

THE ANOINTED, THE ELECT, AND THE DAMNED!
THUS SAITH THE MOST HIGH!

0262 ""Be not disciplined into the abominations and ignorances of your fathers, who walked after other Gods and reveled in the viles of those profanities and those corruptions. For if they were converted to demons by the sword, they profaned themselves unto Eternal Damnation in exchange for but little continuance. Because My Truth was not in them, they fell to the violence and the evil and lost their souls.

0263 ""All are sent unto trial, and those who will not retain me are not worthy of me nor of My Righteousness.

0264 ""For if they were of My Righteousness, they would not have been weak unto the will of the demons, but armed in the day and armed in the night: for the demons and the sons of demons are at all hours.""

CHAPTER TWO

THE WAY IT BEGAN

DESTRUCTION OF THE ANCIENT TEMPLE OF THE SAGES

THE ANOINTING!

0265 In 1959 (GCAD, Gregorian Calendar Anno Domini) after a full tour in the Air Force, almost a year working as a cowboy in Montana, a singer in nightclubs in Washington, Idaho, Montana, North and South Dakota, and film actor on location in Arizona and Hollywood, and stints in and out of Nashville, Bobby Farrell returned to his family then living at Richmond, Wayne County, Indiana, United States of America, not yet knowing his journey was foreordained to change his innermost conceptions of both his God and his country.

0266 Since his brother Billy Kenneth owned Reed's Lock and Key shop in Richmond, he was next to become a Master Locksmith and Safe Master. It took him about eight months of study and he was qualified. He could perform all services on any device, including electronic and coded units that serve to open doors, operate remote security locks, or keep an electronic eye peeled for surveillance. He could open or relock any device from a cheap padlock to a bank vault, including safety deposit boxes when they needed to be changed or serviced.

0267 These are routine practices, some brought about by deaths, court requests, vandalism or robbery damages, and maintenance which includes rekeying at some specified intervals as security requires. Bobby was surprised to overhear his brother and fellow locksmiths of long-standing talking about him and apprentices with his experience. They confirmed that it took eight years to achieve his level of Mastership, which in some cases was above their own! He was justifiably proud of his accomplishment, but while walking one Sabbath evening sometime later, he knew within himself that this was all for another purpose and not a qualifier for his life's work.

0268 His first love was music, and he had achieved some renown in the field. He was by then an expert in recording, music publishing, phonograph record and tape promotion and distribution, as well as being a first rate entertainer, singer and musician. Even though his own original compositions were rated top commercial, he is not a Jew and thus, he was and still is a very unpopular publisher member of both American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers (ASCAP) and Broadcast Music, Incorporated (BMI), not being in either's 'Pay' or 'Pittance' Cliques.

0269 [INSERT: Both publishing houses, Firedragon Music Publishing Company (ASCAP) and Bobby Farrell International Music Publishing Company (BMI) are wholly owned and operated by The Anointed of God PATHFINDERS of Elijah, Incorporated as Support Commandrys. Bobby Farrell receives nothing – not so much as one penny – of their earnings.]

0270 Little did he realize that his love of music and his ability and fame as a locksmith would combine to expose a corrupt and treasonous government in their filth!

0271 For relaxation he often played music with local bands in nightclubs around the area. One night returning home from a drinking spree with a few of his musician friends, he passed one of the clubs where most of them had played from time to time.

0272 Inside the club was a Negro police officer. Having had a few drinks too many, and in the dark, Bobby mistook the Negro for a customer. There was also a second man, a white man, of the same general description as the club owner. The two left the building without locking it and walked into the darkness around the building to the right.

0273 Bobby crossed the street – as he normally would have at the corner – for he lived about a half block away on the cross street. He stepped up into the doorway. Dim lights were still on inside, and the door was unlocked.

0274 Behind him the Negro policeman, who had come back down the alley between the buildings, halted him!

0275 Not knowing that he was the police officer who had been inside, or that the second man, the white one, was a police officer at all, Bobby was placed under arrest.

0276 He was taken to the city jail in handcuffs by three officers, dragged to a back room with three other policemen and beaten into unconsciousness. Through the shock and daze of the beating, he determined to live and signed their 'confession' in order to survive.

0277 His wife, Edith, was not notified as to his whereabouts, nor was he allowed to contact anybody, even though it is prescribed by law that he be permitted to do so. Every violation of his rights as supposedly guaranteed by law and/or the Constitution was summarily committed as a matter of practice! Get yourself arrested and you will find out in damned short order that neither the 'law' nor the Constitution are worth the slightest and smallest god-damn!

0278 All the Court Judges, police officers, and related attorneys were ecstatic that they had somebody to railroad! All the courts, who are supposed to ensure equal justice under the law and all Constitutional Protections, were as much a party to this illegal railroading as the police perpetrators! This time they had someone with enough public recognition to give them a great deal of publicity, ensuring pay raises, promotions, re-election and graft funding, not to mention higher government appointments. That, and that alone, is the motivation and grand purpose of all 'courts', 'judges', 'police agencies', 'police officers', 'prosecutors', 'prison systems', 'prison officials', 'pardon and parole departments' and their 'personnel'. With Bobby's locksmithing abilities, both the courts and police could clear their books of every such crime they were too stupid or incompetent to solve, and especially those they had committed themselves!

0279 Or so they thought.

0280 Bobby Farrell is a very gentle person but a strong believer in justice, and a proud independent-minded American. He fears nothing, foreign or domestic, in heaven or hell including The Most High, Himself.

0281 Because he looked much younger than his actual age, the god-playing police officers made the first of a series of mistakes. They attempted to 'talk down' to him. He let them think their game was going according to schedule, since their games always had! Bobby foolishly thought that when he got into the courtroom he'd be in a better position to fight.

0282 However, collusion is rampant in corrupt societies, of which the city of Richmond and Wayne County, Indiana are two of the most prime examples. Collusion is the glue with which such corruption is bound. All the Judges were totally familiar with all the illegalities and were indeed accessories to and after the fact, as they made every effort to protect the police, prosecutor's office, and the conspirators while deliberately making every effort to hurt Bobby's defense. They all had a railroading in progress and neither God nor the Main Gates of Hell were going to deter them.

0283 As is the common practice even today, those Judges had already decided the case even though they hadn't heard it yet. The record clearly shows those courts broke every law in the book to accomplish the atrocity they called 'justice' which was nothing more than a 'this-corrupt-government-is-always-right' railroading. The blue wall of police cover-up and corruption is established on the Black-Robe foundation with all the involved courts' full approval and applied powers! Make no mistake: each and every 'court' is as much a vile and corrupt entity as each and every police department, each and every prosecution entity and the 'appeal' process is the slimiest of the lot.

0284 Bobby was held for several days to let the bruises heal, before he was permitted to see his wife or anybody else, including the doctor that supposedly attended him before his release on bail!

0285 Bobby saw his wife for the first time since his arrest on the same day he was taken for arraignment in the Superior Court of Wayne County, Indiana. Even so, 'that Court', namely Judge Gustav Holscher, was as much a party to these atrocities as the police officers in the back room of the city jail. He set bail as high as the law would allow, a tactic used to steal as much money from the victim as possible, if not preventing then at least hindering the victim's ability to take on the unlimited finances of government. Once out on bail, Bobby was in for a rude awakening about this god-damned government, at all levels!

0286 The Court's proposal was that Bobby would plead guilty to a burglary charge and be sentenced to two to five years. That would let the officials off the hook and clear all their unsolved cases, especially those they had committed themselves, which they would simply add on to Bobby's record! The alternative was that if he didn't be a goody-goody little boy and do what the big bad 'Court' said, he'd be charged with 'possession of burglary tools' which carried a fourteen-year sentence! This is in fact what happened – with the full blessings, collusion and conspiracy of Judge Gustav Holscher of the Superior Court, the State's Attorney's Office, and the entire corrupt organization!

0287 Judge Gustav Holscher would not listen to anything Bobby had to say about the beatings he had suffered, the forced confession, the violations of his supposed Constitutional Rights, or anything else that suggested that bunch of crooked sons-of-bitches were in fact a bunch of crooked sons-of-bitches! It's no wonder. Judge Gustav Holscher was

the crookedest, most corrupt, god-playing son-of-a-bitch in the pile. That made Bobby mad, and to make Bobby mad is one hundred percent (100%) fatal.

0288 The fight was on!

0289 Attempting to handle the situation in a civilized manner, he wrote letters by the dozen. He wrote to every authority under the law, not yet realizing that governmental collusions and conspiracies are total, complete, standard practice, and above even the law to which they reputedly adhere. Every politician or government employee must protect every other such person, regardless of the department, inter-or-intradepartment, at all costs, their vileness or corruption notwithstanding, and "god-damn the citizen" in the process! Anyone who thinks this isn't the truth is a damned fool, and anyone who says this isn't the truth is a damned liar! We'll be happy to document.

0290 His attempts to obtain justice in a civilized manner by writing letters to appropriate authorities had not even resulted in a reply. The only recourse left to him was violence and threats of violence! Nothing else worked then, and nothing else works now. Anyone stupid enough to try to obtain justice by 'working within the system' is a damned fool fully deserving of the railroading they're certainly going to get. If you are very rich, you can buy all the 'justice' you need. If you are not among the very rich, be ready to do all the time the corrupt and merciless bastards can stick to you.

0291 Finally, one of President Eisenhower's Secret Service agents came to find out why Bobby was nearly to the point of taking a double-barreled shotgun and cleaning out that vermin's nest of Republicans (which he should have done!).

0292 Being smarter than suspected, Bobby deliberately misspelled words in his letters as a security point just to see if these high and mighty bastards actually could right a wrong against 'a lowly citizen', taking note of those misspellings to ensure he was talking about what he had written, as opposed to what otherwise would have been composed should they attempt to forge letters in his name. During the attempt to verify his own letter, he noticed in the agent's paperwork that the Chief of the Richmond Police Force had been informed of these proceedings!

0293 That slimy son-of-a-bitch was one of those who should have been investigated! The Secret Service and all other such jackass 'government law enforcement agencies' were obviously a part and party to the continuous collusions and conspiracies against citizens being victimized by local police forces, and thereby in on the profits of crimes committed by the police and under protection of themselves and the courts!

0294 But the plot began to thicken!

0295 Bobby noticed the ring finger of this jackass agent, and where all the other officials wore Masonic or Knights of Columbus rings, he had only a white mark where some sort of ring had been worn!

0296 In all Bobby's hell raising with officials after that, right up to and including the trial itself, where there had been Lodge rings on their fingers there were now only whitened ring shadows! He knew there had to be a reason behind it, although he had no idea of what that reason was or would prove to be.

0297 A few weeks before Bobby went to trial, one of his friends – the son of the owners of the beer garden where he had been drinking until the morning of his arrest – told him something of great value, although he didn't understand it at the time.

0298 The records of the time of his arrest and apprehension had been falsified by the police and the court. So Bobby asked that same friend and his parents to witness for him. Their account would have blown holes galore in the prosecution if they had told the truth. But they refused to testify at all, due to police pressure – by their own admission!

0299 The son informed Bobby that he had already been convicted, and that every person who would be called for jury duty would have been likewise pressured by the police through various persons, Sheriff Edward "Corky" Cordell, Captain Milo Brand and other city police and 'officials', lawyers, et cetera.

0300 Additionally, all the charges were but diversions! Bobby was to be silenced! He was to be executed for questioning the Real Truth of Spiritual Powers openly with anyone who wanted to know or discuss the subject!

0301 Such secret powers have always been the select and clandestine possession of those who poo-poo them the loudest. Because Bobby would not heed their subtle warnings and keep his mouth shut about such matters, or 'join the Lodge' where he would be silenced by oath, he was to be murdered, legally! He wouldn't have been the first – certainly not the last – and the practice is still as rampant as the Grand Plan of TOTAL Global Enslavement requires in the minds of the bastards in charge of the atrocity. "Legally", in this case means under the 'guise' of law! Actually there was nothing 'legal' about it.

0302 During investigation by Bobby and his attorney, it was discovered that one other witness besides Bobby – Lucky Moore – had seen the Negro police officer inside the bar before Bobby arrived on the scene. Then suddenly Lucky Moore changed his story and refused to appear in court.

0303 The only question asked of Bobby out of the normal context was asked by Prosecuting Attorney Delson Cox just before the actual 'trial' was to begin. The question was "Are you a Mason?" Cox had some reason for asking that question, and it would be many hard days before Bobby was to learn what that reason was.

0304 The only 'doctor' who had examined Bobby after the beating was conveniently 'out of town' the one and only day he could have been called to testify!

0305 The letter the 'doctor' wrote in verification of the beating was suppressed! It was not permitted into the ears of the jury!

0306 Bobby could not get, and has never gotten, a transcript of his trial!

0307 He was railroaded and sentenced to fourteen years at hard labor to Pendleton Reformatory near Anderson, Indiana. He wasn't permitted to remain on bail during appeal, as anyone else would have been. It was one more atrocity that somebody was going to pay for in blood and death and Eternal Burning! A lot of somebodies to be exact!

0308 His appeal was rejected by the Indiana Attorney General, not by any court of reputed competent jurisdiction!

0309 His notification to that effect was deliberately delivered to him on New Year's Eve weekend because he had to apply for extension time for appeal by January first!

0310 They had him in prison and all they had to do was get some 'disposable' psycho to kill him. It almost worked!

0311 Bobby was boiling mad. To think that the so-called 'fair and impartial' courts were nothing but a power bloc of organized Lodges, and a barrier behind which those Lodges ran their graft machines, especially in Indiana, where politicians wave the flag the highest and are nothing more than a cowardly bunch of totally corrupt, bone-headed, gutless bastards at best! Top to bottom and bar none.

0312 Woe to you, Richmond, Indiana, for the hell Bobby is going to bring down upon you is far greater than that he has brought down in the past. However, you will have to forgive the practice run when he gutted the telephone company instead of the newspaper, which was the intended target for publishing every twit of the conspiracy and atrocity, but only the court's and the police's official version! Not one comma of Bobby's side of the story.

0313 'Guardian of the public interest'! Horse feathers! Guardian of the graft machine is more accurate, and to hell with the public!

0314 Bobby was incarcerated at Anderson, Indiana, in the Pendleton Reformatory. At that time the Warden was a two-faced bastard by the name of Mr. Buck, a Catholic, which was rare in the prison system. Not unheard of, just rare.

0315 The first thing once inside is forty days of quarantine, which begins as soon as a new wardrobe is issued: two shirts, two pairs of pants, two pairs of shorts, two pairs of socks, two undershirts, and shoes if needed. Each are all duly printed with identification and a new name. Bobby's was four five two eight nine.

0316 Brainwashing to make one a goody-goody little namby-pamby, goes along with the railroading and not making any waves lest you up-set some bastardly politician's graft operation, begins immediately. But if you think that rights are violated by the courts and government at large, then wait till you do time! The prison system attempts to make you into the very things they claim to be reforming you from! And it's all done to ensure your return so that their graft, payable during your confinement and lasting as long as you are on 'parole', will continue to come.

0317 Masonic and a few Knights of Columbus rings were everywhere. Bobby was soon to find out why, but not in the manner he suspected. In fact, at this time he didn't suspect the Masonic or Knights of Columbus Lodges at all. Nor did he suspect any involvement by Temple Israel. That would change, and the proof would be above any and all question!

0318 His wisdom toward publicans (a Biblical term for politician or bureaucrat), which were justifiably considered beneath the lower forms of life, such as sinners, would swell immeasurably. The revelation of the reason for his being alive would come thundering through his head, much to the detriment of politicians, corrupters, supremacists, socialists, communists, fascists, marxists, liberals, false prophets, phony psychics, preachers and other liars, and all the damned fools who follow, support and endorse them.

0319 The first guard (called 'screws' in private) began his lecturing of how Bobby could make his time go easy by being a weak-kneed sissy-boy, and signing a confession that he had actually committed the crimes! If he did this, then the parole board was supposed to look upon such effort with compassion! But Bobby rightly reasoned that since 'the court' had already accepted his 'confession' as part of their manufactured evidence against him they damned well didn't need a second copy! Nevertheless the prison officials continued their useless suggestions that the parole board would see things favorably should he 'confess'.

0320 [INSERT: "Screw" is the in-jail term for guard, gleaned from the turning mechanism of threaded gears to insert and remove the locking bars into and out of the locking strikes from single cells to a whole range (row) at a time.]

0321 Even heaven can't help the fool who believes or falls for that line of damnable lying trash! No one but a second-rate idiot would buy that con-job in a million years, but it still persists. For instance, if an inmate or his attorney ever asked to see past evidences of such considerations, the inmate would be thrown in the 'hole' immediately! The 'hole' is sort of a jail within a jail where they claim the food is worse. The food might be a lot less but it damned sure can't be any worse, despite the fact the public is paying over top dollar for it.

0322 In any event, this is a trap! And if you need any rule of thumb, or point of reference to gauge all statements of any politician, judge, lawyer, elected official, bureaucrat or police officer, "it's a god-damned lie!", is the most accurate.

0323 Because the guard gave Bobby more than a passing glance when Bobby called him a god-damned liar, Bobby had proven to himself that the collusions and conspiracies went even to this level and distance! The guard was shaken, and obviously scared by something. If it was something he 'saw', it had to be spiritual or seen with clairvoyance for Bobby only stood five feet four inches (5'4") and weighed about one hundred forty (140) pounds! It couldn't have been his size.

0324 The guard was later proven to be a Thirty-Third Degree Mason, and obviously one of those who could 'see' things above the physical eyesight. Whatever it was, he took Bobby to the quarantine range immediately, and whispered excitedly to the range guard. Both of them looked long and concerned at Bobby, and their fear was even more apparent. The escort guard left the place like his pants were on fire!

0325 The range guard released the locks that opened the last cell at the far end of the building on the highest level! He wanted Bobby as far away from him as possible. The guard was white in the face, his breathing shallow, and his hands were shaking such that he could have threaded a sewing machine with it running.

0326 In the same cell was an inmate, back in jail because he had supposedly violated his parole or some other trumped-up charge. Something inside Bobby told him that this man was not, and never had been, a criminal. Bobby later found that often as not, people are arrested, railroaded, and continually persecuted by the legal authorities just to give themselves a patsy when they need someone to blame for a crime they intend to commit themselves or a crime they can't solve. But usually it's to have a patsy when one of their own crimes is about to be uncovered, they'll have someone who can be convicted because they've been arrested so many times! Many citizens have been made political prisoners by this method, sometimes just to remove them from any consideration for some thief's public service job!

0327 For the purposes of this book, we'll call the inmate Larry. We don't want him railroaded again. You can rest assured that the Bureau of Prisons, Masonic Lodge, Knights of Columbus, Temple Israel and law enforcement agencies will raise a barrel of hell about this book. And they'll do their best to intimidate, or murder, any and all who are either associated with this book, or in the cases of those people who were there, will not 'testify against' its contents! Prima facie evidence will be when one former inmate will claim this book is bogus will be hailed as God, Law and Gospel; and another will testify to its validity will be scorned as a liar because they are a 'criminal'. You guessed it, the filthy bastards will try to have it both ways.

0328 Larry was a gentle person just like Bobby, and they became friends of sorts, as nobody behind the walls is ever really a friend. It's too dangerous for both people. Larry filled Bobby in on the rules, which had not been told him previously. Probably a deliberate omission of the officials so that when Bobby violated any given rule, he could be listed as a 'hardcase'. Then when authorities removed him prior to his planned murder, no one would have reason to suspect anything.

0329 They were alerted for chow. And Bobby decided not to have any but to continue his fast for a day or so. You should have seen the panic! He wasn't supposed to go on a 'hunger strike'!

0330 Warden Buck was furious. Bobby was threatened with all sorts of dire consequences, but for reasons not yet clear, they recanted. Bobby was so justifiably disgusted with their damnable 'powers' and reputed 'justice' that he didn't give a damn about their punishments.

0331 The guard who Bobby had scared hell out of earlier that day called the Warden aside for a chat. Whatever he said sent the Warden's eyebrows up. Then Warden Buck's face turned white, and he profusely apologized to Bobby, to a prisoner, in the presence of other prisoners and the guard staff!

0332 Then came the crowning achievement: Warden Buck took Bobby aside, like a good Dutch Uncle (or somebody trying to save his own skin) and told Bobby that when he got hungry to tell the guard and they would send something up to his cell!

0333 Imagine, room service! And the first day in prison, no less!

0334 These people knew something that Bobby didn't know, and it was beginning to bother him. Together with the justifiably total contempt he had developed for the entire system of 'justice', government to a body, Pendleton

Reformatory and the scum of the earth that ran the place in particular, he was soon to become a force to be reckoned with that was no longer gentle.

0335 For the entire forty days of quarantine, Bobby neither ate nor drank anything, yet he lost no weight of consequence. Nor did his health deteriorate in any manner.

0336 [INSERT: It is not advisable for anyone to take on any extended fast without some preparation and practice – beginning with a few hours, then adding hours a few at a time, until building up to days. Then just about anyone can do the same with full success. It may take a few years to achieve a forty-day fast without damaging yourself, and to willfully damage yourself is both idiotic and sinful!]

DESTRUCTION OF THE ANCIENT TEMPLE OF THE SAGES

0337 On the 27th of June, 1962, about the thirtieth day of fasting, sometime between six and eight o'clock in the evening, Bobby was reclining on his bed, in his cell. Larry was on his own bunk, reading, with his head toward the front of the cell to take advantage of the range ceiling light. Bobby lay the other direction using the dimness to think. He was seething with anger. Justified anger that such an atrocity had come upon him, or anyone else, in this so-called land of 'freedom and supposed justice'.

0338 Suddenly, Bobby was consciously out of his physical body, UP IN THE SPIRIT!

0339 He could see the cell and its sparse furnishing, and his own body still lying on the bed. Larry was still reading, unaware of the episode, and unable to see the spiritual entity standing in the bed of his cell-mate.

0340 Bobby was dressed in totally unfamiliar garb. It fit perfectly, obviously his own for a long time, but nothing similar to his normal earthly dress. It was armor! A chain mail short-sleeved, upper thigh-length, chainmail shirt, his chest bound with two falcons of heavy metal, both inlaid with gold and silver, their eyes being perfect rubies. There were bands on his biceps, shin guards and thigh plates carrying the same imaged eagles, even the forearm plates were thus engraved, tied appropriately with silver thongs. His garments were lined with scarlet as soft as velvet. A neckerchief of pure white formed a linecollar of jewels and gold inlaid on pure silver. The belt appeared to be a series of buckles, each a badge of honor. On his left hung a scabbard that sheathed a double-edged sword that screamed like a banshee when removed even a little. At his right hip was a favorite weapon shaped similar to a single action side arm. As to what, if any, use either weapon would be in these Realms was undecided.

0341 His helmet looked similar to that of the ancient Romans, except it was very high-tech as if out of some futuristic novel, and the plumes were nearly half as tall as he himself. Three of them, bright scarlet on the outside and white in the middle, side by side with horsehair churls extending outward from the plume crown.

0342 On his shoulders were boards of rank, also with churls, purple with silver lettering in what appeared to be Hebrew (but actually found to be Angelic!) and a circle of seven stars on each.

0343 He watched the stars dissolve, first into to five stars, and then into nothing, leaving only the purple and the writing.

0344 Then a voice from above him spoke, "Son of Man! Go, out through the bars!"

0345 Since he was standing in the foot of his bed, and that not causing him any discomfort or restraint, he reasoned that if a steel bed frame couldn't keep him from standing on the floor, steel bars couldn't keep him from going outside. Once out on the walkway the voice spoke again, "Son of Man, step through the banister and out beyond the edge!"

0346 Bobby replied in question, "Who in the hell are you, anyhow?"

0347 "I am the Archangel Raphael (RAF-A-EL), a Servant of The Most High Lord God of All Creation, and I am come to you for a grand purpose. Step through the banister, and out beyond the edge!" was the reply.

0348 However, that was about a twenty-foot drop! But if Bobby could walk through prison walls, he could survive a short fall. He stepped out. But instead of being in mid-air twenty feet above the prison floor, he was standing in an indescribably beautiful and fragrant garden. There were fountains and flower beds everywhere, and a huge temple in the center, extremely ancient, but in excellent repair. Paths were cut of precious stones, polished to perfection. And then, within himself, Bobby knew where he was: the ancient Temple of the Sages!

0349 A chill went up his spine, just as it had in the many barroom fights he had seen and been in, and just like it had on several occasions in Korea. There was both trouble and danger near, and he knew it. There are many rumors and legends of this place, which is the First Temple of Deceit, the birthplace of false gods, the center of all unHoly Orders – the Seat of Satan!

0350 Along the paths were pillars, the tops of which were emblems of many earthly and un-earthly orders: Knights of Columbus, Order of the Black Veil, Rosicrucians, Egyptian Knights, Seven Arms of Vishnu, the Nazi Swastika of the Order of the Golden Dawn (a pollution of the swastikas of Buddhist fame), Masonic compass and square, the

'christian' cross, the Crucifix with the heart of Mary, White Brotherhood, Cross of Lorraine, Eye of Buddha (that taught worshipping of Buddha and graven images of him rather than practicing what he taught), Seal of Isis, Seal of Ra (Marduk) in the act of sodomy, The Mark of Baal, Grand Jewel of Satan, the half-White and half-Black image of Nimrod, the hallowed image of Semiramis (the murderous Queen now palmed off as 'Mary, mother of god'), and including other images of gods, some false, some distorted: Cersies, Put, Dagon, Marduk, Planxes, Ahuramazda, and the bearded image of 'Jesus'! The latter so well known as not to need description, even though Immanuel did not wear a beard except as required at times by Holy Law!

0351 He was shocked! Some of these things he held as Holy, and he knew that countless others did too. It would take a lot of study and explanations to expose all these things for what they really were, but he was just mad enough to take on that very project; especially if he could accomplish revenge on a certain bunch of overpriced sons-of-bitches who knew their power and influence was so far above the law, they thought they were above revenge too!

0352 Archangel Raphael above him spoke again, "Son of Man, look to your right, at the scene near the Fountain of Mary!"

0353 There was an apparent rape in progress, the woman victim dressed in the flowing robes of a Catholic nun. She was a sister who Bobby recognized as one he had helped to feed orphans in Korea on an extremely cold Christmas Eve some years before.

0354 The demons were pulling at her, twisting her limbs to inflict agony. They pierced her with hot spears, the points being heated from a nearby flame of a pillar-torch. She screamed for mercy, clinging to a statue of Mary, reputed mother of Jesus, before the fountain. The indignities and her agony were beyond description.

0355 Bobby is faster than a forked streak of double-gear lightning with a side arm, and he drew his weapon and fired three times at the demons. There was the flash of his rounds exploding this side of the group, but they continued their torturing without taking notice.

0356 Again Archangel Raphael spoke, "Son of Man, there is nothing you can do until The Judgment! She will suffer thus until she is exterminated in the Second Death! This is her reward! This is what she earned! Regardless of what she intended, with full knowledge to know the truth, she rejected the truth, to this end!" Thus the Archangel Raphael informed him.

0357 He attempted to go over there and kick hell out of a demon or two, but he could not move his feet in that direction. He could only watch. She was raped constantly by a half-animal, half-demon, humanoid-like being, continually burned with hot coals thrown on her, and torches lit at the pillar-torch flame and pierced time and again with the hot spears. Some were heated their full length and then run completely through the helpless woman. Death would have been extremely merciful, but she could not die; she could only continue to suffer.

0358 Archangel Raphael spoke again, "Son of Man, your mission is not with the lost, but with The Elect! Go now to this evil temple, but remain on this pathway and do not attempt to interfere or to change the things you will see along the way, as it is of the victim's own doing and of their own ignorance!

0359 "See this temple for yourself, and do what seems good to you, for its time is come, its iniquity is full, and its accounted days have ended. Therefore, fulfill yourself, for it is given unto your hand!"

0360 Bobby turned and walked up the pathway, holstering his side arm. Off to his left he saw a minister he had known years before as a child in his native West Virginia. The minister was being tortured, cut, beaten and burned by demons with the appearance of people who had been of his congregation. Bobby knew this, as some of the images represented were of people yet alive, but the man did not know he was being punished for the loss of those who had died, and they too were being tortured just beyond him. Each of them were suffering with that which they most feared and the evil they tried to hide most while alive.

0361 He tried to help them, but his feet could not be lifted from the path in their direction. He was heartsick for them, but they were here of their own self-righteousness, holier-than-thou stupidity and blatant, hard-headed closed-mindedness. Now the tree had fallen, and so must it be. Between birth and death is the individual's allotted time to play the game, and the soul thereafter forever retains the score. Last hours, minutes or seconds of repentance do not alter the years of neglect of Holy Law, abuse, injustice, damnations and atrocities; regardless of what 'the preacher said'.

0362 Some of those upon seeing him called out, screaming a plea that he should go and warn the others who were still following the idiocies and hypocrisies of the church that had brought them to this destruction, even though they had all gone through the experience of being 'saved' – one of many self-hypnotic delusions – and 'baptism' of the Holy Ghost, which does nothing toward even the observance of the correct Sabbath, and is therefore as phony as a four-dollar bill.

0363 Their screams were horrible and their agony great, but Bobby was powerless against the force that held his

feet. He could only go forward, up the winding path toward that vile and putrid Temple of the Sages.

0364 Beside the path he encountered a viper [snake]. It rolled onto its back in pleading and asked him not to kill it, claiming it was there against its will. It was most convincing but since it was not being tortured, Bobby knew damned well that it was lying. He again drew his side arm and shot it to pieces. It screamed and whined, but it didn't die. The pieces slithered back together and under the aim of his gun barrel, crawled off muttering to itself.

0365 The first round with Satan in his own domain, and Bobby had won! He reloaded the weapon from cartridge packs on his belt and again holstered the pistol.

0366 A few yards farther another path crossed, and there were disks stacked one on top of the other, nine in all making a staircase from which one could view all the garden and grounds. From the pinnacle platform Bobby saw the many tortures being accomplished. People, being deceived on earth by the churches and this magnificent beauty, passed over in death and were sentenced here. Then they were tortured constantly for their lives and actions!

0367 They could not remove themselves from this place. Firstly, because it had all the appearances of their 'supposed heaven', displaying all the images they held as 'holy'; and secondly, they clung to those images here as they had while alive in their so-called worship. The demons had a field day, using all their own energies to torture, no energy being needed to retain their victims.

0368 Escape from here was impossible for other reasons also, the force of their past ritualizing binding them in accordance with their own closed-minded stupidity, and reality of the true meaning of eternal and forever. Additionally, not so much as one idle word goes unpunished here, and the punishment is neither idle nor easy!

0369 Bobby continued up the path, seeing people on either side being tortured in all manner of ways but unable to assist them or to ease their agony. Many were people he had known and to Bobby, their suffering seemed more severe due to his attachment and concern for them. Their screams for mercy had to go unheeded for he was powerless to help.

0370 Their pleas to "go warn the others" might be accomplished, but with little if any effect on those soon to cross over to become torture victims. There was only one soldier who had been killed in action during an act of cowardice. Bobby could do nothing for him either. There were no others of military uniform except great generals, military men of political stature and position. Politicians, bureaucrats, corrupters, manipulators, police officers, court judges, supremacists, socialists, communists, fascists, marxists, liberals, false prophets, phony psychics, preachers and other liars were rampant!

0371 Joseph Vissarionovich Djugasvili (Joseph Stalin) was there, suffering more terrible and horrendous punishment than Bobby, until now, could have imagined. His mass-murders and all his deprivations of the mind of man were being rewarded in a most hideous manner. Karl Marx, who collected and published all those socialist Damnations: government power over all with no voice from the governed, even as to 'who' that government is; was screaming in the most horrible agony that grew by the minute. Nicolai Lenin, Adolf Hitler, Alexi Rykov, Benito Mussolini, Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Hideki Tojo all held military and political rank, and they were all here being punished for their Damnations! They were a pitiful sight, they and their followers! They had sown the wind and reaped the Eternal Whirlwind of Fire. And none of their followers or supporters suffered any less! Justice! In its pure form.

0372 Bobby paused near a statue of Thomas Jefferson, and asked the Archangel if he were here too. Archangel Raphael answered, "Yes, Son of Man, he is here, but not for his political contributions! Those alone are reason for the mercy shown him! He is here for the sin of having children by his slave mistresses, Sally Hemming being one! He had four of her, and they were without souls, as is the case with inter-racial children of willing parentage. And she being a slave, should have had no choice in the matter and be free of all guilt, but she was a willing partner. They both must pay the full measure of his sins, and the measure of the sins committed by those soulless children, and their offspring after them unto the tenth generation if those generations purify themselves, and for howsoever long they procreate if they don't (purify themselves)! That is the punishment for such doings!

0373 "Even Abraham (Avraham Avinu) was here for a season because of Hagar and Ishmael! Ishmael, beloved of The Most High, should have been born of Sarah (Sarai), and because he was not, Abraham had to bear the punishment for his lack of trust! He never made the mistake of mistrust again. And because the penalties continue unto the third and fourth generation, by the time of Joseph there was already great hatred between the Sons of Abraham who later became called Hebrews, a pollution of Abram (also spelled Ibram) and both Ishmaelites and Israelites, most of which has been compounded over the ages and continues unto this very day!" (Even though the term Hebrew is generally reserved for Abraham's descendants through Jacob – who was named Israel – and primarily limited to the Houses of Levi and Judah despite the fact Jacob named his name "Israel" only on Ephraim and Manasseh!)

0374 "Is he still here?" Bobby asked, meaning President Thomas Jefferson.

0375 "Yes. But not for the sins of his children anymore, this is the day of his redemption, earned by his Righteous Service as Anointed Witness of his Generation!"

0376 "But why the statue of a Founding Father and President (of the United States)?" Bobby asked.

0377 "Because it was intended by Lucifer that he too should have a fanatical following and many should be slain because of his words!"

0378 "Has it been accomplished?" Bobby asked again.

0379 "No, Son of Man, but his words of freedom and the overthrow of corrupt and unresponsive governments will not go unheard. For the Day of Deliverance is at hand! Go now, the hour is even now! The time has come – has come – and this is the Day of Redemption and Freedom from this evil place!"

0380 Then Bobby went up the path ignoring further situations about which he could do nothing. His own account makes no mention of rising anger, but all who have later witnessed these events in The Holy Scripts of All The Heavens and All The Earths confirm that his fury was beginning to reach immense proportions! It is never advisable to mistake gentleness for weakness, especially of one who has The Holy Appointment of God!

0381 He walked up the great stairway of the temple with its huge porch and cascade of columns on both sides. The building appeared new, although the steps were well worn with use. Just one of the unexplainables used to deceive the unwary.

0382 On the landing he was greeted by a man of apparently ninety or so years, with a long, flowing, white beard, wrapped in a robe of blue-gray. He held a table and scroll of a scribe under his left arm. Upon his head there was a band with emblems signifying his ancient wisdom. The man was gently bowed, his face the very picture of serenity. But his eyes shone as though there was a bright beam of light behind them. He summoned Bobby full of courtesy, "Welcome, traveler! Come, come, and we will fulfill your every need and desire while you are with us. It is the will of the house master, for he is most generous, and welcomes strangers from the far points of creation!" He was very convincing.

0383 Bobby asked, "What is this place?" ignoring his offers.

0384 "This is the Temple of the Sages, where ancient knowledge is preserved and given to all who inquire herein. It is the oldest temple of wisdom in existence. Yet, you can see that as with wisdom, it is brand new, evidence of our truth and ability. We prefer to take those who can overcome the staged horrors of the gardens, for only they can receive our advanced knowledge!

0385 "Come, come inside, for within is the comfort you seek, and the masters who are worshipped by all the great and near-great of earth and all the Planes of Existence.

0386 "Come, come My Son, we will welcome you as one chosen out of the multitudes, and can give you wisdom and powers that will place you above many – the ignorant, and those of much power in the earth.

0387 "Come, come, My Son, the Masters await you!" He could have lured Satan to salvation.

0388 "Take care, old man! For one mistake from you will be your last! Now let's go see the bastards you call 'masters', and again I warn you, any treachery, and you die first!" Bobby's anger was controllable but showing.

0389 The man smiled the same familiar smile Bobby has seen from a Richmond City Court Judge when he had told the Judge that he would not take the atrocity lying down! But the Judge, like all Judges used to playing god in the lives of his victims, was so sure of himself. Now hell itself would have to pay the fiddler.

0390 They entered the great hallway. The man paused to take a nine-candle menorah from a stanchion pillar just inside the doors. They were not ten feet down the hall when the doors slammed shut behind them!

0391 Bobby's sword flashed into his right hand screaming like a great gathering of banshees caught up in the roar of a hurricane. Without warning, and exactly as promised, he struck the old man who went down with a terrible scream and did not move after he hit the floor. His body began to dissolve into worms and creeping things in its corruption.

0392 Bobby's anger, seeing this was but one more place of corrupt power built on the blood and bones of its victims, now reached explosion. He slammed the door barricade bar with his sword, jamming it shut and eliminating any escape, or entry, behind him. Then he went on a rampage of killing and destruction. He killed everyone he approached. A few tried in vain to defend themselves, but they were no match for The Anointed Warrior of The Lord of Spirits, even though he had not yet received The Holy Appointment.

0393 He knocked down statues, torches, and insignias, crashed through doors, killing everyone in sight. With a flame from his sword and the torches he began an inferno that would soon consume the whole building. Bobby heeded no cries for mercy. These, like the bastards on all court benches, had shown no mercy and none would be shown them. He pulled them from hiding places and slaughtered them despite their screams.

0394 His sword spewing both fire and lightning, reached all that had attempted to keep out of his range. And the slaughter he did there was 146,000 scholars in study and 33,000 agents of Satan who had deceived all whom they

intended; except for him that was destined to be the last Anointed Holy Witness of the Generations of Ish: This Generation of Fire.

0395 He wandered through burning rooms and hallways searching for something or someone else to destroy. Wading through piles of burning draperies and debris he barely noticed the many bodies, burning where they fell. Howling winds as though from hell itself fanned the flames to an unnatural brightness.

0396 When he finished, there was no one left alive inside. There remained nothing undamaged, strewn as garbage or burning where it stood.

0397 After satisfying himself that nothing was left alive or undestroyed inside, he knocked down those main entry doors with one blow of his sword and left the building, intending to clear the area of all that remained. But once outside, he saw the tortured and their tormentors were gone. Only the garden remained in all its deceptive beauty. Again Bobby became explosively angry. He proceeded to destroy every statue, emblem and fountain. Even the trees, grass, flowers and shrubbery he burned with a blowing flame of his sword. He blasted down the gates, walls and fencing to the outer perimeter while the main building continued to burn. He plowed up the walkways with a spew of fire and lightning from his sword, leaving nothing unturned.

0398 There was total destruction. Not one item was left that could be repaired, not even a pillar that could be stood up again. Nothing that grew or could be burned was left. The many torches could not be re-lighted. Not one image was recognizable. All the books, scrolls and emblems were burned to ashes. Even the precious stones of the pathways were but broken shambles. The building began to collapse along its many corridors and to the outer walls. Nothing was left of the temple but piles of smoldering garbage.

0399 Archangel Raphael standing afar off, no stranger to war and destruction himself, shivered at the sight. Such was the destruction of that place.

0400 Suddenly Bobby felt very tired, and hungry. Exhausted, he sat down on a piece of broken pillar near the fountain where the nun had been raped and tortured. From behind him he heard a timid voice, "Lord? My Lord?"

0401 It was a young man, carrying the marks of a slave bound in irons. He was clad only in sandals and a loin cloth, muscular from years of hard labors.

0402 "Yes?" Bobby answered.

0403 "I pray, let me minister to you, and bring you food and drink before your journey continues. I will wash your feet, and rub soothing oils into your aching muscles, and sing great ballads of your deeds this day that you may be strengthened for this that lies ahead of you.

0404 "For this day did you set me free from bondage, and many more besides me, both great and unknown. And I would that I should serve your every need before we part this First Day of Redemption."

0405 Bobby sensing no guile in him, he consented.

0406 "Be fast about it. And one slip, and you too will feel the edge of my sword!" Bobby replied in a half-mocking manner.

0407 The servant smiled the smile of a happy man, and ran off through the clearways between smoking piles of what had been a temple and garden. As Bobby reached to untie his sandal laces the young man returned, setting a delicious meal before him. Meats, breads, fruits, vegetables, nuts, et cetera, and the most clear and delicious wine Bobby had ever remembered.

0408 The man finished removing Bobby's sandals. Setting up a lounge, motioned for Bobby to stretch out and relax himself while he ate. With great expertise and care, the servant rubbed the ache out of every muscle with methods long perfected by one who cares for a master.

0409 By the time Bobby had finished eating, the man had cleaned his armor of all sweat and dirt acquired in the destruction of that place. While Bobby sat and rested drinking wine, the man played a lute and sang in a language that Bobby did not understand. It was a ballad so beautiful as to calm the proverbial savage breast. Finishing the song, the young man pointed, nodding for Bobby to look in that direction.

0410 A good distance off, but near enough for Bobby to see and hear clearly, were many males and females from all over both physical and spiritual creation, tearing their clothing, wailing and lamenting the fall and destruction of the temple. They cried and moaned the death and destruction that now littered the landscape. They screamed curses upon whoever was responsible, vowing revenge upon the Heavens and the Earths. They made a real whoo-doo over the whole thing, but it was only laughable to Bobby, who stood there alone except for an unarmed servant!

0411 They were blowing off their wrath and vows to destroy whoever it was that had shown up their ignorance before all the Hosts of Heaven. But they did nothing to get within Bobby's reach or within the range of his sword. In fact, they made sure and certain they kept exceptionally far out of his reach even while he restored his armor!

0412 He was just about ready to go over and slap hell out of a few when the voice of Archangel Raphael sounded

above him, "Son of Man, Son of Man, it is finished! Those who have still more torture to come have been removed elsewhere in the Depths Beneath All the Earths (the original translation was purgatory).

0413 "But it is time for you to come, to come up with me, to come up into the Planes of the Heavens, to come up even before the very Tabernacle, that there you should know the purposes of The Most High!

0414 "Come, take of my garment, and I shall deliver you there!"

0415 The young man busied himself cleaning up after the meal, and took no more notice as Bobby reached for the belt tie of the armored robe of the Archangel.

0416 Instantly, as Bobby's hand closed its grip, they were on an exceedingly High Plane of Heaven, standing on a steep hill overlooking a vast green valley. It is a tremendously beautiful Plane littered with all manner of beautiful flowers, with a slight mound in the center of the depression. Upon that mound is the Tabernacle, surrounded by a cloth fence. It appears exactly as it did when it was shown to Moses for an example by which he and the Children of Israel were to build an exact duplicate, and as it did when St. John, The Divine saw it while a prisoner on the Island of Patmos.

0417 Out and beyond the bustle of worshippers, and under an open cover with the sides rolled up, sat a man on a gathering of cushions. He was dressed in robes similar to those of desert tribesmen but much adorned with gold, silver, platinum, and many jewels. He sat in repose, reading a scroll, taking no notice of either the Archangel or the charge beside him.

0418 The Archangel spoke, "Son of Man, Son of Man, Blessed be The Most High Lord God of Abraham, The Most High Lord God of Ishmael, The Most High Lord God of Isaac, and The Most High Lord God of Jacob! In each generation there is one who is Anointed to be the everlasting representative of The Most High for that generation. Just as Nathan was the one who held David, the King, in account for his sins against the God of Israel, so must The Anointed be Witness of His Generation: that in the Days of Great and Final Judgment, none can say of The Judge, "You were not there, you do not understand or know!"

0419 "Therefore, it is the duty and the power of the Holy Anointed Witness of That Generation to come forth and proclaim, "I was there, and I know, and this judgment is true!"

0420 "Come now, the Host is gathered. Remain still and do not speak, for this was ordained even before you were in your mother's womb and cannot be changed! The Most High has sworn it by His Own Self, and will not turn from this thing that he long ago determined to accomplish!"

THE ANOINTING!

0421 Instantly they were before the sitting Moses (whose name is actually Moshe) who stood up. Taking a bottle of oil, opening it and lifting it above Bobby's head, shouted, "Does this host bear me witness?"

0422 "Yes!" came the answer of a multitude! Bobby fell forward onto his knees, and forward again onto his face, his knees under him. His strength had left him completely, and it was as though he were dead as one dies who comes into the Presence of The Most High Lord of Spirits.

0423 Moshe shouted again, "Who bears me witness?"

0424 Then like the thunder of many cannons firing in succession came the reply, great lightning flashing as they spoke:

0425 "Seraphim Amatraelonael (AM-AT-RA-EL-ONA-EL, Metatron), Messenger of The Most High Lord God of All Creation and The First I Am!"

0426 "Seraphim Seraphiel (SER-AF-E-EL), Messenger of The Most High Lord God of All Creation and The First I Am!"

0427 "Seraphim Jehoel (YE-HO-EL), Messenger of The Most High Lord God of All Creation and The First I Am!"

0428 "Seraphim Kemuel (KEM-U-EL), Messenger of The Most High Lord God of All Creation and The First I Am!"

0429 "Seraphim Nethanael (NE-THAN-A-EL), Messenger of The Most High Lord God of All Creation and The First I Am!"

0430 "Seraphim Ophaniel (OFF-AN-E-EL), Messenger of The Most High Lord God of All Creation and The First I Am!"

0431 "Seraphim Zophiel (ZOF-E-EL), Messenger of The Most High Lord God of All Creation and The First I Am!"

0432 As the Holy Seraphim identified themselves and just after each finished speaking, there was a sounding of seventy trumpets. And when the last sounding had blown, forty-nine of the trumpets blew a blast likened to a great chord. The other twenty-one trilled a harmony. All turning toward the Tabernacle – which was suddenly brilliantly

lighted by the Presence of The Most High Lord God of All Creation, The Most High Lord of Spirits Himself.

0433 Moshe spoke again, "Does this host bear me witness?"

0434 "Yes!" returned the voices of the multitude.

0435 Again Moshe spoke, "Who bears me witness?"

0436 And again like cannons in succession, the sound of many drums as thunder, and much Lightning:

0437 "Archangel Raphael (RAF-A-EL), Ruler of the First Quarter of Air, Master of the East Wind Apelotes (A-PEL-O-TEES), whose Servant is the Wind Eurea (E-UR-A, sometimes pronounced E-UR-US), Servant of The Most High Lord God of All Creation and The First I Am!"

0438 "Archangel Michael (MI-KAL), Ruler of the Second Quarter of Fire, Master of the South Wind Notae (NO-TAY, sometimes pronounced NO-TUS), whose Servant is the Wind Lipae (LI-PAY, and never pronounced LIPS), Servant of The Most High Lord God of All Creation and The First I Am!"

0439 "Archangel Gabriel (GAB-RA-EL), Ruler of the Third Quarter of Water, Master of the West Wind Zephyros (ZEF-OR-A-EE, sometimes pronounced ZEF-OR-US), whose Servant is the Wind Skiron (SKY-RON), Servant of The Most High Lord God of All Creation and The First I Am!"

0440 "Archangel Uriel (UR-E-EL), Ruler of the Fourth Quarter of Earth, Master of the North Wind Boreas (BOR-US, sometimes written and pronounced BOR-AY), whose Servant is the Wind Kaikias (KAY-KI-US), Servant of The Most High Lord God of All Creation and The First I Am!"

0441 "Archangel Remiel (RE-MI-EL), Ruler of All the Binding in All the Heavens Above All the Earths, and in All the Earths, and in All the Depths Beneath All the Earths, Servant of The Most High Lord God of All Creation and The First I Am!"

0442 "Archangel Raguel (RA-U-EL), Ruler of the Loosening in All the Heavens Above All the Earths, and in All the Earths, and in All the Depths Beneath All the Earths, Servant of The Most High Lord God of All Creation and The First I Am!"

0443 "Archangel Zerachiel (ZER-AK-E-EL), First Guardian of All the Holy Anointed Witnesses in Their Generations, Communicator Between The Holy Altar and the Ark of the Covenant of The Most High, Servant of The Most High Lord God of All Creation and The First I Am!"

0444 Behind each speaking again the trumpets sounded, and when they had all said their witness, the seventy trumpets trilled again toward the Tabernacle as they had before, but this time with the thundering of many drums.

Their music was as that of a great symphony, mellow like good French horns and timpani played by true masters of the instruments and the craft of music.

0445 Moshe again shouted, "Am I borne witness of this Holy Thing?"

0446 And out of the Tabernacle, the thundering Voice of The Most High, Himself! Terrible in its volume; consuming in its power; glorious beyond description.

0447 ""I bear your witness, good and faithful servant! This is Mine Own Anointed, and Mine Own Avenger, and Mine Own Begotten, and Mine Own True and Faithful Servant, and the Chief of Mine Own Holy Elect!

0448 ""This is the Holy One of Israel, and Mine Own of all the Tribes of Earth, even Israel and Ishmael! This is Mine Only Ordained, and My Standard Bearer in The Day of My Vengeance, even My King of The Akurians!

0449 ""And he that shall gather My Promised Elect, and make preparation for them against the Days of Horror and My Wrath upon a vile and polluted generation!

0450 ""And he is My Holy PATHFINDER for Elijah, My Holy Servant!""

0451 [INSERT: The term cum title PATHFINDER means that elite few who go first, and go first to discover. It also can mean to go first to make preparation. During World War II all the Airborne Divisions had small elite units that jumped ahead of the main drop to report on every kind of military intelligence available, enemy troops in the area, their armament and equipment, water supplies and hazards, communications, et cetera. They saved countless lives of the allies.

0452 Following WWII the powers that be of the then Brotherhood of Service restructured their mission/rescue operations into a military form and renamed it "Pathfinders", and in 1948 added the title "of Elijah" in recognition of his being taken up in a Chariot of Fire and so far not returned except in Spirit as John, The Baptist.]

0453 Everyone was falling forward on their faces, sounding like the dropping of many bowling pins as The Voice of The Most High thundered over them. Moshe stood up once The Great Voice had faded to silence and spoke the final and permanent invocation.

0454 "Son of Man: Holy Anointed Witness of The Most High of This Generation of Fire, Avenger of The Most

High in All the Earth, Beloved Begotten Son of The First I Am, First Lord of The Elect, Holy One of Israel, Holy One of Ishmael, Ordained of The Lord God of Israel, Ordained of The Lord God of Ishmael, General of the Holy Hosts, and Bearer of The Holy Standard into Battle: I anoint you with Infinite Power and Authority, and this thing shall not even the Gates of Hell diminish!

0455 "That which you shall Bless shall be Blessed in All the Heavens Above All the Earths, and in All the Earths, and in All the Depths Beneath All the Earths forever! And that which you shall Bless shall not be Unblessed even by The Most High Lord God of All Creation until that Blessing is fulfilled! Thus saith The Most High!

0456 "That which you shall Curse shall be Cursed in All the Heavens Above All the Earths, and in All the Earths, and in All the Depths Beneath All the Earths forever! And that which you shall Curse shall not be uncursed even by The Most High Lord God of All Creation until that Curse is fulfilled! Thus saith The Most High!

0457 "That which you shall Loose shall be Loosed in All the Heavens Above All the Earths, and in All the Earths, and in All the Depths Beneath All the Earths forever! And that which you shall Loose shall not be Unloosed even by The Most High Lord God of All Creation until that loosening is fulfilled! Thus saith The Most High!

0458 "That which you shall Bind shall be Bound in All the Heavens Above All the Earths, and in All the Earths, and in All the Depths Beneath All the Earths forever! And that which you shall Bind shall not be Unbound even by The Most High Lord God of All Creation until that binding is fulfilled! Thus saith The Most High!

0459 "For this day The Most High Lord God of All Creation, ALIHA ASUR HIGH, does declare you to be the Firstborn of the Chosen, even of the House of Joseph, to be Witness of This Generation of Fire, and to gather The Elect, and to prepare the path for The Servant of The Most High, Elijah!

0460 "And this day The Most High Lord God of All Creation, ALIHA ASUR HIGH, does name His Name upon you Lord El Aku (also spelled akhu, acu, achu, eku, ekhu, ecu, echu [from where we get the word echo!], iku, ikhu, icu and ichu; and for whom the foremost star in the sign of Aries, Iku, was named by the ancients), and you shall no more be known as El Aku, Son of Vegah, of The Mighty, Most Righteous and Honorable House of Din, but shall be known in All the Heavens Above All the Earths even before the Great Veil, and in All the Earths Beneath the Heavens, and in All the Depths Beneath All the Earths as Supreme Lord of Supreme Lords El Aku ALIHA ASUR HIGH: for The Most High Lord God of All Creation has named His Own Name upon you: that whosoever shall take you or your name in vain shall have profaned The Holy Name of The Most High Lord God of All Creation!

0461 "It is written, and it is done!"

0462 As Moshe finished speaking, he poured the anointing oil over Bobby's head, sprinkling it over him as he poured. In his state of weakness, Bobby began to show but a little movement and then vanished from the scene.

0463 Instantly Bobby was back in his body lying on the bunk in the prison cell. The air was filled with the fragrance of roses from the anointing oil. He sat up and began rubbing the oil over his body.

0464 Bobby suddenly being covered with fragrant oil scared the hell out of Larry! He immediately called the guard, asked for and received a transfer out of that cell. He was moved out that evening.

0465 In his terror, Larry informed the inmates and guards of the incident, and for the remainder of his quarantine Bobby fasted and was not bothered at any time, for any reason. None of the cowardly officials dared to disturb The Holy One of the Lord, and their gossip spread his fame to every guard and employee of that prison. All were sworn to secrecy on pain of death. Bobby was more feared by them than all the powers of the Lodges, courts and justice systems.

0466 Little did they know the fur was about to fly in powerful corners and high places, and guess which batch of corrupt, god-playing, bastards were going to furnish the fur!