

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

0646 ""Behold! The Demons of Destruction of the Soul are gathered together under their own ensign (christian cross), even the Emblem of Death!

0647 ""Therefore, enter not into that place (christian churches) where the Emblem of Death is established, for that death is certain and without escape.

0648 ""Therefore, neither hear nor heed the word that comes forth from that place where the Emblem of Death is established, for that word is deception unto destruction and without escape. Because My Truth is not in them do they spare not to prohibit My Truth from all others!

0649 ""Therefore, tithe not My Holy Due unto that place where the Emblem of Death is established, neither unto any who enter that place, nor unto any venture of that place, for My Holy Due may not be profaned without inciting Me to anger and great wrath.

0650 ""But fear not for the dead who are buried under the Emblem of Death not of their own choosing, but remove the Emblem of Death that the body thereof be again at peace with its soul.""

CHAPTER SIX

JUSTICE, FOR ONCE!

0651 Seraphim Amatraelonael and Bobby drifted down to the First Heaven, called the Etheric Plane. They traveled around the world to virtually all the major cities of global influence and power, and toward the end, they concentrated on the United States and finally on the State of Indiana.

0652 What they saw was putrid.

0653 They went back and forth across the United States in those early hours before dawn. They witnessed among the sleeping: socialists, manipulators, enforcers, lawyers, police officers, court officials, judges, national and state representatives, national and state senators and governors to see the nature of their doings.

0654 Some were home with their spouses but lay dreaming of the young child next door or across the street, or other sex partner, usually their office secretaries or office personnel. Some of the men were with wives they were to represent in divorce court actions; others were with the wives of their best friends, and still others were sleeping with fellow men of their given trades and positions! And all of them were vile. The women were no better. They found none worth keeping alive, save for their present positions of power and influence to be used against them.

0655 Seraphim Amatraelonael spoke, "Upon such as these, show no mercy! For you see them as they really are and not as they pretend to be before the eyes of man!

0656 "Be assured, they will concoct all manner of charges against you; blaming you for deeds they themselves have committed!"

0657 They returned to the prison just before dawn. Bobby lay in the darkness wondering what scam of outright criminal stupidity would be perpetrated upon the prisoners, if not himself, in this coming day.

0658 It's common practice that all politicians and people in authority – whether in churches, government, or business – tend to 'talk down' to those who for the moment are not well off financially, or for some reason need their 'services'!

0659 That practice angers Bobby to no end, as it does The Most High. Warden Buck was well aware of it, and Bobby's short temper. He was equally aware of Bobby's execution abilities! He'd seen it in action enough times to know for a fact that it was not only real, but also awesome. He was also equally certain that Bobby had no qualms whatsoever about using it! Warden Buck took extra special care to avoid talking down to Bobby, even though he held the idea that his office of Warden might still make Bobby kow-tow. He was dead wrong!

0660 Just after nine in that morning he summoned Bobby to his office in an 'I'm-a-god-and-you're-a-nothing' attempt to stop the slaughter. He signaled for that de-sexed whore he called a secretary to pour them some coffee.

0661 Warden Buck was in his best 'talk-down-his-nose' attitude, so prevalent of god-players on government payroll (G-POG-P), but doing his best to keep it out of his tone of voice, began, "Now, Robert, we've had a misunderstanding from the beginning, and I would like for you and I, as gentlemen, to resolve it so that the rest of your stay here can be more within the law and easier on both of us." He was at his government-is-always-right bullshitting best!

0662 Bobby exploded. His anger instantly reaching certain-slaughter level. Standing at the Warden's desk, pointing his finger at the slimy bastard and bellowing, "Wrong! One: 'we' didn't have a misunderstanding! You and those cocksucking sons-of-bitches you work and scheme with had the 'mis'-understanding!"

0663 "Two: you and I are not anyways near to gentlemen! You're a gutless, crooked, filthy, son-of-a-bitch, and I'm The Anointed of The Most High, positions which in either sense are far from gentlemanly.

0664 "Three: any 'resolvements' (Bobby invented a new word there in his utmost contempt for all Warden Buck and his ilk stood for.) that are to be made can come from that bunch of evidence-manufacturing cocksuckers in the Courts of Richmond and Indianapolis!

0665 "Furthermore: to hell with you and your god-damned law! My time here will not be counted by calendars! It'll be counted in bodies! Now, which would you like to be, a survivor or a victim?"

0666 Warden Buck hadn't expected Bobby to blast him, and he was obviously taken aback, shaken with fear and spilling his coffee down the front of his over-tailored shirt and tie, and then all over the office furniture (that was replaced each and every month by the prison's furniture manufacturing come hell or high water). "But, Robert, can't you see my hands are tied?" He was no longer bulling, he was all but whining.

0667 Bobby spat back, "You're a god-damned liar! The only ties you have are to see that when a man is railroaded in here that he doesn't get out! Regardless of whether he's innocent or not!

0668 "You slimy son-of-a-bitch, why do men get thrown in the hole for attempting to file writs, or when they write home and ask their people to get them a different lawyer? (The Constitutional guarantee of 'due process of law' is nonexistent when it will release a convict, especially if he's innocent!) Explain that, you Catholic cocksucker, and I just might let you live till I get out of here!"

0669 Warden Buck was totally shaken now, trembling in fear and knowing the Eternal Punishment in store for him either way he chose. He stayed with the power bloc of the graft system, but pleaded for his life. "But, Robert, if I let any of these men get free, I'll lose my job!"

0670 [INSERT: He was telling the truth for a change, for every person in confinement there is money in the Masonic and Knights of Columbus and Temple Israel graft machine. At that time about \$29,500.00 per year per individual! The institution actually spent only about \$500.00 per year on each inmate, which includes everything, leaving \$29,000.00 per-year per-inmate to be funneled into the graft machine. No wonder Warden Buck didn't dare to let anyone get out, innocent or not!]

0671 Bobby was unimpressed and still raving furious, "You dirty bastard! If you call yourself an American and you're afraid to see justice done, then you ought to lose more than your god-damned job! God damn you! You ought to have your nuts mashed in a red-hot vice!

0672 "You gutless son-of-a-bitch! Let me tell you something, and god-damn you, I want you to listen with both ears because I'm only going to tell you once! You get that bunch of incense burning assholes who run that damnable Den of Sodomy you call a Lodge to get the lead out of their respective asses and fix this thing, or I'll fix it! Beginning at the top and working down!

0673 "Do you understand me, you paganistic son-of-a-bitch?"

0674 Warden Buck understood perfectly. He began to look around his desk in a nervous state of confusion, as if somewhere among his now-soiled papers he could find a set of instructions to cover a situation like this. Bobby wasn't kidding. He fully intended to slaughter every Catholic in the Knights of Columbus from the Pontiff down!

0675 Warden Buck was stammering as he blurted out, "I can't . . . there's no procedure. . . we're not that kind of an . . .

0676 Bobby interrupted him, his anger going beyond that which required someone to die a terrible death. To offend The Anointed is fatal, both in the Heavens and in the Earth, and Warden Buck had just offended The Anointed beyond recall of the sentence of death!

0677 The only sentence repeated more than their respective passwords by both Lodges is, "We're not that kind of an organization!" But The Most High, Himself, had informed Bobby that in fact they ARE those kinds of organizations! And The Most High Lord of Spirits is not a liar! Proof of The Anointing documents the fact against the Lodges beyond question.

0678 Bobby bellowed, "Don't tell me what kind of an Order you are, god-damn it!

0679 "I know what kind of a Lodge you are, and I'll tell you what kind of a Lodge you're going to be: one full of dead bodies!

0680 "I'm going to give you just one hour to tell me a brand new line!

0681 "I'm going to the dining hall. When you want me – and make damned sure you understand: one hour, or the dead bodies will just keep on coming and I'll start with yours!"

0682 Bobby threw the remainder of his coffee in the Warden's face, and leaning over his desk bellowed again,

"Understand?"

0683 Warden Buck pushed his chair back as far as it would go, hitting the wall. He gripped the leather arms, his hands white. As far as he was concerned, any distance whatsoever was too close to this bellowing warrior, even if he did carry a number.

0684 Warden Buck was still mumbling, "Yes . . . , yes . . . , One hour . . . I, I . . . , understand."

0685 Bobby turned and walked out, slamming the door behind him, breaking the gold lettered glass.

0686 The roar attracted the attention of those in adjacent offices. One guard looked up at the slamming door as if he were bad enough to do something about it. Bobby silently stared him down. It was obvious that once the guard had identified Bobby that if there was to be anybody's ass torn apart, the guard certainly didn't want it to be his. The guard took some keys from his desk drawer, and without saying so much as one word, rapidly led the way back through the offices and into the institution.

0687 Bobby entered the kitchen, and with a wave at the guard on duty, proceeded to select a cup from the full cart, poured himself a cup of coffee, went over to the guard's table and sat down to drink it.

0688 Guard Captain Stinson was seated opposite. An old-timer professing to be from the rough days when John Dillenger had served time here, Captain Stinson claimed he had been here when John Dillenger had stolen a locomotive and smashed it through the rail gates in an attempted escape. The Captain was a Mason, and knew full well Bobby's opinion and position about them. He made no excuses at all, especially to Bobby.

0689 Stinson asked, "Giving hell to the Catholics for a change?" referring to the Warden.

0690 "Yep! And I'm just getting started!" Bobby seethed.

0691 "Think you'll get away with it?" His Masonic superiority was getting in the way of his better Judgment.

0692 "You're damned right I will! And you'll help me do it when the time comes." Bobby's voice was level, but Stinson wasn't fooled one bit that he had made the fatal mistake in talking to Bobby at all!

0693 Stinson tried to cover his tracks, and if possible, give the usual false line of information that sends people off on wild goose chases, especially those who are investigating the Lodge. He began, "Well, I can't talk about the Lodge to anybody but a member, but I would like to know where you get your inside information." He was aware that Bobby knew some of the signs and signals, and it was these he was intending to discredit.

0694 Bobby smelled a rat, and again, in a level voice informed him, "Well, let's put it this way; you don't have to agree or disagree, because I know, and you know that I know, so let's overlook that part and get to the meat of things.

0695 "I have what is called 'astral projection'. It's known as 'UP IN THE SPIRIT' in the Bible and 'transcendental flight' among the lesser-power occultists. I have no idea what the hell you butt-fucking bricklayers refer to it as, but the ability is unique. With it, I can walk through walls, read minds, overhear conversations, watch rituals, and since time doesn't exist there, distance is no problem . . .

0696 Stinson choked on his coffee, turned white in the face, and began to stammer, actually getting nothing said.

0697 Bobby continued, staring at Stinson like a snake knowing its meal had no escape, "If someone helps to commit a crime, or knowingly assists a criminal before, during, or after a crime, he is an accessory to the crime and just as guilty under the law! You bastards have been railroading people for years, and it can't be done without a lot of people, especially the courts, approving of and knowing about it. So, the very rank you carry proves you guilty!

0698 "Now get the hell out of my face. I'm waiting to see if I get to kill the Warden!"

0699 Captain Stinson tried to stand up, his knees were not cooperating. In an attempt to regain his composure and air of authority, he ordered one of the kitchen crew inmates to get Bobby another cup of coffee. The inmate came and took the cup as Stinson disappeared out the back door of the kitchen.

0700 Bobby walked to the coffee urn with the inmate. Taking his cup and pouring his own coffee, he spoke to the inmate with whom he had a nodding acquaintance. We'll call him Stone in this book to protect him from any further agony at the hands of Indiana's and other government's god-players on government payroll.

0701 "You may have to pour his coffee, but not mine! I carry a number too, and I don't have any inmate slaves!"

0702 Stone, a Negro, and a good-natured fellow who seemed to take life in stride, never missed a thing that happened, especially if it had anything to do with him.

0703 "What the hell is with you, anyhow? You keep these screws jumping like a gandy dancer in a snake pit!" He was obviously amused, and knew that as long as he was a friend of Bobby's, nobody would say a damned thing about him not doing his work.

0704 "What do you mean?" Bobby was trying to avoid a direct answer. The truth scares hell out of most people, so it must be given in bite-sized pieces to the vast majority, even new Proven Knowers.

0705 "Well, the word is that you kill people with thoughts, and can even call the shot! When, where, and with what, he goes under. Is that how you do it?"

0706 Bobby could tell this man, so he did, "More or less, although it's not that simple. They are wrong, and I'm right! Otherwise I couldn't hurt them one iota, at least by that method. It's written all over the Bible, the good and the right, which does not include Christians, are under divine protection, and the bastards aren't! I just use that power to my advantage."

0707 Stone wasn't convinced.

0708 "You got more heat than that, man. Everybody still talking about how you healed Gerwood (another anonymous name to protect the real person)!"

0709 [INSERT: Although Bobby had forgotten about that incident, it really was only the removal of some warts that had opened and gotten infected. It was a simple procedure and anybody can do it. Simply lay one's hands over the warts, and once the energy of the warts are sensed, in a wiping motion pull that energy out and off the victim. Just once does the trick, and though you should make as much contact as possible, a grip that causes any pain or discomfort is not necessary. In a few days the warts will heal over unless the person wants to keep them to gain some sort of sympathy or play some silly soap opera.]

0710 Bobby answered, "Oh, that. Gerwood? I didn't heal the man. I just reversed his thinking into a different channel, and he began to clean his hands more often. The warts left and the infection cleared up just like any other infection will do if you keep it clean."

0711 Bobby knew that warts are believed to be caused by a virus; but even if they are, viruses are still subject to the God who created them!

0712 Stone was still unconvinced, much to Bobby's amusement, "Yeah? Uh-huh! Like you didn't slap Jack Stage with a locomotive! Man, I was in that line. And the line the next morning! Yeah, tell me about it! You got more spooks than Christ got Christians! Some people say The Man himself tells you how to do what, and to who!"

0713 They both had a good laugh and Stone was completely approving of the fact that Bobby could put the whammy on the authorities. And he had a few in mind that he felt should be on the smash-ass list! He asked, "Do you take contracts?" He was serious now. Dead serious!

0714 "No, but if you're getting the run-around I'll gladly slap some ass!" Bobby replied, equally dead serious. Politicians and bureaucrats, especially in the graft machine they call a prison system, are notorious for runarounds. The only thing ever found to get them into sensible and immediate action is no survivors!

0715 Stone continued, "Well, that ain't quite the problem. My baby sister is just thirteen, and this dude, like he's telling her he want her for himself. And he got the big hog, gettin' out the ass; workin' ho's, pushing, the works. And that look good to a chick that young, man.

0716 "He'll shack her for a while, and then put her on the street to pay for her habit! I know, man, he's already done it to my older sister!"

0717 Stone was concerned. Honestly concerned. It was as though he wanted to rescue just one member of his family from the trap they were in because of their race, and their self-expression bound them to. Stone didn't buy the 'pity me, I'm a nigger' cop-out, nor did he practice overbearingness in the attempt to be something other than what he was. He held no illusions that he was in prison due to his own free-will actions. By believing the propaganda of the racial inciters he had robbed a grocery store and gotten caught by two plain-clothes policemen.

0718 The deception of the propaganda was that the White man existed for the Black man to steal from, or to terrorize. Stone found out the hard way that all men must pull together to better their worlds, and making any enemies along the way only serves to destroy what good presently exists. If he had learned nothing else in prison, besides how to hate, he had learned that Black People can't win the support of White People by throwing rocks and shooting at them, their property, or endangering them and their families, especially during riots.

0719 It was a lesson ahead of its time, and one that too many others, Blacks and Whites will never learn. It was also a lesson that destroyed most of the real progress between the races, and not knowing it polarized them even further.

0720 Before Bobby could respond to Stone's situation, one of the kitchen office inmates called, "Stone! The man wants you up front."

0721 Stone nodded acknowledgment, and said to Bobby, "Anytime you want me to get your coffee, say the word, man, I don't dig being on your outside!"

0722 They chuckled an understanding laugh and Stone left with a runner for the front office. Runners are those inmates who carry messages or escort other inmates from one place to another. They carry special passes, and any inmate caught 'out of place' is punished.

0723 Bobby went back to the table, seated himself with his back to the wall, and waited. At five-minutes till the hour the kitchen phone rang. The guard answered, looked up at Bobby, and nodded while still speaking. He wrote something on a pad and headed for the table.

0724 "289?" he requested.

0725 "Yes?" Bobby acknowledged.

0726 "Pack your things, you're going outside the walls. Here's your pass."

0727 Bobby was unimpressed.

0728 "Tell the Captain I want to see him first. We have business. I'll wait here."

0729 The guard knew better than to lock horns with this one. He'd seen too many others die the death or end up mangled, or worse. He shrugged, revealing his dilemma. He had to obey his orders yet he couldn't survive offending this inmate! He was saved by the telephone. It rang and he ran!

0730 Answering it, he looked up again at Bobby and nodded, a puzzled look on his face, "The Warden says to tell you that you win, but to give him a little more time!" he called loudly through the office window.

0731 Bobby called back just as loudly, "You call the Warden back and tell him to start counting bodies! I'll be at the dorm packing. Be sure to inform the Captain."

0732 Bobby left the kitchen before the guard could venture an answer, and when Bobby arrived at the main door, he turned to look back into the office, and the guard was on the phone trying to explain something he didn't know a damned thing about to someone who didn't want to hear what they were being told!

0733 Like we said earlier, all consuming hell was about to break loose, and Bobby had the biggest fuel shovel!

0734 The Captain entered the cadet dormitory, walked down to where Bobby was packing his change of clothes and seated himself on the opposite bunk.

0735 "You needed me for something?"

0736 "Yep. I have one hell of a lot of supplies on both sides of the walls, but the reg says I can only take out the con limit. You take care of it, OK, Captain?"

0737 By prison standards Bobby was a very rich man.

0738 The Captain spoke his approval.

0739 "Damn the regs! You get it packed and I'll take it out."

0740 "That's a good Captain," Bobby repeated a line from some motion picture of which he had since forgotten the title.

0741 Captain Stinson was annoyed with Bobby's attitude, but Bobby was totally disgusted with the entire Department of Corrections and all its employees. The Captain injected, "You really don't give in, do you?"

0742 "The minute I do, you bastards win!" Bobby's anger was rising.

0743 "Don't call me a bastard!" The Captain was pushing his luck again.

0744 "You're a god-damned Mason, and a lying bastard!" rising from his bunk and bellowing, Bobby was dangerous now. It would only take one word without the right sound to it, and Captain Stinson would begin an immediate one-way trip to Hell's Eternal Destruction. Bobby stared that level gaze, his face all but expressionless, a sure and certain sign that someone had pushed him to the fine line that determines their continued existence, both on earth and the eternity to follow.

0745 The Captain being a trained Mason, blinked, sensing extreme danger, "Look, I've stuck my neck out . . .

0746 Bobby interrupted him, "You sure have, and I'm about ready to cut it off right down to the ankles!" Bobby slowly sat down.

0747 "What I mean is, I had to pull a lot of strings to get you outside the walls. Doesn't that mean anything to you at all?" The Captain was attempting to bargain.

0748 "Not a damned bit! And it doesn't impress me either. You bastards run people in and out of this place like a cattle pen, so don't try that sob story on me. I know better." Bobby was right, the Captain knew it, and he knew Bobby knew it.

0749 "I'll go unpack your locker," he mollified. It was the only escape he could think of.

0750 Stinson left and returned within the hour escorted by a work detail of inmates carrying his three duffel bags and several large boxes filled to the limit with Bobby's vast hoard of supplies. Bobby's inside stash of provisions and tobacco products could have paid for someone to murder the State Governor, who in Bobby's opinion wasn't worth a pack of cigarettes!

0751 The inside stash consisted of one hundred sixty (160) cartons of cigarettes, thirty (30) quart jars of instant tea, sixty (60) pounds of sugar, twenty (20) large jars of Creamora, and ninety (90) pounds of instant coffee! Inside any jail or prison, such supplies and narcotics are the medium of exchange, the equivalent of money anywhere else.

Though never dealing in narcotics, by any standards Bobby was a very rich man. Money in any instance is power, and Bobby had plenty of money and power, but he also had a source of power that money could not buy escape from!

0752 The Captain was more than generous, "I've got some help. You go on, and I'll see to it that your stash is delivered."

0753 You are damned right he would! Bobby had a reputation to uphold and he wouldn't hesitate one split second to execute Stinson if so much as one cigarette came up missing! At that time inside the walls, one could buy a man's life for two pack, and the outside stash of one hundred ninety (190) cartons of cigarettes and two hundred (200) pounds of provisions was literally enough to re-crucify Christ. And all his Disciples!

0754 Bobby went through the routine check at the rail gate and into the barracks. The yard was bordered by an eight-foot chain link fence, but anybody could have gone over it without much problem. It was good to be able to see for any distance. The day was warm, sunny bright and cheery. Winter was on its last legs, and spring was about to bloom in all her glory. Being outside the walls was a nice gesture on the part of Warden Buck, but it was a long damned way from the full exoneration Bobby required and would damned well collect!

0755 The men were still at work, and when the Captain, two guards and the inmate entourage delivered Bobby's stash, he was given three extra lockers, the large ones at the basement guard station. Even though inmates are restricted to having just so many supplies, and running a store is against every rule in the book, Bobby had a twenty-four hour state guard on one of the largest inmate-owned supply depots in the whole damned prison system.

0756 [INSERT: The reason for limiting supplies to inmates is to prevent stockpiling for use during riots, escapes, et cetera, permitting the incitement of riots for the benefit of the vile and corrupt system by reducing rations or serving rotten food. Without the storekeepers, there would be more hungry inmates than there are, resulting in more violence!]

0757 Bobby doesn't smoke, didn't run a store, nor did he keep any punks, he just acted as the main warehouse for those that did. When he made loans, or bought anything, he charged or paid the going rate. On small loans Bobby's interest rate was higher and his time limits shorter. This prevented to a large degree the inmates from dealing with him rather than their regular storekeeper. The excess charges were paid to the storekeeper who would normally have made the deal.

0758 Bobby would not deal in narcotics under any conditions. Cigarettes were bad enough, but people didn't overdose on them! He did cover some heavy bets though, and collected with interest on the spot. Within limits, he sees nothing wrong with indulging people in what they will do anyway, such as legalized gambling and legalized prostitution.

0759 Being a better-than-average electrician (he graduated from Radio Intercept School at Keesler AFB in 1955), he was first assigned to the outside, the main, electric shop. The civilian foreman was one Herbert Noe, one of not more than a dozen honest employees in the whole prison system (Indiana's version of Department of Corrections). Shortly after Bobby was transferred outside, Herb Noe's only son was injured in a traffic accident. He died a few days later leaving a wife and young children. Herb Noe was a broken man. Of all the filthy sons-of-bitches who deserved each and every hurtful thing that could come upon them, Herb Noe had never harmed or cheated another human being in his entire life, and this happened to him.

0760 A short time later Bobby was transferred to the job of Chief Clerk for the farm. The farm manager was a short, stocky fellow by the name of Cecil Kinder, one of the three honest people employed at the prison. He was a slave driver, but he stayed right there with you, and would bend over backwards twice to be fair. From the farm office Cecil Kinder ran the entire 2,800 acre full produce installation.