

Mormon Monarch

I am a Survivor of the CIA's Trauma Based Mind Control Program, Mk-Ultra, and a CIA Sleeper Assassin who is now Awake. I am Blowing the Whistle.

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...Meeting with a Byrd in the Garden...

Warning: this document is intended for persons over the age of eighteen years of age only and does contain mental and subconscious triggers for those who have suffered from the Central Intelligence Agency's Mk-Ultra Trauma Based Mind Control Projects.





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This picture was taken of me in 1993 A.D. while on our trip back east with my grandparents. It had been my grandfathers idea to take this picture. I am unknown on exactly where this photo was taken.

This page is a journal entry about a meeting that I had with senator Robert Byrd in the summer of the year 1993 A.D. while I was on a trip back east with my grandparents from my father's side. This meeting occurred the day after we had been taken backstage with Charlie Pride in Branson, Missouri. This meeting had been arranged because my cousin and I had both just been sold to the Central Intelligence Agency and Senator Byrd, and in this meeting, I would be tested and scarred with the symbols of a CIA mind slave. Byrd, who was an avid talker, would also tell me a great deal many things which the American Public, and all citizens of the world should be aware, such as mind slavery within the world of sports, the CIA's involvement in mass shootings, and the degradation and destruction of the democratic institution which is America.

The morning after the Charlie Pride show in Branson, Missouri we all woke up early in our hotel there in town. My cousin and I were both still sick and suffering from headaches and flu like symptoms from the electrocution and rape we had endured the evening before. My chest was also sore and the wound at its center seemed to be tender as though I had done something to hurt it, but I could not remember what I had done; my stomach was also all messed up and my ass as well as I was constipated and sore in my anal region. My grandmother wanted to take my younger cousin to a violinist concert that morning there in Branson, and I was to stay there in the room with my grandfather while they went to the show. They told me that they could

not afford to take both my cousin and myself to this show and had said that this was more of a show for my cousin anyways because he played the violin. My cousin did not want to go to this show because he did not feel well and was sick and suffering and the show was in the morning, but my grandmother was insistent that he was to go to this show. They got ready and they left that morning leaving me there in the hotel alone with my grandfather. After my grandmother and cousin had returned from the violinist show we were all going to pack up and head to Nashville, Tennessee to the family reunion.

After my grandmother and cousin left for the violinist show my grandfather took a shower while I sat on the bed and watched the television trying to relax and recuperate from my apparent illness; I thought that I had the flu and was being affected by the new muggy and hot climate of Missouri, but in reality I was suffering from the symptoms of being hit with a taser and that of trauma. When he was done with his shower my grandfather came out of the bathroom naked but wrapped in a towel. He walked over in front of the bed and looking at me he said, “Get up and come here”. I was confused and a part of me knew that this was weird, but this was my grandfather and I trusted him in my base personality and could not remember that he abused me. I got up off of the bed and walked over to where he was standing, and I stood in front of him wondering what it was that he wanted. He wasted no time, and he reached up and he touched me behind my left ear on a pressure point at that location, and he gave the verbal trigger/command of “Fellatio”; this was the trigger that I was to perform oral sex on the man. I got onto my knees, and I did as I was commanded as I was a dissociative mind slave, and my grandfather was one of my key abusers throughout my youth and young adulthood. It was all very awful, but he acted as though he was a kind person for not abusing me further than this. When I was done with this task my

grandfather walked me through a hypnosis session and then he hit me with a taser. Then he told me to go and take a bath and get cleaned up. In the bath I felt sick and was very confused; I had wounds on my body such as my chest wound which seemed to be freshly injured, and my anus was sore, and my stomach felt all messed up. My head felt thick and my body heavy and my right leg was sore; I felt strange and like things were happening to me that I could not remember or understand. I felt like something was wrong, but I could not understand that there were people taking my ability to remember things. I did not know that such a thing would even be possible, but it is. I tried to just relax alone in the tub for a time.

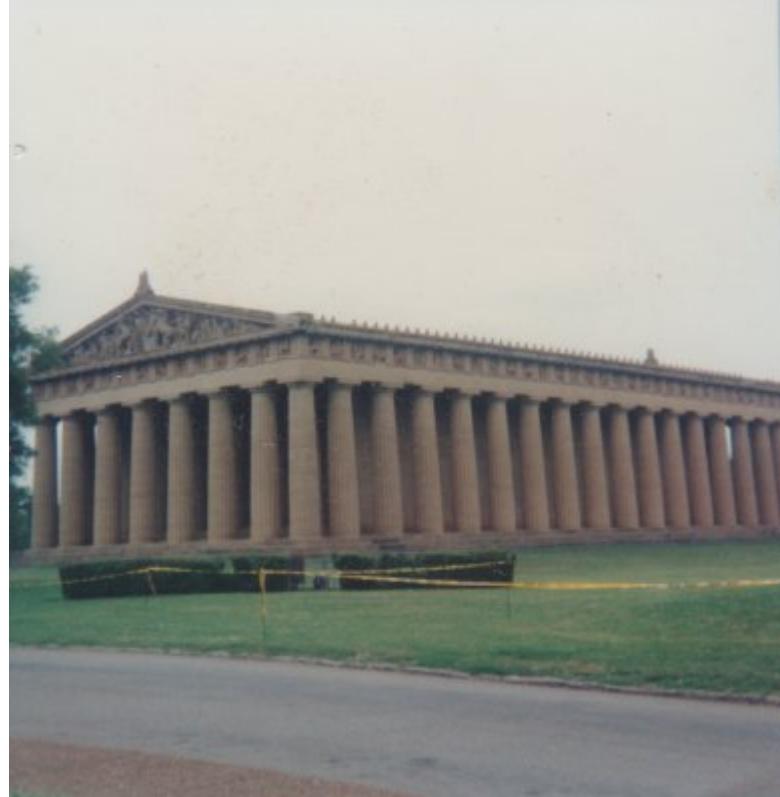
When I got out of the tub and I got dressed I found my grandfather sitting at the small table in the room by the telephone and looking deep in thought. The television was still on and I sat down and asked him what he was doing. At that time, I could not recall the events of his molestation only a short time before. He said that he was waiting on an important phone call, and I was to keep the television volume turned down and keep myself quiet. I was getting hungry by this time, and I asked my grandfather what I should eat for breakfast. He told me that I could have some of the left-over KFC for brunch, but he said that we needed to save some for my grandmother and my cousin, so I was not to eat it all. We sat and rested for a time and then the phone call came that my grandfather was waiting for. He talked for just a short time on the phone with someone and it seemed to be a serious conversation; he talked to the person on the phone about meeting somewhere that day and then he hung up. He seemed to relax slightly after the phone call, but he seemed disconnected from the world around him and engrossed in thought. My grandmother and cousin came back from the violinist concert, and we all got ready to head out back on the road. My grandmother and cousin had some of the

Kentucky Fried Chicken for brunch and we left Branson, Missouri. By this time in our trip back east I was feeling like a fried chicken myself.

We were supposed to be in Nashville, Tennessee that evening for the Grigsby family reunion, but my grandfather told my grandmother that we needed to make a slight detour along the way and stop at a war memorial to meet with someone named Byrd, this man was a U.S.

Senator. My grandmother was frustrated with this news and said that it had better not make

U.S. late for the family reunion; my grandfather reassured her that it would not. On the road it was a hot and muggy summer day in the American southeast and we spent a lot of time driving through the green and lush landscapes. I can remember my cousin sitting on his side of the van quietly listening to his Walkman and wishing that I had some form of entertainment to take my mind from the pains in my body and the boredom of the road. When we started to get close to the war memorial my grandfather stopped at a replica that had been constructed of the Greek Parthenon. For my grandparents it was important to stop and see this work of architectural wonder built to



This is a picture of the Greek Parthenon, Nashville, Tennessee which I took while on the trip back east with my grandparents in 1993 A.D. This picture was taken shortly before we arrived at the war memorial for our meeting with Byrd.

replicate the original in Greece. I can remember feeling sick and it was hot and very humid that day, though I did try to enjoy the work of architecture and I was able to get a photograph of it with my camera at that time. After this stop we continued to the war memorial and our meeting with Byrd.



This is a picture that I took of the statue at the beginning of the road leading into the memorial park where we met with Senator Byrd.

When we got to the war memorial there was a long road that was the entry to the park. There was a statue at the entry of the park, and we stopped, and I took a picture of it. We continued to the parking lot which was not too crowded, and my grandfather parked the van. We stepped out into the afternoon sun and the heat and began

to stretch our legs and enjoy the memorial. My grandmother complained about the time, but my grandfather told her that we had a little while before our meeting, and he said that the walk through the park would



be good for U.S. after all the driving. My grandmother said that she hoped that none of this would take too long.

Where we had entered the park there were several bronze statues of soldiers. As a young impressionable teenager they were fascinating to see, but it is confusing in my memory because it seems as though these statues represented several wars. We started off across the grounds and spent time staying in the shade of the trees and making our way to the flower garden area. I can remember that there were old historical buildings here such as cabins and a mansion of some kind. There was also an old graveyard which was small and was in an area with a metal fence around it. I took pictures of some of these things while I was there that day.



This is the picture of the old graveyard at the memorial park where we were to meet with Senator Byrd.



This is the picture that I took of my younger cousin in the flower garden area of a memorial park of some kind outside of Nashville, Tennessee. This picture was taken shortly before our meetings with Senator Byrd.

We arrived at the flower garden a little early and spent a few minutes enjoying and smelling the flowers. My grandparents both wandered off looking for Byrd and my cousin and I wandered around the flower area for a short time. I can remember taking a picture of my cousin there in the flower garden area of the park with my camera. I only had one picture left after taking this photo. My cousin had his Walkman player with him even in the flower garden and was occupied in his thoughts and music.

Before long, my grandfather came and found me and told me that I needed to come with him as there was someone that he wanted me to meet there in the garden. I had my camera out because I had taken the picture of my cousin a short time before and he told me to put the camera away in my pocket and said, “no more pictures right now”. He led me around the garden to where my grandmother was standing and talking with an older gentleman and a young woman around twenty or so years of age. The older gentleman was in a suit and jacket and was a very white man and seemed somehow familiar to me at that time. The young woman with him was a beautiful and thin blonde woman, which as a fifteen-year-old male I found her to be very attractive, and I wondered at that moment if she was not this man’s daughter. I was introduced to the man who was United States Senator, Robert Byrd. When I was introduced to him, he looked at me reaching out his hand and shaking mine and he told me that it was nice to see me again; he called me by my name, Jonathan. It was confusing when he said this because he looked so familiar to me and I knew that I was expected to Bee Respectful to this man, but I could not remember where I had met him before nor how it was that I knew him, and he seemed to know me. The young woman that was with him was not introduced as his daughter as I had expected but was rather introduced to me as Byrd’s wife. When this was told to me it was somewhat shocking and awkward to hear as he seemed way too old to be married to this beautiful young woman. But this news did not seem to bother my grandparents and I figured that things here in the east were just different than in the west. After introductions Byrd told me that he wanted to take a walk with me through the garden as he wanted to talk with me in private for a time. He said that my grandparents would not mind if I did, and I was motioned to follow him away from my grandparents and his wife and into the garden for a conversation. By this time the process of moving through personalities had begun and a

part of me knew what this was all about while another part of me was confused but respectful.

It was strange walking through the garden there at the memorial with this man Byrd, and we walked slowly and there was no rush to our conversation. He did most all the talking as we walked through the heat of that day. Byrd asked me casually if I was enjoying my journey through the American Heartland with my grandparents. I told him that I was enjoying it as this was the expected answer. He asked me about school and what grade I was going into in the fall. I had just turned fifteen and would be going into ninth grade that year. He asked me if school was going ok and if I was getting along with the other kids. I told him that I really did not do very well at school and told him that some of the kids there would pick on me and I did not like that. Byrd told me that I was special and was different from the other children at school; he told me that there were a lot of people in the world who loved and cared for me, and I was not to worry about these other children. He told me that my grandparents and parents cared for me, and he said that they all believed in me and the government project that I had been chosen for. He asked me if I played any sports, and I talked about how I had been involved with Track and Field at my school and played baseball on the city league. He told me that my grandfather really liked baseball too, so this made sense to him, but he seemed more interested in basketball and he asked me if I did not play basketball at all. I told him that I did not play it much, no and he started to talk about Larry Bird, and he asked me if I knew who he was. I told him that I did, and he told me that Larry Bird was one of his favorite players and he told me that Larry Bird was also in the same government project that I had been chosen for. He told me that Bird had been groomed and programmed to be the player that he was. He told me that many of the top stars in sports are programmed to

perform in their field and he told me that in this way the Project was advancing humanity by pushing the limits of athletic performance. He told me the names of other sports figures whose names I recognized at that time, and he told me that these athletes were the leaders in their field for a reason. He told me that the world and the people needed leaders and examples to live by and he told me that the Project gives them just that. Looking at me he said, Jonathan, you are a leader. At that time I was a fat and nerdy fifteen-year-old kid, and I did not feel like any kind of a leader.

Byrd told me that there are not very many people like myself in the world today and he said that I was one of the five-percent of the population of the world that were born to be leaders; he said that the other ninety-five percent of the human population are born to be followers and do not even have any desire within them to lead; he told me that the ninety-five percent want to be told what they are to do, and he said that it was our responsibility as the chosen of this world too lead them. He told me that because of this fact a democracy such as that which many in this country and the world believe America to be and represent is not possible. He told me that if The People were allowed to run the country in a true democracy, then in their ignorance and inability to lead would surely destroy it. He told me that The People are not capable to lead a nation and he told me that the democracy which America represents must be destroyed/deteriorated. He told me that the people do not understand this and at times the people must be moved by means in which they do not understand. He explained to me that it was necessary that the people should be guided to the decisions which the leaders of the world have already made for them.

He told me that it is for example difficult to control and maintain a

nation of armed citizens as the people, the ninety-five percent are manipulatable and susceptible to mob mentality; he said that it was dangerous for the elite to have an armed population. He told me that that was why it was necessary for U.S. as leaders to guide the people to choose “Gun Control” for themselves; he said that it was important to make The People “Believe” they were choosing it for themselves. He told me that this was to be accomplished through the implementation of mass shootings in our country. He said that there was an increase in mass shootings in our country over recent years because they were being planned and instigated by the Central Intelligence Agency and the Pentagon for the purpose of pushing the people to “choose” gun control. He said that those people who are committing these mass shootings and events were soldiers in what he called his army, and he said that they were unknown heroes helping to move U.S. forward with difficult decisions. He said that The People will see these events and think the people doing it to be crazy and criminal, but he told me that many of the shooters were programmed CIA mind slaves like myself. Byrd told me that there would be an increase in these mass shootings and events and an escalation to the horror and trauma inflicted by them until the people “chose” to be an unarmed society. All of this sounded messed up and I was way over the rainbow by this point in our conversation and all of it was awful to hear and to understand, but as a newly purchased CIA mind slave I ingested the information as I was expected to do. Byrd asked me if I understood what he was saying, and I told him that I thought that I did. He went on to say that I was a soldier in his army, and he said that I would be a leader of his army here on this earth. He told me that we were at war for the minds of the people of this country and the world.

While Byrd talked, he led me through the



flower garden area and into a spot that was somewhat secluded and covered by trees and walled off partially with flowers. We stopped here and Byrd reached into his pocket and pulled out an old nail that was about three or three and half inches in length. He told me to give him my right hand which I held out for him. He said or did something which pushed me into my Tin-Man programming where I feel no pain. He took my right hand with his left and looking around U.S. to ensure that no one could see what he was doing he took the nail, and he placed the tip of it onto the inside of my right wrist and began



This is my right wrist where Byrd started pushing the nail through my skin.



to push the nail through the skin and literally through my wrist. I can remember standing and watching him as he did this and feeling no pain, but rather thinking to myself that he had better be careful with what he was doing because if he messed up, he may kill me by hitting a major vein or artery in my arm and I was a government asset.

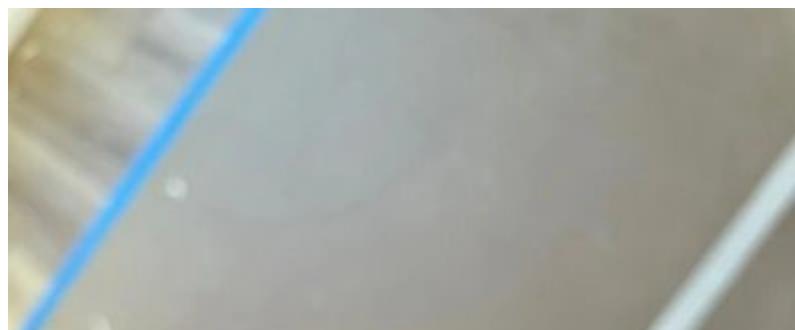
While he did this, he kept talking and he told me that my right hand would serve God. Continuing he told me that I was from a deeply hidden Satanic bloodline and said that I carried within me of one of the spirits of my ancestors who had fought and died in the



This is my right wrist where I have marked for the reader for easy identification where Byrd began pushing the nail through my right wrist.



This is where the nail came out of the top of my right wrist.



civil war while fighting on the side of the South. He pushed the nail all of the way through my wrist and the end of it came out on the top side of my wrist as he told me that this ancestor who possessed my body would need to be called upon by the United States Government to serve from time to time and that I, as the host of the body, my body, or as he called the body, one's "house", was to allow this to occur. He told me that I was an old and powerful spirit to contain such a warrior who would possess me. He pulled the nail from my arm, and he produced a white cloth from his suit



This is my right wrist where I have marked for the reader the location where the nail came out through the skin after Senator Byrd had pushed it all of the way through.



pocket which he used to clean the nail and the freshly made wound on my right wrist. He then

got out a bandage and he dressed the wound that he had just made on my right arm, which the process of had been a test to ensure my ability for deep states of disassociation, and the scar he made by this test would later serve as a mark/symbol of who I was to others in the network. As he bandaged this wound, he explained to me that Christ had been the Lamb of God, and he had served his purpose in paying for the sins of man. But he told me that I was what he called, The Sword of God and he said that I was to send men back to God.

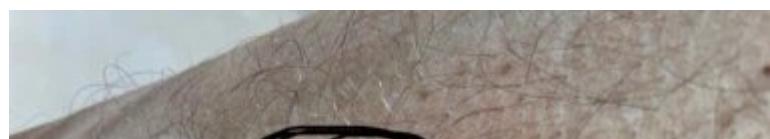


This is an image of my right wrist showing the two scars in correlation with each other and the path in which Byrd pushed the nail through my wrist.



This is a picture of my left arm where Senator Byrd carved the two dots into my skin. These dots in correlation with the previously mentioned scars on my right wrist are indicators of a CIA owned Trauma Based Mind Slave; these scars are a branding/marketing of ownership by Byrd and the Agency.

He then pulled out a small Old Timer Pocket knife that he had in his suit coat pocket and chose a small blade with the finest of points. Byrd took a moment to show me his knife and to explain to me how important it was to always have a good blade with you and how functional a small knife such as the one that he carried could be; he had had this particular knife for several years





In this image I have clearly marked the scars on my left arm so that the reader may easily identify them.

and he said that he often carried it as it had sentimental value for him. He told me to hand him my left arm and he took the tip of the blade, and he stuck it into my left wrist and lower forearm area and pushed and twisted the blade forming a wound in the shape of a large dot on my arm in blood. He continued talking as he did this, and he told me that with my left arm I would serve my country. When he was satisfied with the dot he had created he pulled the knife out and he stuck it into my arm again about three quarters of an inch away from where he had just cut me and pushed and twisted the blade into my skin forming yet another circular wound in the shape of a large dot there on my arm. He told me that with the agreement he had made with my parents I was now his slave and he said that these two dots would forever be a reminder for me that I was in fact U.S. Government Property. He also told me that these two dots were a sign to all “in the know”, that I was born to serve God and country. When he had finished working these two wounds, he took his white cloth, and he cleaned the blade and put the knife back into his coat pocket. He then cleaned my arm with the white cloth and produced another bandage which he used to dress the freshly made wounds in my arm.

This process made Byrd nervous as some elderly people had begun wondering close to where we were at among the flowers and trees, and Byrd told me to follow him to a more secluded area of the garden. We moved up hill for a short time and Byrd found a place that he

considered secluded there in a rose garden area of the park. He told me to unbutton my shirt revealing the wound at the center of my chest and reaching up he carefully removed the bandage and folded it up and put it in his pocket. I can remember thinking that it was strange that he would just put a bloody bandage in his pocket to deal with later, but he was a gross little man, and he did not seem to mind. He told me that he was going to push me over the rainbow now and he told me to give him the key to my mind. He was talking about the switch blade that he had given to me through my uncle and CIA handler and reaching down into my pants pocket I pulled out the knife for him to use for this process. He pushed the button activating the blade and then he took the tip of the blade and stuck it into my chest into the same wound that Charley Pride had stuck it in the day before. He turned the point of the blade into my chest bone more cruelly than Pride had done and he pushed me ever deeper into the personality that had been made to memorize the message that my uncle and Kyle had sent to him. I spoke the words that these men had made me to memorize and gave him the messages he wanted. I told him that both my cousin and I had been sent to him to serve and that more like U.S. would be sent to him in the near future. I told him about the west coast cocaine operations which generated massive amounts of black funds for illegal CIA black operations which my uncle was involved with. When he was done with retrieving this information he pulled the blade from my chest and I was glad that he was done. He cleaned the tip of his blade again with his white cloth which was now becoming somewhat stained with red and he put his knife away. He handed me the cloth and told me to clean myself up while he produced a band aide and some triple-antibiotic ointment. He dressed the fresh wound and then he told me to button up my shirt. Before hypnotizing me and hitting me with a taser he asked me if there was anything else that I needed to share with him. I told him that I had a piece of paper to give

to him which had been given to me by Charlie. He told me to give it to him and seemed frustrated at such a thing as this. I took it from my pocket and I handed it to Byrd. He unfolded it and began to read it for a short time and he seemed to be frustrated with what he was reading. Folding up the piece of paper he told me that Charlie should not have communicated in this way; he told me that Charlie did not like being involved with the Project and said that he wanted his own freedom as Charlie was himself a slave in all of this. Byrd told me that Charlie had taken to this behavior and he was not concerned of others seeing it. He asked me if anyone else had seen it or if I had read it at all. I told him no. Smiling as if with some pride he told me that the letter also talked about my cousin and I and he said that it appeared as though I may have some potential use in the country music industry; this was the path for which my grandfather had wished for me to follow.

He did not let me consciously remember any of these events and he walked me through the hypnosis process so that I would remember to forget and would remember who I served. He had a taser with him and he told me that he knew from my grandfather that he was to hit me with it in the thigh as that was the location I had chosen in my youth, but he would not listen to me when I tried to explain to him that he was to use it on my right thigh; he hit me with the taser on my left thigh and compartmentalized the memories of the events that day. When one is hit with a taser it will knock you out of balance and control, and often times you will wake up on the floor or the ground in a daze not understanding what had just occurred; though the event itself is very painful it is nonetheless difficult to understand at the time it occurs because of the effects of the electricity on the human mind.

Byrd helped me back to my feet and it was as though I was in a fog. I

can remember looking at the bandages on my wrists and asking Byrd what had happened to me. He told me that I had gotten attacked by a bird in the rose garden; I was so confused. We started back to where my grandparents and Byrd's wife had been waiting for U.S.. When we got back to where we had left them the young woman was gone and only my grandparents were left standing in the garden waiting. My grandparents looked nervous and anxious as we approached, and my grandfather asked how our walk together had gone. Byrd told them that it had been a nice walk and talk in the garden with me and we had been able to catch up with some important issues. Byrd asked if the young woman had not left and headed to her appointment there at the memorial and my grandparents said that yes, she left some short time before. Byrd also wanted to talk with my younger cousin as he had also been sold to the Central Intelligence Agency and Byrd that year and my grandfather and I went to fetch him as he was still somewhere in the flower garden. We left my grandmother there with Byrd and my grandfather and I walked back over to where we had left my cousin a short time before. We found him standing next to a stone pergola style structure there in the flower garden and listening to his headphones. My grandfather told him to follow him as there was someone that he wanted him to meet and he told me to stay there at that location until my cousin came to get me. He asked me how many pictures I had left in my camera and when I told him that I only had one left he told me to take a picture of the stone pergola as these may be events that I want to remember someday. I was confused but I did what I was told and I took a picture of the pergola and stood at this location until my cousin came to fetch me a short time later. This was the last picture I would take on this trip.

After a
time my



cousin
returned
and told
me that I
was to go
with him
to see our



This is the last picture I would take on this trip back east with my grandparents as this was the last photo on the roll of film I had. I was told to take a picture of this structure by my grandfather directly after my meeting with Senator Byrd.

grandparents and Byrd who were talking and waiting for U.S.. We both walked over to where they were talking, and we joined them. I can remember that they were all three talking as though they were old friends; they talked about my cousin and his playing of the fiddle/violin, and I can remember that Byrd really liked this because he also played the fiddle/violin. They also talked about old times, and about how they had worked together for years serving Uncle Sam and I can remember Byrd telling my grandmother that my grandfather was a good man to have around in tight situations, though I do not know what he meant by this. They talked about the Project which both men had been involved with for some time and how they had kept many of the slaves in line and under control or had found and silenced the ones that had gotten away.

The conversation between my grandfather and Byrd shifted as there was a man and a woman at that time who were not silent on the issue of the Project and these men seemed to be really bothered by this couple and Byrd brought it up. The man's name was Mark Phillips and he had been an Intelligence Community Insider who had helped to free one of Byrd's slaves; the woman Mark had helped to rescue was named Cathy O' Brien. When Byrd and my grandfather talked of these two individuals, they did so with a visible sense of hatred and distain for them; they talked about how these people were writing a book exposing many of them. They acted as though there was nothing that they could do to stop them in this aside from terminating the couple, which at that point in time was no longer possible without complicating the issue even further. During this conversation Byrd looked at my cousin and I and asked U.S. if I understood the importance of keeping silent about the sensitive things that we were involved with for the government. At that time, I was a mind slave and I genuinely told them that I would never talk about Project Monarch and my involvement with the Central Intelligence Agency.

We only talked for a short time before Byrd had to go and so did we, though we would see Byrd again later on this trip back east. We said goodbye and started our way back to the van in the heat of the day and made our way back through the park. It was really hot and humid, and I can remember looking at the bandages on my wrists and wondering what on earth had happened to me there at the park. Byrd had told me that I had been attacked by a bird, but I could remember none of this and it was very confusing to me.

When we were all in the van and on the road again my grandfather, wanting to know what Byrd had talked to my younger cousin and I about, he asked U.S. exactly that; he asked us what Byrd had said and

talked to us about. I had been told by Byrd during hypnosis that I was not to talk about these things, and I had also been hit with a taser. I was confused as a part of me knew that I was not to be discussing such matters, but this was my grandfather. I can remember that at that moment everything was fuzzy in my mind and the conversation caused to switch personalities yet again. I told him that Byrd had told me that I was a soldier and leader in his army. My grandfather heard the answer that he was looking for and he told me that that was enough said. My grandfather also presented the same question to my younger cousin asking him what Byrd had told him, but my cousin said that he could not remember, and we fell quiet on the topic. My grandfather told U.S. both that he had talked to Byrd, and he had told him that both my cousin and I were in the official CIA records for the Project. He told U.S. that this was extremely important as those who are not in the records are considered to be disposables. This seemed to comfort him some in the fact that two of his grandchildren had just been sold to the CIA and Byrd as Slaves. By being in the records we would not be killed by them right away. After this we went to a family reunion there in Nashville, Tennessee.

This is what I can remember of this meeting with Robert Byrd on that day in time.

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