

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

1247 ""Hear all who have life: For you are not beyond My Cognizance nor beyond My Holy Law! And for thus I Ordained the Priests of Righteousness (on earth, the Israelite Tribe of Levi) among you to keep and to teach My Holy Law, that in all the Damnations, the Righteous and the Perfect shall not perish.

1248 ""Therefore, be Righteous and Perfect before Me, for I have given unto you to be Righteous and Perfect before me, even as I have given unto My Holy Ones among you.

1249 ""Among you are many of Evil, some of demons, some of lust for power, some of greed, all seeking a vain glory. Be not counted among the Evil, for they are a Testimony against themselves and a profanity unto My Creation. By this sign shall you know your own station: if My Truth be not in you, great anger shall consume you at the presence of any other who shall make My Truth known; Yea, great anger toward My Holy Anointed and Elect Ones and toward all who are become My True Proven Knowers. By this sign shall you know yourself.

1250 ""Among you are many demons, changing My Holy Law and My Holy Word into that which is vile and which is Evil; perpetrating abominations in My Sight: forcing their precepts of Me and My Holy Law by the sword upon others; which thing I have said not to do lest the soul be driven from Me because of the deception. Be not counted among those who bring religion forced at the point of the sword, for all such are a Testimony against themselves and an abomination unto all Pure and True Spirits.

1251 ""Among you are many of Righteousness, some of My Own Appointment, some of lust for Truth, some of earned Knowledge, and all seeking a True Glory. Be counted among the Righteous, for they are a Testimony against all Evil and a pleasure unto My Soul.

1252 ""Unto you I have made many Stations, both High Servient and Low Servient, and unto all I have given to be Righteous and Perfect before Me.""

CHAPTER TWELVE

THE LYING BASTARDS GET THE MESSAGE

1253 The next morning, Friday, November 1st, 1963, he was at work earlier than usual. Farm long-count usually went out before, and returned after, the other crews, but this morning was moreso due to the harvest. Farm long-count was the elite and didn't put up with the malarkey the other crews had to suffer.

1254 Bobby had already made his morning run to the dairy barn for a large coffee jar of fresh cream, lighted a fire in the office stove, and settled himself with a hot jar of coffee for the day's work. He was a bit amazed that for once, Mr. Kinder, who never took anything from inmates or the State, accepted a glass of the cream! Bobby wondered if he would sign a statement of charges for it, as Cecil Kinder was just that honest and fair.

1255 Mr. Kinder was looking out the dingy farm office window, and lo, and behold; there came a convoy of State limousines, with a State Police escort!

1256 Bobby had the radio on. He knew the night before there had been a huge explosion at the fair grounds in Indianapolis, killing an unknown number of people. They were watching a performance of Holiday on Ice in the coliseum when the fuel canister of a popcorn heater leaked, exploded, and blew the place to pieces. Initial reports listed at least 50 dead and over 400 injured. Recovery and rescue efforts were still in progress.

1257 The bastard elements of government were already mealy-mouthing the fact there would be 'thorough investigations'. They didn't fool anybody at Pendleton since all the inmates knew such 'investigations' were mainly to prevent any blame from falling upon any Mason, Knight of Columbus or Prince of Temple Israel that might be at fault, especially if they were government employees. Or to guarantee, by manufactured evidence as necessary, the railroading of someone who had neither the funds nor influence to fight back! Of course, there was always the possibility that no suitable victim would be available. In which case the whole affair would be whitewashed after a tremendous expenditure of taxpayer's money, and all the publicity and graft the bastards could secure for themselves had run its course.

1258 And that is exactly what happened!

1259 They knew that Bobby would be watching, so railroading some idiot at their disposal wouldn't be the sharpest idea they had come up with of late. They also knew it was their fat in the fire, and that Bobby controlled the flame! The tactic of permitting peons to be executed wasn't working; Bobby was now slaughtering top brass like so many vermin! That meant something had to be done, and done immediately.

1260 They were in a quandary of sorts; Masons cannot dictate to Knights or Temple Israel and vice versa, so it

would take some doing to get sufficient collusion to go along with this change of plans! Their motivation was simple enough: the survival of all depended on it!

1261 Bobby was unmoved, and now we would see what we would see!

1262 The other crews were still inside the gates as a grand parade of bureaucrats, headed up by the Governor Matthew E. Welch's stooge, Lieutenant Governor Richard Ristine; and consisting of an assorted lot of other bureaucratic incompetents who, if the boss turned suddenly would break their noses off in his ass, entered the farm office. They had bypassed the front office, Warden, security and all! They weren't even here 'officially', but they had to do something, or their own ass was next across the chopping block. And they all damned well knew it!

1263 Mr. Kinder was flabbergasted! He hadn't seen so much brass in his life, including television coverage of a Presidential inauguration; the screen wouldn't have held them all!

1264 Masonic rings and hook-noses (Jews) were everywhere.

1265 The Light Governor spoke first, "We've come to straighten out a problem with one of your men, Mr. Kinder, and we shouldn't be very long. So, there's no need to notify the front office." He was grinning the phony smile of those who are used to talking down their noses to others, and it was a near fatal mistake. Bobby despised THAT as much as he did Satan!

1266 He turned to Bobby who was still seated at his desk, his feet upon it, reclining in the swivel chair.

1267 "Now, I understand there's something amiss in your case . . .

1268 Bobby interrupted, "You'd better god-damned well believe it! And you're one of the bastards who made it. I'll tell you Masonic bastards just once again, 'count the bodies and make up your god-damned mind!'"

1269 Bobby was already boiling mad, coming slowly out of his chair in a fit of full-blown fury.

1270 "We're not that kind of an organization," injected a sarcastic member of the state parole board, by the name of Salyer. That was an even bigger mistake!

1271 "You're a god-damned liar!" Bobby bellowed, "And a dead man! You might not live to get back to Indy, you rotten son-of-a-bitch! Now, how do you like them apples?"

1272 Salyer was instantly panic stricken! His phony aire of superiority had gotten him a Death Warrant. The Light Governor injected, "Please! We've come here to stop the killing, not create more of it! So shut up, and I'll try to reason with this man!" He might as well have tried to reach the moon on a pogo stick.

1273 "You're wasting your god-damned time!" Bobby bellowed again, "You and your rotten, thieving bunch of cocksuckers have heard the terms, and there are no changes for any reason!" Bobby was already at the anger level that required somebody's death, and it was rising.

1274 The Light Governor was in trouble, "But, you don't understand, there are many lives at stake . . .

1275 "You're god-damned right there are, you Masonic cocksucker, including yours!" Bobby spat back, his fury rising to unbelievable levels.

1276 The Light Governor was shaken, and made the typical well-rehearsed blunder, "But we're not that kind of an organization . . .

1277 Bobby exploded! There would be deaths uncountable now! He had heard that damnable lying line to his limit.

1278 "God damn you, if I hear that stupid remark just one more time, I'm going to kill every cocksucking Mason that ever existed! And to make damned sure you get it right the first time, I want one dead Mason just because the sun comes up!"

1279 The Light Governor was all but out of control. He had never had to fight for his very existence, and the existence of everything he was involved in against something that was absolutely impregnable. He changed his tactic, "There are careers at stake . . . families . . .

1280 "Careers paid for, and families supported on the blood and bones of innocent men and women, just so you filthy bastards can have a gravy machine!

1281 "Tell me about the countless men, women, and families whose lives were wrecked, if not taken, just so you slimy sons-of-bitches could get a front page of glorification!

1282 "Tell me about your 'fair and impartial' courts where poor people are railroaded, and you filthy cocksuckers are honored, and the overpriced sons-of-bitches that condone it in the name of 'justice'! Tell me one more lie like you palm off on this gutless populace, and I'll turn you into a can of squashed assholes!"

1283 The State Police Colonel who was in escort braced as if he were going to draw his weapon as Bobby, spewing anger and truth, approached the Light Governor. Bobby turned on him like a pit viper, "I dare you, you gutless cocksucker! Draw that gun, and I'll cram it in your ass and empty it!"

1284 The Lieutenant Governor raised his hand in directive, and the whole party backpedaled, including the State

Police Colonel. He spoke quietly but firmly, "Look! We're not going to get anywhere pushing this man! Can't you see he has us without question?"

1285 "I don't know how we managed to convict a man with his power and ability, but we did! And now we have to undo it, and we have to undo it now!"

1286 Bobby pressed his advantage by bellowing at the top of his considerable lungs, "Now you're getting the god-damned picture!"

1287 The Lieutenant Governor for once in his damnable life faced a reality that neither god-playing bureaucrats nor god-playing politicians will admit, "Look, we're both practicing occultists, and we, the people of the Lodges, know the terms you've set down, and we can deliver every bit of it!

1288 "Except . . . except that we can't send any of our people to prison, nor can we humiliate them with public disclosure. How about a compromise?"

1289 'Compromise' is the political term meaning, 'give a billionth of an inch and become an instant victim'!

Neither politicians, police, courts, nor bureaucrats ever give any compromises whatsoever! This time it didn't matter whether this overpriced son-of-a-bitch was talking down or not. Bobby flattened his hopes. He bellowed with a rare tinge of rage, "Count the bodies and make up your god-damned mind! You, and all the bastardly cocksuckers like you, all belong in jail! And the public has the right to be informed of the truth! I don't give a good god-damn how you do it, but you get it done! And you get it done without one iota of change, and you filthy cocksucker, you get it done now!"

1290 "My terms are total and without exception!"

1291 The Light Governor was had, and he knew it. Yet he persisted, "But that's a stone wall. Surely you'll not be unreasonable."

1292 That did it! 'Unreasonable' is another of the terms that bottom lines thusly: 'permit the politician to win regardless of what it costs the victim', especially you!

1293 Bobby blew at him, "Unreasonable? You dirty bastard, don't talk to me about being unreasonable!"

1294 "I'm not the least bit impressed with your god-damned position, and even less impressed with the gutless bunch of cowardly sons-of-bitches in and out of government that support you!"

1295 "If there was even a vague resemblance to reason anywhere in your god-damned system, I'd offer reason in exchange!"

1296 "You slimy cocksuckers have played god for so long you think the only thing 'reasonable' is something that benefits one of you god-damned Masons!"

1297 "I'll give you 'reason'! Sometime instead of being out of your body to convince some cunt how good your dick is, take a trip down the ranges of any prison! You'll find hundreds of souls bound there for all eternity! Souls of men and women you murdered! Souls of men and women whose minds you destroyed! Souls of men and women whose blood and bones suffered every god-damned thing you could do to them! Souls of men and women you bound there for all eternity with your god-damned sorceries, with your god-damned symbols, with your god-damned talismans, with your god-damned radionic and psionic devices, and with your god-damned demonic rituals you poo-poo so loud and long in the ears of the populace!"

1298 "And all of it just so you could dress that flatulent whore you call a wife in some French-queer gown!"

1299 "Just so you could feed that bunch of over-educated, degenerate, gutless punks you call children, while these people sat in a freezing cell and starved!"

1300 "I'll give you reason, you cocksucker!"

1301 "I'll give you a firsthand trip right through the Main Gates of Hell! And I personally guarantee you'll never come back out again!"

1302 "I'll give you reason, all the rest of you cocksuckers!"

1303 "Hell isn't nearly hot enough for you yet, but you can bet the last piece of ass you got that I'll turn the burners up! I can, and by God I will!"

1304 "There's not a god-damned one of you here that I won't deliver hell itself right to your front door!"

1305 The Light Governor had to respond to express and demonstrate his 'authority', "Well, I can take a decidedly different course of action!"

1306 You could have heard Bobby bellow halfway to Richmond, "You can shit too! I've got you over a barrel, or you wouldn't be here!"

1307 The following silence was deafening.

1308 They knew for a fact that Bobby had the power and ability to slay at his leisure, and they held no delusions that he wouldn't do it!

1309 He just had!

1310 The very fact that they were here, within a very few hours of the next day, proved they knew it. The boom happened just after eleven o'clock the night before, and it still wasn't quite six in the following morning! Less than seven hours to get the news, gather their damnable clan, assemble a plan of some sort of self-rescue, select the company to carry the message – and that couldn't be some powerless half-baked jackass – it had to be someone in at least statewide authority that could also be absent from the media, drive wherever they all were to rendezvous into a caravan and then drive to the prison at Anderson. They knew who and they knew why and they knew where without any previous circumstances or so much as one shred of evidence – except their metaphysical knowledge – to indicate Bobby's involvement in the disaster at Indianapolis! Their very presence under these conditions was all the proof required to certify beyond question:

1311 That they were and still are a Metaphysical Order that use those powers to their own ends;

1312 That they were and still are a corrupt and degenerate society-controlling organization laced with High Treason from top to bottom;

1313 That they were and still are guilty of all Bobby charged against them;

1314 That they could and would alter all the books and records to cover up the event and their own asses as deemed necessary;

1315 And that they knew there was no escape whatsoever from him!

1316 Their greater fear was yet to come when they would all have to give full account before this very same Holy Anointed One, beginning with the ignorant innocents who died and were injured and especially the inescapable everlasting burning they had brought down on the heads of all their families! That loss too would be accounted upon their heads, though it would be scant comfort to their wives, whores, children and all their generations after them; including all those who either marry or have sexual intercourse with those children and generations. It is not said lightly that, "the wheels of God turn exceedingly slow, but they grind exceedingly fine!"

1317 Bobby's alibi was perfect! The 'prisoner's count', taken hourly, and every day at three twenty (3:20) PM and delivered to the Governor's office before the shift could change was Bobby's alibi! There isn't a jury in the world that could convict him of being in Indianapolis when the records clearly show he was in prison at Pendleton! To be sure, a Masonic or Knight of Columbus or Temple Israel jury would certainly like to try, but they wouldn't live long enough to make it an official record.

1318 The Light Governor knew he had just gotten his maygourd chuckled, "Will you consider . . .

1319 "No!" Bobby bellowed in interruption.

1320 The Light Governor turned to Cecil Kinder who was standing by his desk, his mouth open and in a near state of shock.

1321 "Forget we were ever here, I'll fix it with the front office. And, forget everything you heard! This just didn't happen!

1322 "Understand?"

1323 Mr. Kinder nodded. He hadn't the vaguest idea of what in the hell had just come down. He'd never seen the normally gentle and humorous Bobby on a full-blown rampage. And he'd never been visited unannounced by the Lieutenant Governor, or any other high elected official, especially in the farm office, attached to the main barn!

1324 Salyer was white in the face and needed assistance to remain standing, "Please, please, don't kill me, I have a wife . . .

1325 "So do I!" Bobby bellowed, his rage still undiminished, "And while yours is fed on my blood and bones, mine is home hungry unless she can steal enough to eat!

1326 "Now, god-damn you, get out of my face before I decide that you shouldn't even make the car!"

1327 The Light Governor nodded a directive, and two of the flunkies helped that whimpering, gutless bastard out the door. He was already well on his way to a heart attack. Bobby decided that killing him enroute back to Indianapolis would only create more nonsense for him to put up with. The shock of this episode alone would kill him soon enough.

1328 The party followed in a silence like a tomb. Mr. Kinder sat down, shaking his head and in total exhaustion. Bobby went to the window, drinking his coffee, and watched them until they were out of sight. It was a few minutes before he returned to his paperwork. Mr. Kinder waited until Bobby set the paper to type something before he asked, "What-in-the-hell-was-that-all-about?"

1329 "I blew the big brass of the Red Lodge into hell last night! And, this damnable prison is my alibi! There's still no word on how many are dead and injured, according to the radio."

1330 "By God! You mean that explosion last night in Indianapolis?" Kinder was totally confused as to how in

hell's name Bobby could have blown up the coliseum at Indianapolis, some one hundred (100) miles away, while safely locked up in jail!

1331 It's not an unreasonable question!

1332 God has no limits on his reach! Nor does he impose limits of the like on His Chosen Witnesses! There are only one hundred and seventy-five (175) Anointed allotted for this civilization, the Generations of Ish, and Bobby is the last of the line. The full terms and conditions of his appointment of necessity give him a tremendous amount of pure brute power, and limitless authority.

1333 The Curse of an Anointed is permanent and totally without appeal, except by the very Anointed who created and established it! Even The Most High will not remove or reduce a Curse issued by any of His Anointed: and that's a fact!

1334 Read the Curse of Noah on Accursed Canaan in Chapter 40, following. Noah was The Anointed of His Generation, and at least according to Biblical-Scholar timing, the Curse was delivered about 4,575 BC, although it was actually much earlier. However, the Proven Prophet Zechariah redocumented the same Curse about 485 BC . . . "And in That Day there shall be no more the Canaanite in the House of the Lord of Hosts!" (Zechariah 14:21) The full transcript is awesome and it's still bringing all the miseries invoked down on the heads of those upon whom it was intended.

1335 Other documentation such as Aeshmodeva's very limited confession in 1976 GCAD and the Script of Gomorrah claim the same thing! Even so, you can check it for yourself in The Holy Scripts of All The Heavens and All The Earths of the Reflecting Ether by learning how to get UP IN THE SPIRIT as instructed in Chapter 41.

1336 Absolute, consistently verifiable proof that all these things are truth is available in Chapter 42.

1337 And so, the Long Arm of God caught up with the practitioners of the 'long arm of the law'!

1338 Bobby was calmly emphatic, "Yep. And that's only the beginning! Richmond (Indiana) has a whole lot more coming, and so does every god-damned Mason and Knight of Columbus on the planet! Including their jackass women and young adults."

1339 The fiddler had played a lot of dates, so he had a lot of paydays coming!

1340 How much the taxpayers were robbed to pay for all the cover-ups and record-altering and book-rubberizing will itself be covered up as every Department with paper and Bobby's name had to be 'edited'. It was still going on years later when some of the incidents were re-examined and researched, and only parts of those records were available or existed at all. Court records were 'lost', 'undecipherable', and 'no record of that' all over the place. County and State files were equally scattered and re-written. It's obvious from this exchange and the subsequent altering of all the 'official' records that the murderers of President John F. Kennedy were well rehearsed in the practice.