. Of course the Beltway, which is the freeway that goes around the periphery of DC, is filthy with these transmitters. According to the argument that these towers are for cell phones, then nobody uses the phones while they're actually in DC, but only when they're driving laps on the Beltway. Am I right? Sheesh.

Las Vegas is the only other city that I've been in where the towers are conspicuously absent until you get out to the city edge and into the suburbs. I guess people in Las Vegas can't use mobile phones because both hands are occupied with boozing it up and jerking the slot machine handles? I guess that's remotely feasible.

DC felt wonderful by the end of Day Two. It was actually hard for me to leave. That was quite a change from being disgusted by even driving through the city on previous visits.

Most of the people who read this will alternate between bleating that I'm deluded and pruriently enjoying my writing style and chutzpah. I'm aiming this effort at the tiny number of committed people, in key areas throughout the world, who resonate with what I'm expressing and wish to participate in our little, effective, growing, informal network of empowered, committed, genuine environmental healers.

To the many pseudomystics who are reading this, I suggest that here's a good method you can use to quickly move up a notch from being bold, flowery talkers, to being actual performers in the healing trade. No doubt you've got at least two deathforce transmitters beaming you into a stupor as you're reading this, so why not get to work right outside your own front door?

If you don't want to make the simple devices, there are several fine, fair-minded vendors available on www.cloud-busters.com, the inviolable private internet site that Stuart Jackson kindly maintains for our planetary grassroots network.

The more I learn about Wilhelm Reich's life and work, the more I appreciate what he's done for us all by setting such a stainless example with his high spiritual and intellectual standards and with his demonstrated personal integrity. I'm humbled by the realization that these wonderful attributes are no longer capably punished by a benighted, fearful and vindictive American society, so our task is much, much easier and more rewarding than his was- though a great deal less challenging.

Don Croft

Episode 45
NSA Versus the Cloud-Busters Gang
Part 1

[Editor's Note: The amazing journal of Don & Carol Croft continues. For the tiny, minuscule fraction of humanity fortunate enough to have stumbled upon these pages, consider yourself privileged and part of a very select circle. Within the pages of these Adventures, we are witnessing one of the most exciting and dramatic real life sagas to have unfolded since the days of the Old West, yet there's really nothing in history to adequately compare it to. It stands on its own as a shining example of the triumph of courage over fear, creativity over destruction, truth over deceit, and of course, good will over evil intent. Against unbelievable odds and facing a mind bending disparity of resources, finances, and personnel, a mere handful of ordinary people (with 'extraordinary' assistance to be sure) are thwarting one of the most diabolical plots to destroy and enslave humanity in the history of planet Earth. If the motion picture was ever made and the story accurately told, this saga would sweep ever major award in film and print and be retold with a mantle of awe and admiration for generations to come. Unlike the mega-million propaganda vehicles churned out by the Illuminati stooges in Hollywood, here we have real heroism, real adventure, and real danger. I had the chance to meet the Intrepid Duo up close this time and got to witness the action first hand. Mama Mia, what an afternoon! It was a little like being dropped into the set of Men In Black III at Universal Studios- and we only went to lunch ;-)

Just so you know, in all of these episodes, the subtitles, underlines, bold words, and italics, are mine to emphasize the importance of what's being communicated, but the writing is all Don Croft. So sit back and buckle up. As that deep, baritone voiced announcer queries at the opening of the Art Bell show: "Wanna take a ride?"
.Ken Adachi]

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>
<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc45Apart07dec02.shtml>
December 7, 2002

Carol and I took circuitous route to deliver the chemtrails documentary to Stuart. We started out by eluding the NSA stalkers in Seattle, dropped a few healing devices around Mt. Rainier on the way to Taos, New Mexico, then picked up the CD in Los Angeles and took it to Stuart in San Francisco.

There are a lot of indicators that this rapacious world regime is losing control these days and our total success is only one of them, but it certainly bears reporting for the sake of historic record, if not for the sake of journalism. I mentioned the latter because, of course, none of what we're doing is reported with the intention of proving anything. Our hope and design is that these few people who are able, ready and willing will repeat what we've done and expand on it, as many have done already. We're happy to leave the proof to someone else.

I'm told that up to half the people who are posting on our forum are NSA, CIA, CSSA and Interpol moles and unwitting, stoned-out agent provocateurs, waiting for an opportunity to divide and destroy the cloudbuster network and erase our efforts (let's see who on the forum has the chutzpah to call me paranoid for offering this assessment ;-). Even that is encouraging and a confirmation because it only takes two or three of these agents to neutralize most other forums on the internet. Of course they'll fail, probably sooner than later, since all of the good stuff here is done by example, not by personality factors, and everyone's discouraged from imitation and blind acceptance. Those of us who operate in the field do so without human assistance when necessary and our networking is informal and 'un-organized.'

Much, if not most, of the cloudbuster, HHg, and towerbusting work is now done by people who don't even contact the forum. This is the most encouraging development to me, though they apparently closely follow the posts on the forum, so the forum will remain viable and essential to this global healing task.

It can't be argued that there are any kingpins or charismatic leaders here and that's also problematic for the world regime's espionage apparatus. The agents are finding it counterproductive to attack the Old Fart Himself, for instance.

Carol and I had brought a hundred tower busters and ten holy handgrenades along to create a nice buffer around my kids in Seattle and Mt. Vernon, WA (we thought) but after dropping the kids off at their mom's place in Mt. Vernon we 'decided' that we needed to get to Taos because the word, 'Taos' had shown up in a lucid dream Carol had two days before. We hadn't discussed that dream with anyone or outside a Succor Punch field until then.

At this point, unless one has taken steps to shield one's thoughts from the NSA psychics, those thoughts are as accessible as the PJ chumps in THE MATRIX were to 'the Agents.' It takes more than a Succor Punch to do that, unfortunately.

We'd had some success eluding the NSA stalkers by using Mr. Skull, my crystal-skull Succor Punch. The entity who was helping us through Mr. Skull has the ability to make whatever vehicle we're driving appear to be any vehicle we like. Carol has confirmed it by 'looking through the eyes' of the fed stalkers and police (ALL police forces are funded primarily by the feds these days) as they scan for us on the highways.

We made a NSA psychic in the restaurant in Seattle Thursday morning (Thanksgiving-I'd forgotten to bring my new super-telephoto camera into the restaurant) and that guy was the last one to see us until we arrived at Secret Buddy's house in Los Angeles five days later. The first two nights we experienced some frantic searching by the fed stalkers and I had to exercise some uncharacteristic self-discipline to keep them from accessing our location while I was in my alpha and beta states. I've since gotten better at that. On the second night, in Colorado, Carol woke me up around midnight and said, 'They're getting close; think about some other place!' After another couple of minutes, she said, 'It's okay, they're gone.' The first night we stayed in a little town in Idaho. We parked behind the building, so the fed pavement artists wouldn't be able to see our car. The psychics came out in force on night two.

Of course the NSA's been using psychics since their inception. I believe the CIA is primarily involved with electronic gadgetry and old-style pavement-artist surveillance, but the NSA uses a blend of satanic, ritual magic and technology to do its work-not surprising since the top NSA people are the 'National Security Council' who operate whoever has been appointed President of the United States. The movie, Hearts Over Atlantis, has some news that we tower busters can use these days about the true nature of fed psychics. 'Major Ed Dames' is a bad joke. 'Remote viewing Satan,' indeed ;-)

Have you noticed that the media whores are feasting on Dick Cheney's entrails now? We believe that's due to our informal network's having prevented Bush's assassination last month and our collectively 'interfering' with Chainsaw Cheney and the other US rats in the sinking ship of the world regime. If this sociopath fully intended to have his war on Saddam, we seriously doubt he'll be able to pull it off now, since he's essentially been shown to be out of balance. Like with too many rats in a small space, the one who shows weakness is eaten by the others (Better use a lot of spices in that meat, you remaining boys and girls sitting at the dungheap's summit!).

When my Doppelgangster is done with the NSA boss of the underground base at Yellowstone (they use Elizabeth Clair Prophet's nearby chumps as techie slave labor and blood sacrifices), I think I'll put him to work on Condoleza Rice, since I learned that all of the satanic rituals of 32d and 33d degree Freemasons and eighth and ninth degree Theosophists are carried out by women like her. Apparently Hillary Clinton wants to move up from being the baby slayer in those rituals ('It Takes a Lodge') to the boss position. It's always better to deal with the boss than with flunkies. All the ritual performers are flunkies, of course, but they're the ones who are actually operating the regime's occult engine of destruction.

I remind you that this is just my opinion, of course. Apparently enough people have similar opinions because the ten top jerks in America are not having a lot of fun these days. Just before we got busy with them in October

with Succor Punches, Big Secrets, radionics, etc., they were in pretty high spirits-remember? Just track their progress by looking at their photos from week to week.

Speaking of photos, have you noticed the look on Prince William's face lately? He looks like a bloody demon waiting to tear somebody's throat out. Also, his pop looks like he's aged ten years in the last year, otherwise Dad looks as oblivious as ever. Many are now saying that Prince William 'Arthur' is the Antichrist, the false prophet to be trotted out after we get martial law in America-and then the planet. I'm glad my grown kids didn't go through that phase in their teens. Yikes-I'd probably be dead as Diana now. Look at that guy's face and consider how many saps would buy into the 'World Savior' scam. Can you say, 'psychopath?' Here's where new age programming is likely to be put to its most severe test. It will be fun to watch if one has a strong stomach.

We rubbed energy fields with a lot of NSA agents since we let them find us on Monday morning (they still couldn't see us, but I'll get to that in Part Two) They were getting wound up tighter and tighter each day. The advantage we had was that they were unable to see us, so we got pretty close to them in their unguarded moments. I have to wonder how these folks survive a normal workday, surrounded as they are by people just like them (I probably don't want to understand that).

After Stuart got the documentary online and fixed (with his Succor Punch), the Man in Black who was in charge of interrupting cloud-busters.com's internet access, the downloads started from all over the world and we knew that Stuart Jackson wasn't going to be 'Ninja'd' out of this life for slapping the face of the NSA/CIA, so we all went to a restaurant to celebrate. The feds who were in there, waiting, gave us the most forlorn looks, like we'd shot their dogs. It was quite a spectacle. That's when I knew for sure that we'd all beaten the Mighty Fed Spook Agencies, playing by our own rules. They didn't even poison our food that evening, though even our waitress was an agent (psychic, too ;-).

It takes some effort and attention to stop the fed psychics from anticipating our moves. The fact that they've found very, very few of our orgonite devices can only be attributed to higher intervention, in my opinion. I'll continue to give detailed reports of how Carol and I elude these psychic weasels (not to give weasels a bad name, of course) and I hope everyone will try their hand at it. It's wonderfully fun and rewarding and it's getting less risky, day-to-day.

Some folks are mystified that we haven't been suicided. I'm told by folks who 'know something' that there have been many attempts. We're only aware of three from the regime and one from Bad ET. Some folks give me too much credit for courage. In fact, most of what looks like courage is simple oblivion. Carol's the one with real guts because she sees the threat on the astral plane and does this stuff anyway. She also sees the protection there, of course, but only because she has faith. Without faith, even the most potent psychics won't see the protection because they simply choose to live in fear instead. Caveat emptor.

We drove from Durango (where we spent the second night) to Taos, only stopping to heal a vortex at a mountain pass and two more in the high valley on whose eastern edge lies Taos. When we do those healings, the dark masters' agents are aware first, then the NSA, and then the CIA.

There's a place called Las Piezas (The Stones) on the western edge of Taos' valley, where the highway comes out of the mountains. Carol saw a large, weakened vortex at one of the small-hill sized stones which is on US Forest Service's area headquarters and horse farm, which were not occupied that day.

As we were walking back from placing the HHg, a late model sedan with darkened windows all around drove around the parking area, obviously looking for somebody (us). Carol said they didn't even see us, though we were in the open, close to the parking lot. She also said they're aliens, which is why the glass was blackened, that it was not likely even a car (we were apparently caused to perceive it that way) and that it came up from an underground facility very close by.

The valley's about forty miles wide at an elevation of 7,000 feet. Toward the eastern edge a very deep, narrow

canyon runs through it at the bottom of which flows the Rio Grande River over a series of cataracts.

Our next task was to drop a HHg into the river, so we walked out onto the middle of the bridge and had the good fortune to hit a pool instead of a rock, which would probably have shattered the HHg dropped a thousand feet or so.

We had the notion that this project has something to do with the Wingmakers and we were directed to a hill southwest of Taos, right after we checked into a hotel. For some reason it's easy to see where all the vortices are in that valley (and in many other places, thanks to all the cloudbusters) because the clouds spin [vortex] around them. These aren't ordinary clouds; they're the amorphous, wispy, white ones that I saw forming each afternoon on my initial Tower Busting research exercise in Southern Idaho in September. In that case, it formed over each town after all the deathforce and HAARP transmitters and arrays were neutralized.

It seems that a lot of Cbers mistake these clouds for chemtrail remnants (and get bummed out), but in fact, Carol and I believe we're witnessing a brand new cloud form. I saw these in Africa, where there are no chemtrails, so I think I'm correct about this.

It took some time to reach the hill vortex location southwest of town and that vortex is on land that the King of Spain had given to somebody in the 1500s. Carol went through the fence to put the HHg in the right spot, and then we went back to the hotel.

As we entered our room we realized that the electricity wasn't working. In fact the whole down had lost power a moment before and it wasn't restored for another hour. I asked a local store owner if this was common and he said it only happened during violent storms. The day was very pleasant, with a blue sky, warm temperatures and a light breeze.

One of the characteristics of a 'vortex cloud' is that it tends to develop into a cumulonimbus where there are drought conditions. Many people in drought areas have told me that their cloudbusters created rainstorms this way and I've witnessed it more than a few times.

These are obviously created locally, not blown in on a frontal system. Usually blue sky and smaller, cumulus clouds are seen all around and the rainstorm doesn't move away downwind. I enjoy watching people's faces more than the storm itself in those cases. I feel like the good witch, Glinda, in THE WIZARD OF OZ, saying, 'Wake up!' at times like that.

Also, these vortex clouds in North American drought regions are routinely suppressed by a type of chemtrail that dissipates clouds. I think that's a variation of silver iodide, but I'm not sure. These clouds are normally formed around the higher mountains in some areas. When a cloudbuster is within a hundred miles or so, these mountaintops are constantly wreathed with raining or snowing clouds.

After we did the vortex southwest of Taos, we saw cumulus beginning to form in the outer tendrils of that cloud and the other vortex clouds extended toward each other and thickened into cumulus, as well. By the next morning, it was raining. Carol said that what we did allowed the vortices to re-connect after having been isolated from each other by ritual dark magic and HAARP. The vitality of the atmosphere in that region is so strong that chemtrails don't last more than a few seconds. There were several spewplanes crisscrossing the skies over the valley and mountains when we were there. I think the nearest cloudbusters to Taos are in Santa Fe and Durango.

We think that anyone who visits Chaco Canyon, farther west, and puts a HHg in the right area will break the NSA's control of the Wingmaker archaeological site and allow the information to finally go public instead of being distorted on the internet. How about it, Santa Fe Cbers? Let me know if you want map-dowsing data.

The trip to Los Angeles from New Mexico was unremarkable except that we noticed that the Lemurians are blocking all the HAARP effects from reaching Navajo/Hopi land, where it was raining nicely. There was a lot of

HAARP stuff going on south of there along Interstate 40, but the green and magenta bordered Lemurian lenticulars [clouds] created a sort of wall-in-the-sky, beyond which none of the striations, which are characteristic of HAARP transmissions [a highly striated, banded-cloud look], could be seen north of the highway, which runs along the southern border of the huge Navajo Reservation. The Hopi Reservation is squarely in the middle of Navajo land. And there are three cloudbusters around the Hopis' perimeter.

By the fourth night, we experienced no more probing by NSA psychics, but we'd been dogged by a sort of Draconian ET group for a couple of weeks and they always seemed to know where to find us. We'd successfully discouraged them from exerting pressure on Carol's head, but were having some problem getting one of them to leave me alone. Carol eventually chopped off his left arm, but he kept at me, sort of like the Black Knight in MONTY PYTHON'S HOLY GRAIL.

Carol says they have gray skin and are sort of like mules, used by the Draconians specifically for harassment/murder. She says they've been bred to have low intelligence and suicidal determination. I asked Carol to stop harming the guy who was hurting my back and neck and to let him know that we love him and that stopped it for both of us.

There's a certain dynamic involved in applying Christ's teachings that seems to have escaped most Christians and has certainly eluded the head-oriented Theosophists (and, by extension, all the mentally-programmed New Agers) who insist that Jesus is 'one of them' and a clever ritual magic adept rather than a Divine Manifestation, Who is beyond their jacked-up mental comprehension, but easily found through anyone's healthy heart chakra.

Just as 'everyone who talks about heaven isn't going there', I hope that you aren't tricked into believing that anyone who talks about selfless love can demonstrate it. In the realm of action, money talks and BS walks. If fine rhetoric was sufficient, all the good talkers who have run from this fight at the first sign of actual opposition would still be out there busting towers instead of sniping at the ones who are still at it or disappearing off the radar screen altogether.

Lao Tse's dissertation on the power of humility can round the average Christian's understanding of Jesus' sacrifice so that he/she can get past the phony elitism and Gnostic mishmash that the clergy foisted on him/her for two millennia. You can bet Jesus didn't go out with a whimper as we're led to believe, nor did human limitations ever factor in to his earthly work.

We paid a visit to Secret Buddy, somewhere in Los Angeles, but that's the only part I can't talk about until he decides it's okay. He's the one with the most serious dropped-jaw syndrome regarding our survival under the circumstances. I wish I could share some of his stories. Maybe he'll agree to co-author a book with us someday.

The really fun stuff started when we connected-the next day-- with Cbswork [Los Angeles member of www.forum.cloud-busters.com], who made good on his promise and metaphorically chained us to the galley bench (our convertible) and made us use our bucket o' towerbusters in his grand scheme, which he'll describe when it's done. The whip he wielded on Carol and I was the enticement of letting us see, firsthand, the fruits of LAARP's ['Los Angeles Atmosphere Reclamation Project'] labor to date and also of letting us participate in some of the juiciest bits of their regional campaign.

He promised to post a full account of his insights and accomplishments in the project. I suspect that the other LAARP members--Rick, Pickles and Andy--will then share what they've done in this campaign, too. When you see how simple and obvious it is, you'll slap your forehead, as I did.

Episode 46

NSA Versus the Cloud-Busters Gang

Part 2

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc46Bpart07dec02.shtml>

December 7, 2002

It was a dark and stormy night.

Just kidding-I always wanted to write that.

It's fitting that Stuart got the documentary online the day before the Pearl Harbor Attack anniversary. I wonder just how much mayhem we've all just prevented just by exposing the skid marks on the regime's lacy panties this way. If you consider how vigorously the NSA/CIA operatives have tried to prevent this from being available to you we can assume that it's pretty damaging to the regime's predatory agenda.

I'm told that the people who are considered the most courageous on the Internet flatly refused to make this available on their 'underground' sites and plainly stated that they considered it too much of a physical risk to do so. We're pleased to death that Stuart got the opportunity to scoop this. Maybe now, the countless hours and immeasurable effort he's put into this project will now bring him some well-deserved material rewards and recognition.

Getting back to Cbswork's cracking whip, three days before The Event, we put the convertible top down so we could all get plenty of swing in our drive-by towerbuster throws.

Mr. Brand of Glendale, California

First, though, we visited Mr. Brand's pyramid, secreted away at the base of the foothills in Glendale. This is one of the two main anchor points of all of the satanic energy in the Los Angeles Basin. The other anchor point pyramid is near the HOLLYWOOD sign, probably where all those deathforce transmitters are.

We decided against stealth, though our host had reconned the area and found a back-entrance trail. We parked in the lot of the 'library' nearby and walked straight past a fortuitously open gate, up the road, over a 'Do Not Cross-Police Line' yellow tape and right up to the enclosure wherein sat the 13' high granite pyramid, surrounded by the graves of some of Brand's misbegotten. Brand donated the land on which Glendale sits with the stipulation that this pyramid be perpetually protected by the City of Glendale. He croaked in the 1890s.

A little background: most of the land around that part of LA was bought by top Masonic adepts and the purpose from the beginning was to create a metropolis, founded on satanic energy for the purpose of exploitation. Of course, as Mohammad said, 'Men plot and God plots, and God is the best plotter,' so what we're seeing now is that ALL of the efforts expended by the Satanists are now being turned into fonts of healing energy.

We were careful not to put any of the devices where they'd be easily found and removed, and we also followed Cbswork's habit of 'over-gifting,' and quickly removed ourselves after seeing the requisite hawks bring us visual confirmation that we'd got it done right.

A fedmobile rounded the bend on the road up to the shrine just as we hopped over the yellow tape on our way out and the crew-cut guy gave us The Look, apparently having failed to see where we'd been. Right after that, another fed in hiking regalia and with a gun in his fanny pack walked up the road, passed us, and gave us an even grimmer look. He then took the wrong turn, just as his chum did ;-)

We immediately saw the smog clear away from the hills and as we drove toward Hollywood for Phase Two the clearing action preceded us until the entire town and valley was free of smog. The hillside closest to the shrine was as dead as Mt. St. Helens. A quarter mile on either side the hills were verdant.

On the way to Glendale, our host pointed out the two layers of smog over the city itself, which was uncharacteristically visible from the Pasadena Freeway. We saw the top layer gradually get sucked down into the cloudbusters that were ranged around the city and he told us that this is now a daily occurrence. By the time we were done with Hollywood, the smog was gone there, too. There's essentially no more smog from Monrovia all the way through the San Fernando Valley. People who are in their seventies have said they've never experienced this in Pasadena, which is in the middle.

Atmosphere Reclamation in Southern California

The reason I'd donated cloudbusters to Cbswork is that I had a hunch that he knew how to best deploy them in Southern California, which I've called the regime's death-energy Stalingrad. His resounding success on Mt. Palomar was the best confirmation I'd gotten before our visit, but seeing and feeling LA in such a pleasant state was much more impressive proof that my hunch was on target. I'd never been able to take more than 12 hours in Southern California before without wanting to tear my hair out but we spent four days there and I now believe I could actually live there if need be because the energy from LAARP's [Los Angeles Atmosphere Reclamation Project] efforts is so nice-it felt to me like the way you might think it should feel after watching all the movies that were filmed there. Newport Beach would be my choice because of all the interesting boats.

We'd been to LA several times since we first dropped a CB there in June of 2001 (that one was gone by August). This time, the smog was considerably diminished all the way from Victorville, which is in the desert on old US Route 66 that comes into Los Angeles from Chicago, through San Bernardino, where there's a cloudbuster on the ley line connecting Palomar with Shasta and the Oregon Vortex, across the western, previously smoggiest, part of LA, into Pasadena and the San Fernando Valley. Everywhere we went in Southern California we could see the stars at night. I'm told that this almost never happened in LA for at least fifty years. There are actually LOTS of proofs that LAARP is living up to its namesake: Los Angeles Atmosphere Reclamation Project.

Maybe now that it can be seen that disabling the world regime's deadly apparatus carries no physical risk any more, LAARP's ranks will swell and the countless thousands of deathforce transmitters will quickly be turned into orgone generators. The real glory, though, has been earned by Rick, Pickles, Cbsworks and Andy, in my opinion.

Organizing the Lawn

On the way to and from Hollywood we graced Forest Lawn Cemetery with a necklace of towerbusters, thrown with panache from the car. We also did the Triads' condo complex next to one of the big movie studios.

I chose the towerbuster sample that Georg Ritschl had sent us from Africa, though, to free Marilyn Monroe's ghost from the hotel where she was stuck. I did that on foot and lovingly ;-)

Hollywood

Then we went to work on the Hollywood Hills and got a weird version of a Hollywood Tour from our host, who drove. I'm not clear on how much of this to share, since it gets into some of the proprietary stuff LAARP is doing, but suffice it to say that all of the satanic energy that the Theosophists instilled into Hollywood prior to Krishnamurti's 'waking up' to Alice Bailey's intent in 1929 is no longer operating in favor of the regime that the founder of the Lucifer Trust (Bailey) so diligently served until her demise. Lucifer Trust was renamed Lucis Trust, surreptitiously, after a journalist asked some sharp public questions about 'Lucifer's' close connection to the United Nations. I think that happened in the mid eighties.

Krishnamurti moved from Hollywood to Ojai when he discovered the satanic nature of his affiliation with Bailey in that year and lived out his days as a relatively free man but the bad ritual magic stuff never missed a beat on that hill that has the HOLLYWOOD sign, up until about December 3, 2002. Rudolph Steiner had jumped Theosophy's ship years before Krishnamurti did when Alice Bailey offered to promote Rudi as 'John the Baptist's Reincarnation.' If you're still stuck in these constructs, what will it take to wake you up? Just remember that the regime rides along on your good intention and innocence, so don't feel that all the Really Good stuff you know is

negated when you discover the evil of the folks who created all that overlaid mental programming.

The fedmobiles created a veritable traffic jam, which showed us that we were doing it right, and a chopper fairly parked over the top of that hill for several hours, probably right over the pyramid. What Cretins. The road was blocked that day, so we couldn't drive to the top. When the regime's back is turned, I expect one of LAARP will get up there and finish the job if they haven't already. It's a very important target. You could rent a horse any day of the week at the stable at the end of the paved road leading to the top, so if you're as pitifully out of shape as I am you can still get there without pain and exhaustion. I have faith at this point that Marc Melton's excellent 'Skinny Elixir' will disappear my recently acquired midriff, as it did for my lovely wife. (Marc@uncle-earls-elixirs.com is the way to reach him.) I've been using his Energy Elixir, which is why I can get so much done these days without taking my Old Man Naps.

We ranged out to the other Hollywood hills from there and used up most of the rest of the hundred or so towerbusters Carol and I had brought. Carol got a nice picture of me shooting a towerbuster into Lake Hollywood, which we couldn't get close enough to for tossing. The Sign is in the background of that photo. Cbswork disdains my spudgun and even my little plastic flinger, but I had to have my fun nevertheless. Jeez, Cbswork!-when you get past fifty-two you get a sore arm from throwing all day long. I'm going to rig up a sling, like David used against Goliath. I think I can get a hundred-yard towerbuster throw that way.

We didn't stick around long after I fired off the spudgun, what with all the paranoia in upscale neighborhoods like that about swarthy-skinned bomb throwers. I think I actually saw a bumper sticker there with George W. Bush's name on it, strange to say. I'm told that only extremist Republicans actually support that moronic handpuppet. Why not pledge allegiance to Charley McCarthy and Lambchop while you're at it?

Is the Joy of Artillery something that not everyone would appreciate? Maybe it goes into the same category as PeeWee Herman. Shame on you if you enjoy shooting a small cannon, but won't admit it!

I have the sense that the regime will hang on until the last shred of power is taken from them, so even if they 'capitulate' we're going to need to go around and undo all the bad stuff they will still have in operation. This will help to ensure that they won't subvert the good political and spiritual work that we're doing right now.

Even though the 101st Airborne Division, at least, is on the verge of a military coup we need to make sure that a real, representative government gets established ASAP. It would be so natural and easy with the internet to make that happen. The military is more susceptible to subversion than an elected body and it takes generations to subvert a legislature. I bet the Illuminati already have a large number of agents among the military patriots already.

We believe the top rats in the world regime have been looking for safety for about six months because they see the trends faster than their flunkies (like the ten bloodthirsty North American chumps on our list) do and you can bet they don't share information like that with anyone.

If anyone thinks that 'White Knights' are going to charge in and rescue us, please think again. It's not the nature of the military to govern. I don't wish to trade a bloated, sluggish, unarmed enemy (the regime's Illuminati, whose only weapon is mind control) for an armed, organized one in any event, do you?

Fun at Hotel Fed

We got a hotel room in Glendale for two nights and were treated with every imaginable beam weapon, room-rummaging by the feds, phone shenanigans, etc. I may as well have rented a room at Langley. I slept through it all, of course, but Carol got smacked all night long the second night (after we did Hollywood) from the room above and didn't sleep at all until I put Mr. Skull to work on the CIA delinquents overhead. Carol's still in the process of learning that it's a good idea to wake me up when that stuff starts instead of waiting several hours.

Mobile Beamer Meets Orgone Field

Speaking of psyops, we were having a late lunch in an outdoor café in Glendale after we did Hollywood, practically hand feeding french-fries to the sparrows, when Cbswork turned white and fell back in his chair. Carol, seeing that, immediately put up a shield and only experienced some discomfort.

Later we figured out that the weapon was in a fedmobile van that had just arrived at a parking spot about twenty feet from where we were sitting and that if we hadn't been so infused with all that orgone it probably would have caused a heart attack in one or two of us. That led to some interesting speculation on the viability of the CIA's most favored energy weaponry in a strong orgone field. We had no orgonite devices with us at the moment, so we WERE the field. Thank Grid Colonel Beardon is full of crap when he writes (in his inimitable, unintelligible style) about the invincible scalar weaponry of the secret government!

There were two uniformed policemen in the restaurant, assigned to watch us there. One cop car was parked by our car and I was planning an expeditious exit in the opposite direction if I'd seen cops standing around there, since the spudgun was in the backseat and the top was still down. Carol had wisely covered it with her jacket but I didn't know that and besides the cop just parked there to intimidate us. I think they had donuts in that restaurant, so we were safe at any rate. We've all heard horror stories about LAPD. I envisioned a ten-second Rodney King videotape loop with me on the ground, surrounded by demonstrative Blue Knights with billy clubs. I only envisioned that briefly, of course ;-)

For our readers who lament that they never see anything like this when they're out busting towers, let me remind you that 1) it's probably there, but you're not aware of it; 2) you may need to try harder-maybe it only gets really overt after you've cost the regime a billion dollars in disabled equipment. If you're psychic and are busting towers, my guess is that you're seeing it all and that if you lack faith you won't continue after they slap you one time.

They didn't even try box surveillance this time, so I guess our reputation preceded us. We did make several NSA and CIA pavement artists, who tailed us as soon as they saw us, and Cbswork was a bit scandalized when I yelled, waved and/or pointed at them because he's got a family to think about and I was really making a couple of the agents angry. I pointed out to him, though, that they quickly left us alone after that. None of them followed us when we went into the Hollywood neighborhoods, for instance, and we had a good twenty private minutes to fire off the TB into Lake Hollywood and pre-bust a nearby tower array, which was under construction.

Speaking of towers, that was the only time we put orgonite near towers intentionally that day. The plan LAARP is carrying out doesn't involve busting towers at all, which is what makes it twice as astonishing to me in light of what they're accomplishing. They bust towers, too, of course. I wish I could say more. It's not arcane or exclusive. Absolutely anyone could do this and no special crystals, water, rituals, programming, etc., are essential to the plan, though all of the above are being added to make it that much better. I'm particularly glad to have this opportunity to demonstrate that healing the atmosphere is not a Croft exclusive by any means. After this all plays out in the coming years, our part will be seen as a significant contribution to a much wider grassroots effort. The Messiah complex is one of the features built into the Lucis Trust mental programming and lots of folks have unwittingly fallen into that trap and are no longer viable. That's why I mentioned Krishnamurti and Steiner in this context. They went on to lead productive lives after discovering, at a relatively early age, that their affiliation with the regime's humanist doctrine/dogma and hierarchy was counterproductive, spiritually. Like the young folks who look for enlightenment in hallucinogens, they came to see that they thought they were heading for Mecca, but ended up in Istanbul.

The way I see it, most of the occult information held by Masonic and Theosophical (Atlantean?) secret societies is valid, but it's lifeless. The unwitting adherents who still possess the life force and follow the doctrines associated with this information are the ones who make it appear alive, not the men and women at the top, whose hearts are as lifeless as a discarded shoe. Carol and I and many others now use sacred geometry and other occult information, formerly considered the domain of these secret orders, but we're using it to create and promote life, not to suppress it and parasitically exploit it. The simple discovery that orgonite and crystals can exponentially increase the power latent in form may someday rank as a major scientific/spiritual achievement.

Let's leave the Nobel Prize to the Kissingers and fake scientists, though, okay? I'd sooner accept an honorary membership in NAMBLA-at least they're upfront about their perverse orientation and purpose.

Our work stands on its own, so we don't need flowery rhetoric or abstruse claims to fool you into accepting it. Also, there's so much pollution in the above-mentioned orders that real proof of the potential of this information is hidden from the adherents until they reach the stage where they're not likely to exit the program except by death, either natural or contrived. It could be that the most secrecy-damaging aspect of our work is that ordinary people like you and I can now do Big Magic without committing to a satanic order. I stopped counting the number of psychics who go cross-eyed at witnessing what you and I can now do without their abilities and training. The sweet part is that you may not even see this yourself yet, but that doesn't stop you from exerting a great deal of power in anchoring the emerging, enabling paradigm and extricating humanity from the retreating, exploitive one.

Reich wrote, in his private notes, that Einstein represented the last concerted effort of materialistic (dead) science to maintain control over the way we perceive reality. Reich credited his resounding successes in the physical sciences with having come from the study of how the mind works, which is essentially an organic, life-oriented approach to science. It's a good thing for us all that Freud, his former, very jealous mentor, contrived to have Reich blackballed forever from practicing psychiatry on this planet, though of course, if he'd pursued that course, he would have infused psychiatry with true spirituality and maybe we wouldn't have the Dr. Jolyon Wests destroying innocent people with mind control these days.

Unseen Protection

How many of us are seeing by now that if it weren't for some profound protection and guidance we'd all be chasing our tails, leisurely picked off (suicided), in the customary way, by CIA operatives under the direction of somebody like Ted, the Creepy-Crowley? When in the history of the planet have amateurs such as ourselves been allowed to systematically disable, with complete impunity, a costly predatory apparatus such as the chemtrail program, HAARP and the deathforce transmitter network? What we're all doing is sort of like somebody in 1930s Russia walking up to Stalin, stomping on his gouty toe and poking him in the eye, then walking away and going about his life as before. Think about it. This means we're being protected, so have faith and keep following your excellent instincts!

Victory Requires Engagement

I know I can be rough on the Love and Light Brigade, but I'm trying to get them past their programmed reluctance to face and oppose evil. Nobody I know is more loving than I am, even toward the baby killers like Hillary Clinton and George W. Bush, but it's not contradictory to love somebody and restrain them from harming others at the same time. I personally believe it's an act of love on behalf of everyone to stop their mayhem by any means within universal law.

A certain amount of aggression is required to energetically restrain a predator, which means that spiritual warfare is not unlike street fighting. If you're calling yourself 'fearless' and 'spiritual warrior', don't be duped into believing that the only enemy is you, okay? I bet you dollars to donuts that you'll never hurt anyone. The regime's payroll predators, on the other hand, will cook and eat your young children if given half a chance and we all need to disable their unseen handlers.

The Tower Busters Brigade Needs You

Let's get real! Time's short now that they're blatantly waving the SS flag in our faces. Note that the Homeland Security Service is literally using the old Nazi SS eagle as its logo. How blatant does it have to be before you finally realize that they're leering at you and sharpening their knives now?

The European Jews relied on piety and uprightness to save them from the Gestapo, right up until the middle of 1945. If that didn't work for them, why do you think it's going to help you this time? We don't need bullets to win this war. As I mentioned, it's a spiritual battlefield. Orgonite is the magic bullet, but it needs to be used widely,

not kept under our beds or in our gardens. Be as saintly as you want, but please keep getting out there and destroying the regime's energy foundation.

The heavily programmed, head-oriented people can parrot one hell of a fine yarn about selfless love, service to others, 'ascension,' 'karma,' etc., but the real test is putting all this fine rhetoric to work in the disdained 3D world, which, let's face it, we live in right now. Don't be like the pedant in the sewer (an old Sufi analogy) who won't accept a helping hand from passersby because their verbal offers to help don't fit his high grammatical standards.

Go ahead and call Holy Handgenades 'Hugs' and 'Harmonizers' and Towerbusters 'Treats' but just keep on getting them to spots which will take the earth's fine energy away from the predatory, parasitic regime, okay?

This is taking more pages than I had thought, so I'll continue this in Part Three. I need to write about our meeting with Marc Melton and Ken Adachi, then about the events leading to our successful meeting with Stuart in San Francisco.

Don Croft

Episode 47

NSA Versus the Cloud-Busters Gang

Part 3

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc47Cpart07dec02.shtml>

December 7, 2002

San Diego

Cbswork got about forty new tower busters together for us for Thursday so we could continue LAARP's campaign toward San Diego. Somebody else would have done that, but we wanted to contribute some more toward their comprehensive effort on our way to meet Marc Melton, the notorious Agent M2. I'll get a word or two in here about our meeting with James and Rose Mary Hughes in Ashland, Oregon, on our way home from California [Part 4].

What struck us was the savage nature of the energy of San Diego, which hasn't had the good fortune to experience LAARPs healing endeavors. Marc is the only person in that whole wide metropolitan area who has a cloudbuster, to the best of our knowledge, and his ceaseless efforts since his arrival on the forum late last summer had only made a dent in the overall deadening energy field there.

We were rather disoriented by all that dead orgone and were caught off guard because we'd already gotten accustomed to the relatively mellow ambience of Los Angeles (I swear I'd never have expected to put 'mellow' in the same sentence as 'Los Angeles').

Marc is a joy to be around, though, so our trepidation was completely offset by his scintillating presence. Here's a guy who really puts his money where his mouth is, too, and has proven his willingness to enter the dragon's mouth with nothing to back him up but his own faith and native abilities. We were glad to find that he's initiated his own approach to planetary healing, based on energizing the lines connecting the major earth-star grid point vortices. There's one of these major vortices very close to the underground base in Mexico that he successfully neutralized last month and though the regime found and removed both of the devices he so painstakingly put there, he's already arranging to get it done permanently next time.

In pragmatic terms, when we feel that astral eyes are on us, we're probably correct, so imagining the source of intrusion, impaling the visitor on our healing Succor Punch beam and then expelling him does the job. It gets easier with each episode and that little flicker of movement in our peripheral vision [astral entities] gets less and less frequent if we remember to follow our instincts more carefully and consistently.

We hope and expect that his innate gift with herbal medicine will soon finance a widespread campaign to realize his inspired planetary healing vision. In case you haven't tried his Uncle Earl's Elixirs, please do so and you'll see why we don't want to be without them any more. He's always happy to discuss his fine products if you email him at marc@uncle-earls-elixirs.com

Carol and I believe that it's okay that some of the devices in Mexico and China were found for two reasons: the world regime now knows that even their most cherished and secret facilities are easily found and neutralized by our network and they're showing us that we need to pay closer attention to the importance of psychically shielding our location from them during our most sensitive operations. Also, this may point out the importance of over-gifting and the notion that 'close' counts with horseshoes and hand grenades (in this case, holy ones).

Carol's Secrets

My wife keeps some secrets from me because I have a big mouth, which is okay because if it weren't for my big mouth we'd both be pushing up daisies by now or strung up on some dungeon wall.

One of those secrets is her ability to make us invisible to predators, both the physical and astral kind. My own efforts with Mr. Skull seem pretty crude next to that, though Mr. Skull has no peer in certain other applications.

Our success in eluding the feds for all that time can be attributed to a combination of higher intervention, Carol's skills and the ineptness of the fed stalkers. If I can get more specific instructions out of this I'll share it with you, but it's still pretty new to me, so all I can do is report what we experienced for now.

Cbswork told us that when he asked his Succor Punch to make him invisible to predators it was a problem in traffic because so many people there are predators that he had to drive Very Defensively before he thought to modify his request and apply it only to the alleged government's own stalkers.

At least one fedmobile came close to colliding with us on a freeway in LA last week. I had to slam on my brakes when he changed lanes to where our car was.

Mr. Skull

To the best of my knowledge, the entity who brought me that crystal skull and inspired me to put a mobius coil around his head like a hippie headband is Hermes, the originator of the sciences who is revered by Freemasons as their pre-Egyptian founder. I think the Theosophy folks call him Hilarion, though the guy they're calling by that name is probably a ringer, just one of the dark masters in astral costume, as is St. Germain, in my opinion.

I'm certainly not prepared to defend my assessment, but it feels right to me. They're great guns on using ringers for damn near everything, which will be apparent if they try to trot that psychopath, Prince William, out onto the world stage as the return of Jesus Christ ;-)

Most psychics are rather uncomfortable in the presence of Mr. Skull, and some have intimated that there's some dark force at work in there. I wonder if that reticence has something to do with the raw power that Mr. Skull represents. I heard a story one time about some Kabbalistic adepts who accessed the force of Creation. Most of them were literally destroyed by the power, but the only one who wasn't affected by it was the one who didn't want personal power.

Carol liked it better before I put the mobius headband on, but I figure that if you're going to a street brawl it's a good idea to bring along a dirty fighter, since ALL on the opposing team are dirty fighters. If you new agers want to engage in these fisticuffs, you'd better wear a tin cup because your high mindedness and collegiate style will probably cause you to leave your vitals unprotected. Talking about love and fuzzy things won't stop them from going for the gonads, you can bet. I wish I could count the number of times I've had to hold the hands (via email) of the new agers in this campaign who have engaged the regime on the field and were surprised that the regime fights back after they've just disabled a few of their million-dollar deathforce transmitters. I get a kick out of the ones who expect the NSA/CIA to honor their 'non-aggression' entreaties after the fact ;-)

Mr. Skull and my Doppelgangster are apparently old buddies, so they work well together and I'm not naïve enough to assume they need my supervision once they've agreed to take on another human target.

Love can take many forms. It may be a stretch for you to accept that I can love Jay Rockefeller while I subject him to the double whammy of Mr. Skull and my Doppelgangster but I don't see a contradiction. After all, Jay's upper chakras are probably getting a good workout for the first time since he was first ritually abused as a small boy in an effort to get the poor little bugger's higher chakras shut down and everyone wins when we play this game.

Reptilian Testimonials?

I wish those old Draconians who now occasionally ask for a dose from my Succor Punch would write a testimonial for me so I wouldn't have to contend with you Love and Light guys any more. They were the scariest predators, by far, when we first got started with our cloudbuster two years ago. Condoleza Rice, with human infant blood dripping from her chin, looks like a warm-hearted schoolmarm next to these guys. Imagine a stretched out version of Richard Gephart on crack cocaine (Prozac?) and with an attitude and you have an approximation of what these alien fellows' merciless aspect was. Now they're not so bad to have around. I bet they know some terrific stories and jokes.

After visiting Marc we had just enough time to finish our assignment in LAARP's proprietary campaign and get to a motel for the night in Temecula. Carol was pretty exhausted from spending two nights in Glendale's CIA Central (Days Inn) so that night she slept very well. The feds didn't find the car until early morning. They lost it again as soon as Carol renewed her spell, of course.

Orange County, California

We drove over to Capistrano (returning, as it were, like the salmon ;-)) on the way to see Ken and did some more work for LAARP on the way, since nobody would be likely to drive along this mountain highway anytime soon. We weren't able to spot Palomar, but Carol could see that the energy coming off the mountain was vibrant and clean, still, from Cbswork's efforts there. Capistrano must have a cloudbuster because everyone we saw had a smile and the atmosphere there was pristine.

We called Ken Adachi after we arrived in Orange County. At one point, in Newport Beach, we were walking along the street while getting an oil change and a fed in a spy-tech work truck made a U-turn right in front of us in an effort to locate us. The guy looked right at both of us and didn't recognize us. We had let our guard down for a bit before we stopped at Jiffy Lube and a quiet chopper spotted us and started circling. Carol did the invisibility ritual and the chopper flew aimlessly away, then we started seeing a plethora of fedmobiles while the car was in the shop and we did the tourist thing along the waterfront. That was fun.

Ken told us to meet him by an oriental market and we thought, 'Oh, great-look for a small, middle aged oriental man at an oriental market!' But we recognized him right away somehow.

He took us to a Japanese Restaurant in Costa Mesa and there were two feds in the booth close to the door when we arrived, so we abandoned the notion that we'd have any privacy. Ken puts all of our stuff on his popular site, www.educate-yourself.org, and in our view that makes him a close ally. Though he might not acknowledge it, he's sacrificed a lot over the years to inform humanity to the best of his ability (that's saying a great deal). I got the Joe Cell information from his site a few months before we made a cloudbuster, and I know he's been on the cutting edge longer than we have.

I get the sense that all of us who are now waking up want, more than anything else, to be free of the old constraints that have been imposed on us, practically since birth, by the world regime. I suspect there are many paths one can take to get out of this maze, but Carol and I have chosen to demolish the maze itself rather than just to escape from it.

Ken's provided every bit of information at his disposal to assist all of us in our efforts to win this global spiritual war and information has taken the place of bullets in this campaign. A bullet is only useful if it reaches its target and information is only useful if it can be applied to a constructive solution, so it's up to each of us to 'educate ourselves' these days. Other sites focus on problems, only, and the net effect is that they lead us to feel discouraged and even hopeless in the face of the mountain of dilemmas, most of which were created solely by the world regime. Ken's efforts are applied in the direction of finding solutions to the Big Problems that the other sites only whine about. I think he deserves a medal for that and certainly not a posthumous one.

Although he does this mostly without giving a thought to his own personal advantage, I hope that anyone who wants a Terminator will buy one from him rather than from Carol and I, since this will offset, in a small way, some of the sacrifices he makes daily to keep us all informed and up to speed.

The Perils of Eavesdropping

A funny thing happened when we were saying goodbye to Ken in the vicinity of the oriental market: I got an urge to show him my spudgun, so I took it out of the trunk, loaded the chamber with propellant (Right Guard) deodorant, the brown can, works best and leaves no residue-it even smells good after you fire it off) and ignited it, which produced a satisfying BOOM that turned everyone's head for a quarter mile around, but not before I got it secreted back into the car's trunk.

Carol immediately walked over to a fedmobile that was half-hidden a hundred yards away. When she got back she said that an NSA fellow in that car was listening to us all through one of those distant-sound isolators and amplifiers with headphones when I set off the spudgun, but he scooted posthaste after I blasted the thing and he saw Carol coming. She made sure he saw her wave at him before he left. I bet his ears are still ringing from that Greatly Amplified spudgun explosion.

Carol had pointed out most of the feds who were around when we were with Ken. Like everyone else, he'd never noticed them before. It's quite a shock to all of us when we first realize just how utterly molested our privacy is, which is why Carol and I relish the times when we're completely free of surveillance, as when we're in our home and occasionally when we're out on patrol. I think we're all heading to a time, soon to come, when we'll be able to easily disable all surveillance, even the psychic hacking that accesses us through our old mental programming. Of course, potheads and drunks won't ever experience this until they've overcome their addictions. Until then, they're all simply walking videocams and unwitting agents of the regime and we avoid closely associating with them, if possible, for that reason.

Road Rage

We left Ken around 5:30PM and it took us two hours to drive through Los Angeles along Interstate 5 on the way to San Francisco. We didn't bother counting the fedmobiles that were out looking for us, but that's when one of them nearly ran me off the road. The succession went like this as we drove through their designated jurisdictions: a chump part-time fed in his own cheap car would scurry by us, then a regulation fedmobile or two, then a SAIC in a very expensive car with blacked-out windows all around would hurry by, attempting to do what his flunkies had failed to accomplish. That happened two or three times by the time we reached the San Joaquin Valley. They had a pretty good idea we were going to see Stuart by now to hand him the chemtrail documentary CD.

It was 11PM by the time we got to a stopping place and we didn't expect the feds not to find our car by this point because they had apparently made it a top priority and had put damn near everyone who could drag himself across the floor out to find us. When Carol goes to sleep the invisibility spell wears pretty thin.

Calling Card, 'Goodfellows' Style

An hour later, I went out to get something out of the car and found an oil spill under the engine that ran to a low spot in the pavement and pooled. I was too tired to deal with it and it was apparently no longer spilling out, so I just went back to bed.

The next morning there was only a faint trace of the spilled oil and even the pool had been wiped up. I knew that oil doesn't just absorb into sealed pavement that way and when Carol got to the car she said, "A guy just stopped me by the soda machine just now and made a point of telling me what a beautiful morning it was. When he was talking, I saw an image of him trying to put a bomb in the car last night, but having failed because you showed up and rattled him pretty badly. I simply told him, 'What you did last night didn't work,' and walked away." Then I showed her the traces of the spilled oil.

I got in the car and turned the ignition key, not yet connecting what she just told me with what I was seeing. She later told me that when she was sitting in the passenger seat she held her breath, half expecting it to be her last. He'd obviously sat in the driver seat the night before because Mr. Skull, who was standing upright behind the lumbar support pillow after I got out the night before, was on his side when I opened the door and moved the pillow. I bet Mr. Skull goosed that CIA murderer when he sat down. Maybe he did it with Love and Light-who knows?

The San Joaquin valley is perpetually smog-bound and part of this is due to the fact that the only cloudbusters are in Sacramento and Bakersfield, as far as I know. The skies over both cities are in pretty good shape and there's less smog there, but somebody really needs to Do Something for the area in which most of America's produce is grown, don't you think?

DOR Crop Water & Ritual Magicians

Though we were in a hurry, we stopped to toss a slightly buoyed Holy Handgrenade in an irrigation canal along the way. I tape some floatation material to the point so that it will land on its bottom, on the bottom, instead of top down. Carol's able to get them to land upright every time in water, but the only time I was able to do that was when Greggus took me to the spring in the vortex on the Bohemian Grove grounds last June. I dropped it after reaching down into the water up to my armpit. Still doubting that it landed right, I moved aside the water weeds and saw that it did, indeed land upright another two feet or so beyond my reach. Greggus had no doubt at all and was amused, I think, at my lack of confidence. I don't take chances any more and tape and plastic foam packing material is cheap and plentiful. Richard in Reno told me that he dropped an HHg in Lake Tahoe recently after having followed my recommendation to tape a Styrofoam ball to the point and the whole thing just floated away. He told me that seagulls immediately started pecking at the Styrofoam and that the thing was sure to sink pretty soon. I know of another case of seagull intervention that's pretty remarkable, too.

When I parked, Carol received a strong warning not to get out of the car. My insistence to her to come along and share the fun sort of overwhelmed her better judgment, though, and a weasel crossed our path on the way to the canal, a quarter mile away down a dirt road. Carol was immediately attacked by a number of ritual magicians (should have paid attention to the warner, not to me) and on the way back she twisted her ankle on level ground and fell down. As I approached the canal, I experienced a strong 'Don't Do It!' resonant emotion from the bad guys, so I knew, right away, that these canals were being used to carry a LOT of concentrated dead orgone to the crops in the fields.

I would like to spend a month in the San Joaquin Valley and the adjoining hills and reservoirs with Carol if somebody doesn't beat us to it by next summer.

San Francisco

The trip into the Bay Area was not remarkable except that the hundreds of expensive wind generators in the hills east of the metro area were completely still due to lack of wind. If anyone were to attack cloudbusters that's probably the only conceivable chink in our armor, but of course, after all the viable free energy devices are allowed into the marketplace without physical risk to the inventors, those wind generators will end up in the same scrap pile as the deathforce transmitters, so what's the fuss?

Alternative Energy, Free Energy, & Orgonite

Putting a lot of confidence in wind generators and solar panels begs the issue that these products are only available (at an inflated price) from the very corporations whom we hope to get our independence from by turning to alternative energy production technology. Learning that there are always more options than the ones presented to us by the world regime is one of the prerequisites of waking up and taking off our PJs.

Speaking of Colonel Bearden ;-), I remember hearing him say, around 1990, that there were absolutely no viable free energy devices on the planet at that time. Six years later I met Bill Muller, who told me his magnet motor/generator had been perfected and widely demonstrated to professionals, worldwide, in the late eighties and that there were at least five other free energy devices, operating on completely different principles, that were ready for the market by then in British Columbia, alone. Bearden has now grandly announced that he's going to give us all 'free plans' for his alleged free energy device. If his diagrams are as studiously indecipherable as his speech and writing are I wonder if he's giving away anything at all besides a good way to ignite the kindling one time in our woodstoves. For now, I'm putting Col. Bearden, 'Free Energy Device Inventor,' in the same category as Maitreya or Prince William, 'The Long Awaited Return of Jesus Christ.' Ringers are as ringers do.

I'm still patiently waiting for someone, anyone, to tell me one distinct new principle or description gleaned from Col. Bearden's talks, books or diagrams. I've got a high IQ, but all of his stuff is incomprehensible to me. For my money, if something is fascinating, engrossing, illuminating, etc., certainly one should be able to repeat, in one's own words, at least a little bit of what he's learned from it all. Otherwise it looks like mental programming to me, that's all. How is that any different than the periodic assault on one's sensibilities by Oral Roberts, Guru Ram Dass or Rev. Jim Jones?

Contrast that with what the Cbers are now doing and reporting. Orgonite work and the related crystal and sacred geometry technology is all revolutionary science which has loads of sensory confirmations, but anyone can understand it on some level and it's being described in as many ways as there are individual people doing the research. Notice that nobody's parroting Don Croft in the process (thank Grid). As much as the New Agers give me the willies, I must admit that their descriptions of these processes are at least as viable as my own.

Road Runner and Wiley Coyotes

Before crossing the San Mateo Bridge on the way to Belmont, where Stuart lives, we stopped at a gas station to get a map. There were two fedmobiles in the parking lot, though the occupants didn't spot us. One of the feds was inside, easy to distinguish. I made a point of standing right behind him at the counter and mentally trying to get him to look at me, but he just stood there, fairly vibrating with stress and tension. He quickly left to resume his Search Mission ;-)

'The Eagle Has Landed'

We got to Stuart's place without having called him, as we didn't want to have a fed reception there. It took them about forty minutes to figure out that we'd arrived, and then the chopper recon flights started up. I called Jesse Zaloudek and invited him over for the celebration, but forgot to tell him Stuart's apartment number, so I waited for him in an adjacent parking lot. When Jesse got there, a fed van pulled in right behind him. I waved to the operative, expecting him to then depart, but he parked nearby and sort of scurried toward Stuart's apartment complex, right past Jesse and I. He had an odd grin on his face, too. Jesse got in the car and we beat the fellow over there, but Carol said that he got so confused that he didn't cut the phone lines or anything and simply turned around and left.

Stuart's landlady is a Wiccan sort who uses her finely honed instincts to pick renters and it felt really nice around there. Two neighbors, a young couple named John and Jacquelyn, are quite psychic, too, and have been watching out on Stuart's behalf very well in a sort of symbiotic relationship with our forum host's impressive energy contrivances, which are a very good, unique synthesis of orgonite, sacred geometry, passive coil technology and crystals of various sorts. We all had a very fun, ongoing 'show and tell' session.

The CD was uploaded without hesitation by Stuart, even as I was trying to warn him that the next 24 hours carried a strong likelihood that the feds would break his door down and haul off his equipment and possibly beat him up or even shoot him in the process. The underground information site owners knew about this risk, which is why they all declined the offer to make it available to the public. Who could blame them? You'd have to have some intimate knowledge of how orgonite works in order to get the confidence required to pull this off, I think.

The connection to his server was immediately cut after he posted the announcement on the forum that the documentary was available for download. The connection was fixed after considerable telephone interaction with his server. It was lost again right after I posted a confirming message a few minutes later. This time the server was less willing to cooperate and was trying to pass the buck to the phone company, so Carol and I asked Stuart to put his cannon-scale Succor Punch to work on the person who was really responsible.

He envisioned a black-suited man who was supervising some semi-conscious techies at computer terminals and he lit the Man in Black up with healing orgone. By the time we looked again, the connection was re-established and as far as I know the forum hasn't missed a beat since then. An hour or so later there were seventy people throughout the globe already downloading the documentary to their own computers. I think we're the only people on record who are going after the Men in Black these days. What else can one do you do with a Mortician With Attitude? Do they realize how laughable they all are? They do drive awfully nice cars, though-not at all like the Ford Police Officer Special in the movie.

We all walked to a nearby restaurant in high spirits to celebrate and when we walked though the dining area I was struck by the number of people who looked directly at us all with forlorn expressions, like we'd sat on their Caesar salads or something.

Restaurant Fed

Carol counted seven NSA and CIA agents in that restaurant, including our waitress, as I mentioned. I put Mr. Skull on the table as a sort of centerpiece and a lot of the noise in the restaurant (they weren't all feds, of course-most of the folks there were happy and it was as noisy as a German beer hall) instantly got many decibels lower for some reason.

Jesse had picked out several of the pavement artists, even one who passed us on the sidewalk on the way to the restaurant, though he wasn't looking as systematically as Carol was. I told Jesse he needs to have more confidence in his considerable abilities. I had only picked out a couple for sure-the two who were staring at me the most openly and accusingly on our way to our table.

Here's a good spot to mention a time anomaly experience that two people had while out busting towers. It wasn't one of these folks, but I want you to know about it. These two guys - I can vouch for the character of the one who told me-were driving down a city freeway and suddenly the city itself vanished, replaced by farmland. Also, the median strip was covered with oleander bushes. This lasted several minutes, during which both men were considering the implications of never seeing their kids again, and then it all changed back right before their highway exit came up. Later on, one of them was told that when the freeway was built, in the late forties, there was no city there and the median strip was planted in oleander bushes.

Was that a non sequitur? Who knows, eh? ;-)

Carol told us that December 6 is represented by the Queen of Clubs, which stands for successful communication. The planetary ruling card associated with the Queen of Clubs is the Ace of Spades, which stands for 'the truth hidden behind the illusion.' It's also my birth card, which may explain why I'm so driven to reveal the man standing behind the curtain (Gosh, is that St. Germain? ;-)). It's also Jeff Baggaley's birth card, and Princess Diana's.

I see this is nine pages already. I'll write Part Four and that should finish it.

Don Croft

Episode 48

NSA Versus the Cloud-Busters Gang

Part 4

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc48Dpart07dec02.shtml>

December 7, 2002

Carol and I hadn't seen a 'healthy' chemtrail in any of the eight states we visited last week, though the skies over Arizona directly south of Navajo land came closest to being in a state to sustain them. I think the ones there took a whole half hour to disappear, even with a lot of help from HAARP. Also, there was only one tower array and a single 'bowling pin' weather interrupter on the Reservation, both of which were still disabled from our visit in May. South of there it looked like someone had sown dragon teeth because the towers there had sprung up like mushrooms since our May adventure. If I had any doubt that the Lemurians have taken on the task of disabling HAARP those suspicions were then put to rest. The skies over Indian land were pristine blue and nearly full of rain-bearing clouds of the healthy orgone kind with none of the striations that were apparent beyond the Lemurians' magenta and green bordered barrier upwind to the south.

Several other people have told me they've seen this border phenomenon on the light lenticular clouds. I expect a lot more people will stop studying their shoes now when they're out and about and will actually notice some of the phenomena happening overhead. I think it's happening just about everywhere now. One report of the green and magenta borders came to me from Japan, unsolicited, and I think that's the last place on earth where chemtrails remain unmolested by cloudbusters, so apparently the Lemurians aren't waiting for somebody on the ground to initiate the campaign there.

Assured that Stuart wasn't going to get his brains splattered on his apartment walls by the murderous feds, we left for home Friday evening, aiming to get to Sacramento so we could hide in some obscure hotel well enough to get a good night's sleep. The pressure was off, though, now that they'd failed to prevent the exposure of the chemtrail program on the Internet and we encountered very few fed stalkers on the highway.

The next morning I saw what appeared to be a couple hundred California Militia members training not far from Interstate 5. I noticed that they were near a deathforce transmitter and it struck me, again, that if the militias would only be informed of the nature of these towers and how easily they can be disabled they'd remain a viable first line of defense against the present predatory federal government after disabling every transmitter in every state. The alternative is that they'll be thrown to the ground and disarmed, just like everyone else, if this unlawful regime gets its wish and fully deploys their new Gestapo/SS agency, the Homeland Security Service. I know for sure that this will never happen in Idaho and the adjacent areas in Montana and Washington, but why not free everyone else by disabling all the rest of the states' deathforce transmitter networks?

Evil Thoughtform

Further along, I saw what appeared to be a huge, distant flock of birds gyrating in the air. I pointed that out to Carol and she said it was an 'approximately pure evil' thoughtform, absorbing dead orgone in a perverted vortex. We checked the map and found that the vortex is near or on the Yuba County Airport and that the underground activity there is connected with Beale Air Force Base. I've seen a few small town airports recently which have big black conning towers which could probably handle a metropolitan area's air traffic. Something smells funny with that.

The similarity of that dark thoughtform with the shrouded entity in THE FRIGHTENERS struck me as significant. I don't personally believe that a 'pure-evil' entity is possible in the universe, but the thoughtforms created by ritual magic is a close approximation. The two times that Carol witnessed similar thoughtforms being absorbed and transmuted by Holy Handgrenades was on top of our own Moscow Mountain and in the vicinity of Mica Peak (lots of transmitters there and a very big weather ball) and the Mormon Temple near Spokane.

Carol said the thoughtform near Spokane was connected and sustained by both the electronic gadgetry on the

mountain and by the ritual dark magic performed regularly in that temple, which is comically overshadowed by a huge antenna array centered around a water tower. They painted all that mess above the temple green, possibly so it wouldn't detract so much from the fancy, expensive temple, but to me that's kind of like putting a big fig leaf on Michelangelo's 'David.'

Water Gifting

We made a detour to put an HHg in Lake Shasta, then another side trip to put one in the Sacramento River. The lake was a hundred feet or so below its high mark, but the river below the dam was near flood stage, which is not surprising to us, since we know the feds are draining all the reservoirs to keep the illusion alive that there's a nationwide drought. We're becoming more and more aware of how important it is to get orgonite devices in all the bodies of water because water absorbs and transmits healthy orgone much faster and in greater intensity than the atmosphere does. That fact accounts for all the reports from researchers on the cloudbuster forum of quickly improved water conditions after orgonite devices were deployed.

Ashland, Oregon

We didn't stop again until we reached Ashland, Oregon, where I wanted to confer with my teacher, James Hughes. A year and a half ago, after we changed websites, the old one was still showing up on all the search engines and it had James' phone number on it for folks who were interested in asking about his grid and crystal healing work and kundalini activation. Since we were no longer using the phone for business at that point, James was getting a lot of calls from people wanting to buy zappers and it was getting annoying, so I had their phone number taken off our website at James' request.

Last May, a year later, right after I put out the report on the mind-control towers and instructions for disabling them, Yahoo cut off my access to the (first) cloudbuster forum and also to my own website. They also put James' phone number back on our website then, perhaps in an effort to cause problems between us and also, perhaps, to harass James, who is a powerful psychic. The NSA's new, young army of psychic predators was still going after all the viable psychics at that time. We don't know of any psychics who weren't systematically attacked by these astral thugs in the past year. I think this overconfident NSA army of darkness has pretty much thrown in the towel by now, thanks largely to what we've all done to them with our Succor Punches, etc. That's what they get for blatantly going against universal law.

Lately, because of James' unfortunate difficulty, I got a new website going, www.worldwithoutparasites.com which doesn't have his phone number on it, and I've been looking for ways to disable the previous site, www.worldwithoutparasites.org. After some concerted effort, we may have found the solution, but I can't discuss that in detail yet. Yahoo, which is owned and operated by the CIA, essentially hacked my password and access to my own website out of existence, so suffice it to say that we'll fight fire with fire in this case and this has brought James and I closer together rather than force us apart.

We may even get a visit in Idaho from the Hughes out of the bargain soon. Meanwhile, Chris, our new Webmaster in Wisconsin, is boosting the new site's ratings in the search engines so the old site will stop showing up for everyone but the most determined web surfer before long. I'll look into ways that I can share James and Rose Mary's unique insights and healing gifts with everyone here when they come. A brief description wouldn't do them justice, of course, but I want to at least mention that they gave me most of the ideas I've used to improve the healing and invigorating performance aspects of our zappers over the years that I've known them and of course they've given me a great deal more than that in the form of selfless love, spiritual healing, and vital information.

The Oregon Vortex

The only other mentionable event on the trip home was our visit to the Oregon Vortex an hour or so after we left the Hughes. Carol and I essentially started this project there a day before the Fall Equinox in 2000. At that point, the vortex was a spherical field about 600 feet in diameter, centered on (Carol saw this) an Atlantean crystal artifact about fifty feet below the ground. A fellow had bought the land, I think, in the 1920s and he had an

interest in archaeology and pre-Columbian history. There are gravity and other anomalies inside the vortex and the Indians in the area had avoided that spot for some reason. A tourist attraction was built there, called 'The House of Mystery,' and even the hokeyness of the attraction doesn't take away from the impact of the anomalies, which involve gravity and light distortion. It's rather disorienting otherwise to be within that field, but we enjoyed the effects.

It was closed for the winter when we arrived and nobody was there or nearby. We considered going over the gate to put some orgonite devices within the field, but as we approached the gate a bright light came on and Carol said, 'We need to get away from here.' So we tossed some devices over the fence and through the edge of the field and quickly left. Four vehicles came up the remote road as we were driving back down to the highway. It's a dead end road, I think, so they couldn't have been going anywhere but to the vortex. Carol said they were responding to a silent alarm and that if we'd stayed around we may have gotten shot, even though we weren't trespassing, because the interest of these folks extended beyond the commercial aspect of the facility.

Also, when we had arrived in the vicinity of the vortex she had difficulty breathing. After we got some orgonite within the field, she was taking deep breaths and yawning almost constantly. She said, 'Didn't you feel that?!' and I said, 'No.' I did feel the urgency to get out of there, though, and I never question feelings like that.

The temperature was very low when we arrived and it was foggy. Before we got back into the car, the temperature had risen and all the fog was gone. In fact, there was no more fog for sixty miles on the way to Roseburg, where we spent the night. I experienced a dramatic expansion of the lungs about thirty miles beyond the vortex and Carol thought that was pretty funny. It's exactly the same feeling you get when you stick your nose over a Holy Handgrenade.

Since we figured that the Atlanteans had put this artifact in a natural vortex to boost the power of the earthstar grid, we wondered how long it had been suppressed and by whom. Carol's impression is that some Ets had done that 2,000 years ago somehow. If you consider that the earth's magnetic field goes through four thousand year cycles and that 2,000 years ago the magnetic field was at its strongest point, we may have been fulfilling some cosmic cycle by releasing that vortex from an artificial constraint. Maybe we'll know someday. Maybe I'm mistaken—who can say right now?

When we were in the 'Gift Shop' there, we saw some pretty arcane literature and artifacts. One of the artifacts was an old globe, perhaps belonging to the deceased original owner of the facility that indicated all the points on the earthstar grid and showed all the lines connecting these points. The points in the Oregon Vortex and the southern point of the Bermuda Triangle, east of Bimini, had a line that passed across the Texas coast northeast of Corpus Christi. When Carol and I went there we found a similar vortex centered on a 3,000 year old oak tree.

That was in early November, 2,000 and Ann, a bright, friendly woman who lived near where we were staying, told us about it and took us there. We made an early prototype of a Holy Handgrenade to put in the ground there a couple of days later and Ann did the deed shortly after that. She had a strong connection to that spot and was thrilled that we also thought it was significant.

Actually, we didn't know what we were looking for until she told us about it. We'd been parked by a marina in Port Aransas, Texas, and I was getting the boat ready for an ocean trip to Yucatan. The place where I'd ended up in my previous boat after a hurricane in October, 1995, was just a few miles from a place where another important grid line crossed the Yucatan Peninsula and Carol got that there was something important for us there, as there was in the Bahamas. A couple of months later I'd made it over to the vortex east of Bimini, but that's covered elsewhere in our narrative. I just wanted to write a bit here about the significance, to us, of the Oregon Vortex.

Drained Reservoirs & Mt. Shasta Flyby

Compared to the previous ten days, the rest of the trip home was relatively boring and uneventful except for a brief visit with my boys in Seattle. I did stop and spudgun our last towerbuster into the artificially depleted

reservoir on the east side of Snoqualmie Summit in the Cascade Mountains along Interstate 80, though. I did it at dusk and waited for a big truck to pass so nobody else would see or hear what I was doing, then quickly put the 'piece' back in the trunk.

Oops, forgot to mention that as we passed Mt. Shasta, we were visited by two small Lemurian craft, about two or three miles distant, which slowly 'streaked' for us across part of the sky to our left and in front, so we could both see them clearly.

I think we're getting closer to the time when they'll perhaps sell or give us a used (at least) flyer. I bet they know I'd use it to bust towers and heal vortices and ley lines.

Don Croft

Episode 49

The Grand Poobah's Predictions

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc49grandpoobahspredictions24dec02.shtml>

December 24, 2002

Carol just looked askance at the title of this piece. My instincts, and the most wonderful pendulum on the planet (as far as I know) confirmed that it's not inappropriate, so I'll leave it in the header and hope that you're not too humorously challenged to appreciate it.

(By the way, Bolivia is a very, VERY poor, landlocked country, which has no Navy. Analogies break down and I don't want you obfuscators and pedants out there making references to the Nazis who took all their wealth there after WWII ;-). That's got nothing to do with me!)

[Sidebar note from the Bolivian Admiral-veteran readers will understand-Ed.]

The main trend I see now is that treasonous politicians are being held accountable, at long last, and their clandestine puppet masters and the media prostitutes and journalistic poseurs are about to be exposed/disabled in the process.

Rising Awareness

Aside from the political considerations, this, to me, is a strong sign of humanity's rising awareness. To deny the importance of government in our daily lives is not healthy. To demand accountability from our elected officials is a spiritual exercise. There's a saying in the Middle East: an hour's reflection is better than seventy years of pious worship. This applies to social issues as well as to an individual's own spiritual status quo because the denial of our responsibility to expect accountability from elected officials stems from a false idea of spirituality that's always been promoted by clergy. Clergy are the folks who give religions a bad name, in my opinion. I hope to God that another trend will soon be that lust for leadership will, at long last, be seen in its true light instead of being winked at and even encouraged.

As my friend, James Hughes, said, 'Politics and religion are losing influence now; science and spirituality are taking their place.' This is happening right before our eyes now.

I look forward to that process accelerating in the coming year and after the London-financed puppet masters are removed from behind the curtain we can and likely will have a Constitutional Convention and redesign the way we govern ourselves. I think we're ready to do away with political parties, too.

Decentralization is the key to proper government, as it is on the Internet and in the free market place. What do you think robotics and free energy will do to WalMart and its slave labor camps in China, for instance? What are we going to do with the thousands of empty WalMart buildings? Temporary housing for Chinese refugees? Roller rinks? What a gratifying problem that will be.

This process is as organic as has been the establishment of our informal, global cloudbuster network, also as organic as the way the Internet was set up without anyone suggesting, 'Let's all figure out a way for mankind to communicate freely, without government/corporate agencies getting in the way.' It will just happen naturally, husbanded by many responsible people who love personal freedom for themselves and for everyone else. Maybe those heinous customs facilities at borders will gradually fall into disrepute in the process.

Free Energy

Free energy is about to revolutionize the fortunes of developing nations. The developing countries' raw materials and other native resources will be wrested back from the International Monetary Fund, the Federal Reserve Corporation and the World Bank. I actually believe these three parasitic institutions can be disbanded without anyone so much as missing a meal, much less their jobs.

Combine free energy and robotics (already perfected) and even nanotechnology and everyone has the potential to prosper if he or she wishes, even (especially?) the former slave laborers in China and Bangladesh.

Money

Also, currency may be standardized at the same time that it's taken back from international bankers' control. We already see plenty of discontent about the way gold, diamonds, petroleum and national currencies are manipulated by the whims of a few families in London. Universal currency, based on value rather than debt, is the next logical step. We deserve that.

Changing Paradigms

All the predatory and parasitic thought forms are now disintegrating. It's not because I say so - just give this a little reflection and observation on your own and see if you agree.

All the superfluous human institutions are essentially disabled at this lovely stage of the Big Cosmic Cycle. The word, 'essentially' has some qualifiers, of course. I think of that in terms of the energy foundations of these predatory/parasitic institutions having been eroded sufficiently now so that we can 'take it all back' from the planetary tyrants without risking harm to ourselves because the principals are too busy savaging each other now and planning ways to escape and survive with all their plunder intact.

I'm quite ordinary. How is it possible that an ordinary person could have stumbled onto a combination of mundane technologies that can easily and cheaply destroy the chemtrails, disable the new dead orgone transmitters, wrest control of the weather away from an out-of-control world government, cure AIDS and cancer, end droughts, possibly change deserts into gardens, destroy smog, and who knows what else? The best one could say about me is that I've followed my instincts pretty well in a timely way and that I've done a serviceable job of overcoming all that mental programming that was stuffed into me from age four onward.

I was fifty-one when Carol and I made our first cloudbuster. Up until then my life was not remarkable, including the improvements I made on the basic Hulda Clark zappers. It's been a wild ride ever since the first time we set that CB up in the driveway of the refugee camp in Florida (RV campground) in March 2001.

The next logical question, based on a rational view of modern history, is how is it possible that I'm still breathing? More than a few people who know the score are astonished by this in light of the damage we've caused to the most powerful and menacing regime in the history of the planet.

I haven't heard any viable humanist explanations being offered for the phenomenon of our safety and prosperity in the face of an implacable, powerful enemy and I have no doubt that there are a number of more powerful agencies, all operating in concert and happily within the bounds of universal law, which are determined to guarantee that this new technology will be adopted by popular culture, which is the next logical step, probably in the coming year. It's anybody's guess when these beneficial agents will reveal themselves to us all. Carol and I (and more than a few others) have only gotten broad hints and passing confirmations of their assistance, but their record speaks volumes for their integrity and service to humanity.

Standing Tall

Even so, nobody's rescuing us or taking responsibility for our future welfare. We have to take full responsibility for that and, again, we have to take political and economic power back from the people who stole it from us all.

Take it back we will and every bit of it. I doubt that the old guys will be handing over their sabers in a surrender ceremony on the deck of a battleship (I'd be willing to accept their sabers in my Bolivian admiral garb). Rather we'll all have to continue to disable each of their dead orgone and HAARP transmitters, neutralize every single underground base, place healing devices along all the major ley lines and in the middle of all the Earth Star Grid nodes and in all the other vortices. Expect the bitter old guys to hold on until the last shred of control and influence has been taken from them and the last sycophant has abandoned them.

We've all got plenty of planetary healing work to do in the next few years. I'm happy about that.

It bears repeating that there is no political freedom without economic freedom, all the National Socialist flatulence about 'democracy' and 'free trade' notwithstanding.

'The Best Laid Plans'

I used to assume that when the changing of governments and the fruition of a global free market took place it would be sudden and traumatic. Now I rather believe that it will continue to be a natural, rational, well considered and discussed process involving everyone, commensurate with our continually rising consciousness as a species. I never believed that politicians would initiate any progressive improvements in mankind's fortunes, even under duress. The UN has certainly been showing its true nature in recent years as a tool of the international financial cabal. Note their studious avoidance of the subject of free elections for their own alleged officials. How are they qualified to ensure free elections in Haiti, Albania and other countries?

The current crop of prostituted politicians are not prepared to help us, since their careers are all established by the hegemony of parasitism. The best they can hope for now is to survive treason's noose until they can leave office with whatever dignity and plunder they can salvage. It's always appropriate to hope that a soul, even a politician's, will undergo some epiphany and transform its orientation from selfish pursuits to service. It's probably the wrong time to believe that a criminal can escape accountability by claiming such an epiphany, though, and the Congress of the United States is entirely made up of manifest traitors now.

I don't think anyone foresaw the present course of events. See how each time the regime takes another leap forward to drag us all closer to the brink of genocide they end up falling on their faces? As I said, they have no essential foundation any more. Sure, the alleged US President is a dolt and puppet, but this is happening to the whole hierarchy now.

Psychic Stuff

A few months ago, when Carol was undergoing a particularly excruciating attack by a NSA psyops/Satanist team, I calmly asked her, 'Don't you wish you were thick like me so that stuff wouldn't faze you?' She said, 'NO!' I didn't bring it up again ;-). Many in our informal network are now saying that these attacks are getting less frequent and also weaker.

I'm still a little puzzled by the notion that people want to be more psychic, especially since these abilities unfold naturally in direct proportion to our efforts to heal the planet and serve humanity. Getting these skills before we've acquired the maturity to handle them properly leads to trouble every time.

The ones who can't help being psychic would be the first to tell you that it's no picnic. These are the ones who have to take extraordinary measures to protect themselves from psychic assault. Also, these have been the primary targets of the psyops assailants because the secret (they wish) regime apparently considers all psychics to be potential 'unveilers' of their hegemony. That may explain the elaborate protocols for luring psychics into either serving or at least not identifying and opposing the occult-engendered political/religious machine. A common ploy is to encourage psychics to get a following. Love of leadership is, after all, the most corrupting of human qualities-far more destructive, spiritually, than the mere love of money.

What the regime fails to recognize is that anyone who exercises God-given discernment is at least as much a threat, perhaps even more so, because now the illusion of the regime's power is openly being examined by a rapidly accelerating number of 'ordinary' people. The regime is kind of stupid in terms of identifying threats. They went after the producers of the CT/CB video after it was aired on TV, for instance, failing to realize that the real threat is coming from people who are freely and consciously accessing it on the internet. When people watch TV they're so deeply into the Bread and Circus mode that they promptly forget most of the viable info they may

gratuitously get from the broadcasts but when a person downloads the video he is in a purposeful, responsible frame of mind.

Carol notes that anyone can increase his/her psychic abilities with the help of a proper teacher. We all have differing capacities for that, of course. She would advise finding a teacher who has no lust for leadership and is not affiliated with any institution, especially the usual occult ones.

The Aussie Crew & Dowsing

Gerard and the Melbourne crew have arranged for an airplane to be used to reclaim some remote locations from the regime. Wanderingwizzer in Canada dowsed the Australia map for them to find the locations. Map dowsing is one of the basic examples of 'target' location and identification that most of us can do without training or talent. We all have varying skills with this, of course, but in a pinch any one of us could use this method if we're in doubt about where to put our healing devices, especially if we're out in the field at the time. There's a lot of power latent in 'movement' and we can and should all access that whenever possible and not be afraid to follow our instincts, even when they contradict a well-conceived plan.

I used that 'power' to find the south reptilian portal in Namibia and our cohorts there confirmed it with their own dowsing without my mentioning my data. I also found the alternate nearby secondary portal that the reptilians had been preparing before our arrival, but that happened fortuitously, it seems. Confirmation and second opinion psychic work should be a habit for everything we do, we believe. If it's valid, it will show up again and again in others' inquiries.

Marc Melton's Earthstar Grid Project is probably the next higher level for our healing work and all the other efforts fit nicely into that agenda. I look forward to seeing more and more of this being done from the air and from ocean vessels. Carol and I look forward to using both methods by spring or summer. Whoever's in the business of selling resin will do very well in the coming year, we believe, as this network's achievements get the attention of popular culture. We don't need to 'do' anything to make this happen except stay in the moment and take on the challenges as they come to us.

I think the essence of what we're witnessing in the world is the shift of a great cosmic cycle. To restate something I've said many times, our role in this shift is one of convenience and amelioration, only. To say that we're making it happen seems like an infantile assertion and a sort of pedants' Romper Room.

Aborted 'Terrorism'

I'm somewhere between amused and annoyed when I hear people claim to have a grasp of the true nature of this cyclic process. I suspect that the Taoist notion that less explanation is more may operate in our ability to understand what's going on. Our best efforts seem to be in the form of exploitation, though of course I mean that in terms of the word's highest definition. I surely do believe that our little informal network of SP'ers, astral travelers and sensitives disabled all the nuclear 'triggers' that the regime fully intended to use to get us into martial law, including the scheduled nuke attacks on Chicago, July 4; Miami, (Friday) September 13; LA and Denver, November 27 and late December.

The Friday the 13th bombing of a nuke plant in Miami would have made it possible for the regime to move us into martial law and genocide before they found it necessary to explain what all those new towers are doing in our faces. The tower network was essentially completed by early September, worldwide. Giant redwood trees in Orange County? ;-)

The fact that there's not even a significant disinformation site on the net about these towers shows us that the world regime didn't even consider 'explanations' for the towers necessary. Watch now how fast they'll be scrambling to set some of that up now that their martial law agenda has failed altogether (we believe this is the case).

Too little, too late for them, I think. Too many people are waking up and asking hard questions. When these

questions get past the stage of repeating the unsubstantiated claim that these are for cell phones Carol and I will celebrate.

The treasonous passage of the Homeland Security Act by both houses of Congress was apparently a rather desperate act, based on the assumption that the thought form related to 'the threat of Muslim terrorists' was stronger than it indeed was at the time. You can bet that everyone would have been glaring at all the swarthy Mideast-derived Americans by now if the feds had been able to pull off those phony terrorist bombings. I haven't seen any of our American brethren of that ancestry being treated badly, have you?

Psychic Author?

I've got a friend who wrote a novel about a wealthy and powerful cabal taking over the world. The tactic which the plotting characters used was to get their agents to fly two hijacked passenger jets into the World Trade Center, and then blow up the two buildings with explosives that had been previously placed on all the support columns. A string of well timed and well placed bombings of American cities in the following months was to have capped the plan to move America, then the world, into martial law. A year after beginning this manuscript, that event occurred and he threw the finished manuscript in the dumpster instead of taking it to the publisher. That rather disturbed the fellow and brought a lot of questions up for him.

This incisive author has no doubt that we few are the ones who prevented the successively planned bombings in the real scenario. He'll get a CB together soon and start participating in the CB forums after that. Yes, that's right: another person of integrity, ability and commitment, about to come aboard.

After Stuart made the CT/CB documentary available on www.cloud-busters.com on December 6, many interesting things started happening. I see them also as a trend.

One trend is indicated by this substantive fellow's interest and participation. I've posted some particularly well-written, anonymous letters in that vein from other prospective forum members.

Another trend is that I'm now getting letters from Black Africans who are in the process of building and buying CBs after listening to our interview with Dr. Kanya in November on www.blakeradio.com. The reason I value their participation, aside from the unifying aspect, is that blacks are particularly invulnerable to the sort of mental programming that saturated whites practically from infancy, making us all puppets to the regime's programmers by age 6 or 7. Their participation on the forum will be very balancing and enriching for everyone.

One of the African cloudbusters is being built in Uganda, not far from the village in Kenya where Carol did her AIDS cure demonstration last year.

Georg Ritschl and Andy Walker, meanwhile, have initiated a plan to set up ten cloudbusters in a configuration that may guarantee abundant rainfall across Mozambique, Zambia, Botswana and Namibia. This would provide a glorious confirmation for us, since we went to Namibia specifically to participate in changing/healing the climates of the Namib and Kalahari Deserts.

Our own short trip pales in comparison to their concerted, long-haul efforts but it was a nice step along the way. Imagine distributing CBs throughout a very arid country the size of Texas with very few paved roads and gas stations and you get an idea of what it's like to get this done in Botswana.

Oh, yes-an Eskimo is getting a CB together on the North Slope of Alaska now, too.

I personally know of two farmers who have CBs, though they told me long after the fact. One of them, in Iowa, had made nine of them and busted all the towers within forty miles. Apparently in reprisal, his cattle all came down with respiratory illness right after that. He's using zappers now to cure the cows and is having immediate success with that effort.

Carol told me that an NSA agent sprayed a biological weapon on the hay in his barn. They got a Succor Punch and were then able to sleep well again despite constant and determined efforts to disable them with psyops weaponry and psychic attacks. I suggested that he locate the nearby-parked van which the feds use for that and to confront the occupants so that they'll leave.

Psyops stuff is very short-range weaponry, despite Bearden's claims to the contrary. We know this from personal experience, not that my saying that holds any water in terms of evidence.

The most encouraging trend for me, though, is the apparent shift in the forum away from personality issues and fruitless pedantic and semantic gymnastics and solidly toward the healing work itself and valid research & development. I see this as an organic process, therefore unassailable. Also encouraging to me is that there were no 'sacrificial victims' in the process, since there's been less and less name-calling and character assaults. Everyone on the forum is finding his/her own appropriate level in terms of work-based repute, not in terms of self-aggrandizement or stepping on the heads of others for more recognition. In other words, the CB network is as unlike the corporate, academic and government milieu as possible ;-)

Coming Disinfo

On the horizon, a new disinformation juggernaut just appeared. The ammunition they're packing concerns the (1) moon's new orbit having caused all the bad weather in recent years, (2) 'proof' that cell phones are what the new towers are all about, and (3) some new doomsday scenarios. Watch what happens when this stuff starts showing up in our forums. We'll need to stay on our toes and stick to the issues. The submitters will sport a lot of alleged academic credentials and will refer to obscure sources, which we can't check out, to back up their claims. Remember that something has to be validated before it can be considered more than an interesting tale.

One comparison that may be useful when/if this disinfo campaign starts is that El Nino is about to go the way of the Blue Monkeys as disinformation excuses for cataclysmic assaults on humanity by the regime.

Growing Interest

A Pennsylvania Militia guy emailed me to say he's made a cloudbuster and has been busting towers and sharing this information with his cohorts. I've been hoping for this to happen since May. Those guys know something about networking. Messiahmews tells us that the folks who own the Idaho Observer (foremost publication among the 'balanced' patriots in the US) are looking favorably at our work and are quite impressed with the CT/CB documentary, as is Dr. Horowitz, who is the pre-eminent uncoverer (through documented research journalism) of the regime's biological weaponry and the genocide agenda.

I'm looking forward to a continued, steadily accelerating growth in our informal global network. The reason I favor this 'word of mouth' dissemination is that the folks who come to us will be ready to commit, mostly, and they will have already decided that the old mental programming is not something worth keeping. We can expect even more diversity, too. That's our strength right now.

Carol and I have been invited to Mexico City to reverse the smog and we're thinking that if this can be done expeditiously then the city can be a showcase; an undeniable example of how even the most degraded metropolitan atmospheres can be transformed by ordinary people like ourselves with simple devices and a little perseverance. It would be a great opportunity for me to get fluent in Spanish, too. Carol would stick around for the setup and planning, and then I'll hang in like a pit bull until it's all done. (I hope our intrepid Mexican cohorts will chain me to the galley there the way Cbswork did in Hollywood earlier this month ;-)

The smog there is actually worse than LA, though the ambiance is nicer. I remember not being able to see two blocks through the smog in Mexico City on a sunny day.

Maybe Tokyo after that? The chemtrails are still making everyone sick in Japan, I'm told. One man there is preparing to make a cloudbuster now.

Don Croft

Episode 50

Where Are We?

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc50wherearewe04jan03.shtml>

January 4, 2003

I really need to put some thoughts on electronic paper about where I think we've been, where we are and where we're heading in the global cloudbuster network. Be sure to remember that what I say is just my opinion and I don't want you to believe anything I write unless it jives with your own discernment. Reserve judgment on the rest, if you can. Feel free to take exception to any of this in your response to me or on the forum.

The best feature of the cloudbuster forum is its public records aspect, I think. If one were inclined one could review the course of this emerging global network's progress very accurately by studying the posts and identifying the patterns and trends there. Short of doing that, I'm going to write about what I've noticed happening from a personal standpoint.

My role as facilitator there has become conspicuously less and less important in recent months, I'm happy to report, and the moderators are doing a good job keeping the threat of dissimulation and character assassination at bay, though even their jobs will likely soon be as redundant as the Maytag Repairman's. This is probably keeping Stuart Jackson as busy as a one-fingered speed typist, though. God grant him wealth and ease at some point, long before his expiry ;-)

Anyone can see that the growth process for this informal network has been organic and vital. If you consider that this has all happened in just over a year without advertising or media attention it's quite phenomenal. The best evidence of its vitality is that there are now several vendors making a respectable livelihood by making and selling the related devices and that happened very fast and in a sustained way. If you have experience in business you can particularly appreciate this phenomenon. It took me five years in each of two successful careers in business to get to where the vendors have reached in a few months.

It's not within our means to offer proof of our claim that the chemtrails throughout North American and much of Western Europe were disabled by last May due to the number of cloudbusters in these regions, but there are an awful lot of anecdotal accounts by forum members of the chemtrails failing to block out the sky where they live. I leave places like Los Angeles and Vancouver out of this example because of the extraordinary circumstances there, but other cities, such as Boston and Seattle, were perpetually cleared of chemtrails and even smog by single cloudbusters.

When we visited Los Angeles a month ago, there was no smog in Pasadena, Glendale, and the San Fernando Valley, though these places had traditionally had the worst smog conditions of all. LAARP (Los Angeles Atmosphere Reclamation Project) is an informal group of cloudbusters, tower busters and energy grid healers who divided the work up among their small number and are systematically reversing many decades of electronic, occult and just-plain-human-misery-from-the-crowded-masses induced atmospheric dead orgone radiation assault in the Los Angeles Basin.

Even Riverside and San Bernardino were relatively smog free from a wider distribution of cloudbusters and some intelligent vortex and ley line healing by LAARP members in the region. The whole metropolitan area felt good to me for the first time since I first visited there in 1968. Before we first took a cloudbuster to LA in June of 2001, I simply couldn't bear to spend more time than it took to drive through there on the freeway. Carol felt the same way. We didn't feel like leaving last time, in spite of the NSA goons practically stepping on our heels and the electronic attacks from their parked vans and from the hotel room above ours.

That's another development worth mentioning. We disabled all the new transmitters for over a hundred miles around us, including all the HAARP arrays, so our skies in Idaho are pristine, even when there are half a dozen spewplanes flying back and forth overhead all day long, as happens every week or so, still.

I suspect that all of the predatory electronic tech is designed to work in conjunction with either the prion protein crystals that were induced to grow on our nerve tissue or some deep programming in our brains. Maybe it's a combination. I may seem to be far out on a limb with this observation, but Dr. Horowitz gives some pretty convincing documentation to back up his assertion that prions have been supplied through most of the domestic wheat crops for well over a decade (they grow on nerve tissue; brains, spinal cord, etc.) and that the prion crystal's varying lengths resonate and vibrate to specific frequencies to generate certain symptoms when those radio frequencies are directed at individuals by scalar targeting and/or over a wide area.

I believe this accounts for some of the forum members reports of getting sick right after getting the impression that someone was targeting them this way. The ones with zappers seem to get over the sickness very fast and when we were overtly beamed in Glendale none of us three (who are long-time zapper users) experienced more than some momentary discomfort, even though the van which had the equipment was only about ten feet away. We were eating in an outside café at the time. The NSA and the rest of the Satanists are pretty mad at Cbswork for uncovering and disabling their extensive occult power network in the LA Basin ;-)

Carol and I believe that it's only possible to grow these prion crystals in the body when the pH goes below a certain level and that a primary purpose of the chemtrails was to reduce everyone's pH, partly to foster the growth of these protein crystals and partly to create the low immunity necessary to infect most of the population with anthrax and/or smallpox in phase two of the chemtrail program, which was to closely follow the declaration of martial law. Of course, phase two became impossible when we ached phase one and that's probably why they've gone to an equally workable 'Plan B' which is to inject an already suspicious populace with Smallpox. We're really not as stupid as the regime looks, I think.

I think that when the chemtrail program's biological aspect was disabled last spring it severely thwarted the regime's agenda and that in a few places, like Los Angeles, they've resorted to occasional chemical weapon assaults in an attempt to re-establish the old status quo. Their problem is that the chemical assaults are more blatant, therefore they risk exposure more. The bioweapons in chemtrails showed up as respiratory distress, followed by a general malaise similar to 'severe candida' infestation and that degenerated for many people into hepatitis C, fibromyalgia, chronic fatigue, hypersensitivity to chemicals and certain foods, etc. These showed up since early 1999 in endemic proportions.

I've had my zapper business on the internet since 1997 and after I started noticing chemtrails in 1999, the reports from prospective customers of these diseases climbed steadily until they made up the majority of people's complaints. Carol and I developed the Terminator specifically to cure mycoplasma infestations because this bioweapon has been found to generate all of the above endemic illnesses and the other zappers on the market and our own early zappers were not getting consistent results in curing these brand new sicknesses.

I figured out later that these endemics were due to almost daily re-infestation of mycoplasma through the chemtrails. I figured that out after May, when we first got the impression, based on looking at the skies in Western America in our travels, that the bioweapon aspect of the chemtrails had been defeated. Along with seeing far fewer chemtrails, even in regions that were far from a cloudbuster, I got fewer and fewer reports of 'severe candida,' and also began reading Dr. Horowitz' and others assessments of the biological weapon content of chemtrails and their related symptoms. After that, I got fewer and fewer reports of fibromyalgia, Hepatitis C, chronic fatigue, etc., and in fact began hearing about people spontaneously recovering from these illnesses over the course of the summer. Most of these sufferers had been able to trace the beginning of their sickness to early 1999.

Another trend I saw happening was that the people who bought our Terminators were healing much faster after that.

One aspect of mycoplasma infestation is that when one who is dealing with that uses one of our zappers the tail penny, which is the negative electrode (toxic materials in the body are all acidic, therefore positively charged and

drawn to the negative pole), almost immediately turns black and gets covered with a thick residue. Even metal cleaner won't remove all that black stain. After May I heard less and less from customers who wanted to know why the penny turned black. I never hear of that now. This may be the best evidence of the cloudbusters' success, actually. Other areas, including most of Asia and all of Africa, are free of chemtrails so these complaints never came from there. Australia and New Zealand were pretty well savaged by chemtrails and my zapper orders from those places reflected the same pattern on the same schedule.

The Terminators I sell to people in Japan still get black tail pennies and the customers still complain of 'severe candida.' There are no cloudbusters in Japan, as far as I know, and the chemtrails are as bad there as they were in America. There's now a cloudbuster being built near Nagoya, an industrial center, and Larry Pedersen, who's making that one, told me that the three holy handgrenades he made poked a big blue hole in the spewplane's whiteout and are disappearing all the subsequent chemtrails overhead, so I'm confident that his Cloudbuster will have a very wide ranging effect, perhaps like the first ones in Boston and Seattle have had from the beginning.

When Carol and I left Africa a year ago, we didn't foresee the explosive growth in the number of cloudbusters in Southern Africa. In fact, within a month or so two of the Cbers in Namibia were apparently scared by Dr. DeMeo into dismantling their cloudbusters and I haven't heard from them since then. The other Cbers there are more stalwart, thank Grid, and the three which we hid in major Namibian vortices will no doubt connect very nicely with the new ones that Georg and Andy are putting throughout the Kalahari, eastward to Mozambique, Zimbabwe and Zambia. Our interview with Dr. Kanya on Blake Radio in New York directly resulted in several Black Africans building cloudbusters farther north, so that was very confirming for us.

Georg Ritschl really should be the poster child for orgonite because of his monumental success in establishing a budding national reputation with this work in South Africa. I think we're all too close to the work right now to appreciate the significance of the inevitable defeat of HAARP drought/famine sanctions in that country. I only wish Carol and I could be there to participate in Georg and Farmer Eddy's coming victory. We certainly mustn't let the world regime have its way any longer with artificially induced famine in Africa.

Jeff Baggaley told me that he saw no chemtrails at all in China or Tibet, but that the mind control transmitters are very thick in both places. Gee, I guess the Tibetans, most of whom can barely afford to eat and have an electric light bulb, have all got cell phones---not.

I wonder if this will be the year in which somebody besides me will speak up about the obvious: 'Why are we calling these cell phone towers? There's no technical data available, anywhere, that gives any evidence that these are for communication.' One more big challenge to our shizoid programming, I guess.

This conundrum may point to something very, very important to consider in ourselves. We've become accustomed to seeing the regime as the avowed enemy of mankind, but that resolve breaks down when certain triggers in our brains are activated. We should be embarrassed at how easily we've been induced to call these new towers 'cell towers.'

I'm wondering how fast this can be turned around if we all simply stop watching TV. There was a time when I considered TV to be one of life's pleasures and comforts and I got pretty irritated when my reception went bad. I don't know exactly what it was that caused me to move from adoring television to feeling repulsed by it, but I feel like crap when I'm in a room for any length of time with a TV running. That effects seems to be pretty much absent when I'm playing a movie, in fact Carol knows that I'm not willing to do any of the zapper assembly work unless a movie tape or DVD is on. I never could hold a factory job in my unskilled labor days. Too bad for me they didn't have VCRs then, I guess.

Have you noticed that people who watch TV every day have a harder time grasping simple concepts and feeling energy? I don't believe that's an accidental or collateral effect. I believe that's a primary effect designed to maintain the status of the PJ folk.

I'm sure you'll agree that after an afternoon or evening in front of the television you feel more tired than when you sat down on the couch. That's also designed into the programming. I bet you don't feel that way after you've spent the same amount of time in front of your computer, especially if you use a flat screen instead of a heinous cathode ray monitor.

It's the ambient, irrational mental programming that is now standing in the way of the exponential growth of this grassroots movement. The external and internal psychological assaults on us all have proven marvelously ineffective and now the old bugaboo, brainwashing, is standing in full view in the absence of the war footing we'd been forced to adopt until now.

I was rather shocked to realize recently that so many Cbers are disheartened when a chemtrail jet flies overhead and leaves a trail that lingers more than a few seconds. I honestly don't know how to respond to that apparently unthinking, programmed response, other than to repeat that it no longer happens here thanks to our footwork in disabling a thousand or so towers. I guarantee that we get more than the average number of spewplane visits.

In fact, the presence of chemtrails is not a sign of our defeat. It's not a subtle point to say that they no longer spread out to cover the sky, nor do they suppress the formation of healthy, moisture-bearing cumulus clouds except in very rare cases, like over parts of Los Angeles and Vancouver. Next time you feel inclined to sing a swan song after the rude appearance of spewplanes, give it an hour or so and notice that what I just said is true, okay? Carol says they're often just squirting out harmless skywriting chemicals just to keep the PJ folks from waking up so fast from the presence of all this orgonite and 'skies that look like they did when we were kids!' If the appearance of token chemtrails disturbs you, assume that it's keeping the PJ folk unconsciously discouraged, too.

The programming in some people is so effective that the sight of these weak chemtrails in conjunction with getting a cold or some mildew poisoning from stale household air leads them to assume that they've just succumbed to an aerial biological attack. If you fit that bill, call the hospital and see if they've been flooded with cases of respiratory distress. I bet your symptoms aren't even respiratory in your case.

The global tower network was essentially completed by the first of September, which is why we put off disabling the ones in our region until then. We notice that very few new transmitters have been erected in the past few months, though the underground construction seems to proceed as fast as ever.

I'm not going to dwell on what a few of us did last year to disable the nuke attacks on some of our cities by our own alleged government, or on the way those two carloads of CIA bombers were disoriented in the Hootens' orgone field on their way to blowing up a Miami nuke plant of September's Friday the thirteenth (right after the global tower network was finished) because that's impossible to substantiate. It is food for thought when you consider how the feds completely lost their momentum not long after their initial assault on the World Trade Center, though, and how they never even started to get it back since.

It could be that I'm overly concerned about the brainwashing I'm witnessing and that the present apparent ennui is just a cyclic pause in the network's unfoldment. If so, I'm open to correction.

Kat in Page, Arizona, told me on Wednesday that a spike showed up over Spokane in the Doppler radar readings lately, so the next day, on our trip to Spokane, Carol and I dropped a tower buster in what looked like another cooling pond for an underground nuke plant near a major HAARP array and Kat said the spike disappeared after that. We had looked for that pond before, but couldn't locate it. Carol said the array, which is a massive one that we disabled before, was finally dead by the time we left the city that afternoon. Before then, the transmitters were all giving off very dense DOR, but it was restricted to right around the towers themselves. As happened on Steptoe Butte's array after we killed the nearby underground nuke this way, the HAARP array on Tower Mountain by Spokane was giving off no energy at all except for the flashing red lights on top, which are probably powered by the commercial electricity grid.

Even the single mind control towers probably use up so much electricity that their presence on the power grid would wake up the PJ folk among the utility workers. Cell phone transmitters, indeed ;-). You could smelt aluminum ore with the power it takes to run a single array.

It might be a good idea to look for the underground nukes that power most or all of the major arrays where you live. You might have to dowse the map but I think you'll be astonished at how 'gifted' you are at this. Carol and I believe you can actually disable a nuke plant by putting an orgonite device into the coolant. This is easy to do for the secret nukes that don't get their cooling water from large bodies of water; the trick is finding their cooling ponds. Watch for isolated, gravel lined, steep-sided small ponds surrounded by a high fence. If you're in a cold region the water may have a lot of antifreeze in it and will produce a green-yellow splash. Remember that disabling these underground nuke generators can do only good for the world.

We put HHGs on the ground as close as possible to the surface nukes. This won't stop the reactions, but it will limit the oranur field to a sphere the size of the one whose radius reaches from the HHG to the reactor, so all the workers in there will probably still die young of cancer, but at least the surrounding population won't have to on account of the nuke plant. My second wife spent fifteen years working at the nuke in Seabrook, NH, so I know first hand about the high cancer rate among nuke workers, even the ones, like her, who don't work near the reactors. She survived because she quit and underwent some radical alternative treatments.

I'm toying with the notion that television programming may be responsible for the reticence I'm seeing in many of us regarding spotting all those NSA surveillance people. I was introduced to this awareness rather rudely last Spring because the fellow I was visiting was already under box heavy surveillance and they were rather overtly opposed to our meeting. I see that a few others among us are waking up to the presence of the NSA stalkers more gently than I did.

As Hina Ohale says, there can be a more gradual shift from studiously avoiding noticing your surroundings as you move from place to place (we're heavily programmed to do this) to noticing everything possible in the process. Remember that once you start seeing these unblinking, studiously nondescript starers you can make them give you more space by walking up to them and simply engaging them in conversation-say anything at all and they won't want to get that close to you any more. Be sure to post your experiences on the forum so others will be encouraged to break out of their programming, too.

It takes more courage to do this than to shoot an enemy on the battlefield. That's because we're programmed not to acknowledge the presence of secret police. It's deep programming. If you've been busting towers, they're on you like flies on sh--, rest assured.

You'll experience a rather gut-wrenching shift in the process because breaking out of programming is not pleasant at first. It does get easier, though, and even fun after awhile and after you scramble up to the next level of awareness nobody can make you go back to the way you were before. It's quite exhilarating, I can tell you.

When somebody emails me and says, 'Thanks for everything you're doing for the planet,' I have the impulse to bitch slap the writer every time. This isn't at all about me and anyone who wants somebody else to assume his/her own God-given responsibility deserves the worst of political fates. That's the base impulse that allowed National Socialism to be established in America in the first place.

Speaking of 'next level' I noticed that another groundbreaking feature of our little network is the conspicuous lack of formal hierarchy. There definitely is a hierarchy, but it's founded on demonstrated reputation, not on credentials or intellectual or occult foppery, and it has an organic nature.

I keep using the word, 'organic,' I know, and at the risk of being tedious I say in my defense that the growth process is so essential to working with orgonite that I honestly don't know a better adjective at this point.

Growth has a cyclic component and there are lots of analogies I could use to illustrate it, but we've seen that

there were stages in our development as a network/global community when the outlook was bleak, and stages when each of us felt ready to take on the dark masters themselves and make them empty bedpans in a charity maternity hospital in the Central African Republic. YEAH!!

Somebody smarter than me once told me, years ago, that after I started working with crystals I'd gradually stop experiencing extreme emotional highs and lows and would discover rather a more moderate emotional experience characterized by a steadily rising base energy level and awareness. This has been especially true of my work with orgonite. I wonder if one can be extremely moderate. I think that moderate expression and approach is important when we're sharing any of this cutting fringe stuff with newcomers. I think it's also important to cultivate this so that when further attempts are made to undermine our effort we can continue to deal with them on a more or less even keel.

You can bet that just because we took away their chances for martial law they won't stop trying to disable our efforts. In fact I think they just turned cranked up the power in that process.

I don't know if you noticed, but there has been an increase in the number and 'force' of messianic figures in the past couple of weeks offering bold promises of creating world peace, etc. I won't name any, but these are based on thoughtform work among white people and they ultimately foster a sense of powerlessness and submergence into nonentity among individuals and accession of personal energy to any of a number of the regime's pied pipers. When I ask people who send me these mass invitations to suggest some evidence that supporting this will be worthwhile I'm always met by either anger or a weird apology for sending the thing in the first place. I always ask this honestly because I'm always willing to provide evidence that our particular project is well worth supporting.

This thoughtform problem is why Carol and I are examining the uses of radionics now. The Alaska double pyramid report is what got our attention regarding the viability of Radionics with orgonite work and it's come full circle for me, at least, because it was for radionics that Karl Welz introduced orgonite in the first place on www.orgone.net I pooh-poohed personally using orgonite for this right up until the guy in Alaska sent me that terrified account ;-)) though I remained open to hearing about others' success.

It's still a bit early to make a cogent report on our efforts but we're using Dale Schultz' (Skipperman's) fine radionics stand and pyramid HHg in conjunction with another pyramid from the Hootens on Jay Rockefeller right now and we're using two of Kristina's K/X pyramids, bottom to bottom, on Condoleza Rice, who's been harassing Carol every night for weeks (her attacks are getting progressively weaker and a few days ago I put a sort of yantra over her name between the pyramids and Carol said it immediately and strongly affected Condoleza's third chakra).

I really need to get some radionics construct going on that messianic/groupie thoughtform that's been irritating me lately. I think I can easily track the effects of that by the nature of my incoming email.

The human psychic predators have a lot more moxie and stamina than even the Draconians attackers. It could be because the human ones are chronically stupid, but I'm not sure about that.

Speaking of stupid, take a look at Alex Jones' filming of the human sacrifice ritual at Bohemian Grove on July 15, 2000. I'd never actually seen or read about one of those rituals before and it was quite educational for me. Carol explained some of the stuff to me because she favors ritual magic and I have a good book on Masonic rituals that probably gets into the nitty gritty (except for the murder part). I'll read that book now-I didn't know what to relate it to before. Of course they had everything turned around so that the watchers had the impression that it was a lovely gesture to kill somebody in the name of spiritual happiness and progress. They clearly demonized the victim-no joke! They had apparently drugged him and covered him with a blanket so nobody would be shocked into awareness by seeing the victim clearly. Schizophrenia was designed into white culture early on.

If you think the higher level satanic stuff is done by a bunch of spiky-haired, body-pierced, unwashed Huns, think again. The more grisly stuff is reserved for lowlifes, reptilian predators and MK Ultra chumps, like the mumble-chanting crowd that surrounded Cbswork and 'the Girl' on their recent successful mission to Palomar, but the high rollers are into classical music (from the Romance Period ;-) pretty robes and histrionics.

This video may be helpful if you want to get past some of that programming that's so endemic in white people these days. I think you can order it from Alex on <http://www.infowars.com> . Thank Grid more people of color are now joining the forum. We really need the balance and diversity here.

Speaking of www, I now look for daily news I can use on the American Free Press (<http://americanfreepress.net>) There's a headline section. For instance, if you hear that America is being threatened by a nuke attack from N. Korea, look on this site for the real story, which is that N. Korea and S. Korea are trying to unite and America is simply standing in the way. I think America is the only terrorist nation on the planet right now and this phony government has a long history of terrorizing its own citizenry, even killing us in large numbers in one fell swoop and also slowly, with cancer, as with the countless children who are unwittingly subjected to 'testing' these days.

I think our prison population is up around seven million now, so I think we're way ahead of Hitler, Stalin, Castro and Mao at this point, per capita. Of course most of them are people of color and I'd be surprised if you really believe they're any more inclined to criminality than whites are. In fact the criminal class that runs this country now are entirely white except for a few token sycophants of color, none of whom will get close to the top of that satanic dung heap.

The fact that the white population is blissfully unaware of this calamity denotes the severity of not only the calamity but also the brainwashing of the white population, whose history of racism and cultural schizophrenia made the programming possible in the first place.

The programming shows most clearly in the response to reports of tragedies. A million dead in BoPhal, India from chemical poisoning gets only a tiny outcry and showing of support compared to the sinking of a ferryboat in the English Channel. I'm not whining, just showing the depth of the problem.

The image of a couch potato watching Monday Night Football reminds me of the crowd of cheering, glassy-eyed, mouth-breathing elitists at Bohemian Grove who watched that romantic spectacle of human sacrifice ;-)

Right now we can turn all of this around because the threat of martial law doesn't need to get our first attention and efforts any more. It takes the boldest of all approaches to move into this campaign of the spiritual war, though, and this approach proceeds from first disabling our mental programming and conditioning. Tough call but I think we're all up to the task.

Based on the astounding success of this little network over the past year I won't even try to predict what we'll all be doing a year from now, though I have no reason to doubt that we'll be unspeakably successful. My hope is that now that the feds have so grossly overstepped their bounds with that horrid Gestapo/SS legislation we may soon see the complete exposure and disenfranchisement (hopefully the eventual punishment) of the puppet masters in London and at the UN who 'guided' our elected leaders into a position where they openly committed high treason by passing that legislation and my main concern now is that we'll get enough PJ folks to wake up now that we can avoid a military coup to set things right.

After the lobbyists are disabled we can prevail on our state legislatures to convene a Constitutional Convention this year and provide an example to every nation on earth--a way to break free of London's bandits and take back some national sovereignty in advance of the formation of a true world commonwealth. Naturally, in the process we can make sure hegemony is returned to state and local governments, which will leave Washington rather desolate.

You may not realize that London has 'expropriated' all of the natural resources in the world in lieu of alleged debt

defaulting. We can erase those London-based phony debts in a day by deposing that horrid, parasitic monarchy in Windsor. The banker/trolls are all literally hiding from us under her ample skirts, terrified of exposure.

Watch the world prosper after that. It will happen organically ;-) and fast.

It's the logical fruition of the idea that we can and must determine our own destiny and are not slaves to fate, after all. The question we should be asking isn't 'How can we establish world peace and prosperity?' Actually, the question is 'How can we not right now?'

That was a good finish, but I wanted to save the following for the end:

Carol and I jumped through hoops and even endured another murder attempt by the NSA to get that chemtrails/cloudbusters video documentary to Stuart. I notice that it's getting very little discussion in the forum, nor do the Cbers who still participate in the chemtrail boards and forums ever apparently mention it there, even though it clearly shows what the CT program is about and what the demonstrated solution is. If you're a Cber and are still participating on Chemtrail Central USA and the other alleged information sites you might take a look at what has caused you to decide not to share this documentary with those groups. I don't want to see any confessions here, okay? If you think it's important, please just share it with others when the opportunity arises. You can bet I send all my zapper customers to Stuart's site and mention the free video in the process.

Rense, Carnicom, Bell and all the other alleged underground information sites were given the CD version months before Stuart made it available but none of them mentioned it on their programs or websites. You can bet they all watched it and clearly understood the implications. The premier underground info site, which name escapes me at the moment, at least had the courtesy to say that they won't show it because they don't want to be murdered. They told one of the producers that this is the first time that consideration had come up in their career, so that may show you how close to the regime's bone this video cuts. I can find out the name of that site if anyone's interested. I'm sure many of you are familiar with it.

I'm sure you know that you won't risk your life by sharing this because the cat's out of the bag. You can see that Stuart is still breathing and chipper. He blasted the Man in Black in charge of messing up his internet connection shortly after he announced the presence of the video to the forum and it looks like he's been able to maintain his internet access since then. I'm sure you know of other sites which weren't so lucky after posting particularly dicey info. They should get Succor Punches and learn how to use them.

Stuart understood the risk he was taking, too, but he, of all the people in the world who were given the opportunity to make this publicly available, had the demonstrated courage and commitment to do so. You may not see it now, but I'm sure future historians will take careful, reverent note of that singular act.

Once again, I suggest that it's our mental programming coming to the fore in our hesitation to share this with others. Andy's offering a free copy to anyone whose computer lacks the capacity for downloading this rather big program. It's 30 minutes on a CD. Ctbusters.com is his site.

I don't presume to second guess Rense's, Carnicom's, Bell's and all the others' motives for not sharing this with others, but it's going to become more and more apparent that this is one of those rare items, like orgonite, which separates the sheep in this world from the goats.

Have you watched it yet?

Don Croft

Episode 51

Terrorizing the Terrorists

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc51terrorizingterrorists21jan03.shtml>

January 21, 2003

New Toy

Carol and I have been testing a new energy device for two weeks and until last night I didn't know how to broach the subject here because it's clearly controversial and there was so much subversive doodoo floating in the cloudbuster forum's punchbowl until last week that rational discussion would have been impossible. Also, we needed to be sure that this device, like all the others we've offered, can't be used to harm innocents.

A local cop (Moscow, Idaho, USA) in a ninja suit was sneaking around outside our house last night, right before I had a little epiphany about this overall discussion. We know it was a cop because Jenny heard the cretin's police scanner go off when he was right below her window ;-). I guess he's not quite ready for the big league yet. We would have assumed it was just another NSA predator if she hadn't heard the scanner on his shoulder.

We're at the end of a dead end street and there weren't any cop cars in sight, so he had to have sneaked onto the property, probably from across the meadow. When Jeff Baggaley was visiting (while Carol and Jenny were in Europe) a similar 'visit' occurred next door to the house we were living in at the time, and I watched it all from my window. The stupid cops, dressed up like Ninjas, sneaked onto this guy's property from the back and harassed the crack dealer (my charming next door neighbor), apparently in advance of coercing him to plant some of his product in our house (I had this from a reliable source, but you need to take my assertion as an opinion). They'd been leaning on this chump for two weeks before that night and for a few days, the cops were cruising by our house and staring at us through the windows. Maybe you know 'that look.' We were on a dead end street then, so the cops had no business being so uncharacteristically present there.

Since this was clearly a violation, Carol immediately 'looked' at where that cop's orders came from and saw the NSA boss agent for our case, telling the crooked police chief in our town to send somebody to search our property for something. She couldn't see what that was, but she knew he didn't find anything. For the record, the elected Sheriff here refuses to be led around by the nose by these federal predators. He's the only cop here permitted under the US Constitution.

Carol went to the police station to make a formal complaint. The cop at the desk could find no record of that visit (of course), but she'll pursue it again tomorrow and she's let them know that the next time a cop shows up anywhere on our property except at the front door, she'll make a citizen's arrest. They know she's lawfully armed because one of the local cops ran into the gun shop with a clipboard before she even left the parking lot with her new Remington-Adams Smith 9mm revolver ;-).

There are only about 12,000 people in this town and there's sure as hell no excuse for the police to behave as the Gestapo, here or anywhere else on this planet.

New Lessons

After Carol got a clear picture of the boss agent's complicity in the harassment episode, I imagined my hand around this NSA Special Agent in Charge's beating heart and squeezed until Carol said he was terrified. Then I asked her how many psychics were assigned to help and protect this predator (I was told by an insider that this guy is in the habit of raping women and little girls and I was advised not to piss this guy off after I saw him glaring at us a few months ago from his, new, tan Lincoln Town car) and she said, 'Five, and they live right in town!' I said, 'Pick out the meanest one,' and she got the image of a man. With my left hand I squeezed his gonads until he, too, was terrified, then I told him, since he is telepathic, 'You need to tell your boss that if anyone ever shows up on our property again by his orders, we'll be back and he'll be much, much worse off than he is right now.' Then I let them both go. I expect a new SAIC to show up here soon ;-).

There you have it. Carol and I have been doing this to predators (in the act of harming or threatening people) here and there around the planet for two weeks, every night at bedtime. The reason I didn't comment earlier was because the few people who were perpetuating subterfuge in the CB forum would have had a field day with this. Stuart's been systematically removing those from the forum. Maybe the ones still hanging around, waiting for a chance to sabotage this forum will come out of hiding now, but I'll consider that a result of my initiative if they do, and Stuart can get a clearer sense of their true intentions and invite them out, too, with a clear conscience.

Note that I didn't call them agents. This is because subterfuge is the issue, not affiliations, and I don't want to glamorize what these malcontents do to potentially educational and liberating processes.

That event is typical of what we've been doing every night. Some of you guys had much worse government interference than we've had, we discovered through our experiment. It's a testimony of the character of the active participants here that only the few who were truly under duress accepted our invitation to help. We found two agents this way, too.

Nowhere to Hide

An agent can't hide his/her true intentions from a skilled psychic like my wife. Neither of these agents was under any kind of threat, by the way. I'm sure we've all met liars before. These agents are not bad people, by the way. At that low level in the NSA or associated secret police agency they're not in a position to harm anyone and I get the sense that most of them in the various internet forums wouldn't dream of hurting anyone. They're just collecting a paycheck and following their bliss. I don't blame them; I just want to prevent them from working among us, that's all. They all smoke a lot of dope, apparently. I've been encouraging everyone to give this up if they wish to have psychic integrity. I don't think it's possible to protect oneself very well if one has been smoking the stuff because psyops people can only get in through a hole in the etheric nets around us, and pot makes and extends these holes for them. The agents are essentially paranoid from smoking the stuff, which is how they, in turn, are controlled and kept in fear.

After a person has reached a certain level of psychic integrity, it becomes unthinkable to even breathe the second hand pot smoke. At times, it can feel intolerable to even stand next to someone who's been smoking it. This is Metaphysics 101, folks, not just some Calvinist rant.

We can't fake integrity, though many can fake sincerity fairly well to those who are 'discernmentally challenged.'

The reason I'm reporting all of this now is that I found a precedent among traditional shamanic healers for terrorizing predators. According to the brainwashing that all of the western psychics we know are subject to, it's 'unlawful' to take these measures against predators. You know, a lot of western psychics call themselves shamans, but none of them will do what needs doing to demonstrate their claims, so far. It's an empty title until real courage is demonstrated in the face of a bloodthirsty foe.

Carol felt sure it wasn't right to attack an attacker, which is why she would do the looking and telepathy for me when necessary, but she wasn't willing to 'do the job' or even touch the device I was using, which is basically just a Succor Punch surrounded by orgonite. She wouldn't touch the device-until last night, when her own daughter was under duress from this lawbreaking cop.

There were eight full time NSA psychics looking for ways to break us, but three of them, who were on assignment from Spokane, will never have anything to do with us again. Last week, they were trying to get at Jenny (Carol's daughter), but Carol found out about it and ID'd them. We then spent a little quality time 'talking' to them and demonstrating our clear intent and ability. We'd actually seen the most aggressive one of the three on the street in Spokane one day last summer, spying on us (she's the one who drove Jenny to near suicide a few months later, before Carol discovered how she was doing that). I guarantee that she'll never terrorize anyone again. We always look for the biggest, baddest predator and use him/her as an object example for the rest.

The African Connection

The relevant shamanic exemplar who occurred to me is Ouma Lahia, the Xhosa witch/healer we met in Namibia, though the witches whom Carol met in Kenya are in the same category. I suspect Joanna in Brazil has the same level of demonstrated ability. I feel her watching over us even as I write. My little epiphany last night was that the only way one can be effective this way is to strike terror into the hearts of predators. It's implicit that this can only be done in real terms within the bounds of universal law. That means that the predator has to be in the act or preparation stage of committing a crime, literally. The response from us has to be in balance with the threat level presented by the predator. This is something that's felt instinctively, not something arrived at by rational debate, though it all makes sense in rational terms.

In a real sense, the African shamanic healers we met are entirely unafraid of the government, the voodoo societies, and everything else-except going against universal law. I suspect their initiation process has a lot to do with just finding predators who are in the act of attacking innocents and scaring the living s**t out of them or even killing them with energy, whichever is more appropriate ;-)

I confess that when I'm around the 'shamans of color', it's a wonderful relief not to be subjected to pseudo-Hindu metaphysical terminology. There, I've said it. That mental programming crap is as hard for me to tolerate as a multilevel marketing pitch or televangelism.

Return of the Jedi

I bought a little Ben&Suze [crystal device] last month and I can use even this to terrify predators to a lesser extent. I even did that a couple of times (once to a B-Sirian who was trying to harm me; once to a NSA psychic-- a member of a psyops team in a car) and once with the SP/organite device when it wasn't even attached to the SP frequency box, so essentially this isn't about tools in the long run. It's about the will and desire to stop tyranny, in my opinion. I think we get these little glimpses of our true potential in order to spark us onward.

Others are using their Succor Punches to do this now (they're not talking about it in the CB forums, probably because of past subterfuge and sabotage in the ranks), but my SP simply won't do that. That's another discussion, of course, and the SP is apparently still more suitable for some applications, especially involving reptilians and ET who are apparently immune from the newer device.

One reason I waited two weeks to even mention the newer SP/organite device is that I wanted to see if any fool, predator, or unbalanced person, could inflict harm on innocents with one. Since we're quite sure that the NSA and other fake-gov't gangsters (they all fit at least two of those depictions) have made many of these and are trying to use them against Carol and I, having gotten my very clear instructions from my personal correspondence to several people, and since we've felt better in the past two weeks than we have in the previous two years, I'm certain now that this device can't be used to harm innocents.

Well, okay, I'm not really an innocent, per se, but by 'innocent,' I mean anyone who's not a predator. Carol's an innocent by anyone's standards, I guess, and Jenny certainly is. Jenny's been feeling better than ever lately, too.

Carol and I got some clear, simple parameters for a prototype which I believe will be more powerful and effective than the one we're using now. I shared those parameters with several vendors, who have told me they'll also make prototypes, and after we test these, I'll do a fuller description and write-up for you here. Since our prototype only has the items that Carol and I came up with independently, I'm not violating anyone's proprietary rights.

I'll make sure that the makers of the device I'm using now will get their due credit shortly.

Every organite, electronic, geometric and crystal device we're all using right now is a temporary crutch. I've got no problem admitting that. Why do people denigrate crutches, though? Is that some white-man, schizoid attitude related to hatred of handicapped people? Think about the weird implication of despising crutches for a second.

I don't think that we Pink Toes are inherently schizoid, but duplicity damn sure is an integral part of the Judeo-Christian culture for the past two millennia. Let's see how fast we can dismantle the overlaid thoughtforms that makes us assume that crooked-is-straight and straight-is-crooked, okay? Here's some more thoughtforms for the sake of illustration: 'Security is more important than freedom,' 'The devil made me do it,' 'If you're suffering, it's your own fault,' 'We can't change the world; we can only change ourselves,' 'It's not spiritual to be concerned about government,' 'Denial is a wonderful thing,' 'I have this problem because in a past life,' 'I'm really a mighty admiral of a fleet of starships from the Pleiades'; 'I only appear to be fearful, duplicitous and incompetent because I wanted to give myself a lesson in this incarnation.,' 'This isn't really happening to me.' Yikes

Carol was thinking about some of these expressions yesterday while she was doing her email and told me she heard a voice, then, that said, 'These people need to do some rebirthing.' That's the supervised technique of rapid breathing that can be used to burn away delusion (thoughtform) overlays rapidly. It has to be conducted by someone you trust implicitly or you won't open up enough to get the job done. James and Rose Mary Hughes helped me with that five years ago, but they're not doing that any more, professionally (twenty years is enough, they recently told me). There are a lot of good folks providing this service, but if your instincts tell you that the one you're considering is not trustworthy, you'll waste your time and money if you do it with that person.

I'm not saying the facilitator needs to be a saint, only that you need to be able to trust him/her.

Until I met Ouma Lahia in Africa, I wasn't aware of another human who was able and willing to exercise such profound personal power. As I mentioned last year, she checked me out thoroughly, weeks before she allowed me to visit her. During this process, I came the closest to a feeling of terror than I had in recent years. In those moments, she was putting my intention to the test; looking right into my heart. The reason I didn't let fear rule is that I knew, when her granddaughter mentioned her to me (the morning after I arrived in Windhoek) that she was the traditional healer whom I'd come to give my crowd zapper to. I knew that she had the power to kill me if I ever demonstrated ill intent. Simple truth, clear knowing. The reason she has that ability, though, is because her own intent has been purified by the fire of tests, temptations, traumas, loss, and opposition. This power is never given to some jerk off the street; it's earned and given within the Law. The badly named Great White Brotherhood doesn't have this power to give, though they dearly want you to believe they do. They've always had to resort to bullets, poison and corrupted courtrooms for getting their fearless opponents out of the way. Their fake ascended masters, like Count St. Germain, are really just in a hyper-dimensional, timeless limbo, similar to a born-again chump's idea of heaven. As La Rouche said once: They've traded eternity for a bad infinity. I guess the old Count simply outsmarted himself, eh? I bet there's no sex where he is.

The reason Ouma Lahia can go through life completely unafraid of predators (no shortage of those in Africa though the ones here, usually connected with the NSA, are far more savage and bloodthirsty on the whole) is that she knows she can destroy them if she needs to.

The US Constitution clearly states that anyone can lawfully stop a person who is in the act of committing a crime. It's been a long, long time since the Constitution was the basis of our court system (natural law was replaced in all the courts by corporate rules in 1935). There are no more crimes against people under the rule of the Corporation (Uniform Commercial Code, UCC). There are only crimes against the State (the London-owned Federal Reserve Corporation) and its property (the people of the United States).

Some of us are now conspiring to destroy the corporate (what an apt term!) thoughtform which keeps people believing that it's obligatory to go along with the Federal Reserve Corporation, which owns all our courts, our currency, all personal and public property and everyone in the US who has a social security number. We estimate that this thoughtform will be destroyed, radionically by June. Then a few months later, the Corporation itself will be peacefully dismantled by formerly incredulous Americans, the assets redistributed by a real government which is Constitutionally established. I think the fake gov't saw this coming, hence the NESARA delusion as a half-hearted stopgap to keep the corporate thoughtform's foot in the door. Mixing metaphors, NESARA is apparently intended to be the dog's nose in the coming real national government's tent ;-)

I've only shared the details of our experiment with a few people whom I trust the way I'm asking you to trust your chosen rebirth facilitator. By the way, born-again chumps think that rebirthing is a one-time deal. Actually, we all do it in stages as long as we're alive. The trick is to get it done ourselves in a progressively easier way. The first few times may rather feel like dying than birthing. The organite devices will smooth the way considerably, so don't forget to have at least a Holy Handgrenade present.

Ouma Lahia

I'm wondering if any shamans outside Africa and Latin America practice this level of personal power. What I experienced in Africa felt familiar and right, and it's right in line with my instinctive belief that Africa will soon assume its proper place in human, spiritual civilization. The suppression of Africa has been essentially the same as the suppression of a huge part of our own personal potential, though here it's done with brainwashing here. There it's done with violence and overt threats. I think the fake world regime has determined to wipe out these few exemplars in the only way that's been open to them- genocide; their tried and true companion until now.

Ouma Lahia had been poisoned two years before Carol and I met her. She was in her eighties and I suspect that dose would have quickly killed even a healthy youth, but her time here simply wasn't up yet, and I think she knew it. The solar powered crowd zapper got such rapid and astonishing healing results when she 'test drove' it that I wish I'd taken pictures of the faces of her family when she jumped up after twenty minutes of zapping and started flexing her previously painful joints. I'd seen the healing many times, but those looks were priceless.

'Ouma' is Afrikaans for 'grandmother,' and that's exactly how she felt to me, as does vo Joanna in Brazil.

When Carol went to Kenya a few months earlier, she was struck by the fearlessness of the witches/healers she met on the first day in the village. They, alone, were not intimidated by the 'night runners'-- the voodoo men who run naked in total darkness through the forest of thorn trees and attack people who are outside their homes after dark. Others won't go out at night for fear of encountering these murderous men (they remind me of Shriners-- sorry about that). The Haitian villagers are ruled in a similar way by the voodoo societies there. Meeting those witches and Ouma Lahia was an eye opener for Carol. It took both of us this long to make the connection between their fearlessness and ours right now. It's based on the knowledge that we can stop predators in the act of harming innocents. There are quite a few people in this forum who are ready to do this now if they want to.

Nine voodoo men followed Carol home from Kenya, astrally, and we stopped them with the Succor Punch in one session. That's also when we found the reptilian hive openings in Africa, through a chain of astral inquiries. The desire to close the south portal of the African reptilian hive is what motivated me to go to Namibia three months after Carol got back. That was found and closed by our African compadres then with the HHg one of them made, but it was done after I showed up. I think they needed some moral support then. I believe that was on December 17, 2001. A week before that, on the day I arrived in Africa, a very lengthy sighting of several UFOs was reported in the nation's premier newspaper. There were no pictures, but the detailed account was on the front page. From the descriptions, it was obvious to me that those were Lemurians, coming to reclaim the skies over Southern Africa as the reptilians were retreating in advance of the portal closing. Carol and Kerstin were 'invited' aboard a Lemurian craft on account of the organite devices there the day before she left, a month later.

The chembuster work we did, together with our African counterparts, in the Namib and Kalahari and handing the crowd zappers to native healers were our second and third reasons for the visit. All zappers cure AIDS very, very quickly. I think Georg Ritschl's the guy who will get this good news and affordable zappers into the hands of the African healers now, through the auspices of www.organise-africa.net and the generosity of others. He's already made impressive inroads reversing the HAARP savagery in Southern Africa with his many well-placed cloudbusters and other organite devices.

The daily interference with my email stopped abruptly after the second night of our experimentation with this device and aside from the 30 or so daily mass-addressed emails from the chump NSA agents which contain their latest computer viruses in attachments (I routinely delete all those before I start on correspondence) there seems

to be no more hacker assaults going on. It was getting worse and worse until the day it stopped entirely, two weeks ago. Some hacking at this point would be just another opportunity for us to see what the new device can do. I was surprised to learn that most of the bosses in these predatory secret police operations are Men in Black (Morticians With Attitude?).

NSA: Traitors in Trouble?

Our aim is to wage a campaign of terror among all the predators of the NSA and the associated enforcing agencies of this fake world regime. This is where all the terrorism in the world comes from, after all. They're the ones who blow up public buildings, blow up passenger jets, commit mass murder, conduct all the satanic serial killings, maintain and extend MK Ultra and all the other predatory mind control programs, tell all the politicians how to vote (usually by extortion if bribery fails). They run the FBI, the local police agencies and even most of the Sheriff's Departments and they do their best to run the State Police agencies. They set up and run all of the spiritual chumps' gurus who get wide acclaim (gee, how do they get so popular ;-). They own and operate all of the Zionist and Islamic bomb throwers and assassins. They set up and maintain all the Stalins, Hitlers and Pol Pots operating right now as heads of state in sundry little countries and they murder ALL of the opposition in these countries when they're able to.

In short: disable these behind-the-scenes criminal networks and the world regime will be completely defenseless, therefore no longer viable. The disappearance of the world regime will be no more traumatic to the body politic than the death of a tapeworm is to a human body. Watch how fast we fix political corruption once the politicians' enablers are gone. It's going to be a peaceful transition in most cases, I think, to government based on personal freedom and responsibility. We humans are all quick studies, I believe, and all of us instinctively know right from wrong. Sometimes it just takes a little coaching, which may be the ultimate function of the Internet.

Universal Law, The Fly in the Ointment

Carol and I figured out that every member of 'the regime,' certainly including their predators, is essentially expendable, even the five old dark masters at the top end of the Great White Brotherhood's formerly secret hierarchy. They all know it because, for all the movers and shakers in this hierarchy, systematic programming began in their earliest moments in this life with ritual infant abuse [see Thanks for The Memories by Brice Taylor-Ken]. Later on, the memories of their early abuse was suppressed and their minds were overlaid with predator programming, giving them the delusion of personal power, but reinforcing their distrust of their coworkers and a distinct fear of failure. This is also the root programming used in MK Ultra and all the other programs designed to keep their troops in line. It's this programming which makes the psychic predators try to ignore universal law, and ultimately that makes them vulnerable to you and me. One of the NSA shrinks moonlighted once to give McDonalds Corporation this for programming their employees to never unionize. It works ;-)

Remember that a predator chooses to attack innocents and other predators. There are no unwitting victims at that level of savagery. On the other hand, the lower level chumps of the NSA who disable internet forums, write TV scripts and political speeches and argue the fake 'law' in the fake courts are relatively harmless, so of course we wouldn't even think of harming them.

Criminals in Charge

Just like the Federal Reserve Corporation, it's time to dismantle all the secret police agencies and this can't happen unless they've become essentially afraid of the consequences for hurting innocents. The world is in a state of anarchy because criminals run all of the governments from behind the scenes and terrorize the populace in the process. That means there is no effective government in real terms right now. We're responsible for creating proper government, not politicians or fake saviors.

I don't think we have time to get approval from 'the masses' for this work because as long as they're afraid of these fake governments, they'll remain asleep and even dangerous. We need to do whatever it takes, within the real law, to neutralize the external source of this fear programming. To Carol and I, right now, that means destroying the thoughtforms with turbocharged radionics and systematically terrorizing the demonstrated secret

police terrorists. I think that until we get at least a dozen more interested and able folks involved with this we are risking a bullet or two in the head, hence the submission of this post for the record right now instead of two weeks from now.

The NSA tried to murder several of us to prevent the chemtrails/cloudbuster video from getting onto the Internet. That stopped abruptly soon after Stuart did the deed on www.cloud-busters.com. I expect a similar scenario will play out until there are a few prototypes out and about in the right hands. Mainly, it's the information that is important. This new device is just an appropriate Succor Punch surrounded by adequate orgonite. As with all the other devices Carol and I introduced, the parameters are very liberal, so there's little chance of screwing it up if you're relatively intelligent and are willing to pay attention to your instincts in making your own prototype.

I'm asking for a dozen psychic practitioners or teams like Carol and I, but I wouldn't be surprised if there are a few hundred by June, which feels to us like the time we'll clearly have the upper hand. By 'we' I mean humanity, of course, not this informal network.

Scheduled Nuke on Washington DC in late January

I think that if the scheduled nuke attack on Washington, DC by NSA agents later this month fails, there won't be any more blatant attempts to move us into martial law and genocide, then we can focus on disabling and dismantling the NSA from the inside out.

I definitely believe that a few of these instruments in the right hands will do the trick of disabling the criminal NSA and the other predatory enforcers of global tyranny in a short time. In the wrong hands, they'll just be props (or bludgeons).

Dog Training

Pavlov discovered that only a small, hidden effort is needed to train someone to behave and believe a certain way or not to. Actually, this is a divine principle that Pavlov applied in a less than divine format. We found out that the 'disciplined' predators do tell the others about what we've done. Maybe a dozen more of these devices in the right hands will be enough to make sure that these tales of terror spread thoroughly through the predatory ranks of those disgusting agencies. The clear but implicit message: 'If I ever hear of you harming another innocent, you're going to pay dearly; and nobody can protect you and it's impossible to hide from me. If I get killed, there will be somebody else to find you and do the deed, probably immediately.'

Help Wanted

I'm asking for a dozen practitioners, but I wouldn't be surprised if there are a few hundred throughout the world by June, which feels like the time when we'll clearly have the upper hand. By 'we' I mean humanity, of course, not this informal network. It's not even necessary to tell us you're doing this. In fact, when the victory comes, the casual nature of our association will be just another confirmation of the power of the human spirit over the power of degradation and exploitation, which requires severe structuring, complex formal hierarchies and infighting to maintain itself. I think we can see how the fake infighting disappeared from the forum after the subterfuge artists were summarily ejected. Infighting is not inherent to human organization-it's a programmed activity. The fact that it characterizes corporate employment simply supports my claim that corporations are unnatural organizations, about to be abandoned in favor of more organic forms of organization. The well-reputed ambience and true camaraderie in the CB forum will continue to get better, you'll see, and the structuring will become less and less apparent, as it is on the internet itself.

I'm reporting this here, but in fact we don't need the forum for this particular project. I just want a public record account of what we're doing and the forums at www.cloud-busters.com are our chosen chronicle because Stuart Jackson is made of the same stuff we are, so I trust that he'll never sell out and trash this wonderful site. Sure, it's all been archived in several places by now, but I want Stuart's site to get so well known that Jeff Rense will soon come begging on his knees for Stuart to sell him a banner ad ;-)

Besides, Stuart knows that if he drops the ball sometime, somebody else will pick it up and run with it on the Internet. He's proven his commitment with every obstacle (opportunity) that's been thrust in front of him, though, so I'm sure he'll stay in the game for the duration and beyond.

The dissemination of workable solutions to seemingly insurmountable calamities and threats is being done now, almost entirely, through the good graces of the Internet. The parameters here are entirely different from anything else except the global psychic network among the true, unaffiliated shamans, which is ancient and highly evolved and even linked to higher agencies. If you detect the stink of the Great White Brotherhood from someone claiming to be a healer/shaman, check to see if your wallet's still in your pants.

The Internet is the crutch that humanity is using to help us get to the next level of awareness, on which tyranny has always been simply impossible to create and maintain. Humanity is only a few hobbling steps away from that wonderful realm right now. Maybe we can finally get around without crutches after we get there. Is that going to happen after 2012? Imagine a world without parasites. 'Rebirthing' has a lot of meanings.

Don Croft

Episode 52

The PowerWand

Everyman's Weapon Against Tyranny

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

Adventures of Don & Carol Croft Index

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc52thepowerwand26jan03.shtml>

January 26, 22003

Having satisfied ourselves that absolutely no harm can be done with this device, we're ready to give out the instructions for it. After that I'll discuss what led to making ours and other considerations. Special thanks in the beginning is due Ben Morton, Suze Hooten and Bruce Stenulson for helping us make the crucial connection. I've described our experiences with Ben's and Suze's device, which inspired our PowerWand, in the Terrorizing The Terrorists article, written just previous to this one.

A few days after writing that account I made our prototype PowerWand and Carol and I began experimenting with it.

I'm writing a detailed description of how mine was made. If any of this seems over your head, you probably should buy one from one of the vendors on www.cloud-busters.com. Carol and I will check their work and write our recommendations after they've produced a suitable model that meets our minimum standards.

Here are the ingredients:

(It's built in a 3" diameter copper pipe, 9" long. Basically it's just a Succor Punch embedded in slightly 'Hootenized' orgonite [resin/metal shavings mix with misc. added crystals-Ken].)

1. The Copper Pipe

2. An Endcap (optional)

3. A Suitable Crystal- it needs to be at least seven inches long, close to 1 1/2" thick in the middle and with a single distinct point on one end. A Vogel (expensive!) will do fine, of course, but mine is funky and cost only \$45.

4. Mobius Coil

I used an entire roll of the blue magnet coil wire from Radio Shack (sold singly in a plastic and cardboard packet) to make the mobius coil on the crystal. The instructions for wrapping this coil are on www.cloud-busters.com. Since the 'cable' for the coil was very long in relation to the thickness of the crystal, I made a series of six 'knots' or underhand mobius turns. This saved me from having to make a huge, unwieldy 'knot.' Each knot was made up of six turns of the cable around the crystal. I stripped an inch of wire on the two ends and wrapped them around the threads on the ends of two, 2" long drywall screws, so soldering was not necessary. I put some little shrink tubes around the lengths of the screws so that the current would not short into the orgonite around them. I also liberally coated (with GOOP) all the bare wire that was still exposed and GOOP-glued the screws along the crystal so that just the heads would be exposed after it was all done. Until the glue dried, the screws were taped into position. I applied the two alligator clips from the frequency box to the two screws to power the coil when it was finished. Others use a different contact method.

5. Other Crystals

A little amethyst (mine was an inch long, broken from a cluster), a bit of pyrite (I used about a quarter teaspoon of broken bits), hematite (I used four 12mm beads), and garnets (I used four or five small rough bits, about 6mm). Without at least these Hootenizers, the energy from your Power Wand won't be grounded or focused. It will work about half as well as the one I made and the energy field will be spinning wildly around the room instead of taking proper form. If you want, you can beef it up a lot more with more minerals, intelligently combined. RevTed at Myth&Links (a link is on www.cloud-busters.com) has them all in stock, plus a lot of the

more exotic items and some very nice crystals for your other orgonite devices, if you can't find them locally. We were careful to make ours with materials you can find in any bead store and rock shop.

6. Succor Punch Frequency Generator

If you don't want to use the hard-wired boxes supplied by the Succor Punch makers, you can download the software for a frequency generator onto your desktop and hook the coil to you speaker plug-ins on your computer. You can download the NCH Frequency from Ken Adachi's web site: <http://educate-yourself.org/nch/> We use 15Hz for this because it drives all parasites and predators to distraction, but it feels good to balanced, healthy people and boosts our awareness. The healthy orgone fields get quite juiced by it, too. Our theory is that this is because it will be the earth's resonant frequency after 2012, when tyranny and parasitism will simply be unviable on this planet.

7. A Copper Coil

I used 99" of 18gauge bare copper wire [or enameled copper wire used for coils and transformers], wrapped loosely counterclockwise along the length of the crystal. The counterclockwise wrap gets the projected orgone field spinning in a direction suitable for disassembling predatory/parasitic thoughtforms. 15Hz speeds that process.

8. Mostly CopperMetal for Orgonite

Carol told me that at least half the metal should be copper, perhaps because of the nature of the work that's to be done with this device. We used aluminum for the rest.

9. Cheap Fiberglass Resin

We double the catalyzt amount because it's cold in our garage.

Here's how I made mine:

Since I tend to be a little rough with my stuff, I recessed the point of the crystal into the pipe. I pushed it through some cuts in the bottom of a 3oz Dixie cup, which I also use to make the Tower Busters that can be shot from my spudgun.

I put GOOP Glue around the bottom of the cup to ensure that resin wouldn't leak in and fill the cavity, then I glued the rim of the paper cup onto a flat plastic surface after the first bunch of glue hardened enough to hold up the crystal.

I had gauged the business end of the two terminals (screw heads) to be an inch below the edge of the pipe and when I put the frequency box in there the copper end cap (lubricated with sprayed silicone) fit snugly and held it in place on top of the screw heads. The silicone ensures that you'll get it off again.

After the glue dried around the edge of the paper cup, I set the copper pipe down around the whole thing and added some metal-enough to stand the amethyst up so it pointed in the same direction as the SP crystal.

I poured in enough catalyzed resin to saturate the metal. At this point, it's better to pour just a little catalyzed resin; enough to go just over the bottom of the Dixie cup, in case there are leaks. If you add too much, the pressure will force a lot more resin through the leak and out from the edge of the pipe.

When this hardened, I added the pyrite, more metal, the hematite, more metal, and then near the 'top' I added the garnets and filled the whole thing with resin up to the screw heads.

I ended up grinding the business end, of course, and chiseling out the leaked resin there, and it was finished.

I decided to sell the components for the frequency boxes wholesale to anyone who wants to order the minimum of ten. I'm doing this for two reasons: Since they're machined and suitable for fitting in the space more people will be building the Power Wands for sale (it's slightly bigger than a 9v battery). Also, it cost us dearly to get the circuit/switch/LED assemblies and the machined boxes made in the first place and we want to recover our

investment. We use the circuits for our Terminator zappers and I had the small boxes made in some quantity for the Succor Punches and other applications. The Terminator box and the SP box were machined to accept the same circuit/switch/LED assembly.

I bought all of Ben Morton's and Suze Hooten's offerings in recent months. These are partly based on Mark Hooten's unique skills of using specific minerals and crystals to enhance and specify the effects of orgonite and their own inspired applications of coils, crystal arrangements and shapes. I've often referred to the superior function of Suze's dowsing pendulum and to the combination of the Ben & Jerry Treat and Suze's small Super Sevens into the Ben&Suze device, which fits nicely in the hand and travels well in the pocket for vitalizing the ambience wherever one goes with it. In a pinch, it can also disorient and rather terrify a psychic predator, so it's no softy.

They sent us another device, which is a double scale Ben&Suze with a Succor Punch crystal coil and circuit embedded in the middle. There are other proprietary items they didn't describe to me but we discovered early on that it could be used to do things that the Succor Punch alone was incapable of. The Terrorizing The Terrorists article was written about what Carol and I did with this device, as I mentioned above.

Right after that article was written, we received a device from Mark Hooten which has no electronics and relatively little orgonite, but it out-performs our PowerWand and works on a slightly different principle. Since he expressed that he won't be making these for sale, I won't go into that in depth, but it was quite astonishing to us that so much could be done without a mobius coil. I think Mark has made something that humanity won't be ready for (generally) for another ten years. It's also incapable of doing harm, by the way. It certainly does send back predatory energy tenfold to the source, though, as does the Power Wand. I think we've sort of stumbled onto the nuts and bolts of just how tyranny will no longer be practicable after a few more years.

(Back to the Super Ben&Suze-if I may be so bold as to suggest a name)

This requires very concentrated effort and apparently even focused rage to disable a predator in the act of committing a crime. It also seems to require some visualization. I doubt that this was their intended purpose in creating it. Carol was unwilling to even pick it up until we'd had it for a month. The little Ben&Suze was adorable from the first. I'm the one who made the connection between the larger device and effective self-defense. Carol's reluctant to think in those terms, though she's happy to assist me with her supernatural sight.

I sent out a request for volunteers who were under attack by NSA and other secret police psychic predators to give Carol and I permission to visit them and disable their attackers. About twenty people responded from around the world, only two of whom were insincere (Carol saw them as agents). One was since booted off the forum, but the other is still there, though not making trouble for now.

We mainly wanted to get our own 'before and after' assessments and to see whether our images corresponded with real results based on subsequent observations by the askers. We found out in the process that all human predators are very vulnerable to this device, while the human/reptilian hybrids and ETs are harder targets. We couldn't touch the Draconian we found pulling the strings in one NSA psyops assault, but we did disengage that one with my Succor Punch in the customary way. The flunkies, in this case an army field grade psychic officer and several NSA psychics, were fodder for this weapon and you can bet they won't be doing this to anyone else in the near future. Our hope has been for all psychic and even physical fake-gov't predators to be too scared, due to circulating reports, to go after anyone. When we encounter a team, we always go after the strongest, meanest one and have the others watch. I pretty well described the processes in the previous episode, so there's no need to cover that ground again.

Bruce Stenulsen was the first to combine a coiled crystal and orgonite for effect. That's the DORAS unit you may have heard about. Suze Hooten wanted me to be sure to give Bruce credit for acting on the original concept. Thanks, Bruce!

Since Carol and I gave away our inventions so that we couldn't be tagged with profiteering, my conscience is

clear in promoting the Power Wand, a device which is derived from experimenting with Ben and Suze's creation. I need to stress that Hootenizing orgonite, as done over and above our offerings, points the way to a time when there will be no need for electrical circuitry any more in an orgone-based technology for humanity. I feel sure that in the present evolution of technology, orgone will be to electricity what electricity was to steam. I hope we can keep using the term, 'orgone' on behalf of Dr. Reich, who literally sacrificed his life in 1957 at the hands of fake-government assassins to make it possible for us to even have this discussion. He knew for almost twenty years that it was going to happen, which makes his offering that much more precious.

Ben pointed out that much of what they added to this device is proprietary and secret, so I was eager to see if this private domain technology related to the great results we were getting with their device. At this point I can confidently say that our significantly easier and more effective results in the vein of stopping predators were from the combination of the Succor Punch and orgonite in a simple configuration.

I'll be looking forward to seeing how other researchers analyze the effects and abilities of the Super Ben&Suze in perhaps other ways that we're not yet aware of. I've sent ours to an extremely gifted and talented energy worker/healer for his assessment and I'll share his comments as soon as I get them.

I put a new battery in the freq box and turned it on before mailing it off just in case some Gestapo bastard is stupid/arrogant enough to try to sabotage the package.

I'll also take it to other reputable psychics whom we've worked with in our travels for their assessments. I want to make sure that Ben and Suze get full credit for their work and this is best done by getting the unbiased evaluations of more than just Carol and her psychic-hack husband.

I carried the PowerWand from the basement to our bedroom/workshop, when it was finished, and it felt like an army was marching in front of me ;-). That was pretty special.

Carol said that before it was even turned on, a big, spherical cobalt blue orgone field was writhing, centered four feet beyond the end, sort of like a Medusa's head. This is the thing that visits the target when we turn on the power, but it's huge then and has no range limit. Also, no psychic shields or ritual magic protection works against it. I thought this article would be a long one, but the effect and technique is so simple that there's not a lot to elaborate on.

The first thing we did was test it on me, full blast. I felt a pleasant rush all over, like when you stand under a tropical waterfall or dive into a pool. Carol saw the cobalt energy flowing over me, but none of it went inside. I guess nothing in me needed to be recycled.

I learned to stop visualizing predators coming apart because I want to steer clear of any notion that I'm a murderer. Instead, I just direct the energy at them with the understanding that it will do whatever is lawfully appropriate to their situation. Secret Buddy says it's always appropriate to kill ritual murderers, but he knows stuff I don't know.

It's sufficient to say now that all of the vengeful military psychics, Montauk Wonks, Men in Black, dark masters, Satanists, etc., who took exception to our efforts by trying to disable us in the past few days got it all back in appropriate measure without us having to transgress the Law.

Today, we even disengaged the first hacker in three weeks who's had the temerity to interfere with my computer. He was just a nerdy NSA geek, so the Power Wand didn't damage him. It did disable all his computer gear, though, which put him in a paranoid state (he's probably a pothead). Carol had him 'see' blood dripping down his monitor screen just for fun (we watch a lot of movies while we make zappers). I think he was set up by his bosses to do that because he's not psychic enough to see what we've been up to. She said I'm just another name on his list of would-be victims and only after his stuff stopped working right did he suspect that he'd stepped on the wrong toes and that made him scared.

Anybody else want us to see if we can stop their computer interference? If so, email me at terminator3@turbonet.com . In the past few days, I've heard from a half dozen major players in our network who say their websites are down, all their email disappeared, etc., so maybe the secret police are doing a little rearguard action. Those cretins only advertise themselves to us this way. Don't you feel embarrassed that you were ever afraid of these incompetent jerks? I do.

If you're an agent reading this, I bet you already know we'll find you out in the process if you cry 'Wolf!' ;-)
Don't worry- we won't hurt you, Agent. Anyone who emails me for that will get prompt attention and if you send another note within a day or two, I'll be sure to tell you what we've seen and possibly done for you. Feedback from you will be deeply appreciated-we don't ever run from science.

We'll be on the road (pursuing the enemy, not fleeing from them ;-)) after Feb 2, so please don't ask after that, okay? This is for our education, mainly. The rat bastards won't get close to us any more so we need help finding predators to disable. Pretty soon anyone can do this job.

Somebody else made a Power Wand prototype the day before I did (I'm not sure he wants to announce himself, otherwise I'd mention his name). He used it radionically to direct energy at an up and coming guru wannabee whom he found particularly annoying. In this case it was done radionically with the Power Wand pointed at a witness well with the guy's name in it.

He asked Carol to look at the results and Carol saw that the would-be guru simply got a huge rush of real inspiration from that exercise, even though the fellow with the Power Wand wanted him to suffer. Mr. Wannabee is simply not a predator. We asked our friend to monitor the target's website from now on and see if he has replaced his apparent craving for a following with a strong, demonstrated desire to empower others. Sure, all the leadership addicts say they're empowering people, but if you're reading this you've probably figured out that it's only the actions that count, not the claims or even the intentions, from us all.

Here's my theory on how the PowerWand works:

The world is ruled through a predatory/parasitic thoughtform. Whoever identifies with these things is susceptible to being dissolved by the Power Wand's directed, focused energy. The degree of dissolution is in direct proportion to that person's demonstrated commitment to predatory action. The higher up the dung heap that a person is, the more mayhem and murder he/she must have committed, therefore the more vulnerable to this device. Just like the in Hitler's SS, advancement in the New World Order is measured by the height of the pile of corpses in one's personal resume. The Love and Light gurus are window dressing, only. They don't participate in the grisly stuff, but their programmers do.

Bodily parasites are predators, of course, but on a smaller scale, biologically. The parasitic aspects of the world regime are seen in its global exploitation of human energy and natural resources. I think the religious and educational institutions fit well in the parasite category.

The predatory aspects are seen in agencies like the NSA, the Federal Reserve Corporation, the International Monetary fund, Communism, National Socialism (like the fake US and European governments), military dictatorships, etc.

These are all thoughtform-based and exquisitely worthy of dissolution right now. Because the thoughtforms are immense it's going to take some time to dissolve them with even the most powerful radionics configurations, but that may take as little as six months if the right number of us apply what we've all learned to the task.

All predators are heavily vested in the thoughtforms, to the extent that they fully identify with them. This may explain why human predators are so easy to neutralize this way.

The penchant to identify with thoughtforms is part of human nature and not intrinsically in error. The

brainwashing of humanity has been so effective that most people, after being institutionalized by public education, grope blindly for viable thoughtforms to identify with. The subversion of formerly viable ones is so complete that when one falls in the trap of identifying with them he/she is simply allowing external parasites to draw on their innate, essentially sovereign power. This is exactly what happens when one accepts a Social Security Number, adds his name to a church roster, joins a political organization, etc.

All of us are compromised this way to some extent, so I think it's pointless to rant about it. It rather seems more appropriate to destroy the thoughtforms and effectively protect ourselves from the agents who seek to punish and/or prevent us from carrying that out that process.

I think most of us in this action-oriented network have experienced the wrath of the secret government by now, firsthand, just for busting some of their deathforce transmitters and an underground base and maybe just for having a chembuster.

The PowerWand may be the easy way for anyone to take back personal power in a profound, effective way. You'll know when you've succeeded because you'll then stop experiencing gumshoe surveillance and computer hacking. Your life will get sweeter in other ways, too, and you'll know that this world order isn't so mighty, after all.

Several times, without Carol being present, I sensed a psychic assault and twice got the clear intention of some Men in Black who dearly wanted to shoot me in the head. I finally saw some of these gangsters outside Baltimore a couple of months ago. They're pretty brazen, unlike the formerly omnipresent NSA gumshoes. I don't think they're quite brazen enough to wear those suits in Idaho, though ;-)

In each case, I simply stopped what I was doing, turned on the PowerWand and imagined the power going to the source of the intimidations. Carol looked at each one afterward and said that the aggressors were completely neutralized in a fully appropriate way and will never do that again, at least to us. I didn't entertain the thought of killing them in that process, though one assault came apparently via direct orders from two of the remaining dark masters in the Gobi.

Carol and I were both astonished to find that the NSA and similar government agencies around the world operate so extensively through ritual dark magic, rather than through simple psychism and electronics. Part of me was happy to see that the Satanists connected with the fake South African government who were trying to stop Georg were a mixed group of whites and blacks, holding hands in a circle. That was when we saw that the PowerWand works well on groups of predators. In that case, Carol saw a sort of lightning bolt strike in their midst and spread out to encompass each of them. I won't get too graphic with that.

They were also trying to hurt Free State Farmer Eddie. That was after Carol and I went after the two Montauk types who were doing bad things that had made Georg very sick. I think Georg Ritschl gets the worst kinds of opposition, probably because the stakes are much higher in Africa, at least for creating famine and genocide. He'll probably defeat all of that this year. From his influence and example there are an awful lot of CBs throughout Africa, we're finding, not just in the southern countries.

I was told by a reputable high psychic who has checked our work that one NSA officer who attacked us was disabled by a 'scorum' which is nothing but the energy reflected back to the source. In this case it was a non-fatal heart attack.

Carol said that after a week there still has been no new NSA Special Agent In Charge assigned to interfere with us locally. She says they can't find anyone who will take the job, even though they're offering some hefty benefits. No such thing as bad publicity, I always say.

She says the felon/rapist who had that job before quit the Agency after we gave him a taste of his own medicine. Now I won't have a chance to put the little 'Shhh! I'm a SPY!' sticker on the back of his work car. The dork

parked it at City Hall after hours ;-) and drove away in his new Lincoln Town Car. I don't know where he parked that one. Maybe he cloaked it or something.

By the way, even the National Park Service employs gangsters and felons. I'm told by a former Park Service ranger that these guys are in charge of logistics for the satanic murder rituals that take place in many national parks. There are probably Satanists on your town council and in your police force. It goes without saying that most of the judges are practicing baby killers. Considering the high level of corruption in our courts, every single judge is culpable of being an accessory after the fact, at least. It's impossible to conceive that they all aren't intimately aware of these things. We're essentially living under anarchy right now. Can you see it? We simply need real, representative government now. The alternative is probably genocide at this point.

Mark's device, which I named 'Shiva', works on a slightly different principle and it alone can get inside a Draconian and dark master without interference. It, as well as the Power Wand, disassembles predatory targets, but it seems to draw in ambient orgone to do that. When you engage the device it looks like you're standing in the upper opening of a tornado and watching the beautiful energy around you swirl off in the direction of the target. It feels really nice in the process and even I saw it happening. Good luck talking Mark into making one for you ;-) I think you'd have to give him a few thousand dollars, to be fair, considering the expense of the materials, his unique skill and knowledge and the large amount of time it apparently takes to make one. We very deeply appreciate his willingness to sell us ours at such a low price. If I'd known what it is, I would have sent him a lot more, but maybe I can pay him with publicity ;-)

I bet a dozen Shivas would make it possible for us to have real governments again in a few short months. A hundred of our power wands in the right hands would do it, I think. I don't know how to factor in all the other energy work being done in the world, though I'm sure we're all working synergistically. The inventors who exhibit strong proprietary and self-seeking motivations are just shooting themselves in the foot. Elitism is SO inappropriate in the emerging age.

We cloudbuster types (and only a few of us at that) may be the only ones right now who are overtly claiming the desire to disable the criminal world regime and bring them all to justice under proper governments as soon as possible. Most of the rest of the world's energy healers are still stuck in the Love and Light kindergarten protocols, in my humble opinion, so won't get much in the way of real results on a planetary scale.

If you are reading this and believe that showering predators who are in the act of committing genocide (that perfectly describes the NSA and the rest of the secret government) with love and compassion will stop them, I can tell you right now that a Power Wand will be no more useful to you than a doorstep.

The good news is that very few people have the chutzpah to deny that this is happening. The less I hear about spaceships and Jesus rescuing us all, the happier I'll become. The only time I get claustrophobic feelings is when I contemplate being stuck on a spaceship with a bunch of people wearing stupid, vacuous grins. Yikes! Shoot me instead!

In that vein, I'm ending this article with a joke I got yesterday from a woman in Los Angeles, an adept of high magic, whom I dearly wish would come forward and claim credit for sending it to me. As an aside: it helped me understand why Carol and I could never find any vegetarian meals in Texas restaurants:

More truth than fiction.

Question: You're walking down a deserted street with your wife and two small children. Suddenly, a dangerous looking man with a huge knife comes around the corner and is running at you while screaming obscenities and his intent to cause you and yours harm. In your hand is a Colt .45 Government Model and you are an expert shot. You have mere seconds before he reaches you and your family.

What would you do?

Liberal Answer: Well, that's not enough information to answer the question! Does the man look poor or oppressed? Have I ever done anything to him that is inspiring him to attack? Could we run away? What does my wife think? What about the kids? Could a violent action on my part traumatize them? Could I possibly swing the gun like a club and knock the knife out of his hand? What does the law say about this situation? Is it possible he'd be happy with just killing me? Does he definitely want to kill me or would he just be content to wound me? If I were to grab his knees and hold on, could my family get away while he was stabbing me? This is all so confusing! I need to debate this with some friends for a few days to try to come to a conclusion.

Conservative Answer: BANG! BANG! BANG!

Texan's Answer: BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! click.

(sounds of magazine being ejected and fresh one installed)

Wife: "Sweetheart, he looks like he's still moving, what do you kids think?"

Son: "Mom's right Dad, I saw it too."

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Daughter: "Nice grouping Daddy!"

(sound of second magazine being ejected, and another being inserted)

Don Croft

Episode 53

Crisis = Opportunity

By Don Croft <<terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc53crisisequalsoportunity2feb03.shtml>

February 2, 2003

Over the past week, I think our fledgling global network made the grade. Stuart's still tunneling out of the mountain of NSA hacker detritus that was thrown at him and most of us who were hit hard with the scalar weapons, psyops assaults, etc., in the past week are probably recovering a lot faster than we expected. The folks who got hit in the pocketbook by sleazy NSA manipulators may not see the light at the end of the tunnel yet, but I believe they'll come out of this with a net profit before long.

There's no finer endorsement these days than to have the government attack us. Since the government is essentially owned by the NSA right now, these attacks don't come through the courts or police agencies. That would look ludicrous and would wake up too many pajama people. Rather the attacks are launched by the NSA itself, using everything short of bullets to the head.

We eventually discovered, through Stuart's computers, that there were over 300 NSA hackers and psychic predators in a task force, led by four Men in Black, mandated to stop us all. They focused on a dozen or so of the more active networkers here and abroad. There are no national boundaries as far as these saboteurs are concerned.

Most of us here are not accustomed to watching overall patterns and trends, so I'm going to lay out the patterns as I see them. Taken individually, each case of sabotage can be confused with any number of other causes. The one case which can clearly be seen as a concerted attack is Stuart Jackson's. I bet he missed several nights of sleep in his efforts to maintain the forum's web integrity. If anyone needed proof of Stuart's dedication, here it is. I hope he gives us an outline of his experiences, at least.

After he booted the main agents off the forum things went along pretty smoothly until Cbswork announced his history and purpose in the forum and I posted a couple of articles on some new, interesting, effective ways to disable the NSA predators. Taken as a whole, this was our outright personal declaration of war on the NSA.

Last Tuesday (five days ago) I got a note from Cbswork asking if we were okay because he was unable to 'see' us. I said, 'No problems here,' not giving it another thought until that night when I started coughing like a sanitarium patient (my lungs have always been my weak area).

I asked Carol what was happening and she said that the local NSA rats had been parked across the field and were beaming me with a new weapon based on a modified Succor Punch. I juiced them up with Shiva and didn't get any sicker after that, but the next morning I was too weak to get out of bed. That hadn't happened in nine years, since before I got my first zapper. I had a sense that they didn't want us to meet with Don and Ingri Cassel, of The Idaho Observer, an introduction that was kindly arranged by Donna and Robert Carrillo at their home the following Friday in Sandpoint. Donna is messiahmews on the forum

I spent most of Wednesday and Thursday in bed simply because I felt too weak to get up. Carol and I periodically checked in on some of our co-workers, a few of whom, including Stuart, were similarly hit by mystery illnesses at the same time.

Carol said Stuart was in constant motion trying to fix all the things that were going wrong, but hadn't yet connected that with outside interference. Several times we sent Shiva blasts out from his computer into the hacker realms, but it wasn't until Thursday morning that Carol followed the trail and discovered three huge rooms with over 300 NSA hackers and psychics, in the middle of which was an office with two-way mirrors, occupied by four Men in Black.

She said these people had been hastily assembled somewhere under Washington, DC for the express purpose of stopping us, because all the previous attempts, including those lame agent exploits, had only caused our effort to become more cohesive and focused. True to obsolescent government thinking, they assumed that more force would work where disjointed assaults had only strengthened our resolve. Maybe that's the Harvard Business School approach to spiritual warfare.

What I hope to show is that this has only caused them to reveal more of their ineffectual, leprous hand under that iron fist facade.

I'm going to start a thread to which I hope everyone will contribute the significant events, feelings, and happenings that have happened to them in the past week, which to many has seemed like a month. It all counts, folks. That thread will be the body of evidence. I'm only trying to spark your expression now. I want to get a better idea of how many of us were targeted by this task force.

It may be time for Alvin Whaley of Massachusetts to pipe in, I think. He's a very articulate, balanced man who jumped into the project with both feet and full commitment, even before getting a Succor Punch, and has gotten hit hard in the pocketbook and physical well-being for his efforts.

Vinnie was cajoled into meeting with an NSA scumbag agent on Thursday and by Friday night she was in a steep tailspin. I told her she'd come out of it fast and that all of these challenges are actually generous gifts to us for our more speedy spiritual development. These body blows cause us to develop street smarts at lightning speed.

When Carol found the NSA rat nest, I used the Shiva to spin some reconstructing orgone into their midst. She saw the board operators freeze up in terror in rapid succession as the energy went from one to another. The same was happening to all the psychics, then eventually to the MIB. One MIB fell with a heart attack, and then the boss came in to fill the gap. These guys are pretty rangy and tough to stop. They don't normally experience fear. Instead they go into a rage. Stress is a killer.

After several hours we went back there and a few of the hackers and psychics had regained their equilibrium and were back at Stuart and a couple of other people, so we juiced them again. That went on sporadically until last night (Saturday) but today, Sunday, it's still silent in that place.

This morning, Carol was a bit unsteady, so I got her to do a short session with me and she discovered thirteen Satanist hiding behind a curtain, draining her life force out through her feet with the intention of eventually stopping her heart. They assumed that she was too weak to spot them. It took awhile for her to see the person they were hiding in their midst, who was the Man in Black in charge of them. They had to die before he was revealed. He then died, then a man in a business suit, his boss, exploded into little pieces. I assume he was one of those allegedly elite guys who show up in Fortune Magazine and Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous. If he's a front man, they probably already cloned another version and implanted the personality and memory. I think these guys are as expendable as carnival shooting targets.

It's interesting that the system trashes women and even subverted the gender equality movement into a sordid debate about abortion, but at the very highest levels of the secret regime they know that only women can direct the most powerful rituals. That's probably why they focus more of their predatory intention on Carol than on me.

We never direct the outcome when we engage the Shiva. We only assume that the action will be appropriate to the danger presented by the attackers. We just keep spinning the energy along the previously attached channels until the whole line of successive targets have been neutralized. Grunt level hackers and psychics usually just get petrified with fear, for instance, but the committed Satanists and Men in Black are all killers and seem to rate the extreme measures.

We spin exactly the same energy, in the same form, to our friends to help them recover their strength after an attack. I credit my astonishingly fast recovery to getting Succor Punch energy from a few of our friends who had

heard that I was sick. THANKS, folks, for your timely and much needed help!

Carol made the comment that the Satanists who are assigned to us all come to doubt the existence of their devil, which is sort of like us doubting the existence of God ;-). Of course, there never was a devil, which is why it's so easy for us to kick their narrow butts.

I just asked Mark Hooten how fast he'd be able to crank these Shivas out for sale because I know he'll be swamped with orders, as Andy is already with the Power Wands. Cbswork is getting his Shiva at about the same time I'll be arriving there. I hope to God each of these get into the hands of people who will use them. Stuart needs one on duty 24/7 by his computers. I have no doubt at all that we're going to turn the entire dung heap of the secret regime into compost with these and the Power Wands this year. At last, the Great White Brotherhood will be doing something useful (helping our flowers and vegetables grow). People PAY for good compost you know.

I need to say something about our Friday meeting with the Carrillos and Cassels. We drove three hours to get there at 3:30PM, spent about 8 hours with them, and then drove back home. Neither of us was in a state to drive that far when we started out and I was still struggling to climb the stairs at that point. It was such a pleasure to be in their company, though, that by the end I was fully alert and energized and drove all the way home along treacherous US95 without even needing coffee.

We hear from Donna quite a bit but the big surprise was her husband, Robert, who is a man of faith who keeps an open mind and an expansive heart. Twenty years working for IBM didn't dull his sensitivities or conscience. He's one of those rare people who go through life unstained and uncorrupted. At one point, when he was talking about one of his supernormal experiences, I saw a little ball of purple light in his mouth ;-). That guys throat chakra needs no help at all. Carol saw it, too.

Donna and Robert work closely together, as Carol and I do, and they love each other like teenagers even after several years of some pretty hard circumstances. Picture a southern belle married to a Black Puerto Rican, if you can. Just being around these two would charge anyone's batteries, I can tell you.

Donna and Ingri are totally committed to activism. Their connection with the Carrillos is the Vaccination Liberation Movement, which they've committed to exposing the threatened federal smallpox vaccination scam. They're all working with Dr. Len Horowitz. If you've been getting information on the net about what's really happening behind the scenes with this travesty, it's very likely from the efforts of this consortium. The Idaho Observer is a reputable alternative newspaper with subscribers all over the planet. They want to do a spread about us, but the problem is that we don't quite fit their parameters.

I personally think our approach is too weird for many of their readers. I'm going to ask them to interview Jerry Morton, instead, since he's also an Idahoan, but has a more compatible approach and would likely resonate better with their subscribers.

There's a saying which relates to this: Not every utterance can be considered timely, nor can every timely utterance be considered suitable to the capacity of the hearer. My expressions are probably more suitable for other publications. I still think it was important for Don and Ingri to get acquainted with us, though.

Lots of people talk about kundalini and DNA activation these days, also about chemicals in food, fertilizers, chemtrails, etc., causing DNA and soil to degrade.

I think the orgonite network is reversing the damage at an expanding rate throughout the planet. This will probably get more momentum as we keep focusing on the earthstar grid lines and nodes.

Brent Mosley is probably the first among us to drop tower busters from a plane along a grid line and into a major junction point in Northern Alberta, east of the Rocky Mountains. This is in an area where there are no roads.

Georg Ritschl may be the next one to do that. Gerard in Australia used a plane to get to a remote location there to heal a major vortex a few months ago.

I think most of us have experienced some unique kundalini activations with the Succor Punches. The difference between that and the Power Wand and Shiva is that with the latter two it seems to happen all over the body at once, rather than radiating up and out from the spine. It's very invigorating. When that happens, you know that the target is getting some good resolution. If the recipient is a friend, it means his batteries are charged up; if it's a predator, he's probably on his way to his life review ;-)

Now that we've shifted into overdrive as a network, let's keep reporting our observations and insights, okay? Don't be shy-if you don't tell what you know, everyone will be poorer for it. Just write it down, post it, and let it go. I think we now know that there's no stopping us.

Don Croft

Episode 54

Powerwand, Shiva and the Death of Arch-Predators

[Editor's Note: The "Shiva" is a modified version of Don's Powerwand made by Mark Hooten in Florida. He's added some coils, possibly some additional types of crystal, and other things unknown to me. For the time being at least, he prefers to keep the details to himself. He's offering the Shiva for around \$850 I've read and he has a large backlog of orders. He recently quit his day job to make a full time effort at producing these. Mark's price for the Shiva is probably out of most people's range, so Don is saying that the Powerwand can get almost the same results for far less cost, as they can be made yourself or obtain one ready made. Ken Adachi]

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

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc54powerwandshiva15mar03.shtml>

March 11, 2003

I haven't had time lately to even read any of the posts, much less write a lengthy one myself, but will get to that after Carol and I get the foundation work done in Atlanta (destabilizing the satanic foundation here, that is) in a couple of days. I'm getting from private email, though, that there's a lot of fear and misgivings around the issue of dead ETs and predatory humans who engage us these days.

In fact, the Shiva is a bit more effective and easy to use when sending back and exponentially increasing the venom and aggression directed at us by predators, both human and non-human ones. Why else do you think we call it Shiva, for Crimus' sake!?

To say that anyone who gets a Powerwand or Shiva will be doing this work inadvertently is a misconception, though, probably based on fear of one's own innate power. We were all brainwashed to believe that we're powerless and property of the state, so it's a little un-nerving to discover just how powerful we are in real terms.

At the level most of us are getting attacked, the only response the rank and file predators will experience is acute anxiety or perhaps terror. This is enough to disengage them from us and make them want to have nothing more to do with us. If you want to clean the satanic clock, though, you need to consciously move up the chain of command. That's where the murderers and baby eaters are.

For those of you who have New Age or related sensibilities, know that you won't be harming anyone unless you engage these higher-level predators directly. Meanwhile, I guarantee that you'll be busier with hackers, peekers, electronic attacks and predatory psychics than Carol and I are these days because there seems to be literally no end to the chumps who volunteer for the low level harassment duty. I think it pays a lot better than if they were just cops or working in a convenience store and they all seem to want to be like James Bond or something.

We choose to go after the bosses, and every time we get hacked, street or helicopter surveilled or even remote viewed, we move up the chain of command every single time and exert all our effort to exact some balance on behalf of humanity. On behalf of YOU to be precise.

There's something a little prurient about one who will ask for help, but will not help him/herself, I think. Thank Grid that most in this forum are self-starters and relatively awake and responsible.

My fond hope is that others can use these devices to help them finally break apart and discard the old pseudo-Christian and related New Age mental programming that stops them from standing up to tyranny effectively.

I get email from our foreign members and friends, especially the ones in non-western nations, who lament and offer consolation to me that America is so far down the road to overt tyranny. I'm still astonished when I encounter my own countrymen who are still unaware of the state of affairs here. I'm certainly not waiting for the PJ folk to wake up before I take decisive action and if you've even got one eye open it behooves you now to take

some positive steps to ensure that we don't get railroaded into martial law and its subsequent genocidal progressions shortly.

Since all of this is well within the bounds of universal law, the secret police and associated agencies simply can't touch us without risking monstrous retribution from agencies much higher than ourselves. They know this better than the New Agers and pseudo-religious people who are unwilling to break out of the cattle chute and exercise their inborn rights and responsibilities.

Do grow some balls if you're inclined to whimper about the state of affairs and are unwilling to do something constructive about it, okay? You can bet you'll soon be meat on somebody's table if you don't do this. They're not relenting, nor would they honor any truce you attempt to make with them. Read a history book, for God's sake! We're THERE now. The calamities have arrived. Get off your white ass and take a stand! This is much better than climbing a clock tower with an Uzzi--can't you see it?

I need to write at length about all the wonderful CBers whom Carol and I have connected and re-connected with on this trip.

Galaero Elantra Aurelius gave me a wonderful HHg, for instance, when I was in Phoenix, and asked that Carol and I keep it in our home. Since I consider the Zapporium our true home, it's going to be positioned to reinforce the Joe Cell in anticipation of getting the cell to zero point ASAP. I was just going to make one for that, but Galaero's is eminently suitable and has sentimental value, thanks to its association with this courageous and resourceful South Arizona pioneer and personal friend.

We had a little reversal the other day when the FBI coerced Kanya into abandoning this project, which effectively stopped the participation of most of our newfound black friends and co-workers here because we lost our meeting place.

To his credit, he's the one who initiated this project and introduced us to some very fine, conscientious people. As Terry the Mailman said at one of our sessions, 'the blacks in America are the 'wildcard,' and I suspected that was so, but now I have a clearer understanding of that from my experience here in Atlanta. I also know the FBI clearly understands that because their agents were all over the neighborhood and have intimidated not only Kanya, but several other fine Black Americans into not associating with us here. I don't think any octogenarian should be expected to stand up to this kind of pressure and we're simply grateful for our time with Kanya and the others and hopeful that we'll find a way to get together after this.

Tim Djembemon did an awful lot of good work before we got here and Steven's CB north of the city is still kicking chembutt and may have been largely responsible for the moon changing its orbit. Remember Moonreaderman on the first CB forum who was shooting at it with an extended CB night after night last spring and summer? That's Steven White in Cumming, Georgia.

This city will be done before the end of March, regardless of little obstacles like the aforementioned. I'm letting Tim break the story about what transpired at the Georgia Guidestones. Do a search on that to find out how the satanists do radionics, okay? ;-)

This week, on our way to Florida, I promise to do some writing and posting while Carol drives. The feds stopped me from logging into the forums today, so I've asked Stuart to post this for me. I could have terrorized the hackers, etc., but I wanted this to be a testimony to their opposition to the Powerwand and Shiva ;-). I'll get to them a little later.

In shorthand, here's the choice one has when one gets a PW or Shiva: deal with the Chinese-style human wave of hackers, pavement artists and electronic/psychic predators or skip the middlemen and deal with the mid-level and boss predators in the NSA/CIA, MI6, CSIS, CSIA, OTO, Interpol, KGB, and whatever is equivalent in your country. If they can't touch me, you can be damn sure they can't touch you.

You don't have to be psychic to use these effectively, by the way.

~Don Croft

Episode 55

Fat, Stupid Federal Ninjas Assault Our Little Idaho Town

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc55fatstupidfedninjas15mar03.shtml>

March 12, 2003

I'm sure many of us are aware that 221 highly paid, if not highly trained, FBI predators assaulted the home of a Saudi student in Moscow, Idaho a few days ago. I hope for their sakes that there weren't too many stairs to climb or numbers to read, since it's well documented that they often break down the doors on the wrong residences (and murder the wrong people) in their all-too-frequent, benighted, unlawful raids.

They charged him with credit card fraud, for God's sake, but I suspect he was even innocent of that. They busted his door down, terrifying him, his wife and their two small children, at 4:30AM and bullied all the neighbors in that on-campus student housing area to stay indoors until four hours later. They subjected everyone he knows or ever greeted on the street to lengthy, degrading interrogations and generally behaved like deranged bullies for all to see.

The Gestapo and the KGB loved to do things like that. Carol had told me that the ever-changing federal crowd in the house at 812 Blaine Street, Moscow, were there for other things besides bothering us, so now I see what much of the fuss has been about for the past year there. They do a lot of spy work before busting these dangerous, swarthy-skinned terrorists, don't you know?

In this case, though, unlike in Nazi Germany and Russia, there was quite a backlash of concerned citizens, among whom is a law professor in that university, who immediately rallied top legal support for the accused, and the Saudi government immediately offered to pay all of the expenses for his defense.

Pete, the gigantic, mountain-man CBer nearby in Montana, asked me today if this was indirectly a bit of intimidation toward Carol and I and I told him that if it is, they missed the mark again, as it's just some more potential free publicity for this orgonite planetary healing project and that even if we get killed today our score is so high that we've probably already won the match.

Watch these bloated, felonious FBI farts get their own s--t smeared all over them in the short term, folks ;-)

The FBI skunks in Kanya's neighborhood here in Atlanta were the ones who intimidated our black associates into distancing themselves from the Atlanta healing project and it happened on the same day, so there may be a connection, since this is the first time the FBI s--twhackers intruded on us personally, as far as I know. I'll write about their in-our-faces shenanigans at the address on Martin Luther King Boulevard in Atlanta later on.

Up until now, it's mostly been NSA, CIA and even their mangy lapdog, Ordo Temple Orientalis, which is Aleister Crowley's tired and aimless crowd of black-robed psychic predators who have been attempting to disable Carol and I. "Get a life", you bloodless, baby-killing creeps, or else lose whatever passes for the one you've got now. Even in your fake government status you know for sure that we know that you've got no business bothering people on US soil.

Since the FBI, which is just another unconstitutional police agency, are considerably less resourceful and intelligent than their NSA/CIA cousins, I suspect that we'll have a little more fun with these cretins in the process, though. It's a lot easier to make the FBI peepers and undercover chumps chase their tails, we found out a couple of days ago. They're also more demonstrative with their jackboots, black battle gear and machine guns, so we'll try to be careful not to piss them off too much; the stupid, lawless jerks.

Please remember that they're the ones committing sedition and treason, not us.

Is there anyone yet besides Carol, CBswork, and myself who is willing to go directly against these collective

Nazi satanist thugs yet? Don't be shy, folks! We have a chance to do what the Germans of conscience in the 1930s and 40s chose not to do and it can be done successfully at this stage without spilling blood, which pleases us no end.

Somebody who made a PowerWand suggested that sending quasi-gov't predators a ball of white light is perhaps more appropriate than invoking justice on them. He used Jesus' alleged attitude (He turned the cheek when anybody attacked him in order to demonstrate that revenge is counterproductive, but we're simply repelling tyranny, which is different) as an example in support of that approach. I noted that there's some institutional misunderstanding about how He dealt with predators and I cited the example of Him beating up the money changers and physically throwing them out of the Temple as more relevant to what we're about with the PowerWand and Shiva, even though I personally believe that we lack the authority of a Manifestation of God.

It's kind of funny to me that the Luciferians have convinced entire masses of people that they're each God Almighty, having first castrated them spiritually and turned them into vehement apologists for the world order. Truth is usually much stranger than fiction.

Also, since the world order is Luciferic, they love balls of white light and they use that approach themselves, often, especially to deceive New Agers and pseudo-Christians, so throwing that at them is sort of like throwing money, drugs, food or sex and this approach might be counterproductive under the circumstances ;-)

I'm told that the all-time favorite form of white light among Luciferians (the Illuminati) is the flash that accompanies the detonation of a thermonuclear device. That's not quite the same as the image they present of a loving visitation that fills the room with white light.

The big challenge of western white people these days is to move down out of that carnie-barker style head-trip and into the heart, where the rest of humanity is.

~Don Croft of Moscow, Idaho

Episode 56

G-Men From Hell

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc56gmenfromhell15mar03.shtml>

March 15, 2003

Now, two years after making our first chembuster, I find myself in a situation similar to the one we experienced after aiming that first one, with extensions, at the moon on several consecutive nights. We seem to be in danger of losing our lives while at the same time doing something that severely challenges most people's credulity.

Up to the time of that exercise neither of us had experienced any interference from the fake federal government's secret police agencies and it was rather a shock to realize then just how vehemently opposed they all are to any disturbance of their predatory agenda. We'd been living on the road for about eight months because the feds had shut down our American competitors in the zapper trade right before that and we knew that they prefer not to go after moving targets. Guerrilla Manufacturing and Marketing came very easy to me when I got into this business seven years ago. I'd known for years before this that the US Government is fake and predatory by nature and had arranged my life and fortunes around those conditions.

Apparently, our successful efforts in Atlanta has opened up a whole new range of opposition, including the nether realms of the FBI and even Delta Force. The latter are serious, trained warriors, unlike those fat, stupid, armored FBI thugs who assaulted that unfortunate young Saudi student and his family in our town last week. We really hammered the fake US Government's gouty toe this time, judged by its potentially murderous response. I'll get to the details of that shortly in this piece, but the readers' digest version is that we cleared all the muck out of the skies over the city itself simply by disabling all the HAARP transmitters in the city. The suburbs still have their sky-muck, including lingering chemtrails and HAARP whiteout, because we didn't disturb any HAARP arrays outside the encircling Interstate 275, which is an approximation of Washington, DC's Beltway. My personal aim is to make the city much more pleasant than the suburbs before the end of March. Tim and I (and whoever wants to join us) will mop up all the new death force transmitters and the remaining satanic and/or underground facilities there by then.

Another confirmation is that lenticular clouds were seen over and around the city, perhaps for the first time. Carol and I blasted all the dark ones in short order, of which there were only a few. I hope you're all doing that with your Succor Punches, at least, each time you see them. You'll find that it won't take too many punches to stop the dark ones from returning, as the ET predator learn a bit faster than these denser, fake-government predators do. We love to have the light lenticulars around because, to us, it means we're getting plenty of reinforcements in our spiritual war.

That realization of danger two years ago prompted me to start writing my reports and distributing them to several active internet boards and lists for our own protection. I quickly learned that the vast majority of people who read these simply disbelieved most or all of what I was writing, but were entertained by it all nonetheless. That pleased me but I was much more gratified to realize that there are quite a few others out and about who understood what I was writing from their own personal experiences and special insights. They were just happy that somebody finally wrote down and 'published' all the things they had been unable to talk to others about. For the most part, these are responsible, articulate, independent and mature individuals who had decided to use their own discernment instead of subscribing to the standard mind control protocols.

I had discovered a few years earlier that the internet is a wonderful meeting place for people who have special interests. Let's face it: for the ordinary person like you or me, the chance of having even one friend or acquaintance who is ready, willing and able to even discuss paradigm-challenging subjects is pretty slim or non-existent. I'm always impressed to meet somebody who has networked with others in this quest without having had the benefit of the internet to widen his/her range of contact. Most often, when I connect with a like-minded person, that one is dumbfounded to find another human being who is willing to speak candidly and publicly about these challenging, 'red pill' subjects.

The fruition of our 'publishing' efforts is, in addition to the growth of a global network of Cbers, the very active support and collaboration of 'Cbswork' in Los Angeles. This fellow not only knew what I was writing about, but he saw in the chembusters and the other devices a potentially effective way to get some balance in the body politic after having discovered the deception he had been led to participate in as an Illuminati oracle. I'm using the term 'balance' since he's not by nature vindictive or vengeful, but he realizes, better than most, that this world regime simply must be stopped right now if we're to avoid genocide and enslavement as a species.

Every step of our collaboration has produced benefits that we've been able to share with everyone. For instance, we were getting a burger in Van Nuys last May when we discovered that simply turning on a Succor Punch in the car not only caused the massive NSA box surveillance team to lose us, but even blocked all the electronic and satellite tracking and surveillance devices in his car. We then went on to put HHGs under the very noses of the heavily armed guards at a major underground facility in LA and the frustrated feds didn't find us again until we rolled into his driveway, hours later.

A bonus for us all is that he's developed new techniques for healing the atmosphere, water and ground using these very basic devices and is also willing to use his extraordinary talents and training to fairly evaluate the effects of others' orgonite-based inventions and offerings and to accurately identify for Stuart Jackson, owner of the forum, the operatives of the world's various secret police agencies and keep the cloudbuster forum from being polluted, divided and derailed with their incessant, seditious posts, a strategy to which every other controversial forum on the net has fallen victim.

By the way, note the difference between the posts of an unbalanced individual and those of agents, which appear identical on the surface: the unbalanced person can be ignored by the rest, but the agents' posts are so full of mind control protocols and triggers that it resonates effectively with many of the other members' residual programming, causing a lot of distractions and debilitating responses, which as a rule caused the forums to be unpleasant places to visit. The market rules, so unpleasant forums simply don't remain viable.

I've adopted Cbs' highway gifting procedure and some aspects of his Overgifting, power line and water gifting methods and have gotten some astonishing visual confirmations. I'm going to extend this over thousands of miles of Interstate Highways throughout the remainder of my trip. Good thing I found a source of cheap resin in Atlanta. Don't bother ordering, though, as the shipping cost will make it cost you twice as much.

Cbs told me that he's concerned that I'm creating an image of him that is not entirely accurate, since I don't discuss any of his shortcomings. I'll sort that out with him next time I see him, but for now I'll just say that of course he's just as human as the rest of us and I see no reason to modify my claim that we're all the 'walking wounded' in this realm right now. I doubt you'll catch me discussing anyone's shortcomings in public, since I think that's usually counterproductive to what we're all about in this project and I'm reminded of a couple of Persian sayings, 'Magnify not the faults of others, that your own faults may not appear great,' and 'If a person demonstrates ten faults and one virtue, magnify the virtue and ignore the faults.' These are dynamic recommendations, full of potential for society's growth and progress, not just platitudes.

While I'm in the pseudo-preaching mode, I'll pitch our new Atlanta-based cult, the P---ing Dervishes. Since people are constrained to restrict dogmatic and speculative discussions not related to orgonite work to the 'Other Issues' forum, and since even there it's a little faux pas to parrot mind control protocols and the related trigger phrases, Tim (Djembemon), Carol and I, after a sort of epiphany at the Georgia Guidestones, which are apparently the best satanic effort at radionics, decided to open an avenue for anyone to fully vent this way, as long as he/she first undergoes a self-initiation by p---ing on a satanic edifice. I know Tim has broached this subject on the forum and we have continued our discussions privately in Atlanta.

Since it was his concept, I'll probably be his lieutenant. We do need photographic evidence, though, and our team of psychics will review all the applications ;-) Once you've achieved the inner circle, feel free to add any dogma you like and please mystify the process to your heart's content. Virtual armchairs are on hand for pontificating.

I don't foresee the likelihood of the P---ing and Whirling Dervishes wedding their assets.

Georg Ritschl in Johannesburg emailed me recently to note that I'd become more strident lately and he wondered if this was from the influence of Cbs. That's certainly a fair observation, but anyone who knows me personally (including Cbswork ;-)) is probably shocked that I turn into a banshee whenever I discover a secret police stalker in my vicinity. I'm told that I'm a very gentle and considerate person (though I laugh loudly at my own jokes) and some folks have a hard time reconciling that with my behavior toward official predators. It's said that God protects fools and drunks, but maybe it's time to add another category to that phrase on account of what we're doing to these menaces now. The rage of the predators in this fake US government toward me is palpable at times ;-)) I don't know why I enjoy this work so much or why it makes me feel so content and happy. Maybe it's just the realization that I've already savaged their genocide agenda so badly that even if they kill me I'll know I've won the fight by inspiring others to do the same.

I wrote a strident post last week when I discovered that some were publicly balking at my notion that one might exact some justifiable retribution on mass murderers with the two new devices. I might have seemed out of control, but that was a calculated goosing, directed at you. We in America are a hair's breadth away from overt enslavement and genocide right now and I feel perfectly justified in going after the whole predatory hierarchy with vigor and focused rage. If I were looking for popularity I wouldn't write like this. I'm a hundred percent determined to stop genocide from happening and I'll do whatever it takes, within the real law, to accomplish that. I'm simply inviting you, too, to experience the thrill of victory rather than having to endure the agony of defeat ;-)) I suspect that one of the aspects of this now fully emerging new paradigm is that ordinary people have this power over predators for the first time in human history.

As with all of our other inventions, we don't have the capability to decide what's going to happen; we simply facilitate balance. No sane person will claim that this fake regime has anything balanced in it, so it's in dire need of help. I suggest that what's left when we're done cleaning house will not be a chaotic mess, but a more ordered, responsive government free of outside manipulation and of widespread, conspired internal corruption. It would be nice if others decide to follow our example, but even if nobody else does, we'll continue to follow our instincts and our hearts' desire until the problem's solved or we're dead.

We got some visual confirmation that the Powerwand does indeed disable NSA predators (two of them in that case, one of which was apparently a reptilian), but it's not prudent to announce the details of that quite yet, since it involves somebody else I know who needs to make that decision, so all you have is my word, for what it's worth. I don't expect anyone to believe the following, but I hope it sparks at least a few people to get into the act and perhaps save billions of human lives in the process.

Here's what Carol and I did last afternoon and evening (though I hasten to add that you, too, can do this even if you're not psychic, once you get the feel for it):

Just as the fake gov't apparently considers anyone in the population, even a small child, who has any psychic ability or potential a direct threat to their hegemony and their own psychics, vaccination programs and even chemtrails, pre-emptively disable them whenever possible. We always take steps to disable any fed psychic peekers first, then we deal with the rest of the threat systematically in each case.

Apparently most of the grunt level psychics in the NSA and CIA (the FBI doesn't have much of that for some reason-maybe that's because they're mostly ham-fisted, pinhead brutes) don't want to play with us any more because, aside from the occasional, very ambitious neophyte, we're mainly getting psychic peek attempts from the old hands, nearly all of whom are middle-aged women.

If you have a PowerWand or Shiva, or even just a Succor Punch and you get the sneaking feeling someone's watching you, you're probably right, so you ought to impale the uninvited watcher's astral body right away if you don't want to get hurt later on by electronic assaults, etc. These are the ones who do the setups. They rarely die

when we juice them, but they always get terrorized by that and generally won't try it again. Once in a great while we get visits from remote viewers. These are the Model T's of predatory psychics, folks, and contrary to what you hear on the Art Bell Program. They feel to me like blind people using canes and are very easy to disable. The Old Hands are slicker and less likely to blunder, so you need to pay close attention to your instincts if you want to find them, individually, and get them to leave you alone.

There are a limited number of mature, competent psychics working for the NSA and CIA. The chump satanic sorcerers of the CIA's asset-the black-robed Golden Dawn or OTO--fall like bowling pins whenever you focus a little attention on them. They present the scariest aspect, but are the easiest to disable. Carol says their heads pop off whenever she uses the Shiva on them, but they as numerous as stalks in a wheat field for some reason, which is why it's important to go after their NSA/CIA bosses and the bosses' bosses, as Carol eventually did, in order to make them stop rather than just picking them off, night after night. They usually attack during our sleep time and they only go after psychics. These folks are often the source of mental images and dreams of our demise.

I get a little bemused when I hear from psychics who are still unwilling to consider taking the initiative against their demonstrated enemy, which is mainly the unlawful National Security Agency [NSA]. They mostly tell me that they continue to use the same tired techniques that have so far failed to prevent them from getting cancer, suicidal thoughts, and a plethora of other disabling conditions since the NSA initiated its campaign against them a few short years ago.

Technically, I think one could consider this kind of incessantly repeated-but unviable-approach to serious problems a definition of insanity, which is not surprising since it's apparently a product of mind control and the Big Lie that has convinced people that they're not only powerless to stop tyrants, but that they're are also, somehow- God Almighty ;-). We westerners are particularly prone to schizoid views of reality, I think (if you doubt that, take an objective look at both churchianity and Theosophy, which are the two root sources of all brainwash protocols here), so we need to conscientiously undo all that contrived rubbish if we're to make any real spiritual progress, I believe, and stop acting and thinking like a blissed-out herd of cattle.

On the way here (Tampa, Florida), we saw a guy being put in the back of a State Police squad car-a single apparently compliant guy being arrested by cops from two squad cars. Something smelled funny about that, so I asked Carol to get in the cops' heads and tell me what was going on. She said the feds had told the cops to find and capture the guy, but didn't even tell them why. I spun some energy at them in my special way and Carol said that made them question and even doubt their actions, which is happening a LOT among policemen these days. Then I spun the same energy at the FBI agent who ordered the arrest and she said he had a mental breakdown. We went up the chain of command and his boss fell over and that one's boss died of a heart attack. I don't know if he could have prevented that by using a zapper ;-)

After supper, Carol told me that the innocent guy was going to be released by morning without having been charged for any crime. I felt like a Boy Scout for initiating that on his behalf.

The pattern, as we see it, is that the effect of the energy from both the PowerWand and the Shiva tailors itself to the threat level that the recipient presents. We can't dictate the results, but I'm learning that we can get a pretty good feel for what's going to happen.

Putting two and two together, remembering (1) the FedEx truck full of Ninjas that pulled away after I came out of our hotel room the morning after Carol arrived in Atlanta and the three remaining feds standing there, grinning at me from across the parking lot, (2) the massive intrusion of FBI agents in the neighborhood around Kanya McGhee's residence in Atlanta last week, where we were teaching some of his students and friends how to do this work, and (3) the blowout we had the two days ago on I-75 in South Georgia, apparently caused by some tampering with the tire at the hands of a Delta Force assassination specialist, we thought it would be prudent if Carol searched the ethers for any other plans to harm us. I never would have guessed that Atlanta was such a cherished possession of the world alleged order.

She found five Delta Force guys gearing up for another attempt to murder us in our sleep in our Tampa motel room (we sell out and sleep in motels now and then, even though we are driving a perfectly good, roomy and comfortable Zapporium). We both juiced them, and then she discovered five more backup guys and we juiced them, too. Only two out of the ten survived that-I guess these two had never murdered innocent people before. Then we went after their commander, his commander, and on up the line. Carol said, 'What did you do to those guys?' and I said, 'This time, I spun the energy from the ground up,' and she said, 'Well, I'd never seen that-their guts came right out of their mouths!'

At the top of that daisy chain was a guy in a light gray military uniform. Since she said he was an American, we assumed he was one of the brand new, dreaded Homeland Security, so we went after the director of that Gestapo agency (same result) and his ten deputies (also the same result-boy, these fellows were nasty!). I assume these represented the ten regions that the US was divided into before the National Guard was taken from the states and arranged in ten districts. That happened soon after the BATF thugs blew up the Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City and blamed the new militias.

I wanted to then do the fifty or so commanders of the waiting concentration camps, but Carol said she was too tired, and besides we were now done eating at Red Lobster and it was time to pay the bill ;-). I told her to pay with a credit card so the fed peekers would be able to quickly locate us, then I juiced the NSA peekers in the two cars that were still waiting for us to show up at Denny's, a block down the street. The psychic in one car had a nervous breakdown and her driver had the strong feeling that he didn't want anything to do with us. The driver in the other car had the same impulse, but he bounced back and started looking for us again, so I juiced him a second time and he learned his lesson.

The nice thing about writing this is that the fake federal government would vehemently deny that their surveilling innocent people like Carol and I, much less planning our demise, so none of them will pursue us for this in their heinously unlawful court systems or any of the less-unlawful police agencies.

Kanya showed me an item on the net that's getting a lot of play now. It's a federal law that prohibits weather modification without prior federal consent. I suspect this was tossed out on the tail end of Constable and Rense's assaults on our work in order to intimidate people into not making orgonite chembusters.

The beauty of this alleged law is that if any of us were to actually be prosecuted, it would strongly imply official acceptance that we have the ability to modify weather. Weather work was never mentioned in Reich's trial, just as zappers were never mentioned in Dr. Clark's trials, though of course the War on Healing in her case was about zappers.

In fact, we're not doing anything but helping the atmosphere restore its own balance. After we get a CB up and perhaps disable a dozen or so HAARP facilities in our prospective areas it will rain when the ground needs it and stop when the ground has had enough, so we're not technically modifying the weather. We certainly are modifying the fake government's ability to suppress rain, though.

There's a new internet campaign underway to discredit Dr. Reich. I suspect that this wouldn't have been initiated if we all hadn't drawn attention to that great man's life work with our own fledgling global effort. That site, the name of which eludes me, simply parrots everything that was said against him in the press in the 1950s that led to his demise. This approach no longer works for the felonious feds, but I refer you to the previous example of insanity to illustrate the dynamics of why they keep trying it. The predators who are posing as our government and press are so deeply stuck in that rut that they don't have the time or resources to create new strategies, I think.

We sort of stumbled onto the distinction between beliefs that derive from mind control and those that derive from personal experience and discernment. The former are parroted, usually verbatim, with few if any modifications and the speakers invariably insist that this came to them spontaneously or that it's just common sense and they're often presented in an arrogant, intolerant way. The others get their opinions and views of reality

usually after years of meticulous and even painful inquiry and observation and these hard-won beliefs are strangely consistent across the whole range of human cultures. These expressions are characterized by humility and are expressed in as many ways as there are individuals who hold them. The cloudbuster forum has become characterized more by the latter sort in recent months and I want to be clear that I believe this has been made possible, mainly, by the diligent efforts of two people: Cbswork and Stuart Jackson. Not many people realize yet that these two have broken new ground with their efforts. The bad guys have relied on psychics to accomplish their goals for thousands of years, so why not benefit from their successes and apply all of that raw data to constructive ends?

Nothing really worthwhile happens purely spontaneously, contrary to unthinking popular opinion. Just as the Big Lie distorts the view of our relationship to the Godhead, the Woodstock delusion distorts our view of the relationship between applied discipline, mental clarity and the intuitive, truly spontaneous creative process that we are all engaged in here. Thank Hank we set up a new religion for those of us who feel the need to escape from the pressure of all this discipline and responsibility! Sooner or later some member will come up with a salvation dogma and some world domination claims and then we'll be able to compete with all the other contrived theologies. I have to say that if everyone wants to vote for a leader, though, I'm going to make yet another cult ;-)

Did you notice that the Rainbow Gathering recently and instantly bent over for the feds when they were just mildly threatened in order to stop them from gathering? This is how mind controlled folks respond to tyranny. I think the feds knew this group has no guns, otherwise they wouldn't have been so bold. Now imagine the response if the feds order people to stop making cloudbusters or shoot Carol and I ;-). They're more likely to be more successful at getting everyone to give up their guns away from the populace, and the people of Switzerland, the US, South Africa and the Philippines will give up our guns as soon as hell freezes over.

The joke on the feds is that even Rainbow people will still be making chembusters if they can be assured that they can do it secretly. That's why I advise everyone who wants to make one to first make a few 3oz. tower busters and disable the transmitters around their home first to create an amorphous field. This way the helicoptered Gestapo can't find the center because the hole in their dead orgone matrix won't be circular. Also, they'll feel closer to nature and humanity without all that electronic and sonic mayhem going on.

Homeland Security, my a**! Shiva and PW these murderous bastards and let Hank sort them out. You can bet this has become part of our daily regimen and will be for the duration. You may be happy to discover that you don't even need to be near the devices in order to use their energies effectively, but that's another discussion. Nor do they need to know who's doing it to them. Right now, they're focusing on us because they probably don't want any more ordinary people putting them out of business. More than I want to save my butt, I want more people out there savaging the genocide agenda and personnel.

If I start seeing light gray uniforms in public I'll figure that it's time to bend over and kiss my a** goodbye, but in the meantime we've got a brief window of opportunity to stop these blatant Homeland Security Nazis from ever showing their hand.

I guess this piece got too long to include most of the details of our Atlanta Crusade (appropriate term for the Bible Belt ;-)) but I do want to mention that after we put the three HHGs around the airbase at Marietta, which is mainly a heinous Lockheed facility in the Atlanta suburb, Carol said that the Wingmakers were holding down the energy of the devices until we left the vicinity in order to protect us. A fedboy in a big, white pickup drove right by the Zapporium and didn't see us right after we put the second HHG down, even though he was looking hard for us and he seemed a little manic.

Carol said the main effect of busting underground facilities this way is that the majority of people in them start to wake up and openly question why they're there. There aren't enough thugs on the planet to do all the work, so the world order relies totally on mind controlled people to carry out most of its agenda—all of it, in fact, except for the openly predatory activities. They have plenty of bloodstained thugs for that and for occupying the top

positions in all of the key corporations and all of the national governments in the world's 'developed' nations. That's some development, eh? Is that an Orwellian paradigm for progress?

It was right before we went to Lockheed that we saw all the light lenticular clouds, which of course are created by the good guys to hide their craft.

~Don Croft

Episode 57

Putting My Money (Hide) Where My Mouth (Pen) Is

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc57puttingmoneywheremouthis19mar03.shtml>

March 19, 2003

I've been telling you that the Powerwand is sufficient for disabling predators and now that Carol's taken the Shiva back to Idaho with her, I'm left here on the other coast with only my Powerwand standing between me and a whole LOT of demonstrated, furious and determined enemies in the employ of this fake US Government.

What better way to demonstrate my claims? I've always had the inclination to 'prove something' so why not just give in to it instead of fight it?

Carol offered to leave the Shiva with me but I'm not one to back down from my own stated goals and heart-held beliefs until they're shown to be non-viable. I'm so determined to show YOU that I'm right that I'm putting my life on the line in the process. I'm not particularly psychic, as probably is your case, nor am I the most clever, resourceful or aware person in any given large crowd.

My point is that if I can do this, so probably can you, so my goal is to empower you to take on these murderers in your own court rather than having to keep looking over your shoulder every time you run out for a loaf of bread.

I just dropped Carol off at the airport in Orlando and am on my way back to Atlanta, where the FBI, CIA, NSA and God-knows-what-other mean and bloody agency is waiting for me. It's been so easy in the past three weeks to say, 'Honey-would you go check in the ether and see if anyone's thinking about killing us, please?' and then just knock them all down like bowling pins but I'm leaving myself open to some developing threats now so I can do it all with the Powerwand as they come up in 3D, confident that I can stop any visiting predatory psychics, all of whom precede the more blatant assaults, we've learned from experience.

The Shiva is the best instrument for disabling these spiritual cretins, but in real terms it will be many months before they're out on the market in sufficient numbers because only Mark knows how to make them and he's absolutely swamped with orders and has no experience with mass production. Meanwhile you can get a Powerwand in a short time if you're not inclined to make one yourself. Andy's got them on www.ctbusters.com and no doubt others will be offering them soon.

Until somebody else in N. America who offers Powerwands shows me some good business practices, I'll be sending inquiries on to Andy, though. Georg Ritschl at www.orgonise-africa.net is very skilled and reliable, too. I think somebody's making these in Oz for sale, but Carol says the coil's not up to snuff yet. If you think a caduceus or other form of coil will do better or even as well as a mobius for this work, please look more closely and get some comparison feedback from more than one reputable energy sensitive, okay? I won't stop insisting that we get bona fide evidence for any claims made before we accept them as true.

Carol and I are now seeing the Shiva as the culmination of our global, informal effort to disable tyranny and we're seeing the Powerwand as an important intermediary step.

If you think you'll be scooting around the ether like Cbswork or Carol any time soon, please think again. Unless you have an obvious gift to do this telepathic and astral work you will only get a smidgeon of their results and only after many years of hard work. If that principle were not operative, there would have been millions of Beethovens composing symphonies by now.

The nice thing about the Shiva is that one need only think of the target and the energy goes to work on it, apparently guided by the entity who has adopted to that device. In this case we're no more than spiritual doormen. Doormen in New York City get to dress up like Bolivian Admirals, by the way, so maybe we can, too,

when we get a Shiva ;-)

Carol and Cbswork will get together with their two Shivas ASAP to compare notes in real time, as the two Shivas seem to be working on slightly different principles and Carol, at least, feels it's important that all the Shivas be made the same way, as she's not entirely confident that Mark has the ability to make determinations about individual requirements yet. Since it will be a long wait until you get one from Mark if you've sent the money, there's plenty of time to sort this out. Since time is VERY short for disabling the genocide agenda of this fake government in the US we probably should all have some faith that cutting corners like this (insufficient testing and parameters) will be okay.

Forgive me, Mark, for speaking so candidly, and I assume you know that I want you to succeed with this venture and that it's very important to us that you do.

The Powerwand, in my experience, needs to be turned on and consciously directed and attended to but if you can imagine a target and focus a little (in a loving way, if that's your style) aggression the energy will go there and disable the target, whether it just seriously disorients the pilot of that black helicopter which is zooming your home in the middle of the night, terrifies a predatory NSA or MI6 psychic into a nervous breakdown or causes the heart of a murderous Man in Black or OTO sorcerer to burst.

When Carol took her Shiva out of the Zapporium it felt to me kind of like it did when my rudder broke out in the ocean during a storm once. In that case, I jury rigged the thing and completed the ocean crossing, even going through a hurricane successfully in the process with that 'field engineered' rudder, which I was even able to lash the sails to for effective self-steering. If you've sailed in a small open boat in the open ocean, you know what I'm talking about, I guess ;-). It was after this realization that I started writing this piece. I'm quite sure the results will speak for themselves because I'll be back in the Lion Den tomorrow afternoon.

It's important to familiarize yourself with the workings of the Succor Punch, we believe, before you can expect to get these results from the newer devices. By the way, for those of you who are inclined to purchase other devices for which the inventor claims equal or superior results to these two, you should expect to see some proof or at least testimonials from some reputable people before you send your money. Caveat emptor, amici.

Did I tell you what happened in Miami two nights ago? If you were watching the weather channel you may have heard of a very localized 80mph wind in the part of Miami we were driving through at the moment. What they didn't mention is that there were some accompanying green atmospheric flashes in the vicinity of some massive HAARP arrays we were driving past on the Turnpike right after we drove onto it. We had just disabled Homestead Underground AFB ;-). and two of its underground nukes and they were getting p---y, so Carol said she stuck a big orgone spike up the HAARP boss's a** and said, 'Come and get us, you son of a bit**!' I'm assuming she said it lovingly, but that assumption may not be accurate ;-).

I already knew that women are a lot more aggressive than men, in spite of all that mental programming to the contrary. The Roman soldiers used to grab their ****'s and head for the hills whenever they saw those Celt, Frank or Hun women in among the men in battles ;-). Of course, those old cultures had never bought into the Babylonian concept of gender prejudice. I have to tell you that Homestead has stuck in my craw for the past two years, since leaving this state. When we left, the big dirt pile had weather balls and buildings on it; now it's posing as a landfill and all that stuff was relocated to just beyond the northern edge of the small artificial mountain. I guess enough people are realizing that there's a base under there that they decided to disguise it rather than move it ;-). Fake-gov't cretins!

I was too busy trying to keep the Zapporium from blowing off the turnpike to think much about helping Carol, and besides she only told me about that a little later. Traffic slowed to almost a halt and there was a lot of damage, I saw on TV later that night in the motel. It only lasted about five minutes.

Carol said the HAARP boss who ordered that attack from his very uncomfortable chair wore a light gray military

uniform and is an American and that he hasn't murdered any innocents yet, which is why he didn't just fall out of the chair. Is that Homeland Security? If so, President Cujo hasn't been entirely forthcoming about what they're up to already. If you know about this, please let me know at terminator3@turbonet.com

By the way, I keep getting letters from my friends with apologies for 'bothering' me, which bothers me. If you feel like writing to me for absolutely any reason, please do so, okay? I love to do email and especially to hear from my friends, of which you are a dear one. I always have time for that, even when I get a little behind for a few days.

Since I'm not the head of this effort, I really don't get swamped with email. If I was a guru wannabee or had some exclusive, proprietary device that I was promoting for personal glory I suspect I'd be swamped in that case because that approach attracts all the wrong folks: the ones who would rather shift their personal-discernment responsibility onto someone else.

I could tell you stories about what I've seen relating to this simple principle ;-), but not now. Suffice to say that people who want a following seem to be completely ignorant of the personal discernment workings of the heart and live in some pretty scary mental delusions. They sincerely believe they're angels in the flesh, but when I'm around them I feel like I'm surrounded by vultures. Good thing nobody in this informal network is like that! If I wanted a following, you and I wouldn't be having this discussion, I absolutely guarantee, and somebody else's name would be associated with orgonite cloudbusters by now.

In any case, I'm enthusiastically putting my life on the line right now so that no superstitions will attach to our collective work and goals. If I leave Atlanta in a pine box, you may assume that I'm mistaken in this approach, though the only thing that might actually prove is that I have a short attention span and let my guard down at the wrong times ;-)

We've been at this juncture a few times since starting this network and the potential is presenting itself again, I think, around the Shiva. It's simply because this powerful and effective instrument represents the next step in our technology and only one man knows how to make them and is not telling anyone else, which is certainly his birthright. I'm not a controlling person at all, but I do want very much to keep this effort within the realm of shared experience and non-exclusive, individual empowerment. I suspect that if Mark doesn't play his cards right, equally effective instruments will pop into the dreams of many people. He's got a marvelous chance to create wealth and independence for himself and to educate millions of eager and talented souls in the short term.

When Carol and I were given the parameters for the basic CB and HHg we immediately broadcast them after having tested them thoroughly. We'll probably get rich from that when the opportunity presents itself, and we've certainly prospered indirectly from it due to our increased notoriety because more people have heard of our zappers in the process.

I know in my bones, though, that if I'd adopted an exclusive or proprietary approach to this I'd either be out of the game by now or somebody else would have invented these or similar devices in the first place.

Cbswork noted that somebody like me had to initiate this effort because it was necessary for someone without guile or an unbalanced ego and with some hard-won maturity to foster and shepherd its rapid dissemination. I wrote and disseminated my first report two years ago just because the feds were snooping up our **es and we got pretty spooked by that and needed some fast notoriety in order not to wind up as fatality statistics. Fortunately, three people (zapper customers) offered to share it with some extensive e-groups and lists at the time and the Nazis backed off. We were on the road in the first place because these cretins had just shut down all the other American zapper makers on the internet in their ongoing War on Healing and I felt sure that they don't like to go after moving targets, especially guys like me who do their business on the black market, which of course is the only viable market in the world in its present state of anarchy. Yes, government run by murderers is anarchy.

I certainly don't wish on anyone what led me to be who I am, and it pains me to see people going through the same things I did or being on the verge of it with the knowledge that only by experiencing severe adversity will these folks step onto a spiritually productive path. If you've got a naturally pure heart and unpolluted mind, you're way ahead of the game, my friend. Now, get some brass b---s and exercise your native cunning to go along with that and you'll be a bona fide threat to tyranny instead of just a potential, tender entrée on the Illuminati Buffet.

Orgonite devices tend to push us all in a wonderful, productive but tranquil direction, each of us starting from whatever position we were in when we initiated our own efforts. Many folks simply have little capacity for heart energy, and these are the ones who represent the big challenge right now, I think, because in our western cultures the alleged powers that be have spent immeasurable resources over many generations to create a delusional paradigm, centered in the head, and it takes a lot of years for any of us to work our way out of that maze.

What's worse, when people like Mao, Hitler, Tammy Faye or EC Prophet are ascendant millions of folks who never questioned the inadvisability of worshipping charisma are drawn into the fold, which is what empowers these monsters. The strange part is that all these charismatic people had abysmal personal lives, full of abuse, betrayal and manipulation by the programmers, designed to make them distrust all others and believe only what their handlers fed them. Poor Shirley MacLaine is a good example of that.

By the way, I once heard that when Tammy Faye's makeup was removed, it was discovered that she's actually Jimmy Hoffa, but I need some validation before I'll believe that.

Are any of you feeling edgy because of President Cujo's alleged war on Saddam? Read the latest issue of SPECTRUM for some juicy stuff about that adventure which you'll never hear Dan Rather talk about, okay? I want to visit the editors in Tehachapi if possible. I never pitch myself to media people but I'd dearly love to get some of our stuff in there. Ingri and Don Cassel both agreed with me that I'm just too weird to write for their publication, THE IDAHO OBSERVER, so I'm really glad Jerry Morton was picked to do that spread for them. They told me that I'm not too weird to contribute something to SPECTRUM, though and they discussed us with the editors there. Thanks so much, Donna and Roberto Carrillo, for introducing this to Don and Ingri Cassel!

What makes Carol and I extremely happy is that when all the militia folks out there have read about tower busting in that reputable underground publication we may find that all of the towers will soon be disabled across North America. Take that, you fake- government Nazis! Hardy Har Har Har!!! Victory may be close at hand, folks!

There's so much good stuff happening that I'm hearing about in private email that it's no longer possible to even keep track of it all, much less report it, so you'll only be getting the high spots from me for the duration.

Sgt Shultz has BUSTED Ft. Lewis (the perimeter is over ninety miles), for instance, having waited, prudently, for his Succor Punch to arrive from Jesse, whom I'm extremely pleased to learn is still in the game. It took him 35 HHGs and 75 Tower Busters. Marty (the Sarge) is the fellow, you remember, who showed me how to monitor the busting of a tower with a ZapChecker last month.

Georg Ritschl, the German (expatriate living in S. Africa and father of www.orgonise-africa.net) menace to global tyrants, got the upper hand with his Powerwand after some rather intense soul-searching. I've never met anyone who has assimilated so much information in such a short time and began Doing Something about tyranny with such total commitment and gusto. Good thing he's on our side, eh?

Greg Brown, who grows worms in Florida (in the soil, of course) has apparently invented a free energy device that charges batteries an infinitum. I had to visit him in order to get a clear picture of how he did that. I'll repeat his experiment and see if it can be done outside a vortex. He lives in a big one and I've got some very sweet, juicy oranges from the tree beside which is his cloudbuster ;-)

Dominic in Australia gave me the phone number of 'Dave' in Tampa, who makes and sells extremely good Tesla coils for a reasonable price. We spent the morning in Tampa with Dave before going to Greg and Angie Brown's lovely home to the south in Bradenton.

It was only as we were parting that I learned his last name: McKinnon. I used to listen faithfully to his international radio program in the nineties when he was president of the International Tesla Society. I was pleased to be able to connect him with Wilhelm Muller, inventor of the magnet motor/generator. Muller had a demonstrable free energy engine long before that fake, Col Bearden, announced to the planet in 1994 that, after meticulous searching and testing, there were NO viable free energy devices in existence in our 3D realm. What a cruel joke by him and the other CIA liars! Muller had undeniably demonstrated his device to a whole lot of engineers and scientists by then in Germany, North America and even China. I played with that powerful engine in Bill Muller's basement in British Columbia several times five and six years ago.

Dave sent us to see Mike in Sarasota for a generous demonstration of the Tesla Coil for our assessment of its potential for boosting orgonite devices, so we picked Greg up on the way. That deserves another post but suffice to say that a Tesla coil puts out a massively strong orgone field that charges up all orgonite devices exponentially for many, many hours after spending five minutes or so in the presence of a powered-up coil. You can bet I'm getting one as soon as I get home! The bystanders also get charged up, which finally let me understand why some people love fiddling with these things so much ;-)

After spending a night in the Browns' wonderful vortex it required an effort to leave, as these folks are two of the rare individuals with whom Carol and I feel perfectly relaxed and comfortable.

Kristina Schepps of www.powerpyramids.com has conceived an addition to her devices, which proves to boost them into the stratosphere of potential regarding human development. No doubt she'll share all the details of that when she's ready for production, as she's based a very successful business on the principle that we favor, which is that most people want to know how these things are made but they usually prefer to pay for them ;-). Just to tease you, I'll let out that it's a replica of the King's Chamber in the big pyramid at Giza, designed to hold an enhanced Power Pack a la Eric Nuver in Holland and other synergistic new goodies.

Carol got to play around with the chamber prototype and she's extremely impressed with its apparent potential. Good one, Kristina! It was nice to finally meet her and Hubby, Col. Steve, in Miami right before we busted Homestead. We feel so pleased to be associated with these fine folks. It took me three or four months, a couple of years ago, to persuade Kristina to make her first HHg, by the way, because this petite young accountant had a repugnance for resin. Her new matrix, which she dyes, is virtually non-toxic and makes an interesting texture after casting. I think the thing that kept me persevering with her in the early days was that she often quoted parts of the dialogue in MONTY PYTHON'S HOLY GRAIL in her email to me.

Keep checking her site for the name of that resin, okay? She's like us and enjoys sharing instructions and information.

You can see that we've been having lots of fun meeting our co-conspirators on this trip.

Now it's time to go back to Satanville (Atlanta) to knock out the rest of the towers before the end of the month, with Tim Djembemon's and Steven White's able and resolute collaboration, at least. I'd better pick up my dervish outfit at the cleaners. I hope they got the stain out.

~Don Croft

Episode 58

Private Croft's March from the Sea

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc58privatecroftsmarchtosea24mar03.shtml>

March 24, 2003

Since I'm in Georgia and since I'm sort of doing the opposite of what General Sherman did here in the Civil War, I figure it's okay to put a rank in front of my name. It was the rank I held at the end of my military career in 1969 and it's the opposite of General, as it turns out ;-). Also, since I started my coast to coast highway gifting campaign on the beach east of Savannah, this title dawned on me after Ken Adachi suggested using the broad theme of Sherman's march of mayhem and destruction in the title of one of my posts/articles. Judging by the FBI, NSA, Delta Force, etc. rabid reaction to our activities in Atlanta, I know that we're committing mayhem to their collective satanic agenda here in the heart of Ole Dixie.

After the FBI fake police intimidated our black Atlanta associates out of participating in our activities, Carol, Tim O'Donnell ("Djembemon" on the forums), and I immediately got to work busting the HAARP, satanic sites, and underground bases within the perimeter of Interstate 275, which circles the city. That was on Tim's day off and the next day, Carol and I finished off what was left of the HAARP arrays, which resulted in characteristic blue skies and puffy white clouds. The chemtrails over the city were disappearing fast, but outside the perimeter, all around, there were still HAARP sky molestations and lingering chemtrails. Our goal has been to make the city's ambience feel better than the suburbs. We continued gifting towerbusters all the way to Florida, leaving one near each tower along I-75 and otherwise every three miles along the route. There were towers about every three miles so the TBs got to do double duty.

We saw a big blue hole over the city of Atlanta and the unbusted suburbs maintained the HAARP mess and lingering chemtrails, as we'd hoped would happen. We also saw several white lenticular clouds within the edge of the blue hole, so that was a nice confirmation that the Operators approved and were supporting our efforts.

Busting Sorties & War Protests

We busted the airbase in Marietta with three HHGs as we were leaving and Carol said the Wingmakers were holding down the energy until right before we could leave the area, as the satanic feds were quite incensed that we were gifting that base, which is mostly underground and connected with Lockheed. As always, we drove slowly by the main gate and waved wildly to the feds in there as we left the area. One fedmobile, typically one with a boss agent, drove right by us and obviously didn't see us after we put down HHg number Two on the far side of the base because he was driving erratically and turning down side roads, searching frantically for us, Carol said. I think the Operators were hiding us because we didn't take any precautions that time. You can do that, too, of course, and they'll cover your butt. Just pick a really juicy target and get busy.

Carol and I spent a week in Florida right after that, which I wrote about in the previous article/post and I returned to spend the rest of March busting the deathforce transmitters in Atlanta to ensure that the customary summer smog won't occur this year and also to ensure that Atlanta will not be successfully subjected to martial law if President Cujo turns out to be even more abysmally stupid than we all thought and declares that state in America at the behest of his disgusting operators.

Tim's been filming the Atlanta war protests and placing orgonite devices in those locations to ensure that nobody gets hurt by the unlawfully established local police or incited to violence by the feds' agent provocateurs. Our hope is to do some filming together of his instructional documentary on making cloudbusters, HHGs and towerbusters and busting transmitters, underground nukes/bases and satanic sites. I understand he's got quite a lot of footage of feds on film ;-). No wonder that NSA killer tried so hard to run him off the highway. Thankfully, Tim experienced the joy of using the Shiva on that guy, so hasn't seen him since then. The jerk was actually stalking Tim after trying to kill him. I wish they'd grow the ba**s to stalk Carol and I. I could use the psychic exercise.

I'm sure everyone's noticed by now that these protests are attended by people from across the social, political, gender, age and racial spectrum, rather than just by leftists, as happened predominantly during the Viet Nam War protests. I'm glad to see that some grassroots protests are taking place, since all war is redundant now, as well as inexcusable.

New & Old HAARP Towers

There are a half dozen very large, sort of unique HAARP arrays in Atlanta and a dozen more of the old style weather warfare arrays. I think most of the bad work was being done by the taller, newer ones. Right after we busted one of the big ones we did a little shopping nearby and a half hour after burying the single, small HHg we saw from the parking lot a couple of miles away that three men were riding up one of the guy cables in a cage—a sort of elevator. I looked at them through the binoculars and they all got out when they got to the big platform at the top of the thousand foot tower and wandered around, scratching their heads for a bit, then piled back in the cage and went back down. Carol got into their heads and said they already knew that we'd been there because the thing simply stopped working without any apparent technical cause and that they were just going up there to shut the boss up. They think we're using magic ;-) and apparently this project we're all engaged in, is getting quite a reputation among the world regime's bottom rung flunkies as well as among its middle management and the overlords.

Carol said that two guys on motorcycles who passed Tim and I on the highway in the mountains yesterday were supposed to kill us, but that we're very well protected. They sort of glared/leered at us as we passed them again at a stop sign and I didn't think much of it at the time, but Tim picked up on their malintentions and asked me to ask Carol about them. Tim's a lot more aware of that stuff than I am, also much more sensitive and attuned to frequencies and fields.

Fed Chumming?

This afternoon, as I was wrapping up my email, I stepped out of the Zapporium and encountered two fedmobiles parked right next to me. I can only see out the back when I'm inside the camper. I looked closely at both of them and the nearest one froze in terror and stared at me, like a deer caught in headlights. I bet she was a fed psychic. I went into the store to get something, but they were both gone when I got back, of course. The woman had parked there for over an hour because I saw her driving into the parking spot earlier, studiously avoiding looking into the Zapporium in the process ;-) I was at the far end of the lot where nobody else was parked.

I've stopped whacking the psychic and physical visitors in order to bait them into getting a little bolder so I can have better targets in a day or so. I still hammer the fed hackers every time my computer slows down while on the net because I just don't want to encourage that at all. It only happens once or twice a day now; until I got strict with them, though, it was happening every few minutes, day in and day out. That only stopped when I started going after middle and upper management each time I got molested electronically by one of their stooges. They've got some high level hackers, too, so when you get hits from them it means the flunkies have probably refused to mess with you any more. The big timers have more finesse, but are still easy meat for the Powerwand and/or Shiva.

Carol said the feds took a fresh approach for a while and only assigned non-killers in the daisy chain of command above the chump hackers and peekers. That only lasted a few days because she kept putting thoughts into their heads that they're working for a bloodstained, satanic organization, not a viable or even lawful political one. I don't think they've got many patriots left in their management cadres these days ;-) because they went back to using predators shortly after that exercise. We were wondering why the bosses weren't grabbing their chests and falling out of their chairs, which is what led to Carol getting into their pointy heads.

Powerwand & Shiva

Some of you guys have been telling me of the marvelous experiences you're having with your new Powerwands, but you're not posting them. I don't know why that is, but I expect that you'll do so when you feel like it and I'm

not too put off by that, since I know how wonderfully empowering these devices are. People give me too much credit for intelligence and sensitivity, still, in spite of evidence to the contrary. I don't understand all the social dynamics happening in the forums, but I'll try not to rock the boat any more than necessary.

Now that Mark Hooten has quit his job, I'm backing him a hundred percent. I agree with Carol that ideally, we should each have a Powerwand and a Shiva because they augment each other so well. As I mentioned in the previous episode, when Carol took the Shiva home last week, I felt a distinct drop in my own effectiveness. For creating a shield, though, the PW still seems to be superior and I appreciate this buffer because I don't have to be on guard so much any more. Several other folks with new PWs have emailed me with similar observations, but I don't think any of them are posting their experiences.

For what it's worth, we're feeling that Mark can simplify his device and make it both easier to make and cheaper to buy. I'm risking putting my foot in my mouth by saying this, of course, but if it leads to more people having Shivas, sooner, I'll be vindicated. There have been a lot of assertions made about the various coils in the Shiva, for instance, but no evidence has been offered to back those claims up. I know it takes an awful lot of time to wind those things.

What I'd like to see is some sensory research data in support of these coils. Cbswork and I did some informal coil form research in Los Angeles on my last visit and when Carol gets there next month, you can bet we'll be extending that inquiry. He wants me to illustrate the energy fields he's seeing around all the devices, but that will have to wait a bit. I got the concepts from him, but it takes me a lot of time to make illustrations. Since he and Carol can see energy forms from coils, we may be getting into some serious confabs shortly, since I'm the one who can get the 3D shapes right.

Since I apply high standards to my own assertions, I'm not shy about insisting that others do the same, especially since I know that this practice is one of the features that attracts balanced, rational people to our project and discourages those who are inclined to blind imitation and dogmatic assertions. The latter are more like baggage than supporters and we need to keep this moving forward, since we're only scratching the surface of the potential of this material and right now, we're all the cutting edge in environmental healing and perhaps even tyrant busting.

If you're doing some experimenting from which you've gotten no results yet, please post your work in progress, okay? I think a lot of us have some of that going on and it's always better when there's more dialogue, especially since there's no stigma attached to 'failure' here.

I know that some experiments need more work to get them to the stage where data can be retrieved. The mini CB that Tim made and we left with Hugh Lovel in North Georgia has one of the Lemurian seed crystals in it that Marc Melton, Cbswork, Kuwait Diane, Mark Hooten, and several others had incorporated in orgonite devices in an attempt to create an extended field. I hope you guys will keep hammering away with this and look for some data. I got a distinct impression at Hugh's that something's happening with that.

If anyone thinks that I'm down on this sort of research, please adjust your attitude, okay? If you think it even matters what I think, do like Stuart Jackson does and ignore me in that mode, okay?

Aborted Calamities

A lot of the stuff I write about can't be supported with any evidence. For instance, Cbswork, Carol, myself, and others have routinely stopped the fake gov't from blowing up some US cities in the past nine months. Someone will get a psychic hit that the gov't is planning to commit mass murder in order to get us closer to martial law, and our astral investigators get the particulars and we simply stop them with our devices. I can tell you it's gotten a lot easier to do that since we got the Shivas and Powerwands! I still believe that it won't take very many of us, going after the whole hierarchy each time we experience even the slightest molestations from any of the secret police psychics, hackers, helicopter pilots, street peekers, etc.

By the way, Hugh Lovel told us yesterday that molten steel, formerly the base support girders, was found puddled in the basement of the WTC a week after the collapse of the building and he believes both buildings were brought down with plutonium trombone-case nukes in the basement. Pretty cool assertion, eh? [Ed. Note: Phil Schneider noted the same thing with molten, extruded rebar with the first bombing of the WTC in 1993; a very high yield thermo device must have been used to get that effect]

I'm awfully glad to see that even folks whom I'd thought lacked the chutzpah to stand up to these jerks are doing exactly what we're doing with the Powerwand. In the short term, others can psychically share the few Shivas that are out and about, with the owners' permission perhaps.

Donna Carrillo connected with Carol's Shiva on our visit to her house in late January and has used it several times to help herself and others out of some tight spots that were engineered by the secret police psychic predators. I don't know what the parameters are for that yet, but I'm hoping it will become common practice until Mark gets more of the devices out on the market. Of course there's no real substitute for having one.

A New Frontier

Has anyone ever openly and actively opposed secret police agencies before? I know that if we don't do this now, we won't be able to do it from our underground cages if we fail to stop them from getting their political wishes. A stitch in time saves nine, and while they are still secret they're vulnerable to us. Remember that all police are enforcers. Without the secret police agencies such as the FBI and NSA/CIA to murder and bully the populace into docility, this fake federal government wouldn't last a week. Let's all see just how much healing we can exert on this ailing body politic in the coming months. We can accurately consider this fake government a cancerous tumor in the body of the nation and the secret police as the poisons produced by the tumor to consolidate and extend its own hegemony.

I first learned, seven years ago, that cheap, simple zappers routinely and painlessly cure cancer by simply reversing its polarity. It was a pretty easy transition to the realization that there must be some way to perform a similar function in order to heal the political situation in my still-potentially-great homeland.

Just as the body has the intelligence and will to heal itself when the cause of illness is removed, the body politic of America has the intelligence and will to create a real government again here in the absence of the foreign overlords who have so thoroughly and parasitically sickened it over the past two hundred years and as America goes, so will soon follow the rest of the world. That works both ways, of course, which is why America is the only developed nation that's being subjected to the blatant threat of treasonous tyranny, genocide and enslavement at the moment.

I'm finding more and more that all the people with whom I discuss my business here are not dismissing it out of hand and are willing to listen to and consider my basic premise: that these new transmitters are not for cell phones but are, in fact, designed to facilitate martial law. I haven't yet met anyone who believes that we are justified to invade another country. That's a giant step forward from ten years ago, when nearly everyone supported this regime's attack on Iraq and even the mention of 'conspiracies' evinced great guffaws from nearly everyone I mentioned them to.

Stuart Jackson noted that he likes my writing because I see things in black and white and am not afraid to express my opinions, though of course he doesn't agree with all of them. He notes that some folks lack the discernment to distinguish another's forcefully stated opinion from what their heart may tell them is actually true. Maybe it's time for me to make another disclaimer so that nobody will foolishly repeat my opinions as The Truth. If anyone feels discouraged from expressing an opposing view on any subject because of the assumption that I'll get mad or that he/she will be colored as a dissenter, please banish that notion right now and get busy typing! I really do believe that the spark of truth is best revealed by the clash of differing opinions.

Cbswork wanted me to do something about the image I've perhaps created of him as some sort of superman. I mentioned that before, but I'm going to report the following in order to demonstrate that I don't hold his views

up as the Word of Hank, nor do I agree with all of his technical assertions, though of course I wouldn't hesitate to lay my life down for him if the occasion presented itself.

Water Gifts

I did a lot of water gifting on my march from the sea a couple of days ago, but I didn't go through any of the procedures that Cbswork so strongly recommends because 1) I'm just too lazy, 2) I do a lot of water gifting, and 3) in my view, as one experienced with boat building with fiberglass and also fiddling, in my diving experiences, with ferrous stuff that's been under salt water for decades, our devices will all last for many, many years before the sea disables them and by that time there will be MILLIONS of people gifting the waters of this planet, most likely with materials that are far superior than what any of us have cobbled together.

When I was last with Cbswork and we were creating our arsenal for the reservoir vortex and San Bernardino, he carefully demonstrated and explained to me each step of the construction of his water gifts. I simply nodded and kept my mouth shut because he's a Capricorn and a genius and will do things his way, come hell or high water and of course, what he was doing so lovingly was marvelous, anyway.

When I was a teenager on Guam in the middle 1960s, there was still a lot of war materiel left on the island and under the water. It's a fact that the Japanese tanks and guns that were exposed to air were in much worse shape than the steel artifacts that were submerged in salt water (I often encountered unexploded steel artillery shells in my aquatic wanderings and once found a 1950 Studebaker with a pristine body at the bottom of the harbor. This was explained to me as a function of oxygen and salt. There's little oxygen underwater, hence much slower deterioration of metal. There's little salt in the island air but a lot of oxygen and occasional rain, hence the more rapid deterioration.

In my last summer of high school, I earned a hundred bucks as a camp counselor for ten days and quickly bought deck passage on a little freighter and spent the rest of the summer (including two weeks into the school year because I lost track of time ;-)) in the Palau Islands, now called the Republic of Belau. One of my pastimes was skin diving there because the water is so clear that you can see almost a hundred meters in some places. There were some air battles over those islands in World War II and some of the planes are on the bottom of the lagoons and easy to reach on a breath of air. I remember sitting in the cockpit of a Japanese Zero fighter and holding the handles of the machine gun. I could barely fit in the cockpit. The metal of the skin of the plane was still shiny and none of the steel parts were corroded at all and this was 22 years after it was shot down.

By the way, I once made myself useful there and earned some fresh fish in the process when some kids, who had paddled their outrigger out into the lagoon where I was diving. They got me to fetch their fishing spears from inside the big coral head whenever they missed their shots (their arms were too short to reach the spears). Later on, I encountered a big moray eel in one of those coral heads, but I guess I was protected in those days, too ;-)) Those eels are as fearless, dangerous, and mindless as a typical Man in Black is, so you don't want to get your hand in range of their strikes. That was a fun time.

But, back to the march:

The first act I committed was to spudgun two tower busters into the Atlantic, beyond the surf, at Tybee Island's coastal beach. I half expected someone nearby to get mad about the noise and/or 'littering', but a woman quickly approached me out of curiosity and when I explained what I was doing she mentioned that she knew something about orgone accumulators and she wished me luck.

I tossed a TB into every creek and inlet on the way back to the city and one time, as I pulled over on a bridge to pitch one over the rail, trusting that it wouldn't land on a boater, a man in a nondescript white sedan passed slowly by and parked just in front of me. I was thinking that this was a particularly bold fed, but the old guy was just upset that I threw something into the water. When I showed him one of my spiffy BB tower busters and explained briefly what it did for the water, he just turned his face away and drove off. If I'd known he would be so grouchy, I might have said instead, 'Frankly, my dear, I don't GIVE a damn!' since I am, after all, a leading

character in a Georgia war scenario.

I had to stop and make a bunch more TBs that morning, so I picked a nice shady spot by a boat ramp and there were four old HAARP transmitters in an array right across the water. Actually, I only noticed one tower until after I spudgunned a TB into the inlet just for fun. I did another when I saw the other towers, then another when I figured this would be an opportunity to see if the heavier TB I'd just made with BBs would go farther. It did go about ten percent farther and had a more satisfying kick and BOOM when it went off.

30-Year-Old HAARP Arrays

You can spot the old weather warfare (waged on the population, of course, from Day One) transmitter arrays by looking at the faded red paint. As a sign painter I know that it takes about 30 years for red paint to fade that thoroughly and all of the old towers were painted red and white. Though HAARP was never mentioned before ten years ago, in fact that crap has been going on since the early seventies on a widespread basis. I think all the focus on the Alaskan, Russian and Australian big arrays was simply a distraction.

I expect CBswork to post a complete rebuttal to my claims about water gifting and I'm going to let him have the last word because I learned a long, long time ago that one simply shouldn't argue with anyone born between December 21 and January 21. Right, Melody? Right, Mom?

~Don

Episode 59

Our Visit with Hugh Lovel

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc59visitwithhughlovel23mar03.shtml>

March 23, 2003

Tim O'Donnell and I drove up to the mountains yesterday to visit with Hugh Lovel at his Union Agricultural Institute, on Greg Brown's suggestion because Greg told me that Hugh was very interested in our work and is a reputable pioneer in Biodynamic Agriculture, which is closely related to the healing work we're all doing with the organite devices. I had read the chapter about Hugh in *SECRETS OF THE SOIL* and was eager to meet him, so I emailed him a meeting request, to which he responded immediately and warmly.

I'm awfully glad that Tim came along, for the pleasant company and because he generously donated his fine mini-CB to Hugh, but also for another reason that I'll get into in a bit. Tim figured that the mini would be sufficient, since he'd made several full-size ones, some of which are distributed around the area. On the way back to Atlanta, we could see by the parting cloud cover toward the south that the mini had already apparently connected to Steven White's CB field, centered in Cumming, Georgia, which is 30 miles north of Atlanta.

Truthfully, just to meet a fellow pioneer who shares our passion for disseminating information and energy was refreshing in itself, especially since he is ready and able to express this in a format that's easily understood, in spite of his extensive education and technical ability. All the rest of that enriching afternoon was icing on the cake.

Speaking of food, Hugh makes the best sushi I've ever eaten. He marinates shrimp (he's from South Louisiana) in a special hot sauce before he sautés it, chops it up and adds his own fresh vegetables and even flax seed. He noted that since shrimp are so low on the food chain they have relatively little toxic material in them, even though they're the ones who eat the organisms off the bottom. The bigger and bigger fish are progressively more toxic because of the quantities of shrimp and shrimp eaters that they consume. I had always just accepted the notion that shrimp are more toxic because they're bottom feeders. Independent thinking is one of the aspects of a pioneer ;-)

His attitude is that he's happy to be hired by farmers to set up and oversee the application of his techniques on their farms, but he's happier when he can teach them to do that themselves. I didn't get the sense that he has any proprietary or self-aggrandizing motives at all.

I mention something now about Hugh that he shared with us in parting, which is that he, like Reich, came to the physical sciences from a career in psychology. He said that his original motive was to figure out a way to get some good vegetables for his table, as none were available in the markets in those days.

He's one of the very few people I've met who seems to have a good understanding of who Wilhelm Reich really was, though Hugh's work is more in line with Rudolf Steiner's offerings. I asked him if he thought the two Great Ones would have collaborated well and Hugh feels that Steiner's esoteric approach may have stuck badly in Reich's craw, but I'm betting that Steiner's demonstrable results would have earned Reich's respect, in spite of the latter's expressed disdain for mystics (new age nazis?). Maybe we can settle this question when we've all passed on ;-)

I had sent this piece to Hugh for his review and his only caveat was the following observation, which is in quotes:

“There is a good chance that Steiner and Reich would have hit it off very well indeed. They both had the highest regard for the path of knowledge of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, who was both the Great Poet and dramatist of the German Culture, but also one of its greatest, most original scientists. Steiner, Reich, Schauberger--there must have been many others--all had the highest regard for Goethe. It was Goethe who maintained the observer and

object were essentially one, no matter the prevailing belief in dualism-- the separation of subject and object.

We didn't see vindication of that one in physics until Heisenberg's Theory of Indeterminacy, which was a major milestone in the development of Quantum Mechanics. Essentially Heisenberg found that the very presence of the observer and his or her measuring instruments was a determining factor in the field of investigation. In other words the observer was not aloof and isolated from the phenomena observed but was intimately linked, and that's why double blind studies are the gold standard in medical research.

But more than that, Goethe believed the human organism and its senses (which we have more than 5) are the highest and best instrument for observation, and that observation is an on-going process if we are to understand the dynamic nature of the universe. The world around us is not fixed like a snapshot in a picture book or a specimen pinned to a board. There is an élan vital at work in the universe and to appreciate its nature and chart its weaving, dancing path in the world we must sustain our powers of observation so that we see anew in every moment even while we recapitulate what we know of the past. Certainly both Steiner and Reich took these principles of Goethean observation to heart, though most around them did not."

Steiner was certainly not inclined to parrot any of the mind control phrases or blind dogmas that characterize the pseudomystics whom Reich probably encountered, since the Alice Bailey/Aleister Crowley consortium had gained an obnoxious, omnipresent ascendancy over most of the other representatives of esoterica by the time Reich had become established in his first career in the early 1930s. Steiner died in 1925.

Hugh Lovel's own demonstrable results are on his experimental farm for anyone to see. Spring hasn't started quite yet in the Southern Appalachians but all the plants there are already straining to express their full potential and the leafy greens, first to volunteer, are very tasty and succulent, even the ones you'd normally have to cook to eat. I was surprised to find myself enjoying raw kale, for instance.

He never irrigates because one of the fortuitous effects of his work is that it rains abundantly. When we first set up the 2/3 scale CB I was a little chagrined because it already looked so healthy and vibrant there, but thankfully before we left we were seeing some unique effects, and all of us saw some DOR 'draining' into the tips of the pipes right away. Since the CB works more on the upper atmosphere and Hugh's technology works more in the lower atmosphere there may be a very good symbiosis in the making.

By the way, I prefer Hugh's term, 'disorganizing energy' to 'deadly orgone radiation' and he uses the term 'ether' rather than 'orgone,' which certainly works at least as well to describe the matrix of the universe.

He was rather adamant that we find another term to use rather than 'cloudbuster' because the traditional cloudbusters are quite dangerous to use and normally cause bad effects along with benefits. I told him that I'm certainly not stuck on the name and that I'm willing to let the market decide what to call this device. Maybe I'd better look at my Monte Python movies again for some inspiration for a possible new name for our improved cloudbuster.

His edge in agricultural research is his discovery that the plant roots, themselves, are what enrich the soil, and his extensive proof that fertilizers are completely un-necessary as well as harmful to the soil and costly to the farmer has the full potential to completely disable and dismantle the global, chemical-based agricultural cartel. That makes him my soul brother, since I know that the humble zapper has the full potential to disable and dismantle the global, chemical-based medical/drug cartel. That's why I use pennies for electrodes, as a political statement about the true cost of profound healing, on our zapper model.

He's discovered a way to encourage the food-producing plants to take carbon from the air (there's way too much of that in our atmosphere right now) and put it into the soil. The use of an uncomplicated radionics broadcaster and along with the systematic application (simple spraying) of homeopathic solutions over the farm causes the plants to become their own fertilizers.

Hugh chose a piece of severely eroded, devastated ground on which to conduct his research so that it can't be said that any ambient life-enhancing soil properties could account for his success.

What apparently caused Hugh to investigate what we're doing with orgonite was Dr. James DeMeo's uncharitable assessments of our work. The latter's open admission that he had not personally investigated our work caused a red flag to go up for Hugh, and he went to www.cloud-busters.com after that and liked what he saw, so he was happy for the opportunity to meet me and discuss this.

I told him that DeMeo's claim that he hadn't investigated our work was not entirely forthcoming because in December, 2001, he bought a cloudbuster kit from Michelle Ridgley at www.elliottcommunications.com and I noticed a short time later, while watching the weather channel in a motel during one of our trips, that there was a heavy concentration of rain around Green Springs, Oregon (DeMeo's home near Ashland) but nowhere else in the region, and that the storm had the characteristic orgonite-cloudbuster round shape that so many of us have come to love lately. My wife, Carol, who is telepathic and habitually and effortlessly astral travels, told me, soon after, that he had dismantled the 'Croft cloudbuster,' and we noticed that he didn't change his stand.

Tim brought along his ZapChecker and we had saved a few Towerbusters and an HHg from our highway gifting exercise on the way north from Atlanta along Hwy 400.

Hugh had us set the cloudbuster next to his radionics broadcaster, which is made in a vertical, 3" diameter PVC pipe and is in a spot where two ley lines cross. Tim was hearing/feeling a frequency from a direction where Hugh said there was a tower. I pointed the CB in that direction and the noise in Tim's head stopped. I set it back upright and the noise started again ;-)

Tim, in the presence of Ben, who is Hugh's current intern, dropped the HHG in the institute's slightly stagnant pond so that they can watch the effects on the water during the coming days, then we went tower busting to show Hugh some instrumental proof of a busted tower.

We busted a couple of the closer towers, then saved a third one for the demonstration. We got a high reading on the meter, then I tossed a TB in the brush. We sat in the car, watching the needle start to drop, then it moved up again instead of continuing to drop. Eventually, we took the meter outside and saw that strong readings were coming from several directions.

When we arrived, Tim, who is sensitive to many of the frequencies that are broadcast by these new transmitters, had got a strong signal in his head from the tower, then after I tossed the TB out, he said the field became diffuse, sort of donut-shaped instead of directional. It occurred to me that the feds were playing with us by turning off that tower but directing energy at us in a scalar fashion from several of the un-busted towers, of which there were a LOT around that little Appalachian town. The other two towers showed no strong readings even before we busted them, nor did a fourth transmitter.

It felt likely to me that they realized the potential that Hugh represents for spreading this information to a new group of people with integrity and a strong sense of commitment and personal responsibility. Remembering the rather massive, blatant response of the NSA pavement artists to my initial meeting in Los Angeles with Cbswork last May I had to consider this seriously.

The idea that the secret police would do that seemed unlikely, though, even to me, so I just shrugged and chalked it up to the fact that Hugh Lovel was going to have to find his own proof for the validity of this stuff, like all the rest of us have done.

Tim provided some vindication, though, that we were being played by the NSA. On the way out, only the towers we'd busted (four) produced no signal in the ZapChecker and all the others produced characteristically strong signals as we drove by them.

Another vindication was the appearance, as we were returning to the Institute after our local gifting expedition of the new, amorphous clouds that are characteristically present right after one has busted a series of deathforce transmitters. It has always taken a lot more towerbusting for me to get that local effect, but the already- vibrant energy field that Hugh and developed at the institute, plus the new presence of the mini-cloudbuster apparently boosted the effects of disabling only four consecutive transmitters. Of course we should factor in the presence of many natural vortices, since all mountaintops create them.

I think some are mistaking this new cloud form for chemtrail effects, and I may be a voice in the wilderness at this point, but I have to say that there were no spewplanes in the skies over North Georgia that day and every time I go out on gifting expeditions I see these clouds after I'm done, every single time. These amorphous clouds usually turn into thunderheads if I've busted a lot of contiguous towers in a drought area, but I don't think there are any more droughts left in North America by now, thanks apparently to the thousand or two orgonite CBs out there, so the clouds remain in that amorphous state, appearing and disappearing without any perceptible pattern.

When we discussed, with Hugh and Ben, the obvious notion that these towers have little or nothing to do with cell phones they recognized that we were probably right, which made me feel pretty good, because I had to adjust my paradigm in relation to eating shrimp when Hugh explained that simple truth to me ;-)

Union Agricultural Institute's website is www.unionag.com

Hugh's subsequent report:

Dear Readers,

A week or so ago on this list there was some discussion about the "cloudbusters" being made willy-nilly, pointed at the sky and left there. I indicated I wanted to see the design and how it was built, because if these were cloudbusters as designed by Wilhelm Reich they were almost certainly very dangerous. In fact, if such things were left in operation continuously we should have heard about the disastrous results on the news. (and we haven't)

First I got an e-mail with a web address and downloaded the plans. Clearly it was NOT a cloudbuster, though it appeared to work in a somewhat similar, though far safer, manner with the ether--the living organizational energies in the environment.

Then yesterday along with Tim O'Donnell, Don Croft, the guru of these new developments visited me on his way back to Idaho from Florida. It turns out he lives in Moscow, Idaho where I have my closest relatives outside of my immediate family. It was an interesting visit.

The device he left with me amounted to a two gallon plastic paint bucket with an array of pipes with crystals mounted at their bases and the bucket filled with metal shavings and polyester resin, such as you might find sold to boat makers. This model, which he called a mini-cloudbuster, was only about 5 feet tall and would fit in the trunk of a car.

I talked with Don about calling this a cloudbuster when it was so different from the Reich type cloudbuster and really deserved a different name so people wouldn't be confused. I got the impression he really listened to me, usually a good sign of being in a healthy emotional state. I suggested we call these things chembusters, and he allowed as how he would look for some term that would evoke consensus.

Certainly he and Tim appeared to be healthy and energetic. I shared some sushi I was making--the usual nori and sticky rice with flax seeds, shredded rape greens and Chinese radish slivers (from my garden) carrot slivers, dulse, marinated lightly sautéed shrimp and avocado--great stuff. It was a heavily overcast day, and as Don predicted it started clearing. It was clear all night and today is the clearest and prettiest I've seen it in several months. Seems like we've been needing this. Random happenstance?

However, something else came to light as well. Back in early April '74 I was painting the ceiling in a beauty parlor in downtown Toronto on Bloor Street. As it approached midnight I went down the street to a KFC chicken place that closed at the stroke of 12 and ordered the smallest possible box of chicken. I knew they had to keep a stock of chicken up to closing time, and if they had any left over, what could they do with it? So I told the guy I had very little money, but if he had left over chicken I'd appreciate some. He gave me about 7 or 8 pieces.

I looked behind me and there was another American who was doing the same thing, so I talked to him. He looked like he might be living on the street, so I invited him to come inside where it was warm and help me paint.

He was telling me that he used to be a janitor for Bell Laboratories, and there were two scientists there who had a theory that the human nervous system acted as an antenna. They calculated the number of miles of nerve fiber in the human body according to measurements of the cranium and spinal column, and they came out with a (very long) wavelength of between 7.8 and 8 Hertz.

After building a transmitter (in the late sixties this meant so many miles of coils the transmitter filled a space the size of a small house) they got a volunteer off the street. They put him in a room full of junk where they had placed two pennies under a couch cushion, photographed them and replaced the cushion, and they put him in the room in a chair with the instruction not to get out of the chair under any circumstances. Then they beamed him with the picture and a verbal instruction to go pick up the pennies. After 30 minutes or so of increasing agitation, he jumped up, went over, flipped up the cushion and picked up the pennies. The scientists rushed in and asked what was he doing. "I don't know." said the volunteer, "I just HAD to do it!"

The guy telling me the story then said the scientists dismantled their transmitter and wrote up their experiment as a failure.

"Why'd they do that?" I asked.

"Because they realized they had found the basis for mind control." said my informant. "I guess they didn't want the government getting a hold of it."

Over the years since then, however, I have thought about this discovery and about the government getting a hold of it. And I've thought how common it is for a discovery to be made in two or more places with near simultaneity. So I've watched for signs that the government is doing just the kind of thing these two scientists feared.

Do you remember how John Lennon's assassin allowed he didn't have anything against Lennon. He only did it because he had a voice in his head that told him to do it and wouldn't go away until he did? And do you remember the Hinckley boy that made that crazy shoot out attempt at Ronald Reagan early in his presidency? I always thought that was a warning to Ronnie, and that he heeded it, but I suppose such thinking could be called speculation.

These are pretty tenuous evidences, but they are enough to make one think. They were peculiar incidents that I thought were more easily explained by technological mind control than by anything else I could think of.

One thing I think is not speculation. The government is not our friend.

It is the nature of governments that they seek to control their citizens. Not only that, but it has been my observation that in our times in America the emotional tone that overwhelmingly predominates within our government and elsewhere that I have been is Covert Hostility. So there is always the pretense of "We're here to help you." while the reality is otherwise.

There is a spectrum of emotional tone from apathy and grief all the way up to enthusiasm and serenity, ranging from complete disempowerment down at apathy, all the way to infinite empowerment at serenity. Those in covert hostility are just empowered enough to want to blindsides others and disempower them. They are not the kind of folks that want to see you accomplish great things. Usually they will find reasons to handicap you all they can as long as you don't have any hold over them. In their lexicon control means limit.

Again it is the nature of governments that whenever a thing can be abused it ends up being. These things get rationalized in a wide variety of ways. Things are set up supposedly for public benefit, to help people in spite of themselves. And it goes from there. So I've been watching now for nearly three decades for signs of government sponsored mind control. You know, to stop riots, panics, and insurgencies? It is the government's job to do these things and to use whatever means are necessary.

Don pointed out that the proliferation of cell phone towers was greater than it seemed could be explained by cell phone service. I thought about it and something like 5 or 6 new cell towers have gone up in my county and I can't say cell phone service has improved much, if any. I've also driven down an awfully lot of highway and I've seen many cases when I would be in sight of, even right next to what apparently are cell phone towers and not gotten any cell phone reception, despite the fact I have free roaming. In a couple cases I've parked nearby and tried and tried.

Don seemed to think that many of these towers haven't anything to do with cell phones, but are simply mind control towers. But, according to him, ALL the cell phone towers are fitted out with mind control technology as well.

That's a comforting thought. I suppose there won't be any riots in MY county. If it looks like insurgency they can just broadcast for everyone to report to the courthouse to be fitted with a collar. There will be some isolated folks in secluded valleys, but as soon as they come out on the highway they will be caught up in the broadcasts.

On the other hand this sort of thing could be dangerous, and is a far cry from the self-empowering ideals that the USA was founded on and that made it such a hotbed of capability. Sure the government must keep the populace under control and safe. Trouble is the most under control and the safest is dead.

Don seemed to think he might have the answer to this. He makes a plug about the size of a hockey puck but thicker with his resin/metal organite around a crystal and a bit of hematite and calls it a "terminator." He claims if he chunks this within a quarter mile or so of one of these mind control towers that it feeds back into the tower and shuts it down. He had a meter that measured electromagnetic pulses and we went out to visit towers. Sure enough they pulse pretty strongly. However, though we terminated a few towers I couldn't seem to get conclusive evidence with the meter that we had shut them down. The first one may have been shut off as soon as any evidence appeared on the instruments wherever these things are monitored. Don seemed sure the towers were monitored and that seems plausible enough.

The next one gave off a good signal, but after we chunked the terminator out the signal faded from the tower and yet we started to pick up strong pulses from several different directions. Some kind of a back-up system we didn't know about? The third tower never gave off much of any signal from the start. Did they shut it down ahead of us? I want to see more evidence along these lines.

In any event it seems clear that if these towers are mind control towers or double as mind control towers, they are not ready to send out the signal for all persons to report for collars or implants yet. Were Don and Tim suffering from hyperactive imaginations? They seemed to have a variety of stories to tell about their encounters with "maintenance" personnel, whom they believed were actually government agents--the kind of thing one might expect as shared paranoid fantasies. Though these two seemed otherwise healthy and emotionally quite upbeat.

It would be easy to dismiss this as paranoia, and it is inviting to do so from the viewpoint one wouldn't have to

think any further about it. Nonetheless this could be more than mere paranoia, and I invite people to THINK for themselves. I also caution the naive that just because they don't know anyone who would set up a mind control system and use it to round up dissidents for execution along with controlling the population does NOT mean such people do not exist. It does not take many giving the orders. A few will do, and a few such folks among us is NOT so hard to imagine.

I will say this about the chembuster that Don and Tim brought me. Not only was today the clearest in recent memory although the forecast was partly cloudy, but at 6 p.m. I happened to notice 7 jets overhead spewing out contrails in various directions. None of the contrails survived more than a few minutes after their emission. Was this thing working? Perhaps so. The phenomena were what I was told to expect and that is what occurred though it was very definitely not in the forecast.

Normally when a clearing of the ether occurs like this rain is only a few days away. Rain is forecast here in two more days. We'll see.

Best,
Hugh

PS: I find talking to another friend out near St. Louis that he makes a pocket sized circuit instrument that he says will neutralize the mind control broadcast system for individuals. Do these guys sound like they are around the bend or on top of it? From what I know of them in other respects I tend to think they are the latter.

HL

Episode 60

Our Meeting with Karl Hans Welz

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc60meetingwithkarlwelz03apr03.shtml>

April 3, 2003

It so happened that the man who introduced orgonite to the market lives near Atlanta and he invited Tim O'Donnell and I over to get acquainted. It was pretty late on Saturday night by the time we got there because I'd taken some wrong turns, having still failed to get used to Atlanta's unique street and highway layout after disabling all the new military transmitters in the city during the previous month. Karl came into a scientific approach to radionics and remote energy work from a background of Runic Magic. He wasn't forthcoming about how he started working with orgonite but that didn't surprise me, since most European pioneers play their cards pretty close to the chest and I didn't mention it beyond a casual inquiry. I did let him know that we're all deeply indebted to him for introducing this discovery, though.

I'd known from my first visit to his web site in 1998 that he'd found a way to generate orgone, which is the next logical step beyond accumulating it. Karl would say that orgonite is an accumulator, and that's technically correct, but in effect, according to the research that Carol and I have done with it one can say that it also generates orgone, since it converts ambient deadly orgone, or 'disorganizing energy,' as Hugh Lovel calls it, into healthy orgone. One might argue that something can't be gotten from nothing, unless one acknowledges the Taoist notion that nothing is really something ;-)) since the universe is arguably a sea of potential from which energy and matter manifest, it may just be another way of saying the universe is a sea of ether/orgone/chi/life-force, etc.

Whenever someone asks me to explain how orgonite work I have to laugh a little bit, since answering that is like explaining the Tao. It just works and no amount of intellectual calisthenics will bring an understanding of the fundamentals, which need to be felt, to be understood.

I'd say that Karl Welz pushes the envelope more than anyone else in terms of defining what one might do to influence one's own life and environment through the intelligent application of the combination of orgonite and simple electronics. His attitude is that a principle must be reduced to its simplest conceivable form before it can be considered useful. The domain of magic was exclusive until the old paradigm began fading into obscurity. Now it's available to anyone who has the inclination to explore its uses.

In his own words: Sometimes, in the course of your work, you will be introduced to words and techniques that may or may not cause subconscious fears and doubts. One of these words is "magick". Actually, what most people call "magick" is nothing but action at a distance that you can achieve with the help of structural links and life force, i.e., it is functionally identical with radionics. You will learn more about structural links later! It is a well-known fact that the same people who used such methods extensively towards their own selfish ends originally implanted these fears and doubts. Ignorance was always the safest method to dominate large parts of the population! So we decided to use the word "magick" and other similar words whenever they are the best choice to accurately describe what's happening when you work to achieve positive permanent solutions.

We had a peek at his top of the line device, the ATGS 3000, which can be adjusted to apply twelve different frequencies through the twelve arcs that correspond to the zodiac, all arranged around and through a ring of orgonite, the witness material being placed in the center section.

Coincidentally (!) I just got an email message from a fellow who is interested in applying the Jyotish configuration of the birthday of the Hindu prophet, Ram, to Karl's device in an effort to make some things happen regarding the destruction of tyranny in the world. The fellow was a little scared to try it, but I encouraged him because I feel sure that nothing bad can happen through the application of an orgonite-based device, including Karl's AGTS 3000.

As anyone knows, some things can be confirmed by scientific research; some things simply can't be. Karl focuses on proving his devices using blind studies and repetition and if anyone's interested in learning magic, I recommend his courses simply because I have deep respect for his methods, integrity and genius.

Karl and Tim are night owls but I'm in the habit of going to bed by ten and it was that late when we arrived. Fortunately, Karl made us some very fine Viennese coffee and we had a great time until well past midnight. The sad part for me is that I missed meeting his lovely wife. Carol and I will return in the fall to see what we can all do to promote our common interests and I plan to show up at an earlier hour then.

We were treated to a sort of tour of the etiology of his work, which centers on ways to cause energy to manifest in remote locations. I've promised not to directly divulge the proprietary things he demonstrated but I can tell you that this man has far exceeded our efforts in investigating and harnessing orgonite's potential and he's been known to give his time and expertise freely to those in need of his unique help who can't afford his rates.

I must say that if anyone were interested in pursuing this study beyond our own very general accomplishments the next logical step would be to subscribe to Karl's courses and purchase his devices from www.orgon.net

One item that many of our fellow cloudbusters may find useful is a very small digital frequency generator. I know that applying different frequencies to orgonite and or crystal devices can have quite a strong, specific effect if it's intelligently done.

We'll be getting one of his wheels and working on some pet projects that we started in February, namely the destruction by orgonite-boosted radionics of the Federal Reserve Corporation, which is a thoughtforum created by parasitic/predatory ritual magic and is certainly not a lawful entity.

Don Croft

Episode 61

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

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

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

April 3, 2003

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Warsaw Ghetto uprising occupied a large part of the German army for three months during the middle of World War II. The combatants in the ghetto were a few lightly armed, starving men and women in an enclosed

area. It seems to me that the world order had this event in mind when they devised a plan to disable the populace on a moment's notice with these powerful new scalar transmitters. By using these, they would be able to use just a small number of soldiers to control a large number of temporarily disabled people until humanity could be culled to it's desired level of five hundred million.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

One graphic example of the synergy of deathforce transmitters and the orgone-generating three-ounce towerbusters, for me, is the effect I saw on the people in a large housing project south of downtown Atlanta. There were several large transmitters around this complex and when I visited there to disable them the people I saw outside looked angry and suspicious. A week later I went there and saw that there were more people outside and that most of them seemed happier and more outgoing. Actually, I'd forgotten that I'd been there to bust the towers and only after I saw how happy the people looked I recognized the place as one I'd already visited with some towerbusters.

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

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

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

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

Don Croft

Episode 62

Powerwand Non-Instructions

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

I relate this anecdote because Don Croft is also doing something seemingly 'magical' with easy-to-make orgone generators, the Powerwand being the latest evolutionary development in anti-parasite technology. If you've been keeping up with the last 12 or 13 episodes of his *Adventures* series, you know just how effective the Powerwand (and its Hootenized cousin, the Shiva) has been in neutralizing, crippling, or, in some cases, evaporating those forces opposed to peace, brotherhood, freedom, and good will. Don keeps repeating to the reader that you can do the same things he is doing in his *Adventures* episodes, if you are but willing to engage. Like Visual Cloudbusting, you'll never experience the thrill (and benefits) of astral jousting with orgone toys -unless you try it.

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

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

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

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

Adventures of Don & Carol Croft Index

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc62pwnnoninstructions24apr03.shtml>

April 24, 2003

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

Suggestions of Engagement

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Astral Visitors

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

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

These days the NSA won't do anything at all until/unless one or more of their psychics can get a clear picture of our circumstances, so disabling the astral visitors really puts a kink in their plumbing. Remember that anyone

who is in the astral plane is particularly vulnerable to our brand of interference, and in that world the imagination of the corporate entity (you, the would-be victim) is king, so have some fun with these vampires, okay? You'll no doubt find, as I have, that you'll get fewer and fewer intimations of psychic peeking as you progress. The psychics in the NSA and the other secret police agencies in the world know the score; don't kid yourself. None of them are under any illusion of patriotism or the desire to serve humanity. None.

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

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

...Tomorrow the World

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

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

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

Fairlanes & Ferraris

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

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

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

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

Chaco Canyon

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

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

MIA's

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

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

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

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

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

newly formed countries, both communist and 'democratic.'

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

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

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

~Don Croft

Episode 62B

Powerwand Non-instructions -

Updated June 6, 2003

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

Adventures of Don & Carol Croft Index

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc62Bpowerwandupdate06jun03.shtml>

June 6, 2003

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

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

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

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

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

Another one: As I breathe both in and out, I imagine spirals of bright orgone moving up through the target,

spinning very fast. I spin them both ways, so it looks like a DNA molecular pattern.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A good test for you to determine if the PW is 'doing something' is when your computer gets hacked by the NSA/CIA geeks. I used to get that interference nearly every time I get online and, as I said, they stop as soon as I focus some special attention on the hacker, though sometimes I need to attend to the hackers' superiors if I'm in a hot spot due to having done something particularly hurtful to their collective predatory agenda and in those cases it's usually one of the superiors who is hacking my computer, Carol tells me. The boss hackers, usually MIB, have a lot more talent, occult resources and determination than the chump level hackers. Carol says they're always shocked/angry that somebody like me can actually ID and stop them. MIB usually die when they get in the way of the PWs. I think they're like the nazi SS, who had to murder an innocent before they could put on the uniform. Ever wonder why an SS officer was appointed Secretary General of the UN?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

race?

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

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

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

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

I'd say that the same non-instructions work for the Shiva, Powerwand and other similar devices and I agree with my wife that optimally one would want to have as many of these items as possible around if one is serious about tackling the world order. As a demonstration, in March, 2003, I spent three weeks in the face of the regime with only a Powerwand and I never felt like I was in any danger, though what I did and where I went during that three weeks could be considered quite risky and was very damaging to the regime's genocide agenda.

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

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

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

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

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

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

By the way, Gale has just started marketing a much simpler, less expensive device which may be used this way to good effect. Her offerings are on www.awakeningsenergy.com. The feds have already sent some thinly veiled threats to her on that account, so you should consider that a fine endorsement for her products ;-). I wish they'd be stupid enough to threaten me directly. I can always use good, free advertising.

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

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

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

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

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

Vo Joanna is a traditional African/Indian healer in Brazil. She's Al McAllister's mentor (Al's site is

www.aureocrescent.com) and has been very supportive of our network. Vo Joanna has also provided some unique insights about the workings of the orgonite devices. She reminds me very much of the Xhosa wise woman in Africa whom Carol and I visited.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I thank you also, take care.

Al"

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

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

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

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

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

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

Larry in Japan created Big Mama and that one seems to do all the stuff that Shiva and PW do together, and then some. He got some awfully strong confirmations during the early stages of construction. I don't know if he intends to sell them, but he's uploaded plans and photos on www.cloud-busters.com forums files section.

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

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

~Don Croft

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

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

Shiva and Mini-me
creations by Mark Hooten

Mini-me

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

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

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

which has three - solid, liquid, gas) and these fly off into parts unknown.

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

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

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

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

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

Working with a Croft Cloudbuster

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

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

This report is mainly about Mini-me, a name given it by moi, as it resembled a smaller version of the SHIVA, but they are similar in few ways, as will be explored. For my own self, I was at first startled and uncomfortable with all the "dark" attention paid to these creations. Finding swirling black clouds around your city, with you in the center, much like a hurricane, and knowing full well that you and your environs are the attention of these beings, can be disconcerting at best. Even more alarming were the many USAF TR3Bs that also were parked in these clouds, obviously working with the reptoids.

But, the positive outweighs the negative, in this instance. Reptoids in the area, which blatantly and in reptile form were frequently coming by on foot, car, or just materializing in the yard or near the windows, stopped that

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Isn't it possible that as we struggle with the mass poisoning of the planet by malevolent forces, men and women

would emerge who could give us a fighting chance? Of course it is. And it's self-evident. The quick appearance of cloudbuster technology and the explosion of long-suppressed technology ala Reich, Tesla, and Steiner is finding mass acceptance and many bright lights in this new field are emerging with exciting tools that are enabling the aspirations of betterment that exists in the hearts of all of those, whose divinity is expressed by their actions and sacrifices.

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

But that's a good thing.

Episode 63

Planned CIA Reception at Mt. Shasta, Part 1

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

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

May 2, 2003

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

food chain in practical terms.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

On our way downstream to do that second thing, we passed an alleged fisherman, who avoided looking at us. Carol said that people don't normally fish in the pouring rain and said there was something not right about the guy. After we did the thing we went back toward the falls and there were a bunch of people there, some looking

into the pool where we tossed the HHg, a couple walking toward us on the path and two more people walking up the path from where we'd just been (nobody saw what we did downstream). As you can imagine, not many tourists would show up in the rain on a dismal late afternoon at places like this, especially since it's fifty miles off the beaten path.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The path up to the top of the falls gives a good view of the path at the bottom, so we watched them confer as Carol read their thoughts. The two female psychics (the Hillary Clinton clone and an older woman who, with a female companion, had followed us up the path toward the falls) started psychically attacking Carol immediately and halfway up the cliff she nearly fainted from the onslaught. I started blasting them both (I felt sure that they

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The bear was bigger than a Grizzly, Carol said. I wondered out loud if some departed shaman was showing us something and she mulled that over for a bit. When she saw a huge elk ghost cross the road about a mile further, my theory's market value went up for her and when she saw an enormous golden eagle ghost swoop across the road in front of the car (by now it was night time), I quickly tossed out the last towerbuster and she said that the Indians were having a little fun with us. She seemed a little pissed and said, 'They could have just asked us to take an HHg there and we would have done it!' She'd never seen super-sized animal ghosts before.

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

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

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

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

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

St. Germain and the rest of the fake-angel, Alice Bailey con artist, predatory/parasitic secret world order 'spiritual' crowd do their best to replicate this growth process but it can never be more than a pretty hologram, completely devoid of heart energy and substance and the initiate ends up losing much more than he/she hopes to gain by following that carrot-on-a-stick. Most children can easily discern the stink of that fakery from the fragrance of the real thing, and the big challenge of the adult mind-controlled majority (including that noisy little institutionalized 'Moral Majority') is to break down the programming that keeps them trapped in their head fantasies and delusions and away from their hearts and discernment faculties. These are the pajama people until they learn to listen to their hearts, which leads to the systematic dissolution of all that nasty programming.

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

Don Croft

Episode 63

Planned CIA Reception at Mt. Shasta, Part 2

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

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

May 3, 2003

Day Two (Saturday 5/3/03)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

woman.

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

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

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

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

After that couple passed us, Carol was getting more and more debilitated by the backward spinning vortex and was also getting a bit of remote interference from the black robed crowd, who apparently wanted to keep that energy spinning the wrong way. I juiced them with the Shiva from time to time, but it wasn't having much effect. She felt some relief when the trail went through the small ravines because the energy was moving over the surface. When she sat down on a log at one point, I sensed the presence of some Lemurians and she told me there were three of them there, giving her some encouragement and taking most of the pain from her legs. She mentioned that the Indian Spring vortex is only one of the openings to their hyperdimensional city and that they very much appreciate what we were doing. I didn't give much thought about whether they'd show up and give us a nice experience at the Spring because doing this stuff is reward enough for me, as it probably is for you, too.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Path Beyond the Spring

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We drove up to pristine Castle Lake, which is on the other side of Castle Crags from the spring, reachable from the town of Mt. Shasta, and I buried a Lemurian HHg in the snow on the ice of the lake. I tossed a couple of TBs out nearby after that and right after I turned toward the car to leave a black SUV showed up and three thuggish-looking fellows, one with a shaved head, gave us that predator look as they scrambled out of the vehicle and ran toward the frozen lake. Carol said they wanted to find the HHg, but of course, I'd taken precautions to get it to a spot that wasn't obvious and these crack addicts probably couldn't find birds**t if it dropped on their pointy little heads.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Don Croft

Episode 63

Planned CIA Reception at Mt. Shasta, Part 3

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

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

May 4, 2003

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Beth characterizes, for me, what can be done commercially in the field of metaphysics when one is free of dogmatic limitations. It was a distinct pleasure and surprise to meet her in Mt. Shasta. If you want to make an

extra special Succor Punch, Powerwand or any other crystal-based device, I hope you'll contact her for a Lemurian crystal. They cost more than ordinary quartz crystals but are well worth the extra money. Her email address is crystals@snowcrest.net; her business phone number is (530) 918-9108, and her website, which she tells me needs updating, is www.crystalsmtshasta.com.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Twelve miles further down the road, we came to a junction that showed us that we'd missed our turn to Crater

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We'll be sure to stop and gift again the next time we're in the area ;-). Carol wonders if the proliferation of house

trailers in the vicinity of the base has something to do with the very short lifespans of the miserable people living there. Why buy a house, after all, if you won't likely live to pay off the mortgage?

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

The first time we saw one of those huge orange craft was in Florida, in January 2001. On our way, trying to chase it down, we came across a big, halogen-lighted triangle antigravity craft that was obviously doing the same thing we were. The pilot of that secret-government ship obviously didn't see us until we had stopped the car and got out to look at it, at which point the triangle ship banked steeply and moved quietly away. We were a quarter mile from it. Of course the stately, blimp-shaped orange ship was so huge and so far away that we never even got close to it, even after driving directly toward it at sixty miles an hour for ten minutes or so. When you see something like that orange craft, it's impossible to tell if it's five miles away or fifty. The triangle craft was about half the size of a football field and was flying at about five hundred feet altitude. We stopped the car as soon as we spotted that one and our paths were about to converge.

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

Don Croft

Episode 64

Yellowstone/Grand Teton

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

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

June 16, 2003

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

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

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

Unusual Clouds

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

Juicing the Spew Boys

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

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

Andromedan Sentries

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

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

Friendly Reptilians

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

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

On the Road Again

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

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

Homeland Psychic Meets Powerwand

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

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

Forty Fedmobiles

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

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

Fire as Cover

There was a forest fire in recent years that destroyed most of the timber in that huge, mostly forested park. When you travel through there you realize that no natural fire could have burned this extensively over so many natural barriers so our impression is that many separate fires were set by the felonious feds in order to keep the public out of the area during the summer season for a considerable length of time afterward while they constructed a new underground base. A lot of strange, vehicular traffic during the construction phase would have created quite a bit of commentary and speculation among the public and of course doing that in winter is out of the question at that altitude. These days, I think they just close off large areas and tell people there's forest fire. We encountered that situation in the California Sierras last summer. The wide detour around the cordoned-off area took us downwind into Nevada and we neither saw nor smelled any smoke ;-) I wrote about the anomalous things we did see, though.

HHg Deployment

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ECP Offensive

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

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

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

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

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

toward the water and Carol said it did bounce along the steep slope far below and entered the stream.

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

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

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

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

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

Feathered Salute

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

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

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

SRIC: Special Rat in Charge

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

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

Jerry & Rhonda Morton

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

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

Lemurian Sunset

On the way home, right before sunset, I saw the requisite Lemurian craft, flying slowly along below a ridge top at the far side of the valley we were driving through at the moment. The craft's light shone off and on at intervals of two or three seconds but when I directed Melody's attention to it the small craft was no longer visible. It's okay-she's seen this stuff before. Carol sees these craft and their occupants without even looking at them.

~Don Croft

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

Episode 65

Welcome to Radioactive Nevada

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

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

July 1, 2003

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A new yellow Volkswagen was waiting for us at the Oregon/California state line and followed us south in the customary surveillance mode (you speed up and slow down and the tail matches the speed at about a tenth of a mile behind you). Carol said he was one of the I AM fanatics out of Shasta, perhaps a retired secret police guy. They're still pretty sore that we spoiled their party. A friend who lives in Weed, which is the city on the northwest slope of the mountain, says that it feels really awful in the city of Mount Shasta, on the western slope, since we ripped the veil surrounding that disgusting Ct. St. Germain. We characterize their new hostility as the hangover next morning after a drunken party. In this case, Alice Bailey started the party in the 1920's or so ;-)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

produced any of these ;-) Gosh, maybe he ascended instead of absconded.

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

Reno Richard, at one time in the company of two locals, busted all of the transmitters in and around Fallon, Nevada and he and Carol had dowsed the maps this time and found the focal points of underground poisonous energy production. Lots and lots of people in that region are dying or have died from cancer and nobody had offered a clear explanation for this local phenomenon. At one of the dowsed locations we found a typical nuke cooling pond-the largest we'd ever seen. We took that one out with four Towerbusters. It usually takes one or two. A sign said it was for 'water treatment' but of course it didn't smell like sewage, as actual water treatment plants always do. Nor was there any aerating equipment.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

~Don

Episode 66

The Bitterroot Mountains Mission

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

By Carol Croft <caroldestiny@turbonet.com>

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

July 23, 2003

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

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

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

Dark Energy

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

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

Stranded

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Pre Dawn Discovery

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

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

We started down the hill. The site was on the other side of a saddle, on top of a round knoll. One of the abandoned Monitor Copper Mine's main entrances was at the bottom of that saddle and the last time that I was there, the entrance was just a rough hole in the ground around which the Forest Service had placed some of that

plastic, fluorescent orange fence material to keep people from falling into the deep, vertical mineshaft. When we got to the old mineshaft this time, it was covered by a thick metal grid that was probably about 10 feet square. There use to be trees surrounding it, but they had been removed. The rest of the trees in the area were still standing. The path this far in had been cleared considerably since I was here 4 or 5 years ago. Is there something new underground there? Are they using this old mine for something other than mining? (I Think Sooooo! ;-)

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

Milt Turley

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

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

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

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

Deathbed Confession

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

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

Back to the story.

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

spot. We both got a strong, clear 'Yes.'

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

Five Black Robes

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

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

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

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

By now both of our hearts were beating like mad, of course. We hurried out as fast as we could and didn't slow down until we got to the top of the next hill. From there we looked back and saw the Black Robes at the bottom of the hill, glaring at us. Behind them, though, we saw some elks that shifted into images of ancient Celts with elk horns on their heads. Here we turned around to see the Black Robed people down at the bottom of the hill watching us. And behind them we saw the, what we thought were elk, fade and turn into Celts with horns on their heads. I know I risk appearing like a lunatic but Linda and I both saw this and for psychics this sort of encounter is no more unusual than if you were to see Chinese people in the Appalachians. We know that they were the ghosts of Celts or were ancient time and/or astral travelers from that place who wanted to help us find

the artifacts so that they could be restored to their correct positions in order to help restore the health of the earthgrid. The Jesuits have always been dedicated to exploiting and destroying that timeless and vibrant global. These black robed-bandits are the ultimate rat bastards of humanity and the worst part is that they do their filthy, evil work in Jesus' Name. Thanks for showing us the perimeter of that site, Celtic brothers! Seeing you was quite a rush!

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

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

Cataldo Mission

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

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

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

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

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

It is SO IMPORTANT to follow our gut feelings when we initiate adventures like this one! We trust and have

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

~Carol Croft

Episode 67

German Illuminati's Idaho 'Safehouse' Gets Busted

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

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

August 5, 2003

August 4, 2003

Carol and I went hunting for it; found it; and busted it. I posed near the front door after we drove through the arched entrance and up the long, private driveway. It's right on the other side of Paradise Ridge, a short distance from our home in the valley. The ridge top is the one location in our exploits from which all the orgonite devices had been removed (the second batch was buried and is still unrecovered). That was a hell of a nasty array on top of that ridge and the local Satanists are apparently the ones who were recruited to comb the pine forest there to find our spudgun-launched TBs last winter. No doubt the local baby killers feel quite honored that some top level German Illuminati sh*tbirds came to stay for awhile in that castle.

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

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

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

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

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

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

August 5, 2003

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

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

Another CB is going to Linda Kingsbury's place (which is just beyond the Illuminati's property from where we

live) in a couple of days. That ought to put the squeeze on those filthy birds, eh?

She's got her medicine wheel and herb-garden maze in full operation, by the way. I expect the CB will go in the middle of the medicine wheel. For what it's worth, our vortex is a whole lot more powerful than what the wheel is generating and the herbal sun tea we make under the rotating octahedron is a real power punch--much more enlivening than coffee!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

For the benefit of our other-than-American networkers, please excuse our current, apparent Turrets Syndrome epidemic/endemic among the American operatives in this network. It's just that when one is in the heat of battle it's hard not to use some expletives. Maybe you can learn to talk that way as you incite your own murderous secret police organizations to a frenzy of frustration and impotent rage with some extensive, successful gifting at

their sancta sanctora.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

~Don Croft

Episode 68

Laozu Kelly vs. Moscow Mountain

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

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

August 22, 2003

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We completely disabled a similar array a few months earlier on top of Steptoe Butte, which is about 30 miles north of Pullman. The first nuke ponds we found were about ten miles from the butte and Carol noticed that as soon as we tossed a couple of HHgs in one of the ponds, not only did the other pond fill up within an hour, but the big array on Steptoe Butte stopped pulsating altogether. Kelly's first experiment with his new organite/water devices was to put one on Steptoe Butte to heal the vortex, which by now--a year and a half after we busted the array--was still not in good shape. There were no weather phenomena to confirm that, as far as I know (I can't

see that from where I live), but I do accept his evaluation that his device had healed the vortex and that it was spinning the right way now and gaining momentum and strength. My feeling about that was doubly confirmed by what I witnessed the day after Kelly finished placing the devices in the vortices on Moscow Mountain.

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

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

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

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

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

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

It's also what our compadre in Australia's Outback sees regularly over his CB and other energy contrivances. I have a feeling lots of folks reading this, who have CBs, have seen this phenomenon lately, but perhaps not taken

much notice. After all, how can one person really affect the weather, eh? Come on, now--aren't we too insignificant to do something like that? Don't you at least have to go up there in a plane and drop some silver iodide crystals in the clouds? ;-)

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

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

Actually, it's not a new phenomenon. It was so rare before, though, that a well-known photographer in the early 1930s went to a remote location along the coast of Maine to take pictures of these clouds as they formed overhead from a source, probably a vortex, out over the ocean. The perspective view of these is quite astonishing. Why not start looking up more often so you can experience the joy we feel whenever we see this process? I use the appearance of these clouds as one of the visual confirmations that our gifting missions have been successful because they simply can't form in the presence of DOR. I know that many of us have seen both small and large, white lenticulars form and remain while this process is taking place and it's one of the most encouraging things I've seen.

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

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

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

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

he said, "Go ahead."

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

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

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

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

~Don Croft

Episode 69

Ireland Gets an Earth Energy Boost

By Carol Croft <caroldestiny@turbonet.com>

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

Sept 5, 2003

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

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

Friday, August 8

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Saturday, August 9

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

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

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

Sunday, August 10

The next day we were in Boyle. We stayed at a wonderful Bed & Breakfast whose owners were trying to help us

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

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

Carrowmore is a burial Cairn circle. There is an outside circle of cairns which faces the very large one in the center. The center cairn is the one that we gifted. These are dated almost 2000 years older than New Grange, about 4500 BC. While on the tour, the guide told us to look at the surrounding mountains and there were little points on many of them, which were obviously cairns. One of those hilltop cairns is the oldest in Ireland.

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

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

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

Monday, August 11

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

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

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

Tuesday, August 12

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

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

Wednesday, August 13

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

Carrowkeel

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thursday, August 14

We drove down to look at a mound where they crowned the kings and queens of Rathmore. We decided to gift this spot because it's the center of one of the four quarters (counties) of Ireland. After that, we decided to go see the largest Fairy Hill in Ireland. We needed a break and this was a wonderful experience. We had to climb up a small hill to get to the large mound. It was so cool! At the top of the mound, there are a bunch of little fairy houses built into the rim. One of them almost looks like a castle. I brought them each a little piece of crystal and I left a little bit of my hair because I wanted them to remember me there. What a magickal place it was! You could shut your eyes and feel them all around you, flitting here and there. It was beautiful. What a nice refresher after everything else.

Friday, August 15

On Friday, we went to Crough Patrick, which is a very important pilgrimage mountain for the Christians. It is a

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

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

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

Saturday, August 16

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

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

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

When we got back, the little Irish woman invited us in for a drink of water and some wonderful conversation. She was very aware of the history of the castle. Most people there don't have a clue what they have in their own back yards. It was so refreshing to talk to this lady and her husband. We had a very nice time with them. We stayed near Saint Bridget's Well in Clare that night. It is a very nice shrine. The energy there felt really nice.

Sunday, August 17

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

Monday, August 18

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

Tuesday, August 19

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

August 20-21

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

Friday, August 22

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

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

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

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

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

Jennifer took us to Roseworthy where her family's home is. We found it and she was very excited about it. She then gave us a tour of the moors. It is so beautiful up there! She had seen a stone circle in that area and she wanted to show it to us. We finally found it and it was wonderful. In the middle of this ancient circle was a stone with a candle and flowers. Some had been there not long before us and had done a spell. It was really nice.

Saturday, August 23

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

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

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

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

Sunday, August 24

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

Monday, August 25

The next morning, Jennifer took us to the airport for our trip back to Dublin. After we landed in Dublin, I made up my mind that I had to gift the last spot on my list. So we caught the bus downtown from the airport. The tourism guy helped us find the street that the Theological Society was on and away we went. It is so hard to gift downtown Dublin because there are very few places to hide a HHg. Anyway, when we got to the Theological Society, but again, there was no place to gift, so I started looking around. I found a spot that was within about 100 yards from their front door. They were not expecting us this time. And as they say: 'The third time is the charmer.'

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

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

Carol Croft

Episode 70

Another American Nazi Bites the Dust

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

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

Oct. 1, 2003

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Wanted: A Few Good Men

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

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

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

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

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

Of course, I like reptilians in general, as I like all sentient species. I don't know what all the fuss is about.

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

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

Lizzies, Lizzies

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mark Gets Marked

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This is a win/win situation for you and us and it would be a real shame to waste this opportunity to disable their potentially genocidal infrastructure with impunity. Ten years ago any of us would have been suicided or

disappeared for committing so much mayhem on their capital and management-personnel assets.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

By the way, DeMeo ordered a cloudbuster kit from Michelle Ridgley over a year ago and apparently built it not long after that because when Carol and I were in a motel on one of our gifting missions we saw on the Weather Channel that there was a neatly circular rainstorm centered just east of Ashland Oregon, where DeMeo lives. Carol went there astrally and told me that he dismantled it right after that. As you know, when you first make one of these CBs you normally get an initial little 'thank you' from the atmosphere for about twenty miles around in the form of gentle, sustained rain and a pleasant ambience. That is, if you've taken the time to disable the new towers where you live you're pretty much guaranteed to get that response. We were fortunate in that we got our initial observations before they started building these horrible, underground-nuke-powered deathforce transmitters all over the globe a couple of years ago.

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

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

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

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

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

What I learned from the first CB forum two years ago when it first got started, is that summarily banning these incorrigibles early on creates a sweeter atmosphere in which substantive, committed, action-oriented people are more comfortable posting, so they do so more often. We orgone warriors are essentially quite gentle people. 'The meek' are indeed inheriting the earth right now, folks. Otherwise the troublemakers will run the show by default. I don't give a lot of thought about whether the troublemakers are on a gov't payroll or not because in fact that's not important. We are what we do, after all, not what we say, and some of my favorite people are posting now about what they're doing to further the work and knowledge connected with this brand new technology.

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

Remember when Teia's brother (a Maori shaman) vanquished the reptiles who were trying to keep that ancient

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

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

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

Don Croft

Episode 71

An Alien Presence Beyond Moscow Mountain

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/cn/adc71alienpresencebeyondbeyondmoscow03oct03.shtml>

Oct. 3, 2003

October 1, 2003

I was wondering why everything seems so peaceful around here, assuming that just because the German Illuminati scheissvoegel who were planning our demise have left our town it doesn't mean that The Old Villain has conceded victory to Carol and I, locally ;-)

By the way, Laozu Kelly and I drove up to the mansion/barracks last week to check up on them and, sure enough, the only vehicles we saw were a tractor and an old car, which probably belong to the caretaker. Generally, extremely wealthy people don't allow a tractor or a junker to be parked beside a mansion.

Homeland Red Cars

Two months ago they had a fleet of brand new, red SUVs. By the way, if you're in the US you may find that the Homeland Security Abominations who follow you around on your 'gifting' missions in red cars are the psychics. These turd knockers all seem to think they're invincible.

Don't let any of those rats follow you, by the way. If you haven't stopped them doing that by now, why not? Make them afraid of you! It's the only way to get their respect.

A huge military convoy converged on Laird State Park last week, so we're going to go disable the new underground base there today. That park is located just beyond Moscow Mountain, which is actually a long, very high, east-west ridge at the end of the Palouse Range that forms the northern boundary of the valley we're in. I bet they thought we wouldn't hear about their activities there but I overheard one of the postal clerks saying that there were helicopters flying all around her house, which is close to Laird State Park, and the only places they can stick these bases is under land that will never be excavated or mined privately. The State Park is surrounded by the St. Joe National Forest.

Carol's daughter encountered the military convoy during the time the postal clerk reported seeing all those helicopters, so we simply put two and two together and Carol paid an astral visit to the new underground base

last night.

Think globally, Act locally

Some alien reptiles had established their own little underground base in Emida, north of there, apparently in the late 1800s, before the whites even got here en masse, and Emida has a reputation for weirdness that can only be explained by an inordinate level of reptilian DNA in the locals' blood. The nearby Coeur d'Alene Indian tribe nearby also has a lot of lizards in it.

Carol and I boxed the predatory reptilians and their huge ship underground a couple of years ago, soon after which most of them chose to join the nice reptilians in Florida (we removed the HHg temporarily to let them out) but the Homeland Security Abomination lately expropriated the HHg that we'd put in their surface portal and those witless jerks have apparently made a pact with the now-liberated alien predators not dissimilar to the way the American OSS liberated the mafiosi in Sicily in 1944 in order to make the Mafia work for the CIA a little bit later on. Mussolini was about to execute them all, which is why Patton went to strategically useless Sicily first instead of invading Italy.

Carol and I assume that they set up that new base in order to have an operational center dedicated to erasing her and I. It feels nice to be wanted.

She and her two grown kids drove fifty miles to Emida last night, armed, and found that the HHg that we hid there had been removed after some feds were seen riding around in white SUVs with blacked out windows in that area lately. She laid a lot of TBs around there but we need to get back there and especially to the new underground base and kick some Homeland Security Abomination and alien A\$\$ shortly.

I clearly saw one of the reptiles last year there, by the way, after I'd removed the HHg to let some more of them out. They move REALLY fast! After we shut them underground some of them wanted to abandon the predatory lifestyle, so we arranged for the nice reptilians in Florida/Bahamas/Cuba/Yucatan to take them in. There were only a few incorrigibles left, so we just left them underground, cut off from their food source (animals and people).

I love this stuff. I wasn't at the point where I was getting bored, but I was pining for a little 3D action.

I'll let you know what transpires.

October 3, 2003

Emida

Yesterday, I took over fifty Towerbusters and four holy handgrenades, plus a bag of thirteen TB flubs (some of the resin was improperly catalyzed) to the stretch from Potlatch, Idaho (north of Moscow Mountain) through Emida to finish what Carol and I started two years ago.

Since I wrote the first part of this piece earlier this week Carol went to Emida to lay a line of TBs along the road by which the old alien ship had been secreted. She put one down ever mile for a distance of 13 miles from the Indian Reservation, ending at Emida. The ship had moved after the feds removed the holy handgrenade that trapped it under ground, so this was designed to create an initial energy barrier.

She visited the home at the end of that road in Emida who are the unconscious conduits for some of the trouble we've been getting. I'm not going to mention specifics in this case but suffice to say that one of Carol's family members have been compromised by this family's activities.

The mother in this family is often seen in two places at once and is overheard speaking with her sons even when the sons are at work and in school. The sons are heard to participate in this discussion, which is actually telepathic but heard physically by bystanders. Reptilians typically communicate this way and many people in

Emida have enough reptilian DNA that they don't apparently think twice about doing this.

Another common feature in Emida is that they often enter a house without opening the door. This is the feature that allows reptilians to move their ships through hyper-dimensional portals which you and I would not see even sense standing on those spots. The portals are difficult to create, which is why closing their native hive portals takes them out of action for so long.

The Sound of Silence

The village's commercial center is a single café. Linda Kingsbury, Carol's close local friend, fellow reputable professional psychic and confidant and her son once stopped at that café a few years ago and were astonished when the occupants became silent when they entered and remained silent until after they'd closed the door behind them. Before and after, they could hear a lot of voices through the closed door. She and Carol, not long after that, independently found the portal that the big ship was getting in and out of its cavern through and a couple of years after that, Carol and I closed that portal.

Everyone in the area considers Emida exceptionally weird. The general assumption is that this strange behavior is from inbreeding but in fact it's because of the inordinate number of near-purebred reptilians among the population.

Anyone who's traveled a bit probably has been to a small town or village where inbreeding has handicapped a lot of people. You might see some six-fingered hands and tiny adult heads in that case but NOT any evidence of widespread high psychism and psychokinesis, as is commonly seen among the people in Emida.

The strangest part, to me, is that these folks consider all of that normal and obviously don't even consider that the rest of the population is not like them.

Carols' ex in nearby St. Maries, Idaho went to high school with the mother of that household and never mentioned her to Carol, who moved to St. Maries when she was already an adult. The high school in St. Maries is small enough that every student knows every other one. The kids from Emida were pretty well ostracized by the rest, so it's not surprising that their 'gifts' would not be appreciated instead of feared in the overall madness that characterizes the social dynamics in most public education institutions in America.

Laird State Park

Last weekend, when Carol's daughter encountered the large military convoy entering Laird State Park, just north of Moscow Mountain, we weren't aware that this had anything at all to do with the presence of that big ship under Emida and lately I've been assuming that they were setting up a new base of operations to take Carol and I out. I wasn't being egocentric; the regime have been making one plot after another to kill us since we first made a cloudbuster almost three years ago, which is why I started publishing my reports in the first place. Notoriety on the internet, even on a very small scale, is one's best protection these days.

Carol went to Emida, which is twice as far from here as Laird SP, on a sort of reconnaissance mission three days ago, with an HHg for the reptilian mom (she graciously accepted it) and some gifts along the road for the reptilian controllers.

Local Reptilians

The modus operandi of the local reptilians is mainly to feed on the life force of the locals. This is a gradual, parasitic process so Carol wasn't in any danger. They regularly abduct others in order to implant devices that will ensure closer access to the person's energy.

It's SO important not to hate any of these entities! I can't stress that enough. I'm a little distressed at the 'new xenophobia' centered on native reptilians. We're all like Marco Polo now among the Mandarins these days, folks. Just like with 100% humans it's advisable to exercise a little discernment and realize that no sentient specie is intrinsically bad and all are potentially capable, at least, of spiritual progress toward our common Maker.

For example, when Muhammad appeared among the Arabs it was common for people to slay an infant daughter and throw the body into the foundation of a new house as a 'blessing,' and mobs could easily be incited to commit mayhem through a little 'media' influence (clever, recited poetry). With a little guidance and exemplary behavior of the Prophet and His followers these Arabs very soon became the planet's civilizing force, restoring ancient knowledge and personal freedom/responsibility and subsequently even bringing poor Europe out of its Dark Age. One of the reasons I stress the importance of personal faith (religious or otherwise) is that it's through faith that 'Satanic strength' is 'transformed into Heavenly Power.' This is a scientific/spiritual process and in the emerging paradigm one may no longer distinguish science from spirituality. Dr. Reich knew that but in his day it was still impossible to express this simple truth without paying a heavy penalty to The Old Villain.

As I mentioned, most of the crew of that ship turned out to be friendly after we drew some clear boundaries with them.

R-E-S-P-E-C-T

Nobody, human or otherwise, is likely to 'give' you respect because most sentient beings, certainly including humans, don't have a conscience. We have to demand respect when disrespect has been demonstrated. We do that by drawing boundaries. This can take a rather proactive form, which is why we've had to develop the Powerwand and other devices.

If you're a person who has a conscience you're going to have to work smart if you wish to exercise it's expression because The Old Villain, who's an interplanetary 'entity,' (thoughtform) by the way, is mandated to destroy people of conscience whenever they express their convictions. The trick, folks, is to enjoy the tussle. I bet nobody ever told you that. When we consider that all such struggles are for the benefit of our spiritual growth, we may stop seeing them as threatening or repugnant. Here's where personal faith plays an integral role. Any fool can be 'good' as a hermit but the real challenge these days is to express one's goodness publicly and confidently.

Back to yesterday:

I asked Carol where the four HHGs should go. I dowsed the number using a pendulum in one hand and a Succor Punch in the other, as usual, so I had no doubt that I was taking the right number. She said to put two by Laird State Park, which is the a surface entry for the new base under Harvard Hill, and one at the top of the pass over Harvard Hill, and one past Emida, which is at the bottom on the other side of Harvard Hill (it's actually 6,000' Bald Mountain, in the St. Joe National Forest). She said to put the sticky TBs in the bag in the Palouse River next to where her daughter saw that bunch of camo-clad feds get out of their white SUV fedmobile last week. It's a couple of miles downstream from Laird SP.

The Federal Bureau of Brazil Boys

I didn't encounter any feds until near the end of the gifting mission that day. On the way to and from Laird from the highway (two miles) there was only one house and in front of that, across the road, was a boss fedmobile with the characteristic array of little antennae sticking up from the roof of the cab (they're quite thin and small, so you need to get pretty close to see them), but nobody was about in the vehicle or outside the house. The state park had been closed for a week or so and a locked gate was across the entrance. The large Boy Scout camp next to it was also abandoned.

On the way north from that side trip, I stopped at the requisite spot and tossed the sticky TBs into the little river and then the HHg, at the pass six miles further uphill. No feds drove by from either direction, so they obviously didn't even know I was there yet.

I continued laying Towerbusters every mile along the highway, past Emida, and tossed a couple into a very polluted pond beside the road by the village itself. We'll monitor the status of that pond. We cleared a the similarly polluted stream that runs through our town with a few TBs last summer-it took two months in this case

to turn the water transparent. I took the first right hand turn after that and drove along a gravel logging (US Forest Service) road, leaving TBs every mile, until I got to a locked gate six miles ahead, on a ridge overlooking Emida from the south, and left the remaining HHg there.

The first fed accosted me as I turned off the paved highway and onto that road. Carol told me that he instantly recognized me right off and was quite angry. That's why he shouted at me, I guess. There was no other traffic on that road. Generally, you take your life in your own hands if you venture onto a logging road while there's any logging going on because those log-truck drivers drive like they're possessed and there's only one lane. It's more like a train track than a road on those days ;-)

Carol had told me that when she left her body to look at what she'd done with that line of TBs around Emida a few days before, she saw a huge, predatory (to the bad guys) orgone serpent rising up from that little pathway, so I was making a sort of orgone Medusa's head for the reptiles and the feds that day.

In the receding paradigm, shifting alliances allowed inveterate enemies to temporarily join together to destroy a common enemy. What we're finding is that this is no longer feasible or even necessary. Carol, after astrally visiting the new underground base, learned that they'd been planning that one for a year and it was designed to be an outpost for monitoring the old reptile 'colony' in Emida, not to snuff her and I, though the latter had lately become a secondary agenda for them. My purpose yesterday was to disable both of those factions' ability to do harm to humanity. Are you familiar with Phil Schneider's story about the time he guided a Delta Force contingent to a similar underground base? He was the only human survivor of that assault and was left there by the fleeing offworlders to die. I have the video in which he poses with the hand with the missing fingers over the huge scar in the center of his chest where one of the reptiles shot him with an energy weapon.

Isn't it nice that none of us have to encounter the bad guys quite like that? We don't have a clue about why the feds took away our HHg that was holding the ship and the remaining crew trapped, but of course it's always an exercise in madness to try to get into the head of any predator, human or otherwise, so I'm content to leave that riddle alone for now. The only problem that caused for us was some personal disruption, which is why Carol and I made those little trips this week.

After I did that logging road, I did one more with my remaining six towerbusters. This one led directly out of the village itself, toward Bald Mountain, which sports a huge new deathforce array, by the way. No doubt my ministrations yesterday have neutralized all those towers. Why do you suppose it is that The Old Villain insists on marking most of its underground facilities for us with these obtuse erections? ;-) Priapus has nothing on The Old Villain.

Not surprisingly, the very last towerbuster got tossed at mile six, which was marked by a locked gate across the road.

Let In The Clowns

Right after I got back to the village I was tailed by a fedmobile. This must have been a newbie because he was stupid enough for me to easily see him. After I pulled over to force him to pass me, I used Doc von Peters' global cloudbuster artillery barrage on him through my Succor Punch, which I always leave turned on when I'm on a mission. He raced ahead, out of sight around a turn, and then I saw his empty vehicle parked by the road just after that. He was either lying down in the white SUV or was in the bushes, making a mess ;-)

On the way over the Harvard Hill pass I encountered six or seven more fedmobiles, each of which got a friendly wave and a complementary artillery blast from me.

The last fed, and the most persistent, tried to follow me onto US95 on the way south to Moscow Mountain's pass and then home. I made him pass me and then immediately blasted him, after which he pulled right over to let me go by, then stupidly tried to follow me again. A mile later, when I got to the US95 intersection, I indicated a right turn. He put his left turn signal on and when I turned left in front of him, he turned left after that and

immediately parked by the side of the road ;-) His face looked kind of funny, I thought. I guess he hadn't heard about my little highway pastime. This is a lot more fun than counting Volkswagen Beetles on road trips, folks. You should try it! You'll have the opportunity if you go disable some deathforce towers. I've been in rural areas on my gifting missions at times and seen three fedmobiles with me in Four Way Stop intersections. Really! Back then, I didn't know how to blast them. Now that I can do that I rarely see them nearby any more unless they're particularly frustrated and angry.

I forgot to mention that I saw four reptiles yesterday: three in Emida and one on the other side of the mountain. I saw them as fast-moving uncharacteristic shadows in the sunlight. I know they were mad as hell, but because I had my Harmonic Protector on I didn't feel any of their animosity. The mother in that household is often seen moving about that way. Carol and her son saw her do that when they were in her house a few days ago. They can't attack you if you're not afraid of them, at any rate. All predators are that way.

~Don Croft

Episode 72

The Universal Nature of This Project & New Opportunities/Insights

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc72newgiftingproject28oct03.shtml>

Oct. 28, 2003

We're finding that there are health benefits which go along with the 'preventive maintenance' of hitting predators who insinuate themselves into our field of vision, both physical and psychic. After we started busting up their new entropy transmitters a couple of years ago we began getting poisoned whenever we left town and at times even when we were at home. I think this is how they gradually eliminate their enemies these days so that it doesn't look like murder. If you look at the uncharacteristic obesity and pallor of folks like Phil Schneider and Preston Nichols I think you're seeing the effects of the poisoning. Of course, those guys didn't know about zappers. Any zapper on the market will mostly disable these poisons, apparently, which is why we wear them constantly when we're on missions.

The terrific liver/kidney/immune tinctures we got from Doc von Peters take the cake for blasting that stuff into oblivion, though. We'd been searching for years for some boosters like this because, between early 1999 and the middle of last year every breathing person in North America, Europe, Australia/New Zealand and South America was grievously poisoned by mycoplasma from chemtrails; not once but almost daily. This gradually wrecked the kidneys/livers/immune responses of millions of people; hence the 'fibromyalgia,' 'chronic fatigue,' and various other new endemics of chronic illness.

When the number of cloudbusters apparently reached critical mass in these regions the chemtrails' bioweapon components apparently stopped working and most people spontaneously recovered a reasonable level of health soon afterward. The ones who didn't recover can now recover by getting any zapper on the market and by using these tinctures, or something equivalent, in order to get their kidneys, livers and immune responses back up to snuff again and therefore stop suffering. There are lots of claims for healing products out there, but in fact the bottom line, for us, seems to be to kill the pathogenic organisms with electricity while re-establishing the healthy functions of the kidneys and liver, mainly, at least in relation to the massive poisoning that we all experienced from chemtrails' biological weaponry for at least three years. There are other causes of illness, of course.

Apparently, 'phase two' of the biological warfare component of the chemtrail program was to have been the genocide kicker because without beating down the immune responses of the masses of people in these regions, most would only get a mild dose from these otherwise deadly diseases in phase two, which will now never happen. Notice that the media whores aren't talking about anthrax, smallpox or any other of their master's biological weapons any more. They're not talking about it because they've abandoned that agenda. Nor did the engineered 'epidemic' that started in Toronto [SARS] ever spread as promised. There are lots and lots of encouraging signs of failed Illuminati agendas now, and more coming shortly.

Doc von Peters (pres@fnun.edu), our intrepid cloudbuster associate in Chattanooga, Tennessee, probably has a better understanding of how the secret police's poisons work on gifters, but why not just make them leave you alone instead? We found out that as soon as we started hurting the feds who came into our purview (The Operators seem to want us all to notice these sneaky bastards) we started getting healthier and had more vital energy. They can't poison us if they can't get close, after all. We'd been injected (in crowds) and sprayed, even on the highway, more times that we could count. We don't even go into a theater, shop, restaurant or terminal any more without first looking for the fed stalkers and hurting them. A stitch in time saves nine and it's kind of fun, like hide-and-seek.

A nice feature of having an orgonite device on the body all the time is that the psychics can't access you easily and they then have to get you into their physical sight first in order to get into your head. It gets pretty easy to make a predatory psychic in a crowd. It's kind of like smelling farts, but a little subtler. Steve and Celine in Montreal are really good at this, as are many others in this informal network. Jesse, in California, can make them twice as well as I can and I do so more than adequately.

Messiahmews may wish to comment on her recent progress toward vital health at some point, as this also relates to applying a firm hand to the secret police psychic interlopers.

Part of the safety that Carol and I enjoy is very likely due to the reputation we're apparently earning among the unlawful federal police and espionage agencies. I call them all Homeland Security Abomination, but in fact they're all still separate agencies, having completely failed to learn to love each other as they were all ordered to do by the Illuminati. The CIA and FBI, after all, have traditionally engaged in bloody pogroms against each other since WWII, having derived from two different factions within this unlawful US Gov't. I think the US Treasury Department is the only federal agency that's lawfully allowed to have police, but of course we no longer have a functioning US Treasury Department.

Wanted: Executive Director (fabulous retirement plan included)

Our intel shows that the latest deadline for merging all of these horrible organizations into the Arch-Horror, the fascist, would-be bloody Homeland Security Administration, is next March. This was supposed to have been accomplished over a year ago but Carol and I, and apparently others, keep erasing the appointed bosses of HSA. We did another one last night. This is why you keep hearing new names for that position, folks.

They're always human, by the way. Rumsfeld, the WWII Nazi General's clone in the White House, who at one point was spoken of as the 'new boss' of HSA, was, in fact, not the boss and he's a figurehead/puppet on a short leash and not entirely human, apparently. See how quickly they shift the pieces on their board when nobody's looking? The media whores are generally lying more than ever before and they don't even bother to transition from one lie to the following, contradicting one any more. Am I the only person who sees this? What can one say about somebody like that, who probably also cheats at chess? ;)

For all the talk about the 'reptilian menace' the obvious is rarely stated, which is that no reptoid can seem to master human behavior and they certainly can't understand the human psyche. How is it possible for anyone like that to so thoroughly brainwash so many unpredictable humans? This probably explains why Carol and I always find reptiles like Bush, Queen Elizabeth and Idi Amin in subsidiary positions in the predatory world order. They're more like guard dogs which get to eat the victims of their masters as a reward for their obedience.

The Draconians are a lot smarter and seem to know us, but of course they can't participate in the slaughter directly until/unless the world regime manages to desertify the planet. The entropy matrix needs to be a lot stronger in order for the Draconians and other predatory species to even exist here in 3D and they seem to know that they've already lost their bid.

As we can all see, the trend toward desertification has been reversed and as more and more people make and buy cloudbusters, this healing trend will increase. The meek are inheriting the earth, finally, and it's not even being done in an 'organized' way at all, which is the sweetest feature of this grassroots effort. Any bit of organization can be influenced, still, by the world regime.

Here's something to think about: after the imminent fall of this regime, the internet will no longer be overrun with disinformation agents and agent provocateurs. All of them are on the payroll and there are thousands of them—mostly paranoid potheads who feed on doubt and anger from others. The reason I don't get exercised by the anathema and slander that gets aimed at Carol and I from other forums (we don't allow that on EFF) is that it's all free advertising. 'The meek' are characterized by refined personal discernment. Truly humble, responsible people feel instinctively repulsed by agent provocateurs and these are the balanced folks we want to associate with, not the still-sleeping, politically correct PJ minions who actually believe that this incessant slanderous flatulence is 'opinion.' As I said, watch these deluded, unhappy fools run for the hills or turn into decent, sober human beings as soon as they no longer get their drug money from the International Monetary Fund.

New York, Los Angeles, & a German Grayshirt with Riding Boots

While we were busting up predators last night, Carol took a peek at possible upcoming federal terrorist

campaigns in November and saw one being hatched in New York City again. She said they were planning, yet again, to hit Los Angeles, but that there's no longer enough of an entropy matrix left in LA to pull it off, thanks to Cbswork and associates. Without all that dead orgone entropy to slow people's minds down and instill paranoia 'the masses' simply can't be manipulated into accepting martial law. The regime knows that if they can establish martial law very well in one big city they can quickly spread it to throughout the planet. They also know, though, that this is no longer likely to happen now that our network has disabled many, many thousands of their entropy transmitters around the world. They just don't have enough thugs or trick, non-nuclear mass-destruction weaponry to engage in a global guerrilla war. They need to keep the atmosphere reasonably healthy in order to even live underground so they won't nuke us all. I'm sure you've noticed that all their underground facilities depend on surface infrastructure.

The entropy zone that envelops NYC is still largely untouched, though. Carol saw that the latest histrionics around Rush Limbaugh are essential components to a planned mass murder event there in a few weeks but we can't figure out how, unless it relates somehow to Rush's fascist image. I sent a blast to and through Rush and Carol saw it go to a draconian, an SS general and a gray-uniformed UN would-be military bigwig with riding pants and boots, which she'd never seen before. She told me that these two guys were Germans at the top end of the Illuminati dungheap, so that tells me that the world regime is now desperate to initiate martial law/genocide, which right now would only mean a long guerrilla war which they'd eventually lose. Always, before, when they wanted to blow up a lot of innocent people, like in Oklahoma City, Waco, Kuwait, Panama and New York they left these plans to their chump US military and secret police lackeys.

We stopped the nancy-boy SS General's heart with only a couple of blasts and the UN guy went down a little easier, but I tried something new on the Draconian:

Squid/Spider Parasites

When we first got busy last night we needed to get those squid/spider parasites to leave the body of a teenager whom we know whose life was being ruined by them. This is the first time I got a clear psychic image of these creatures. Since they had no animus toward me (they really seem to hate Carol because of what she did to them in Ireland) I invited them into my own body and all three of them left the teen and entered through my breath. I don't think anyone's ever invited them in before ;-).

I sent one each to a couple of the human predators last night--I don't remember which ones--and the last one to the Draconian. These squid creatures seem to have their own agenda apart from the predators in the world order. Carol says they relate to an almost arthritic condition in some of the earth's tectonic plates' junctures and were around long before humans and reptilians were. Lately they've been interfering with a few people who are healing the earth grid, which is probably why we're even aware of them.

Energized Water

What we're seeing now is that Laozu Kelly's discovery of the use of energized water in organite may be the key to dislodging these ancient parasites and blasting the entire earthgrid into total vitality and fluidity in the process. What we're all seeing is that only a certain number of grid points may need to be gifted with these special devices in order to release the entire grid from the parasites. I think the human parasites, including the Illuminati, are the main problem, still. Until a few months ago, I'd never even heard of this squid/spider species but several psychics around the world spontaneously reported interacting with them since August, when Carol first angered them in Ireland.

Kelly had told us that he'd boosted Steptoe Butte's vortex to maximum vitality with one of his treated towerbusters, but Carol was gone then and I don't sense energy well enough to see that confirmation. Kelly is energy sensitive and we've found him to have integrity when it comes to doing this work, so I didn't doubt his claim. A week later, he put similar devices on nearby Moscow Mountain in two vortices and the next day a huge, anomalous thunderstorm formed right over those two spots and was gone two hours later. It was surrounded by blue sky and obviously formed from the center outward. There was my visual confirmation for Kelly's claim ;-)

A couple of days ago we drove past Steptoe Butte on the way to see my kids in Seattle and Carol said that what Kelly was seeing there is entirely accurate. The energy from the vortex went out so far that she couldn't see the end of the field. We'd busted the massive array and also the nearby nuke that powered it and the vortex reached a pretty good state of health after that but what Kelly did was exponentially more powerful. It remains to be seen whether a water/organite device, alone, will achieve those effects because, so far, all of the vortices that Kelly did this for were ones that were previously gifted by ordinary organite. This includes Mt. Rainier, Mt Shasta and Sedona, by the way. Kelly puts his money where his mouth is; in fact he does a whole lot more than he says, unlike me ;-)

When Kelly and I were gifting the local satanists' last remaining murder ritual site on Tomer Butte last week we could see Steptoe Butte on the way to and from the vortex and Kelly had a hard time looking in that direction because it was so 'bright.' He'd seen the new dead orgone field on Tomer Butte a few days before that and we got some help getting onto the private property there to do the deed. They had cleared some forest near the top of the butte, on the far side from town so that nobody would see the bonfire, and there's a huge burn pile in the center of the clearing which Carol says contains the bones of several victims. Kelly, who grew up on a dairy farm, noted that clearings are never made for grazing unless at least one end is open because otherwise the cows would wander off into the woods. Also, there was no fence around the clearing as there were around the pastures, lower on the butte, that we crossed in order to get to the pine-forested vortex near the top.

Kelly and I had recently driven up to the German Illuminati mansion not far from Tomer Butte to see what was happening there and they'd all left. The only vehicles we saw in the fancy drive were a farm tractor and a jalopy.

I guarantee that the Satanists in your town are killing innocents and otherwise helping the world regime with their plans to kill us all off. You really ought to go stop their fun, as we did here.

The marvelous part of this, for me, is that anyone can produce these water/organite devices. He had experimented with a variety of energized waters and found out that simply passing a teaspoon or so of distilled water through a crude, copper coiled tube, then mixing it with the water-based resin produces results that are just as dynamic as when he used some very proprietary water for which some incessant, unfounded claims had been made in another venue.

In the short term, I want to get this proposition out so that we can do some global experimenting. I'm taking a few of his treated HHGs to Africa shortly for the major grid points that we'll be able to access in Uganda, Rwanda, Kenya and Lake Victoria. We'd been quietly experimenting with the use of energized water for several months and Kelly's the one who made the breakthrough.

I never mentioned this, but when I first met Kelly back in April he offered to do some healing work on my lower abdomen. I demurred a bit until I got to know him a little better because his completely unaffected behavior puzzled me at first. Kelly's redefined spontaneity for me.

The fact that he lives ten miles away clearly indicates the fine hand of the Operators to Carol and I.

I agreed to the healing and sat in a chair in the middle of my living room while he danced around in a sort of tai chi fashion, spoke and sang in a language I'd never heard before and gesticulated toward my lower abdomen off and on. It felt pretty good and this certainly kept my attention but I didn't have a clue what he was doing. Carol wasn't around that day. Kelly told me he didn't fully understand what was going on, either, but he was obviously conversing with other entities during the session.

From that day, though, my colon has been operating as God intended and that hadn't happened since early childhood.

The Andromedan Connection

Kelly and I took some of Linda Kingsbury's classes and this was his introduction to a lot of the metaphysical

basics for understanding and working with the body's own subtle energy fields. Before he met us, his only brush with western metaphysics was a brief stint in freemasonry several years before. I think he was astonished to find that there is something, after all, to all that mumbo jumbo in the Lodge ;-)

In one of the classes, Linda was discussing how channeling only occurs through the throat chakra, which is why there's no discernment or participation for the channeler, and Kelly said, 'What do you think of this?' and began rapidly speaking the language I'd heard him speak during my healing session.

Linda told him that, when he did that, golden energy was pouring straight down into the top of his head and coming out through his throat. She felt that he was expressing a higher aspect of his own soul. Right then, I said, 'Kelly-do this when Carol's around; I want her to translate!' and he did that a few days later at our dining room table.

Carol said his higher aspect is Andromedan and that he was then giving himself instructions for building a device that will help him more fully integrate his heart and mind. A week later, Carol had left for Ireland and Kelly and I drove to Spokane to start getting the special materials for the device. I'll leave it to him to expound on that.

Laozu ('grandfather') Kelly had told us that some Chinese students had befriended him when he was a young mathematics instructor at the University of Washington in the 1970s and that he's made several trips to China with them since then in relation to their own enquiry into energy work. I met one of these friends when he came to visit Kelly and of course this man has a cloudbuster now from Kelly's hand. They like to have him along on their trips to Asia because he can sense the energy so well and at one point, in Taiwan, he had the opportunity to spend several months with a master healer. That's when he discovered that the language he'd always spontaneously spoken was also spoken by some of the adepts connected to that institution in Taiwan. One woman who had been a popular movie actress, but had given that up to devote her life to healing and service engaged Kelly in a long discussion in this language. She spoke it consciously.

I keep coming back to the universal nature of this project we're all engaged in. I'm going to Africa again shortly because I feel strongly that the nature of the energy we're all working with will find a fuller expression there and Carol and I no longer have any doubt that the Andromedan race has given us orgonite and inspired the development of the related technology until now and they seem to resonate particularly with Asians, though the initial impetus for disseminating this information is obviously in the purview of the white race.

For three years, Carol and I have been trying to get to Yucatan because on the first day of our 'mission' the day before the fall equinox, 2000, we got clear instructions to visit the coast of Yucatan within a short distance of where I'd gone aground and disabled my sailboat right after the hurricane there in October, 1996. There's no way to get there without having a boat, as it's many miles from the nearest road. The first thing I did after that initiation in 2000 was to get my ocean boat up to snuff in Texas and Florida so I could get to Yucatan again but it clearly wasn't supposed to happen then, as I had another nautical misfortune while attempting to heal the wounded vortex east of Bimini, in the Bahamas. We made the first orgonite cloudbuster right after my failed attempt to get there by sea.

I'm only now starting to see why - that's the last piece of the puzzle rather than the first one. The red race's role in this unfolding global project?

Did you think that all I cared about was stopping murderous predators' hearts? ;-)

Gifting Mission

Now that we're discussing the Bahamas again I want to announce that Kenny Rudzinsky, who just got a job on a cruise ship that plies the waters of the Bermuda Triangle between the Bahamas and Bermuda, wants very much to gift the entire area, including the accessible vortices, and he's given me permission to announce his intentions and also his inability, under the circumstances, to make the devices in a timely way. This is my formal call for donations of towerbusters and holy handgrenades, which Kenny will dutifully place in designated spots on land

and at sea along the route through the wounded energy triangle. See how the Operators work when they want a certain job to get done expeditiously? Our only responsibility is to respond to our instincts, as Kenny did when he offered to do this and as I hope you will when you send him the devices.

Contact me at terminator3@turbonet.com if you want to contribute materially to this project and I'll connect you with Kenny, okay? The orgonite vendors will get full, appreciative public credit for their donations, of course, from Carol and I. This is a really big earth-healing opportunity, because the Illuminati seem to have a lot invested in keeping this area messed up. One of their top fake gurus led a group of new age chumps to that Bimini vortex shortly before I went there and while their announced intention was to heal it the result was obviously that the chaotic, destructive energy there was a lot worse than before they had done their crystal ministrations at the behest of this fake holy man. Since new agers and other brainwashed masses can't discern their way out of a wet paper bag, generally, they probably sincerely believed that they were helping ;-)

~Don Croft

Episode 73A

The Source of the Nile and Budhagali Falls

[Editor's Note: Episodes 73A-C were written by Dr. Paul Batiibwe who accompanied Don Croft & Georg Ritschl on their adventures in Uganda. According to Don, this is Dr. Batiibwe's Internet posting debut and considering the caliber of these narratives, I think he should become our regular contributor & correspondent from Uganda. What's your opinion?...Ken Adachi]

Episode 73B: Our Journey to the East on 28th November 2003

Episode 73C: Kizira at Budhagali

By Paul Batiibwe, MD <epbatiibwe@hotmail.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc73AsourceofNile19nov03.shtml>

Nov. 19, 2003

19 November 2003

The day after their arrival in Uganda on 16 November, Don and Georg had swung into action. Each felt they should visit the source of the Nile ASAP, so I joined them in nearby Jinja in company of Dr. Rashid Kayiwa and we rode to the spot at the edge of Nakabule (Lake Victoria). The wide, swift river abruptly fell 500m from the lake to begin its 4900km journey to the Mediterranean Sea. The falls were mostly submerged when Owen Falls Dam was constructed a few decades ago. Unlike other major rivers, the Nile is very wide and fast-moving at its source.

My father remembers hearing the rumbling sound of the mighty falls in Jinja, 6km away, more so at night. A rainbow had spanned this entire area for most of the day.

Not far downstream a bridge and, later, the dam were built. When the bridge was constructed in the 1950s a large herd of hippos were destroyed before the project was completed. It's said that a lot of human sacrifices had traditionally taken place there as well. Don and Georg had thrown a few Etheric Pipe Bombs from the bridge, which is just upstream from the dam.

Owen Falls Dam is responsible for submerging a very large spring near the previous waterfall at the edge of the lake. The dam, which is just north of the bridge, is responsible for the near-total submergence of the falls.

The actual starting point of the river is a little debatable. Very close to an island in the middle of the stream is a large, now-submerged spring, hence the debate. Burundi, which lies along the lake's southeast shore, is also said to be the location of the true source of the Nile before it empties into this inland sea.

We hired a large, motor driven canoe to take us all through the fast current to the small island, which lies at the lake-edge source of the Nile. Georg gifted this site with a 'stielhandgranate,' which is an etheric pipe bomb stuck into a towerbuster.

Immediately, we all felt changes ranging from a slight unexplained dizzy spell, in my case, to a full surge of energy in Don. "This is a very powerful spot, very powerful!" Don declared. Kayiwa and I tossed etheric pipe bombs downstream as we went back over the swirling water.

Close to where we landed is a commemorative bust of Mohandes Gandhi. Some of his ashes had been cast into the Nile at this spot in 1948.

Don felt that the Illuminati and voodoo societies were thereby exploiting this good man's legacy and personal energy, so he dowsed for an appropriate response, then threw one of Laozu Kelly's uniquely powerful, energized-water HHGs into the river not far away.

We then proceeded 6km downstream to Budhagali Falls.

Budhagali has always been a primary ritual site in Uganda's magical traditions and my wife, Hilda, and I had also celebrated the first birthdays of our two children here. One of nature's most useful moulds can be found here, incidentally.

The Nile calmly spreads quite wide before accelerating to a violent speed over the beautiful falls.

The government of Uganda is now bent on submerging these falls in the name of development, by constructing a dam. Damn! The last time I was here with my family I had come to take as many startling still photos as possible in case the dam is to be constructed and I have to say goodbye to this mother of all creations.

Don insisted that I choose the locations to gift and we walked first towards the upper part of the falls. I had Don toss one of his etheric pipe bombs in and within five minutes, thousands of bats flew up from the nearby bushes. He intimated that perhaps the spirits of sacrificed people had been released by the upsurge of life-force from the gift and that the bats were an outward symbol and a confirmation of our success and of course we, the less 'superstitious,' bought that half - half

At these falls are young men who earn a living by swimming into the rapids. Another man, a cripple, dances while ascending a vertical, freestanding wooden pole about 6metres high. I must say watching them can be breath taking.

Kintu, one of the swimmers, offered us a show for a few dollars. As we were unable to throw an etheric pipe bomb sufficiently far into the stream, we hired him to carry it to the middle of the lower falls and release it at a certain spot.

The moment he dived into the upper falls, Don told me that he has sensed earth spirits near the place I'd chosen to have the EPB released. By now, Kintu was in the lower falls, raised his arms and threw the healing device into the water, somersaulted and began swimming to the rocky riverbank.

Lo and behold, the same bats, which had returned to their sleeping places, again flew out over the falls en masse. This was no longer a coincidence or superstition. A psychic ought to tell us what happened, because I have noted Don is still quite unsure, most times, about his own abilities.

Another confirmation occurred. For the first time I appreciated the changes in the skies that can happen after some significant gifting. . A huge cumulus cloud formed and, atop the billowing mass, white, horizontal fumes were being released by what Don said is a typical Lemurian space ship. Other unique cloud formations were seen, too. Some almost formed Dr. Reich's orgone symbol.

Paul Batiibwe

Episode 73B

Our Journey to the East on 28th November 2003

By Paul Batiibwe, MD <epbatiibwe@hotmail.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc73BjourneytotheEast28nov03.shtml>

Nov. 28, 2003

On today's trip to the Tororo District, near Kenya's frontier with Southeast Uganda, we escorted our friend, Sam Okurut, who helped Georg to reconnect with Credo Muttwa in South Africa a month previously, to visit his father's village.

We traveled by road from Kampala in our Secret Supporter's offroad vehicle. Along the way, as usual, we dropped TBs whenever one of us felt like it and we frequently detoured to disable the more remote transmitters. Kakira Sugar Plantation and Refinery, for instance, which lies halfway between Kampala and Tororo, felt real bad, so we tossed several tower busters along the way, after turning north from the tarmac highway toward a large transmitter. As we got closer, we saw that there were several other towers that we hadn't seen and they were all in the middle of a large, depressing settlement that is connected to the big refinery.

The small band of orgonite warriors, including Dr. Kayiwa, Georg, Don and Sam, had spent the night in a hotel in Iganga, just east of Jinja (the large town that lies near the headwaters of the Nile River) and I joined them for the eastward trek the following morning. Seeing that a very few of the more remote transmitters were located on mountaintops which were surely inaccessible to even our intrepid Land Cruiser, we discussed the viability of using large, remote controlled model aircraft in the near future to reach such targets, which Don had already begun tentatively experimenting with at home in the USA.

I offered to chauffeur the little squad, though I'm not a fan of 'kick and push' and prefer the comfort and convenience of automatic transmissions. We gifted a stretch of highway in the vicinity of Nakalama, about 5km east of Iganga which had been notorious for motor accidents. Don noted that the exceedingly strong, tall barbed wire fencing on both sides of the road along that stretch was reminiscent of some underground bases in America and is uncharacteristic of any fencing that he'd seen in Uganda and there were some suspicious-looking ponds inside the fenced, apparently deserted areas.

The locals don't know what takes place here. Some villagers say that this property belongs to an internationally well-connected tycoon and was meant to be a horticultural project, whilst some others believe it to be a fish farm. For us, it just felt bad, so we gifted some of the ponds with etheric pipe bombs. There's something very satisfying about hearing that special splash!

From a distance, southeast of Nakalama, we saw some hilltop towers worth neutralizing. We made a right turn but couldn't see an obvious route. After a reminder that the truck was designed for cross-country we made our way a little thru the bush till we reached a graded gravel road. By passing heaps of dug up murram blockages we reached the furthest tower first. To our surprise there was a much shorter, mean looking tower with enormous drums, entirely painted sky-blue. We hadn't seen this until we got quite close to the more obvious, tall red and white transmitter. This is one of the lesser known, but gravely heinous GWEN TOWERS! See Ken's website [www.educate-yourself.org] for a fuller description. I was so outraged that if I'd had a spud gun I would have 'inadvertently' shot a tower buster right into one of these huge drums!

This monster, along with two 'cell phone' towers (see Ken's site) were almost sharing the compound with Bugiri District Administration offices and a workshop/residence for handicapped people! These GWEN sites are worth observing for any radiation related illnesses amongst these officers and workers. All we could do was to generously gift the environment here in the interest of healing both the locals and the environment. One of the TBs rolled right in front of the Administrative Office. Hopefully some one has picked it who at best would just throw it into the bush or keep it in a near by house. We often hand these to curious children and ask them to keep them in their homes.

We happily continued to wend our way to the east. The streams running below the highway received gifts irrespective of half naked bathers and onlookers, and so did the many towers. Like in any war, some ammunition didn't hit the target, but there's no such thing as wasted ammo in this campaign.

Kibimba Rice Plantation, a little further east, is a beautiful, private, commercial scheme and was the recipient of several etheric pipe bombs.

All along our route, unique clouds with long, finger-like projections were seen forming in our path and the HAARP whiteout which had previously covered the sky ahead of us, receded farther east as we moved and busted more and more transmitters. Don said that he had not seen this phenomenon until very recently during other long-range tower busting expositions in his own country.

An enormous, solitary rock became visible as we finally approached Tororo town. On top was an array of various types of towers. I was told that a helicopter was used to ferry the construction materials to the top. Georg [orange shirt ;-)] placed an HHG near a hedge at a point as near as we could get to the transmitters on our circuit around the small mountain. As there were some onlookers, we posed for a group photo in order to conceal our intentions there.

We drove along further around the rock and saw a very large cave. Don said that such a cave in a geological feature like this is surely a powerful vortex and must have been an important ritual site since time immemorial.

Indeed we found inscriptions, apparently quite ancient. Like any good visitors we left a 'gift' or two to honor the place. Don's gifting spot, at the back of the cave, was full of disturbed bats, so he considered it safe to leave something there.

I now agree with Don that Georg is quite energy sensitive, something which Georg does not admit easily. After gifting this huge vortex, Georg experienced pleasant sensations in his feet and legs to the extent that he requested to delay our departure so he could relish it longer. Such sensation are similar to what people feel when about to astral travel. Georg has made and tossed orgonite-based devices at well over one thousand towers in Southern Africa. He is a good friend of Credo Mutwa, the renowned Zulu shaman and historian. For all the good he has done, Georg has come under repeated attack by Illuminati psychic predators in concert with African voodoo practitioners. Thanks, Carol, 'Cbswork,' and Don for seeing this earlier in the year and acting on it before Georg expired!

Immediately after we gifted the cave, large cumulus clouds and swirling, spiral clouds began forming over the mountain, which strongly suggested that our gifts were well received.

We headed along a rough track to Sam's father's village, 15km further east, near the Kenya frontier. The traditional settings of these scattered agricultural settlements is something not to be missed.

Groups of beautiful, immaculately rounded, well groomed mud wattle huts, built and maintained by the locals, are unfortunately punctuated by corrugated metal roofs and relatively ugly, rectangular houses, belonging to sons of the soil who work in the cities, obtusely demonstrating their relative wealth. Large, extended families, easily accommodated by simply building more huts, are still characteristic of this part of East Africa. They're surprisingly cool, well ventilated and roomy inside.

We were generously treated to a traditional meal, including some delicious bread, made from sorghum, millet and cassava. For the first time, Georg ate sugar cane and he opted for the aggressive 'mudugavu' style, while Don chose the less manly mzungu method of cutting the cane into smaller, bite-sized pieces. Don had, of course, often eaten sugar cane in the first half century of his life.

By now, having completely disabled the HAARP, GWEN and entropy transmitter network across the most populous region of Uganda, from the Republic of Congo to Kenya, we returned to our homes in the west in

anticipation of returning to Budhagali the following day.

Dr. Paul Batiibwe

Episode 73C

Kizira at Budhagali

By Paul Batiibwe, MD <epbatiibwe@hotmail.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc73CkiziraatBudhagali29nov03.shtml>

Nov. 29, 2003

The gifting adventures made one of the rarest, incredible experiences for me since Don and Georg's arrival.. For some few months I had been working with a reputable psychic and healer, named Kizira. I was introduced to this unassuming man in a village, 12 kms from my workplace, by a female patient who had cancer of the breast, stage III. Kazira's wife was astonished at how he trusted me to the extent of sharing his own writings of his experience. These had been typewritten in anticipation of publishing a book.

Prayer is the foundation of his healing and psychic work and he feels strongly that we ought to pray directly to the Creator and not to or through Prophets, such as Jesus, Mohammed and Buddha, etc. If not, he jokes, "You get less than what you bargained for!"

Kizira heals while reciting prayers and says this ought to be adequate, but he's also a top-seed, well-seasoned herbalist.

I have referred infertile couples, who had failed to conceive with conventional medical treatment, to him and. I have proved them pregnant after just words of prayer, exorcising entities, and touch healing. I have seen sickly people flourish from these ministrations; I have watched drama unfold as he casts away demons from psychiatric cases who we've declared incurable. I have, indeed.

He communicates with trespassing entities and casts out demons while praying to the Creator. He's been looking forward to working with good entities to harmonize the earth. He calls them thru mediums, announces his intentions to them and helps them with some of their requirements.

If you've personally known a mature, competent psychic, you'll see that Kizira's abilities are very real. He is one. Don, who has known and worked closely with several powerful psychics, says that Kizira is 'world class.'

Kizira first establishes contact by either holding your hand, or touching the sick area. Sometimes he just raises his hand above you. He emanates a heat sensation from his hands, which tremble during healing sessions. Today, as intended two months ago, we escorted him to visit Budhagali, which is actually the name of the ancient entity who is responsible for the falls.

Kayiwa, Georg, Don, Kizira (with entourage) and I met in Jinja town and headed to Budhagali Falls.

At the entrance to the park, I asked the gatekeeper where Mandwa Budhagali, the 'official' priest for the site, could be found and was told that he uses an island in the middle of the falls to conduct his rituals but that he rarely goes there any more. Mandwa Budhagali has a national reputation as a Satanist, by the way, and is the center of a very large scandal involving human sacrifice deep under the falls themselves, involving many of the nations wealthy people, which has lent a new twist to the term, 'nouveau riche.' inquired where mandwa Budhagali (the 'official' priest) could be found. I was told that rarely does he ever go to the island, a place where the previous priests used to perform the rituals. I was further told that the priest now works from home, a walled off compound with a dark green gate which we had just passed.

Meanwhile Kizira had 'asked' and was told that we should just proceed to the island and get to work. Don and Kizira felt that the Mandwa was not actually important and is rather just used by more powerful, hidden people as window dressing.

At the entrance to the area, which is a National Park, we were requested to pay for the two bazungu (Don and Georg) and six badugavu (the rest of us) before we were allowed to visit this sacred natural site.

We got into large, hired canoe in turns of threes as there were only that many lifejackets, then took turns crossing to the ritual site: a small island in the middle of the turbulent Nile, just downstream from the lower falls.

Two of Kizira's sons and a daughter brought along drums and Nabikokola, who volunteered to be the medium, had brought along her little grand daughter from her home near Entebbe. Don volunteered to hold the baby during the session.

We all climbed the island's path to a small clearing, where a round, traditional wattle and thatch hut was built to accommodate rituals.

Kizira prayed to God.

"Praise be to the almighty Creator of the universe! I categorically affirm that nothing in this world is greater than You. Hear and answer my prayer; let Budhagali come thru so we can talk". Pause...He repeated the prayer while raising his hand in the air. Pause. "Budhagali, it is me summoning you. Hurry up and come and tell us where you are and how you have been. Budhagali? Budhagali, where are you? We are your visitors!" pause.

"Boys let do some drumming while we praise the Creator."

Amid singing praise songs and drumming, Kizira roared, "Budhagali I hereby command you to appear here, NOW!"

Silence.

The body to be used by the entity remained occupied by its owner, Nabikokola, unchanged.

Kizira's eyes roved around as if he were searching for something, then he looked straight at Georg, waved his finger and said, "I cannot detect the entity. It seems that he's no longer here!" Georg wondered aloud if our previous gifting had expelled Budhagali from the place, but I told him that Buchagali is a good entity and that something else had caused him to flee.

We all agreed that Kizira should hide a Holy Handgrenade on the premises and then try to contact Budhagali again. After doing so, Kizira restarted the prayer and requested the entity to come through Karikokola.

Within a minute of praying the body started performing a welcome dance to the rhythm of the drumming, but decided to keep silent, as though he were unsure about us. He walked away with Kizira following, trying to inquire what is wrong. He returned, fell to the ground and started sobbing with emotion. After a time, Kizira asked if any of us had done wrong. To this he replied, 'No.' To me this was wonderful; an endorsement that what we are doing is right.

Kizira inquired about his current location.

"I stay far away in the hills." He answered.

"Where, exactly?" Kizira sought for a clarification.

No answer...

"Tell us where exactly you are located so that we can come and visit you whenever we feel like it."

Silence...

Kizira assured him that we had come to his rescue and asked Budhagali who had been doing harm to him and to suggest other sites where evil was being done in Uganda.

"I don't think you will be able to fight my many enemies," Budhagali said with profound sadness.

We reaffirmed our commitment to help. Kizira then allowed him to return to the hills and asked him to come whenever called or else allow us to visit him in the nearby hills.

He then called Nabikokolo back to her body. She came back and cheerfully joined the game Don was playing with her little granddaughter.

Suddenly I saw Kizir lift his foot as if to pick off some biting insects and he exclaimed, "Ho! there are jiggers here" Nearly everybody except Don and Georg scattered to find a safe place to remove our sandals and pick off the jiggers. Falling short of scatter, checked their feet and removed these insects.

Tunga Penetrans (jiggers) have to get into an animal's skin, preferably a human's, to complete their lifecycle wherein. The fertilized females' bodies then swell and burst, releasing hundreds of eggs. While in the skin they irritate and cause discomfort to the host. We carefully eject those using safety pins. Goerg, who wore a pair of closed shoes, claimed a zapper can do away with them. Well knowing how much discomfort they caused I didn't want to experiment on myself. Kizira's children helped Don with the removal and he asked them to help their 'Auntie,' Nabikokolo, who was then sitting down. But she withdrew her feet covering them with her traditional inner garment. She wore this sad, elderly stare.

I then realized that Budhagali and Nabikokolo were now sharing the body at intervals.

Wow!

We helped 'him' walk to the beach and into the boat. While our ferrymen paddled the canoe across the powerful current, Budhagali kept looking around like someone who hadn't been there in a very long time. We helped him to disembark at the riverbank, and then helped him into the Land Cruiser, which was brought very near. There, the grand daughter did not recognize the grandmother, though she sat on her lap!

After paying the boatmen for their services, I engaged them in a conversation to find out what they know about Budhagali. They said all they know is Budhagali was compensated by the government agents planning to construct the dam here and that the entity had relocated with the 'priest' to his home near the road junction to the falls, where he practices.

Kizira shook each of boatmen's hands in thanks and said, "Each of you will know, by tomorrow morning, precisely what happened here today."

Before we set off Kizira requested that we pray. Budhagali tried to get out of the vehicle to join the prayer, but I advised him to participate while seated.

At the end, Kizira blessed everyone who was present while raising his hand and then, while holding our hands in turn, he asked us each to 'Obey God,' and asked the Creator that each of us get whatever we ask for.

I bade farewell to my dear friend, Georg Ritschl, who flew back to his family and career in South Africa the following day. He had asked me to shorten our farewell, as he becomes quite sentimental.

I asked Don, "What next?"

He replied, "Well, I'm going to go to Kiboga and hang out with Kizira for awhile!"

I was picked up in Jinja by my wife and daughter and we returned to our eastern home in nearby Iganga, where I have carefully resorted to not telling this story to any one, lest I pass for a lunatic.

Episode 74

Proud To Be a Mzungu

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc74proudtobemzungu02dec03.shtml>

Dec. 2, 2003

Actually, I'm proud to be an American, but 'mzungu' is the regional term for any Europoid like myself. It's not derogatory at all and apparently the word is used similarly to the way western cultures use the term 'ET.' I love it when little kids here run up to me and say, always genuinely, 'Hello, Mzungu-how are you?' I sort of feel like a visiting spaceman, as not many Mzungus are seen in these parts. A black person is 'mudugavu,' by the way.

I've wanted to visit Uganda for most of my adult life, ever since learning from some expatriate American friends, who lived here before Idi Amin's well-funded rampage, about the gracious, talented, witty, culturally rich and resourceful people here. Winston Churchill had named this country 'The Pearl of Africa' during his visit here after World War II, and while he may have been eligible at the time for hanging due to his war crimes, his compliment was right on the mark, I can tell you.

During the course of this monologue in several parts, I'll introduce you to four of my Ugandan friends/teammates who have been instrumental in facilitating these very productive efforts on behalf of orgone and zappers, both preceding and during my too-brief visit to this wonderful country. Certainly not least, you're probably already acquainted with Georg Ritschl, who accompanied us during the first two weeks of this East Africa gifting exposition.

Dr. Paul Batiibwe, who has, ten minutes ago, frankly told me that he can't figure out why I'd want to mention him at all (I told him that I'm no more worthy than he is, so 'Please don't worry about it.') may be considered the clinical, overall scientific component of this team and is currently my host and the coordinator of the field-testing work for three crowd zappers. He routinely 'gifts' with Holy Handgrenades, Towerbusters and Etheric Pipe Bombs during his travels whenever he encounters deserving sites and has been working extensively with Kizira, who has reluctantly agreed to let me refer to him as a 'witch doctor.'

I'll have an awful lot to say about Kizira, of course, and the unique working relationship he has with Dr. P. He's one of those very rare individuals who have fully committed to applying a rare, composite gift of healing, high psychism, courage and exemplary spirituality, not to mention a profound knowledge of an extensive regional herbal pharmacopoeia. Under the circumstances, I was unable to come up with a more descriptive reference for Kizira than 'witch doctor.' My hope is that I'll be able to purge that term of the old Hollywood and dime-novel connotations that incite apprehension ;-) You can't conceive a more gentle soul than Kizira's.

Dr. Rushidie Kayiwa is the fellow who laid the groundwork for our visit and made it possible for us to get right to work. This very well rounded, well-traveled (he's fluent in English, Arabic, Finnish, Swahili and a host of regional African dialects) and well-connected physician has consistently astonished us all with both his resourcefulness and his power of friendly persuasion. Nobody ever, apparently, taught Dr. K that he has limitations.

He was the first to greet Georg and I at Entebbe International Airport after one of his close friends, who prefers to be referred to as our 'Secret Supporter' had us ushered past customs. 'Secret Supporter' had been regaled by Dr. K with tales from 'The Adventures of Don and Carol Croft' on www.educate-yourself.org and obviously wanted to see our tricks firsthand. Dr. K had previously given our very open-minded and inquisitive Supporter several zappers, which were subsequently distributed these to trusted associates and relatives in the upper echelons of Uganda's establishment who had then gotten profound healing from diverse maladies in a short time.

Georg Ritschl of www.orgonise-africa.net graciously joined me for the first sixteen days of our multinational orgonite/zapper initiative and after our first night in Uganda we made for our Secret Supporter a couple of cloudbusters, then we got very busy busting towers the very next day, using our host's side yard as an orgonite

factory for the ensuing two weeks and, of course, keeping him fully updated on our progress.

German Georg is a towerbusting fury on two legs and he also heroically participated in Uganda's mainly unregulated (by western standards, at least) traffic 'system' throughout. He rather reminds me of the cartoon character, The Tasmanian Devil, in fact, since he rarely stops moving and planning. Thanks to his tireless efforts (and the use of an intrepid 1978 Toyota Landcruiser, compliments of our magnanimous and curious Secret Supporter) we busted essentially all of the HAARP and entropy transmitters from Congo/Rwanda to Kenya in less than two weeks and deposited the two cloudbusters in key positions in Kampala and Kisoro. Kisoro is the district that lies in the southwest corner of the country and includes a small population of gorillas and some borderline-surreal, jungle-clad towering volcanoes and dizzying roadside vistas.

After the final round of busting, last Friday, the equatorial skies over populous Southern Uganda are now uniformly pristine again. It's always refreshing to look at white, billowing cumulus clouds in an azure sky rather than the sad aerial constipation that's come to characterize the skies over most of the world's population centers since the northern hemisphere's autumn of 2001.

There are no chemtrails to speak of in Africa, except the intermittent, half-hearted ones they've lately squirted out over Johannesburg, South Africa, in beleaguered response to the good job that Georg and a few Afrikaaner associates have done to severely insult the extensive HAARP and electronic entropy network throughout much of Southern Africa.

Kampala, the Capital of Uganda, is built on a procession of lush, verdant hills at the north shore of Lake Victoria and on each and every hilltop the disgusting, parasitic World Order has erected HAARP and entropy arrays. If anyone wishes to go to Africa or to any other lovely, remote area in order to escape the debilitating effects of the World Order devil-worshippers' deadening new electronic matrix he would be grievously disappointed (unless he moves to Uganda, of course).

When we got here the skies over Kampala were mostly whited out by local HAARP transmitters, which push atmospheric moisture up above the altitude where rain happens, as we've seen elsewhere. Dr. P's cloudbuster is located a hundred miles west of Kampala and, of course, no cloudbuster is likely to disable the whiteout-we have to bust all of the local HAARP transmitters to get that happy result-but it has been raining sufficiently in Kampala regardless of the parasitic, global scheissvoegel, thanks to his effort.

The nice thing about doing this work in Africa is that there's so much vitality in the land, water and atmosphere that it must surely take two or three times as much energy from these unsavory Illuminati techies to get even minimal ugly effects in the sky, and those effects are usually localized, at best, in Africa except around Johannesburg, where there's apparently enough human misery and electronic/industrial molestation to maintain some pretty ugly skies for periods of time, in spite of Georg and friends having busted all or most of the towers in the metropolitan area by now.

My heart surely goes out to Georg, who periodically develops new methods for busting a big, blue hole over Jo'burg, only to see it get covered over again within a few days by the obsequious whiteness as HAARP regroupes from his latest assault. Thanks to his efforts, though, we have a new range of orgonite 'weapons' that we can deploy against the enemy of humanity. I'm particularly fond of his 'Stielhandgranate,' which is an etheric pipe bomb whose orgonite end is embedded in a towerbuster, and his prototype Orgone Howitzer, an orgone techie's delight.

Many of the lakes and rivers in Uganda are now graced with some of Georg's offerings. The stielhandgranaten feel awfully good to throw, by the way, though one is left with a slightly nagging feeling that it would have been more appropriate to 'pull the pin' first. His 'Orgone Howitzer' may be the proper antidote to the remote HAARP and groundwave transmitters that are still plaguing Jo'burg and Pretoria. Stay tuned to www.organise-africa.net and to <http://eff2.proboards21.com> for further reports on that, of course.

As in the case of Vancouver, Canada, perhaps, most of this incessant urban whiteout that occurs in spite of extensive gifting of urban HAARP and entropy transmitters may be getting accomplished by a combination of underground facilities (Extremely Low Frequency ground wave transmissions, sans towers) and scalar transmissions from remote HAARP arrays. This, in fact, apparently causes the Illuminati to overextend their reach in this case, which presents us with some intriguing opportunities if we're willing to exploit them.

Dr Paul Batiibwe had constructed East Africa's first cloudbuster six months previously and that had perhaps forestalled a severe drought and famine which had apparently been slated for this region. Due to the vitality here it only takes a minimal effort to cancel the worst effects of the World Order's atmospheric/electronic rapine and plunder. Dr. P did that on the eve of the equatorial June-July dry season, which then turned into a wet season. When Georg and I landed here in mid-November we were treated to such brilliant hues of green that it came close to hurting our eyes. I'd never encountered this phenomenon, though I'd traveled extensively in tropical regions.

Carol and I had busted all of the new HAARP and entropy transmitters that we encountered during our travels in Namibia two years ago. The Illuminati had then just initiated their ugly, global display at the time, so I'm sure that we were only seeing the first of their efforts in that region and there hadn't been enough of the new transmitters on the ground for them to have established the high-altitude whiteout that you and I have come to know so well where sufficient transmitters are still functioning in close proximity to each other. I bet you enjoy wiping that hideous crap from the sky as much as we do. Could you have conceived how much fun this would be before you ever heard of towerbusting and cloudbusting?

Another feature of Africa's vitality is the ease with which one can accomplish 'sky sculpting' with an ordinary cloudbuster. We had a chance to play around with that near Kampala in our host's side yard with the two CBs before we planted one, upright, in his garden and delivered the other one to a garden in Kisoro District.

In this case, I followed Dr. Reich's recommendation to point a CB near an existing cloud in order to draw rainfall from that direction. I did it toward clouds that were in a downwind direction in order to demonstrate that rain can be gotten that way and I kept the other one pointed over Kampala in order to suppress the still-existing whiteout until we finished disabling the nationwide, east/west HAARP network after our visit to Kisoro. Our host was quite impressed and I felt like some kind of wizard, though I slyly didn't let on that this doesn't work as well in my country, where the more-sluggish, ambient orgone matrix still needs a lot of healing and revitalizing.

Before I left home, I got kind of fat because Carol had warned me that East Africa is a place where tasty, nutritious food is scarce. She was right in her assessment, at least, regarding the nearby section of neighboring Kenya, where she'd spent some time in a pestilential area in 2001, demonstrating the crowd zapper in a village clinic.

What she couldn't have known is that the difference between that little area and this country is quite profound. Whereas she was literally restricted to her cramped quarters after sunset due to the prevalence of aggressive, violent, male voodoo terrorists ('night runners') and that locale was generally ravaged by a combination of near-genocide by the World Order, HAARP drought and the residual fear-based magical traditions, an army of homeless, starving AIDS orphans and rampant illiteracy, Uganda, although essentially identical in terms of natural resources and climate, has a longstanding tradition of good family relations, mutual assistance, self-reliance and literacy, which is probably why it has survived a series of British-instigated, bloody dictatorships with general magnanimity and confidence. I've long felt that the Illuminati are jealous of the Ugandans, as they apparently were of the Biafrans, hence the destruction of that progressive Nigerian community by the Illuminati's bloodthirsty, rapacious proxy Nigerian regime there in the early 1960s.

I must say that I've rather been in a glutton's paradise here, because while the traditional foods in Uganda are delicious, varied and filling, I'm actually losing weight without having to exercise. I actually feel bad for Carol and wish I'd had to suffer here at least a little bit for her sake. I'm hoping that my recently acquired taste for fried locusts will get her past some of this. No, they don't taste 'like chicken;' they rather remind me of roasted

pumpkin seeds.

By the time Her Royal Highness, the scaly Whore of Babylon, had thrust the similarly cannibalistic Idi Amin Dada at the peace-loving Ugandans, gave him a trunk full of blank checks, an unlimited supply of bullets, a huge walk-in freezer for human meat, and a full array of the latest torture implements, the western world, fortunately, was no longer willing to condone genocide in Africa, so that syphilitic, brutal psychotic and former British Army Sergeant Major, was unable to fulfill his genocidal mandate from the City of London.

AIDS, which is, of course, yet another deadly Illuminati bid to reduce the Africans to a 'manageable' population, is far less rampant here than in neighboring Congo and Kenya, by the way.

In frustration, after President Yoder Amusement's grassroots 'Movement' successfully supplanted the most recent, well-armed and limitlessly financed proxy-monster head of state here in 1986, the banker trolls in The City of London immediately and drastically devalued the Ugandan Shilling in a desperate bid to destroy the Ugandan economy.

Right now, the Illuminati are arming and funding a rebel army in Sudan which is terrorizing the less populous northern part of Uganda and thereby forcing the government to divert funds from infrastructure to defense.

Of course, the resourcefulness of the Ugandan people is pulling them through even this crisis. What I'm witnessing here is an economy that stands teetering on the threshold of rampant prosperity, having absorbed the worst that the out-of-balance World Order has to offer without plunging into the hopelessness, cynicism, self pity and drug addiction that can be seen in so many other nations, including mine.

All we have to do now is disable and imprison the Illuminati and their culpable minions and then the whole world will prosper. It seems like a simple task to me now, sort of like zapping tapeworms into oblivion with microcurrent. There's really no reason for us to fear parasites.

Georg noted that Uganda, like France, has mainly its agriculture on which to base prosperity. As we know, France was nonetheless in a position to defeat the British Empire at the same time that the Americans declared their independence and Great Britain has always based its economic empire, even to the present day, on undermining targeted social structures and then consuming the natural resources of these otherwise-productive economies, just like a tapeworm does inside the human intestinal tract.

I wonder if you can conceive of a capital city that has only two stoplights and requires a four-wheel-drive vehicle to navigate most of the side streets. Due to an almost complete lack of funds for national infrastructure, there has been very little Public Works construction done here since Museveni ousted the last of the Illuminati's leeches from the Presidential Palace. As with Hitler, Stalin, Mao and Roosevelt, the Illuminati routinely paid for extravagant public works in order to buy loyalty, reminiscent of the Roman hierarchy's use of 'bread and circuses.' The Ugandans didn't buy into that scheme, obviously, and are now paying for their hard-won but precarious freedom.

What struck me most dramatically about traffic in Kampala is that while cross-town traffic is slow, it nevertheless works and everyone seems to abide by unspoken 'traffic laws' which include a sufficient dose of courtesy, and one will find very few dented fenders and miraculously few wrecked vehicles. I wonder what it would look like here if the Illuminati had been able to addict sufficient numbers of Ugandans to alcohol, heroin, cocaine and pot, as they've been able to do in most other countries.

Dr Kayiwa, who has placed his bid for the Presidency in 2006, laments the lack of traffic signs and cops in the Capital, but I observed an old Persian proverb to him, 'The peacock is always happy because it never looks at its ugly feet.' I hope to convince him that problems like this are mainly symptomatic of a beleaguered economy, not essential ones at all.

He's rightfully proud of his countrymen's resourcefulness and adaptability. There simply isn't much that these craftsmen can't make from available materials and they like to work outdoors, so a ride through town is a treat for the eye and for one's incredulity and an astonishing display of a wide range of fine manufactured products.

I risked catching a lot of flies in my mouth the first few days here as I witnessed the way goods are moved along on locally-manufactured bicycles, which double as taxis and cargo haulers throughout the country. Farmers even get produce to market by alternately pushing heavy loads uphill, then coasting down the other side. I saw one fellow carrying a bed frame on his bike rack. Altogether, the load stood 3 meters high but the fellow weaved in and out of traffic as though he had no load at all. As a fan of the surreal and the near miraculous, this place is more fun for me than Disneyland.

Another feast of new experiences went along with our tower bursting efforts through the muddy side streets and hillsides of Kampala as Georg guided the Land Cruiser under the able navigation of Dr. Kayiwa. Everywhere we looked, there were food crops, busy, energetic people, friendly greetings, chickens, goats and even small herds of dignified traditional cattle, which are called 'Nsagala,' which means, 'walks with grace.' I'm going to try to figure out how to get a pair of their horns home. Our American Longhorns would be consumed with antler-envy at the sight of some of these specimens headgear, which rises dynamically up and twist around in a way a little like my treasured kudu horn from Namibia does. The longer horns reach almost two meters in length.

Along the way, Dr K let us know which neighborhoods have reputations for voodoo (human sacrifice, just like what the Illuminati do!) and then we heavily gifted those few areas as well as the ubiquitous HAARP and entropy transmitters. I was happily able to point out to the Doc that actual cell phone transmitters were very small and mounted on inconspicuous poles in strategic spots throughout the city. He had naturally assumed that it required a billion dollars' worth of fancy, new, military-style towers in order to operate the cell network. I bet you did, too ;-)

Thanks to a combination of Providence and Dr. K's fancy footwork (not necessarily in that order) Georg and I were treated to an unending stream of networking connections here for the zappers, which is what half of our visit has been about.

The team's plan for zappers is to establish a demonstrated reputation for this simple tech's easy ability to cure a wide range of endemic diseases, including AIDS, yellow fever and malaria, and to meet the subsequent continent-wide demand for affordable variations of this effective device. Uganda is the natural choice as a starting place in Africa because of its relatively free press and the innate ability of Ugandans to fend off Illuminati-backed disinformation campaigns and sabotage efforts. I wish we could take full credit for this happy state of affairs but we were obviously all guided into this position by the entities who may be referred to as The Operators (ever standing by ;-)) and this is probably just another evidence that 'the meek are inheriting the earth.'

Also, of course, I'm shamelessly fond of saying, 'You heard it here first!'

I need to tell you about the birds here. In Namibia, Carol and I saw what I think is called a 'greast bustard,' which is a crane-like bird that stands about four feet tall and has a wingspan of around 8 feet. When I saw that big creature take off along the road in the Kalahari a couple of years ago I felt like I'd seen a UFO. These giant scavengers fly in flocks above Kampala, riding the updrafts almost to the level of the clouds.

There is also a specie of falcon which resembles one of our peregrines back home but it uses its tail as a rudder and rarely 'banks' during turns, though is very skilled at fast aerobatics when a group of them vie for territory with the big local ravens, which have white 'torsos' here, sort of like they are wearing T-shirts. Along with all that, there are many types of colorful, tropical songbirds, magpies, and swallows which have pointed, instead of split, tails. You probably noticed that your new cloudbbuster attracted a lot of songbirds and raptors and I invite you to imagine that process tripled here.

Perhaps the most refreshing aspect of Uganda, for me, is that I'm not being dogged by that plethora of anal-

retentive MI6 and CIA agents provocateurs and pavement artists. This reminds me that I'm no longer being plagued by the dirty-dozen payrolled dissimulators who used to footnote all of my comments on the public forums I participated in before Mark Davey courageously set up 'Ethereic Freedom Fighters' for us all on <http://eff2.proboards21.com> last summer. I bet you also got tired of seeing their little bits of excrement every time you went to dip your ladle in the public punchbowl, so to speak.

As with so many things westerners do these days, this schizophrenic assumption that free public discussion is possible with the participation of paid agents provocateurs is a little like the way fundamentalists assume that they can be holy by 'going to church' while engaging in spiritually-degrading practices during the week. Nothing short of universal censure of bad behavior and resolute refusal to allow espionage and mind control in public forums will stop these agents from destroying viable discussion groups. Do you think that your own courtesy and long-suffering will help them 'see the light?' Has it done that even once in the two and a half years that this network has been growing worldwide?

As with families (if you're in any western country's dysfunctional social milieu you may think I'm speaking Chinese or Navajo by now) dissension and character assassination have to be stopped dead if any group of people is to enjoy free public intercourse and for every agent provocateur that may be induced to leave the fold, there are ten more who are ready to take his/her place who are more clever and resourceful, as we've seen, so it's the principle of discord that must be overcome, not the individual paid, largely witless but persistent chumps that are thrown at us by the Illuminati.

We're all ready to demonstrate that our emotional ages correspond to our physical ages, don't you think?

Most of the folks around here learned this basic social lesson before they got pubic hair but my own alleged head of state displays the fact that he has the emotional age of a toddler. Even I was shocked to learn that he refers to Africa as a 'country,' by the way ;-)

Don't be abysmally ignorant like him and also, please stop excusing others' bad manners and general sabotage in public discussions! I guarantee that until you do that, these mind-numbing Bazungu will continue to dominate and subvert every single, otherwise worthwhile thread.

I've suggested that Makerere University, a very fine school here in Kampala, send some cultural anthropologists to the USA and the UK to study those cultures and then determine ways to help these beleaguered but mostly well-meaning bazungu to overcome their centuries-old mind control protocols and neurotic prejudices. I already knew that Africans look to the Americans and the British to provide a little historical perspective about political and economic freedom.

Short of that, our own Dr. Kayiwa had spent several years practicing as a physician in the USA, Iraq and Finland and has developed some fine observations which may well contribute to a nationwide synthesis of the best aspects of western, Middle Eastern and East African cultures in his ongoing political/social efforts in Uganda.

Since your internet attention span is probably similar to mine, I'll end this article now, but I haven't done much writing since I got here, due to previously limited computer access, and I've got an awful lot of things to report which will follow shortly, including some rather magical firsthand experiences. My heartfelt thanks go to Dr. Paul for letting me use his laptop this morning while he's at work. I was fairly rupturing from the need to write some of this down before I forgot something essential and my short-term memory is not very impressive.

Don Croft

Episode 75

Busting It All Up From Kampala to Kisoro

Adventures of Don & Carol Croft Index

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc75bustingromkampalatokisoro07dec03.shtml>

Dec. 7, 2003

I realize that the following report is out of sequence, since I started writing about my Uganda experience in the middle of it, so please bear with me.

As Dr. Batiibwe and I mentioned in his illustrated article, Georg and I didn't waste any time getting to work when we got here in the middle of November. Every other time I'd visited a tropical country before it was with the understanding that everything was going to go slower than what we're used to in the west, so I was surprised to find that the opposite was true here. Not only were we given immediate, enthusiastic support by our host, Secret Supporter, but Dr. Kayiwa personally ushered us around Kampala the following day to expedite getting materials for the clouduster and both he and Dr. B arranged logistics and provided new opportunities for us, with generous support from The Operators, of course.

There are no Home Depot stores or even department stores in Kampala and whatever you need comes mainly from wholesale merchants who have the means to import goods through neighboring Kenya by truck. It's definitely a seller's market here. For the cloudbusters' materials, we paid three times the cost I'm used to paying in the USAir costs a hundred bucks to fill a gas tank here, too, so all the driving around that Georg and I did pretty well made up for the fact that our lodging was usually provided and restaurant meals are inexpensive.

Here's what happened in the two weeks between our arrival and the events along the Nile, a few days later, that Dr. B and I recounted a few days ago:

I left Spokane, Washington, the same day Carol and Linda did on their way to Florida, but my next two nights were spent in the Salt Lake City airport and on the South African Airlines plane from New York to Johannesburg, via Cote Ivoire. A year before, after busting Washington, DC's satanic grid with a hundred pounds of BBs, resin and WalMart crystals, I'd spent the night in Baltimore's airport, where some long couches are provided for weary travelers, so I was a little miffed to see that SLC only provided uncomfortable seats that seemed to me like pews with chastity belts. I did manage to steal some sleep, though, in both situations and being in Africa again was so exhilarating for me that the jetlag (it was 11 time zones away from home) didn't slow me down too much.

Georg Ritschl met me at the airport in Jo'burg and though we'd seen each other's pictures it took us a few minutes of standing and looking around before we recognized each other. I think he changed his glasses and he'd thought I was shorter ;-)

Foiled Snatch

Right before that, while retrieving my luggage, I'd naturally assumed that the secret police would be fooling with at least the cardboard box full of aluminum particles, crystals, knives (gifts that I'd traded for from Dennie the Swordmaster) Laozu Kelly's exquisitely boosted water-resin Holy Handgrenades and a blanket. Miraculously, the box had apparently been unopened by the American Gestapo.

Sure enough, I looked around while I was waiting beside the luggage carousel and spotted the box about 50 meters away. Someone was in a fast-moving line, trying to check it in at an airline ticket counter. I walked over and told the fellow that this was my box and he vigorously protested. I said, 'Hold on-I'll show you my luggage ticket stub,' but while I was rummaging through my shoulder bag he'd disappeared. I knew it was mine, of course, because it was well bound with a characteristic rope which was tied in a Gestapo-discouraging Gorgon's knot and they'd even put a shiny sticker on the lid in Spokane which noted that it was approved by the TSA. I had assumed that the American Gestapo were simply told not to mess with the box because it was to be stolen at

the other end. Georg had already planned to bring plenty of metal and crystals to Uganda, just in case.

Orgone & Metal Detectors

I assume that you have as much fun walking through metal detectors as I do these days. If you've been using a Terminator zapper or worn a Harmonic Protector for any length of time you, too, will be able to walk through them with all your metal on without setting them off. . The orgonite in these 'worn' devices turns your body into a sort of orgone capacitor and strong orgone temporarily disables those walk-thru metal detectors. I love the looks on the Gestapo faces when I do that and it makes the requisite, formerly humiliating body search with a hand scanner worthwhile. Carol and I always get our tickets marked with the 'POSSIBLE TERRORIST' stamp, of course, so whenever we show up the Gestapo feel like they're finally earning their pay. I bet they otherwise feel like the TV 'Maytag repairman,' since there are no terrorists in America except the CIA and other unlawful alphabet soup cabals. I'm sure you know that they never stand in line at airports.

Georg and Friederike provided some gracious hospitality in their suburban home and we all stayed up way too late but we made it to the early flight to Entebbe in the morning with time to spare.

Lake Victoria looks pretty small when you see it on a map of Africa but when we were flying over the middle of it, I was wondering, 'How come we're flying over the Indian Ocean?' I swear there's so much to Africa that it might qualify as a planet.

Entebbe Airport, Secret Supporter, & Dr. Kayiwa

Right after we were whisked past Customs at Entebbe and ushered into the Executive Lounge to meet our Secret Supporter, we walked past Dr. Kayiwa, whom I instantly recognized and hugged. I hadn't seen his picture but there was something about that big smile of his that left no doubt at all in my mind ;-) I don't know if you personally know any enigmas but Dr. K will always remind me of the Great Sphinx-more about that later, of course. A day with him is bound to expand anyone's personal horizons. If it weren't for his resourcefulness, networking skill, and logistical help, I probably wouldn't even be here. 'Multifaceted' falls short as an adjective in describing this complex character, as you'll see.

If you haven't dragged out your dusty World Atlas by now, shame on you! Uganda lies along the north and northwest shore of Lake Victoria. The rest of the lake is bordered, clockwise, by Kenya, Tanzania, Burundi and Rwanda.

HAARP

Most of the urban population of Uganda lies within a few miles of the lakeshore, so that's where most of the HAARP and entropy towers are, which is why we got such tremendous results from plowing through them along the highway. If HAARP was really a beneficial global program to 'save the environment,' they would have built the arrays uniformly throughout the planet, including the oceans, instead of putting them mainly in densely populated areas and a few atmosphere-moisture choke points, don't you think?

Remember, though, that the bad guys always overbuild, so it's not a bad idea to overgift.

The most pressing need at first was to bust all of the towers in Kampala, so Georg and I got busy with that on the third day. We'd done some sky sculpture for Secret Supporter right after we made the two CBs, which absolutely delighted him, and while we were doing the dirty resin work we also made a bunch of 3oz towerbusters for town. I'd brought along four WalMart muffin pans for that, which I'm leaving with Dr. Paul Batiibwe, the resident, already accomplished, orgonite flinger. Who can account for what may be considered precious in any culture? Those muffin pans are worth an awful lot to us here.

My first few nights in Africa were a bit of a challenge because my jet lag pretty much forced me to go to bed before ten o'clock and our host loves to stay up late and converse. I had never experienced a midnight dinner before I came here. Fortunately, Georg only moved across one time zone and he's a gregarious, pleasant and very intelligent fellow.

Kampala

On day three, Dr. Kayiwa joined Georg and I and guided us through the deeply rutted side streets of Kampala in order to reach the city's successive hilltop arrays. Georg marked every single disabled tower on his GPS, just like he's done throughout Southern Africa on his gifting campaigns. He'd told me about that in an email but until he showed me a printed image of a map of his region with all the busted towers, I didn't realize how impressive that recording method could be.

Unlike in America, where most of the hilltop arrays don't have any power lines going to them and underground nukes' characteristic dual cooling ponds are apparent wherever you are, when you go to these Ugandan arrays, you usually hear big generators running in the fortified shacks inside the barbed wire compounds around the towers. A few of them have massive power lines feeding them from the commercial grid itself, which I'd never seen in North America, except when the occasional urban entropy transmitters are located on the high tension power transmission line towers themselves. Judging by the bundles of massive shielded cables at each tower site, these transmitters use a LOT of electricity, sort of like having one world-class radio station transmitter for every couple of thousand people. Doesn't this strain your credulity as much as it does mine? Cell phone towers, indeed!

In Kampala, the biggest arrays were in the middle of hilltop military installations. In these cases we simply 'vectored' the gifts around the perimeter of the bases. The ease with which we all neutralize even the most fortified, hidden deadly paraphernalia reminds us that the world order is actually quite defenseless in this emerging paradigm. Why not exploit the opportunity and just insist on having these Illuminati gangsters and their wise guys arrested right now? Your county Sheriff has that authority and you probably elected him in the first place. These gangsters' criminal records are clear as a bell, thanks to the typical criminal's penchant for wanting others to know of his exploits.

Where I live, the Illuminati like to put their entropy towers on the grounds of schools, hospitals, office buildings and similar places where a lot of people, especially children, are close by. I don't think the Illuminati like kids, unless they're 'properly cooked,' as W.C. Fields said.

We had most of Kampala 'liberated' in a day but the skies further east, over the source of the Nile and the adjoining jungle area, were still whited out, perhaps mainly by rampant voodoo activity, and we were to shortly see that there was some apparently scalar effort from remote HAARP arrays to mess up Kampala's skies again. That only cleared up for good when we finished off the remaining HAARP arrays to the east and west.

We'd made two CBs at Secret Supporter's because one of them was to be delivered to Kisoro, where an important person wanted to see some sky sculpture firsthand and we jumped at the chance to get a regional CB network set up. Dr. Batiibwe's CB in Kiboga and Secret Supporter's in Kampal would soon be part of a triangular network

Smog wasn't a major problem in Kampala, as it is in Nairobi, even though many of the vehicles throughout East Africa are smoky diesels and nearly everyone cooks on outdoor charcoal or wood braziers. Carol told me that the smog in Nairobi, which is on a plain, is even thicker than Los Angeles' was prior to Cbswork's and a few others' Herculean gifting efforts in and around the LA Basin. I just figure that Nairobi's an unhappy place compared to Kampala. Human misery generates dead orgone, therefore smog, and I don't see a lot of misery in Kampala. Even the goats and the lovely, traditional Nsagala cattle grazing in the neighborhoods look content and robust.

The Road to Kisoro

We traveled to Kisoro and had the opportunity to have share halfway there with a Ugandan resort owner and architect, which was nice for Georg, who is also an architect and was impressed with the fellow's artistry, skill and style.

Going west from Kampala, which is pretty much in the center of the stretch from Zaire (Congo) to Kenya, one sees a variety of environments relative to the changes in altitude. Until very recently, the region midway from

Kampala to Zaire (pronounced, 'Za-EE-ray,' here by the way) was quite arid, but now it looks as green as the formerly desert hillsides around Los Angeles had become by last winter and spring.

After that, one goes back down to an altitude that supports the lush vegetation that Kampala enjoys. Lake Victoria is over a thousand meters in altitude.

The real jaw dropper, for us, was meandering along the dirt highway on the near-vertical mountain sides as we approached Kisoro, which lies in the southwest corner of Uganda in the presence of G'hinga, the soaring, live volcano whose top is usually concealed in a gorgeous, ever-morphing lenticular cloud, far above the level of the drifting cumuli.

If I were a fan of Wall Street, I'd buy stock in a Surreal Tourism agency because as soon as curiosity seekers learn how rich this country is in unusual, mind-boggling sights they're going to stampede to get here ASAP ;-) I suppose I could buy and sell Surreal Estate here if I had any money.

The mind falters, too, at the sight of the terraced fields that extend thousands of feet up the sides of these mountains, most of which are very, very far from the nearest road. I'm told that much of bordering Rwanda resembles Kisoro.

Dor Vibes

I must say that on the way to Kisoro we encountered our first hostility in Uganda. We noticed that a few of the folks by the roadside in a small area gave us dirty looks and a young boy actually threw a rock at the car before fleeing into jungle, unsuccessfully pursued by the driver. That simply reminded Georg and I that we'd need to do a little roadside gifting through that area on the way back, which we did.

There is a neighborhood in Kampala which has a reputation for human sacrifice rituals, Dr. K told us during a towerbusting excursion there, and, sure enough, we saw some pretty unhappy folks there and so flung out several TBs. Dr. B told us about a similar area along the road to his western home in Kiboga, but we'd already gifted that area because it felt so crummy. His car engine had simply stopped in that area a couple of times, though there was nothing mechanically wrong with it. The only time Carol and I experienced that phenomenon was on a remote road in Yellowstone National Park right after we'd neutralized one of the I AM Fellowship's human sacrifice sites. It's pretty creepy when that happens but at least we all know that we're getting the job done.

Sky Sculpting

When we got to our Kisoro host's place, we immediately planted the CB in his garden and started watching the sky, which had been partially whited out by HAARP rape. Immediately, a blue hole formed overhead and an immense, proper lenticular cloud appeared on the edge of the hole, right next to G'hinga. Whether you believe, as I do, that these phenomenal clouds almost always accompany and conceal Lemurian and Andromedan ships, they're nonetheless a common sight that commemorates anyone's orgonite expositions.

Gorilla Tours

There are a string of very green volcanoes in an east-west line here. G'hinga is the easternmost and also the largest. Rwanda owns the southern half of that one and Uganda owns the northern half. Most of volcanoes further west are in Zaire. There are some mountain gorillas that live in that region. While we were in nearby Kabale a few days later, we saw a big, rugged open truck with some tourists in it who were heading for some social intercourse with gorillas. For \$200 you can go meet a gorilla family, which is a pretty good deal, I think. At some point maybe somebody will arrange foreign tours for the gorillas. I'd love to show them around Idaho.

The East Africans are fond of the big TATA trucks from India. These last about twenty years on rough roads and are affordable & have a lot of carrying capacity.

After an evening of very pleasant company with our Kisoro host, a son of a chief, who also prefers to remain anonymous, and his raconteur friend, Father Joe, a delightful Ugandan priest who had traveled a lot, Georg and I

rested in preparation for a shoe leather tour of Kisoro the following day.

There are some lakes in that region which we wanted to gift but most of them are inaccessible with a vehicle. Six kilometers from our host's place we were able to toss a couple of etheric pipebombs into the end of one of those lakes, though, and it was fun meeting and talking to folks along the way and shaking hands with a hundred or so curious children who greeted us with, 'Hello, Bazungu-how are you?' which was likely the only English they knew prior to going to school. We hiked about twelve kilometers that day.

That evening we were introduced to some of the local doctors, who were keenly interested in having a clinical crowd zapper, thanks to our hosts' glowing reports. I arranged for one to be delivered there the following week.

The Kabale 'Bitch'

The next day, Georg and I went to Kabale to do some intense gifting in an effort to neutralize 'The Bitch,' who had been making plans to erase me for about a month.

Kabale is also near the Rwandan border and it's where the road to Kisoro branches off from the paved, main highway. Big trucks from Mombassa, Kenya's seaport, go through Kisoro to get to Zaire. Most of those are flatbeds, carrying metal containers from the ships themselves.

A month or so before I left, 'Cbswork' had warned me that the Illuminati dung-hoarders had already arranged for me to be killed in Uganda. Their plan was centered around the efforts of a Ugandan woman with salt-and-pepper hair whom Cbs had clearly seen astrally. Carol saw that this witch had a lot of support from British MI6 and we got busy with the problem. Oddly, Carol learned that this witch, though very competent, never saw my hits coming. We apparently erased the two male Ugandan killers she had enlisted and also several murderous British and UN espionage middlemen but none of the mayhem we caused among these killers would weaken The Bitch's resolve. This was clearly her project and it was mainly perceived as a territorial struggle by her, apparently, rather than a power play, which is what usually motivates the Illuminati themselves.

I continued to slam here periodically [Powerwand], right up to the time we went to Kabale, which we came to assume was her operational base and present location when we were there. Nothing at all seemed to slow her down, though she obviously had a long history of killing in her resume.

We stayed in a hotel on the edge of town and the following morning Georg and I walked up to gift a hillside array in that part of town (on a college campus) and to generally get our bearings. There were two more arrays in town, which we could see from this elevation and a lake not far away. After lunch, Georg rented a small motorcycle to get them all expeditiously in preparation for going after The Bitch, both of us assuming that she was getting a lot of energy from these transmitters. We both had a sense of trepidation and the fact that President Musaveni was to visit Kabale and deliver a speech the next day sort of reinforced our impression that The Bitch was here. The Operators usually work this way, moving us gifters around like chess pieces and if you've ever gotten a sense for this on your own orgonite expeditions, you know exactly what I'm talking about and can more easily relate to this bizarre account. If you can't relate to what I'm telling you, just read this as a fantasy if you like. I don't mind.

Georg is a very level-headed guy, not at all anxious by nature, who keeps a healthy dose of skepticism but he told me that as he was coming down from the last, highest array in town, which was spread out along the ridge of the tallest mountain there, he felt distinct trepidation, which probably accounted for a fall from the bike that resulted in a pretty gruesome 'road rash' along his left arm and left knee. I have to say that I wasn't too surprised when he then showed up in our hotel room looking like he was 'in the wars.'

He washed and dressed the wounds, but quickly left again to toss some stielhandgranaten into the lake, four kilometers away, while he still had the rented motorcycle. He was pretty tired when he got back, partly because

the motorbike stopped working halfway there and he had to walk the rest of the way. The level of gas in the tank was low enough that driving up a steep hill halfway to the lake had left the fuel intake exposed and no juju in this case ;-). He did rightly have a sense of accomplishment, though, and of course he used one of his zappers after that to prevent infection.

Trailing the Mzungu Signal

The day after that, President Musaveni was in town and there were armed soldiers everywhere. We determined to look for The Bitch and gift her into oblivion if possible and as we were getting ready to go, the electricity fortuitously went off in town. I grabbed my zapchecker and turned around until I got a signal, hoping that wherever she was might be giving off a strong signal. Georg's view of her gray uniform led me to assume that she worked around some powerful electronic stuff that was powered off the grid. Of course, a modern satanic practitioner in Africa (or anywhere else) is likely to make use of evil mzungu magic, which is based largely on electronics. We'd busted all of the HAARP and entropy towers, so nothing else in town should have been putting out a signal.

It turned out that I got a consistent signal from exactly the same direction that my pendulum had indicated a little earlier. It was coming from a part of town that we hadn't visited yet (right after that, the power came back on) so we headed off in that direction, having to take quite a few turns along the way, guided mainly by my pendulum at this point.

We walked past a large boarding school and the pendulum indicated that the source was right on or under the grounds of that walled facility. Soldiers were stopping everyone who walked through the gate in order to check for weapons, so this was apparently where the President would be speaking and people were lined up there, waiting to get in. We'd just gifted a rectangular pond, by the way, which seemed like it could be used for an underground nuke. We were later told that there are a lot of caverns under Kabale.

Assuming we would have to gift the perimeter of the large school grounds, we walked on, but when we turned the corner, we saw that a gate had been left open further down the street, so we walked through that one and continued to follow the pendulum and zapchecker. In the middle of the facility was a spot that was over the center of the energy field, according to both the zapchecker and pendulum, so was perhaps directly above The Bitch may have been the Ugandan witch that Credo Muttwa had told Georg was controlling Zimbabwe's President and, perhaps, several other African dictators.

I'd already learned that the most gruesome satanic stuff in Uganda takes place underground, probably on account of the reptilians' involvement.

We then walked out past the guards at the front gate, who were still busy scanning for weapons. I bet they'd have had a hard time wrapping their brains around our orgonite weapons if we'd tried to take them in that way ;-)

Operator Cover

Georg and I immediately felt a sense of relief (after I got an intimation that The Bitch had sent more killers to look for us the previous night, I locked the hotel room's door). We found an internet café later in the day and I'd gotten a note from Carol expressing concern about not being able to locate me the night before and I told her that the Operators were probably concealing us then, for our own protection. We experienced something like that a year before, when we eluded the NSA for the first time on our way from Seattle to pick up the CLOUDS OF DEATH video from Cbswork in Los Angeles. That was the only time Cbs didn't 'see' us coming. I don't think he'd ever experienced such a gap in his super-psychic skills before, but of course when The Operators want to hide us, they hide us from everyone, not just from the otherwise omniscient NSA, with their army of top psychics, satellites and spy networks.

'I'll Be Back'

Carol later confirmed that The Bitch was dead at that point, but the reptilians or somebody apparently reconstructed her not long after that. It was an awfully good coup, regardless.

By the way, the day before, Georg and I had a visualization session and he saw her in a gray uniform (typical secret-UN/Homeland Security Abomination costume these days) and also saw a tall Egyptian man in an expensive business suit with her. It was apparently easy for us to erase the Egyptian, so he must have been an all-human ritual killer, perhaps directly involved because of what we'd done at the headwaters of the Nile. There's a prominent Egyptian bank in Kampala, so maybe he was somehow connected with that.

I think The Bitch is part reptilian. She's awfully durable. I got the instinct impression that we can at least terrify her now, which means that as long as I'm breathing, I'm winning. Carol and I will get busy with her when I go home; meanwhile, I've asked Doppelgangster and Mr. Skull to pay her a courtesy call.

A couple of days ago, I asked Kizira to look at the situation and he told me that I won't have any more trouble in Uganda, even if I go to the war torn north. He's a really good psychic.

Georg rented the bike because we didn't drive from Kampala. We did manage to get rides from new friends to Kisoro, Kabale and back and, having marked and gifted most of the locations of the HAARP and entropy transmitters along the way, we gifted the ones we missed on the way back.

It's a good thing we didn't have to ride buses, since they really pack you into these African buses and it would have been hard to do much proper gifting that way. Have you given any thought to how these countless thousands of towers can be used after they've all been dismantled by proper governments pretty soon, as the Russians apparently already did in their country?

In the next article, I'm going to tell about my visits with Kizira in his village and to relay some of his personal accounts of visions and circumstances that led to his present career.

Don Croft

Episode 76

Hanging with The Witch Doctor

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc76hangingwithwitchdoctor07dec03.shtml>

Dec. 7, 2003

Dr. B and I already wrote about the experience with Kizira at Budhagali Falls, but I've visited K three other times and learned a few things, both by observation and from his instruction. I want to show you just how universal human faith and spiritual guidance are and to share a glimpse of a bit of Uganda's spiritual tradition.

I first met Kizira when I was still at home in the USA. I clearly sensed his presence while I was working in my garage one day in October, a few weeks before I came to Africa. Dr. Batiibwe had told me by email that Kizira was in the process of checking me out. His own initial contact with Kizira came right after Carol and I had suggested that he look for a reputable traditional healer in order to expand his own resources as a medical doctor who applies alternative healing methods. Dr. B had long been interested in alternative medicine and had adopted many of these modes, including electromedicine, colloidal silver, nutrition, herbs and ozone therapy, in his capacity as chief physician at Kiboga District Hospital.

His initial meeting with Kizira last July came through a personal introduction by a patient of his in a distant village who had cancer and had been to see the healer. Sadly, that woman died not long afterward because her husband forbade her to get the treatment she needed.

Kizira gave me a bottle of his herbal cancer cure, by the way, which I'm going to pass along to William von Peters, the cloudbuster network's very reputable naturopathic physician and homeopath, for his consideration when I get back. One of the things I hope to see developing from my visit here is a close collaboration between my Ugandan healer friends and von Peters.

After several visits with K, Dr. B became better acquainted with his own spirituality/sensitivity and also was able to witness Kizira's skill and range of knowledge in the use of healing herbs and foods, which he uses as an adjunct to his ability to heal with prayer and touch.

Many doctors here talk about working alongside traditional healers, but Batiibwe was never satisfied with just talking, which is probably why we've come to be such good friends in a short time.

During his 44 years, Kizira had attended a Muslim primary school, been a fishmonger, a guerrilla fighter (under the command of now-President Musaveni) and a furniture maker but in 1995 he began his present career after asking God, in desperation, to indicate the path to his own destiny. The next morning he woke to find a small, intricate diagram on his forearm, in a pattern suggestive, to me, of a Chinese calligraphy or crop circle. The marking was very light compared to his surrounding, pigmented skin.

A series of visions followed and, perhaps not wishing to be considered insane by his neighbors, he moved to Kenya to begin practicing his new healing art. His mother was a traditional healer, so he was no stranger to herbal and psycho/spiritual practices but she disowned him after he rejected her traditional reliance on local deities in favor of a reliance on one Creator. The first thing he tells visitors is to stop praying to anyone but the Creator of the Universe, as reliance on anyone else guarantees a diminished return for one's efforts.

Things didn't feel right for him in Kenya, though, and he recognized this as a sign that he needed to take a more difficult path, so he returned to Uganda, where he was guided to buy his present plantation, about 12 km from Kiboga near the highway to Kampala. After he moved there, he had series of visions that confirmed his decision.

During these waking visions, the surroundings disappeared and he got clear instructions about how he was to conduct his affairs.

After healing a few locals, rumors began to spread about him, most of which were unfriendly, and at one point someone from the government approached him with an offer to pay him for his psychic abilities on their behalf, which he apparently declined.

As you probably know, at least from my accounts of my work with similar psychics/healers in the US, the spiritual struggles of gifted people are essentially no different from yours and mine and they're perhaps even more tightly bound by Universal Law since they work closer to it while they're in the supernormal state, so reward and retribution, which are the universal means of assisting spiritual growth, are a little more immediate for them.

Kizira is wise enough (unlike me) to realize that it was only a matter of time before his genuine love for people would dispel these rumors and that's mostly come to pass by now, though some gov't people seem to feel a little suspicious, still, which is to be expected, I suppose. Fortunately for Kizira, the gov't here isn't much aligned with the Illuminati and, while their intelligence-gathering ability is quite impressive, the intent of their policing isn't the complete eradication of personal freedom, as it mostly is in America and some other formerly free countries, sad to say.

Georg and I met Kizira on an overnight trip to Kiboga during our first week in Uganda. Dr. Batiibwe went with us to make the introductions and told us that before he (Dr. B) knew that George would also be coming to Uganda, Kizira had seen us both arriving in a vision, referring to Georg, then, as a younger, taller man, which he is.

Dr. B was a little trepidatious about the meeting, as Kizira had never had a pleasant experience with a mzungu before. That apprehension was quickly dispelled after the introductions, though, and K was his usual, gregarious, confident and outrageous self in no time.

After sampling some of his herbal concoctions (nothing he makes is harmful) and a fine dinner of fresh beans and sweet potatoes, two of Kizira's young sons began playing drums, his wives and other children arranged themselves in a chorus and Kizira led some songs which he'd received in visions. After the proper atmosphere had been established, he went in turn from Georg, myself, Drs. K and B and Dr. B's father (a retired national gov't official), who was visiting Kiboga, and held our hands, then our foreheads and told us a bit about our destinies. It's probably not appropriate for me to mention anyone else's message, but he told me that I need to work on using the power of my utterance to defeat my enemies, which are quite numerous in America and desperately want to kill me these days. It's been quite a vacation here for me, I must say, and all those Illuminati dung beetles and their murderous Homeland Security Abomination flunkies seem far away right now. I think I needed a little break from those jerks.

While Kizira's in his psychic mode, his hand trembles. This now also happens to Dr. B when the process is happening. K always praises the Creator and asks for his help before attempting any psychic efforts, which I think is awfully nice.

After our Budhagali trip, he explained some of the energy dynamics that were involved there. According to his reckoning, there were extraordinary, individual humans in ancient times who came to be identified, after a period of integration in the next world following their physical deaths, with certain power spots and people came to call these places by the deceased, extraordinary individuals' names and propitiated their memories according to the exemplary lives that they had led, so in places like Budhagali Falls where the 'guardian spirit' was a benevolent individual, rituals were performed which honored that aspect. In places where the namesake's lifework was essentially evil, evil acts were performed to perpetuate their living example.

The reason we performed the ritual on the island in the Nile by the falls is that in recent years, the site had been subverted by murderous voodoo practitioners, in conjunction with government/corporate plans to build a hydroelectric plant a little further downstream. Apparently, the bad guys knew that they needed to banish Budhagali from the falls before they could gather the power to submerge the falls with the new dam. It remains

to be seen whether they'll now be able to construct the dam, of course. If more electricity is needed, there are surely other sites along the Nile that can be as easily dammed if the gov't rather insists on not using existing free energy tech and the further downstream one goes, the fewer people will be displaced by a project like that.

By the way, several 'developing world' governments, including Costa Rica, have made tentative plans to establish free energy technology but I think everyone's just waiting for the first one to demonstrate that his/her nation won't get peremptorily nuked by the City of London's leg breaker, the US, for having the courage to put this already-developed technology to work on a national scale. Of course when that happens, the trolls in London won't have a leg to stand on any more, so to speak, since all of their hegemony is now based on already-obsolete petroleum. I personally hope that this pioneer tech will emerge in Uganda. I notice that the CIA and MI6, the only terrorist organizations on the planet, don't have much of a stranglehold on this gov't as they still do in Costa Rica and also in the rest of Africa.

To say that African culture is characterized by any specific practice or belief system is misleading. As a reputable anthropologist once pointed out, this continent is a veritable cornucopia that can be used to prove or disprove anything at all based on the practices of a given culture or subgroup and calling it 'African.' Hence the plethora of anthropologists who visit here to substantiate their own particular personal dogma and philosophy.

To illustrate his point, the author had visited two African cultures, which I believe are in Uganda, to document two societal extremes and take the wind out of the sails of the small army of fake-science western anthropologists. The folks in one culture are intensely impoverished, selfish and abusive and the author noted seeing a blind man, who had snatched a piece of rotting meat from a carcass that some jackals were dining on, being then overwhelmed by people who fought each other for the putrid scrap, leaving the poor guy in a bruised heap. He gave another example of a nearby culture in which everyone seems to share responsibility for the community's overall material and emotional well-being and where everyone was happy to look after the needs of children, no matter which family they belonged to. I think most African cultures fall somewhere in between those extremes.

Kizira had asked me to teach him to do some that our network do, so I took him a crowd zapper, a Terminator, some of Carol's Harmonic Protectors and one of her prototype Crystal Harmonizers. I made a cloudbuster for him there and while I was working, he told me some more about his life and work. By the way, I'm in Kampala now, at Dr. Kayiwa's house, and last night it began raining heavily here around midnight and continued, more lightly, until 2PM, an hour ago. There was some lightning in the beginning of the storm but no wind, which shows that the cloudbuster on the other side of town is doing its job in Secret Supporter's garden. The previous rainstorm, a few days ago, was briefly accompanied by a strong, localized wind, which of course is typical of any thunderstorm where a CB isn't present or up to speed.

As I was riding to town from Kiboga with Dr. B in the hospital van yesterday, we both felt a little dismayed by what looked like some HAARP whiteout all the way here but what we were apparently seeing was some intense orgone buildup in the atmosphere in advance of this phenomenal rain. I hope to find out if it rained similarly in Tororo, by the Kenya frontier, as it had been quite dry there when we visited last week.

I want to find out if Kizira's CB had something to do with this phenomenal rainfall. I suspect that what we thought might be HAARP whiteout was rather just the complete saturation of the region's atmosphere with moisture-bearing orgone, instead. As I've said before, organite gets a lot more bang for the buck here in Africa.

As we were driving through K'la on the way to Dr. Kayiwa's house, Dr. B candidly admitted to me that he'd felt discouraged after reading some of the material from our detractors, but that after that, he decided to just go ahead and make a cloudbuster anyway last May. I let him know that the two popular websites he mentioned are strictly CIA efforts, after all, and that a good way to test whether a site is for disinformation is to check our energy after visiting it, compared to our energy level after reading bonafide, informative websites. Invariably, we feel discouraged and even hopeless after absorbing some of the disinformation while we feel buoyed and inspired when we've read the real stuff. Of course, if the disinfo sites didn't pepper their efforts with liberal amounts of

factual, even cutting edge information, you wouldn't be interested in them in the first place. The CIA has plenty of news we can use.

Since Kizira's CB is apparently in a vortex and only 12km from East Africa's very first CB, in Doc Batiibwe's Kiboga backyard, we may have just experienced some turbo-boasted rainmaking. I had a hunch that K would take to cloudbusting quite easily and perhaps show us a few tricks, as Cbswork in Los Angeles regularly has. I felt a little bad for all those Kampala craftsmen who weren't able to put their wares outdoors this morning, especially the guys who make all those stuffed, upholstered couches and chairs which they perhaps display by the roadside partly in order to have room to work.

I can easily relate to Kizira's cosmology but I have to admit that my mind failed to grasp the benefits of polygamy that he tried to convey and he seems to want to have a following, which I feel is contrary to a mandate of service. I chalk that stuff up to human nature, though, and meanwhile he's doing a lot of people good and is a gracious host.

I, too, have had three wives, after all. I just didn't do it all at once and it's always felt that, to me, it was enough of a challenge to do justice to one woman. Fortunately, I finally found Carol, who loves me because of myself, rather than in spite of myself and doesn't freak out every time I express myself but rather seems to actually enjoy my cutting fringe orientation. I surely do love her back the same way.

Considering the realities of female sexuality, it would be more logical for women to have multiple husbands, as Mark Twain pointed out (that book could only be published posthumously-another case of a fellow ahead of his time ;-), using Catherine the Great, with her regiment-sized bed, as an illustration. There's a really cute Brazilian movie about a peasant woman who came to have three husbands that you might enjoy seeing. I forgot the name of it.

Of Kizira's thirteen kids, several of them are energy sensitive and/or psychic (as are two of his wives) and the rest seem to be well adjusted (that's an awfully queer term, now that I see it on paper) and they're definitely friendly and confident around strangers.

I got a guided tour of his plantation, which he'd managed to get to a state where much of the family's food is simply picked from trees and vines. This region's got a fruit, for instance, that you'd need to pick up correctly in order not to dislocate your back. It's called a jackfruit and grows in a towering, gorgeous, broad-leafed tree and resembles breadfruit, of Captain Bligh fame.

It weighs about thirty pounds, though, and, unlike starchy, bland breadfruit, is filled with bite-sized pieces of tasty orange, sort of waxy, fruit that reminds me a bit of tangerines and apples.

Some folks who know him are perhaps justifiably disturbed by K's polygamy and his disinterest in money, but I have confidence that none of this will stand in his way very much, since his main focus is on developing his healing and psychic gifts. More money and living space will probably smooth over the difficulties he and his wives are now experiencing and both are on the horizon, apparently.

What I've discovered from my own network-building efforts is that some people expect me to be their version of perfect and a few of those get pretty nasty with me when I don't meet their expectations. To hell with them, of course; I'm not doing this to get anyone's approval, nor do I want a personal following (here, the humor of the Operators is obvious, since I've got a near-neurotic hatred of sycophancy and I prefer to spend most of my time with my wife and alone rather than relating to people in 3D) and I've noticed that my most vigorous detractors are not doing much to refine their own characters at any rate, nor am I making any personal claims. . I wish there were some way I could detach these few lazy but noisy louts from our network and attach them to some of our Hitler-wannabee detractors instead ;-). Maybe I can do that with utterance, as Kizira promised I will be able to do.

I think that everyone who craves leadership should immediately get saddled with a dozen or so of these backstabbing sycophants, don't you? There are many ways to make this world a brighter place, we're finding, and these methods don't all have to be pretty.

Life really isn't like a Disney movie. When one assumes a level of commitment the way Kizira, Kayiwa, Batiibwe and I have one gets fairly swarmed by reactionary people who feel that their personal, lukewarm paradigm is threatened. The nether reaches of human nature dictate that having our personal paradigm challenged can be more severe than even a threat to our physical bodies.

Dr. K was nearly killed when a motorist ran him down a month and a half ago and Dr B was repeatedly sickened by energy attacks since he started advocating electromedicine. I had assumed that Dr B's attacks were poisoning. Some may have been but the latest one, which delayed our Kiboga visit by a day last week, were, according to Kizira, the result of a personal energy attack. I talked to him on the phone when he called to say he was too sick with 'flu' to travel the next day but after I blasted his attacker through him he recovered quite quickly. I then administered Dr. von Peters' excellent 'Drainage Clear' homeopathic formula and Dr. P's symptoms were gone entirely shortly after that.

Kizira is curious about how he might be viewed by Americans and he told me that African's minds are behind Americans' because Africa is less modern. The fact that he rarely sees TV or movies and doesn't read much American or European literature shows me how pervasive this misconception is here. I told him that, actually, any child in Africa can quickly absorb modernization but the minds of western people are actually retarded because they mostly don't know anything about their true, spiritual natures, which Africans generally understand better. He seemed to get it, because he grabbed my arm, held it to his chest and laughed uproariously.

Dr. Kayiwa has the TV on as I'm writing this and it's on a station which plays a lot of MTV-style music videos from Kenya, which is pretty cool, as it has a lot of traditional dancing mixed in with African pop music. People often fall to the ground in trances even in these party situations. I may be taken to a regional initiation ceremony this week, by the way, in which mediums are used, so stay tuned ;-)

The night that Georg and I got here, both Drs. B and K showed up at our host's house and they wanted to know what our agenda would be, so that they could know better how to assist us. We told them that, aside from busting up the HAARP and entropy network and making a few CBs, we'd rather just have them arrange an appropriate agenda for us, instead, since they'd already been doing famously without us, after all. They've done very, very well with that task since then, as you can see.

If you've ever watched movies or videos of mainly African, Latin-American magic rituals from Brazil, Haiti, Cuba, etc., you see the use of mediums who go into convulsions after dancing to drums and chanting and this seems to be characteristic around here. It's not seen as unusual at all and I don't think anyone's faking. My expectation that African spirituality relates mainly to emotion (water) has been abundantly confirmed.

By the way, Kizira told me the other day that Budhagali is doing just fine now, which surely must have surprised K. I might sound a bit like a crazy man right now by confidently saying that Africans will be at the forefront of this orgonite work and related, soon-to-come free energy tech because you probably never heard anyone talk about Africa that way, but please remember that you heard it here first. I was rather shocked to find that many Africans have bought into the notion that 'progress' is still associated with 'white.'

There's an old Persian adage that the folks on the mountaintop are the first ones to see the dawn. Convincing the folks in the valley has always been a challenge. Or maybe I'm just fooling myself. We'll see. You must admit that I've at least put my money where my mouth is, since I'm here mainly to see whether my hunch is correct and it's not cheap to come here, nor can we easily afford it right now.

There are two English-language newspapers in Kampala. I was astonished to find that not only does the press here appear to be genuinely free, but that the psycho/spiritual stuff is reported along with the political and

business news. On the day we arrived, there was a front-page story of the intense voodoo activity under Budhagali Falls, for instance, which is how we 'knew' that the falls would have to be a primary target.

The reason I never read newspapers in America (except THE IDAHO OBSERVER, and a few other alternative publications) is that they're clearly simply formats for mind control protocols and lies.

If I were addicted to sensationalism, I'd focus more on a recent article that described the successful disruption of a courtroom by two poisonous snakes and a bird. It was a trial of a district official, charged with corruption, and the consensus was that he'd arranged for some voodoo intervention on his behalf.

I watched a political scandal unfold here in which some cabinet officials were being accused of corruption. Yesterday, President Musaveni contributed an article in which he not only agreed that the accused official was culpable but that the accused had lied about his active participation in the Resistance, which Musaveni had led since 1971 until their victory in 1986. I had wondered whether the President's main challenge, after his military victory, was to find enough trustworthy people to conduct a proper national government and to move Uganda toward its first Constitution-based regime since its colonial days. The simple fact that he doesn't have his public critics assassinated, as is done in the USA, weighs heavily in his favor, as far as I'm concerned.

As I get to know Dr Kayiwa better, I'm feeling more and more confident that he represents the emerging political paradigm here. Though he's known wealth and privilege and has traveled extensively in the world, he lives quite humbly and loves to talk to everyone he meets. I've known some rare individuals who only reveal their accomplishments as conversational footnotes rather than waving them like banners and you need to be with these people over an extended time before you get a clear picture of their past accomplishments because they basically don't like to talk about themselves. This is how Drs Kayiwa and Batiibwe both are.

Kizira, by contrast, is sort of like a peacock. As an African psychic healer and teacher, he has to exhibit confidence and even aggression and this is in order for him, certainly. He's engaged and defeated enemies astrally just like Carol and I do, by the way, though he doesn't focus on that the way we do. I found out that his enemies here are not as murderous as ours are at home, though, as he said, 'My enemies are your enemies.'

I guess I'm still absorbing the implications of how 'politically moribund and spiritually bankrupt' our western cultures have become, based on the prevalence of profound mind control, organized murder and mayhem that western governments now foster and/or allow. It seems to me like the US, Russia, England, Italy and Germany, under whose collective political shadow all the other nations essentially found themselves by then, sort of got flushed down the toilet of cultural viability by the middle of the twentieth century. Since nature hates a vacuum, I'm looking to Africa to pick up civilization's torch now. This can be done without a struggle.

Arguably, Russia may be in the process of escaping this stigma, and perhaps China by extension, but as far as I'm concerned the jury's going to remain out on their case until it's obvious that they won't be suitcase-nuking those heinous financial trolls in the City of London in their own joint bid for some quick world hegemony. I don't believe that one form of tyranny is any better than another and neither Russia nor China are in a position to demonstrate the virtues of a Constitutional government yet.

So, you might ask why I'm moving all over the map when this article is about an African witch doctor. I guess the only thing I can tell you is that Kizira represents, to me, a global trend of general awakening and I'm doing my best to show you that. We're working on a scheme to take him to meet Credo Muttwa and perhaps to visit Carol and I in the US, since travel is a unique form of education and his innate intelligence will easily assimilate foreign experiences to everyone's subsequent benefit.

When Dr. B met Kizira the latter expressed, sadly, that he'd often felt very alone on account of his gift and he at least knows, now, that there are other folks around the world who, appreciate and value him, know what he knows and share his personal challenges and experiences and that has seemed to buoy his spirits and stimulate his voracious curiosity.

Don Croft

Episode 76B

Our Trip to the War Torn North

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc76BtriptoWartonNorth13dec03.shtml>

Dec. 13, 2003

Dr. Battibwe suggested that we visit the city of Gulu, in the north part of Uganda, to witness some of the problems here and, perhaps, to do what we could to alleviate some of that unhappy situation with some judicious gifting.

We'd tried renting a car but the insurance was prohibitive due to the Lord's Resistance Army (read: typical CIA and very bloody) activity in the vicinity of Gulu, so Dr. Paul graciously offered to drive his own car. Uganda's a relatively small country, but many of the roads are in disrepair, so even a short trip can pretty well beat up an ordinary car. Doc Batiibwe handles his nice front-wheel drive sedan like a champ, though.

The LRA is headed by a scruffy, deranged, but eminently controllable fellow named Kony who apparently is supplied by the US and Britain with modest weaponry and just enough ammunition to keep the current Ugandan Regime from using needed revenue for infrastructure and services, but not enough to give Kony any decisive victories. After President Musaveni took over the government in 1986, the Uganda Shilling was abysmally devalued in a way that's become routine for any country, which insists on operating outside the parasitic mandate of the International Monetary Fund.

That's my assessment, at least, of Kony's situation and my Ugandan friends seem to feel that it has some merit. Kony abducts children and forces them to fight, which is the way Pol Pot and Ho Chi Minh (and all the other noteworthy Illuminati terrorist assets) operated a few decades ago. It wouldn't surprise me if the CIA has advisors who've learned directly from 'the masters' and now teach that stupid Kony these tricks. If you consider conscience an asset, you probably shouldn't work for American or British intelligence/sabotage agencies.

President Musaveni publicly supported, at least verbally, the American/British invasion of Iraq with the understanding that, in return, he'd receive some military assistance and, more important, satellite imagery of Kony's movements, but none of that has been forthcoming and I'm assuming that the Pres shouldn't trust any satellite data from the US at any rate. If you're an American and understand, as many of us do by now, that any promise from the alleged American government is worth considerably less than toilet paper, you can probably appreciate Musaveni's dilemma now.

He's cagey enough to maintain some national sovereignty for Uganda in spite of 17 years of espionage and even sabotage from the CIA and MI6. In one instance of economic sabotage, Uganda got an order from Cuba of a shipload of beans. Seawater had been pumped into the top of the cargo holds en route so that the beans were rotten when they arrived in Havana; typical CIA and/or MI6 tactic ('God save the Queen?' What the hell for?). Of course, those two espionage agencies are essentially the same agency, operated by the same old aristocratic families as any persistent gang of thugs, anywhere else in the world, is.

Musaveni was apparently a nominal Marxist during the years when he led a popular rebel army (The Movement) in the bush prior to his successful and relatively humane and bloodless coup in 1986, which was essentially the end of British proxy regimes here. I rather assume that he was simply playing Russia against Britain/US along the way. That used to take a LOT of skill and savvy. Most other Marxist rebel leaders who assumed power over nations have been notorious for brutality and suppression and after they took power the bookstores subsequently only sold books by Marx and Engels (like the Bible, everyone had a copy but hardly anyone read them) but I think the smarter ones, like Gandhi, Musaveni, Mandella and very few others, were simply being expedient and never intended to establish the full spectrum of International Monetary Fund-financed international socialism protocols which have repeatedly resulted in the laughable house-of-cards debacle that's known as Communism.

Don't get angry just because I referred to Gandhi as a one-time Marxist, please. It's best to leave emotion at the

door when you come into my parlor, even though you must know by now that nothing I say should be taken as anything more than a personal opinion. If you've read any biographies of Gandhi or even seen that fine film from 1983 in which he was played by Ben Kingsley, you'll note that in the years he spent in South Africa as a young lawyer, before he discovered religion, he had organized a commune along the lines and with the terminology of Marxist protocols. It's faux pas to call him a Marxist, of course, and I certainly believe that many early Communists, such as Wilhelm Reich, innocently believed that they were promoting a valid doctrine. Gandhi had obviously been free of affiliation with London-based, Marxist (Marx was financially supported by Lord Thomas Huxley throughout his writing career, as was Darwin ;-)) International Socialism by the time he'd resolutely decided that India must be free of the Whore of Babylon and Musaveni is no longer referring to his trusted associates as 'Commisar' or 'Comrade,' as he had done throughout the years that they were struggling in the bush and abroad.

If you believe that communism is anything but a creature of the Illuminati and fully financed by London and Wall Street, then you probably shouldn't be reading my stuff at all. Go do your homework if you don't want to bust a blood vessel, okay? All of that is clearly shown, ad nauseum, in public record during International Socialism's formative years in the first half of the Twentieth Century. You might not know, for instance, that the New York Times in 1918 quoted President Woodrow Wilson's frequent praise of the Bolsheviks as 'the modern day disciples of Christ,' and numerous accounts of that scoundrel, JP Morgan's, liberal financial support of Trotsky and then Lenin. When gold became relatively valueless after the Bolsheviks had plundered and then slaughtered millions of farmers and their families, food became currency by 1921, so the International Red Cross then began sending food to the Bolsheviks instead of gold.

Enter, shortly after that, the parasitic Illuminati 'businessmen' such as Armand Hammer, who got cheap concessions from Lenin that are still honored by the Russian government. Communism has only been feasible in societies that had never experienced personal freedom, per se, so it only got a foothold in still-feudalistic states like Russia, China and Cuba. The other 'conquests' of communism, as when Roosevelt and Churchill deeded and financed Eastern Europe's and China's submission to Stalin and Mao before WWII's end, were military ones, not social ones at all.

I've never seen such entrepreneurial spirit in a population before as I've seen in Uganda, though. I personally wonder where they all find the energy. It's inconceivable to me that any political agenda could stop that under the circumstances and Communism is absolute anathema to individual initiative, of course, and also destructive to the nuclear and extended family structures. Anyone who's spent even a week in equatorial Africa will appreciate the persistent vitality of family ties here.

Regarding the persistence of the spirit of individual initiative, note that even two generations of bloody, IMF-financed suppression in Hungary had failed to extinguish the entrepreneurial drive there and products from Hungary get top dollar (so to speak) in Europe these days.

By the way, I'm assuming that you already know that Communism failed simply because London and Wall Street stopped paying all of its bills in 1990. By then, the world had approximated London's goal of international socialism, which is another term for international wage slavery.

There's no political freedom without economic freedom, of course. Our hope is that the Ugandans will keep looking for more ways to finance their infrastructure through international barter, as it has on several noteworthy occasions. They successfully traded soybeans with Yugoslavia for a highway, for instance. They sent a shipload of beans to Cuba but CIA agents pumped seawater into the cargo holds, so when the beans arrived they were rotten.

I read last month that \$5 million in UNICEF funds was missing. My fond hope is that Musaveni diverted that to support the Army. I haven't seen or heard of a single instance of actual help from any UN-affiliated agency here, though there's a huge fleet of shiny, new, white 4WD vehicles with big, blue 'UN' on the doors and lots of slick advertising for 'AIDS' subjects and nationwide vaccination campaigns that no doubt resulted in most youngsters

getting microchipped, at best, and many of them killed, at worst. I didn't see many of these expensive Illuminati/UN vehicles outside of Kampala or Gulu, thankfully.

Before we left the Capital on our trip, Dr. P and I went to Al Tarboush, the Lebanese restaurant in Kampala that serves mostly the Arab diplomatic corps, and feasted on hummus, tabouli, olives, salad, fresh pita bread and falafel (some kabob for the Doc, who seems to eat three times as much as I do and isn't fat) and there was so much food we made sandwiches for supper, too, and bagged them. I can't seem to pass up good Arabic food no matter where I am. There was a muzungu smoking a hookah in there, by the way, and I got to drink some head-exploding, traditional-style Arabian coffee. I really need to learn Arabic and go spend some time in one of those countries; maybe in North Africa, where they make sharkskin drums, by the way. The proprietors of the Arab restaurants I've dined in seem to really like watching their customers enjoying the food, which adds even more to the experience for me. Batiibwe told me he didn't know what to order so I ordered just about everything just to explain what it all is ;-)

The drive to the Nile (halfway point) was uneventful, except for busting up half a dozen towers and a couple of arrays along the way but some soldiers stopped us at the bridge over the Nile, which is occupied because the LRA threatened to destroy it. I bet the CIA/MI6 won't even give those butchers dynamite, though ;-)

The Nile is very wide and fast-flowing, even at its source, as I'd mentioned, and there are very few bridges across it on its way to Sudan. If Kony had managed to destroy this bridge it would have put some serious hurt on the Army, which was already plagued by a variety of logistics problems, including a fleet of worthless new (to them) helicopters, thanks to widespread corruption and sabotage by the IMF and its global legbreakers/backstabbers, the CIA and MI6.

The Doc had stopped within view of the bridge to take a photo of the falls, a kilometer upstream, and the soldiers, who had seen that, were just being prudent, no doubt, by stopping us at the bridge to interrogate us. Doc explained who he was and that we were going to visit a friend of his in Gulu; I showed them my passport and after a bit they let us move along. Doc sheepishly told me later that he'd told the soldiers that I'm a personal friend of the President ;-)

Those falls are reputed to be yet another ritual killing site and Doctor Paul was doing a little photo recon in preparation for our gifting effort there on the way back. We didn't toss an etheric pipe bomb over the bridge as we'd hoped to do, since the soldiers were watching us and had written us up in their little book.

We saw, on a promontory overlooking the falls, what looked like a small fortress and turret, and we assumed that this place must be involved in the rituals these days, so we were itching to get back there and take care of business.

We'd started out with forty or so towerbusters, some etheric pipe bombs and three holy handgrenades. Oh, and we still had a couple of Georg's stielhandgranaten. Those are my personal favorite, as they combine the towerbuster and etheric pipe bomb.

The road was pretty bad from the Nile to Gulu, probably because no road repair crews wanted to work where they might get butchered by glassy-eyed LRA devotees. Just like fundamentalist religionists elsewhere, the LRA drops God's name while perpetuating bloody, mindless atrocities on non-combatants, including children, just as the devout, Christian European-derived Americans did to the mostly peace-loving American Indians all across the continent throughout the nineteenth century.

As far as I can tell, there's not a hint of actual popular support for this group. Rather, they've efficiently caused the evacuation of a large area of Uganda and even Sudan. I assume that the heart-dead CIA/MI6 operators are just using Kony as a proxy villain in order to allow their Illuminati masters to more easily steal the natural resources (newly discovered gold) of the region, as has been done repeatedly throughout the world but most especially in Africa in recent decades. Let's see if we can stop that. Stopping the Illuminati is my *raison d'etre*

these days, as it ought to be yours if you would like your children to grow up and to keep your own head on your shoulders.

We didn't feel that we were in danger, though we encountered a lot of Ugandan Army patrols along the road beyond the Nile and all of the Non-Governmental Agencies' and UN's vehicles were flying big, gaudy flags from tall masts that are bolted to their front bumpers (speaking of surreal ;-) No doubt Kony has strict orders not to butcher any of these flagged IMF agents. They apparently only want him to kill Black African non-combatants and soldiers in a specific region of Uganda and Sudan. What are they after? Uranium? We'll find out, I suppose.

The sky was gorgeous all the way until just before we arrived in Gulu, where it was HAARPy. The lower atmosphere in Gulu itself was incredibly smoggy, though we couldn't smell any smoke and we approached from a downwind direction. I hadn't seen smog like that since before 'Cbswork' and friends had sufficiently disabled the Entropy, HAARP and satanic grids in the north half of the Los Angeles Basin last year.

The people in Gulu, which is a small city, were uncharacteristically glum and there was a striking absence of motor vehicles and even fewer of those Ugandan-manufactured bicycles than elsewhere ('Bata Bicycles-Any Road, Any Load!'). We saw an awful lot of people with crude wheelbarrows instead, toiling along the streets, wearing tattered shoes and clothing but at least not obviously starving.

The city had been prosperous before Kony/Illuminati's murderous agenda and was the economic center for a huge area of the country, which is mainly known for its fine cattle. There isn't a lot of cattle there now. The herders are traditionally nomadic and certainly prudent enough to know when their livelihood is threatened. Otherwise, the vast grazing range is so rich that any Texan would probably wet his pants with envy.

By the way, Dr. Paul told me that in recent years, some thugs had carried out a campaign of terror in Kiboga, where there has never been any support for Kony. The well-armed newcomers stole cattle while ambushing, robbing and murdering several cattle buyers and sellers. The locals had some guns of their own and eventually succeeded in ambushing, killing some and then capturing the surviving thugs, some of whom shared the same hospital ward with some of their victims, all of whom were under Dr. Paul's care. A cop came along with some Army ambulances and took the wounded thugs away, presumably to freedom. The general assumption is that the thugs were hired by the army, which is so seriously under funded that many of the soldiers whom we saw outside of Kampala don't even have leather boots or proper uniforms.

I'm telling you this so that you'll know that I don't consider the current regime angelic.

I must say that since Georg, Dr. Kayiwa and I thoroughly gifted the Capital there's been a spate of corruption-exposes, resignations and firings among the top brass and in the government itself.

By contrast, during the previous regime at one point, the house that Dr. Paul lives in while in Kiboga was used as an Army command post and captured rebels in The Movement were tortured, and then literally slaughtered in the brick outhouse behind the residence. Things are much better in Uganda now by anyone's estimate. Some folks pine for Idi Amin's regime, I must say, perhaps because, like Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini, he was very well financed by London and prudently built up the country's infrastructure to solidify public support for his regime and didn't interfere much with Black Africans' business lives. When you are able to move away from Political Correctness, you can honestly see the good and bad aspects of any regime without feeling the need to toady, as all funded-university students in the west, and, sad to say, even in Africa, are taught to do to the Illuminati-favored-at-the-moment regimes. In Uganda's case, there are apparently agent provocateurs at Makerere University, the premier school in the country, who are actively inciting violent opposition to Musaveni. He hasn't killed any of them, either, to his credit, though he's had to shake up his intelligence apparatus this week and appoint a new head, this time a very young man. It will be fun to see what happens next. The President's subtlety, sense of timing and resourcefulness amazes me no end.

The main problem that successful warriors like President Yoweri Musaveni have is that they normally aren't

adept at governing, nor can they usually find enough comparatively honest people to assist them in governing, so they have to rely on whomever is at hand. In this case, and in that generation, the folks who are available and have managerial experience are remnants of colonial and proxy regimes. What I've witnessed here is that there's a whole new potential cadre of competent professionals who are more in touch with the nature of service work than the previous generation has been. This is true throughout the world, of course, not just here. The confirming quality of their orientation, to me, is that they're turning back to some of the time-tested, higher African traditions of government, which is based on mutually-empowering grassroots support, intertribal affiliations, consultation and consensus and starting to see the light at the end of the tunnel in terms of putting the alleged might of the western world in proper perspective, along with all the scams that are based on the previous feelings of resignation that had taken hold in Africa.

Who will have the last laugh after the Illuminati has failed, very shortly, to ruin the agriculture here, for instance? The power and wealth of any nation is its agriculture and by that standard Uganda and many, many other IMF-targeted nations throughout the world are obviously, to me at least, on the brink of rampant prosperity and true development as The City of London (the tired old present expression of Rome) continues to 'decline and fall.'

Musaveni seems to me to be an exception to the rule of a successful warrior, at least in terms of his mature ability to govern. Perhaps he adopted a strong mandate for himself before he decided to campaign militarily against the most recent, ruinous British-proxy regime here.

There's a national newspaper, THE MONITOR, which regularly criticizes his policies and especially the actions of many of his subordinates in the Army and in the government. He's lately responded by firing many corrupt officials and in some cases by even writing rational explanatory letters to the editor, which are then published. As far as I know, he hasn't had anyone murdered for opposing him in the press or in politics and I haven't detected any of the doublespeak or outright lying from him that characterizes politicians in the west. In the latter case, it's general knowledge by now that we can tell they're lying because their lips are moving, which is why I never pick up an American paper except to read some of the comics or classified ads.

I saw a picture of the US Ambassador to Uganda the other day. I wouldn't buy a used car from him. A white tie, black shirt and pinstripe suit would make him look like any Mafia don. None of his many jokes are funny at all to me. President Mugabe, the scourge of once-prosperous Zimbabwe, at least tells funny jokes. Western bad guys have no class at all by contrast. He offered, for instance, to send observers to Florida to ensure polling integrity there after Bush ('President Cujo') was unlawfully appointed President in 2000 by the US Supreme Court. Mugabe was widely known, by then, for his own vote-fraud shenanigans, which is what made his offer so funny.

Don't you think it's miraculous, as I do, that any nation these days has a shred of national sovereignty left after several generations of Illuminati rape and plunder in the 'post-empire' decades? My own country had totally and profoundly capitulated to The City of London (IMF is simply one of London's many masks, of course) by 1935, sad to say. The upside of that, I suppose, is that at least all elected US federal officials are now manifestly liable for capital punishment, having blatantly committed treason, especially because of their active and passive roles in enacting draconian, alleged legislation following the feds' destruction of the World Trade Center, for which the army of payrolled liars incredibly blamed a few swarthy Muslims.

The saddest part of this long-term treason debacle is that many Americans have become so brainwashed and submissive in past generations that they might feel inclined to just hug the traitors and tell them that they forgive them, sort of like how the jury 'compassionately' acquitted the teenage Menendez brothers (who brutally murdered their parents on a whim) because 'they were now orphans.' I kid you not!

Since the brainwash protocols that are now in place in America and Europe were derived from fundamentalist Christian brainwashing successes in the nineteenth century, though, which are obviously schizophrenic/psychotic, the downside of this fake, vacuous meekness is that in any given moment the brainwashing can degrade en masse and the former drones will then likely turn into an armed, vengeful mob

when they realize how irretrievable their personal freedom truly is under the current, incorrigible American regime.

It's been said that it's too late to salvage this federal government but too early to shoot its leaders. In fact, thanks to the internet, all we really need to do to fix the problem is to prevail on a few elected Sheriffs arrest some of these traitors and the rest will probably play out in a lawful manner, including hundreds of treason trials in newly lawful courts throughout the land.

I don't want the army, other than perhaps some Constitutionally mandated militias, to get involved in this process. If we allow a mutiny to remove the traitors in Washington, DC, we may never return that stolen political power to the localities and states, where it rightfully belongs.

Let's set these Russian and Chinese troops that are billeted underground in the US free and help them get back home where they belong, okay?

Our aim is to ameliorate this potential mayhem that would be known as global martial law and to lessen the impact of the Illuminati's vindictiveness as they continue to exit the geopolitical stage during this fast-emerging paradigm. Anyone can see that Ugandans enjoy a whole lot more personal freedom than Americans do at this point. All they lack is economic freedom and, like France, this place is a potential economic powerhouse due to the industriousness of the people, the strength of their family structure and to the abundance & consistently high quality of their agricultural products.

Forgive my non-sequitur here, but yesterday, while Doc Kayiwa and I were riding a bus to the city from his suburban home in Kyaliwajala/Namugongo I saw a little café by the highway, called 'Monica Lewinsky's Joint.' Ugandans have a pretty wry sense of humor. I ought to stop and see what their specialty is ;-)

As far as I can tell, Uganda has more potential economic freedom than most countries because they've been more or less abandoned by the International Monetary Fund, who must have honestly believed that destroying the national currency was an economic death sentence. What cretins those banker/trolls have turned out to be, after all! They should have known that having survived a series of parasitic and even brutal proxy regimes since their independence in 1962, the Ugandans were not going to just roll and give up just because a bunch of Bazungu ruined their currency. This is still a bit of a barter culture, after all.

What does it take to succeed in this emerging paradigm? The old rules of excessive centralization, exploitation, subversion and suppression don't work well any more and those four approaches to 'governance' (I really hate that new word) are the Illuminati's entire stock in trade. Maybe now they can go find some planet where their tired old crap still works. I'll volunteer to pull the handle at the gallows if they decide to stick around to stand trial instead. Hell, I'll even pay my own travel expenses to have that happy privilege. Political correctness be damned. You can hug and forgive them all you want but in my view they need to be punished now, too.

Doc and I gifted all seven Entropy/HAARP towers in Gulu (how many refugees have cell phones, do you reckon? ;-)) and after the sun went down (no streetlights in that city) we did the other gifting work, which involved getting out of the car, in very private darkness. In Uganda, regular people are always watching, unlike in western countries, where the only ones 'always watching' are the fake-gov't spies who follow us all around on our gifting missions, or at least try really, really hard to. One of the HHGs, for instance, had to be placed within the main tower array, since it was obviously in a vortex.

We slept in a modest, very clean hotel room overnight after eating our sandwiches and chatting 'til nearly midnight. We dined at one of the hotel bar's tables. There was a young woman at the only table that had chairs available, so Doc asked her permission for us to share the table. At the time, I thought, 'Jeez, I hope she doesn't think we're coming on to her.' She seemed nonplussed but was obviously not happy about our presence.

He told me later that she's a hooker, which I missed entirely. I thought she was on a school trip or something and

the only unusual thing I noticed about her was that she was mixing beer and Coca Cola in a glass. I'm such a babe in the woods. Doc B never drinks, nor do I. He got a bottle of water and I got a STONY soda, which is made in East Africa with ginger and some mystery ingredients and is really tasty.

By the way, after I told Carol that it was hard for me to understand my Muganda witch doctor buddy, Kizira's, praises for polygamy, she'd emailed me right back to say, 'Don't get any ideas; I don't like to share my men with anyone!'

Polygamy is lawful here, by the way, perhaps because there are so many Muslims. I don't cotton to polygamy but I think that's one more evidence that the culture is stronger here than the hypocritical PC protocols of the Illuminati are. Illuminati-asset moralists, for instance, advocate monogamy but bugger little boys.

When you go to Uganda, take along a 'Solar Shower.' This is an inexpensive, sturdy plastic bag with a short hose and shower nozzle attached. You can leave the full bag in the sun to heat the water and then hang it up to get some water pressure. I've used those a lot but I forgot to bring one this time. Most houses don't have running water, though folks keep them scrubby-dutch clean inside and out. Water's usually hauled from a communal pump, spigot, stream, lake or spring. One can take an entire bath with a gallon of water, including shampoo and shave, if one is reasonably efficient. Get used to the idea of hole-in-the-floor privies, too. There's a sort of athletic art to using those well and there's no question (I bear witness) that one is guaranteed better bowel function when one is constrained to squat rather than sit. I've known affluent people in America who have built platforms over their toilets so that the feet and kinetic excretory bits are on the same level. Westerners, culturally, aren't squatters but probably should be if the colon/rectal cancer rates are an indication.

My first encounter with this kind of plumbing was in Micronesia when I was seventeen. In that case, the floor of the privy was a series of bamboo 'planks' over a pit or lagoon, with the middle two planks missing. They called it a 'benjo,' which is the Japanese word for privy. The Japanese built some gorgeous, appropriate tech infrastructure when they 'owned' those lovely islands between WWI and WWII. The Americans tore most of it up from some xenophobic impulse and never replaced it.

An English guy rode trains all over the world and wrote a coffee-table book about his rides. PRIVVIES I HAVE KNOWN might be an interesting, commercially feasible pan-cultural study for somebody who's more erudite than I am. I've heard that the Ivy Tower crowd is happy to publish almost anything as long as it doesn't criticize the Illuminati or any of their predatory/parasitic agendas.

My second encounter was in South France, where public toilets, at the time, were characteristically a large, round depression in the floor with two raised, shoeprint-shaped pedestals in the middle. It's hard to miss in that case. These are probably a big challenge for drunks, though.

Folks favor masonry houses with metal roofs in this part of the world, though as you get away from the larger towns you mostly see traditional round, thatched huts that feel very nice to be in and are cool inside during the day. The best part is that the only real expense in building one of these is the doorframe and door, which may be considered optional at any rate. The government normally gives fertile land to refugees, even from other countries, in cooperation with the local hierarchies, which is an indication to me that the regime is sincerely interested in the well-being of the people.

There are still several thousands of yet-to-be-settled refugees from northern Uganda and even Sudan in large camps not far from Gulu and Lira, which is a similar-size city farther east.

The army 'barracks' that we saw between the Nile and Gulu were village-like collections of round huts every few miles along the highway and there are several larger clusters of close-packed huts around the city itself. These are largely built by professional people from the evacuated areas who do volunteer work while waiting for employment elsewhere. There are lots of homeless people around, too, of course, many of whom sleep on the

hospital grounds.

Even under duress, it can be seen that Ugandans take a lot of pride in their personal appearance and surroundings. I'd only brought along one pair of long pants and a buttoned shirt (light traveler) and I know that by mostly wearing shorts, sandals and T-shirts I've caused my companions a little social distress. Doc Kayiwa kindly shined my shoes, which are black, part-leather cross trainers, before he took me to a downtown government office earlier this week to answer questions from several movers and shakers about zappers and I'm sure that helped me make a good impression on them.

The next morning we went around to see if any more gifting needed doing, and Doc Batiibwe wanted to visit the hospital and do some specific gifting there. The smog was gone and the sky was normalizing by then. One of his associates, who had lived in Gulu for some time and is a doctor at the hospital (out of town at the time), told him over the phone on the previous evening that Gulu is always smoggy like that, so we're eager to get some follow up from him. Some of the gloom had dispelled, too, which is what usually happens after you gift a city with orgonite devices. After all, about half of the 10,000 or so new Entropy and HAARP towers in the Los Angeles basin have now been busted and 'smog days' in LA are very few and far between now, instead of constant as before. We'd used about 20 towerbusters, an HHg and an etheric pipe bomb on Gulu by then.

The hospital was built in 1938 and was in pretty tough shape. There was no shortage of trained staff, most of whom are volunteers from among the refugees (the gov't can't afford to pay them, but they were given land and there's plenty of food to go around), but of course the facility is overwhelmed in terms of other resources, including space. We met the head nurse, Serafina, who escorted us through the grounds and answered the Doc's questions. Serafina told us that in the maternity ward, for instance, prospective mothers are mostly consigned to reed mats on the floor and when there's a surgical emergency at night, the crowd of homeless folks who sleep along the covered walkways between the wards and the operating theatre really slow down the emergency personnel.

The only new facility we saw on the grounds was a blood collection and storage lab donated by the Italian gov't in 2001. Doc Paul said the supply and variety of blood stored there is impressive.

We saw huge warehouses full of alleged food on the outskirts of town, owned by NGOs affiliated with the UN, but I didn't see any evidence that the UN agencies come around the hospital much. I say, 'alleged,' because none of this stuff is very nutritious nor is it part of the traditional diet, which IS nutritious. My happy thought is that the usual way the UN uses food as a weapon in order to induce people to come to their camps isn't working entirely as they'd like, since Uganda is already loaded with wholesome food, perhaps thanks in small part to Doc Batiibwe's timely construction of East Africa's first cloudbuster last May, which caused the 'dry season' to have more rain than the previous rainy seasons.

Another weapon, in a dual sense, are the drugs supplied by the World Health Organization. In one sense, they're weapons because they're designed to kill or disable lots and lots of people and in the other sense, the WHO poison pushers want Africans to believe that 'If you wanna heal, you gotta come to US!!' In Uganda, at least, even the refugees adamantly prefer traditional remedies to WHO drugs and they don't hesitate to let these creeps know that. The way the WHO induces cholera and similar epidemics in refugee camps is to insist on pit toilets being dug without supplying any digging implements. They then loudly lament "The Africans' lack of any sense of sanitation," to the world. It reminds me of the way Hitler's and Custer's tale-tellers dehumanized their intended victims before herding them into those cattle cars on the way to the slaughterhouses.

Another UN trick in Africa has been to deprive refugee camps of water and then haul it into the camps in petroleum tank trucks with a large proportion of gasoline or diesel mixed with the drinking water. The UN only pulled that stunt in Zaire a couple of times, though, since it was an obvious population-culling technique to even the slack-jawed Pajama People who stare at CNN. So, there we have it: The Ugandan government gives land to refugees and helps them keep their dignity and the City of London humiliates and murders them whenever possible.

You might still actually believe that the UN represent at least a shred of humanity, but most Black Africans no longer labor under that delusion. Dr. Batiibwe is preparing a report on our visit with the renowned Dr. Yahaya Sekagye and his PROMETRA ceremony with 300 fellow Ugandan herbalists and traditional healers, which is going to show you an astonishing 'other side' to what's happening in favor of real healing in Africa these days. I'll offer some comments after he's posted that illustrated report. Now that he's back on the job, though, he may not have time to do all of that.

He's the hardest working vacationer I know.

Since we've disabled essentially all of the HAARP and entropy transmitters in the entire country in the past month, it's pretty well guaranteed that the trolls in London will never get their cordial wish of famine for Uganda, thank God, and it's been raining daily for two weeks into the current 'dry season' here. In fact, some are complaining about the rain, as most of the roads are now muddy and the craftsmen and merchants, who work mostly outdoors, are feeling a pinch. I'm sure the farmers and herders are seeing it a little differently, of course. Perhaps somebody will get around to busting all the HAARP from East Uganda to Mombassa, Kenya's port city directly east of here. I think that will put another long knife in HAARP's African heart. We're going to spend a month in Southern Africa with Georg, savagely assaulting HAARP from that angle, too. Since Georg and associates have already done the lion's share of that, I'm going to make sure that my report won't seem like grandstanding, even though I managed to upstage Georg in many of the photos that Batiibwe took on our gifting missions.

I'm starting to feel a little like Freddy Kruger's higher-self expression or as Governor Schwarzenegger's imagined portrayal of the character, Hamlet, in re: HAARP in Africa- 'To be or not to be ... Not to be!' [Boom!]

This is also locust (grasshopper) season in Uganda, by the way, which is a good thing, since they're a food staple. Doc Kayiwa pointed out a nighttime locust harvest operation on Kampala's outskirts. There were several huge pieces of corrugated iron, expeditiously arranged, lotus-fashion, under an exposed halogen light attached to the top of a very long pole in the center. The bugs went to the light from every direction, were blinded and then fell to the metal, where they slid down into a collection trough. I'm a big fan of appropriate tech, aren't you? They get the big bucks here for cooked and raw locusts. They're very filling, by the way. If you're a muzungu, it's probably helpful not to think of what they looked like on your windshield last summer back in Kansas.

There were some French docs staying at the hotel in Gulu who were with *Medicins sans Frontieres* (Doctors Without Borders) and Dr. Paul noted that the name isn't entirely accurate, if you take intellectual frontiers into consideration. I didn't bother to mention zappers to them. I think that putting a big flag on your vehicle in that part of Uganda is like carrying a sign which says, 'We're just here to look good, so don't bother to ask for our help.'

Doc B conceived a trip to Lira on the way back and we turned onto the Lira Highway before we got to the Nile and traveled through a progressively more prosperous and pleasant region, though army patrols were still as numerous as on the road to Gulu. We bought some boiled peanuts from a vendor at the junction for about a nickel and that was a LOT of chow. One of Doc B's friends in Kiboga had graciously told me how to prepare Bunyebwa, which is a delicious sauce made from peanuts ('binyebwa'), tomatoes and onions. I can't wait to try variations of that, using other nuts and vegetables. Some basil and garlic will be tasty.

If you're not big on eating meat, as I'm not, this is a terrific traditional source of protein and it tastes good with all the root vegetables and with matoke. I like the cooking bananas roasted or fried. They grow a lot of sunflowers here for the oil and for feed.

Right after Georg and I had arrived in Uganda a month ago the newspaper showed a gruesome front-page picture of LRA atrocities in Lira-thirteen hacked bodies. I guess the CIA is only giving Kony enough bullets to shoot the Ugandan and Sudanese soldiers with, so the butchering of non-combatants is probably a downside manifestation of Ugandan resourcefulness. That sort of thing makes me appreciate the courage of these small Ugandan foot

patrols that we saw. Kony's Kids (snipers, too) go after patrols rather than fortified positions.

After an hour we reached the town, which is another large one with seven Entropy and HAARP towers. There are many more towers per capita in Gulu and Lira than there are in Kampala but I guarantee that there are MUCH fewer cell phones per capita in the two smaller cities ;-)

As in Gulu, there are very few cars or even motorcycles in Lira, which is the other Ugandan city which received thousands of refugees from the LRA/CIA/MI6 atrocities in Northern/Eastern Uganda. Unlike Gulu, though, Lira is very upbeat, lively and confident.

I've been to quite a few 'poor' countries and it never stops astonishing me to see the range of human responses to economic duress. I've come to believe that as we Homo sapiens get more and more adequate rain, we can sort out any level of misery in time. Thanks again, Dr. Reich, for showing us the path!

We busted up all the HAARP and Entropy towers and then had a traditional lunch. The ambience in the market-side café was terrific and folks seemed genuinely pleased and curious to have a muzungu around. Anytime you get more than two Ugandan's in a room is usually a celebration, I've found, and I've never been around folks who laugh as much as these do, though the more rural parts of the Bahamas is a close second, along with the Black Carib towns in Belize.

I had the middle part of a tilapia fish in a stew, which I ate with some rice and matoke banana paste, also some sorghum/millet/cassava stuff like we had in the Tororo village at Sam Okurut's dad's place before Georg flew home. Those are terrific fish with white flesh.

Before we got back to the Nile it was raining here and there in all directions, even over Gulu, apparently. I wish you could experience the phenomenally fast results that busting up the Illuminati towers in Africa gets! My heart still goes out to Cbswork in LA, by contrast, since they've had to use many thousands of orgonite devices and a score of cloudbusters to get the results that we routinely get here with twenty or thirty lowly towerbusters and an occasional Cloudbbuster.

Another reason I feel a little sheepish during this trip is that while the Illuminati are focusing so much of their attention and resources on what our network is doing in places like LA and the UK, we're sticking a huge pole right up their stinky backsides here in Africa and laughing out loud about it. They'd apparently considered Africa a done deal for them, in spite of their biological weapons' (including HIV/AIDS) partial, at best, success on this continent. Nothing's working right for them these days. Have you noticed? According to their published plans, the world's entire population (mostly gangsters like them) was to have been three million souls by the turn of this century. That sure would have been a fool's paradise, eh? ;-)

Kizira is getting so much rain in his Kiboga district area that he's sheepishly put his new CB in the house to slow things down a bit. Everything he does is scrutinized closely by his neighbors and the government these days, since he's such a remarkable fellow. Don't worry-he loves that kind of attention the same way I do and he's a fighter/lover in every sense.

I'm sure (and he'll figure out) that this abundance of rain is simply nature's reasonably gentle balancing act and will resolve itself into a more consistent, regular pattern. At least there's no strong wind or excessive lightning, thanks to the CBs, nor is there any destructive flooding since the rain is now heavily ionized and so is absorbed into the soil.

I've been able to point out to my compadres here the conspicuous way that rainstorms now form overhead instead of moving in a frontal (windy) low-pressure system, as has been the norm since the Illuminati initiated their weather control (mostly rain suppression, cyclones, destructive flooding and desertification, of course) protocols in the 1970s, worldwide. If you're in an area influenced by one of the many thousands of orgonite cloudbusters, which is very likely at this point, look for very white, amorphous cloudforms, quickly building up

into the atmosphere in the middle of groups of smaller cumulus clouds and keep watching. If you go around and bust all of the Entropy and HAARP transmitters within twenty or thirty miles, you'll more often see this happen. As far as I know, there isn't even an official name for this orgonite-induced, pre-rain cloud form yet. Maybe the two-dollar whores in the media will start calling it swamp gas or something-who knows? That won't likely happen until the word, 'orgonite,' wends its way to within easy striking range of these payrolled liars in the media, though.

When do you think that's going to happen? If you know by now what I know, you'll throw a little party when they start poo-pooing the stark evidence of our successes because then their free advertising will spread our network's obvious empowerment process throughout the world and generate a groundswell. I think the bad guys already know this and also know that mainstream exposure this network's success is as inevitable as sunrise and their own hemorrhoids.

The really cool part is that by then their entire army of paid, cynical liars will be powerless to discredit us because we've never sought publicity for our work from them and we've never sought compensation, let alone personal recognition or leadership. 'Untouchable' has acquired a new definition in our case. Ronald Reagan would salivate at the notion of our hard-earned Teflon.

Anyway, that sky-healing effect was happening all around us right after we busted up all of the HAARP and Entropy ugliness along both highways and in Gulu and Lira. There were NO towers between the Nile and Lira, by the way. That's sixty kilometers. There were also no significant settlements along that road and few army patrols, which tells us that there's no real threat left in that region by now.

By the way, these new towers become essential cloudbusters after they've been 'gifted' because the orgonite bits turn these dead orgone generators into healthy orgone generators. The atmosphere's net ambience is improved, so it's now better than if the towers had never been built at all. The Illuminati are now hoisting themselves on their own petards this way, at long, long last.

After our military encounter at the Nile bridge, we felt a little trepidatious about our need to toss a stielhandgranate the railing on our return. I spent several minutes pumping myself up and getting ready for the toss and Doc B and I resolved not to look at the soldiers at the other end of the bridge.

Uncharacteristically, I tossed with all the force I could muster and it still hit the rail and bounced back into the roadway. Batiibwe quickly said, 'Can you believe that I saw that coming?' I believed him because intermittent prescience is a sign of awakening psychic abilities that often goes along with working with this new technology.

We nevertheless scooted off the road not far from the bridge and headed for the 'fortress' to at least to gift the obvious vortex by the falls with an HHg.

It was quickly obvious that no vehicles had driven along that dirt track for many months and at one point I had to shut my eyes as Doc B confidently and competently navigated a particularly muddy, rutty, steep stretch.

We got to the end of the road and could hear the falls, so we followed a path out onto a promontory and there was our 'fortress and turret.' It was nothing but a red-dirt bank on which a many-windowed brick hut had been erected for tourists (tourism had disappeared there several years previously, of course).

While I deposited the holy handgrenade in an appropriate spot nearby, just over the falls, Doc was looking at the activity on the bridge through the binoculars. I took a look, too, and saw a group of soldiers standing in the middle of the bridge where the etheric pipe bomb had come to rest and another, larger group congregating, with some military vehicles, at the nearer end, so we made a hasty but dignified retreat back along the path, hoping that they hadn't been looking at us, looking at them ;-)

Fortunately, a large commercial truck had just arrived at the bridge as we were turning back onto the highway

and that was taking up most of their immediate attention, so we didn't have to deal with any interrogation and were free to drive back to Kampala.

The next incident of prescience for the Doc happened about an hour later, and he regretted not taking heed of this one, as it was regarding a noisy blowout at high speed, which destroyed a good tire and knocked part of his rear fender loose. I guess some CIA buttboy had skillfully cut that tire, the way the FBI did to us in Georgia last year. That's a common trick here in the US that's accounted for a lot of highway deaths.

Once, when Kizira was visiting the Doc at the hospital and after watching him work on the wards, K asked incredulously, 'Why don't you just use your third eye to see what's happening with your patients?' and ever since then Dr. Batiibwe has been experiencing bouts of high psychism ;-) It's been an awful lot of fun being around these two, I can tell you. Kizira never seems to fail to awaken some higher awareness in everyone he touches. He sure did that for me.

Dr. Kayiwa's been my host for most of the last half of my visit to Uganda. The fellow's a genius in ways that complement the other players' expertise and that probably rates at least an entire report. The problem is that he's shared a lot of confidences with me that are astonishing, even mind boggling, but prefers that I don't share many of them with others, so I'll have to content myself with reporting what we've done together and just a little of what he's done 'behind the scenes' to spread the good news of what we're all doing here.

You can imagine my internal pressure, since I'm one who loves to tell all as long as it doesn't harm anyone's valid reputation or insult anyone's character. I can at least say, with integrity, that none of the personal things that Doc Kayiwa has shared with me indicate anything but his own integrity and incredible resourcefulness. He's wise to play his cards close to his chest, though, since he's chosen a career in politics for the present phase of his multi-faceted life. I'll continue to do whatever I can to foster his highest interests and I love the fellow like a brother and hope he'll come stay with me in America as soon as possible. I know we can raise holy hell together anywhere. More to follow on that count, of course ;-)

Don Croft

Episode 76C

Participating in the Awards Ceremony of Traditional Healers

By Paul Batiibwe, MD <epbatiibwe@hotmail.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc76Ctraditionalhealers15dec03.shtml>

Dec. 15, 2004

On the return from Gulu, I suggested to Don that we go and witness the handing out of Certification awards to traditional healers sponsored by PROMETRA (NGO for the Promotion of Traditional Medicine) Uganda the next day. By 9:30 am, Dr Kayiwa, Don and I. had gotten together. While Don and Dr. K were at the internet café, I had repairs of the front wheeler done and we sped towards the venue along the road to Masaka, albeit a little late. Masaka is a town about 120 kilometers west of Kampala. About half way there, a sign post showing PROMETRA Buyijja alerted us to make a right hand turn to cover the 4 kilometers on a murrum road. The more we moved along this road, the narrower it became until we sighted a pot with holes in it, mounted on a vertical cement slab bearing the names PROMETRA in front of round brick huts, still under construction, in the background.

Nalugoma

The route had reduced to a path at a point where a by-stander showed us an area we could park our vehicle in the bushes and followed him. We walked no less than 1 kilometer deep into a thick forest, on a soggy footpath, occasionally jumping over trails of safari ants, while listening to our guide's story. Apparently he was also a trainee who had just qualified. He told of there being an entity in charge of the forest and a water spring starting within, hence the name "Nalugoma"

All of a sudden, we were able to see the sky, and an open space with immaculately well maintained small gardens right in front of us.

"These are medicinal plant gardens, owned by the trainees," our guide told us.

Further ahead was a forest of trees, a bigger proportion of which were medicinal, and bore botanical nametags. Here is where the training takes place and the function to be held there was about to begin.

The organizers and graduates were waiting for the guest of honor, the Resident District Commissioner of that area.

An Impromptu Class

After signing in the guest book, we were welcomed by an elderly lady who offered to take us around the forest. That is when she recognized that I had been there before and she had instructed me on an earlier occasion about the medicinal uses of trees she was pointing out.

Looking at me she asked, "what medicinal value does this tree have?" Honestly, she'd told me the first time I was there, but I could remember neither the tree nor its uses.

Most of these trees are no less than 3 meters high. With most of their leaves forming the canopy above, it makes identification a little tricky. Well, she went all over it again and we ended up in the gardens, where things got more interesting.

Many plants had very unique uses ranging from luck, to relationships, to de-parasiting the body, to immune boosting, poison antidotes and body cleansing. We listened to the lady as others joined us.

Overall, the reported importance of the plants herein, appealed to at least one aspect of our group's pressing life challenges and needs. How I wish it were completely true.

Ability of Humans to Create & Direct

My psychic friend Kizira says humans have a creative ability. They can bestow upon any thing a force to carry out something on their behalf. For instance, a plant can be assigned the responsibility to treat a disease or even guard a place against thieves. An entity can be requested to protect a water spring, engage another entity, or another being. It can be directed to look for plants with certain curative properties. Water can be made to store a human intent. All of the above, amongst several others, can manifest by one making simple affirmations! Kizira believes that spirits in flesh (read human beings) have more power than those without. Seth, a one time non-physical teacher, ascends to this idea. Talking of water qualities, Hulda Clark Ph.D. now describes a technique of cloning treatments into water in the latest of her books, *The Cure for Advanced Cancers* (but enough of such diversions. Back to the gardens)

Dr Yahaya Sekagya

As what to learn seemed endless, our lesson was abruptly brought to a halt by the arrival of a flamboyantly dressed man, the brains behind this effort, Dr Yahaya Sekagya

A dental Surgeon by basic training, Sekagya conceived the idea of this project 11 years ago. He narrated that, one time while training for CONCERN Worldwide as a consultant in traditional medicine, he found himself in this forest, in which he got lost for three days and two nights.

Throughout the three days, the doctor continued, he did not eat or feel hungry and he neither feared nor felt cold. He spent the nights under a huge tree (*Ficus natalensis*) where he received the message that at that particular place was to be the training and treatment center for traditional medicine. It was then that I realized we were actually standing under that very tree.

PROMETRA Uganda

PROMETRA Uganda is an affiliate organization of PROMETRA International with its headquarters in Dakar-Senegal and whose president is Dr Erick Vidjin Gbodossou, MD.

I am impressed by the rising number of MDs acknowledging the need to supplement their training and practice with alternative therapeutic approaches.

Our intensive medical training emphasized the use of conventional drugs as the only mode of healing, carefully brainwashing the trainees into believing that all other options, are not real; or at best unproven.

Given their organized religion-based background, many MDs are quick to tell their clientele that traditional healing is satanic, unhygienic and uses concoctions whose dosage is largely guesswork. But it is this traditional healing, not conventional medicine, that has supported populations through all civilizations. The onset of conventional medicine has seen increased epidemics, diminishing life expectancy, and a diminishing of quality life years.

When practicing, many MDs get frustrated by the seemingly incurable diseases on the rise, by the lack of freedom to research into other possible treatments without support from the multinationals pharmaceutical firms. Research was carefully designed to be expensive.

I am glad that the doors to PROMETRA are open to all, including MDs. If my country had schools training naturopaths, I bet these physicians would get along very well with MDs.

If the indigenous African peoples were ever proud, they are no longer. The economic imbalance amongst the nations between the north and south divide has been styled in place by the currencies exchange rate. To me, the exchange rates reflect the quotient times the average quality of life, which in turn creates a huge difference between the two countries in question. Thus, currently Uganda's quality of life is 2000 times worse than that of America.

The organized religions introduced to Africans were done rather unfaithfully. They, together with the educational

system that ushered them in, poured in endless feelings of inferiority amongst the natives, thus undermining the African's spirituality, which encompassed traditional healing. Up to now, white is considered superior and black is evil. What a chondray!

In the sub Saharan Africa, more than 50% of the population does not have access to modern medicines, in spite of the brainwashing that nothing else works. This couples with the ugly truth that the Africans' knowledge of their medicinal plants has been lost; being carried to the grave with each dying traditional healer, to create an enormous vacuum in health education. Is it any wonder that Africa has the worst declining health statistics in the world?

PROMETRA, developed a cultural and geographically specific training curriculum for practitioners of Traditional Medicine (the FAPEG method) with the hope that Western medicine and modern science will respect the age-old knowledge and wisdom of traditional medicine and indigenous science. They are looking at natural medicine as a means of development.

Health systems in Africa are always donor driven. The priorities the other way around are very wrong. Take malaria for example. It is still the number one killer in Africa, in spite of much media hype about AIDS. Little of practical knowledge is applied against malaria, beyond lamentations and procuring expensive modern drugs. On average, the number of times one falls sick of malaria in Africa is six times per year. A very conservative estimate of US \$1 per treatment, per episode, for a population of 22 million, leaves my country loosing US \$ 132 million to pharmaceutical firms annually to treat malaria alone!

There are well known medicinal herbs, shrubs, and trees that are effective against malaria and numerous other ailments that can grow almost anywhere in the tropics, even within the compound of ones home. The extraction of active ingredients often does not require more than boiling in water. Preservation largely depends on natural methods, like the drying of herbs in the sun.

If this knowledge was well understood by the well-meaning leaders of the third world, the costs of health care would be drastically reduced with lots of savings. This approach could cure most of the health problems of Africa.

The best of each style of medicine must work together in order to ensure that the health problems of Africa are addressed within every country, city and village. In the current world situation, it would be necessary to train healers and establish settings where healers can share their knowledge and reinforce their training. This is what PROMETRA is attempting to do.

The Ceremony

There was a brief drizzle that hardly interrupted anything as we walked back to the shade and inside the tent, below the "sacred" Ficus tree, which had been erected to function as a classroom.

Some of these shelters bore tags such as "class one" (for basic knowledge and identification of medicinal plants), "class two" (diseases and treatments using traditional medicines) and "class three" (for spirituality and traditional healing).

We were seated in front of a large group of trainees who were to be awarded certificates on this day. After self-introductions, I was requested to introduce Don Croft to the gathering in the local vernacular.

While waiting for the guest of honor, we were entertained by their own local choir and dance group. The group sang about the importance of traditional medicine, how it has helped heal many of the numerous chronic ailments plaguing the country, the need to stop discriminating against natural medicines and instead promote them, the advantages of TM, etc.

The chief Guest of Honor was delayed in her arrival because of the other functions she had to preside over that

day. However, the programmed continued in her absence. When it came time to hand out the certificates, Don was called upon to act as the guest of honor for presenting awards. This was something he did admirably in spite being feeling visibly unwell. Don congratulated each candidate in the local dialect (I, of course, was fervently hoping that he would remember what to say).

The Resident District Commissioner Arrives

A bit later, we were joined by the entire entourage of the Guest of Honor, the Resident District Commissioner who is the representative of the President of Uganda in the district. Her entourage included the district security chief, assistants, and bodyguards. She apologized for being held up by other functions which included the district World AIDS day of celebration. In her speech, she paid glowing tribute to the role played by PROMETRA in promoting what is indigenous, citing that without Traditional Medicines, the protracted guerrilla war fighters led by President Museveni would have faced immense health challenges, at that time.

She pledged support for the organization. She delegated the responsibility of choosing the best garden to the security officer and me. A lovely garden, which was very well maintained, was chosen and the 'owner' was presented with gifts which included a goat and a hand lantern. Other gifts were then given to Don and the chief Guest of Honor.

In his speech, Dr Sekagya, the President of PROMETRA Uganda, talked of the achievements of PROMETRA in areas of herbal garden development, collaboration with other agencies, and sensitization of communities. He recognized the role played by various stakeholders in supporting this organization and in particular thanked the FORD Foundation for their assistance. He cited funding gaps as a big restriction in realizing their objectives.

At one point, Don requested that a gift be given to Dr Sekagya. He received one of Carol Croft's creations, the Harmonic Protector pendant. Don said that he appreciated the Uganda government's openness to traditional and other alternate therapies, at least at the political leadership level. He described how the HP pendant works and its advantages. He wished all along that he had been able to take his gifted wife, Carol, along with him on this trip. I translated his speech into the vernacular and informed the listeners about some of the other neckies strapped round Dr Sekagya, which he had received as honors from various places in Africa.

The function was crowned with a bash of typical African steamed foods. We feasted till evening while chatting. I was mainly answering questions of the inquisitive security chief, who at the end of it all, was greatly amazed by Don's peculiarities and our unique view and approach to worldly issues.

Paul Batiibwe MD

Episode 77

What We Did About the US Special Forces 'Visits'

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc77USspecialforcesvisit19dec03.shtml>

Dec. 19, 2003

Some of us have been experiencing materializations in our homes by aggressors in the past year or so and I think Carol finally got some fairly hard data about this in an interesting way. The day I left for Africa, she went to Florida with our friend, Linda Kingsbury, for a week or so and one of their activities there was to be a dolphin swim in the Florida Keys. Linda's a psychic who's on Carol's general level, though her technique is a little different. They both felt something wasn't quite right with the fellow who drove the boat out to the reef that day and the confirmation came when he took them to the vicinity of a US Special Forces base that's used for underwater training.

Aside from the oddity of the fellow's focus, they didn't give it a lot of thought or attention and though the water was too murky for swimming that day, due to previous storms (shark danger) lots of dolphins came up to the boat and interacted with them.

They later visited the Dolphin Research Center which I'd written about almost three years ago when we lived across the road from it on Grassy Key. Linda agreed that the dolphins there are rather using that facility to research humans ;-)

After Carol got home, almost nightly visitations began to occur, even upstairs where our bedroom is, though only once did she see a 3D person. In that case he was at the bottom of the stairwell at the end of the hall. In every case she simply ignored them and blasted them until the visits ended.

Last night we had a hunting session because yesterday morning (we stayed in a motel in Spokane after she picked me up at the airport) we were 'accosted' by a plainclothes government psychic in Denny's Restaurant who was at a nearby table with five or six uniformed Air Force guys, presumably from nearby Fairchild Air Force Base.

Carol was the first to notice him, as my back was turned to that nearby table, so when she told me to look, I did so briefly, then said, 'Watch what happens to the guy,' and blasted him.

She said, 'His face turned red,' and we both had a good laugh.

He stared right at me as we left not long after that, and it was obvious that he wasn't afraid of me. I just figured that he was going to 'show up' later, so I didn't do anything else to him then. I've found that it's sometimes kind of fun to play them and let them think they're getting over on us. Have you tried that? They'd love to make this spiritual conflict as dirty as any other war, but why not have a little fun with it as long as war is unavoidable?

Sure enough, that guy was around astrally, last night, when we decided to go after the Special Forces would-be hitters and we left him alone as we did the rest of the thing, then I chased him down. Carol said he'd split after our first hit and he probably thought he could hide from us ;-)

I think I'm writing this more for the bad guys' sake than for you, as they hate it when anything like this is put into public record. It's just one more fun way of counting coup on erstwhile-hidden enemies of mankind and of life in general.

Carol looked for the top of the food chain in this bunch and of course found a guy in a gray uniform, so we 'put it on the big screen' and in a couple of minutes he was dead on the floor from a weak heart.

Then we focused on the US Army Special Forces Colonel (MK Ultra alumni, of course) who had taken his

orders from this chump and then commanded the hitter-wannabees in our house, but all that happened was that he puked, which told us that he hadn't a clue that he was out of line and perhaps honestly believes that we're 'terrorists.' Most MK Old Boys never question their root programming after all, even in the face of their bosses' obvious predatory agenda, and not many folks have much of a conscience these days, anyway.

The five Special Forces visitors were the next targets and they, too, are just MK Ultra warriors who never questioned their objectives, so Carol went to work on them and found one who is psychic. I powered up her efforts and she got him to clearly see his own programming history and to see that we're not only harmless, but are two people who should be protected, not attacked. He then started talking to the other four about it, she told me.

She said that they had been told to exercise extreme caution in our house (!) so all that had happened, so far, was surveillance. She said they'd tried to be very quiet, so it wasn't an effort to simply intimidate her as previous 3D visitors from the Dark Masters had tried to do a year ago after we'd first discovered that we could hurt the people at the top of the predator food chain.

Carol feels that the significance of the tour operator (Special Forces guy) was that they needed to establish a physical link in the vicinity of the underwater base in order for them to get a reliable portal established into our home.

Linda had assumed responsibility for picking a dolphin tour before they left home and that particular business tour company was the only one that came up in an internet search. When they got there, they found lots and lots of established dolphin-tour businesses, so Carol assumes that the CIA was monitoring Linda's computer and ensuring that only this one tour company would show up in a search. I'm sure you've experienced similar hacker infestations by now.

I don't think we'll be bothered by this bunch any more, even without having posted this account, but it was probably leading up to a bloody hit if we didn't pay attention and take some action.

We wasted the latest head of the Homeland Security Abomination for good measure. Since the bad guys are addicted to centralization, this always seems to be a good idea for gumming up their genocide works in North America, at least, and they keep appointing murderous, all-human chumps for some reason, so it's hard to resist, anyway 8-).

Maybe the Illuminati, ever resourceful, have set up that job as a dumping ground for murderous, bureaucratic incompetents by now. I guess I'm happy to oblige, since in each case these new HSA bosses will no longer be brutalizing and murdering children and other innocents after they come to our attention.

The reason this US Special Forces thing was a curious development for us is that in the past the bad guys mostly sent cold-blooded killers at us, not real soldiers.

The faulty bit of reasoning on their part was that people who aren't outright murderers are still susceptible to the same higher spiritual instincts which you and I are comfortable with, so they're all potential allies, especially as the outright satanic orientation of Homeland Security Abomination becomes more and more blatant to their leg breakers.

Commitment is a curious thing. In our brief history as a network we've seen a few people finally commit to either side of this conflict and once that commitment has been solidified, no amount of outside influence will seem to deflect the individual from his chosen affinity in each case, no matter what had transpired before or what they'd accomplished.

I can say without a trace of cynicism that this experience has been the single most astonishing, enriching teacher of the nature of humanity than anything else I'd ever been involved in.

As far as I can tell, one's capacity for selfless love seems to be the determining factor for remaining free of mind-f--ing entanglements with the other side and that's surely a function of personal faith rather than of any considerations of ethics/morality, the filthy shadow of which is surely 'Political Correctness.'

After we were done, I chased and pummeled that benighted CIA psychic until he was scared \$#!+less (Bravado doesn't count for much when you work for the bad guys these days ;-).

Now Carol and I need to focus more effort on getting rid of that damnable Federal Reserve Corporation. There was a setback last month as the primary radionics tower (the secondary is in our backyard and needs a new motor, which I now have) was, after nearly a year of operation, successfully removed by the bad guys, so now it's back to the drawing board to get another vortex-powered device online or to at least generate a vortex in the new location of the primary when it comes to rest pretty soon.

'God's time is the best time,' as the Germans used to say. I never can seem to help grinning at the notion that the bad guys think they're making anything at all happen for themselves and for their way-behind-schedule genocide agendas these days. It all backfires for them, one way or another, as far as I can tell, and by the time they reach the courtrooms and subsequent nooses that await them throughout the planet, they'll be pitifully deflated rather than having gone out with a murderous flourish.

Wanted: Aerial Gifters

Carol just traded her sporty little convertible for a Jeep, as it looks like we won't be getting an airplane soon, as we'd hoped. It would be so cool if somebody with means will use an airplane to 'carpet bomb' big, hard to reach underground bases and the primary mountain top arrays.

We'll focus on taking out underground bases for now with a 4WD vehicle, by default, as that's the bad guys' last redoubt in America. Others can take out the more obvious Entropy and HAARP towers where they live, as far as we're concerned. More and more are apparently doing that, so it's no longer our personal responsibility, as far as I can tell.

The day she drove it home from the dealer last week a cop parked behind it in our driveway (dead end street) and wrote some stuff in his little book. The license plate ('ORGONE6') wasn't even on it yet ;-) and Carol went out and gave the guy the stinkeye, so he drove away, pretending that he was 'just doing his job.' Chump.

The stupider cops here really do think we're terrorists, still. The feds go around to all the local cop shops in North America these days and use mind control protocols to jack up the newly all-black-uniformed cops' paranoia. Goebbels would have wet his pants with envy at this National Socialist achievement, no doubt, and at the apparent ease with which these FBI cretins get the cops to believe that there's a swarthy, turbaned bomb-thrower under every bush in town ;-)

It's a given that the townspeople in our town don't share this neurosis that the cops have. The many Muslims in this college town are treated very well, as they ought to be.

By the way, I found out that the Muslims in Rwanda didn't participate in the bloodbath there a few years ago. Nor, presumably, did the Hindus.

To Uganda's credit, the various religious factions in that country had resolutely decided to stop letting themselves be divided along those lines even before the British hurled Idi Amin at them all in the early 1970s. I dearly love true religious diversity in any culture.

Cbswork can probably round this Special Forces development out with some harder data when he's ready. We'll be visiting him ASAP for some confab, since it's been awhile since we were there and these northern winters are not much fun for us.

Having participated in essentially busting up the Entropy and HAARP nets in an entire African nation in the last month, I'm really eager to put the hurt on the underground base network in the southwestern US now, which isn't far out of our way when we go to Los Angeles.

~Don Croft

Episode 78

Treppen-whipped!

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc78steppenwhipped20jan04.shtml>

Jan. 20, 2004

Having talked and talked, for weeks, about using earthpipes to disable an underground base, Kelly, Carol and I finally put our money where my mouth is on Sunday, Jan 18, at Joseph, Oregon. Kelly (Laozu on the boards) graciously agreed to make the Earthpipe prototypes [instructions to build an Earthpipe at bottom of this page...Ken] with Carol and I on Saturday in his terrific, heated shop in Pullman, Washington, and to accompany us to Joseph, Oregon, for the first field experiment the next morning. I'd mentioned that base a few times before and one of Kelly's friends had told us that he watched Air Force One come in for a landing there recently.

Really, the little runway in that narrow Oregon valley might accommodate a Learjet with a drag chute, but not a larger plane. We're assuming that the fellow rather saw one of those UFOs that are disguised as a big jet. After all, Carol and I have seen that happen several times where we live and these low altitude, silent, slow, steeply banking Big Jets with their landing gear extended couldn't have stayed in the air at such a low altitude, nor are there any adequate landing strips within thirty miles of here.

The DOR was quite dense, though, and the little tourist town near Hell's Canyon couldn't account for that. Eval (Knieval) was evident at one time there, but we didn't see much evidence of surface evil. The most obvious DOR characteristic was dense fog at odd altitudes against the surrounding mountains, which are gorgeous, by the way. Oregon's got a LOT of hidden treasures like the pine-forested Wallowa Mountains.

We sort of left it up to Kelly to call the shots. He'd never been to Joseph, though his late father, a professor at WU in Seattle in later years but a dairy farmer and populist in Western Washington before that, had been born in that little town. I sensed that his dad's spirit was present and Carol said he had more or less directed us to Joseph and wanted to help Kelly find the right places to put the six earthpipes. Kelly's friend had told us, last summer, that he saw Air Force One coming in for a landing around Enterprise, which is five miles upstream from Joseph, so we sort of assumed that the base was close to that town, but Kelly and Carol weren't seeing much DOR around Enterprise. As we approached Joseph, the DOR increased dramatically, then we saw the dense fog and we were 'In The \$#!+.'

We took the long way to get there from here. As it turns out, I had assumed that it was the only logical way to go and Kelly and Carol (who knew better) had simply chosen not to disagree with me. It took five hours and I kept saying to Carol, 'Is anyone peeking?' and she kept saying, 'No.' Carol only told me later that she wondered why I had insisted on taking the long way. I told her that I didn't know there was another way. Here's a prime example of the way my stupidity often turns into an asset: After we did the deed, Carol said a whole string of NSA skunks had been positioned along the shorter route to report our progress to the waiting stalkers in Joseph, but the NSA assumed that we weren't stupid enough to take the long route; so they didn't put any of their skunks along that much longer highway through Walla Walla.

A few days prior to that, one of Kelly's friends, Mike, had spotted a fed boss agent tailing Kelly in traffic. The agent was obvious to Mike because there were several tiny antennae sticking out of the big SUV's roof and all of the windows, including the windshield, were blacked out. NONE of those fed skunks are bold enough, any more, to follow Carol and I, so they didn't know which highway we were on as we were leaving Kelly's town. None of their psychics even tried to find us. They had to rely on a few non-descript pavement artists along the assumed route.

We probably would have been pretty naked to the NSA in and around Joseph if we'd driven the logical route, as none of our gifting locations had much cover around them. Of course, the little Succor Punch that we keep going in the car, 24/7, plugged into the cigarette lighter, stops the NSA from getting a non-visual electronic fix on us, even from satellites, and we savagely beat up any of their psychics who stumble into our path. Carol asked me if

I ever feel bad for trashing these psychic predators and other fake-government skunks. I thought about it a little bit and told her, 'NO!' ;-)

So, we drove into Joseph without any of these NSA jerks knowing we were there at all. We went around, driving the 2 foot long, 1 ¼" thick earthpipes into the nearly frozen turf wherever Kelly saw the densest DOR emerging from the ground and we never got spotted by a spook until we'd driven over to the airport to insert the last one. One of them was stationed there, of course, and there was only one paved road into the area.

He didn't see where we put it because we made him want to get to a toilet really fast as soon as we spotted him, but as we were turning onto the highway a few minutes later, having just finished the project, the local boss NSA spook cut us off, slowly drove around the front of our car and gave Carol (the driver) a smug look and a wave, then drove back to town the way he'd come. Carol had dreamt, the previous night, of possible danger for us there, so I was going to bring my pistol, but we had forgotten to buy bullets after our last shooting match. I figured that if we were going to get it they would probably be using a helicopter gunship or something, anyway ;-), as they'd have to put diapers on their benighted fat ninjas in order to get them close to us without embarrassing themselves.

Meanwhile, both Carol and Kelly saw that bright streams of orgone were shooting up from the locations of each of the earthpipes and the sky overhead was developing that characteristic blue hole in the dense DOR fog in several places.

We had a nice dinner in a Chinese restaurant in nearby Enterprise, Oregon, in preparation for the (three hours, it turned out, as opposed to five hours going there ;-), ride back home and the only surveillance in Enterprise was from a local cop who drove slowly by without recognizing our car in the restaurant's small parking lot. He looked pretty nervous, so I guess the feds had been screaming at him. Kelly had a nice chat in Mandarin with one of the owners, though the folks were from near Canton. It's fun going to Chinese restaurants with Laozu Kelly.

Analyzing the look on the boss skunk's face as he drove around our car a little earlier, I got the impression that he assumed that we'd failed this time and that he felt pretty pleased. Normally, after we bust up an underground base, the effects are so immediate, dramatic and comprehensive, that the feds all look fit to be tied right afterward. In Nevada last July, for instance, a boss NSA guy who looked like a weightlifter on PCP, even sat beside me, flexed his muscles and glared right at me in order to frighten me. Since I had a Harmonic Protector on I wasn't even aware that he was present. Ordinarily, I'd sense somebody like that from across the room even if my back was turned. Carol was sitting across the aisle and was astonished that I didn't notice him. She only told me about him as we were walking out of there, so I put our calling card on his brand new, white Lincoln Towncar's windshield as we left the building. That pugnacious, murderous jerk had parked in a 'Handicapped Parking Only' spot, of course, right by the entrance. 'Arrest that man, officer!' ;-)

Kelly, a long-time fan of German culture, told us that there are a couple of distinctively German kinds of humor: gallows humor and 'Treppenwitz.' 'Treppen' means 'stairs,' and 'witz' means 'joke.' The implication is that this sort of joke is usually gotten only after one has reached the bottom of the staircase.

The reason for the title of this article is that 'the joke' on the feds is that the underground base has most likely been completely disabled by now, two days after we did the deed, but they didn't see it coming until long after we'd left the area.

Kelly's going back to Joseph in a few days to make his own assessment. I'm not going to announce success, even though Carol's remote impression is that this has been achieved, because I want to get Kelly's regarded analysis of the relative level of DOR in Joseph before I can recommend earthpipes as a viable alternative to TBs and HHGs for busting up underground bases. Carol and I dowsed the parameters for the devices and also the number on Saturday. My hope is that this will be proven to work, since we need to bust a LOT of underground facilities in order to ensure that the Homeland Security Abomination will have no place to hide after we arrest the federal

government for treason and get them to real, newly Constitutional courts of law throughout the land.

It took Richard (Dodeca) and ourselves about thirty gallons of resin during several sorties to disable two big, particularly heinous underground bases around Fallon, Nevada last summer. What we're seeing, based on last weekend's experience, is that we might have been able to do that with a couple of gallons of resin and forty or fifty Earthpipes and all in a day or two.

As soon as this new approach is found to be feasible, or as soon as a modified approach has been proven, Carol and I intend to get to Dulce, New Mexico and disable the primary underground complex west of the Mississippi, perhaps 'doing' a few other major bases in that interconnected network along the way.

Some predatory ETs were so upset by the strong effects of Kelly's first field deployment of an Earthpipe a few weeks ago that they broke the laws of nature and flipped his pickup truck right over on the way home. That's the thing that got my attention, by the way. Endorsements come in many forms in this network's campaigns, after all. Thanks, ET!

Underground facilities put out a lot of deadly orgone radiation (DOR). If there's no DOR, it simply means that nothing's happening any more down there. Homeland Security Abominations essentially 'can't breathe' without plenty of DOR around them. That's going to be their ultimate downfall-no place left for them to hide. Want to deprive these walking horrors-in-waiting of their sustenance right now instead of after they get a chance to attempt genocide?

It's easy and fun to do! There are no risks or obligations and no salesman will call!

Instructions for Making an Earthpipe

Here's how we made them, though the parameters are adjustable:

A two foot long section of 1 1/4" diameter copper pipe-be sure to allow one end to be clean-cut, otherwise the little flange that gets made by a pipe cutter will not allow the close-fitting orgonite plug to be inserted.

Get a quartz crystal that's at least an inch and a half long and about a half inch thick and coil a bare, 13"-long copper wire (should be thick enough to hold the shape of the coil) from the broken end of the crystal, which is the bottom end, in a clockwise direction, opening it out in a cone-shaped, upward spiral for the last few turns. The crystal should have a point on the top end.

Put some Saran Wrap (clear plastic polyester food wrap) loosely down into a 4" long piece of the same pipe. Press the wrap into the inside surface of the pipe so that you can get the maximum amount of orgonite into the mold.

Drop some metal in the bottom inch or so of the pipe, add the crystal/coil, then fill the pipe with metal, shaking it to get the metal to distribute evenly. Be sure to use metal [shavings] through which the resin will saturate, or else you'll need to mix resin and metal first and spoon it into the mold.

Pour the catalyzed resin [fiberglass resin to which the liquid hardener has already been added] slowly into the mold until it's full. When it's hardened and cooled, just pull out the orgonite plug and insert it into the 2' pipe, paying attention so that the top of the plug will be toward the top end of the pipe. We had to saw off a little bit of the cut ends of several pipes so the plug would easily drop in.

Hammer the pipe down into the ground in a place where it won't likely be seen. Kelly likes to hammer it all the way down so nobody can later see it or pull it out. Use a board between the hammer and the pipe, of course, so the top end of the pipe won't get distorted.

Both Kelly and Carol saw massive streams of DOR coming into the experimental earthpipes by his shop. It can only have come from deep underground. I think we absolutely have a winner here and that it will join the Towerbuster, Holy Handgrenade and Cloudbuster as a primary weapon in the orgonite arsenal, easily replicated and deployed by just about anyone on the planet.

~Don Croft

Episode 79

That Vrill Buffoon and Other Instruments

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc79vrillbuffoon29jan04.shtml>

Jan. 29, 2004

Everyone who goes to Africa these days sort of gets captivated in one way or another and if you haven't been there you're probably hoping to know what I'm talking about. I'll try to share a glimpse of that phenomenon with you now in a roundabout way. I was sorry to leave that continent last time but some pressing things at home demanded my attention/participation and at least I knew that my visit to Uganda was part of a wonderful process, involving our network, which began before Georg and I arrived and is still unfolding there.

Last week, I found out that Carol's second and my first visit to Africa, that time to Namibia (mainly to support and extend the orgonite and cloudbuster efforts that were started some months earlier there by Gert Botha), paid off handsomely in the form of abundant, soaking rain across the entire Kalahari and Namib Deserts for the first time in living memory and perhaps much, much longer. Georg in Jo'burg, of www.orgonise-africa.net, my recent travel companion, is mostly responsible for this happy development, though he's been helped considerably by Andy in Botswana and Trevor, also in Johannesburg, not to mention several people in South Africa, Zimbabwe, Lesotho, Namibia and Mozambique who have at least erected cloudbusters on their properties.

After a couple of years of laying groundwork with a dozens of cloudbusters, especially by Andy throughout Botswana (the Kalahari region), Georg and Trevor traveled to South Africa's Indian Ocean coast and disabled all of the HAARP arrays along the entire length of it in two separate journeys in December. That's obviously what opened the way for the moisture from the Indian Ocean to finally breach the former electronic barrier and reach all the way across the southern part of that continent to the Atlantic at long last, assisted along the way by all those cloudbusters. Having turned those massive arrays into orgone generators with some intelligent distribution of orgonite, the resulting rain was likely a lot more dramatic and pervasive than might have occurred if the HAARP arrays had never been erected. This phenomenon of turning the parasitic machinery of the world order into our assets has been characteristic of this network since its inception 2 ½ years ago.

Before they did that, the Vrill creep that I'd mentioned had been inciting genocide among the leadership of the newly elected communist government in Namibia. Enter 'Georg II' in that country, who asked the Etheric Freedom Fighters for help and support in his desire to prevent looting and massacre where he lives and now the world order's war against the people of Namibia is being undermined on two fronts: the new rain will bring prosperity to a drought-ridden land and orgonite will decimate the predatory thoughtform that's lately been generated by a brand new, Vrill-inspired and London-financed murder machine.

'Vrill' is the ancient, mostly German secret society that is apparently more hidden and more powerful than the Illuminati. Since there's next to nothing about them in public record most of what Carol and I, and a few others, are finding out about them is through astral investigation, but please bear with me and keep an open mind because I invite you to take a peek through our eyes at this in the context of a much larger pattern/trend.

We're operating under the educated assumption that the Vrill facilitated the rise and fall of Hitler (Addy Hitler was the primary impetus for socializing/enslaving Europe & North America and for creating the Zionist State), created and maintained the Montauk facility and other assets throughout North America and Europe, have very

old underground bases and antigravity technology, even in Namibia and Antarctica and are likely an integral part of the Great White Brotherhood itself, which is apparently mostly Asian and Middle Eastern, otherwise. If you get a chance to read THE HITLER BOOK, some of the documented information in that book may make more sense when considered in this light, especially, perhaps, the SS' affinity for Islamic cultures. That book is a compilation of essays by reputable German research journalists on the phenomena surrounding Hitler and the continuity of some of these phenomena from the 1800s to the present day. Some of the German personnel throughout World War II at Montauk and in related programs are known to have worked for both the American military and the German military and, though the secret society which finances and operates Montauk has never been named publicly before, we feel sure that they are the Vrils. This simple fact, demonstrated circumstantially by eyewitness accounts of reputable people, negates any patriotic or ideological considerations as 'causes' in that closely managed global calamity.

Since the CIA runs MK Ultra, the pervasive mind control program initiated at Montauk in the 1950s, one may safely assume that the Vrils are a guiding hand, at least, to the CIA.

Until the same weeks in January in which all of that rain was soaking into the soil in the Kalahari and Namib the Vrils were considered with awe by nearly everyone who knew the name. Surely that reputation was the integral part of how this pale, insipid German fellow was able to enthrall the leadership cadre of the predatory South West African People's Organization and convince them to do his bidding. Of course all communist organizations on the planet are only ever just one or two steps away from committing genocide and plunder, so I doubt they needed a lot of convincing. He probably relied almost entirely on the vestiges of awe that some Black Africans still have for European magic and apparent temporal might. After all, most folks in Namibia, black and white, have probably seen or heard about those shiny Vril flying saucers that emerge from under Spitzkoppe in the Namib near the highway that runs from Windhoek to the sea at Swakopmund. I can assure you that these craft were harmless to us when we were there, even after we dropped some holy handgrenades on that underground base, though they were slightly annoying and deprived us of some sleep the following night..

Since the EFFers went to work on this jerk the SWAPO cadre, which is a creature/instrument of the City of London and so has no real leadership, have lost that sense of fascination because they can see that he's not only as humanly weak as they are, but has perhaps become laughably so since we've been hitting him with orgone. Right now, Georg II in Namibia is about to receive a shipment of organite devices from Georg I in Jo'burg and please keep sending him energy to steel his resolve, as he'll be in a position to thoroughly gift the regional SWAPO headquarters where he lives and that will likely start the domino-effect reduction of SWAPO that will show the people of Namibia just how absurd and outdated these foolish thugs are.

Along with those two trends in Africa, I became aware that 'Secret Supporter,' to whose gracious hospitality, wit, and vast experience Georg I and I were privy in Uganda for a couple of weeks, has come under considerable occult attack. I can't give you any details without breaking his confidence but be assured that he's not in physical danger. His cloudbuster base has been demolished and he's become the focus for some directed-energy retaliation that rightly should have been aimed at Georg and I if the parasitic enemy had any personal integrity. Secret Supporter wasn't deflected from hosting us even in the face of at least two other, much more heinous and graphic threats while we were there, so I'm quite sure that this hasn't done more than cause him a little dismay. Please send him energy in your special way now, through me if you have a hard time visualizing him. Otherwise, he draws on a considerably powerful organization for his own personal safety.

There are enough cloudbusters in Uganda to keep the very nice weather and ambience going and nobody will likely get to bust those up, of course, especially the one at Kizira's plantation ;-)

The fourth African trend in this context has affected Carol and I personally but I'm not even sure I'd call it a problem, at least for us. Somebody I love and respect gave me an object when I was there and along with the object came an entity and several 'trapped' spirits. The presence in our home was so subtle at first that we didn't catch it until Carol's psychic teenage daughter opened the top of the lovely basket and burst into tears. She told me that the emotion she felt was grief but that she didn't know why.

Carol and Linda looked more closely at the basket and saw a rather profound curse which was accompanied by a very powerful entity. Inside are the trapped spirits of several people who are apparently zombies somewhere in East Africa. The spirits are apparently being used to energize the curse, similar to the way that people are ritually slain during sexual orgies here in America, especially in the Bible Belt, to ensure that sort of continuity. I hadn't heard of zombie magic happening outside of Haiti but of course Haiti has a culture that is pretty much unadulterated West African, except for some political overlays from French freemasonry in their more nefarious occult networks. The present Bantu cultures of East Africa were brought directly across equatorial Zaire by West Africans many centuries ago.

Last week, after some of the EFFers started blasting the Vril jerk in Namibia, poltergeist activity started up in our house related to that object and Carol stuck the basket in the cold garage and tried various means to free the trapped spirits and invite the entity to leave. It even yanked an earring out of her ear during sleep after one of those episodes, which woke her up, and the ear bled a bit. This afternoon, after I had a sort of epiphany and then mailed the object to the CIA Research and Development Department at Langley, Virginia, it even opened the garage door all the way ;-)

I'm the only one around here who had a feeling that the entity connected to the basket isn't necessarily bad. I rather felt a sort of kinship with it, though 'kinship' isn't an accurate word to describe my feeling. It's a little like my personal relationship with Mr. Skull, the quartz skull with mobius headband which I keep running all year on a 12v battery on a shelf in a closet for radionics exercises and odd jobs. Andy's making these on www.ctbusters.com in case you're curious.

Some people talk ad nauseum about 'karma,' and while I never doubted that actions, words and even thoughts generate consequences for better or worse I never quite liked the way that word has been used in western culture since it was introduced by British Intelligence's Theosophical mind control apparatus almost a century ago. It seems like 'karma' has supplanted the notion of 'grace,' and people who use that term gratuitously are pretty much guaranteed to have bought into an anti-passionate, off-kilter and faux-detached notion of how universal law actually works. I personally feel that the present, widespread use of this Sanskrit term is a brainwashing coup of the CIA/MI6, based on 'what worked' in the cultural conquest of India in the late 1700s by the City of London's agents there. How else could a few Limeys with muskets and bayonets in the noonday sun have subdued an entire subcontinent?

This simply points up the parasitic way that relatively few Europeans were able to subdue so many indigenous cultures from that time until the early 1900s. It's obviously now time for all parasites to be exposed to scrutiny, which is why you and I aren't lying in mass graves with bullets in our heads now, culled on account of our simple inquisitiveness into the present, not-so-hidden-any-more global tyranny. Even ten years ago you and I wouldn't have been allowed to develop this discussion publicly. People were being 'suicided' then by the CIA and their minions for doing what we're doing now.

I say, 'Thank God for the chemtrails and for the new HAARP and Entropy towers!' because without these very blatant expressions of biological warfare, rain suppression and mind control you and I would likely never have met and discussed, and even participated in, the end of tyranny altogether. I doubt that you and I would have otherwise had a glimpse at what personal sovereignty is really about, either. Anyone who easily destroys chemtrails in the sky and disables these horrible new transmitters can experience this personal sense of power and responsibility. The best part is that anyone can do these things.

For all the time I'd been saying that Africa holds some keys to our freedom I just had the strong feeling without actually knowing exactly why or how that will manifest but now I'm getting a clearer picture, based on what's transpired in the last two weeks or so.

Mainly, the Africans are going to show the rest of the world the true value of human emotion, simply stated. The reason that the world order has opted to murder them rather than to brainwash them is the fact that their minds

are too closely connected to their hearts for brainwashing to have much effect, and the human heart has always been the bane of control freaks. This is why the Blacks in America are being subdued with institutional prejudice & the destruction of families by social workers, extortion by police and courts, hard drugs (sales rather than addiction, per se-they sell the dope mostly to whites who are rarely prosecuted) and institutional violence now instead of the political correctness, pot addiction, bread & circus, CIA-regulated popular music and new age sewage protocols that have worked so well for neutralizing and enslaving most white people until now with massive brainwashing.

Carol's European/Native-American/Gypsy style of magic is very good. Without breaking some confidences I can't tell you some of the more remarkable stuff she's done (all good and within the law, of course) but I was awfully impressed that nothing she did would budge the entity connected to that lovely basket and the more she did, the more the entity 'acted out' in our environment and against her, personally.

Both of us felt that it sort of ended up here accidentally, or at least not intentionally by the originator of the curse. It may have been intended for the person who gave me the basket or for whomever had the basket before that person did. That part's still unclear and I don't know if we're even supposed to have those details but the fact is that there's an awful lot of power behind it. We haven't encountered that much power even from the dark masters themselves in Asia who own the finance, insurance, gold, diamond and dope empires operated by their lackeys in the City of London. By the way, the gold and diamond bits of that cartel are mostly dependent on mines in Africa, which is yet another interesting connection that might figure prominently in the imminent downfall of the City of London and, by extension, global tyranny.

In Haiti people are chosen for zombification based on their past and present crimes. The witch doctor (they do much more than merely 'practice' ;-)) is approached by representatives of a community and asked to deal with an allegedly culpable person this way. That witch doctor has to consider the consequences of natural law if an innocent person is zombified, so he does his best to determine whether the candidate is indeed culpable. The whole process actually approximates a lawful trial much more closely than do the far more corrupted court procedures in the United States under the Federal Reserve Corporation's present hegemony.

This sort of witch doctor may be more pleasant company than the average, duplicitous and parasitic American lawyer but he's probably not someone for you to consider inviting to your dinner party because he's sort of, well, 'raw.' The magic practitioners whom you and I know in North America, Europe, South America, Asia and Africa will only do clean work because they're motivated by whatever they can do to help people live happier, more productive lives, not just by fear of retribution for breaking natural laws. If you think that's a subtle point, you probably ought to keep your day job and not try to do magic responsibly.

When Carol first told me about the entity, I immediately thought, 'I wonder how we're supposed to use this opportunity to deflect this curse onto the bad guys?' She was aghast that I'd even consider something like that because she assumed that I'd collect some consequences, so I was content to let it ride. The poltergeist activity stepped up some more and I saw that she wasn't making it go away. I sort of instinctively knew that blasting this one wasn't going to do anything but make it stronger, so I just waited for an epiphany.

That happened for me yesterday. I woke up early with a knowing that the basket should go to the CIA at Langley. The delicious parts are that the CIA won't destroy something it can't comprehend (such as what you and I are doing) and that the visiting entity is perhaps hungry as hell for payback and perhaps even white meat right now ;-)

I see in that basket (in perhaps holographic form) the pent up rage of an entire continent at having been deceived by white exploiters, for over a century, into believing that white man's magic is more powerful than black man's magic. The Black Man's passion-based stuff is a great deal more powerful than the tired old stuff from Europe (the brand the CIA uses to deceive and hurt people, by the way), I can tell you. I knew that even before I met old Ouma Lahia in Namibia two years ago, so when I met Kizira I was already acquainted with the raw power of Mother Africa. Both of those lovely people are examples of the higher expressions of that unspeakably ancient

form of emotion-based magic.

Right now, the blacks in America are still living under that old stigma of subservience to the weaker, white man's culture, which is why our earnest black associates in Atlanta were so easily intimidated by the brutal, out-of-control FBI into dissociating with us last March (they took home plenty of orgonite which they'd made in our classes, at least). I wonder if these dark-skinned Americans will claim their birthright (personal sovereignty) only after a significant portion of the black population of Africa has done so. I rather hope that the Americans will show Africans the road to personal freedom and responsibility, instead. This would effectively end centuries of lingering slave consciousness here and my black friends in Atlanta were very clear in knowing that 'Blacks are the wildcard in America,' so I know that anything's possible with them.

After the Blacks assume their freedom, the Whites throughout the world surely will follow their example.

The elite of the white race and their self-policing, brainwashed minions (characterized best by their fanatical adherence to new age sewage protocols and by political correctness, I must say) fear passion, simply stated, and the only way you can get them to experience passion is to adroitly and kindly force them past that fake, smiling approximation of 'loving concern' and make them angry at you. To a control freak, anger is the only natural expression when any emotional response at all is awakened. A few of them can then learn the finer expressions and thereby progress spiritually from the infantilism that characterizes their form of leadership and conformity. We're actually experiencing this as an entire culture now in Europe and especially North America. Orgonite is a good vehicle for facilitating this process. If you consider that orgonite showed up right now because we're ready to move up in emotional awareness and in 'civilization,' itself it's not hard to see that other new technologies, including the internet and free energy, are also going to continue to play integral roles in eroding the old bastions of 'emotional plague' that characterize the receding world order.

I forgot to mention in the last letter that Messiahmews, Gaea and Roninyuki have formed a sort of triad arrangement for blasting targets and sending healing energy. They're using AOL Instant Messenger and all of them are developing confidence in their energy sensitivity and psychic abilities this way. I can't stress enough that the very best work any of us are doing is when we're able to synergistically combine our individual efforts with other people and three is a powerful number for this work.

I really like the informal but effective nature of their interactions and I hope to hear about and from more and more people who have spontaneously formed these independent, cordial 'cell' alliances. Carol and I regularly work with Linda Kingsbury and Laozu Kelly this way, and now McGinty has joined us, bringing all of his innate skill and fabulous insights to the table. Since we all live within a small area we can get together often, which is terrific, but the internet allows such alliances to form from all over the planet and gives us all a fairly rapid way to disseminate information and stay in touch with each other.

That round letter in my name wasn't sent around to English speakers, by the way. It was sent around to people in Germany who have expressed interest in this work, I found out. Since British MI6 has dominated the German intel community since WWII, I assume that they're the ones doing this dirty work. It certainly fits their sleazy and stinky modus operandi. Please work on developing your etheric olfactory so you can more readily distinguish the stench of their fakery from the fragrance of actual communication from bona fide EFFers, okay? I'm glad I asked.

Stoneter and I will establish a dialog on Etheric Freedom Fighters designed to dispel any of the lingering sabotage that's lately been caused by MI6 agents, emailing to people in members' names in a concerted effort to sow suspicion and doubt. If you've gotten any of these ersatz letters, Stoneter and I hope to show you that it's not difficult to tell those from the real thing. For instance, I very rarely initiate correspondence (except for these mass mailings, which are always long enough to have obviously been written by me) and I never threaten or bully individuals, obviously, no matter how merciless I might be with a very few folks' persistent proselytizing of their divisive ideologies and dogmas.

The nice part of this unfortunate development is that the secret police rats in England who are mandated to shut down EFF are showing their hand more clearly now. This form of exposure is potentially fatal to parasites within the human body (zap the slimy little bastards into harmless proteins!) and a similar process awaits these criminals-in-government when the public clearly sees what they're doing ;-)

Similarly, Kizira let us know that an image of me showed up in front of one of his wives a couple of weeks ago and he knew it wasn't me. He told his wife to ask the image a question next time and if the image answers, then it's my astral form, not a fake ;-)

You can use a similar process if you ever get an email that you suspect isn't from me, of course. Parasites are as parasites do, please remember. By the way, I've been blasting these scheitvogels in my dreams-have you? We call this, 'working for the man every night and day,' (thanks, Ike and Tina) and I want you to consider that some of your dreams are more than just dreams now, especially when you 'feel' in them. Lucid dreaming is one of the happy results of sleeping near orgonite. Kristina Schepps is the one who made the first orgonite devices specifically tailored to enhance lucid dreaming and astral travel, in case you're interested in developing those talents. www.powerpyramids.com

Carol's going to monitor what happens with that basket from now on and I'll give you updates. I added 'Delivery Confirmation' to the package, so the wonderful, dedicated postal workers we have in the US probably won't let even the CIA take that box before it gets delivered to those vapid, passionless scheitvogels at Langley ;-)

We know that FedEx, UPS and Airborne Express would be eager to prostrate themselves before their corporate masters, the CIA, and hand that box to them before it even left town if I'd chosen them. I never use commercial carriers for that reason unless I have no other option. There was a CIA guy standing beside me at the counter at the Post Office before we'd even finished the transaction ;-)

because the P.O. is in the little federal building here in town and every time we go there (we have a mail order business) somebody gets alerted by the guys watching the monitors. I made him first, then Carol recognized him.

One of the postal clerks is a big fan of www.educate-yourself.org and follows our adventures there. The others wished me well in Africa when I left. One of them wears a Harmonic Protector. The feds hate the fact that the postal workers like us ;-)

I somehow knew that the African entity would have to go with the basket. He didn't want to leave and when I asked Carol to look at a sudden small pain in my back after we got home from the P.O., she said it was a cord thrown by the entity in his last effort to anchor himself in our home. I patted the spot and said, 'There, there-It's going to be okay and you'll have plenty of fun at Langley with your new playmates,' then the pain stopped. If the CIA scheitvogels freak out and burn the basket, I win! If that entity turns a respectable number of those baby-killing Satanists into shuffling, drooling, heavily sedated schizophrenics or even stops their miserable hearts, I win! I'm betting that they'll remain true to form and not destroy something this potent before they can encompass it. Those bloodless, skulking satanic relics of Europe's ersatz past glory will NEVER understand African magic, of course.

On another note: Police Chief B. and his crew are kicking FBI butt now and cleaning up their town with orgonite already. Thanks so much for helping them out at such a crucial time! Those two local FBI pukers' Homeland Security Abomination masters were lining them up for some pretty heinous stuff. We just found out that Chief B's primary offense was to create a friendly and mutually supportive relationship between his police force and the community. The feds want all cops to consider the community their enemy and vice versa and the feds pay most of the bills for local police forces. His standing up to the federal baby eaters came later and was apparently the last straw for them ;-)

The chief and his lieutenant, along with their families, have now disabled their implants and are zapping away the effects of the latest biological aerial assault and will be doing that for the rest of the police force shortly. They've all got Harmonic Protectors now, too. I need to interest them in setting up a cloudbuster, as they're not within range of any of those in terms of destroying the biological weaponry in the chemtrails. There aren't many

places like that left in North America because the range of a CB for this is quite far.

~Don Croft

Episode 80

'No, Rainbow Moonbeam Maypole, Earthpipes Aren't for Smoking'

By Don Croft <terminator3@turbonet.com>

<http://educate-yourself.org/dc/adc80earthpipesnotforsmoking10mar04.shtml>

March 10, 2004

Carol and I drove to California via Oregon, loaded with Earthpipes to bust an underground base or two at the end of February. Along the way, we visited Cbswork of cbswork.com in Los Angeles and participated in filming an interview/demo video about cloudbusters and the work that Etheric Freedom Fighters is doing. Then we visited Death Valley, where we apparently shut down an ancient Draconian underground base (I'm going to be sketchy on the details because we narrowly missed getting arrested by a bunch of federales there, right in the middle of the project ;- Luis Santacruz graciously agreed to accompany us from Portland, Oregon, to the really nasty U/G base in the coastal mountains west of the city where three local men had been murdered by Illuminati mercenaries last fall. We like to involve our fellow warriors whenever possible and we also like to have witnesses, especially energy sensitives like Luis. He's a very good driver, too, and has a rather unique personal background and genealogy in Mexico. I just made an obsidian Succor Punch for him as a token of our appreciation. He told us that the Aztecs valued obsidian over gold because the black mineral represents the sun. So, I had to make one of these and have Carol check it out. The first thing she said was, 'Don't point that thing at me!'

I'd dowsed that thirteen of the modified Earthpipes would suffice for that base, which is big and networks with several other new West Coast bases. When Laozu Kelly, Carol and I did the base under Joseph, Oregon, in January, the two-foot length of the pipes was appropriate because the soil wasn't stony but I realized that it wouldn't always be possible to get 2 foot pipes into the ground, even with Laozu's mighty arm, especially in desert areas or most of stony Texas, for instance. As always, our aim is to make the basic devices as universally appropriate as possible and we've seen that it's better if the pipe can be hammered all the way into the ground with the orgonite plug in the top end. I'm now making the Earthpipes thirteen inches long, with an inside diameter of one and a quarter inch. The orgonite plug, which I cast in short pipes lined with wax paper, is five inches long. Remember that if you use BBs the plug won't shrink, so you won't likely get it out of the pipe without a massive struggle.

I normally make Towerbusters and Holy Handgrenades rather casually and even crudely, but for some reason I felt it was important to make these plugs more carefully, considering the range that they may be called on to affect. Carol had made it clear that only certain crystals are appropriate, so we dowsed some that were at least one inch long.

We drove to the base without incident and Carol had Luis and I determine where to put the EPs. I deferred to Luis, actually, because he had a good sense of where the DOR field was. The nice thing about finding these bases is that anyone with some sensitivity can pick up the perimeter of the base by how nasty it feels when he/she drives into it.

There were only two suitable roads that traversed the base itself, so we pretty much spaced them out along the V-shaped twenty-mile stretch.

As we were driving away, we saw two confirmations of our success: a big blue hole formed over the base in the coastal cloudbank and some fedmobiles turned onto the side road that we were just leaving on our way back to the city. I got the sense that they knew they were too late to do or see anything, but were just driving out there to shut their boss up. 'yaddayaddayadda...Better go see if you can catch the Crofts in the act. yak, yakkity, yak, blah, blah...'

As we were finishing, Carol started looking underground and told us that the nastier non-human tech and buggery there, which is what the bases are built to facilitate in the first place, were all shutting down. Our theory is that the bases serve two main purposes: 1) to have an environment where reptilians and predatory offworlders

can interact in 3D with human cohorts and victims, and 2) for the vast hordes of the two-legged rats of the occult world order to hide in the event of global calamities, which they would desperately like to initiate, and/or in case humanity wakes up from these jerks' fancy confidence scam, which is what's been happening lately. Using earthpipes is far more elegant and humane than just flushing them out with big hoses, don't you think?

Right now, rense.com and all the other CIA disinformation assets are haranguing their casual visitors and devotees about an upcoming alleged calamity (pick one of many). This isn't unusual, except that I think they're being a little too strident this time because the last dozen or so imminent-calamity warnings failed to materialize altogether and instead of getting worse, things are generally getting better now, thanks to a number of factors, including what this network is doing. Note that Professor Sitchin is apparently ashamed to even show his face in public these days ;-) since last spring's debacle.

As we see it, the only calamity in the offing is the gradual, continuing rising of the ocean as the ice caps keep melting from the bottom up. That's going to erase the real estate value for everything that sits up to a couple hundred feet above the old sea level, I think. Not even the present earth axis shift is having a perceptible bad effect and none of the huge objects that are apparently being regularly hurled at earth by Draconians since August 1998 are reaching their target. Earth is awfully well protected right now.

One of the signs that things are getting better is that Alan Greenspan covered his scabrous old butt in front of Congress by saying that the Fed has 'too much power' and that 'It's Congress' fault.' Can you believe our good fortune? This is the first time that any felonious Fed chairman has tried to save his worthless carcass in front of cameras.

Consider this: when the fed fails and/or is dismembered, perhaps this year, all bank-based debts will be automatically cancelled. How different will your life be when you own your house and car outright and all of your other bank debts will be forgiven? How will it be when all business loans are forgiven? What will the local, state and federal governments do when those debts are cancelled? Grieve? I don't think so.

It reminds me of the old Mosaic Dispensation's Jubilee, which was a terrific, humane periodic antidote to civilization-destroying usury. The folks like Sitchin who are to-the-bone determined to scrap all religious heritage, except the fake occult/mystery kind, neglect to mention that the patterns for the social and spiritual progress for humanity are laid out clearly in subsequent revealed religions. The grossly unlawful Fed survives only on usury and scamming, of course, and the most bizarre part of this scenario is that they aren't 'lending' anything to us at all.

In fact, all of the gold from Ft. Knox and even most of the gold from Czarist Russia, which had literally represented the real wealth of both nations, now resides underground at the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, a stone's throw from the World Trade Center, with which it shares a primary earth vortex. They've never lent any of that stolen gold to anyone, nor can anyone but them touch it, ever, according to the European confidence scheme that Congress and the US Treasury Department fell for in 1913 and London's arch traitor, Roosevelt, consummated in 1935 by giving all law enforcement agencies and courts in the US to those unspeakable European gangsters and their American sycophants like Al Greenspan.

You might think I'm digressing now, but this expressed thought is in line with the subject of underground bases because a few committed, reasonably resourceful people are already disabling a large number of these 'impregnable strongholds' now, just as a few of us are destroying the ritual-generated thoughtform that has hypnotized Americans into believing that it's okay for a European corporation to thoroughly enslave and undermine the United States of America. What we're doing on both counts reminds me of how the Germans bypassed the massive French army's Maginot Line in 1939, though of course we're just wading right through these parasitic, occult rats' underground and above ground 'Maginot Line' without suffering at all and they can't do a thing to stop us, obviously.

Etheric Freedom Fighters is just coming out of a two-month long, massive assault by the CIA and MI6. Most in

our modest global network have experienced some rather intense psionic and EMF assaults; we've all been fairly swarmed by a sizeable army of CIA/NSA/MI6 hacker rats in the British Isles, Canada and the US; more than a few of us were poisoned in various ways and all of us are treated to artificial nightmares whenever we forgot to properly shield ourselves during sleep; three or four people were shot at close range by non-lethal (thankfully) poison darts by invisible assailants; a couple got into bizarre car wrecks but were fortunately not seriously harmed; in the past month there has been massive interference by the 'high end' predatory offworlders, who apparently already know they've essentially lost this war; we even found a new species of offworld predators just since blasting for our new towerbusting friend, Zeke, in Singapore. Three people are reporting seeing these snake-like entities now, so we're pursuing some leads that may uncover that an ancient oriental snake cult may be the Illuminati's preferred occult control medium in that country. Pretty cool, eh?

During the recent vigorous campaign against EFF, McGinty developed his Cannon and became so proficient at using it in our home that absolutely no predator will even approach the house any more. Those new, vicious snake people had to content themselves with lurking in the adjoining meadow the past few nights and bothering the quail and pheasants, for instance. It was the nighttime bird noises that alerted Carol to take a look out there ;-) otherwise we'd probably have been unaware of them. McGinty had sliced and diced several persistent Draconians in our parlor a few days before that as some Lemurians, Andromedans and an Atlantean looked on with approval. Not long before that, even these fine folks fled when Ryan cranked up his weapon. The Lemurian who visited Carol in the restaurant and suggested the specific space-originated mineral (\$50 for a little chunk of that stuff!) did us a tremendous service because if was after putting that little stone in the end of the cannon that the Draconians fell to McGinty's ministrations. That's what Carol clearly saw, at least, and young McGinty, who's a budding energy sensitive and psychic, was able to at least perceive it. It's kind of nice not to have to contend with the nightly visits by noisy Great White Brotherhood's ninjas and rude, persistent offworlders any more, I can tell you.

A year ago, after we discovered that the new Powerwand could consistently stop human predators, dead, I felt kind of desperate to get many of these into the hands of effective people as soon as possible because the campaign against us was much more severe then and we were actually facing the possibility of defeat and even murder. Some of us around the US have some peculiar scars from what happened to us during the night of December 18, 2002, for instance. The latest campaign against us all, though far more vigorous, was quite underwhelming compared to that one and I feel fine about a more leisurely distribution of the latest weaponry because I'm sure by now that we're not going to lose or even suffer at the hands of these previously-powerful occultists and murderers who used to be in charge of our planet by default.

In the past weeks, Dennis Griffin, who teaches a variety of martial arts and trains regularly with several oriental masters, had come out of a period of intense, prolonged meditation and training with a Chinese swordmaster and then immediately and passionately conceived an orgonite 'sword' with the intention of taking out specific predators in the occult global hierarchy. We're working with him now so we can learn the parameters of his project and I'm hoping that he can train a few people to do this useful work. The energy from his weapon is precise, powerful and subtle. Carol lost track of it after it went through Zeke to his tormentors in Singapore. Zeke's able to sense when someone's blasting him (it feels like a rush of pleasant energy that flows from the crown to the base of the spine) but Carol said he wasn't able to tell when the energy of Sensei Dennie's focused efforts went through him to his assailants. I'm going to share more with you about this genuine and unique swordmaster in coming weeks and I'm sure he'll be happy to offer his services to anyone who needs them. His email address is sensei5555@yahoo.com.

Carl Koch in Phoenix has apparently developed a next-level healing/meditation tool that he'll continue to keep us posted about.

Mark Davey and I started Etheric Freedom Fighters seven months ago with the clear intention of raising a spiritual army to fight global tyranny. If someone had told me early on that Sensei Dennis and McGinty would shortly drop out of the blue with brand new weaponry, ready to go, it may have strained even my credulity but there they are, folks. Carl Koch in Phoenix may have something along that line but we need to see him in action

in order to know more clearly what it's about. He's apparently got a strong mystical bent and that can work for us in interesting ways, since the occult world order is founded on Mystery Babylon concepts.

Without having planned it, this army now has effective artillery, infantry, intelligence and cavalry (commandos?) and Grid willing, soon, even an Air Force if Carol and I can afford to get an ultralight this summer ;-). It may be argued that Kenny Rudzinski is the EFF Navy at the moment, since he's gifting from a cruise ship, where he works as a musician when he's not tossing organite overboard in the Caribbean.

If you're reading this and have a seaworthy boat (I'd do it with a proper sailing dinghy, without hesitation ;-)) in Southern California, could you conceive laying a north/south line of little Etheric Pipe Bombs, forty or fifty miles out from the California coast pretty soon, at least along the coast in the vicinity of LA? That's where the inflight-refueled spewplanes make chemtrails all day and all night. Lovely and witty 'Pickles', a founding member of the Los Angeles Atmosphere Reclamation Project (LAARP) sometimes gets bummed out at her home and workplace in the vicinity of UCLA, a couple of miles inland from Santa Monica, because that incessant, offshore-generated chemtrail whiteout doesn't often disappear until right after it passes over her and we'd dearly love to make her daily skies radiantly blue with intermittent, puffy white clouds, which most of the 20,000,000 souls in the Los Angeles Basin are now seeing whenever it's not gently raining. The frequent rain, by the way, is generated directly overhead, so the 24/7 chemtrail activity off the California coast, obviously spewed out with the intention of maintaining drought ;-), is not only ineffective but provides a stark contrast for anyone who bothers to look up and consider how exceedingly lovely and rejuvenating the Los Angeles atmosphere has become in the past year or so. That unparalleled accomplishment by LAARP is the direct result of their having gifted many thousands of towers and putting up around 30 cloudbusters, not to mention hundreds of miles of highway gifting and disabling an occult, satanic artificial grid that dates from the late 1800s, when the entire area was mostly desert.

The best confirmation this time was the fact that the Cbswork family are just about entirely free of active surveillance and harassment. That rather shocked me. One military chopper tried to fly over, but we all blasted the snot out of the crew and they turned around and fled. After we arrived, an apparently jury-rigged transmitter on the opposite side of the valley aimed some nasty stuff at us, but a single blast put that one out of commission and apparently angered a lot of frustrated folks deep under that mountaintop array, according to what Cbs saw. Ordinarily, there were various aircraft flying over that house every five minutes throughout the day and probably the night, too.

By the way, I think those fed cops in Death Valley would have had Carol and I with our cuffed wrists behind our backs in the backseats of a couple of their jeeps pretty quickly if we hadn't told them how LAARP had achieved that obvious success in LA and also how we were in the process of making it happen in Death Valley itself, where rain's been so abundant that we're seeing green grass growing there now. The last time we went there everything was so bone-dry and dead that it was unsettling.

I think some very mean-spirited people in three piece suits and gray Homeland Security Abomination Nazi garb, underground at Langley and Ft. Meade got pretty furious that these cops were inclined to genuinely appreciate us by the time we'd finished talking with them ;-). Carol said she felt sure that this was to have been the CIA's golden opportunity to get their hands on us at last at last.

When the three vehicles had first pulled us over those crouching, trepidatious federales looked ready to just blow us away if we sneezed. I actually like cops, as Chief B and Lt. C, our towerbusting, Succor Punching, Homeland Security Abomination spurning police associates can attest. Those guys are doing great now, thanks to you! We've now got the FBI thugs, who tried to frame these two genuine heroes, watching their own cowardly backs now, as it should be. I hope to Grid that our two police friends will someday soon have the distinct pleasure of arresting these felonious FBI jerks themselves and bringing them to justice in newly Constitutional courts. I'd love to ride along then ;-)) and perhaps run the siren.

The trip through the enormous San Joaquin Valley from Sacramento on the way to Cbswork's lovely new home

in LA was gratifying because the dense smog was entirely absent from that agricultural area and it felt pretty good for the first time in our personal experience. That was mainly achieved when Reno Richard (Dodeca) and ourselves disabled two massive HAARP arrays at either end of that valley at about the same time, last April. Gifting the two major north/south highways and organizing a lot of the irrigation waterways and reservoirs has also contributed to this success, of course, and we'd love to fly along the foothills and peaks at either edge of the valley and bust all of the HAARP and Entropy arrays before long if someone doesn't beat us to it. Carol and I even busted that particularly nasty base under Lake Berryessa last January. We did that one the hard way-no Earth Pipes!

Somebody we know may have already disabled the base under Dulce, NM. We'd made a sort of pact with that person to do Dulce in two stages in order to offset the opposition and take them by surprise on the first pass, but that person apparently just finished the job (more on that later) A couple of the psychics clearly saw that the Dulce base is abandoned now. Also, there's some evidence that we're not the only ones intent on erasing these bases, as one of the psychics told me he witnessed a military battle underground while our cohort was apparently doing the deed with Earthpipes on the surface right overhead. Maybe there's a mutiny going on in the US Military right now, after all. If so, you ought to follow your instincts and start busting the U/G bases near you ASAP in order to give our brave soldiers a distinct edge over those Illuminati/Vril mercenaries (Russians and Chinese?) and their predatory, non-human allies. After all, if we can do that in the US, the rest of the world will reap the benefits of our efforts.

I realize that the Earthpipes represent a sharp departure from our methods because, after all, most of us can't tell when they're working the way we can all tell what's happening after we bust a bunch of towers and/or put up a cloudbuster. These activities are still essential, of course, but it probably wouldn't do you any harm to just go stick a few earthpipes in the ground at your nearest U/G facilities, right? You'll probably get at least a passable 3D confirmation, after all, if you'll grant my humble request.

Here's one way you can get immediate confirmation for an Earthpipe deployment: if you're bothered by incessant noise that comes from underground, push one of these babies down into your strawberry bed and see what happens!

Stacie in North Carolina had a dream vision in which an American Indian walked around and pushed earthpipes into the ground with his mocassined foot in a triangle pattern, so Carol and I have adopted that method as an apparent force multiplier. We love to hear about other folks' instructive visions and insights. I particularly appreciate Stacie's vision because the red race had been assigned guardianship over the earth, according to very ancient Hopi traditions. The whites have guardianship over fire, the yellow people: air, and the blacks: water. See why I want EFF to reflect these demographics instead of just being another exclusive club for white people? If you're a Europoid with race prejudice you need to get past that now because white man culture is rapidly losing its hegemony these days and no amount of 'circling the wagons' will even slow this inevitable process down.

When we got to LA, Cbswork had his studio ready to go, including lighting, a fancy camera and expensive editing equipment. Some professional friends of his had been there the previous day to help him set the studio up. We arrived before noon and by suppertime all of the footage had been shot. Once again, Carol and I experienced an even more profound appreciation for the depth of this fellow's genius and commitment. The finished product will be a sort of companion piece to CLOUDS OF DEATH and will include an interview with Carol and I and a cloudbuster-building demonstration.

After a couple of months of my hemming and hawing, I was treated to a full explanation of the subject of the Sylphs' frequently expressed approval of our network around the planet by creating specific cloud shapes from an amorphous new cloudform. I can now say, honestly, 'I Get It!' and you can see and contribute photos of these frequently-seen signals on www.cbswork.com which is a sort of clearing house for recorded atmospheric phenomena related to our global healing network.

What's in a name? Carol calls them 'Angels' and I consider them to be a contingent of 'The Operators.' You might

call them 'Mary and Jesus,' 'Ram,' or 'Lady Fatimeh,' and who's to say you're wrong? I bet some of your own higher-grade ancestors are right up there with the rest of the benevolent entities who guide and protect this network and the rest of humanity. In Equatorial Africa and elsewhere it's believed that historical human figures of merit, spiritual maturity and achievement were given guardianship of certain sacred, natural landmarks, much as we consider the work taken on by individual elementals. African culture is more ancient than European culture and I discovered that there are some powerful subtleties there that whites might find impossible to fathom.

Carol and Cbsork have convinced me that the Sylphs, in particular, are an unbelievably ancient earth-based race of entities who no longer require physical bodies, sort of like some of the ethereal, blue Pleiadian healers whom Carol and I have had the pleasure of encountering.

This film effort, plus Mark Davey's timely moving of the EFF board, now <http://boards.ethericfreedomfighters.com/eve>, to a private server, is in advance of orgonite reaching humanity's mainstream awareness soon. I'm seeing the most recent debacle among the rats at Langley, Ft. Meade and Tavistock (their absolute failure to dampen the ardor of EFF's efforts in the past two months) as a clear signal that the path is now clear for us to move right out into the world and speak openly about our work without having to contend with sabotage or subterfuge very much.

We visited with Ken Adachi in an incredible oriental market and restaurant complex in Orange County for an afternoon and had a grand time sampling the cuisine and finding some excellent ginseng and other Chinese products that can't easily be found elsewhere. Ken looks terrific, by the way, so stop worrying about him. He's got plenty of grit and determination and nothing the occult rats can do will stop him from keeping his site up and vital. We're really proud to count him as a personal friend and fellow warrior and the fact remains that most of the folks in EFF came to it from www.educate-yourself.org

The concerted attacks that we've all experienced lately closely followed the 'grand opening' of this project in Germany, by the way. Markus Emmanuel in 'Confederatio Helvetica' deserves a standing ovation and much more for having husbanded this process and the almost complete absence German-speaking agents saboteurs on the boards bodes well for the rapid dissemination of this work among that very significant populace. I suspect that the justified resentment of the German people toward Washington, DC, and London is so profound that it's awfully tough for the CIA and MI6 to find enough sociopaths and malcontents there who would accept pay for destroying well-intended consultation and research in Germany ;-)

I wish to God we didn't have to plow through the hundred or so paid British, Canadian and American agents and their unwitting egoistic and drug-addicted dupes on the boards in order to maintain at least a semblance of supportive consultation and progress over the past three years but there's no such thing as bad information and most of us can now smell subterfuge like \$#!+ on a shoe and deal with it decisively as a result of this incessant exposure to hired sociopaths and addicts. Mark and I have only had to ban two or three agents since the first of the year. Their complete inability to breach EFF's wall may be another reason why their employers chose to launch the latest, desperate psiops, EMF and poisoning campaign against us.

The occult world order has pretty much thrown up its taloned hands in despair of stopping any of us. Can you feel it, too? That's not to say we've won; just that we need to press our advantage and do our part to bring these predators and parasites to justice in a timely way so that humanity can have proper government for the first time in recorded history. Stop fretting now and just exploit this golden opportunity! Who would ever have imagined that an entire predatory world order would be brought to its knees with several thousand 25-cent devices thrown down in the vicinity of towers? Sure, it's not as romantic as the French Revolution, but the effects are a whole lot more durable and we're not chopping off any innocent heads ;-)

Future interview:

' So, how did all of you people bring down that ancient, powerful occult world order?'

'We mainly did it by littering.'

~Don Croft

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 too 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 Gipsy 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 1AM 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 ;-)

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, Vrill, 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 Vrill 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 peeper 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 Kavorikian, 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 kidnappers 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 Pahrump, 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 supernormal 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 zapper 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 it's 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 pried 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'etre* 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 orgonite 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 the 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 here 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 Vril were throwing at me. That night after dinner I spent a lot of time blasting those Vril, 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 problema!" 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 organite 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 Musaveni'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 Musaveni 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 Rushdie 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 Rushdie 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. Odondi, 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 ;-)

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 species 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 Bush Sr 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