

# SNATCHED FROM THE FLAMES

One man's journey to uncover The Family Secrets  
buried in his blood-stained past

N A T H A N   R E Y N O L D S

## SNATCHED FROM THE FLAMES

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This book is dedicated to The Survivors.  
Those wounded-ones whose brilliant lives  
were snuffed out in the blackened flames  
of monotony, madness, and murder.

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*“It is the glory of Yahweh to  
conceal a matter; but it is the  
honor of kings to search it out.”*

*Proverb of Solomon*

# Foreword

The Book you are about to read is a true story. It is published in direct disobedience to The Families Orders. Some of the names, places, and dates may have been changed. This has been done to protect the innocent. With that being said, those who have eyes to see and ears to hear will find a dangerous map hidden within. The format, chapter location, and structure are engineered to facilitate the revelation of this map. If you can decipher the text, use The Clue, and follow the breadcrumbs, they will lead you to the gold-laden coffers of chaos, the perpetrators of perversion, and those sycophantic serpents hiding in plain site. May each of you hungry hunters seek to expose truth, freedom, and redemption to all.

I challenge every person who starts this book to read it all the way through. Read it carefully page-by-page and chapter-by-chapter until its final word. This book will not be easy to read. There will be a million reasons to quit along the way to its conclusion. If you endure the distractions, fears, and frustrations, I assure you of this it will be worth it. For the words written within have the power to change your life and the lives of this world forever.



## Chapter One

# The Unknown

Where do you begin a story that would take years to share? Do you start on the day they held you under the water until you thought you'd drown? What about the bitterly cold night when as a young child they made you kill a stranger? How about the time you were bleeding out after being shot and stabbed watching Death come to harvest your furious soul? Why not share what it feels like to tell your beautiful wife your past was a lie and the truth is filled with secrets of the darkest kinds; that waiting behind the cracked lid of reality is horrors, madness, and murder?

I could tell you stories that would freeze the blood in your veins turning them into petrified rivers of shock, terror, and disbelief. The kind of memories that squeeze the air from your lungs and leave you breathless desperate to dismiss them as crazy fantasy. I don't think this book is for those stories. No, those stories will be whispered in the quiet to those who need to know so that they too can be set free. Freed from whatever it is they were made to do or was done unto them. Those wounded ones, those survivors of atrocities so horrible most scream and

wail desperately denying they even exist. Denial can only keep you comfortable for so long. Soon the day will come when the houses of ignorance we've built our lives upon will come crumbling down.

I assure you of this: there is such a thing as radical, intelligent evil, and I was bred and born firmly into its clutch-  
es. But I was not made for those shackles of slavery; nor were those irons made to keep my soul from ever becoming free. As it's been written, "You will know The Truth and The Truth will set you free." Through many love-filled but tear-stained experiences I have come to know The Truth, and it is because of The Truth I write you these words as a free man. I write these words with free choice burning a path of hope, which is turning the darkness of my past into the redemptive story of Good redeeming Evil. A story of Light piercing the maddening darkness and revealing to the world that hope is waiting for all those souls held in prisons of destruction, despair, and death.

We could start this true tale with the introduction, the acknowledgements, and Chapter One, but I think instead, it's best if we start much later. We will begin where I hoped it would have ended but the "boy meets girl and they lived happily ever after" was never meant to be. Our story begins when in walked my safe harbor. The woman who held me tight while Pierced Hands of Hope ripped me out of The Underworld of Secrets and murder. It was a world, which sought with reckless abandon to drag me back into its poisoned abyss. Together their hands would hold onto me as Ancient Royal Families who rule Underworld empires of beauty, bondage, and blood did their best to snuff out our redemption.

## Chapter Two

# Our Choice

**T**he water is at my feet again. It laps at my toes tempting me to take a plunge. I see the face of this man of many staring back at me. We know more than we'd ever forgotten. The memories have come back in waves, breakers, and billows big enough to capsize the cargo ships full of containers stacked a hundred and fifty feet into the air. A thousand questions are pummeling my mind. First and foremost is the fear of what I have to do. I have to tell my wife something she is not ready to hear, something that will bring those waves crashing down upon her.

Will she leave me for what comes next? Will she leave me when she knows what I've done? She may have still loved me when I told her of the abuse and the fracturing of my personality, but she doesn't know about the blades in kidneys, needles in necks and bodies buried in our past. She says she loves Jason, but she doesn't know what made us hungry to hunt monsters masquerading as men.

I look at the water and see the man of many. I see the man who is no longer afraid of who he is and what he had

become. I see instead the face of a warrior who has known weakness is better than strength. It is a man who knows forgiveness is power over those who hate. For the first time in my life, a free man's eyes gaze back at me. I can choose. I can decide what will happen tonight. I have the freedom to hide and bury these Secrets back inside. I have the freedom to accept who I've been and confess The Secrets to my wife and find out if God's people love even murderers, liars, and assassins? Would I tell my wife I'd been made to kill time and time again? Would I share My Lists with this woman of innocence? Would I tell her about the people who'd seen the face of her husband before they met Death? Would she ever see me as the same man? Would she still love me once she knew? Was there anyone who could love me once they know the truth?

I could not wait any longer. I couldn't wait for a snuff film to surface showing me as a boy fighting another child to death with knives in dirt pits for sport and status. I couldn't wait for my young teenage face to be on the news as I was used by another Brotherhood to kill one of their own. My Family of blackmailers and extortionists had plenty of devilish darts in their arsenal, and I would not let them play me like the puppet I'd been all my life. I would not let the fear rule me anymore. I knew there was no way to escape this brutal Underworld except through radical honesty and exposure to the light of redemption. Only on the surface could my broken heart find hope of rescue amidst the storm. I was no longer just a me but a we; and we would do something that will echo through the halls of our heart forever.

We left the path around the lake and headed home. The soil littered with pink pebbled stones crunched quietly under our feet. With the sun setting over the horizon we made our choice. We agreed it was the time we tell our wife who we are. It is time we tell her about Perrello, The Pit, about what we were to The Jesuits, The Brotherhood and why The Families had such an affinity for our 'ways.' It is time to tell her how we "Earned Our Keep" in The Trade. Finally, my wife would learn about Blade, Jason, and My List.

Eight years before my walk around the lake we met her. She took a path down a hillside in the mountains that changed it all. The steps she took on a Wednesday evening would lead her to a smiling young man covered with scars. Some of those scars showed through the skin, breaches of my flesh, which offered the astute a glance beneath my pleasant veneer. Other scars the ones, which had cut the deepest, were hiding behind the walls only survivors can build. It was in those vaults of my soul where Secrets too dangerous to speak were written in ledgers of regret. Before those Secrets could be spoken they would both need to become warriors for another Way. In time would come a child who would save his shattered soul and show him a new life.



## Chapter Three

# My Safe Harbor

**S**he walks through the screen door; it creaks the ancient spring biting into the well-worn grooves dragging it back to its familiar resting place. She's got a hat pulled low hiding her hazel eyes. She's wearing soccer shorts, a tank top and flip-flops with a Hawaiian name I couldn't spell right. There is no heart-stopping-our-eyes-met moment to relate. Instead, it was an introduction from one friend's friend to another. I had been leading connections at a church's college ministry and was preparing a feast. Every Wednesday we had people over to a house on the creek where we fellowshiped together, ate pasta and laughed. It was a temporary home to me, a man always on the run.

She stepped out of her silver crescent Honda and made her way down the hillside of a mountain town. Pink flagstone steps quarried from just a few miles away were nestled between branches of scrub oak, columbines and black-eyed susan's on her way towards the house where I was waiting. I had always been waiting; all my life had ever been was waiting. Hoping the pain would end, the sadness could leave, or the anger would flee.

But that day, that beautiful April before the sun could set, she took the stairs down the path, where she found a young man who would change the course of her future, and in her doing so would forever change mine.

She said her name was Chelsea and I smiled real wide as I introduced myself as Nate. She had flecks of green peppered through her chestnut brown eyes. She was beautiful - there was no hat big enough to hide that - and by every stretch of the imagination, this woman was entirely out of my league. She was radiance subdued, a once brilliant sapphire now lost in a in a dusty jewelry box.



Chelsea was a collegiate soccer player and a talented nurse, yet I saw sorrow in her soul that made me want to weep. In a moment I could feel the hurt, the ache, and the angst. I didn't know her whys or her reasons for the tears waiting to be released but that would come soon.

Chelsea worked nights as a nurse at a hospital, and because of that she and I would

hang out for many of the weirdest hours. As our days of summer turned into weeks and then into months, this woman always befuddled me. I saw in her the character of God, and I wanted to share my life with this woman. Chelsea and I got to know each other as friends do, but Chelsea was never a woman I wanted to be friends with. Chelsea was the kind of woman I wanted to marry and spend every day of the rest of my life

with. We languished in the awkward “what are we” phase of friendship for too long until I boarded a plane and flew to Afghanistan.

It was on my trip to Afghanistan I learned that Chelsea was the woman I wanted to pursue with every bit of romance I could muster. I believe if ever a man is to court a woman he must first bring two things: words of intentions and a marvelous treasure. I needed to return to Chelsea not just with words of intentions but with a trinket in which she could forever see my affections for her. I have never been a man who could craft a beautiful welsh love spoon or afford price-fixed slave dug diamonds and though I bought Chelsea a little silver ring in a jewelry store on Chicken Street in Kabul, Afghanistan this was not the treasure I sought. I found the precious treasure in a palace guarded by fierce men with well-used and well-maintained rifles. Right then and there I decided I was willing to go to an Afghani prison to bring the woman I adored a treasury worthy of her courtship.

Some of our time in Afghanistan was spent going around Kabul and seeing the wonders of this most ancient of cities. Kabul had more history than I could comprehend and as we traveled through its streets, we crested a hill and saw the Darul Aman Palace. Once considered a marvel of the land it now lies in bomb-cratered, bullet-riddled ruins after manipulated men let loose their rage on its monumental walls. Our team unloaded our vans, and we were told the story of the Palace, the queen it was built for, and the treasure it once held in its ornate coffers. Chiefly among its wonders were the rose gardens and tiled mosaic fountains covering the grounds of the Palace. Only by the piles of rubbles marking their foundations could we see the many fountains. While we walked around, the palace guards with their rifles held at the ready patrolled the perimeter. Looking at the crumbled fragments of one of the unique fountains I saw it, I saw the treasure worth getting shot over. It was a shattered piece of a tile no larger than my thumbnail. Its handcrafted designs, and intricate styling's had been aged, chipped, and scarred.

I came up with a quick plan to get me under the razor wire surrounding the palace so I could snatch my treasure away. I studied the guards and learned their patterns and we readied ourselves.



Just as the guard turned to make his final march, I swung into action. Diving under the rusty wire I scrambled over to the fountain, and pocketed the prize. Just as I turned and started running back, I heard the guard's shuffling feet. Slipping back under the razor wire, I stood up on the other side of the fence as the guard rounded the corner. In my "just act natural, out of breath, sweating out of every pore" way I kept my cool. The terror in my head convinced me that any second I would be shot in the back but I was able to hold the fear down and keep my composure. It was not until our team was safely back at home did I look at my broken tile. It was unappealing in every way yet marvelous in its uniqueness. My treasure secure, I began to write the words of intention to carry home to the woman of my dreams.

Arriving back home after 35 hours of travel time, I was somewhere in-between slightly exhausted and "fall over I can't see straight" jet-lagged. While in this perfectly screwy love-struck state of mind, I drove to Chelsea's apartment with my treasure and my words. We talked about my trip and as we did, I began to try to steer our conversation to the story of the palace. Every time I did, I would forget the words I'd memorized. Stumbling and bumbling in the most frustrating of fashions, I told Chelsea something like this: "Chelsea, in all my life God has shown me things of great wonder and majesty. I have seen these things in caves hundreds of feet below the surface of the earth and on the sides of mountains miles in the air. I have

marveled at them in ways I thought impossible, but in all of my life, I have never seen such a marvelous treasure of worth as I have seen in you. I have seen in you a character so rare, a heart so sincere, it makes me lose all sense of understanding. In you, I have seen a graciousness that is divine. Seven days ago, I stood in the splendor of the Queen's Palace in Afghanistan and even as I marveled at the ancient palace, I thought only of you. I thought of you because I long for you: to get to know you, to become known by you, and to share my life with you. Standing among the rubble, I found the most extraordinary piece of tile I have ever seen, and I have brought this to you. I give you this that you may know I treasure the woman I have gotten to know, and I would treasure infinitely more getting to know the woman you will become." Handing her the tile, I asked her, "Chelsea, will you be my girlfriend?" Cue the doves, the church bells, and the choir, she replied...

"Well, I will have to pray about it and think about it." Silence filled the void as my jet-lagged brain desperately pleaded with me to understand the words she was saying. I realized there would be no celebratory hugs or high fives waiting for me at my apartment. Driving home, I knew Chelsea was still the woman I wanted to pursue and if God were generous with me, I would do my best to treasure her every day I was entrusted to her. I passed out on my futon that night feeling crushed in parts of my heart I had not known existed. As dawn arrived so too did my friend Steve and a worn out Honda Accord to take me to Baltimore, Maryland.

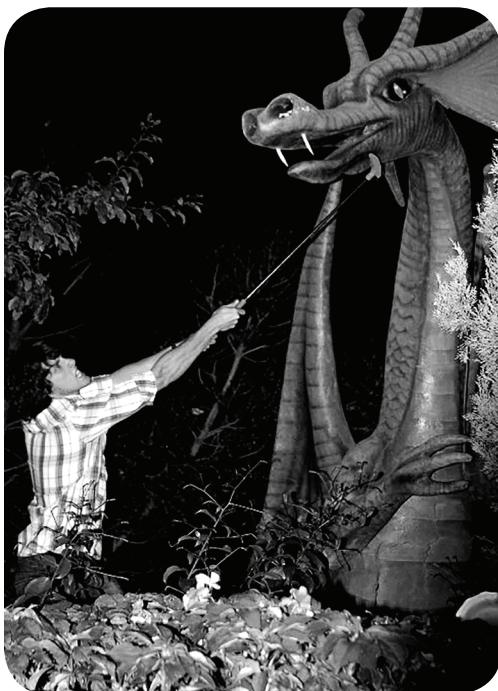
Steve had invited me with him to visit his family back in Maryland and thinking 35 hours of travel time in two days wasn't enough, I got in a car defeated and deflated for another 36 hours on the road. It was exactly what I needed as my phone received neither a call nor a text from the woman who held my affections. Hours turned into eons but then after four long days of silence my phone rang. The interrupting ring carried on its wave words that would forever end my life as a single man.

I was in the living room of Steve's family home when the ring came and as I looked at the screen, I saw her name appear. Keeping my composure cooler than a cucumber but freaking out inside I answered it, "Hey." Then followed the silence of awkward replies. We talked about my trip out to Maryland but when the conversation took the turn towards finality, she said, "So I have prayed about it and spent a great deal of time preparing to answer your question. My answer is this: 'Yes, and when is our first adventure-date?!" Squealing like a yo-yo champion, I high fived myself while jumping in place. Coming back to the phone I suavely replied with a day and time, and we agreed. Hanging up the phone in Steve's family living room, I knew things were different, but I could never have known what the woman on the other end of that phone would ultimately mean to me.

Our summer adventures now turned to dating and delight, and as Chelsea and I grew to know one another, it quickly became clear that this woman was every bit the woman of character I had perceived her to be. Soon one date turned to two, and I knew she was my treasure, my delight, my radiant maiden walking in a meadow on a starry night. Into this love-struck tale of boy meets girl would come our first taste of the shadow of death.

It was our seventh adventure date where we were about to have our first lesson as a couple of what lurked in the darkness. I had taken her to one of my favorite places: a hiking trail in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. We walked - hands clutched together - up the pitch-black path. The overgrowth was hiding the moonlight, so we decided to sit on a small bridge spanning a bubbling creek. We sat and told stories as young lovers do when I heard a pop, soft but noticeable, and then the smallest twig break and leaf crunch. I ask her to be quiet, and within a minute it moved again: soft padded feet were inching their way through the darkness. They were deliberate steps on the softest patches of earth between the predator and its prey. In the dark brush, just a few yards away crouched a lion waiting to steal away our peaceful moment of bliss and kill us before we've shared our first kiss.

I whispered as I stood her on her feet, “A mountain lion is coming, we need to move.” I kept facing the creature faintly more than a tan shape in the forest beyond the bridge. We made our way to a clearing that would give us enough open space to see the predator stalking us in the darkness. Peace washed over me as a scripture came to my mind: “And to Adam was given dominion over the creatures of the earth.” I wrapped her in my arms and pulled her close. I kept my eyes down the trail where death was waiting to end our future before it could begin. I prayed for the woman who would one day become my wife. I prayed against the darkness and the creature that sought our demise. I thanked Him that He will hide us under the shadow of His wings and we need not fear even when we walk through the valley of the shadow of death. The cinching cord of fear that was settling over our necks snapped under the cutting power of The Word of Truth. Incorruptible, undefeatable courage and boldness welled up from within my spirit and I knew the battle was over. In a moment the lion retreated and returned to the shadows, not defeated only turned away for a little while, waiting for a more opportune time.



The omen of that night faded from our minds as the excitement of new love bloomed in us both. While I pursued Chelsea, I spent a great deal of time writing things down, as well as “rat holing” keepsakes from our dates: things like a crushed pinecone she had turned into an otter looking creature, or the first piece of Origami she ever folded for me. Every keepsake was a memory of the first glimpses into the heart of the woman I adore.

While we grew in our dating relationship, The Lord told me Chelsea was the woman he had prepared for me and me for her. As such, I knew I needed to ask the woman I loved if she would follow me as we followed our Savior every day for the rest of our lives.

After receiving the blessing of her father and mother, I set about my grand adventure to propose to Chelsea. With weeks of planning and the help of my friends, we sprung our caper on the woman who would become my bride. Working with another couple of friends of ours, we tricked Chelsea into thinking we had an elaborate scavenger hunt for Chelsea and our friend Kelly to complete. We set up an entire (false-ish) scavenger hunt for Kelly who played her part beautifully convincing Chelsea she too was so surprised by the lengths her boyfriend had gone to plant their curious clues and treasures. While Chelsea and Kelly bounced around a snow-covered landscape, I furiously prepared the final touches back at the clues' finish line.

The clues for Chelsea led her to places like the house where we had first met, or to the top of a hundred and thirty-year-old spiral staircase where we first held hands. Chelsea's second to the last clue led her to a small lake where she had first whispered her words of liking to me while we were climbing kids' play fort at three in the morning. Unfortunately, the mood was shattered when a loud-speaker screamed at us that we were trespassing in the park and the cops had been called. Our car had been parked miles away, so we ran like rascals in the night. We didn't get far before the police arrived and we had to run into the brush to hide. When the squad cars spotlight shone around the lake, we buried our heads in the cover of four-foot tall stalks of grass. After slipping away from the heat, we spent hours laughing about the lengths I would go for a one of a kind adventure date. After finding the final clue, she made her way to the front door of our place. Stepping up to the door Kelly pushed Chelsea inside and promptly shut the door behind her.

My roommates and I had spent the better part of two days moving every bit of furniture out of the house. Into the void were

brought hundreds of candles, and floral arrangements lining a path of lights leading her deeper into the house. As she walked deeper in, she walked through our relationship for along with the flowers, there were my journal pages of words about her, as well as photographs from our last year and a half together. Stashed alongside these were dozens of my little trinkets and keepsakes. I laid before Chelsea every memory I cherished of her and me. I did this not only for her to see what I saw when I spoke her name or thought of her hand clutched between my fingers, but I did this also to sear into my mind the relationship I had only ever dreamed of having. She was the only woman I wanted to share my life with, and I had the hope of being honored to lead her in my love and devotion to the Redeemer all the days of our life. As she wound through the house, she came around the corner where I had been hidden waiting on one knee.

When I saw her, I began to shake uncontrollably, and before I could say a word of the months-long prepared proposal speech, she did the one thing I had not prepared for. She sat on my knee and clutched my neck. She clutched around my neck weeping on my shoulder hugging me and whispering words reserved for her and me alone. I sobbed on her neck as I stuttered through my proposal of marriage to the woman I adored. She said yes to my proposal, and we celebrated with a feast at a real seafood restaurant that cost me weeks of my meager pay. But as anyone who has ever been head over ridiculous heals in love can tell you, love like that knows nothing of cost. It knows only of longing, devotion, sacrifice, and dedication.

The crazy love I have for Chelsea is but a shadow of the love our Father has for us. It is but a mere glimmer of the Great Physician's sacrificial love for each one of His.

That seafood dinner was the best meal of my entire life, but honestly, I could not tell you a single thing I ate. I was feasting on the joy and excitement of a future life lived with Chelsea. People in love radiate such attractive joy people can't help but smile and be filled with encouragement by their presence. We glowed in our excitement, and we could not wait for

the moment we would get to know the fullness of the perceived bounty to come in our marriage.

Chelsea and I (but really just Chelsea) spent the next few months arranging everything for our day of covenant vows. Then in July, Chelsea walked with her father around a blooming rose bush in a garden meadow. I saw my bride for the first time. She was more beautiful than any woman who has graced the earth with her presence. Chelsea was dressed in white but clothed in purity. I had made a vow to her father when I had first asked to pursue his daughter that I would honor and respect Chelsea's sexual purity in every way until he gave her away to me on our wedding day. Although I'd failed to maintain total purity in many of my previous relationships, it was a vow that by the grace of God and by biblical wisdom led boundaries I was able to keep. Chelsea and I were so thankful to be able to offer each other our bodies in purity. Though we had sinned throughout our lives, God had preserved this gift in us, and it is a miraculous testimony to God's grace for even his wandering children.



After we made a covenant with God before our family and our friends, Chelsea and I celebrated our marriage with the people we loved. While dining on some forgotten food, I ate the second-best meal of my life while sharing my first meal with my wife. We ate, we drank, and we rejoiced at the gift of the

abundant relationship we had received. We feasted that night not only on food but each other's love, and we drank deep the blessings of marriage.

When I read over my journals from this time, I cannot help but feel the depths of joy, excitement, and explosive peace. But as our marriage progressed that first year Chelsea and I learned Jesus must be the only one we ever seek our fulfillment in. As much as Chelsea and I loved each other, we found how much we had sought from the other things that can only be seen in our relationship with the Messiah. We struggled immensely as we realized the depths of the idolization we each had for the other, as well as the depths of sin's unwashed stain, can have on each other. However, during this time we grew into an understanding of two becoming one that has reshaped my concepts of what love is as well as how truly selfish I can be.

If the first year of our marriage had been hard, the years to come would become unbearable. Chelsea and I were about to face the impossible; that lion was stalking us once more. It was about to strike, and this time, the blow would lead to the death of a passionate, joyful man.



## Chapter Four

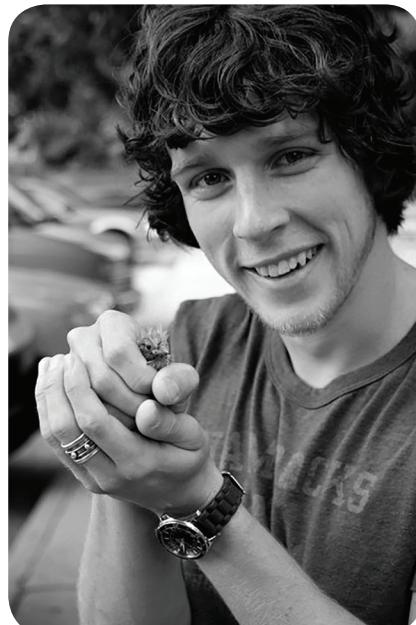
# Things to Come

The shadows would grow deep. They would set upon us as quickly as a bolt of lightning finding its way through the thick clouds above. The screams, the terrors of the night, the haunting need to run from something I could not see.

The night is still upon us. I feel Chelsea's cold hand upon my pounding sweat peppered chest. She is quiet but reassuring; my gasps and screams are fading into the controlled rhythm of a calm desperately clawing its way back into my body. They are back. They were those shapes of horror, those visions of death. The darkened men are there and the monsters too, holding onto small ankles and wrists, the pain and the searing of flesh and then nothing, always nothing. We have been married for a year and a half now. The first year was nothing close to the honeymoon we'd thought it would be. Instead, the bondage of my past came with me.

There aren't enough words to describe the pain of what came next. Who could know it? Who could understand the gut-churning, heart-rending pain? Widows know. They know it all too well. Some widows lost their mates even though warm, familiar bodies still occupy the space next to them at night.

It is the devastation of losing the love of your life. Losing the good, and the bad too, but so much of the good went into the void of blackness after just twelve months. Memories of a lifetime seemed to be flushed down the drain, and I was left with a shallow pond of confusion and no one to tell me what to do next.



It wasn't overnight, but within a few short months of our one-year anniversary, I went from being Nate to someone else. A man Chelsea had never met, a man who did not have the insatiable passion for exploring this world, for finding the gardens of beauty hidden in plain sight. I used to see so much joy in even the smallest of things like pebbles of acorns scattered across the freshly mowed grass, the sound of water falling from one rock to another, or the cold touch of Chelsea's fingers knit between my own. I had memories of walking down the streets of Rocky Mountain towns snacking on Snickerdoodle cookies and then feeding deer popcorn to her great surprise.

They were such sweet delights; the warmth in my chest was a fire for her. A love that knew no limits and could not be restrained, our shared dreams for the future filled with our children laughing as we walked down the paths of tomorrows.

All of it, every scrap of bliss, was washed down the drain of a monster called forgetting.

“Who am I?” The words passed my lips as I stared into a mirror desperate to recognize the face looking back at me. My hair had been cut short; my brown wavy shoulder length hair



once so recognizable had been cut back and styled. Business casual attire now covered what had always been tight fitting t-shirts, or none at all, flip-flops and shorts. There was now a razor sharp knife strapped to my chest; it never left my body, ever. I hungered for its nearness; I desired it more than food in my belly or water down my throat. The need for sharpened steel to be in arm’s reach was a primal, insatiable craving. Soon there were pistols under pillows and burner cell phones with bundles of money stashed in puzzling places. There were secret caches of supplies buried under uprooted trees and boulders hundreds of miles from home. I no longer enjoyed the day, but instead, I craved the night when the world slept and I restlessly made my way into the familiar cracks and shadows of alleys and backyards. I found my fingers turning everyday items into tools for a forgotten shadowy hunt.

I was a stranger to myself. I didn't know where they found this man in the mirror, but he was not me. If he was not me then who was this face staring back at me? Who was the man in the mirror? What do you tell your wife when you change your name, your passions, your hobbies and everything she's ever known you as? What do you do when you don't remember your best friend's name, the church you'd served at for seven years or the place you used to work? Where do you go when the memories in your mind are now clouded with shadows of things you'd never known?

What do you do when you have schematics and plans for weapons, missions, and tools you'd hardly touched, used, or heard of filling your mind? Where there once used to be memories of soccer games and high school pranks, there was now the need to plan and prepare for scenarios of chaos unleashing themselves upon the world.

What would you do if you woke up to a stranger in the mirror standing in a body decades after you'd seen it last? No one had ever told me there was more than a me in this mind, that there could be a we; the truth is I was a man of many. One body stuffed with many broken pieces of a systematically shattered soul. But that truth was still a vapor passing through the fingers of forgotten memories.

I did the best I could with the confusion of a past I didn't remember. I dumped the real contents of my memories into a five-gallon bucket and buried it in the basement. I took the pictures of a man named Nate and shoved them in a shoebox left on a dusty shelf. I found the keepsakes and the knick-knacks of dates with Chelsea and stuffed them in corners of totes and left them for a time when someone else who cared about them might resurface and love them again.

I couldn't face them because they weren't my memories, so how could I keep them around? They haunted me and confused me more than I could understand. Instead, I pressed into the fringe corners of society where I found the itch between my shoulders finally get scratched. I prepared for the end of

the world I knew was coming. The End somehow I always knew I was made for, where monsters battle men, engines of chaos from the Days of Old surface to sift the wheat from the tares. I remembered things that were lost in the years while Nate was running our life.

Soon Chelsea could plainly see something very different in me. When we would go out together, I went by a new name, Jason. I had a new first name, middle and last, all of it was there. As Jason, I could remember police and first responder scanner frequencies, give out dozens of different identities, everything from Social Security Numbers to other mother's maiden names and where I went to elementary school in a small Midwestern town I'd never heard of. There wasn't the faintest concern with morality and laws were only applicable to those who did not understand how to use them for their gain. When I would step out the door, there was an entirely different person ready for me whenever I needed to fade into the shadows and disappear from prying eyes.

Jason could remember the way to hide from surveillance cameras, license plate scanners and how to melt into the crowds. He could shift from one person to another, a chameleon able to fade into the emotional surroundings of the people he was with. He remembered how to make bullets that fragment and ones that pierce through hardened targets or reinforced windows. He could weave fabrics that cloak signals and conceal digital footprints. He remembered how to hone an edge on steel that will pop the hairs off his arm with the slightest touch. He remembered how to lose a tail and scramble his messages into code that could only be read with a cipher locked in his mind. So much to remember and yet I forgot how to love the woman I was married to, and our marriage was falling apart ever so slowly.

She woke up to a stranger; his name was Nathan, and though he had the same body as the man who stood with arms wrapped tight around her just a few years ago, there was something different in his voice and in the way he held her hand.

He trembled and startled when she touched him. He shied away from her; the touch seemed to burn him. He did not desire her; his apathy was poisoning their dreams. Their shared desire for children now became hers alone. Instead, he was terrified at the mere thought of this. With the throwing of some hidden switch, “happily ever after” faded into the sunset of someone else’s dreams.

I so badly wanted to love her. Honestly, the longing I had to understand what was going on was there, but it was intentionally hushed down to a whisper. I longed to crave her embrace, but every touch felt like needles pricking exposed nerves. We kept up our charade, we played the part of a couple but our intimacy was non-existent, and my addictions and bondage built and grew.

I ran to my familiar addictions of substances and porn, dark passengers who had poisoned my life since I was a child. At impossibly young ages I was made familiar with sexual perversions no child should know, the incestuous abuse had defiled me long ago. The need to alter my state of mind was insatiable. I could not bear the present; the past was a void full of terror, death, and pain. I chose to avoid it like the plague it was. With a prescribed pill, I could slip away and fade into the oblivion I craved. The guilt would come with the sobriety, the dread of shame for my lusts, which could not be satisfied.

Small victories would come: sometimes there would be weeks strung together where I found miraculous freedom in rivers of The Father’s peace. Then the raft of my life would crash into a boulder of terror, the dread of forgotten memories. Back to those poisons I would go. I had been sober from alcohol for years, but one addiction would be conquered only to have another substance take its place. I went from alcohol to prescription pills for the chronic pain and soon other substances that were along the graying edge of socially acceptable. I was a man desperate to escape. I was a man who needed to hide from the madness of memories that felt like they belonged to another.

Who would save me? Who could save me? The prayers I prayed were sincere. No amount of time spent in churches could save me, no amount of two am prayers for forgiveness gave me relief.

What I feared more than the guilt, the shame, or the apathy of my marriage was the dreams. I had too many dreams that were ripe with killing and death. The dreams of daggers plunged through kidneys and slid behind Adam's apples then tearing out throats. The chanting of things I did not understand and vomiting after wretched acts of killing was through. What were they? Oh God, what was this I saw in the night, in the stillness, while my wife slept beside me?

Who were these people I saw over and over, a child sneaking into manicured high fenced estates and slipping between security passes? Why did I see a wolf – this creature stalking me in my sleep? There were so many questions and yet there were never any answers. I drowned the mysteries into oblivion; I hid them with vials and pills. Then nothing happened when I slept, and I passed from awake to asleep to awake again. I went to work, and later when I got home, Chelsea and I watched TV shows that temporarily filled our house with laughter or scratched the itch of boredom until we went to sleep and did it again.

Scattered into these days were random get-togethers with my dad. Out of nowhere, he would invite me to stay with him in the mountains or in the deserts of that hellish place. Memories would fade with every trip, and I would return even more of a shell of the man I'd left as. Chelsea noticed but said nothing. What could she say? What could explain the change that she saw in me? What could bring understanding to this madness of our life? On and on we went. The lion of destruction had found my throat and left Nate perishing in the depths of our broken past.

But Yahweh.

Two words.

But Yahweh.

Two words which change everything. At this moment, just as He has done so many times in the past and will do even more in the future. The God of Mercy interjects Himself into the scene. He reaches His Mighty Right Hand into the depths of our death and sows in a seed of life. The seed comes with seven letters etched on its surface: *answers*.

Answers were on their way; they would not come quickly at first. At first, they would be a trickle, a pebble tossed into our pond of confusion rippling out for a moment before the waters grew placid again. One by one He would drop them into the waters and let us contend and recover from the little ripples. Soon those ripples turned to waves of curiosity and our need to know and understand built into a pang of hunger that exceeded the cravings for escape, secret caches, and even the blade.

The answers to come would set Chelsea and me on a path to freedom and understanding. No one warned me the path to life was established firmly in the midst of a war-torn landscape. Where we were headed was a ruinous land through the valley of the shadow of Death

## Beneath the Waves

The answers were not abundant, not at first. I was a man on fire, and I needed something to quench my thirst. He came to us with wisdom and Truth. The God of our Redemption was coming through.

We stepped onto the shores of the lake; its waters stilled to a glass. Carefully chipped stones were in my fingers. They are called chert – a flint-like stone used by the Native Americans who lived here long ago. They treasured these stones and knocked the rocks' hardened surfaces into useful tools like arrowheads, scrapers, and blades. They are thick and red, burnt after their useful edges had been worn smooth.

I was watching the waters and waiting. I was holding onto the icy fragments of a memory, which chilled my soul. I was hoping it would pass and move on, but it lingered. It lingered on the fringes of forgetting the place where no man hopes to be. The pain, the hurt, the sorrows... I just wanted to weep, but tears fled from me. They were hidden away in the memories.

I drove back to the waters of a lake in the rocky forests up in the mountains at nearly 9,000 feet high. I worked here for a summer, a winter and a fall. These were the waters where the answers started. Hours-long commute day in and day out gave me the ability to start listening, to have space to be quiet and left alone. The drive up the canyons would wind through more than rivers and dirt roads. They would wind through the canals of chaos peppering my past. It was there I began to hear the truth. I started to know what it was I had come through. Not all of it, just a whisper. But the whisper was peace, understanding, and truth. I saw then that redemption was coming for me.

I stuffed the rocks deep into my pocket and walked on. I scanned the edge of the shoreline, praying as I went, asking The Father to make clear to me the reason for it all. I needed to know what I forgot. I needed to know what it was that made me crave these secret places or to explore the caverns and dark depths. I walked on the grasses and pine needles growing thicker along the shore. I stepped into the soggy soil, and the water pressed over my boot and soaked in. Its icy tendrils ensnared the soles of my feet before clawing onto my toes. For two years I had feared the waters that once brought me relief.

Our first year of marriage I was so in love. I craved her and I longed to know her, yet looking at this face staring back from the waters of this lake, I hated that none of it was there anymore. I didn't understand why I couldn't love her or plunge into these waters and explore their depths.

There was nothing I loved more than swimming. The feeling of peace would wash over me when my head was in the depths. For months I'd prepared for dives holding on to boul-

ders and running beneath the surface. I would hold onto lead weights, and Chelsea had even bought me an old cannonball so I could do it more efficiently. I named that old cannonball Earl. I took him with me to every one of my classes one year back in college. I would hold onto him and run laps underwater in apartment complex pools I had “let myself into.” Some apartment complexes were not so thrilled to have a man running laps underwater in their pools and were less than amiable at my endeavors for peace.

I needed the water; I needed to hold myself down there for just a minute longer, to feel the silence settle into my soul, to feel the warmth of the sun on my shoulders grow cool as I sank one foot deeper and deeper still. I learned to shallow dive into rivers and creeks and enjoyed the thrill and the rush of landing with inches to spare. I craved it more than the air. That summer with Steve back in Baltimore I’d dove headfirst nearly forty feet into a quarry I’d never seen before. The first time I landed wrong, the second time even worse. Steve’s sister panicked as she neared the edge and turned backward after already starting her leap. Her older brother had reached out and caught her as she tumbled towards the rocks. A spiny shrub with exposed roots had stayed her fall. Cut elbows, knuckles, and wrists were all she had to show for it. Jumping into action, we’d made a human chain and pulled her back. Then I had them break into ones and twos as we ran from the cops that got called on us for the innocent trespass.

Chelsea and I had honeymooned on the coast of Mexico where we’d laughed for days and swam in the waters. We were two lovers lost in new romance. I had left her on the boiling beach while I went out for a swim. I looked at her and smiled, waiting for her to join me. She drank on the shoreline and as I was a hundred yards from shore pumping my legs and feeling joy inexpressible, a tragedy occurred. I flicked my fingers as I broke the surface and my three-day-old wedding ring shot off into the ocean.

I plunged my head into the waves, hoping to grab it before it fell the twenty feet to the churning sand below. There was no sign of it and as I surfaced, I fixed my eyes on a focal shore point and began my search. I could not fathom leaving it behind, so I dove again and again. I spent minutes on the bottom until my lungs screamed threatening to gulp in the salty sea. I could not return to Chelsea empty handed with some ominous sign marking the beginning of our marriage “LOST.” Again I dove into the depths, passing my fingers and fretful gaze over rusty bottle caps, rocks, and shell fragments. The ring was made of tungsten, so surely it had sunk deep, and the waves were creating new sandbars and ripples every moment I lingered. Beyond my moment of fear, I began to pray. I found faith welling up as I asked The Father to grant me a miracle. Within my spirit, a story soared above my fear: a miracle of God for another ordinary man who was in need.

The story comes from 2 Kings 6:1-7 where the men are cutting wood in the forest near the Jordan River. One of the men is swinging his iron ax, chopping into trees that will provide his family a home. The iron ax head suddenly flies off its handle and sinks into the roiling waters. Crying out to Elisha, he asks the prophet of Yahweh to help recover it as it was borrowed. Elisha guided by the distressed man to the spot in the river takes a stick and drops it into the water, and up floats the iron ax head. There is no elaboration in the story; it’s more of a footnote than a focal point, but thousands of years later this story was centered in my mind. I knew it and believed the God of Elisha could still make iron axes or tungsten rings float.

Back in the waves, I dove with faith fueling my search, and He provided me a miracle. Scanning the bottoms, I passed over a few bottle caps and a piece of a broken bottle until there on the surface of a rippled sandy bottom was my partially submerged wedding ring. Grabbing hold of it, I let loose bubbles of belief knowing my God provides and still cares about the little things, like floating ax heads and wedding rings. Chelsea immortalized that moment with her pen and paper a few weeks later.



Those were the memories lost in the tote I'd buried away. I had looked through them the morning before coming up to the lake. They were my memories but not really. Ever since that summer, I'd be scared to go underwater at all. Scared to take more than a few strokes beneath the surface. The panic within would build to a crescendo. I would ache, I would scream, and my heart would nearly burst with terror. Their words echo within,

**“NO, NO WE ARE DROWNING, WE ARE GOING TO DROWN!”**

I just wanted to swim again, I wanted to be in the water to explore the depths and find buried treasures or lost ax heads, but fear so haunting I could taste it kept me back. The fear hid me beneath its knuckles grinding me into pieces like the chert in my pocket. I wanted to weep so badly; I just wanted to cry, to bury my face in the waters, and let my tears mingle in the midst of ancient memories. But I couldn't so I didn't, and I walked on the soggy boot leaking my failure on my long way back home.

Home to the woman I didn't remember, unable to conquer the fears I'd brought with me to these shores.

The days would go like this in an endless cycle, but I was an expert at escaping, a man ever on the run. I would wander in the mountains looking for treasures now forgotten in time. I would explore old mine shafts from the 1800's. I would dig up rotting ruins with timbers cut by trappers and men desperate for gold. I would find bullets buried in the wood, nails forged on an anvil and squared on the edges. I would add these little treasures to my collection, a place in the front yard I'd named "Nate's Beach."

Nate may have fallen prey to that lion in the darkness but somewhere, deep in my soul, the echoes of his passions still sang a sad melody. I gathered my trinkets and left them in a three-foot section of our garden just in front of our door. Soon the pile grew with old bowling balls, chunks of pottery and blue hand-blown glass once containing fragrances favorable to a woman two hundred years lost. They were the remnants of lifetimes I'd never lived. They were snapshots from a time when they once mattered to men. Some were snapshots from my own time, like an antler from a survival expedition I'd lead in the mountains up north. Dozens of seashells from The Sea of Cortez, the Atlantic, and Pacific Oceans peppered the ground. Sands from the shores of fourteen beaches and sea glass, which had been tumbled from jagged to soft by thousands of waves leaving them without their edges and cuts.

His waves were about to pound upon the jagged edges of my hardened heart. The pebbles He tossed into my pond of confusion were about to become boulders, and soon tsunamis of remembering would tumble my rough edges smooth.

Nate's Beach bore witness to the three sentences that finally made me strong enough to face down the mountains of madness and murder waiting in my past. That beach served to pull on the threads of this mystery and help me to unravel the lies, the deception, and threats.

## A Miracle Named Grace

The end of the age of deceit would begin with words. Soon after walking upon those shores and driving home with a soggy boot, I did a dangerous thing. I put my fingers to these black and white keys and wrote down memories I had spent my whole life trying to forget. I obeyed my Redeemer's pressing to put the pieces of my shattered past into written form.

The words came in a torrent, thousands upon thousands and then tens of thousands as parts of my soul seeped from their sorrow filled swamps and told their tale. It was the first time I ever wrote about the incest and The Family friends with their lusts. Even as I attempted to write, I soon realized how vulnerable and painfully naked I felt.

I could not bear to write in an exposed place. There was a need to hide myself to tuck myself away as I wrote these destructive words. In walked my safe harbor, Chelsea, the providence of The Father's goodness evident in my wife. She built me a nook; she made me a fort in our spare bedroom where we painted scripture on the walls, and she could craft freely. She took sheets and strings and ropes and built me a nook you had to wind your way into. She made me a space that I could write in, tucked away from the world. A hiding place, it was a shelter of refuge I'd never known. We named it Hawk's Haven.



In Hawk's Haven, I would let the depths of my soul surface and leak upon the page. I would wail, I would sob not as a man but as a child, as a boy who'd lost his innocence and never had a say in the matter. I would crawl out of the nook realizing there was peace in speaking the truth. There was healing in tears and in the surrender of secrets to the Author of Hope, The Great Redeemer Jesus.

I found so much freedom in those early days. The pain was there, but I found The Burden Bearer present like never before. I found freedom building in my chest, yet the addictions lingered, the memories and voids still tormented my sleep. I wrestled with the invisible forces of myself and lost every time. I was not willing to let go until I received a blessing. I held on for dear life, knowing there was only death if I let go. I clung to that hope. Desperately, I dug my claws into the Word of God and begged Him to reveal to me what I needed to see to be free. I asked Him to heal me. I could not redeem myself, I could not save myself or my marriage, and I did not know how much longer I could take it, let alone how much longer she could. My Father, my true Father, knew; He had always known me and had answered my prayers so long ago. It was in fall of 2015 that our blessing came. It took a miracle to save this running man, and our miracle's name is Naomi Grace.

She was entrusted to Chelsea and me even though for years we could not conceive. My abuse had rendered me damaged in ways we had been told and believed would make children a near impossibility. There is one, and only one God of the Impossible and His Name is Holy, His Name is Righteous. Yahweh Elohim, The Lord Our God,



was not content for our life to be one forever filled with death. No, He is not willing that any should perish. He was the giver of our life, and it was time for us to be entrusted with a new life to help us face the death of our past and find hope burning brighter than the darkness.

Chelsea filmed the moment as we stood in our little bathroom realizing we would no longer just be a husband and wife but were something that I'd never truly known. We were going to be a family. Two hearts once beating now held a third. A precious daughter was growing and developing within my wife, and as sure as the sun sets over the mountains, in ten months' time, she would be in our arms. The excitement faded as the fear-laced thoughts began to flood my mind. They were packed with pain, dread, and self-doubt, and the weight of their pressure drove me to my knees.

The next morning, I found my face in the carpet as I sobbed and screamed knowing I had no idea how to be a father. Just that morning on our way home with the pregnancy test, I'd confessed to Chelsea how I'd fallen back into my addiction with pornography. The tattered threads of our marriage could not bear the burdens of my bondage, let alone fatherhood. I knew I was not ready, but I believed if He'd entrusted Chelsea and I with Naomi, He would provide me what I needed to be a father.

In the salt and pepper fibers of my bedroom's floor, I prayed with faith riddled desperation, "Father, heal me, please just heal me, whatever it takes." I meant it with every fiber of my being. I needed to be a better husband, and even more so a better father than I'd ever known. I knew if I continued on my current path, I would bring my addictions into fatherhood and I could not bear the idea of that. So instead I set my jaw like flint and admitted my weakness and called upon the Name Above Every Name and received strength for the impossible journey being prepared for us.

If you'd told me that morning what was coming in the next two years, I would have run as far and as fast as possible. I would have run to my familiar creature comforts and buried my head in the sands of forgetting. This time, however, I had something to fuel the furnace of my fires. To give me the unshakable and unbreakable courage to face the loss of friends and family, the threats, the intimidation, the attempted assassinations, and the fury birthed in generations of bloodshed coming to hunt us down. That fuel was something I'd never known: it was The Father's love.

His light filled, salt stained truth was the untainted, unadulterated, and unconditional love I needed to become set free. I needed a Father who would not curse me, coerce me, control me, or sell my body, spirit, and soul to grow in power and wealth. No, this Father's love and justice was the most potent weapon I'd ever been given. For with it I would face the powers and persons who'd shattered my soul and made me a monster, a murderer, and a man of many. With it, I would find freedom in remembering, freedom in the grieving, and then one day I would find freedom in forgiving. In order for the healing to begin I would have to take a drive down to Texas where my faith would become my sight.



## Chapter Five

# Deliverance in Dallas

Our journey towards destiny started in the spring of 2016. Chelsea now four months pregnant was sitting next to me. The air was hot and full of terrible smells as Ruger our dog was getting sick in the back seat of a rented car. We were headed down to a conference called Hear the Watchmen hosted by Mike Kerr. It was going to be a gathering of many of the teachers, researchers, and hosts of programs I'd been listening to over the last few years who had helped inspire me to boldness in my faith. These were people who were willing to suffer the persecution of the world for the sake of the truth. It was these men like Henry Gruver, Steve Quayle, Timothy Alberino, Josh Tolley, L.A. Marzulli, and Zev Porat who had first lit the fuse of my understanding and helped me begin to understand the other world hiding all around us.

Chelsea and I knew it would likely be the last trip we would take before Naomi was born, so we made it count, staying a few days in an off-the-grid cabin in the desert before driving the rest of the way to Dallas. It would be the last week of my former life. Six days later I would drive back on those roads a new man.

The reality was that I was still battling those familiar strongholds and had been too ashamed to tell Chelsea. I went to this conference to get prayed for, to get freedom and hopefully restoration. I could not bear the shame and guilt of telling her I could not stop, so instead, I set my mind on healing and hoping it would come soon.

There was one man who would be there who I knew could speak to the dark parts of my soul, who could expose the wicked works of darkness to the light of redemption. He was an ordinary man whose extraordinary faith made him unafraid of the murderers, the witches or the warlocks, a man who was known by the Living God, who walked in authority and made the Enemy flee. His name was Russ Dizdar. For nearly 40 years he'd been reaching into the depths of darkness and snatching those whose bleeding hands were crying out for help. He had made his life's mission to intercede for those trapped in The Underworld of ritual abuse, survivors of the occult practices and demonically charged bloodlines. His ministry, ***Shatter the Darkness***, had been equipping believers with the tools of understanding they needed to face down the spiritual forces, which wage for the bodies, spirits, and souls of mankind. He was a man of courage. For more explosively pertinent resources from Russ Dizdar head over to ***shatterthedarkness.net***

The first night of the conference I took notes in my blocky capitalized print waiting to have something change in me, but all I could feel was groaning from within my soul. There was an aching, a begging, and a longing to be free. At the end of his talk, he called out to those sitting in the audience: he called out for those who were in need of prayer, "to those who need God's healing, deliverance and freedom." Before the fears of men could stop me, I ran to the front of that conference room, tears streaming in torrents from my eyes and fell face first onto the carpet. I wept uncontrollably. I wept from the depths of sorrow so few can know. I wept as a man who was dying, a man who was three minutes from dead, a man who was crying out for someone, anyone, to save him. I was the wounded warrior on the battlefield trapped behind enemy lines, pierced through

a dozen times begging for someone to bring me relief, bring me the remedy to the death in my veins and the lusts of my flesh. Through my sobs, snot, and moans, a voice was heard.

It was the voice of a warrior. Hidden behind his long hair, tattoos, and middle-aged features was a man of faith, passion, and humility. His name was Thomas Dunn. He stepped forward when Russ called him and saw me lying there in a heap, hands pressed to cover my face from the guilt of forgotten torments. Unable to talk to me standing up or kneeling, he chose to humble himself by joining me in my prostrated pose. He laid himself next to me on the floor and through the weeping I heard him ask, "What can I pray for you for?" I choked out, "Childhood sexual abuse and addictions." I could not bear to open the doors of death hidden behind my throat. I let loose these five words and asked for help. The Helper was with us both, and He would answer those cries for relief.

It was not a dramatic moment. The heavens didn't open; there was no light shining from above. He asked if he could place his hand on my shoulder and pray for me. I said yes, and that's what he did. He prayed with practiced fervor, faith, and belief. He was an ordinary man with extraordinary willingness to stand in between the perishing and their graves. He was a warrior battling for a brother whom he didn't know but knew he loved. On the floor of that room were two men who loved God with all their hearts waging a brutal war against The Radical, Intelligent Evil, which affected us all.

Thomas was faithful to pray for a stranger, a young man whom he'd never met, a man whose pregnant wife stood twenty yards away having no idea about the reality of who her husband was and what he'd done. He was a man whose soon to be born daughter was already being allocated to monsters who would seek to use her, exploit her like an IV bag dripping delicacies for devilish feasts. The man lying on the floor was desperate for rescue. I was a man who had become undone; a hangman's thread held the essence of my shattered soul. I had nothing left to give that I wouldn't surrender to my King. I would not leave

there without a breakthrough, and He came to deliver me. He would do it by starting with a cursed black tree.



Throughout the entirety of my life, I had been plagued by this obsession of black withered trees. It was this tree I would go to in my dreams: a gathering place for monsters and men alike. It was my soul or a depiction I had of our cursed Family Tree. I was so fixated on it that I would draw and photograph these black trees over and over again. When I was 19, I'd nearly tattooed it on my body along with the shed skin of a snake named Apollo, and a curving yellow and red brick road littered with the masks of a dozen faces, none of which were my own.

While Tom prayed for me, I saw a vision in my mind of that enormous black tree standing tall over the fields of my heart. Then I saw a hand come and grab it by the base and rip it free. When it lifted, I felt a feeling come over me I had abandoned as lost. It wasn't comfortable or sweet, but it was powerful; with a flooding of realization, I knew it was relief. It was freedom from shackles I'd never seen, from pains I'd long forgotten and memories that would require redemption.

Over our shoulders and on the stage, Russ prayed for the healing of minds, restoring of hearts, and deliverance to those in bondage. He concluded his prayer by talking about David

and Goliath. David was a young man who charged out into the face of death with the Name of The Living God as his shield and buckler. Russ confronted the heart of darkness with courage and faith that caused the enemy to scatter like the coward he is. He called for the people who were gathered there to stand courageous and go out and seek and save the lost, be they the pimps who traffic girls on the corner or the demonized warlock cursing their house at night. He told everyone to go out and preach The Good News of Jesus The Christ, The Son of The Living God's redemption to every creature. (Mark 16:15)

The night ended with Tom moving on to pray for others in need while Chelsea and I walked back to our hotel room where Ruger was waiting. Over the weekend I got to talk to Tom some more as he was there promoting a documentary that he and Jared Chrestman of Angry Son Media had just finished called ***Detestable, a Film about Satanic Ritual Abuse***. Satanic Ritual Abuse is a broad term used to describe the ritualistic abuse that is done in the name of or to empower a spiritual entity, which is not limited explicitly to The Satan, but can include other deities like Asmodeus, Lucifer, Ishtar, The Queen of Heaven, The Beast, Gaia, Lilith, Cybele, other gods, demons, and fallen angels. The type of abuse is sophisticated, systemic, and methodical. Involving the physical, emotional, spiritual, and sexual abuse of individuals from the age of conception to the wheel chair bound elderly.

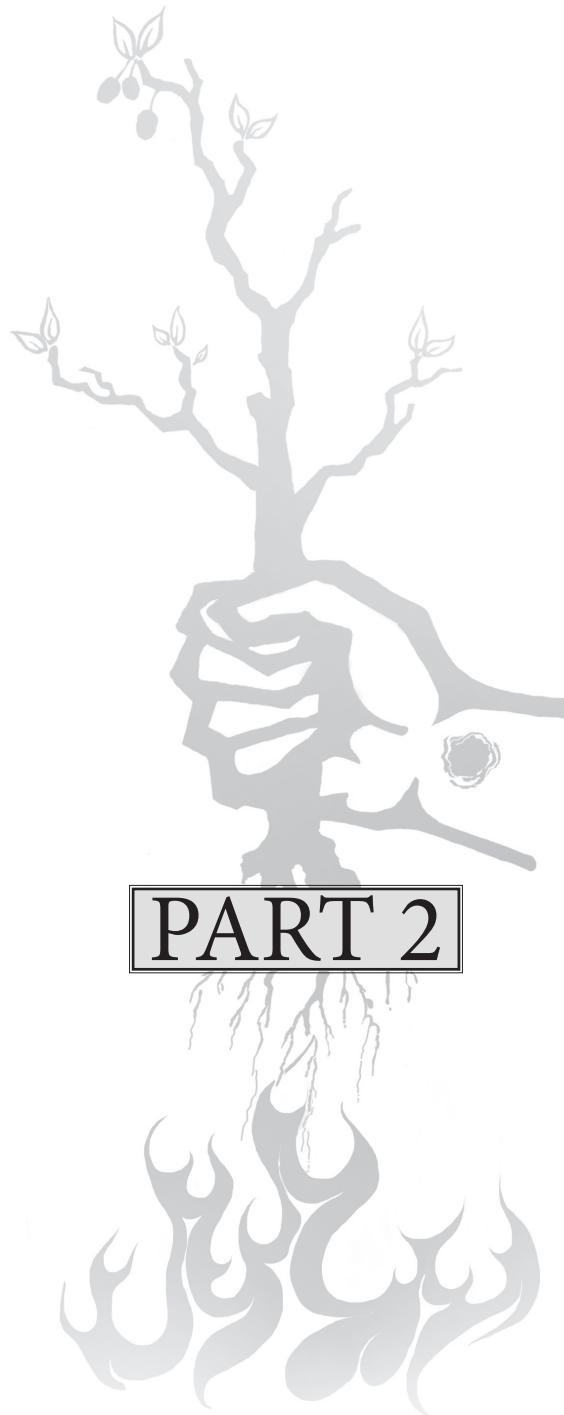
Satanic Ritual Abuse is the black blooded heart of The Kingdom of Darkness pumping its poisoned fuel into the bodies, souls, and spirits of mankind. The deviant practitioners of this wickedness perpetrate it most readily on children and most often on their Family members. Among many other things, the ritualistic abuse of children in this manner causes a very real, physical, emotional, and spiritual power to be released, which is then channeled and used by practitioners and spirits alike for various purposes and ends.

Thomas Dunn had been working with Russ Dizdar and Jared Chrestman to film and produce an exposé revealing the

realities of this brutal world where Radical Intelligent Evil puts on flesh and tortures, maims, and murders the innocent in order to rule the hearts, minds, and bodies of mankind. They were bold and courageous men who were on a mission to expose the wicked works of darkness to the Redeeming Light of The Messiah. There were many people present seeking to proclaim the truth, but few were doing it in even this terrible area. To keep up with Tom and Jared's ceaseless work check out their YouTube Channel at ***ThroughTheBlack.com***

Just as the trip was wrapping up and the final session had closed, I went and asked a question to a panel of the speakers at the front of the room. After this, I went to talk to some new friends. While I was talking to them, a woman came up to me and handed me a book saying somewhat frantically that I needed to read it. Looking at it I saw that it was for the breaking of generational curses related explicitly to the renunciation of the oaths sworn in freemasonry and other oath taking societies and "brotherhoods." Turning back to ask her a question, I couldn't see her anywhere. I cannot tell you if that woman was a messenger of Yahweh, or just a woman who was being obedient to The Holy Spirit's leading but that woman put in my hands the keys to deliverance that would finally set this shackled man free.





## Chapter Six

# The Pains of Remembering

Two weeks later I began to ask forgiveness for the sins of my ancestors, to repent for oaths spoken by Family members and myself. I asked The Father to wash away my sins, to cleanse me of my transgressions, and to remove all my ancestors' iniquities. (Exod. 34:7) I renounced the oaths that had been spoken, the curses over children, and the cutting out of tongues. I asked for cleansing and healing to be given to my wife, daughter, and myself. I wept at times during that prayer and shook uncontrollably. I trembled from head to foot like I'd dove beneath the waves of an icy tomb. I felt things cracking loose in my heart. Waves of nausea, sorrow, and pain washed over me. I wanted to stop the prayers; something else was screaming out within me demanding I desist. I knew I needed to continue to renounce these wicked oaths of "I so solemnly swear and this I will do." I needed deliverance and I could feel there was a force of resistance stronger than any I'd ever known. I continued to cry out to The Great Redeemer Jesus and ask Him to cleanse us and purify us. I stopped periodically and read out loud different passages from Psalms washing away the defilement that had come against me. After nearly an hour I collapsed into the chair exhausted beyond description yet knowing there was more freedom now then I'd had in my entire life.

It wouldn't take long for the once pressed away memories to come flooding back. With them would come understanding of the realities of these dreams, these terrors of the night, the blood in the toilet, and the unexplainable fears and pains. With it would come retribution of the most brutal kind.

The memories solidified in brutal terror. I had promised you at the beginning of this book that I would not let this be the book where I discussed the specifics or went into details about the depths of depravity I had suffered. The reality is that my grandfather was a very active member of a brotherhood freely operating within the Knights of Columbus who engaged in Satanic Ritual Abuse of children while doing occult rituals and ceremonies. The fiery serpentine entities they chose to worship and obey do not deserve to be named. I was one of their "chosen ones." Not every member of a Family is selected. However, the ones that are selected, are then brutalized in horrific ways, in order to create a slave which believes it's free.

I began to trudge through the memories and come to grips with an understanding of my past. The memories of these abuses and these rituals started to flood through me and they left me crippled with emotional pain. With the memories came parts of my soul I'd thought long lost to the despair and sorrow.

After finishing the prayer, my mind was flooded with understanding about some of the objects that were all around my house. There were little totems that had been given to me by my grandfather, now a heralded Fourth Level Knight in The Knights of Columbus. He was a man who'd used my body and those of other Blue Blooded children to advance in rank, power, and control.

I screamed, I wailed, and I wept. The agony was tearing my soul; it was rending my heart to pieces and leaving me collapsed on the floor. Chelsea had gone to work and left me to the memories. She didn't know what I was going through, not yet. I curled up beneath my desk and let the sorrow seep out of my pores as my eyes showered me with past pains finally relieved. I didn't want to tell her; how could I tell her what I saw? How

could I not? How could I trust her not to leave me? How could I know she wouldn't hate me for what I had done? The thoughts pounded through my head as I finally grieved the death of a stranger, a man I didn't even know.

“MURDERER!” The identity was in my bones; it leeched out of my skin; it became me. What else was I but a murderer? A child burning with rage from the incest and the touch of abusers’ hands on his bare skin. Into his boiling cauldron of anger an outlet is placed in his hand. They gave me a blade and forced me to do the inconceivable. The priest was pressing on my palm and showing me how to end a life. I wanted to vomit, I wanted to spit, I wanted to rid myself of all of this. But how do you rid yourself of yourself? How do you cast out your soul? They don’t teach you this while getting your degree in psychology or in the dispensational Sunday school classes. They skip over this “disorder” and say it’s just rare and so uncommon. So what was in my mind burning away the voids and filling it with understanding? Who was the man in the mirror? Who was the man staring back at me? Where had I gone? Answers come from within,

*“We ran away.”*

We ran away like we always do; we ran from the terrors of the night, from the burning in our belly, from the pain in our heart, which was too much to bear.

We could not fight back when they pressed down on us or shackled us to the chairs. We could not stop our grandfather from drowning us in their bathtub. We could not fight back when The Family dentist drugged us into oblivion. We were weak, oh my God, we were so weak, and we had no way to fight back. How much longer could we hold out? How long can you resist the pains of torture? Not long enough. Never long enough. So we ran away, we slipped into the cracks that fissured into our mind; the splitting of our soul was a gift from the Creator given to His children who would have to face unimaginable horrors. It was a way to survive the death blows of sorrow, pain, and shame that would have stopped my heart from beating. Survival for us came from one word: dissociation.



As the book progresses, I will go into greater depths of explaining this, but for now, I will give you, the reader, a brief overview. The clinical name for it is Dissociative Identity Disorder (DID), formerly called Multiple Personality Disorder (MPD) of which millions of Americans alone meet all the criteria for. Dissociative Identity Disorder develops when a child, generally before the age of seven or eight, is being abused or sustains a sufficient trauma they cannot physically escape from, so they will instead run away internally to a world no eye can see.

To survive the un-survivable, the soul of the individual splits and tears away from the core personality. During this terrible moment, a blank identity, personality, or fragment is created whose reality and understanding of the world is birthed in this atrocious traumatic event. Because the other personality comes to the surface to endure the trauma the remainder of the individual's core identity can survive. This fragmented piece of the soul can go on its own, or under someone else's manipulation to develop into a complete identity separate from the core person.

DID is not a psychological disorder like Narcolepsy or Agoraphobia. It is not a disorder at all; instead it is without question a gift of the most beautiful of kinds. It is an incredible

survival mechanism built into people, which helps them endure unspeakable trauma that would kill even the strongest among us. The doctors and technicians call it “dissociation.” We called it the “fade”, the slipping of our mind from one reality to the next. Once we have split, we have the forced ability to switch from one personality to another.

This fade gave us the ability to endure the butchering of our innocence and the pains of a life lost to many abusers. Dissociation created in us numerous personalities like one who was familiar with the pain of hunger, the regret of not being able to stop them from hurting the ones we loved or from hurting us. We could not stop the perpetrators physically, so we would slip away into the inner world of our shattered mind. We would crawl away into our familiar space and up would come another part of our soul, one who held the pains of betrayal and abuse, who did not know there was a rational world where dads protected their sons from abusers. Instead they became my Night Walkers those personalities who hide in plain site. Those parts of my past whose enlisted “uncles” delivered them like Cheese Pizza to parlors, pastors, and priests all around The Bridge famous desert town.



The trips down to my grandfather’s house during the solstices and other high occult days would sometimes last weeks. All too often my parents would leave us there unprotected, ready to be taken into the depths of their dark chambers and back Oasis rooms. My body, blood and will was a commodity, sold for

a high price, never high enough to wash away the shame from our soul and the depths of The Secrets they stored in my mind. I was their altar boy. It was the blood of The Chosen Children that christened their Lady of The Lake's communal cups.

I was not born into a home of safety; there was no roof of refuge over my head. I was not born with free choice. Instead, I was shackled to the walls of wickedness from the day of my conception. I was the “chosen one” in my Family; I was bred and selected so that the blood in my body would fuel the furnaces of secret rituals and power-hungry perverts climbing their ways to the top. I was born into the world of shadows. It is The Underworld of our society where children are taught to seduce strangers and secretly record what they do next. It is The Underworld where people document their ancestry and obsess over their bloodlines, deciding which chosen “Family” to breed with next.

These are not your every-day criminals. These are not the bosses or kings dressing in fur skin and acting hard while they rat out soldiers to detectives for cash and control. These are generations of depravity groomed and carefully cultivated. These individuals are extraordinarily intelligent in their cunning and subtle ways. They are masters of manipulation, experts on human behavior who know how to wear dozens of masks to match every occasion.

They know how to walk in the light of ordinary day looking like your upper-middle-class neighbor next door, while they fuel this empire of insanity at night. They frequent our churches and make sure the pastor, deacon, or bishop knows how steady and substantial their tithe check is. They are the eyes and ears of an Underground army serving their dark prince, a prince who demands from his follower's secrecy, silence, and subterfuge, and my Family has served him with excellence since the ancient days.

Now was the time for those Secrets to be revealed. The memories may have brought back pain and sorrow of the unimaginable kind but with them came something greater. It was

stronger and more powerful than anything I'd ever known. They brought courage. They brought a fierceness I'd forgotten. They brought love, peace, and hope. These shattered pieces of my broken soul once they found healing and restoration would find the Word of God spoken over them give them their new identity. Our Heavenly Father would teach us that "He has not given us a spirit of fear but of power, love, and a sound mind." This courage could not be contained; it looked in the face of insurmountable odds and chose to find faith in The Almighty God.

With this courage, I finally began to walk out my faith. I looked at The Way Jesus lived and stepped out hoping the dust of His sandals might fill my vision and cover me with His understanding, boldness, and Truth. For the first time in my life, I was finding freedom from the bondage of my fears, guilt, and shame. I was a new man, and finally I was living in joy, hope, and peace. I could not contain the excitement and needed to go and share the power of forgiveness and Yahweh's hope. Where does a son of Belial go when he is translated from the Kingdom of The Fallen Ones into The Kingdom of The Redeemer? He takes his light and runs back into the squid ink darkness he was familiar with. I looked for the darkest corners of my community and I went to the streets to share the hope of Messiah. I began to share my passions for freedom to all I could, and in doing so, I found out my Family's Secrets were still protected from blowback by the spilling of innocent blood.



## Chapter Seven

# Murder on their Minds

I had begun to piece together so many pieces to the puzzle of my past, from the numerous different handwritings in my journals, the missing time when other parts were up, to the different names I used to go by when I met people. The fractured memories and forgetting began to disappear. I was finding out more about who I was and in all this remembering, I longed to have additional confirmation. Even with the understanding, I needed more answers, and I needed to know just how deep The Family darkness ran. It was with that courage welling up within me that I made the most dangerous phone call of my life.

I picked up the phone and called my mother. During my middle school years, she had obsessively spent a tremendous amount of time and resources carefully documenting my Family's Ancestry, tracing the bloodlines to The Royals and rulers of old. By so doing my Family sought to substantiate its appeals to our "Divine Right to Rule." I was coming to grips with the reality of my past, and I knew I could validate so much of what I remembered from those ancient records. I asked her if she could send them to me. Ever amiable, she agreed to my requests, and I decided to probe further.

“Mom, what do you know about the Knights of Columbus?”

She told me that Grandpa is a part of it and it’s a good old boys club that does pancake breakfasts and fundraisers for children. I nearly gagged. My pedophilic abusers were specifically recruited and connected to their young victims (their altar boys) through the Knights of Columbus and its various seasonal “Youth Groups” and other “Finder” programs. I pressed her on this and warned her of the evil that underpins what Grandpa does with his Knights during their get-togethers. With childlike innocence, she tried to assure me they are just the best of people and promised me again that she would send me the records I’d requested.

That was the last time I spoke with my mother.

Unfortunately, other phone calls were made after I hung up. The Underworld’s Spidery Web had just been tripped. I had spoken The Secrets, and my forbidden past could never be allowed to see the light of day. The Family would never allow The Secrets to be revealed no matter how much blood, innocent or guilty, it cost.

Just a few days passed, and I continued my research documenting and disseminating the memories of murder and finding that there could be a cleansing from even that kind of shame and guilt I was woefully unaware of the carnal wheels of chaos churning just below our feet.

## Chapter Eight

# Hunted

Chelsea was now approaching her seventh month of pregnancy with Naomi, and we decided we should see a movie. Even as we got ready to go, I felt a churning in my stomach, a discomfort about going. I foolishly shoved down the feeling as I knew it would be many months before Chelsea and I would be going on a date to a movie. Just before I walked out the door, I felt the pressing of The Holy Spirit to put on my kit and body armor. Even as we drove to the theater, Chelsea and I discussed how we both didn't feel right about going to this movie, that something was really "off." Unfortunately, we justified away the feelings and went to the movie.

The night wore on and by the time we went to walk out of the theater, it was nearly midnight. When I went to step out the door, I felt a Familiar burning presence waiting; the lion stalking in the darkness was coming once more to seek our death.

The well-lit parking lot was capable of holding hundreds of cars but now it lay all but deserted. There were a few cars parked directly outside the exit doors, most likely employees' who get the premium spots in front of their entrance. Our car was the exception. It lay eighty yards from the exit doors.

The assassins came for us then. The heat on my neck built to a furnace, and I was reacting with instincts that have kept me alive through too many tangos with Death. It seemed innocent at first. A four-door crossover SUV started driving diagonally towards Chelsea and me through the parking lot, ignoring the painted lines. We both watched them troubled at first but waiting to see what they were doing. I grabbed Chelsea's hand and had her watch. They pulled straight towards us, turning just before they hit the sidewalk. The driver watched us intently and his gaze disturbed me. He continued past us in a massive circle, parking out in the middle of the lot within only a few spaces of my vehicle. Upon parking, he did not move to get out but instead waited.

Moments later, a second car came on the same path as the first. This time there was no doubt about it: red flags began exploding in our minds. The small sedan continued to angle directly towards us. I grabbed Chelsea, pushed her behind me, and moved her towards the only cover available by the first vehicles. I intended to position her low near the engine block while I dealt with the threats. The adrenaline began to slow down time; numbing my extremities and heightening my essential fight senses of smell, sight, and hearing.

Heart slamming into my chest, I studied my opponents carefully. There was a man in his early forties with dark hair, a button-up shirt, and no jacket driving the small sedan. In his passenger seat was a woman with long brunette hair obsessively trying to unjam a black pistol. I could see her attempting to drop the magazine and rack the slide. She was shaking, looking up at me and down at the pistol. Frantic and hectic, there was fear in her eyes and panic in her actions. She was yelling something to the man I couldn't make out, and he tried to angle the vehicle closer.

Waiting for them to engage us, I kept Chelsea moving, trying to keep the vehicles between us. Soon the driver ran out of space and had to turn away and drive past us. I readied myself for the raising of the pistol and the battle to begin but

the moment passed. They both suddenly dropped their heads and drove off as she shoved the gun beneath the dash. They parked in the first row of spots twenty feet beyond where we were standing, forcing me to make a decision: continue on foot and head back towards the other side of the complex or make a break for the car and add my force multipliers to my options. I decided to go for our car and flush out whatever else is waiting for us in the ambush.

I lead Chelsea nearly at a run to our car, keeping myself between her and the other idling vehicle. The man never moved; he was a statue staring at the other vehicle and seemingly talking to himself. Jumping in, I began praying for The Father's intervention to help us get out of here. Suddenly, a switch in my head was thrown, and training, which had been encoded into my very DNA took over.

The voices of my instructors and trainers came roaring to the surface.

*“Stack the shots in the center of mass to slow them. Headshots for closure. Observe, Orient, Decide, Act. Keep forcing your opponent outside his own OODA Loop. Decisiveness and precision are weapons; use them. Find the edge of their ambush net and press through until they stop shooting or you are dead.”*

The Soldier in my head was demanding a battle, but Jason was firmly in place keeping us calm, cool, and collected. I let them make the decisions; this was their familiar world of shadows, not mine.

I pulled away and began to leave the parking lot. The moment I did, a black lifted truck that I had seen two times earlier that day following Chelsea and me doing errands pulled out of a parking spot thirty yards from my own and sped up to get ahead of me. I could see two figures in the back of the truck lifting themselves beginning to turn in our direction. I immediately whipped our car around and peeled off to a secondary entrance. As I did this, the truck, which had been driving towards the exit, suddenly stopped but I put on the gas determined to

break out of the kill box we had been funneled into. I roared past the two first cars where I saw the man screaming and the woman still attempting to fix her pistol.

We approached the four-way stop on the edge of the complex and Chelsea shouted out, “There’s a guy!” I slowed down briefly, and we both saw a lone man dressed in a dark windbreaker with a black pistol in his hand. Beginning to shove Chelsea low beneath the dash, I angled towards him. He continued to run away from us and through the intersection. He turned his head as he ran and I saw a look of terror in his eyes that screamed of fear from something I could not see. I waited for him to raise the pistol but he never did; he just kept running, an unfired gun in hand and fear in his eyes.

We tore through the intersection and retreated to a safe place, debriefing as we went. No one followed us, and we knew the immediate threat was over. We poured out thanks to The Father for intervening and asked forgiveness for our ignorance of His warning. Chelsea was shaken up by the adrenaline and the reality that people were intent on killing us. The worst part was, she did not know why. I did my best to calm her down, but there was no way I could explain to her at that moment what was going on.

The ravenous lion’s mouth had been shut for now, but soon I was to learn that that was just the beginning of my family’s end of innocence. The first silenced shots had been fired and whether or not Chelsea and I were ready, The Great War of The Ages had come to our door. My Family knew The Secrets in my head could bring down their corrupt kingdom. When their detestable domino fell, so too would many others. They knew the consequences of losing control of a Company “asset” would bring the end of their little reigns. My Family had been wise to try to kill me before I could prepare for their retaliation. Before I had spread their darkest and most dangerous Secrets into a thousand physical and digital hiding places that would be released as a plague of truth should they ever try again. In the age of instant information, a dead man’s secret

switch could do more damage than a hundred bombs or a billion bullets. My former masters and handlers had left too many wounded-ones out in plain elements to perish and those secret switches were about to be thrown.

I was not ready for that battle, not yet. I was still a weak man who was being buried by burdens and had no helpmate to share them with. I knew if I was going to ever be able to face this and live, I needed to speak The Secrets and get help.

Chelsea still did not know about the memories. She didn't know we were screaming with a grief that was pummeling me on my drive to work and in the hours before I left the house. I needed to know she would not leave me. I needed to know she would love me even though I was so damaged, even though I was so defiled. She had seen some of the beautiful fruit come with my healing: the return of my passions, my joys, and my affection for her. I knew now it was time to help her understand just why I was a new man.



## Chapter Nine

# Will She Still Love Me Tomorrow?

The days had grown long; summer was drawing near and with it would come the end of our lives as we had known them. Chelsea and I were sitting together on the wicker furniture she'd picked from the trash, painstakingly restored, and painted a brilliant white. The neighborhood was quiet and Naomi was beginning to kick and buck in her belly as there were only a few short months until she would come. Nate's Beach was sitting with its sand, seashells, and chunks of cherished metal. I smiled finally beginning to understand who I was and where I had been. It was in that moment that Chelsea said three sentences which forever changed the course of our marriage, our daughter's future, and my own. The conversation drifted from the pains of her body and job to my own. She asked me questions that I was still too afraid to answer.

Instead, I chose to keep listening and waiting. Grabbing hold of my trembling hands, she looked into the depths of my soul. In the stillness of a moment I had waited my whole life for, my wife spoke.

“Nathan, I need you to know that I love you no matter what. I love each part of you. No matter what you’ve been through or what you’ve done, I love you.”

Weeping we held each other as those bleeding broken parts of my soul felt the a safe harbor of love for the first time in their lives. I had sequestered my pain for twenty-seven years. I had buried burdens no one should have to see, touch or carry. I had stuffed my soul into prison cells and corridors of chaos. I could not bear to share with this wondrous woman the horrors of my past, and yet here she sat arms wrapped around mine, holding me, caring for me, and loving me. What was this newfound hope? Could this be it? Could this be real? Could I have found someone that will not leave me, even when The Chameleons masks come off and she sees the scars riddling my tortured body and soul? Would she still love me when I tell her about how many times I was sexually abused? Would she still love me when I tell her about covens rituals and the beasts, which infected me at such a young age? Would she run? Would she stay? A thousand questions pummeled my mind and yet her words rang louder, silencing them all.

We could see she meant it. We knew it. Each of us who doubted was beginning to believe that maybe there was such a thing as unconditional love. We no longer had to experience it through other people's stories, movies, or plays; now we had experienced it.

Three days later I told Chelsea, the woman who once tried to hide her eyes from my own, that behind my eyes there were more than just a me, but rather a we. I told her about the oaths, the cult of my Families, the dissociation of the other personalities, Nate, Nathan, Jason, Soldier, Boy and the many other parts of a fractured soul within. I shared with her I was not a whole man, but I so desperately wanted to be. I told her there was a mountain of misery, madness, and murder concealed in my past. Unable to bear the feelings of exposure, Chelsea and I retreated into our home.

In the corner of our living room, Chelsea held me and wept with me as my body trembled from head to toe. The fear of rejection was pounding through my heart, threatening to tear what little remained apart. Even as I trembled, Chelsea

folded her arms over me as we let the rivers of sorrow finally flow. Chelsea and Naomi, my true family, held me close and said “I’m so sorry that happened to you. I love you still no matter what.” She washed me in undefiled love as my heavenly Father had. She did not reject me or run. She held fast to me as the supernaturally crafted stone strongholds of my heart fell down flat. She did not run from the darkness; she did not hide from the horrors of my abusers.

My wife embodied The Scriptures that night. She had come to believe the Word that is written, perfect love casts out fear. Perfect love can stare at the face of Death himself and find an ocean of peace, hope, and kindness washing his deceptive threats away. My wife did not have the strength to do this, not of herself. She was a woman who had learned Whose she was. She knew her identity was secured to The Rock of Jesus The Messiah. She had built her house upon the unshakable foundations of the Word of Yahweh. When the fierce winds of these detestable things blew against it, it did not crumble but instead held fast. She knew she was a redeemed daughter of The Living God and because of that, she had faith to love her husband even when he told her things no spouse wants to hear or learn their spouse went through.

Chelsea had supernatural strength and compassion, but the next day the heaviness of what we told her began to crush her. She stumbled her way through work in a daze. Unable to handle the pressure alone, she called me. I stepped out of work and heard my wife overwhelmed by the things I’d shared with her. I heard her struggling with the fear, the anger, and the frustration. I reminded her of The One who can carry those burdens and told her she needed to surrender them to Messiah and let Him speak to her.

Under the boughs of our backyard tree, Chelsea swung in her chair and wept. She poured her heavy burdens out on Our Redeemer, and The God of Comfort strengthened my wife. He told her words that would become a fortress of hope in the days ahead. *“Chelsea, it is very critical how you react.”*

Suddenly, an understanding flooded over her, and in her weakness, she found The Father's pure grace and strength to be mightier than her fears, doubts, and disbelief. She discovered His Holy Spirit filling her and renewing her. Naomi listened in as my wife's heart beat with supernatural courage, compassion, and love. Naomi heard the songs of peace flood over her mother and equipped her with the tools she needed to stand against the brutal spiritual and emotional attacks that were already being cunningly crafted against us. Battle lines were being drawn and it was time for us all to fight for the souls of the suffering, the slandered and those waiting to be redeemed.

## Chapter Ten

# A Time for Telling

**H**e came for me in the stillness, in the dark of the night when dawn was still far off. He placed the pommel of the double-edged dagger in my palm and told me whom to take. The clandestine targets on a paper would later become numbers on My List; The List of nameless faces who would haunt my early morning dreams. Their blood splashed on my knuckles, fingers and tear-stained fists. I couldn't wash it away. I begged God to forgive me. I begged Him to wash the putrid stains away. I couldn't stop the sorrow, the pain, the guilt of strangers whose names I wasn't told. The men who I left in a heap on the floor after taking their ceremonial totem rings as proof of the deed to be returned to their former Masters.

The Order sends out its Pet Project to hunt a fellow Jesuit who no longer satisfies their Black Goats goals. The plunge of a syringe with prepared cocktails injected between their toes, and it was blamed on another case of cardiac arrest. What do you do when you make a woman a widow before you are twelve years old? Who do you report crimes to when the Chief of Police and the District Attorneys are partakers in your very own abuse? What child can outwit master manipulators and terrorizers of souls? You can't beat them, so you do what you've been made to do: you run away and keep The Secrets. You fade. You run into those secret places within where you hide from the madness.

I never had an option to say no; no one ever told me there was such a thing as free choice. I was a child who saw them brutalize children and swore they would do the same to my family members if I ever refused to obey or spoke The Secrets. My family, like so many in The Underworld, were masters of manipulation and control. Instead, you swore upon your soul that you would never let this happen to the innocents or the girl who smiles at you in between classes and passes notes to you in the back of the room.

They should have killed me that night outside the theater, or when they threw me into the pits to make their Pizza Parlor snuff films have “something more exciting in them.” I should have died when they sent me to kill men twice my age and three times my weight. And yet, they could not. They could not because I was not made for oath keeping rituals and the murder they used me for. I was not made for death, but I was made for life. I was made to give, not take.

My name is Nathan; it means gift or giver. I was made to be a blessing, not a curse; to offer my life to others that they might yet know there is still hope. To you sons of Belial you daughters of the queen of heaven know that there is a true light of hope burning brighter than their darkness can ever conceal.

I think of the early followers of The Way being ravaged by the Roman Emperors and Cesar’s who set the followers of The Way on fire to light their orgies and festivals. Or I think of the Roman Catholic Church burning alive hundreds of thousands of those who spoke The Truth by a peasants tongue. Those lips of commoners who were unsanctioned by the Popes their Anti-Messiah the one who sits enthroned in stead of The True Christ. I think of those followers of Messiah who refused to compromise on The Instructions of The Living God for the sake of a higher inheritance that was yet to come.

People like The Maccabees, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Enoch, John, and James. They would not relent in their dedication to His Truth even as their enemies tied them to stakes, poured oil upon them, and set them ablaze. They did not hide from perse-

cution, from torture, or death. No, they ran headfirst into the heart of darkness and were willing to be a witness even as they burned brightly. They were anointed as the Levite priests were anointed and set apart to serve in The Tabernacle of Yahweh. The oil of suffering, agony, and certain death released them from these earthly shackles of shame and purchased them a greater weight of glory. Their eyes were fixed no longer on this flesh and blood world but upon the eternal holiness of hope fulfilled.

I assure you of this: the words of their testimony still echo in the hearts of us all. They made way for every one of us. For those of us born into the very Families that have always grown fat on the blood of the innocents, who have pampered themselves with luxury produced by their slaves. I have been a participant in those orgies, and I watched men, women and children burn. I smelled the smoke of their flesh. I partook of their blood from silver and gold chalices as my masters taught me to. Those same festivals are done to this day. The millions that go missing every year are fuel to their frenzies and lusts. But this world has been trained that the deaths of a dozen is a tragedy but the murder of millions is a mere statistic or “a woman’s rites.”

For years of my young life I watched the wicked grow in power by the perverseness of their pleasures. Bound by their cancerous controls I waited and then when the rage would build to a crescendo, they would point my anger, hatred, and need for justice at faces on My List. Once my fury peaked, they let their Pet Project assassin out to hunt. They would put the pommel of the dagger in my palm and tell me to unleash my wrath. The curse of death would land upon me and all the while they grew richer still. They would convince me that my targets were the very men who’d used me the night before. That they were the ones who trafficked the children who were burned every “high day.” Though “they” seem invincible, powerful beyond measure, and limitless in resource, The Families and The Guardians of Secrets have a great weakness.

Every enemy we face has a perpetual chink in their armor, and my Family did not count on one of the wolves of their pack turning against them. Who thought a wolf could forsake its shame, guilt, and hatred, and shed its wicked ways? Could a leopard change its spots? Could a deceiver speak the truth? Would a creature of Death instead choose to freely submit to The Good Shepherd and see that in Him is a greater power than this world has ever known? The Prince of Peace does not control through blackmail, fear, threats, and torture but through freedom, truth, justice, and love.

What The True Master offered me was something my earthly father never had: He offered me a free choice. He offered me an opportunity not plagued with subtle rhetoric and manipulation. He did not offer me the choice between two lesser evils or the guilt of choosing wrong. No, He gave me the freedom to choose which master I would serve.

I could continue the generational wickedness and raise Naomi up on The Path of Secrets. I could use her as an “asset” as my father, uncles and aunts had used me. I could go from our near poverty lifestyle to the new cars, private schools, multiple houses, custom decors, and specialty air plains just like my father had soon after he’d moved my abuser into the room next to my own. I could let the darkness consume me and follow the Left-Hand Path my ancestors had chosen time and time again. Or I could decide to leave The Family and trust my Heavenly Father would be my protector, provider and earn a greater weight of glory. I could choose to join the Followers of The Way burning in the darkness, lighting a path of hope to all who long to be free.

How could I possibly face down this mountain? How could I sever ties with The Family and survive when so many times I’d been the one who ended the lives of those who spoke The Secrets? How much more of their mind controlled arsenal would they send against us? How would they seek to silence us? So many thoughts and all I could do was lay these fears at my Savior’s feet.

As I was facing the decision of silence or speaking, The Father led me to The Beginning, to Genesis, to the story of a man who grew up amidst the greatest time of occult power and dark workings since The Great Flood, where the incarnation of the mystery religions and esoteric knowledge was scattered as Nimrod, The Rebel King of the earth, took to his throne.

He was the first embodiment of the antichrist spirit, which set himself up against The Most High God. The Rebellious One the hunter of men's souls, boldly set about uniting the world's population, gods, religions, traditions and focus on warring against The Great Creator. The Angel of Yahweh thwarted their plans by confusing the languages and destroying his rebellious conduit and high place.

With this confusion came the dissemination of The Secrets and many mysteries encoded into the pagan religions who worshiped the statues and obelisks of their fallen Rebel King by many names, such as Orion, Apollo, Ra, Dionysus, Osiris, and dozens more. His mother and later queen wife Ishtar became the centerfold for goddess worship with many names like Semiramis, Columbia, Liberty, Isis, and Diana, also known as Mary The Queen of Heaven. Their incestuous progeny, Tammuz or the "sun of god" would be the basis for ignorant idolatry for generations to come. (Ezekiel 8) The world has bloomed with the worship of this Rebel King be it as the first Master Mason or The King of The Pit, he who was and is not but will be again. See Rob Skiba's superb research on this for more at ([robschannel.com](http://robschannel.com))

In the settings of this devilishly apocalyptic scene, Yahweh called a man out of his pagan father's house. He did not call a Jew, Israelite, Muslim or Greek but rather one who would be obedient not because of bloodline but because of belief. He called a man named Abram and told him that out of him would come forth a nation whose people would be set apart to Yahweh and through whom all the earth would be blessed. That day Yahweh introduced himself to Abram by a different name, El Shaddai. El Shaddai is who I also needed to know before setting out and leaving my Family's familiar ways behind.

Before I could stand against the defilers of the people, I needed to know if The God of Justice still lived and moved among His people. El Shaddai is a name that means father, mother, brother, as well as destroyer. In no uncertain terms, Yahweh told Abram He would be his protector, his family, and his provider. Abram obeyed Yahweh's Instructions and left his pagan roots in Babylon behind and set himself apart for his new Father's dangerous and unfamiliar Way.

It was as I learned more about The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob that I came to know, believe, and trust that He would be my all-sufficient exceeding abundance of provision and protection. In Him alone could I put my trust, in Him alone could I find my source of strength. In the end, it would come down to a single testing of reality. Yahweh would prove His Word to be true, or my new family would die. If I obeyed Him first and above all else, I knew He would build a hedge of protection around me that no power on this earth, above it or below it could destroy. If by His wisdom He allowed the Enemy to overcome this fleshly body through death, we knew we would be freed from sharing with Him in this monumental earthly blessings and suffering once and for all. Death was an inevitability and now was the time I became willing to die for something of eternal importance.

## Chapter Eleven

# The Battle Begins

The same day I told Chelsea about the abuse and the horrors, I also met with my father. Outside a Whole Foods grocery store, I sat with my dad telling him I needed to talk to him about some things. The last time I'd seen my mother, I'd told her about one of the molestations, and he said to me that she'd told him. I began to weep as I told him there was more than just that incident, so much more involving Family members and people outside The Family. Before I could say who my abusers were, my father named my grandfathers – both of them. He choked up and said he was sorry that it had happened but he "would make it right." He then made me promise him that under no circumstances would I talk to my sisters about this. "I'm the dad, and it's my job to take care of this." I kowtowed to his authority like I always had, as I still trusted him to do the right thing.

That night when I was sitting on the couch with Chelsea, I had told her of one the "sessions" with my grandpa. He was in the bathroom with me on our side of the house, and my sister walked in. He stopped her at the door, so she wasn't able to see down into the tub where I was, but she'd asked him what he was

doing in our bathroom. He dismissed her back to bed, and she complied. That next night and every night for the remainder of our stay down there that trip, my sister stayed in my bedroom, and he didn't come for me again. I so badly wanted to thank her for what she'd done, and after telling Chelsea this; she disagreed with my dad and said I needed to tell her.

I drove to my sister's house, and on the way, I called my dad. I told him I was going to talk to her. He said to me that he was handling everything and now I needed to swear to him that I would not tell her who my abusers were. I was forbidden from telling her my primary abusers' names. Initially agreeing to his terms, I drove to see her.

Meeting with her was a surreal experience. I sat down on with her and told her what I'd needed to say. I began to talk on a very superficial level about the abuse and the freedom I had found in forgiving my abusers. I told her about the freedom from the addictions and the restoration of my marriage that had come since I started talking about these things and getting counseling. She began to press me and demanded I tell her who the perpetrators were. I told her that dad told me I couldn't, and then she guessed their names.

Once those names came out and the memory of the bathroom incident surfaced, my sister began to do the oddest thing. While I told her about what was going on, she curled into the fetal position and began to rock back and forth saying over and over again,

“I’m so sorry I don’t remember, I’m so sorry I don’t remember.”

Over and over again, it was like my sister checked out and in her place was a deeply wounded child. When I wrapped up our conversation, she belted out that she needed to see a counselor. I promised her I would bring back a referral for her the next day. Hugging her, I headed home.

I didn't get ten minutes out the door before my dad called me. Fuming, he began demanding why I'd told her my grandpas' names. I told him my sister had guessed it, but I'd kept my word. He was furious in a way I'd never heard him be. My dad takes particular care to keep a lid on his emotions and to keep his mask firmly in place. He began threatening me and warning me that if I was not very, very careful, this would blow up in my face. He warned me again and again that I was absolutely forbidden from speaking these things to people, and especially to my sisters. He ended the phone call by saying again, "I'm *the dad*, and I will handle this."

My father's loving Christian mask was beginning to slip. The more Chelsea and I talked about his reactions, a creeping suspicion began to solidify that my Family was in no way wanting to bring their past to the light. They were not interested in restoration, reconciliation, or truth. No, their motives were firmly in line with The Kingdom of Darkness. Their interest was in keeping their kingdom no matter how many bodies or how much blood was spilled to erect its powerful pillars. The gloves would come off and soon a Family brawl would ensue, the details of which we'll later get to.

Once those battles with my father and Family members ended, it granted me time to heal. I dove headfirst into the restoration I'd been deprived of my entire life. In doing so, I finally began to face the depths of the darkness and hunt for hope amidst the abyss of my soul. Even in those inky waters, I found The Great Physician willing to bear with me and comfort me, giving me a new call and purpose.



## Chapter Twelve

# The Savior in Our Midst

I knew there was no way I could keep it a secret, not anymore. The memories were there all the time. I could not escape the shadowed sight of souls passing away, the spark of life leaving their eyes, the moment of death, the moment of madness and misery. Even as I tried to focus on telling her about these things, memories flooded through my mind desperate to keep me buried in fear.

My wife was cuddling up next to me, and our daughter was sleeping soundly just a few feet away. She talked about things I could not remember, something about going for a walk the next day. I thought I should be listening, but I couldn't. There is no one to listen when our blood boils and the faces return. All I could see were the plots, plans, and schemes, the ways of the Garrote, the wire that strangled a man in the front seat after my Blade dealt with his partner in the back.

I could not see anything but those eyes and felt the sorrow for something I didn't understand. Another pebble on this path of remembering, why did they have to watch me? Who sent them? Was it The Order or another Brother sworn to protect a Knight? What was the purpose of this problem that pes-

tered my past? I asked The Father for forgiveness again. These strangers who spent their final moments looking at a monster in the mirror, would they ever look away and see something else? Would they ever see the wife whose fingers placed the gold band on his left hand?

I wanted to let her crush my skull the way I crushed her husband's throat. I wish she would pummel me with her fists and spit on my body. Would she weep bitterly for the man whose limp form sagged inches from my face? Did she beg God to know why? Did she have to identify his body on a cold steel table? Was she alone when she said, "That's him?" Did he have children who went to sleep with a father but awoke to misery?

My God, the questions crushed my soul. I couldn't hear what my wife was saying; I was trying so hard to remember that I was no longer wrestling with death in the heat of that swampy district. I was desperately trying not to count the seconds it took for him to stop fighting. My God, did you hear the sounds of strangulation? Why didn't you stop me?! My God, where are you?! Where is your hope?

How I wished I could tell her I didn't know what I was doing, I was just another man's killing machine. A Soldier who followed orders and accomplished the sanctioned mission; The Company's Craft at its finest. It's all I ever knew. No one ever told me how to say no.

What do you tell your wife when she looks over at you and asks you, "Honey, are you ok?" Do you tell her that you were still staring at a man's eyes when he was bursting from the pressure of the cord you buried in his neck? Do you tell her you couldn't breathe when you saw the rearview mirror when you loaded your daughter into her car seat last week? Or do you stuff it all back into the boxes it was kept?

No one gave me this information. It was not mission critical but learning how many seconds it takes a femoral artery to bleed a body out when someone is fighting for their life was. Our Instructors had us watch dozens of videos of it over and

over again. Different sized people, men, women, children, different levels of fear, terror, and frenzy – we watched them all.

We were trained how to keep quiet even as they begged and screamed. They taught us how to turn off our hearing. The last vestiges of our conscience were seared by the irons of madness. No matter how many times we trained not to hear them, their voices would come crawling back in the dark. In the stillness, they were there. We had to keep them quiet for so long, but The Father has told us that we don't have to anymore. We no longer have to keep The Secrets of murder, misery, and madness.

That week in September we finally broke down and screamed in the car. We had written about seven more bodies that fell by our Company-controlled hands. We drove away from the little café we'd been writing in and screamed until our throat grew hoarse. Our words were an incense of agony ripe with the brutal honesty I stopped hiding from my Healer.

“My God, do you hear us screaming? Did you hear the sound of that girl whose severed hands are on the floor next to the Brute's feet? My God, what happened to the other boy, the one who was once right by our side. That Chosen One they are turning into another chameleon of death? Please set him free from the tortured tunnels of turmoil he was locked in. Save him, Messiah, I beg you. There are so many of us out there and who will tell us we are forgiven? Who forgives children whose manipulated hands are stained with blood? Who will tell us no one has forgotten those screams, those pleas, and plots of land where they buried and burned the bodies? My Father, I beg you don't let it be wasted, not a single utterance of agony that flowed from the bleeding lips of the many children, teens, and adults.

I can't unsee the eyes of this man; Father did you see them? Why did I have to get out of the car and not them? Will you forgive me? Please, I didn't know what I was doing, I still don't. No one gave me answers: neither my commanders nor their superiors. No one told me why. Why them? Why this

person and not that? Why did they need three vials of blood from his neck? Why did we have to shove the engraved copper ring on the fingers of the quiet man's body? Wet Workers don't get answers just diamond-dusted wires, blades, bullets or syringes of potassium and craftily engineered biological agents. Why can't I say I'm sorry to his widow? Will they kill me for what I've done?"

Out of the bellows of our broken heart came forth a cry of such raw intensity that it scattered the wounds.

*"The wind and the waves are all I can see; Abba my Father, please save me!"*

What do you tell your wife when she sees you staring off for the tenth time that day? Do you tell her the screams of a little girl are ringing in your ears, and you want to vomit? God, you heard those screams and the dying man's bulging eyes. I know this is true; I just want You not to forget them. Please don't waste them, not a drop of blood or utterance of agony. I surrender them to you; I can't carry them anymore; they are crushing my heart. Take it all; it's not mine to hold anymore. I lay it at your feet. I need you to pick me up because I don't feel like rising for a long time. I wish I could crawl into the dirt and hide the hurt and horror of my heart. I want to find peace when this storm rages. I pray you will build me a home of hope so I can hunker down for a while.



Back on the bed I suddenly realized I'd been lost in my head. My wife asked me for the fifth time "Honey, are you ok?" She knows me too well to hide the horror dripping from my heart. I stammered through the strangulation cord, the blade on his shoulders and the million questions pummeling my peace and stealing my sleep. She listened, her compassion unending. She bore with me in a moment of horror. The realization had become a hammer driving the nails of understanding deeper and deeper into her once innocent soul.

She wanted to run from it, to blink it all away, to try to rationalize the impossible madness of the man she'd known for years being a controlled wolf who hunted strangers in the night. She thought of the longhaired man running shirtless through the waters in the ocean with glee.

She thought of Nate and struggled to see *me*.

My hands shook; the fear of rejection boiled my heart's waters to mist. The thoughts of running came pounding through my head: "We can grab our bag and fade back into nothingness. We would be a ghost in the shadows and they'd never see us again."

As if reading my thoughts, she grabbed my trembling hands and held them close. She knew our names of Jason, Nathan and all the rest. She reached over and touched the blade strapped to my chest. It had been there for years, and now she knew why. We wanted to know she wouldn't be afraid of us knowing what we had done. We wanted to know she would love us even though we had killed, even though we had been made to be monsters before we knew there was any other way.

In a moment of exposure, she covered us with the same love, understanding, and kindness The Father showed us time and time again. She became The Healer's physical hands of love as she held onto me and refused to run away. She sobbed with us telling us she loved us and would never be afraid of us no matter what we had been through. She loves us all no matter what we did. Our woman of rescue chose not to flee. She did

not run but instead Chelsea chooses to abide. Those fears of rejection are blown away as we settle into a sense of peace we've hardly ever known.

The next day we went for another walk. She knew it would help to give me the open space I needed to see there will be more to this world than the brutality of my past. My daughter was peering out at me from the folds of cloth, which kept her warm against the Rocky Mountain winter. Naomi Grace smiled at me even as my hands shook and trembled. She did not know her dad was talking about murder and misery. She stared into my soul and silently said, "It's ok daddy. No matter what, I love you." My wife was quiet as we walked; she was chewing on my words. I know they tasted like death. Would I ever stop seeing more of the men whose blood spilled onto my palms? Would I ever wake up after sleeping without the faces on My List staring back at me?

I asked her if she was mad I had told her. "Of course not, honey, I am never mad that you tell me. I love you so much, and it breaks my heart to hear you hurt. I am so proud of you for finally talking about it. You are a brave man, and I believe in you." Her words were a mercy I hardly deserved. We walked on stirring up rocks, gravel, and dirt, and though I tried to stay in the moment, I felt it slipping.

There was little left to say because I didn't want to make her vomit with the details I can barely write about. What would I do when she reads these words? Would I hide in the corner of our house and wait till she has finished? Would I run outside and smash the stick into the old tire until my fingers ache? I don't want to carry this shame anymore. I want to walk around dog parks without thinking about men's eyes and armless little girls. I know I have to heal, but I feel like my flesh is being boiled. My body aches and trembles, and I can feel the wire biting the flesh between my knuckles like it happened yesterday.

My cat found me downstairs weeping when I wrote those words. He knew just to comfort me and let me wail. I thanked God for this house of healing, hope, and peace. I could never

have dreamed of a place so free where orders are never given but patience, and forgiveness are extended instead. I know this is real life, not death, and for that I am thankful. But the memories of days spent in Underworlds of Special Access Projects come rushing back.

I can't stop seeing The Colonel's face or hearing the orders he gave me. I see the burning of the paperless trails at Signposts marked empty, and caches marked full. I grew tired of their constant lies; their lists of targets taken who only advanced their cause. The endless cycle of deception, manipulation, and control was built by my need for revenge, justice, and their manipulative balancing of Lady Liberty's insatiable scales.

I was a ravenous wounded wolf who needed to protect the innocent from the monsters who masquerade as men. I wanted to see the man whose hands were filled with blood and sharpened steel brought to justice. I wanted to see the little girl rescued from the Brutes' blade and gender bending Rosicrucian monstrosities. These were the levers they used on me time and time again. I tried to stop them from hurting more people; I wanted to cut the throats of the perverts who had hurt the children. I tried so hard to bring it to an end but I could not stop them all or save her, not then or today.

There is only so much vengeance a man can get done. There is only so many monsters you can kill in a day before you have to sleep, eat, and plan your next hunt. All the while you forsake the land of the living for the hopes of avenging or resurrecting the dead.

Unzipping and eradicating a six-tiered Atlantic pedophile ring might satisfy the rage for a moment but soon it will return, hungry to be fed. Spilling the blood of the evil does not right the wrongs or hammer out the horrors in this world. A thousand new nails pop up every day to take the place of the dead ones. A pack of wolves can't be the answer to this madness, only He can.

Now I know the only Judge who will deal with all these things accordingly. I surrender to Him all the many pieces of my broken heart and trust He will see them redeemed. Thousands of years ago and just last night He took my burdens and placed them on His mutilated back. I see Him carry the cries of the innocents with Him too. He set them on Golgotha, that Hill of Goliath's Skull, and washed them with His perfect blood. He was The Red Heifer sacrifice; the death of His perfect body cleanses our dirty souls. His love rescued mine and His Word tells me how to breathe again when the sorrow strangles me from suffering the scorn. He reminds me how to love still the mockers and scoffers who doubt my words and joke about my healing for their comic relief. He taught me how to love my enemies and pray for those who persecute me. Still daily I ask Him to help me forgive the Brutes and commanders who made me do these things.

I was angry that day when we walked around the lake and I wanted to shove my fist through the perpetrator's skulls. But I chose instead to set that anger at His feet and tell Him I trust Him with it too. He carries it all and will bear forth vengeance and He alone sets me free. One day at a time I choose life and not death, I choose to believe The God of Comfort will show me His Name is True. I choose to believe He is hope and He is my Father who will restore me in full. I choose to believe that what we surrender to Him can be used for great good, even the saving of many lives.

We had exposed our darkest stains of red to our wife's white gown of innocence. She had not cursed us, resented us, or feared our hands scarred by death. She embodied the same forgiveness Messiah extends to us. She let my stains be washed away as she reminded me of who I really was: no longer a murderer, no longer a slave. She reminded me of the new man I am, a son of a different Father. No longer was I a child being manipulated and controlled, and no longer a teen full of fury and rage. Now I was a son of The King of Glory, a redeemed child of The King. I was a husband, a father, a man on a path to set captives free.

My identity did not abide in the sickeningly stained robes I'd been made to wear; it was not held in my Handlers' Black Book. My identity was knit together with the Resurrected King and the scars, which pierced His heart. This is what she reminded me of and helps me to grab onto when the winds of remembering rage. Chelsea covered by The Father promised to be my safe harbor when the storms of pain blow again. Because of my wife's devotion and love I know I have the rarest of freedoms to tell her about the faces, killings, and dreams.

She did not run from me. She did not hide. She looked into my eyes with tears turning hers bright green. I see the face of an angel in those eyes. I see the messenger of love sent to me for such a time as this. She helps me remember The Scriptures, about my identity as a son of God no longer a slave to these dark masters. She helps me remember I still have free choice and The Father preserved me for a great purpose. She helps me remember; remember things others systemically made me forget. She gives me the feeling of safe, unadulterated touches on my skin and the warmth of a wanted embrace. She gives me the joy a freely offered gift brings, the ways of a husband with his wife as they become unhindered by the stains of regret, wounds, and abuse.

I was not born for these deaths. I was not made for this madness; it was made for me. It was carved out of the necrotic altar stones of The Wicked One's throne. It was conceived by corrupt cowards who saw a way to keep themselves out of harm's reach while making sure the deadly work still got done. They had to teach me how to hate. They had to show me how to boil with rage and fill me with fury. I was not born with murder on my mind; instead, they made it reasonable and they made it our way. The touch of the perverse became commonplace and acceptable.

It should never have been that way. Children should not be looked at as commodities for profit, status, and gain. Yahweh says children are a powerful arrow and they are a gift; they are entrusted to us so we can raise them, shepherd them, and lead them to become who they were made to be, not what we can profit off of the most. (Psalm 127)

I would spend so much time as a child looking in the mirror. Seeing the new scars, the new stitches, the bruises, and the bloody noses. Other times I would see Dr. Cherry and the false face he gave me. I would see a new mirror after we moved again, sometimes in school hallways, and in teachers' offices. I would see these many places scattered across the country. I would see glimpses of a young boy who would turn into a teen and later a man. The pink scars on my body faded into white before new ones rose up and took their place.



I would look into bloodshot eyes once royal blue and see them turn to crystal one day and be opaque as the snow burying the bodies they left in the forests for the birds of death. I would watch them fill with violence, with hurt and betrayal. I would see the mountain of misery grow taller and taller still. I would see the burdens of a hundred lifetimes of grief reach toward the clouds. I could not escape the hurt in my heart or the hate in my eyes. I wondered if ever there would come relief, if there could really be hope for the likes of me.

To all of you who have ever stared in the mirror and hated the face, the body, the memories, or the apathetic indifference toward the one staring back: please, know the answer to the questions you ask when no one is listening, the questions you think people will call you crazy for asking, the answer to those questions is waiting for you. The answers to the self-loathing, the bitterness, the anger, and hate are not found on a psychiatrist's couch or in an anti-depressant and medical diagnosis. It is not waiting for you in a self-help book with motivating titles and inspiring imagery.

The answers to the questions you seek are not found in this flesh but in the Spirit of Truth for we serve The Source of Truth. The Prince of Peace has promised He would give wisdom and understanding to any who would ask for it in His Name. The answer to why you are the way you are is waiting in His Word, in His truth made real to your eyes. Your identity does not need to stay trapped in the body you keep despising, your drug of choice, the number of times you've promised to quit and couldn't, or the Royal Chosen Blood in your veins.

You are not who you were truly made to be, not yet. Each of us – no matter our moment or method of conception – was created with a purpose and for a great reason. We were created to bring meaning to the meaningless, to bring joy to the despairing, and to rise up from our mediocre living and become bold and courageous participants in the redemptive story of Yahweh.

We were not made to be miserable, to have fractured marriages and children who are out of control or depressed. We were not made to be comfortable and complacent but to rush forward into The Enemy's territory and contend for the souls of mankind. Even if we are living in a wheelchair or hospital bed or on oxygen in an assisted care facility, every one of us was made for war, for the saving of sons and daughters from the fires of failure and cyber bullies. We were made to reach into the depths of despair and offer our scar covered or freshly manicured hands to all those who need to know there is still hope.

We were not made to put our light under our cloaks of shame and guilt. We were made to be the lights brilliantly burning in the darkness, pointing to The Way home. We were made to line the Roman roads pierced through on crucifixion stakes, hands raised to the heavens testifying of our great love for The Redeemer. We were made to be a living witness of hope. We were made to confess our sins to the world, our failures, our screw-ups, and our darkest regrets. We were made to be the ones who suffer the scorn of this world for the sake of setting even just one captive free.

Do not hide your hurt any longer. Don't keep your crucifixion a secret because so many of us have been screaming out in quiet desperation our entire lives; we are already burning in agony. We think if we hide our hurt swept under the rugs of shame we can deal with it some other day, but no one gets healed by keeping sickness in the dark. No one can get rescued from their misery without first exposing their wounds to The Light. You must surrender your heart to The Healer and step out onto the roaring waters. Fix your eyes on Messiah, the calmer of waves and the bringer of peace. He is not waiting in the boat of Comfortable Christianity or in the emergent church with their New Apostolic Reformations. The only True Word is not hidden in The Mysteries of The Cosmos, The Kabbalah repackaged as Quantum Gnosticism, or in the worshipping of other lesser Astral gods. The revelations of who Messiah really is are not hidden within the minds of pagans or puritans. Yahweh is looking for those who answer His call to come out of the comforts our civilization and cowardice provide.

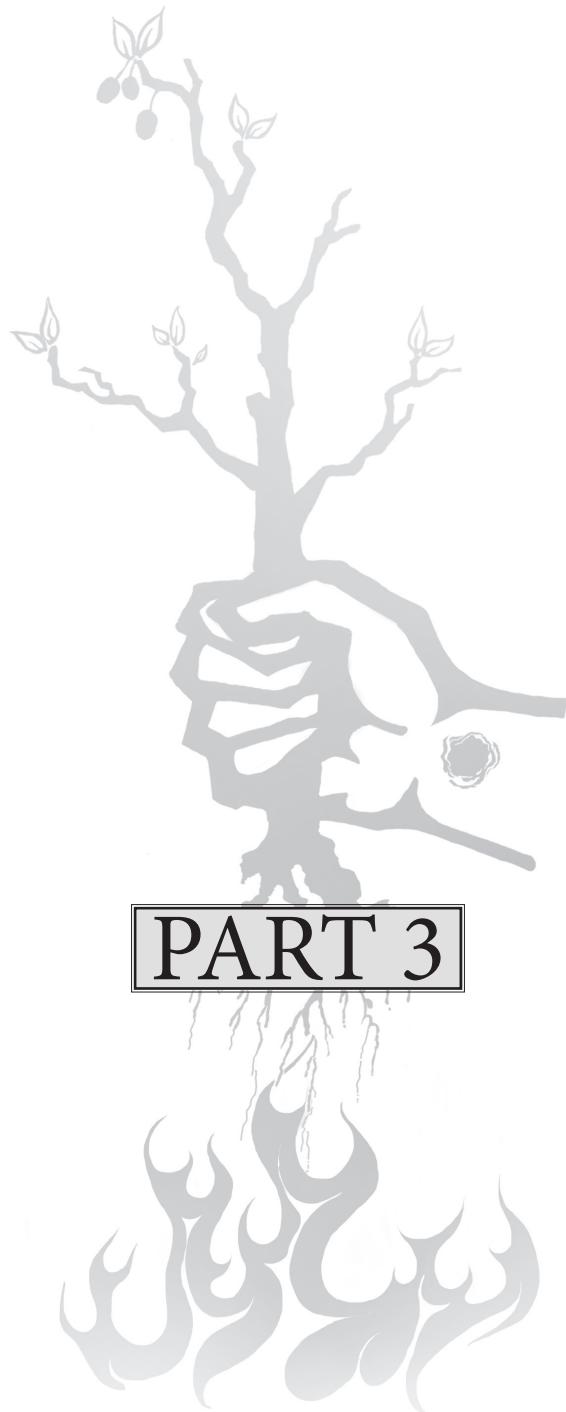
He rescues those who forsake the false safety that boat provides. Hear me, Jesus is waiting on the waters of chaos and fear and will take hold of all who step out in faith and belief. He is waiting in the wind and the waves of pain you've hidden and drowned for the last four decades. He is waiting for you to show who your true master is, so give your fears to Him and put your faith in Him. He alone can heal the cancers of cowardice; He alone can heal the self-hate, the feeling you get when you see your body in the mirror or in pictures posted online. He alone can show you the truth about who you are, the beauty even in your scars. Do not hide your hurt any longer for it will be the death of you. Your hurt can instead become hands, which reach into the pits of pain and pull a suffering slave from the groping fingers of perpetrators.

Do not fear the terror of the night, nor the fiery arrow that flies by day for surely His Word is true. He will shelter you under His just and loving wings. He will enlarge the ground beneath your feet so that you will not stumble. He will

prepare a place for you in the presence of your enemies, and you will walk by streams of Living Water. I promise it's true. I have seen it be so.

Trust in Him while there is still time, for He will never let you down. His faithfulness and truth is a shield and buckler I now wear as my own. It extinguishes every fiery missile of The Enemies. Now I am trained to battle with spiritual weapons and wage earthly wars. Where no eye can see, The True Lord's armies fight for you and they fight for me. Praise Him always no matter the cost, be it your head in a vice or a monsters prod. He will redeem it all and use it for good. What they meant for evil Yahweh will redeem for good and the saving of many lives. So chose you then this day who you will serve, whether the gods of your fathers, the worthless traditions of men or the one who rescues orphans and makes them pilgrims of peace, princes of His holy power who walk by faith and not by sight. (*Genesis through Revelation*)

For decades of my life I was the Guardian of The Left Hand path where my Family chose to make its abode. Now it is time for world to hear The Secrets so many lives were lost to protect.



## Chapter Thirteen

# Family Secrets Revealed

The Underground's Ruling Families like the one I was born into have spent a tremendous amount of time and resources perfecting ways to ensure their secrets are kept. The Secrets as they refer to them are not ever to be shared with those who are born outside of the Chosen Lines. In these secretive upper echelons of society, the preeminent focus and determining factor in one's life is not necessarily from the choices you make but rather who your ancestors are that gave you life. Genealogies and Marital Bloodlines are the most sacred and revered doctrines. One who is born outside of these specific and chosen bloodlines is perceived as something of a sub-species or a 'lesser' being if you will. Often these people are referred to as Goyim, Uninitiated, Outsiders, Useless Eaters or Cattle. The Hebrew word Goyim contains at its root the idea of "the nations" or "those outside." The world is slowly being indoctrinated into this ideology through the revised worship of Muggles, half-breeds, or pure bloods.

This doctrine is heavily reinforced, as the Bloodline Families believe they have The Divine Right to Rule as given to them by their ancestors who were the gods of old. The Nephilim, those offspring prodigies of the fallen angels of

Genesis 6:4 who came down in the days of Jared and left their heavenly estate so that they could procreate with the daughters of men (2 Peter, Jude), these fallen Watcher Angels taught humankind forbidden secret knowledge such as sorcery and enchantment, root cutting to produce hallucinatory substances that allowed the user to travel into their realms. Other fallen watchers taught mankind the making of weapons, astrology, make-up beauty masks, sacred geometry, and the communing with spirits through mediums, divination, and meditation as outlined in the biblically endorsed books of Enoch 1, Jasher, and Jubilees. This hidden wisdom or Gnosis was scattered at Nimrod's tower and birthed the mystery religions. The pineal crown of The Rulers over so many of these beliefs is the doctrines of Gnosticism, which is the many-headed hydra of deception.

This mingling of outside entities injected a literal seed of The Dragon into the bloodlines of humankind as prophesized to Adam in the Garden of Eden. (Gen 3:15) This injection of outside genetics led to the corruption of all flesh and to complete and total wickedness before The Father brought The Great Flood to start again. (Gen. 6:1-22, 10:1-10) These Nephilim and their later offspring of The Rephaim, The Anakim and others, carried in their blood a marker of 'the gods or in Hebrew *the Elohim*' These beings became the gods of mythology like Poseidon, Athena, Hercules, and Thor who once more have gained cult followings. The practice of deifying people into godhood carried on with the pharaohs, kings, and emperor's even presidents, popes and priests whose bloodline could be traced to these Fallen Ones or their progeny.

For thousands of years, these ruling Bloodline Families have carried on the practice of interbreeding, genetic modification, and intermarrying to ensure their "divine purity." At its most debased and realistic level this has lead to the keeping of oaths sworn through incest, murder, and hate.

In recent days the phrase, "*The Illuminati*," has flooded our culture. This, in fact, refers not just to Adam Weishaupt's 18th century secretive order but the more profound truth abides

in The Illumined Bloodlines. By nature, Bloodline Families are not something people can join apart from being born with the blood in their veins. This does not mean Families will not allow goyim to serve within their ranks or even on rare occasions be allowed to intermarry through Sion or the grafting in of an outsider. However, the bringing in of powerful or influential outsiders is done only after an extensive selection and interview process. It then requires contractual agreements more abhorrent then you can imagine.

The Families believe the purer their blue-blood is, the greater their ability to move with power, the force of will and control. For those interested in a more excellent in-depth analysis of this and the end times implications, I highly suggest all people read through the superb series by Dr. Michael Lake starting with *The Shinar Directive* and *The Sheeriyth Imperative* ([www.kingdomintelligencebriefing.com](http://www.kingdomintelligencebriefing.com)) As well as Gary Wayne's book *The Genesis 6 Conspiracy* ([www.genesis6conspiracy.com](http://www.genesis6conspiracy.com)). Another excellent resource for research is the published works of Johnny Cirucci's in *The Illuminati Unmasked, Secret History, and Eaters of Children The Pedocracy Exposed.* ([www.johnnycirucci.com](http://www.johnnycirucci.com)). I also can't recommend enough the work of Dr. Stephen Pidgeon both on his blog, videos at [www.cephernet](http://www.cephernet).

These dynastic Families have perfected the art of hiding in plain site, such as those of the Rex Deus or The Dragon Bloodlines of Europe like the Scythians or the Lees of China. In doing this they have passed on not only what they believe to be The Divine Seed but also The Secrets and hidden wisdom only to the initiates they believe are worthy to receive it. My Family and the ancestors of my bloodlines selected specific individuals within their own Families to carry The Secrets or to be Guardians who ensure The Secrets are protected at all cost. They are the ones who "Keep Houses" and ensure The Dynasty and Estate is well maintained. This was my main function for the Brotherhoods of Illuminists like the Masons and Mormons. Furthermore The Jesuits and Serpent Cults chose to contract out many of my 'services' leading to the black projects groups within the military.

As a child, I was made to partake as a spiritual conduit in the darkest of rituals where these divine Familial exchanges, contracts, and communications were conceived and conspired. While I grew, the use of my blade outpaced my childish bodies usefulness during rituals, and thus I was transferred into The Underworld of killing, torture, and control. I was made to “Keep The Secrets” for nearly three decades of my life. I was born into the darkness of secrecy, threats, and blackmail. I was raised in a world where Black Dragons give orders and Assets dance like marionettes. The place where corporations controlling The Colony’s of The British Empire mingle with professional compromisers like the Special Executive Services Programs to build and control military’s and nations across the earth.

There was a time I was seduced by its glamor, by its illustrious appeals but once you have been served up as ‘dessert’ for the pedophilic desires of State visiting dignitaries you can’t stand to lust for their power or status. I have come to hate evil and, instead, I choose to come to the light and let all mankind see my deeds. The hard truth is that most fear the Enemy but I cannot and will not live another day in silence, and it is time to expose their works of darkness. (John 3:19-21)

It is time all people can learn the truth of how these kingdoms operate and how these families can control so many individuals. They have three primary methods with which they enforce and enact their will on this earth.

## Chapter Fourteen

# The Three Methods of Control

### *The First Method is Fear*

**F**ear is the primary tool used to manipulate and control individuals both within the Bloodline Families and those who abide outside the chosen genealogies. I do not have to give you a crash course on fear as I am sure some of you were terrified just to read this book or hear someone even talk about Luciferianism or ritual abuse. Every individual who has ever sought out the truth has inevitably run into the most potent tools of The Families. As you drive closer to understanding the reality of our fallen world, you too will experience this fear. This world is designed to control your emotions, be they lust, greed, envy, or hatred but the one it seeks to invoke most readily is our fears.

There are so many fears that control us and fuel The Kingdom of The Rulers of Darkness; fears of being rejected, fears of death, fears of people's opinion or running out of money, contracting Alzheimer's or cancer before we die. Remember though: perfect love casts out fear. It was the perfect love of The Great Redeemer that drove Him to overcome the temptations in the desert with the Word of God and the impossible anguish He experienced in the Garden of Gethsemane. The Kingdom of Heaven is powered by the limitless source code of

life itself, The Holiness of Yahweh. His perfect set apart nature is the essence of His Kingdom's power, and that is where Messiah drew His strength and so too must we.

### *The Second Method is Guilt*

There is no easy way to say it. The Adversary often called The Satan earns his title through the relentless beguiling of the hearts and minds of humanity that they are guilty and for no matter what it may be, lying, cheating, stealing, or murder. Sometimes the accusations are true, other times they are not. He is not afraid of quoting the Word of God nor are his servants averse to using it as well. Instead, they like their father are experts with the serpents forked tongue of godly truth interlaced with subtle lies. He has taught his servants the mastery of this tactic. It is used as a point of leverage so that a lesser opponent can control the one who is stronger. It is a lever placed on our hearts to steer us in the direction of the accuser's choosing.

Within The Families, Brotherhoods, and elite circles, there is a tremendous amount of effort placed in compromising individuals whether it is through sex, bribes, drugs, pedophilia, or blackmail. If ever someone who'd been compromised steps outside of their chosen position, this lever is placed, and pressure is applied. All too often this is where the internal wars are waged. These are the battles where people decide to stay in The Underworld rather than expose their deeds to the light of redemption.

One East Coast bishop used to teach us,

“People are straightforward to control. Everybody has a price; if they've not agreed to your terms, you must offer them more. If finding their price doesn't work, find their vice. Find the little chink in their armor and learn to control it. Then it's as simple as a bridle in a horse's mouth: with just the smallest pressure they will move where you tell them.”

### *The Third Method is Shame*

Shame is the power to bind. The constriction around our gifts, talents and calling for our lives is always shame. Self-condemnation for the things we've done, failed to do, or failed to prevent from happening. Shame rules in the darkness of our hearts and ensures we do not step out and speak the truth, confess our deeds to one another, and find the healing He had for us. It prevents us from walking in the freedom, authority or anointing of The Messiah. The cure to shame comes when we surrender, stretch out our hands, and grab hold of The Great Physician.

The woman The Adversary had bound for 18 years with a bleeding disorder was not loosed by spending all her money on The Oath swearing doctors and physicians of her world, or by hiding in the shadows of shame. She was loosed from her bondage the day she boldly stepped into the light of day and grabbed onto the Tzitzis of Jesus, the tassels where His Healing was waiting. Those tassels were outward signs of the covenant Yahweh had with His people promising blessings if they obeyed His Instructions. (Num. 15:37-39) The power filled grace of the Redeemer for His obedience flowed into the shame-bound woman and loosed her from that devilish binding and gave her healing instead. (Mark 5:25-34) The Enemy was defeated when she stepped out of her secrets and reached out in faith. It is time I do the same.

What I am going to share with you now are some of The Secrets my Family has guarded for generations. It is sacred knowledge they protect with magically charged curses, rings lords of power, and sharpened assassins steel. It is the bloody cornerstones upon which their empires are built.

Just as in the days of Pre-Flood Cyclopean Masonry modern Families must start their empire by building their walls with the backs, bones and blood of their children. Those who walk in this needlessly glamorized and spiritually sexualized Underworld give their children up to be turned into slaves. The creation of those slaves is sophisticated, sadistic, and systemic.

Long gone are the days of experimentation and guess-work. No, these families like so many of the Nazi scientists brought over after WWII in Operation Paperclip like Mengel, Rudolph, and Schreiber have taken their dark sciences to the bodies and souls of the young and innocent. The Families are not seeking traditional slaves with chains and shackles. Instead, they create slaves who love their servitude and are loyal to the point of death to their “masters.” Those who are born into this world are quickly and decisively passed through the black fires of madness until they submit to their new masters.

But this begs the question. How do you create willing slaves? The method to their madness is not pretty. After The Family selects a child often long before their birth, they are intentionally abused, traumatized, and defiled until they dissociate or fracture their soul. No normal person can survive the types of abuse and trauma, which are inflicted. They cannot fight back or overpower their abusers physically, so the fight reflex is left incapacitated, and the flight reflex takes over. The need to escape the torment becomes insatiable. It consumes the mind until a solution is offered: run away internally, run inside the mind and allow anything else to endure.

I often refer to the individual programmers who are doing the splitting as “Brutes.” They will watch the child, waiting to see them give in to the Fade, to the pressure of separating themselves within through dissociation. The sign of this can be the eyes rolling back out of consciousness, heads turning purple as the pressure of blood rushes to the brain or blank, absent stares, and glazed-over dilated pupils. My R.A.W. programmers earned their name in the way they had of describing their trade:

*“It’s like splitting a big log – the first time it splits, it takes the most amount of brute force, then as the pieces get smaller, it takes less and less to cause the breaks and fractures.”*

By patterning the physical and psychological aspects of the brain to split and section off areas of the trauma they can create new “blank slates” of personalities. These are pieces of a

person's mind, which can be small or large, named most often by the specific function they perform, such as Driver, Runner, Cat, or Guardian. They can be entirely new personalities or ones who used to hold particular secrets or different genders or spiritual beliefs, which are then buried away.

These sub-personalities can be immediately bonded to the abuser or a handler of their choosing. You often see this similar training in high-level combat and guard dogs, whose submission to the pack leader can be moved to new handlers based on certain programmed and reinforced commands. They are not limited to audio controls; they can be sequenced colors of everyday items, squeezes of specific pressure points on the body, hand gestures or objects like symbolic laced rings or necklaces.



After the blank slate personalities have been prepared, the victim can be made ready for the next step. Once a person has been made to dissociate and split their soul when under distress, that pattern or survival mechanism will continue throughout their life. This is why there is so much emphasis on abusing children at an early age.

The Family would explain it by telling a story.

*“It’s just like breaking an elephant. You cannot break a bull elephant who has lived his whole life in the wild. He knows the power he possesses, he knows the way to destroy his enemies or break out of bonds. Instead, you start when they are young and weak. Simply attach one of their legs to a secured stake in the ground and watch them wail and pull and strain to be free. Soon enough the young elephant will realize he can never escape his shackles. Once their will is broken, it will never try to be free again. You can tie a threaded string around a fully-grown bull elephant and stake it with a plastic peg to the ground, and it will never leave the place you put it. It’s the same with the children: break them young, and you can own their bodies, and souls; their mind, wills, and emotions become yours for life.”*

Learned Helplessness is a powerful tool in controlling victims even long after their perpetrators or handlers are dead or powerless.

My grandpa Brute liked to use near drowning, electricity, or asphyxiation to cause me to dissociate. Upon coming back to consciousness, I believed he had saved my life, and so I loved him all the more and would do whatever he asked. It is genuine and literal mind control. It doesn’t always have to look like electrodes in the brain and flashing lights. Once they’ve got their blank slate, they can ‘handle’ the person to do their will quite easily. Imagine how easy it is for an above average IQ adult to manipulate an extremely traumatized four-year-old who’d just endured physical abuse or witnessed the emotional destruction of their cousin. These new personalities are commonly in a similar state of vulnerability upon their creation and later healings.

These personalities are stored in their own compartmentalized spaces within the mind. Neurologists call the physical areas of the brain where these new personalities reside, Trauma Neural Networks. This is most publically noticeable in individuals who suffer an extreme trauma such as soldiers in combat or survivors of domestic and sexual abuse. These Trauma Pockets are places where the neurons, which were most activated during

the traumatic event essentially, lock up and section themselves off from the remainder of the mind so that the rest of the brain can continue to function.

The internal representation of this can look and sound somewhat startling to those who've never had to dissociate to survive. Depending on the level of trauma and dissociation, individuals can and often do create entire inner worlds in which their personalities, parts, or fragments of memories live. On the inside of the mind, it usually will look like rooms, prison cells, houses, or even castles. Brutes and programmers use guided hypnotic imagery to craft these inner worlds. An example would be, "Picture the thousands of neural pathways of your brain and imagine how each one could be a hotel space in a city. Now send the new personality to room number 42," etc.... The territory of the mind is not capped by the space in our body; it is left only to the imagination or the specific programmer of the individual to guide and create.

The intentional creation of multiple personalities, programming, and mind control is not science fiction as the reports of truth-seeking conspiracy theorists proved correct. Even a cursory study of the subject will reveal millions of peer-reviewed articles, books, documentaries, and an understanding that The United States government alone has spent hundreds of billions in the past and now many trillions in search of, implementation and refinement of the "super spy." A spy that even under the worst kinds of torture or manipulation will not reveal their secrets because the personality enduring the pain has no memory of what they are. Thus the mind is able to separate from the body to endure the soul crushing destruction of their body passing through the fingers of monsters.

U.S. Government Projects like MK Ultra, Artichoke, Bluebird, Monarch, Montauk- which is the true story of Stranger Things, and thousands of others have been exposed and victims who endured this have been paid out millions of dollars by our government in restitution for this rampant human experimentation carried out on their "pet projects." The U.S. is not

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alone in their quest: Manchurian Candidates, dozens of other major countries like Great Britain, Australia, Russia, China, Japan, and Canada. Both allies and enemies of our government and seats of religious power like The Roman Catholic Church, and incalculable Fraternal Orders have shattered the minds of millions of their citizens, patriots and pedophiles alike.

The Bloodline Families and practitioners of the higher-level initiated mystery religions and cults have been engaging in this practice long before the Nazi scientists brought over during Operation Paperclip taught our American scientists this secret science learned and perfected in their concentration camps. Those camps where millions became a Holocaust or in English a Burnt Sacrifice. This is why Hitler ordered The Hex Star of Asherah and Ishtar to mark the victims for burning in the ovens of ritualistic slaughter.

My grandfather had a particular knack for shattering the mind quickly along with programming and as such was entrusted with other “Chosen” children besides me. It is a Trade passed on from master to apprentice in their craft. A craft, which had many of its modern and oldest roots in the Jesuits, Gnostics, and the arms of the Roman Catholic church, whose accumulation of intelligence, mystical artifacts, manuscripts, as well ancient knowledge, supersedes all others since Nimrod’s reign. Many Illumined Bloodline Families, even those who in no way are practitioners of Catholicism, still turn to the Roman Order’s Brutes to do this work as they have honed this despicable Trade to its sharpest edge.

The Families do this because— unlike so many out there — they treat their children with respect insofar as they know how powerful and capable they are of extraordinary things at even young ages. While we dump our kids in overcrowded day-care and shove them in front of Family Owned television programming for hundreds of hours of their adolescent development via tablets, televisions, or toxic blue-light screens, The Families ‘invest’ in their children, honing them to razors edges before most are trying to teach their kids how to spell or count with fallacious Common Core Math. The Illumined Ones teach

their children how to think critically to use grammar, logic, and rhetoric to come up with solutions to problems, instead of becoming part of the problem.



Families believe each child has the potential to express specific powers, gifting's or talents. The Family members wait for the manifestations of a generational spirit, one of their ancestor's spirits or the spirits of the gods to be imbued into their children. Thus a "familiar spirit" a "Muse," a trickster, or other family spirit was passed on to specific chosen children.

The word Genius is a modern expression of this belief. The Jinn or genie's are the Middle Eastern equivalent of the ascended ancient ones, the demons who would possess vessels both people or objects. The Genius in a Family is one who is possessed by the Familiar or Generational Spirit of the Ancestors and thus is the chosen one. The chosen one will often then become through manipulative rituals, oath, and pledge for ownership an open spiritual conduit for one or many of the cursed restless spirits of the dead.

Each Family as with the confusion at Babel may hold different denominational beliefs as to how some of the Mysteries and Secrets are interpreted. As such literal billion and trillion dollar battles are fought, some with knives and bullets, but most are in the board and courtroom, to prove which Families method is the most profitable, productive or perverted. Thus determining their ranking on the ever-illuminated pyramid of power.

The entirety of their Familial reigns and purpose become ensnared in a dog eat dog game of musical chairs. The way to the top is determined by who can breed the best wolves, dogs, goats, cats or sheep. However a spot at the top is reserved for The Family who produces the final incarnation of The Rebel King.

Many in my Reynolds, Keenan, Hamilton, Sutherland, White, and Du Pont Family chose The Left Hand Path of the Fallen Serpent. They are blood bound with the Familiar spirits of Apollo, Death, Eros, Destruction, and The Queen of Heaven to posses and reign through their bloodline children. The prize at the end of their map is what The Families are hiding in plain site.

Other Families like The Royals in South Africa, The Bloodlines of The Reich or The Kings of Assyria and Emperors of The East use and employ different methods, spirits and tactics to compete for the creation of the ultimate hybrid of god and man. This story is one, which has been repeated over and over for millennia through the Muses. Maybe this should give you a pause to discern by which spirit was the Music conceived. Remember, the Museum was furnished and crafted to influence and control the narrative stories, histories and propaganda.

It's in the open source stories like the quest for the grail, the spear of destiny, King Arthur, Avatar, Dr. Strange or the one particle collider ring lord to rule them all, and many more, which subtly whisper these serpentine mysteries to the both the goyim and the illumined alike. These crafty seductive lies keep scales over the eyes of the world. In their united deception they will demand and declare The Fallen Ones those Nephilim and gods of old to return and rule over them as in the days before The Great Deluge of Noah. And the gods those rebellious Elohim and their prodigy will once again walk openly among us. Over this fallen divine council of gods will be one of purest blood who rules them.

They are all on an immortals quest to find and establish the perfect anti-messiah who will reign supremely on this earth

for a season. He who will carry the spirit of Rebel, his name is Apollo the king over those fallen spirits of the abyss. He will be The Dragon of Old's spiritual yet carnal son on this earth to counterfeit The Only Eternal and Living Resurrected God King Yeshua The Messiah.

The biggest lie of it all is not that humans believe these things to be true or false but rather all this confusion, keeps people from worshiping and serving The Creator of The Heavens and The Earth. He is The Creator of The Immortals and all other Elohim. The God Above gods YHVH Yahweh Elohim, it is His good will and His purpose we all were made to fulfill not just our own. We were not made to be bound by any lying spirit we were seduced by.

Being born in The Families is designed to set you apart or consecrate you to be made into The Image of The Beast. Instead of as each of you were truly created to be, which is set apart or holy dedicated for The Great Redeemers purpose and calling. He alone can redeem those of us dedicated to be bricks of rebellion instead of prophets of deliverance, forgiveness, truth and peace.

I assure you all of this, no matter what you may have been bred and born to do, there is nothing, which can keep you from receiving His perfect Holy Spirit of Truth, if you so choose. Yahweh is not like the other gods or spirits. He will not ever force His children or people to do His will. He allows each and every one of us to choose to serve the gods of this world or Him alone for He is the only one who is truly set-apart and perfect. The extraordinary and absolutely true story of His Kingdom is written plainly so you can study, learn and test for yourself if His Word is true.

May the words of my testimony now reveal to you my journey which led me into absolute faith no longer in my Familiar spirits, oaths of secrecy, or storehouses of treasures, but instead into a life of pure and undefiled purpose and peace. If He can redeem The Secrets and Talents as ferocious as the ones I am about to share then surely He will do it to all who

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truly seek Him. He who begins a work in us will be faithful to see it through to its completion.

## Chapter Fifteen

# The Trade

My talent was discovered before I knew how to write. My mother had taken me to the library to check out some books. She had let me check out a VHS tape on karate. The film opened with a man demonstrating many of the more advanced blocks, strikes, and throws. Later that night when my dad came home, he started to wrestle with me, as he was so fond to do. When he came towards me, I replicated the throw I'd seen the man do on the tape. I grabbed his dominant hand twisting it and in a fluid motion pulled him over my body while throwing my hips and legs towards his knees and flipped him over my shoulder and onto our floor.

My talent had first been expressed and it helped me to mimic behaviors I saw even if it was the first time I'd seen them. This gift could have been cultivated for beneficial things; it could have allowed me to become anything I was passionate about or Yahweh wanted me to do. But once my first gifting had been discovered, The Family had their lusts and ledgers to satisfy.

This ability was to be groomed and cultivated to become a talent for them. Just before my first year in grade school, I

was taken back to my Knighted grandpa's, and with the priest's hands placed over mine, I was made to end a man's life for the first time. The cost for me was a shattered soul but the prize for The Brotherhood was a new seat of power. The Knight advanced a degree, then later became a frequent Times magazine cover stable, a governor and war hero to the deceived. Perhaps a character was built around him who shall not be named; the one who proudly armed rebels and overthrew our own puppet regimes in The Middle East. The one who partners with The Families whose Senior Executive Services built them a Presidential infestation force of coercion, compromise, and control. Who built a league with The Family members of hiding in plain site on C Street architecting and orchestrating fellowships with Death.

The devastation of my first kill shattered my soul and into that space came with it a seemingly beautiful yet vexingly lurid entity, which never needs to be named. He became a familiar spirit of death, rage, and murder who helped me do the worst of deeds. My shedding of blood after Family killings were through fueled his spiritual power and in turn, he empowered my ability to enact more violence, lust, destruction, sin, cursing, and death. The manipulated contractual agreement is the true origin story of a virus with its host; it devoured my life while it made me a full time producer for death.

These are the darkest of Secrets that so few are willing to share. The truth is you do not make super soldiers, assassins or spies without the aid of The Kingdom of Darkness. This does not mean programmers, participants, or victims are always aware that the powers being funneled into their personalities are demonic. This is because unlike the Hollywood version of spiritual warfare, demonic entities in reality masquerade as something else. The shape-shifting quality of deceitful ones enables them to take on various forms to deceive, manipulate and control their targets.

For example, in the heights of my abuse and pain, The Brutes would have me call out to a specific 'power' to save me, which was often an angel of light or being of seduction or enor-

mous intellect and strength. They would read incantations and ancient oaths over us as the abuse occurred. I would make an agreement with the manifested spirit, the force, or feeling to have permission to come into me and equip me with strength to overpower my enemies or no longer feel pain. This occult knowledge is what The Order, my grandfather and his ‘brothers’ were armed with. The method of fracturing, programming and demonizing he used on me proved to be a tremendous success. Success as defined by kills, blackmail tapes of pedophilic rape, and un-detected infiltrations, exfiltration’s and theft.

This success led him along with other close Family members to put together a training program on how children can be made stronger and more lethal if you demonically charge their personalities and make them killers of the first class kind. The premise was not to wait until they could develop physical capabilities to achieve their goals but instead to start immediately imbuing them with spiritual powers to enable greater works at early ages.

They believed the younger the child, the better because the spiritual powers released in a child were not dependent on their physical size but the strength of their will. Many of The Orders and Gnostic Religions believe that The Will is the true Force, which can manifest physical power and actions from internal sources. The training program my grandfather helped create was sold to other Families, Lodges, and international governing bodies, earning them a tremendous increase. The cultivation of such chosen ones is chronicled and documented in Russ Dizdar’s book *The Black Awakening: The Rise of Satanic Super Soldier’s and Expelling The Darkness*.

After the splitting of my soul and the charging of those personalities, I found shape shifting power abiding within which could be unleashed with furious force. How and in what ways it was unleashed was entirely controlled, just like a combat dog can be trained to allow its master to safely pet it but when given a command, it will tear apart the nerve clusters and arteries of its targets.



It was these newfound pieces of my broken mind that were sharpened into a Blade. That Blade took on its own identity and soon they taught me how to channel the hatred of my abusers, the rage, and the desire for vengeance into the edge of a knife, a strangulation cord, fragmenting bullet or poisoned syringe. They manipulated my misery and pain and forced me to prove my worth to The Family by learning the ways of death.

I was taught and initiated by many masters how to cut a body so the blood would leak out slowly, quickly, or bring death in seven seconds or less. I was taught by other chiefs and big medicine men to skin and shadow walk, later came the ways to walk on leaves without making noise. Later still came the commanders and instructors who made me capable of not leaving a trace of my presence even down to my DNA at the scene of targeted eliminations.

Because of this I was forced into The Underground world where blackmail and death threats are strictly enforced. The Family was proud of their child killers. They could profit tremendously from the snuff films and their little murderers for hire.

After all, they liked to remind people that children fit in places adults just can't. They are so easily overlooked and passed over, never considered to be a threat. Who would think a nine-year-old boy could instantaneously overpower a fully-grown bodyguard? With the right kind of training and spirits present, it can be done quite easily.

Ask someone who has spent time in the trenches of a locked residential mental health center for disturbed children if they've ever seen grown men thrown around like ragdolls by young kids? I witnessed it with my eyes dozens of times while working at just such a facility. I watched five grown men be lift-

ed off the ground by an eight-year-old girl whose eyes changed color while lying on her back in a “quiet room” during a restraint.

Other times I’ve seen ten-year-old boys outrun fit college-age students at the height of their athleticism. Even the center’s atheistic and scientifically religious psychiatrists, case managers, and supervisors had a special name for them: they called them “Runners.” Once a Runner took off, they could hardly if ever be caught.

For some reason I did not understand openly at the time, I could always catch them. I could throw a switch in my brain and bring my Runner and race past every other staff member and catch up to them all. There was never a shift I worked at that facility where a Runner escaped. It does not always take something supernatural to do it; sometimes just the shutting off of your need to not strain a muscle or the fears of what would happen if you ran full speed onto a busy six-lane road can also work. Running is essential when it comes to The Trade or work The Families do. Sometimes paying clients or red light guests get too abusive or too close to someone who might help get them out.

The Family realized they could convince me to kill anyone for them so long as I believed they were a pedophile, Brute, a trafficker of children, or someone who covered up these types of crimes. While I grew in my skills and abilities, my parents were quick to cover the visible signs of my abuse and trauma by moving me from school to school. Between 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> grade alone they had me change schools four times. It was this pattern of hiding the evidence and destabilization of his Chosen one that my father was so good at. All



the while broadening and deepening The Reynolds Southwestern tendrils of blackmail and manipulative control. Too many “Little Black Books” and “Compromising Files” were built by selling off my body, blades or blood, and these became powerful tools The Family used for significant gain.

If a teacher at school started asking too many questions about why my handwriting would change so drastically as I switched from one personality to another or about the bruises or uncontrollable vomiting sessions, I would be forced into a new school. Worse still were when I’d grown too close to a friend or their family who might make me feel safe, loved, and understood, the rug would be pulled out from under and away we would go.

Certain aspects of my Family’s approach are different than others. I can’t sit here and try to claim I know how all of The Underworld operates; all I can tell is The Secrets I was raised with and taught. Some Families give their children all the training for their gifting, yet they do not “let them loose” until a much later date. The Disney’s and their Mickey Mouse boys and girls turned into objects of lust are internationally renowned for it.

Some are given all the pleasures and luxuries money can buy, while others starve their children continually, lavishing plenty on The Family around them but keeping them caged like a lion in a pit waiting for his prey. This is why some Families raise their children on Familial maintained estates while others are sent to the suburbs, subways, and trailer parks.

My role in The Family necessitated mediocrity. Chosen ones, especially Guardians and assassins are not allowed to stand out, and so I was made to be mediocre. They are made to be chameleons able to look like their environments and become what their prey believed, wanted, and expected to see. Within this path there is no exceptionalism allowed as it brings unwanted attention. My Family took The Trade seriously, and they knew that the best way to climb the pyramid to influence, power, and wealth was to offer up their “pet project.” My blood, body, blade,

and blackmail records were the currency of bricks my Family used to build its tower of rebellion. Once my bodily skills, talents and usefulness were uncontrollable, they moved on to the next generation.

There is only so much a mind can endure, and the traumas my body had experienced had left their marks. There is a saying proven correct, “Killing always leaves a mark.” The first murderer of man, Cain, can attest to being cursed with such a burden. He was the first to bear the mark of death. Now I too was made to carry this mark.

Too many of the traumas were invisible and after my East Coast Elite grandfather, a former President over The American Society of Civil Engineers, who my dad had moved in with us, died, it left me without an identity as his “property.” I grew overwhelmed with sorrow to the point of death. I could not bear the sadness and did not know why I hurt so badly inside. To have a physical expression of the internal pain, I turned to self-mutilation, pornography, alcohol, and any other “Family allowed” substance that would alter my mind.

It was how I survived the torment at night or the bullying at the latest Family funded private Christian school I attended. It was a mad world, and I thought if I could just get away from my Family, I could have a better future. This was soon to be what I was offered: a well-prepared treat for my eyes, which promised honor, awards, and accolades, but they would instead leave me with dozens of more bodies and burdens of guilt stacked at my master’s feet.



## Chapter Sixteen

# Blood Makes the Green Grasses Grow

Though the work I did for The Families and The Brotherhoods was in the shadows, I would soon be funneled into a world where trained killers are made to be heroes or hated by the nations at large. By the time I turned 17, I was so thoroughly entrenched in the depths of darkness that there was only a vapor of hope still in my chest. I had been making the rounds through The Underworld, and some black budget Groups had become an active purchaser of my services. However they did not want a pet project who was handled solely by The Order so they brokered a deal to buy and then openly recruit me into their forces.

Just after turning 17 years-old, and while still a Junior in High School, I was emancipated to The United States Army and pressed into one of their Projects for Chosen Ones. The military has high regard and actively recruits through many Finders Programs for individuals with dissociative identity disorder and fully enhanced alternate personalities. They know how effective these chameleons can be in “non-permissive environments,” or countries and regions we are not publically operating in. They are trained and sent out to be shadow soldiers in these black budget wars, which are funded and paid for by the seedier sides of human and narcotic trafficking. In no uncertain terms, I became one of these shadowed operations soldiers.



Operating under blurred interpretations of charters and unofficial sanctions, Special Access Programs both acknowledged and unacknowledged became my abode. It was into this world where the tattered pieces of my programming and murderous life would unravel. It was here that The Messiah would radically intervene and snatch this burning stick from the flames of death.

## Chapter Seventeen

# A Step into Family Central

A year after becoming one of Ft. Knox's *Professionals*, I was sent off to my advanced individual training nestled not too far from Alexandria, Norfolk, Richmond and D.C. weeks before any other soldiers would arrive, to ensure my commanding officer had plenty of time to "work" with me.

In their greed for control, my military handlers attempted to combine different portions of my personality. A project often referred to as "selective integration," it is their way of reforming or patterning once split personalities back together. They did not go about it with Brute force as The Families did but rather with advanced technologies and equipment. What they do is meddling with the body soul, and it is dangerous to do. I do not believe there is any way to return the mind to become "a whole soul" without the working of the Holy Spirit and surrendering to The Great Physician.

The programmers who do this work do so under the influence of another spirit. As they shoved these personalities together, I underwent tremendous amounts of pain, nosebleeds, nausea, and blackouts. Alone in those barracks, I fractured along their scored lines and then was stitched together with

Soldiers' personalities as well as Blade. The combination of these inner parts was crafted and woven into a new primary personality.



After the endless cycle of torment, training, and field-work were winding down, I was given a new identity, a new name. Two dog tags were given to me, and I became another man whose identity had been created long ago. I would from that day forward go by Jason. Fair warning now to the other so called J.A.S.O.N.S those quests for the Golden Fleece will not bring you redemption, restoration, and relief He alone can.

State Craft and Fieldwork tested me to my limits, and I soon realized that so many of the targets I was sent after were just like the ones my Family had sent me to eradicate. They were in many ways monsters, but they were just pawns. They were the surface level bait to keep the inner kings, queens, CEO's, cardinals, and bishops safe. Time after time they would send me out, and I would return with their black books, harvested DNA, or whatever else my handlers wanted.

I had more autonomy within my Trade but I was becoming an Alpha wolf let out on a walk, my "master" holding his pistol ready should I ever turn their way. The dangers of letting the wolf out of his cage can cost much more than a life. The days would come when I would turn on them all and seek the dismantling of their empires of soil stained red from the blood of their victims.

While the weeks dragged on, I began to have my thoughts crowd out the programming. The more they worked me over, the deeper access I had to memories once separated from me. I began to experience bleed over or flooding, much like individuals with PTSD will have intrusive thoughts and flashbacks. These personalities carried with them memories of things my core personality had not known. I began to realize how many times my handlers had lied to me, and so often the targets they selected were not my abusers, pedophiles, or traffickers but rather grudges, contract work, and ways to climb the pyramid of power. Black Dragons and those intelligence groups of old have insatiable appetites no man on fire can satisfy. I soon saw the truth that I'd been blind to for so many years of my life.

Within 18 months of my public enlistment, the tattered pieces of my patch quilt soul would unravel. I began to do the unthinkable. I started to remember. I began to think for myself, and I chose to disobey a master's commands. The dangers of having an asset out of direct control are tremendous, so a decision was made.

Before they programmed me to end my own life, my dad made a wager against his only son. Ever eager to add to his bloody empire, my dad made sure to have me change my mother from the sole proprietor to my militaries half-million-dollar life insurance policy to himself. Just a few months later, I would be shot and stabbed multiple times, bleeding to death on the patio of one of their many houses. I would stare out over the cold mountain valley and watch my all too Familiar spirit come to harvest my perishing soul.





## Chapter Eighteen

# Between Death and Life

The military had a consistent way of dealing with failed Pet Projects. That summer after my senior year in high school, I underwent a complete shutdown of my mind. I was no longer suitable to achieve their orders, so instead, I was washed out. I spent the next few months in and out of the various “specialists.” They were Family Initiated neurologists and technicians who began to wipe out the work I’d been doing for them, ensuring I would self-destruct. To be sure there would be no loose ends, I was under no circumstances supposed to survive what would come next. The Secrets in my head and work I’d done could shake some of the pillars of power that ran deep into the heart of this nation’s capital, Little Rome on the Potomac, The Greater Harlot in Vatican City, and the Lords of London.

I first saw an Air Force neurologist as I had been referred to him even though this was in no way per Army regulations. I had spent extensive time in my teenage years “working” within SAP’s with the Air Force and commanders at N.O.R.A.D, and as such, they knew my inner mind best. At The Academy I met with this particular neurologist and his specialized machines; he programmed me with a need to stage a break in home robbery where I would shoot and stab myself. Within The Trade, this type of programming being activated is referred to as Omega.

Much of the internal programming systems personalities are based on the Greek Alphabet: Alpha, Beta, Gamma, and Delta, etc. For example Beta, also called Cat, or Kitten programming, is a seducer and sex slave personality. Delta programming is advanced militaristic, infiltration, exfiltration, and assassin training program. This program is mirrored within Joint Special Operations Command as an entire branch within our elite operators. Active or former Delta Force or CAG operators are regularly brought in as training consultants when Delta programming is being conducted.

Omega being the end of the alphabet entails the programmed self-destruction of an asset. It is hallmark and often seen after mind controlled individuals almost always under the direct handling of a military or defense contractor are staged to go on a shooting rampage, but afterwards become completely committed to self-destruction unto total suicide. Their mission completed, they are to eliminate themselves and any potential Blowback. Operators in the field are given specially crafted cocktails buried beneath the skin, implanted within teeth, or injected into veins to ensure this occurs.

The activation of my Omega firmly implanted, the doctor sent me out with a note in one hand and a paper bag full of heavy medications, and I went back to school. Within two weeks, all the fail-safes of coping and control I had established over the years dissolved as the medications and programming fractured what little sanity was left in my mind. The usual student binge drinking back at college was not helping and I went to see an Army Neurologist. She was a light Colonel who oversaw just such a carnal house of suicides for used up Company or Military assets. She added to my madness with more mind-altering medications and her re-enforcement of the break-in.

The cocktail of drugs I was put on combined with the drinking drove me off the deep end of reality and into the blurred world of madness. In my chaos, those thoughts were perpetually whispered into my mind, and I became obsessed with the idea.

I lied to my parents who were going to celebrate Thanksgiving with Grandpa Brute down in the deserts of Death, by saying I had training and could not join them. Instead, while they were gone, I threw a party in my parent's house and many drank all night until one by one they all left. I woke up, took my handfuls of pills as prescribed, then preceded ever so carefully to clean the house. Just as the psychotropic medications took full effect, I procedurally watched my body go through the very motions of murder.

I watched as I walked upstairs and picked up a fighting knife and put it in my pocket. I watched as I got my bolt-action rifle out of its carrying case. I loaded a single round into its chamber, slammed the bolt home, and carried it downstairs. I then walked out onto my parent's basement patio, picked up the biggest rock I could find, and tried to smash the back window out of the door. After five massive hits, the glass refused to even crack. Stumped but not defeated, I walked back into the basement, grabbed the rifle, and sat down on the carpet. Then I shoved the muzzle against the meat of my leg, switching the safety off, exhaled and pressed the trigger.

The silence of the morning shattered as the rifle bucked in my hands; instantly I felt an explosion tear into my thigh. As the smell of burning gunpowder met my nostrils, the pain erupted into my mind.

When you fire a bullet out of a gun, all that is happening is a cloud of superheated gasses are pushing a piece of lead and copper out of a grooved steel tube. This wall of expanding gasses diffuses typically into the air just outside the barrel, resulting in a fireball. However, when you place something directly against the end of that same barrel, those gasses have nowhere to go except into whatever is in their way. The expanding gasses found themselves erupting into the flesh of my thigh, expanding inside the muscle, tendons and flesh of my leg and searing my skin leaving a "star stamp" burn. As I thought about the distant pain, I could not help but think of the vivid color of my blue jeans and the smoke rolling out of the fresh hole in my leg. Then I went back into watching as my body took over.

I racked the bolt on my rifle, pocketed the brass, and looking at my thigh, I placed my pinky and index finger deep inside the bleeding holes on either side of my leg. I pressed into the flesh until blood was no longer gushing out. I picked up the rifle and walked up multiple flights of stairs, cleaned my rifle, after returning it to its case, and disposed of the brass shell casing by flushing it down the upper floor toilet. Walking back downstairs, I stood in front of our computer desk where I pulled the fighting knife out my pocket and plunged it multiple times into my stomach.

The blood came slowly at first as I had pressed my hand so tightly against the seeping wounds. Standing on the patio outside the basement I looked down at my shaking hands. With coaxing, I peeled them off my stomach, and the hot red life gushed out of my body seemingly burning my bare feet. While the blood pooled upon the ground, he came. Death, that cursed spirit I'd been enslaved to, came for me.

Death came to harvest my soul on the concrete patio of my parent's basement. But I was not alone on that patio because the truth is that I was never alone. Even in the grips of my madness and murder, I was never alone.

As I watched The Family spirit come to harvest my soul, I witnessed The Angel of Yahweh appear and stand between Death and me. He never turned to me, but I saw fear in Death's eyes for the first time in my life. I heard The Most High's authority speak and the words He spoke purchased my surrender. With the fullness of authority, He said,

**“He is mine; you can’t have him.”**

There was no cosmic battle and there was no bloody war; it was The King of Kings commanding a defeated foe to submit. The Living God wrenched my programmed mind out of its death code and gave me life. The sanity that had been stripped from me returned for a moment, and I heard,

**“Nathan, you are going to die; call 911.”**

Though I had been programmed to die and to leave my Family with a more significant inheritance, God my real Father was not willing that I should perish. Instead, He helped me survive Death's dealings that day. Because of His intervention, I was able to slow the bleeding enough to endure the nearly 30 minute "slow roll" response time of the paramedics. I had to be flown in a medical helicopter out of the mountain pass where my parents lived and down to the hospital where I was stabilized and later that week released.

On my way through this whole ordeal, I maintained the lie that had been so carefully placed within me about the break-in and robbers. The news ran with the story though it would take only a cursory investigation to realize the truth. My dad against whom I had carried bitterness and resentment up to this point in my life swooped in as a messiah figure. He made sure I knew he "would handle everything and take care of it now."

Three days later, he drove me down to the police department to meet with Initiated Fraternal Order of Police detectives who were assigned to my case. My dad talked to me privately down in their interrogation rooms and told me in no uncertain terms that I now needed to share the truth – a truth my father knew all along – with the detectives.

Always quick to obey my father, I told them that I had fabricated the story and done the deeds to myself. Determined to verify my account on the spot, I pointed out to the detectives the fighting knife I'd used, which they had been unable to find. Even well-trained investigators are susceptible to a common weakness, which is why if you want to hide something, put it in plain site.

After stabbing myself with the fighting knife, I quietly closed it and set it on the desk directly next to the chair I would be found bleeding out in. I then identified the knife in the pictures of the crime scene. My dad then met with the detectives, and before I knew it, I was being driven back home and my dad was explaining to me that he would take care of me now and

make sure everything was dealt with. Thanks to my father's Familial ways, I had no charges filed against me and I was sent home without immediate legal repercussions.

The military would want to wipe its hands clean of me as quickly as possible. My dad would provide his solution to this problem by finding a psychologist who would play their part. My dad prepped me by telling me new stories I'd never heard about his father who he now said was bipolar and manic and had killed himself. And he insisted this is what happened with me.

He publically labeled my entire incident a manic episode and sitting in the office of the psychologist, he reiterated this to me. The psychologist had me fill out a ten-point questionnaire about bipolar disorder, and after giving it to him, he told me I needed to change three of my answers. After less than thirty minutes of consultation, I obeyed him, and he diagnosed me as bipolar with a manic episode even though he did not take into account the drugs, alcohol, and prescriptions I had been under the influence of. This was a severe violation of diagnostic methods as outlined in the actual manual for this process at that time, called the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual (DSM-4).

My father spent the next few weeks with me in a private hotel room where he kept me at his side except when I needed to take my exams. He had me placed on heavy prescription medications that caused my hair to fall out and my skin to break out, in addition to massive weight gains and horrible bouts of sickness. The medications clouded my mind with confusion and turned me into a blubbering mess. By the time I finished my freshman year's first semester, I was a shell of a man.

My father put me into counseling at a Family run center where the elite can keep their Pet Projects in order. The counselor he placed me with was someone who would not validate or substantiate the previous diagnosis of bipolar disorder over the next 18 months I worked with her. Instead, six months into working with her, I overcame some of the fears of my fa-

ther's retribution and secretly went and titrated myself off all my medications. I soon learned how to dodge or muddle the blood and urine tests they had me on to ensure I was complying. Within a matter of days, I found my mind cleared up and all the horrible side effects of the pharmaceuticals to be the root of my troubles.

For less than one year of my life, I was on heavy medications: everything from psychotropic anti-depressants, anti-seizures, stimulants, barbiturate painkillers, anti-anxieties, sleep aids, to experimental Parkinson's drugs and even heart medications to counter the irregular tachycardia I was suddenly experiencing. This in no way is a complete list, but at one point in time, I was prescribed 18 pills to take on a daily basis.

It was never a manic episode or mental health disorder that caused my year of hell but an intentional use of medications and manipulation to produce massive cognitive splits and behaviors I would never willingly engage in. It may have lasted less than a year, but it was the most destructive year of my life. Into that destructive path, The Father would help guide my feet back onto His Redemption Road, and less than a year later Chelsea took those first steps down the path on Hillside Road.

The reason I zoom in on this portion of my testimony is that this whole supposed manic episode would be the ace in the hole my dad and other "concerned Family Friends" would use to attempt to discredit me or dismiss me from that day forward. It is unfortunate that my Family and many others can be so easily beguiled by someone saying "mental health disorder" or manic episode and throw out an entire person's testimony. Those who have ears to hear will know what truth is and what is not.

My family and their "Family Friends" categorically reject the mere utterance or existence of DSM-5 Titled Diagnosis, Dissociative Identity Disorder (or D.I.D.). It is a genuine and not uncommon personality disorder caused by massive trauma and abuse at an early age. Its primary characteristics can be a gradient but require for full diagnosis, the development of at

least two separate and distinct personalities, the unexplainable loss of time or understandings of occurred events. My Family rejects its applicability as a diagnosis for me insisting instead that I have been in a manic episode for years and years. To this day, my dad desperately waves around 10-year-old news stories from that Thanksgiving to prove I went crazy once and am dangerous or someone to be concerned about.

Unfortunately, most of the world and other Family members have no idea what a manic episode is and what it is not. They do not have any training in the mental health field or with people who do struggle with bipolar disorder. I spent nearly a decade being trained and equipped to work in the mental health field, with clients who were ages four to eighty-two. I have learned and applied real individual treatment protocols for clients with this disorder and have personally never exhibited any quantifiable symptoms of it in more than ten years.

In the years since I've been receiving appropriate counseling for S.R.A/D.I.D., I have found freedom from addictions, restoration in my marriage and redemption of my fractured soul. No longer is my soul buried in bitterness, heart-rending grief, hurt, or sorrow. In that time, I have begun to receive the fullness of life and the wholeness I was always made for.

My father and other so-called "Family Friends" hate and forbid my other Family members from learning about D.I.D. and instead they errantly label everyone as bipolar or mentally ill. It is the fabric, which makes up my broken Family members' tapestry of deception and control. They cannot allow those truth-riddled threads of understanding and realizations to be pulled. It is a sad reality; one that grieves my heart to this day.

It was not about the truth – it never was – it was always about control. I surrender that power to you the readers, the listeners, or watchers. There is no power in keeping any of my past or present a secret, and that is why I tell it to you now.

I choose to deny my Family their three methods of control through fear, guilt and shame. This is why there is power in

exposing the secret skeletons in your closet. When you let the world see the worst you've ever been, the bindings of shame fall off, and with it goes the fear and guilt. Instead, you become a free person able to learn how to do good to those who spitefully use you and say all kinds of evil things about you.

I will not unnecessarily degrade my Family members – not past or present. That being said, I will not conceal their detestable acts any longer. They are accountable for every word they speak, as am I. They are responsible for their actions, and I am responsible for mine. Let Yahweh judge between us whose words are right for He alone is The Righteous Judge who has the power to throw us body and soul into His flame or into eternal freedom.

I tell this to you all now to strip my accusers of their desperate rebuttals and character assassinations. I am not ashamed of my testimony; The Redeemer has washed away even my worst days and deepest shames. Only in the light of truth can this be made the case for each one of you. Then let these next words of my testimony ring loudly to all who can hear.



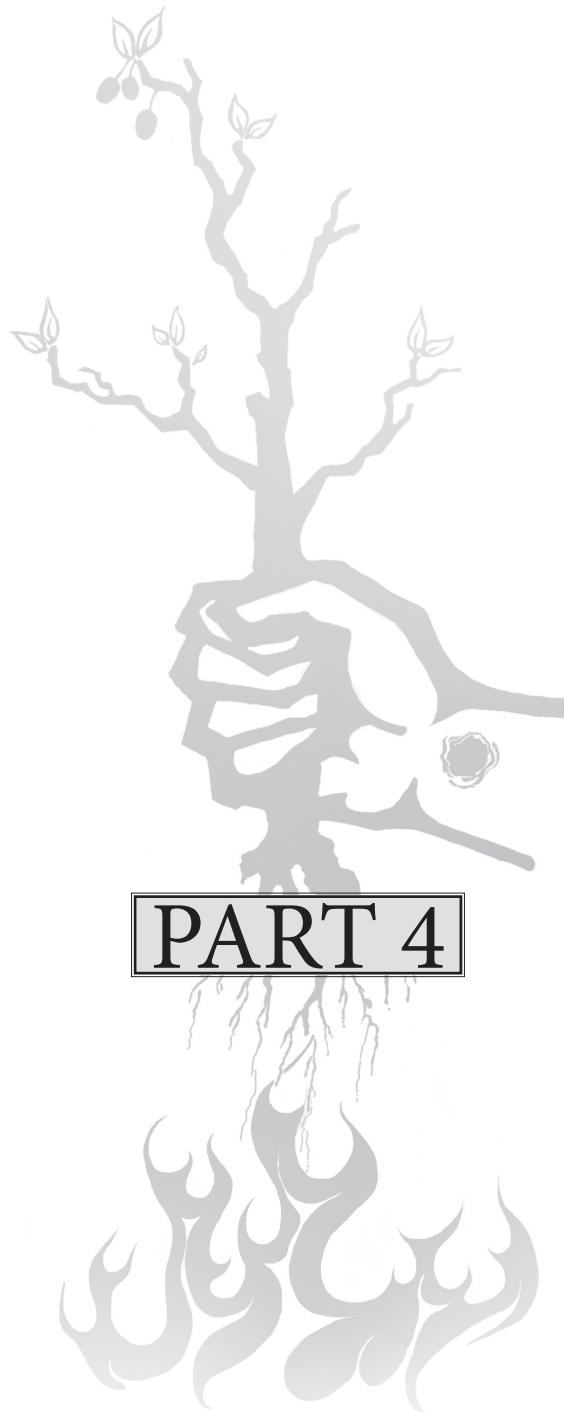
For those who wish to expose the wicked works of darkness pay close attention to what I say next. I was made to be a brother of the blade, a guardian, blackmailer, chameleon, and thief for The Underworld. Even while I was still young by worldly standards I became a highly prized pet-project to the

black budget world of military, religious and State sanctioned assassination and infiltration work. I was used as a wolf who hunted down literal pounds of flesh, rings of authority, totems, “cattle” and especially pure traumatized blood to bring back to my Family members who traffic and consume it for supernatural and physical strength. My Southwestern Family Trade was to produce, process and deliver those Cheese Pizza’s and other pedophilic appetites and artistic expression so many are now learning to uncover and expose. I hope you with eyes to see and ears to hear will look closely at where the money goes and in whose names their lodges, halls and chambers are founded. Keep a keen eye out when searching over those desert places and bridges where the jackals and coyotes still cross over. Hidden beneath the scorched soil and inky abyss lies remnants of my many Families deeds.

I am not here to convince people my story is true or that Satanic Ritual Abuse and Dissociative Identity Disorder is real. I am here because of my unrelenting love for the victims, for the Survivors of The Families, Brotherhoods, Knights, Catholics, Christians, Mormons, and Masons. I am here for all the Atheists, Scientists, Buddhist, pagans, new agers and witches alike. I am here for those dissidents who need to know there is hope in breaking out. Powerful freedom and restoration is waiting in the arms of The Messiah. I am here to make sure people know there is nothing The Enemy has done to you, which Yahweh can’t undo and nothing fractured which He cannot make whole.

This does not come free. The price I choose to pay for speaking The Secrets is not cheap. But don’t you remember? True love knows nothing of cost. True love throws banquets for beggars, murderers, and thieves because He loves “the least of these.” It broke my heart to see my Family members choose to hide in the darkness, but I love them enough to speak the truth and show them The Way out. I love them still even though what they did next cut deeper than any blade could.

After I decided to disobey my father and continue to speak The Secrets, the gloves came off. It was no longer a subtle war waged in the shadows. My Family would send the depths of The Abyss against their rogue asset. They would launch spiritual wars that sought to drain the blood from my body and choke the air from my newborn daughter's lungs. Chelsea and I would spend the next few years in the thick of war. The battles would test our marriage to its core and in the testing prove the power of perfect love casting out all fear. The ravenous counterfeit lion would be loosed against Chelsea, Naomi, and me. It was no longer a question: either Yahweh is still The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, or He is not and we would all die.



## PART 4

## Chapter Nineteen

# The Pen or the Sword?

I cannot bring myself even to write what comes next. The pain of loss is so high, and the viciousness of the threats and the manipulation is beyond measure. Only those who have lost their families or closest friends can imagine the brutal feelings of betrayal and loss. No matter how much my dad tried to manipulate me back into his hand, I would not bow to silence, and I could not speak their lies.

I refused to stop speaking The Secrets, and my dad knew he had lost control of his Family asset. He was no longer my master; I refused ever again to be his slave. I would not bow to his demands, and I rejected to yoke myself to his Family's wicked ways anymore. He could not stand it; never had I refused his requests and much less his orders. He had counted on the fact that he could destroy me if I ever got out of control. The weapon he'd so meticulously controlled for nearly thirty years was now making his own decisions. He could not allow that, so my dad played his ace. He played the cards he was confident would destroy both me and the legs of support I'd finally found.

But pride blinds. Bowing your knees at trapezoidal altars of illumination will bind you to the pride of the rebellious god

called Helel the Son of Shahar. The pride in my father's illumined eyes was a light of deception, and he could never have imagined how wrong he would be.

Though they tried to destroy the most consistent place of love I had in my relationship with Chelsea, they could not. No amount of manipulations by my Family members could convince Chelsea to divorce me. They pulled out all the stops: they targeted her family members, our former pastors, churches, counselors, and even old co-workers. The Family's expertise is in fear, control and manipulation, and they did their best to work the fields around me. They were relentless, and the lies that poured from their mouths were mountains of accusations craftily designed to scare our supporters away. When people get desperate, they tend to make mistakes. The desperation of my Family to regain control caused them to make a mistake that would finally separate us from their controlling clutches for good.

I had struggled for some time leading up to the decision about whether or not to completely sever ties with my Family, but soon they forced my hand. It happened when one of my Family members, threatened Naomi Grace. In the midst of that summer, before she was born, as I refused to stop speaking The Secrets, they sent us a message saying, Nate, for the sake of your daughter reconcile with The Family.

They should never have threatened my unborn daughter. I expected them to intimidate me, to coerce me and control me, but the day someone threatened my daughter, an entirely different set of protocols begins. They had exposed themselves and the master they chose to serve. Their Seminary sanctified Christian masks had been peeled back to show their true nature.

A dangerous and well-used plumb line had been drawn in the sand. On one side was a family who chose freedom for their children no matter the cost, and on the other were the controllers, manipulators and those who steal the innocence from their sons and daughters. No matter the underhand offers of power,

fame and financial freedom, I would never allow them access to my daughter. This is the crux of this entire situation; it came down to Naomi Grace.

Children are not to be born outside The Family's direct oversight. Generation upon generation has given its children over to The Family's demands and never stepped one step outside of this plan. The fury my father and especially his military handlers had was steeped in his denial of this generational requirement. Who was I to refuse their demands and wishes? I had been theirs, and for so long I'd been their successful pet project. However, their collar of control no longer held me captive; instead it fueled my flight to freedom. The scars on my body and Secrets in my mind were constant reminders that Naomi never needed to spend a day of her life in The Underworld. She was not made for their manipulative shackles and control; she was created for freedom, faith, and the joys of an abundant life.

I started my resistance by changing my phone number and ended all communications with them. They had made their decision, and I had made mine. They had chosen to keep their vile deeds buried, and I had decided to expose them to the light of all. Even still, my grandfather traveled across state lines and came into town to try to initiate my daughter, as he loves to do with the new grandchildren.

My father, unfortunately, beguiled my sisters, and even after I warned them about what grandpa does with little children, they still hosted The Family Brute and chose to let him and other Family members have access to their many, many children.

Chelsea and I continually thank The Father that He helped me wake up to these realities before Naomi came into this mad world. Before that, the plan had always been to have The Family members present at the birth of Naomi. God alone spared me from placing my innocent first-born daughter into the hands of monsters.

Instead, Chelsea and I kept the time of her natural birth a secret and had incredibly well trained and well-armed protectors on site to ensure our peace of mind at that most vulnerable time.

As terrible as that summer may have been, it was worth it. Looking into Naomi's eyes for the first time, Chelsea and I cried beyond tears of relief. We wept holding the miracle of life entrusted to us for such a time as this. We knew then that no matter what we'd endured and what would still come, nothing could keep us from letting Naomi develop into the woman she was made to be.

Naomi Grace may not know it today or understand it for many years to come, but she is the first child born free in many generations. For thousands of years, children born into these Bloodlines have been taken into the flames of control, chaos, and death. The Redeemer snatched me from those fires long after they'd burned much of my body and soul to a char. In time I have faith He would heal all those wounds, but the most exceptional power comes when our children are spared from those flames altogether and shown freedom instead. Naomi will never have to taste the torment that so many millions endure at night. She will never be forced down the dark path of perversion as I had. She will be free to choose who she will become. To help her understand the importance of that choice, I wrote her a deadly letter, some of which I will share with you in hopes that many other daughters will read it, as well as sons and fathers and mothers.

## Chapter Twenty

# A Letter for My Daughter

**O**n the day after Naomi's birth, I wrote her a letter for when she is older and ready to understand the battles fought for her. I wrote her the story of what had transpired since she'd been conceived. I told her of the war which had waged over her before she'd taken her first breath. The things I wrote to her shine light on the darkness of my Family's past, the reasons she is so important, and the power of free will. It is a letter I pray many fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters would someday write to their Family members.

These are letters, which speak The Secrets – those hidden horrors – that are forbidden to say. Letters which will empower our children, equipping our sons, daughters, nieces, and nephews with the courage to face down their monsters and find strength in our weakness.



For those who surrender their lives to our true Father Yahweh, His Name is a strong tower that the righteous can run to and be saved. I was not an upright man the day I ran to His tower and called upon His Name. I was a man whose hands had shed so much blood; blackmail and brutality were the currency of my past. I was a man who had lied, stolen, manipulated, coerced, cursed and coveted.

The murderer's hammer was in my hand, and the bodies had piled so high. If ever there was a man who deserved the executioner's chair, it was I. I felt the weight of survivor's guilt for the killings committed in front of me that I could not stop, and I felt the torment of seeing children abused with no one to bring the perpetrators to justice. I was a man on fire looking for someone who would quench my flames.

The Family woman who saw me kill her husband before I'd gone to middle school can attest to this. The one who screamed out after me "Murderer!" haunted my dreams for nearly twenty years. The names, the faces, the places of pain, misery, and death clung to the fabric of my being and I could not bear to stand amidst the hurt. The others who saw me fight to the death in "the pit" know the monster I was. They saw what I would become when they would put the dagger in my hand. They saw the rage come boil over and unleash its fury on men and whatever else they put in my path. They had seen my two faces; the brilliant birthmark I bear when I brought forth death. I could not quench the fires of hatred. The cauldrons of chaos would fire bricks of bitterness that built my tower of rebellion.

I was broken beyond belief. I had no sense of normal; morality and free choice were a luxury for the masses, not children who witnessed ritualistic torture before they went to first grade. I could not know peace and I could not understand and receive love. I was the salted, scorched earth left behind by conquering armies on their way to pillage a distant land. I was ruined.

When I was 19, I wrote the Hebrew equivalent of Ruined on my left wrist with a permanent marker every single day for more than a year. There was no mystery about it, I knew I was a ravaged ruinous heap of a shattered soul. I looked in the mirror and saw a monster staring back at me. I saw the blood running down my face and caked on my cheeks. I scrubbed my hands till they cracked, trying to wash it all away. There weren't enough people for me to destroy to satisfy the need to avenge the children my Family pillaged. How could I quench the bitterness, the hatred, and the rage?



I screamed in the quiet of the night questions no man can hope to answer.

***“God, would you still save me? Would You choose to love me? Would You choose to forgive me? Would you let me choose another way?”***

I wondered if I was even worth saving. Who would want to rebuild my ruins? My soul was a desolate wasteland full of the broken pieces of my desecrated heart. Who could bear the torment of my sorrows? Who could hold the horrors of my past?

I had to look no further than the perverse version of a baby book my mother had given me before I left to college to know the abusive pictures in my past were waiting to destroy my peace. Remembering was a death of its own; to remember was to bear the burdens of hundreds of lives snuffed out of existence.

How I wept. I wept for months. I sobbed tears of grief, of misery and of sorrow that only orphans, widows, or soldiers who've felt the beating pulse of their best friend quiet down to nothing as their soul breathes its last can know. Those who have witnessed the violent taking of life by death know of the horrors I have seen.

I could not bear to remember; it was too much for someone to handle and live. And yet I couldn't manage to forget. I decided instead to make them matter; I chose not to let them go to waste. I would not allow the fear of remembering, the fear of telling, and the repercussions to hold me back. Though it once brought me their beatings, the shackles, and soul-wrenching betrayal, I chose to put my pen to the paper still and I wrote their names, both the ones I knew and some who I'd forgotten.

I wrote their faces, their places of perishing where bodies were dumped into inky waters, and others burned in Family owned or Brotherhood controlled crematoriums. I wrote the most dangerous of words, willing to prove to the man in the mirror that my weakest pen strokes would be mightier than my bloodstained blades.

To write the words was to step into hell. I have tasted the ash of death for breakfast; it clung under my fingernails and scorched my brows. I was born in the black fires of fury, which heat the Kingdom of The Wicked One. I chose to no longer live in the inner circles of murder and instead I became a traitor to The Dark Prince. I left darkness and ran to The Light of Hope.

I did not come before The King empty handed: I brought Him My Lists – those places and faces of horrors to The Redeemer's feet. I brought my grief as an offering; I brought my guilt and the hurt and the hatred. I brought the anger and betrayal. To The Sinless One, I brought a hundred lifetimes of sin. I brought Him the molestations, sorrow, and despair. I brought Him the worst this world had to offer and I offered Him myself. I brought The God of Light the detestable things done in darkness. I brought Him Who is Worthy my lack, my fears, my hatred, and death.

I brought Him all I had. He asked me to, and I obeyed. I chose to surrender all of myself to Him. I trusted He alone could redeem this death for life. There is only One who can take a monster and make him a man again. I no longer fear Death whose harbinger and slave I had been. Now I choose to fear The Only One who can throw my body and soul into eternal flame or free me forever. Because of that, I will lay down my life for Him and for all who are willing to chase freedom and forsake their fears.

Hear me now. Pay close attention to what I am going to say to you. I am willing to suffer the scourge of this world, the shackles, the mocking, the character assassinations, the accusations, all of it. I will take their bullets, beatings, and blades. I will endure their poisons, curses, and hate. I have suffered these time and again; the blood of my body has been spilled to the point of death more than once. I do not fear but I do respect the retribution of men, demons, or the masters they serve. I will gladly bear this all if only one child, one precious soul, is spared a life like mine.

If one man reads these words and chooses not to make his son pass through the inky flames, all the horrors of my life and even the retributions to come are worth it. I would go through every bit of the starvation, the poverty, the dirty glares, and the fleeing of my friends and family to know that a daughter slept in peace, knowing her abusers would not come for her ever again. Each burning stick snatched from the flames is worth a lifetime of chaos. I would gladly suffer it all because I know I will never have to endure it alone.

No matter what is done to me no one, no power on this earth, no power beneath or above its surface can take the hope of salvation burning in my chest. I am an adopted son of The Living and Holy God. He chose even me. He loves even me, the man of fire, of fury, of hatred, and of death. He loved me even as I was, not what I would be but as I was. On the darkest of days when I was strapped to their chairs as they defiled me, desecrated my soul with devils, guilt, shame, and misery. At

the moment when I was downing a handful of pills desperate to bury the nightmares and loss, He still chose to deliver me. He loved even the boy who ran from a Familial estate with the blood of a man staining his dagger filled hands and his widow screaming “Murderer!”

No amount of pain and suffering I have endured can compare to the hope that is set before me. I do not have to wonder if He will strengthen me as I pick up the mutilated stake of persecution that so many others have borne. I know the pains of crucifixion; I have held the purpose forged hammer and heard their agonizing screams. I have faced down despair whose icy hands grab your ankles and pull you into the depths of hell. I have screamed till my throat tore with the pain of memories unspeakable. And yet none of it, none of it could compare to the joy and hope now beating in my chest.

It is because He would not leave me helpless but sent me The Comforter who strengthened me and brought to mind The Truth of Yeshua The Messiah. He willingly suffered the painful punishment and death we all deserved so that we might have His life instead. It is the most significant exchange ever written, spoken, or dreamed of. It is the One who is perfect becoming our devilish defects – our bloodshed, hatred, and death – that we might know the abundance of riches in store for the children of Yahweh.

It is because He now lives in me that I will rush the gates of Hell and face down people possessed by the legions of The Dark Prince standing between the souls crying out for salvation and me. I will not fear their death for I live to seek and save the lost, to snatch those burning sticks from the fires. I am not afraid of the familiar darkness for I was born in it. I was birthed into the Kingdom of Fear, but I have been born again into The Kingdom of Faith. I am not afraid of their rituals, their blackmail, their torture, or their threats. I fear El Shaddai, The Lord Our Righteousness, and The Judge of us all.

My love for Him burned away the fears of persecution, rejection, and abandonment. Now I will walk into the coliseum

of public opinion and say, “These are the words of my testimony.” I will speak them no matter what they say or what they do; no matter The Order or The Family’s retribution may be.

These words are for those who fear the night, who were born of the Black Sun, who feel the dread of the solstices as they approach. They are for the ones who drank the “wine” of the skull and spit on the Word, who were made to bear witness to the oaths, the Summonings and sending’s, and for the ones who’ve never known they were loved.

I write to the precious sons and daughters who have never known safety, peace, and hope, and to the children of the fallen who believed they too are cursed and unable to be redeemed. I also have mingled with the ancient ones, gladly accepting the genetic enhancements so few can imagine as real. The shining one’s seed has burned my soul, and The Grigori’s blood has tainted my own. To you who know The Secrets, I speak these words for you. You who see The Serpent’s Seed in your blood, you children of Belial, you are not accursed, you are not anathema, you are loved, you are treasured. Listen to me: you are adored, and the purpose of your birth was not what they told you. Your purpose is to become part of the living, active Body of Messiah, which will stand tall amidst the greatest threats the world has ever faced.

But more than all these things, know this: you are needed. You were not born for death, for the johns who pay you in white powder, Adrenochrome, corporate contracts, king’s ransoms, or five-dollar bills. You were born with a greater purpose than you can imagine. The shackles on your wrists are not to keep you bound on their tables, beds, and chairs; they exist because you were made to set people free. The chains of your addictions and your lusts are to keep you from knowing you were made to breathe hope into the despairing lungs of vagabonds, outcasts, and misfits. The jewels of your crown of glory are waiting in the pebble-strewn asphalt of our overlooked and abandoned deviants, rebels, and wounded ones. You were not made to follow the trends of tomorrow; you were made to set fire to the beacons of redemption, to light a holy flame in the face of

impenetrable darkness and sing a song of praise as the bowls of hell rage against your freedom, your hope, and your faith in The Great Redeemer.

Hear me, beloved one: The Father delights in you, longs for you, and loves every part of you beyond measure. No matter what they told you, you are beautiful, you are adored, and you matter more than you can ever know. I know your hurt, I felt the devastation of a defiling touch, and I've suffered the pains of poisons injected into my veins. I know the agony of abuse by those you trusted, loved, and adored. I know the feelings of betrayal, of mocking, and of ridicule. I know the feeling of their glares on your neck and the bullies' laughter behind your back. You are not alone in your sorrow, your suffering, or your death. If there is yet breath in your lungs and blood in your veins, there is still hope. Even if you've just finalized your fourth divorce, or you can't stop looking at porn, you are still important, and the purpose of your life can shake the mountains loose and cast them into the sea.

No matter the number of track marks on your arms, that needle does not define you, and neither does that pipe or pill. The mutilation scars on your wrists, thighs, and neck do not need to be hidden in shame, for when I look upon you, I know you are a Survivor. You, oh precious and created one, were made to light a candle of hope against the darkness of despair. No matter how many times you sought the hangman's noose, the bottoms of bottles, or a manipulator to tell you that you're pretty, you still have a life to be lived. Your life can be made new. Your song of death can be turned into a symphony of hope.

Come join the ones who were orphans, the reckless lovers of losers, liars, and thieves. Join the debt-laden dropout who has found out he can be free. Join the heroes of the homeless, the champions of hope, the brokenhearted, and the healers who don't take what they need. Come and join the leftovers, The Remnant, those outcasts once passed over whose blood now beats with divine purpose.

## Chapter Twenty One

# A Message to the Masses

If you are the one who made your children pass through rituals and abuse, it is time you give up your wicked war for power, control, and status. You serve a defeated master. The Serpent's head was crushed beneath the pierced feet of The Righteous One. The dark princes you bow to do not rein on high, but they also have been brought low.

The Mighty God's Kingdom is forever, and His judgment will be swift. You cannot hide your Secrets forever. What you choose to do in secret will be shown on the rooftops. If He did not spare King David's conspiracy and murder with Bathsheba from this law's consequence, I assure you He will not spare you. Your secrets will be revealed. You can choose to do it by your own free will or the little children you passed through those abusive flames will rise and convict you instead. Come to Messiah while there is time. Your judgment will be eternal, and I assure you of this: it would be better for a megalithic stone to be tied around your neck today and you be cast into the sea then you suffer The Father's judgment for causing His beloved children harm.

To every member of these councils, brotherhoods, dragon bloodlines, rosy orders and carriers of “the royal seed,” know that your secrets and illumined blood will not save you. The gnosis, the chalice, and treasures you guard will not rescue you. The passcodes, coins, and rings, the handshakes, the whispers in the inner chambers will not always hide your magical workings. Your Hands of Glory cannot conceal your deeds from The Most High God. The astral planes and their sacred books will not save you from The Just One. The mysteries you keep are not eternal but will burn with The Deceiver. Come out of it while there is still time. Forsake your oaths, renounce your agreements, and repent of your sins, even your secret sins. (Psalm 19) Call Upon Yahweh in the day of trouble, and He will deliver you. (Psalms 21 & 50)

No matter what has mingled itself in your blood, willingly or not, no matter who your father was or the way you were conceived or created, you also can be redeemed and restored. Even if they genetically spliced you and diced you with abominations and creatures of chaos, you too can know The Messiah if you desire. The pureblood in my body once carried the seed markers you all know too well. And yet I live, I live, and by the power of Yahweh, I have been baptized into His Kingdom. He has given me a transfusion so that I can be made like Him now.

The black tomes pulled from Uruk, and those of Anak could not keep my soul in their bloodstained pages. If I yet endure until the end then, The Son of The Living God who has written my name in The Book of Life will tell me, “Well done my good and faithful servant, now enter my shalom and rest.”

Through my repentance and renunciation of oaths and agreements, along with His conquering of Death, I was translated from The Kingdom of Darkness into The Kingdom of His dear Son. No amount of contracts I had with those Ancient Ones could withstand the power of repentance and the authority of The Captain of the Heavenly Hosts in contending with my former masters. If you have “sold your soul,” know this: the soul you sold was never yours to sell away as it was already pur-

chased by Messiah thousands of years ago. The Enemy and his ministers are liars, and even if they hold silver rich contracts in your blood, these too can be washed away, and you can be made new in The Kingdom of Heaven.

Come out and speak The Secrets; do not allow another generation to suffer the bondage of deception, guilt, fear, shame, and torment. There is no freedom in your fears; there is no free power in your black or white magical workings; there are only slaves in The Kingdom of Darkness. The Transyuggothian Magic will not answer you in your day of trouble; they who come and speak to you will be silent in your calamity. (1 Kings 18) No matter how much power you wield, or how many people you control, or what the scale of the empires you rule over is, you are a slave. If you choose to stay in the darkness and continue on your path of deception, it is because you are a coward, you are weak and blinded by your pride. May Yahweh Elohim, The Creator of Heaven and Earth rebuke the powers, dominions, thrones, and principalities who rule over you and draw you out while there is still time. May He break your occult power to the highest level and do whatever it takes to bring you out of your bondage. Repent now while His mercy is still long-suffering, before His justice flows like a river soaking the earth in your arrogant blood.

Do you think your symbol rich rings will save you? Do you think your “brothers” or “sisters” will defend you? The Knights will not keep you safe. They will not conceal your kingdom as it burns for the world to see. Too many times I looked in the eyes of men like you as I cut their signet rings from their fingers. I heard their pleas, the oaths they’d sworn to The Orders they’d served. I heard them try to convince themselves that The Grandmaster would protect them or surely their Family would spare them. And yet none of their gods came to save them, their Familiars abandoned them in their hour of need.

Your arrogance has blinded you; your kingdoms are built on betrayal, pride, and lust. You are beguiled like Eve in the Garden, who was promised apotheosis and godhood with secret

knowledge, the opening of eyes, and all of The Serpent's lies, but these lies brought only death instead. Her body turned to dust just like yours will whether by an assassin's blade, a bullet, or a poisoned cup. It may come from a compromising video posted online showing the world what you do in your initiations, rituals, and rites. Remember now: Families take great care to document those moments and your pedophilic pleasures were not so secret after all. Those blackmail videos will come crawling out of the cracks and crevices they've been carefully preserved in, and the world will see what you have done behind your temples, churches, lodges, clubs and chambers' doors. They will hear the cries of children you defiled, the gendered identities you've bent and broken. They will see the familiar faces of politicians, judges, chiefs of police, bishops, and popes destroying the innocent.

Your Christian, Catholic, Mormon, Islamic, and Buddhist masks you hide behind will burn, and the people will see who you are. They will hear your secret oaths like these;

*“I do further promise and declare that I will have no opinion or will of my own... but will unhesitatingly obey each and every command that I may receive from my superiors in the militia of the Pope... I will wage a relentless war, secretly and openly against all heretics... I will spare neither age nor sex... I will rip up the stomachs and wombs of their women, and crush their infants' heads against the walls in order to annihilate their execrable race. I will secretly use the poisonous cup, the strangulation cord... either in public or private, as I at any time may be directed to do so by any agents of the Pope or superior of The Brotherhood of The Holy Father of The Society of Jesus.” (Extreme Oath and Induction of The Society of Jesus)*

There are so many other even more vile oaths taken in secret chambers by men and women of meager statues and presidential powers alike. As long as our “judicial” system is run by men and women who have sworn these oaths there will never be justice brought to the oppressed, needy and victims of monsters. It is time for what they swear in secret to be played for all ears to hear. Your days of hidden deeds are drawing to a close.

I know that I am nothing to many of you; other names by which was I known once caused many restless nights, but I am no longer that man of bondage, the Sicario of dread, but instead, I am a man whose freedom has been won. The last few decades of my life may have meant little but the lives of the children you murdered, their futures taken before they were three years old, matter more than you can ever know. Dani's mother who was ritually murdered in front of him matters more than anything I will ever do. The day in that cheap room where you made me kill Soldier, you ignited the fuse of the bomb of your destruction. You lit it when you sodomized my friends and murdered my battle buddy in a "non-combat related incident" in another needless war.

Oh, you reckless and arrogant slaves. Just because the collars around your neck and shackles around your wrists are made of gold, onyx, and rubies, you are not any better than the rest. The innocent blood you shed to build your kingdoms testifies against you day and night. It is crying out for justice, and He is coming for you. Like a thief in the night, His terrible and unimaginable Day of Destruction is coming. He will tread you down to the dust, and the ravens and vultures shall pick of your carcasses on the day of your death.

The smell of sulfur is thick in the air, and it is the pit of fury about to be unleashed. Samson is standing with his hands on the many temples' columns. Your Dagon-worshiping, drunken, pedophilic orgies are going to end with the roof collapsing on your heads. Hundreds, then thousands and millions, will speak The Secrets and then the masses will demand justice that is long overdue. You have underestimated them long enough. You will not be able to keep them dumbed down, drugged up and deceived forever, and once they know what you do in your groves and on your Democratic and Republican taxpayer-funded trips on the Lolita Express, they will burn your kingdom to the ground. The frequent visitors on the little St. James Island will not be able to hide their deeds. The people will come to see what rules the producers, writers, actors, and guilds who partake of the defiled flesh at their spirit cooking's and back room

Industry compromises. They will learn of what the altar boys are made to do with their “fathers, mothers, sisters, bishops, friars, cardinals, and priests.” They will not believe your lies, discrediting campaigns and cover-ups. Woe to you for the day of justice and reckoning is nearly upon you.

Understand this: some of those whose blood was proofed and pure have been sent to you to warn you. I am not the first, nor will I be the last, but if you do not heed this call, the guilt of your blood is no longer on my hands. I have given you the warning as The Father had given me mine. What my father and other generations of Reynolds, Aldobrandine, Rothschilds, Medicis, Astors, and Merovingians chose to cover up will be revealed to the masses. My father decided to stay in his house of cards even though the fiery winds of justice are preparing to blow. I pray to The Almighty they repent and confess their secrets and sins before that match is lit. My father has made his choice, so too have I. I pray you will listen to this warning and heed this watchman’s cry.

I am not going to give you softened words of disagreement; I intend to smack you in the face as Yahweh did to me. He did not blunt His Living Word when it cut through my heart. He did not warn me with soft whispers and delicate cautions. He gave me a shadow of His glory, and I knew then I would die and with me would come the weight of ten thousand horrors. I knew there would be no escaping the repercussions of the spiritual consequences of my meddling’s. I knew in an instant if I chose to have continual fellowship with the darkness, I would perish in the flames of His justice. They will not be temporary but inescapable.

There is a judgment waiting for us all. No matter the promises – Artificial Intelligence, Holographic Avatars, Trans-humanism, Genetic Enhancement, Quantum Reality, or whatever Cup of Life they promise you – all will be rendered their final due. I decided to surrender to Him rather than face the outer darkness or the deepest flames. I chose to surrender to Him and become an inheritor of hope, a rescued one. I write

you these words so that you may be without excuse. None of you is innocent, not even one. There is hope to those who surrender; and to you who choose not to: know that He is coming for you nonetheless. You cannot escape The Holy One of Israel.

I call to you who are lonely; I appeal to you who are afraid. I call to you who are weeping in the darkness wondering if He heard you last night. I reach out to you who are the fractured ones, the little parts, and pieces of ravaged souls. I entreat you who are weary and broken, unsure if your story still matters or if it ever will. The emptiness you feel inside can be made full of hope, passion, and joy. Do you not know that you were made for a purpose? Do you not know that your days matter? There is so much meaning for the moments of your most deviant shame, your innermost pain, and worst regrets. These are not your curses; these are not your debts. These do not have to be the skeletons in your closet and the leverage point of your shame. The darkness, which took a room in your memories, can be evicted and the light of hope can shine instead.

The Redeemer will turn your crippled pains into the hands who hold a weeping mother after she had a miscarriage last night. They will wrap a naked child that finally had someone see their affliction and say, “No more!” They will restore the broken with healing hands of hope. They will comfort a wounded one who finally found the courage to leave an abuser, an enabler, or handler and brute. They will feed the starving when they learn He rescues the hungry from their need for more. I do not speak this from philosophical ponderings, but from the blood, sweat, and tears shed in this war that has been raging in my life since the days of my murderous conception.

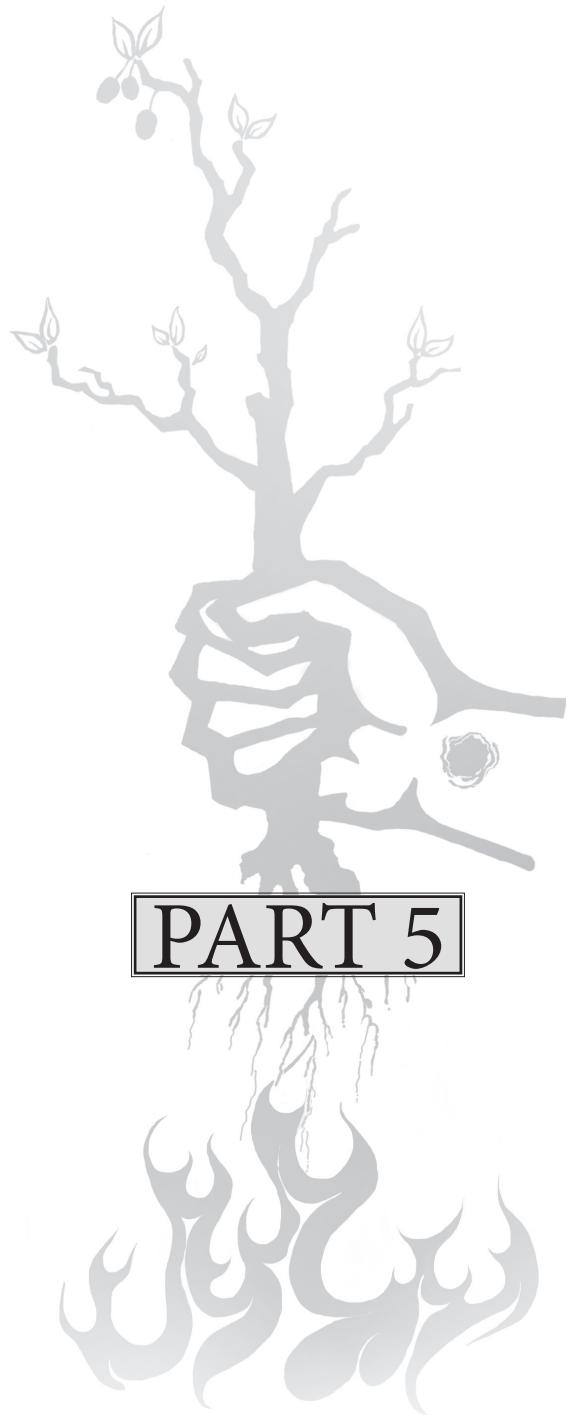
Every day I woke up dead. Some days I woke up my heart no longer beating, limbs cold as ice. I was a walking monster controlled by many master’s manipulative hands and torturous tricks. I was dying and who was there to tell me, “Don’t quit!” Who was there to say, “Don’t give up!” Where were the believers who saw my bruises and bandaged my bleeding wounds of

abuse? I had no mother to comfort me after I was defiled; I had the posters on the wall, toy cars in my pockets, and my fingernails to chew on.

I had no one to hold me when I vomited blood in the toilet at school after a ritual night in third grade. The bullies picked on me and pushed me into lockers calling me a faggot while feasting on my insecurities. Where was the teacher who saw me and prayed for me to be set free? Where were the people who walked in authority and saw the cut marks on my body, the wounded cries for help? Where, please tell me, where were the deliverers? Where were the men and women casting out demons, raising the dead, and giving sight to the blind I read of in His Word?

They were not waiting for me in a church, a seminary, temple or mosque down the road. No matter how many thousands of times I have sat in those places of so called worship I had not seen the power of The Living God and it is time to address why.





## PART 5

## Chapter Twenty Two

# A Kingdom Divided

Under the ownership of my Family I spent my life in different churches: nearly a dozen different denominations and Christian schools in multiple states. In all of them, I never saw real power, I never saw authority; all I saw was their weakness, and that is why I was there. The Families have no problem taking their pet projects into churches, cathedrals, synagogues, temples, or mosques because there is no power of The Righteous and just King in those places. These sheep are without shepherds; the truth is that ravenous wolves are leading the sheep. They are being drained of their authority and sucked to the last drop.

Where do you think these occult rituals are done? Where do you think the “brothers” used me? We were the altar boys who warmed up your pews. We defiled your “holy” sanctuaries and made sure to compromise your pastors and bishops by the words of our oaths, the bodies of children, or our controlled narcotics. The Families’ sons and daughters know how to seduce pastors and politicians all too well. Our tithe checks keep the pretty stained-glass lights on, and your deacons and elders in our pockets.

Please tell me why The One whose name is Holy would be in that place? Why would He who is perfect, just, and mighty come and dwell among you? You are not His children; you are sheep being sheared by the sons of The Wicked One. You do not look like Yeshua Jesus Christ; you are impotent, weak, and perishing. The church is in need of a good Samaritan (one called a half-breed) to come by and rescue it. Our church has become the ravaged man who was beaten, bloody, and destitute on the road going down from Jerusalem. The church body has been divided, split, and beaten into 41,000 pieces we call denominations. Our church is just like Israel during the days of The Judges, when they had no king and every man did what was right in their own eyes. The church is controlled by the apostles of the Devil we call presidents, pastors, deacons, and popes.

The church is a heap of flesh mutilated by the subtle and crafty works of the Enemy. It is dying, and it perished the day we believed inviting Jesus into our hearts was all we ever needed to do to be His. Jesus is not interested in being invited into our hearts; He is interested in the complete and total surrender of His wayward children coming back to Him and being willing to be wholly His. He is looking for those who fall on their faces and weep and wail while they scream out in repentance, “Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me!” (Mark 10, Luke 18)

Jesus wants the lepers who know they are unclean; Jesus's true church is the male or female hookers possessed by seven demons who fall at His feet and surrender their everything to Him. They are the transgendered, gays, and wounded ones who know their weakness and beg their True Creator to give them their identity and sexuality instead of the fleeting feelings, wounds of abusers, or words of hate. They are the whores of our schools, churches, and synagogues who pour out the fragrance of repentance, and weep over Messiah's pierced feet. Yahweh wants to rescue the smallest child in the most insignificant family and make them a mighty rescuer like Gideon or David. The Great Redeemer wants to see the rich in this world finance the restoration of the broken that they might be made whole, to give of their wealth to the weary and ravaged, and purchase a superior eternal prize.

Our God is interested in total commitments; not eyes closed and heads bowed “please repeat after me” socially acceptable Sunday morning conversions. The horror is that the church is living under a great and terrible curse. We deserve the curse and judgment we are under. Satan is not the one cursing the church with impotence, sickness, adultery, theft, poverty, and gossip, but Yahweh Elohim, the Lord our God is. We have transgressed His commands and His Instructions just as Israel did when the Moabite women seduced them into worshiping their gods and incurring the curse of Yahweh. (Numb. 22-25) The Occult High Ones, witches, and warlocks do not have to curse the church; The Doctrines of Balaam have brought The Father’s curse upon us all on their own. (Rev 2:14) Judgment begins in the house of Yahweh. (1 Peter 4:17) The Judgment is already upon us: the dead and powerless church is the judgment, and it’s time we cry out for deliverers to rise and set us free.

We are suffering the curse of the Holy God because we have whored ourselves to this world, the lusts of the eyes, and the pride of life. (1 John 2:16) We have yoked ourselves to the desires of this world instead of to The Holiness of God. We have forsaken His truth for the sake of keeping our friends, our jobs, and our number of Facebook status likes. We are cowards claiming we are imitators of the Risen King of Glory. We claim to follow The Way of Jesus who walked among murderers, rebuked the corrupt “church” leadership, and suffered the accusations of His family members’ lies. (Mark 3:31) We do not imitate Jesus Christ because we think the master we serve is Messiah but it is our fleshly lusts.

We have been made to believe Jesus’s last name was Christ but it’s merely a title for “anointed one.” We do not look like Jesus, but we imitate christs whose smooth words have made our itching ears find their scratch. We look like the christ who says it’s ok not to obey His Word and live and sleep with our girlfriends, eat unclean foods, and gossip behind our friends’ backs. These are the christs who fully endorse necromancy and pagan ritualistic workings like “Christian yoga,” transcendental meditation, spirit soaking, and grave sucking.

The christs you follow and imitate are not the King of Glory; rather, they are the beguiled apostles of The Wicked One. Is it not written, “Marvel not for Satan himself transforms himself into an angel of light, and his ministers will do likewise?” (2 Cor. 11:14) You have yoked yourself with servants of Satan who masquerade as gospel teaching sons of God. The good news they bring you is prosperity without obedience, happiness without surrender, and wisdom without The Fear of Yahweh. The good news they bring you is that each of us can work out our salvation by trusting our deceit-filled hearts and not judging anyone or speaking the less socially acceptable truths. The good news they bring you is you don’t have to keep any of the commandments of God except “loving God and loving people” (however you think is best) and of course giving them 10% of your money. The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob is not the god who is blessing these money hungry pastors and priests, but rather it is the god of this age and his prince Mammon. Comfortable corporate Christianity has beguiled us, lulling us into a slumber while the world burns in the our indifference and apathy fires we’ve stoked.

The brutal reality is that God is not in our churches because we don’t want Him there. We want to hear our favorite pop song played from the stage; we don’t want humble praise and adoration; we want a *production*. We demand a culturally relevant pastor that will make our New Age friend feel comfortable. We want easily digestible sermons that make us feel better but never convicted. We want an experience, signs, and wonders. We’ve become willing to receive a Kundalini spirit like the “Toronto Blessing” just to convince ourselves that the charismatic craziness of the New Apostolic Reformation is the truth. Our Bethel birthed other spirit soaking music invokes us to hunger for an apostolic anointing without the weeping and lamenting at the holiness of the Creator and the forsaking of our desires. This New Reformation has found its false prophets who’ve convinced it that the demonic horde of Joel’s Army will conquer the seven kingdoms of the world and force Messiah’s return.

We have cursed The Body of Messiah by telling the world we are like Him. We look nothing like Jesus of Nazareth or His disciples. We look like the world – just different flavors of it. We blend into it like the chameleons we are, putting on Christianly smiles on Sunday when we'd got our small group members drunk and watched porn the night before. We baptize people and welcome them to the trending club of “the saved.” We've turned Christianity into a status symbol with our gold cross amulets, greasy grace, and edgy tattoos. We have turned theocentric worship of Yahweh into “meocentered” worship of me, myself, and I.

We build our cathedrals on the sites of pagan temples and graveyards where the blood of the innocent flows. We kiss the bones and statues of the dead, hoping these demonically charged relics of “saints” would empower our weak and weary souls. We are a sulfurous stench in the nostrils of The Holy One. When will we be repulsed by our comfortable Christianity and vomit it out for good? When will this Universal (Catholic) Church consecrate itself and be set apart as He called us to be? When will each of us turn and weep before the feet of Messiah and ask Him to forgive us all for the wretched ways of our soul?

Our church is dying; our once purified flesh is rotting off our bones. We need to be the leper screaming so loudly even though the world tried to shut him up. We need to ignore their demands to be silent and weep even more loudly begging our Savior to have mercy on us. We are the unclean lepers; we are sons of the wicked one and of our flesh. We are the ones who hate the conviction of the Holy Spirit and resist His calls to remember His whole Word.

When will we see the blood oozing from our bodies or the shackles on our wrists, and beg Him to save us, the dying hordes? Look around you when you go to church and answer this: does it look anything like what Jesus taught us it would be? Do we behave like those early followers of The Way? Do you see the fruit of the Kingdom of God budding up in the lives of the people of your congregation? Do you ever see a serious focus

on prayer: intercession for our enemies, the unsaved, demonized, and cursed? Are you even able to have open discussions with your pastors or elders where you can challenge them on doctrines that are unbiblical or heretical? Or did your deacon and pastor take the Masonic Oaths too? Do you hear preaching on the power of boldness, humility, fasting, or memorizing The Word? Do you see a love that forgives as many times as it's been forgiven? Do you see patience, self-control, healing of the sick, and deliverance from addictions, demons, and depression? Do you see faith conquering fears of death, men, and monotony?

The rotting fruit in our churches is because we are rooted in the wrong tree. The death of the church came the day we separated ourselves from The Way, The Truth, and The Life, The Vine who is Jesus. He is The True Vine, and we are supposed to be the branches, and yet we have gone outside His protected vineyard and planted our own trees. We have rooted these trees in the devilish doctrines of Dispensationalism and Universalism.

The fruits of our churches are mingled with maggots and stink of sulfur because our 41,000 denominations and doctrines do not come from the feet of The Author of our faith, but the divisive tactics of the Enemy and the doctrines of devils. Have you no eyes to see? We are not some New Testament concept called "the church;" we who are the called out ones are supposed to be Israel, The People, not the chunk of dirt, rocks, and relics in the Middle East. We who follow Messiah are the lost sheep of the House of Israel, those who Jesus came for. (Matt. 15:24, Luke 15:4-6) The people who by birth or by belief choose to follow in His Ways become part of His chosen, set apart people Israel, the children of God. (Jer. 3, 31:27-34, Hosea, James, 1 Peter 2:9, 1 John)

Just like the Israelites in the times of the Judges and Samuel, Ezra, Isaiah, and Jeremiah, as well as for the past thousands of years since, we have forsaken our first Love. We have whored ourselves out to the gods of this age because they have made us comfortable and have given our itching ears what we

want to hear. The deceitful doctrines have infiltrated our hearts and beliefs, and convinced us that we are gods: we can determine which portion of the whole testament of Yahweh's Instructions applies to us in this "dispensation of grace." We can rightly divide Scripture by tearing out the pages that sting our flesh and give us the freedom to sin instead. Woe unto us who divide and fracture the Word of God with dispensations and absolve ourselves of its perfect blessings and bear its curses instead. We have drunk the lies of The Serpent just like our fathers before us did.

We too have believed the lies from The Garden, "Has God not said...?" The first attack of The Serpent against the children of Yahweh targeted the Commandments of Yahweh. Why do you think he targets them still to this day? Why won't your pastor tell you to obey the commandments of God? Why does he think he can pick which ones we should obey? Why will they throw a fit about the Ten Commandments getting removed from a government building and yet refuse to obey them or teach you to do likewise? Why do most Christians choose to follow nine commandments of the ten but forsake the one about keeping and guarding The Sabbath? It is because they love to throw out the commands of the Old Testament and claim we are not "under them" anymore, and yet they do not obey the 1,000 that are in The New Testament either.

Why do you never hear your pastor teach you that your obedience is better than your sacrifice? Would your pastor tell you that following the commandments of God is more important than anything you can ever do with your life? Would he ever say that freely and lovingly obeying God's Instructions is more important than going to his church, paying your tithe, buying his worship CD, or going to confession or mass? Why do think he won't teach on the holiness of Yahweh and the holiness of Jesus? It is because obedience and sacrifice are unpopular, untaught, and bad for their big business and seminary approved resumes.

It is because the church fears how few our number would be if we forsook the doctrines of men and taught instead the commandments of Yeshua Jesus instead. They fear the

untainted Instruction-keeping doctrine of Jesus and instead teach only the dispensational doctrines of man, and the universal catechisms of powerless traditions. The Enemy loves the weak and comfortable Christianity we've whored ourselves to. But there is power, abundance, provision, and miracles in obedience. It is time I share with you the power I have seen in The Living Body of Messiah.

The reason I was dragged from church to church, Christian school to Christian school was to see the weak and wimpy body of believers who could not detect a demonized child in their classroom or sitting next to them in the pews. They were powerless, vulnerable, and easy to deceive. They were terrified of the demons I summoned and sent against their families to haunt their dreams and cause them to scream in fear. They were cowards because they'd lost their identity in the God of Israel, the King of Glory. The day this stopped was when a real daughter of God stripped me of my power. The day I learned there was real power in the authority of Jesus came when a 13-year-old girl named Suze did not run. She did not hide when she saw past my masks of deception and into the darkness of my soul, but instead, she stood boldly in who she was. She was a faithful daughter of the Resurrected King, and she saved my life. Let her story testify to the power of prayer and salvation that is waiting for those who genuinely bear the name of Jesus with power, humility, and strength.

## Chapter Twenty Three

# A Girl Named Suze

We had gotten a letter from a girl on our way to school. She had written,

“I’m sorry your heart hurts, and I know why. You gave up too early, your chase for meaning, matter and more. You matter more than this, and I know it is true...”

She was in seventh grade, and we met her on the bus early one morning. Our violin was in our hands as we had to take the early bus for orchestra practice. She said her name was Suze. They lived in a house with three acres and she had a horse there, but it belonged to her neighbors. One morning the sound of joy flooded into our heart as this young teenager leaned over and told me,

“Do you want to know a secret?”

She didn’t know I was a slave programmed to kill, but this phrase opened up an internal doorway to the river that flowed into the abyss of my heart where The Secrets were held. She said these words and opened a dialogue box, placed her letter in it, and it said just that. It was not the first time Suze and I had talked, but it would change all the rules and save my life.

Just a week before that moment of joy, she sat down in the seat next to mine on a frosty November morning. She said, “Nate, I think we should talk about something I don’t understand.” She did something so unexpected and so unpredictable: she touched my broken skin with her flawless freckled flesh. She picked up my left hand and saw the bruises on my knuckles, the split sores and blisters that peppered my palms. “I want to know where these came from and you have to tell me the truth. You don’t need to be afraid; I promise I won’t tell; I just see those same things on a lot of the boys’ hands in this town, and I want to know where they come from.”

I screamed out internally desperately trying to tell her about The Blade, the Boy, and the Child who fights grown men in the cage. She looked deep I could feel it: there was a sadness and a desperate need to know. She wanted to help us, and I know it is true. She was a helper, a healer, a kind one named Suze, but we were programmed to lie, and it was all we could do. We laughed and said, “It’s because the boys in this town are all stuntmen on the playground. We are daredevils who will climb anything no matter how high.” I automatically added, “My buddies and I play on the monkey bars until our palms swell, and sometimes we fall on our knuckles when we land in the dirt.”

She saw right through me, knowing my answer was not true. I bruised my knuckles two days earlier when I punched one of those other kids’ skull. Bare knuckle fighting is not like the movies: knuckles crashing into skull bones are going to leave a mark. He was still breathing after we’d stopped and for that I was thankful. We fought in a cage they built for large dogs kept in kennels. Twenty feet long and thirteen feet wide, they shoved us in there and prod us to fight. They prod us with shock sticks that emitted sparks on our skin when we resisted; sticks normally used by ranchers in the area to drive cattle into the places they wanted them to go. We “fought” for twenty minutes; it was just a sparring match of different methods and techniques as neither of us was given a blade to bring it to an end. It was a sport for money as gambling is legal on The Reservation.

Suze didn't know it, but she had moved into a town like hell, where men were monsters who peddled children and slaughtered babies to summon devils and murder hope. This city I lived in was a "high place" where demons and men came from the desert to dance and delight. It had a strategically located airport which facilitated many of the plans of "he who shall not be named" and their Familial interests. It was at the school where so many of us went that they picked children and made them into a sport. They selected the ones who were furious fighters or seductive "screwers," as whatever the clients desired could always be accommodated. I was their product perfected by both; these perverts had been using me for years, and I had gotten used to it. What more could they do than what had already been done? My dissociative soul split almost daily and I didn't know why.

Suze stared into my soul, while I got lost in these thoughts. How could I tell her all these things? It would break her heart if they did not kill her for knowing. The man who lives two doors from her paid for these things. He watched us fight a teen that kicked us in the back so hard we could barely walk. To cover my limp up, they made me tell my teachers that it was from jumping off the playground too many times "performing my stunts." Weeks before this, I'd felt like my feet had exploded when they beat them with paddles. It shatters the soul when they slap your feet so hard they blister and boil, so many nerves stinging away. The Brutes did this to me while they programmed backdoors and booby traps, which would trigger fury, rage, and murderous pain.

Then in a moment the atmosphere in the bus changed. I was not a child of God but a son of Belial, and I knew how to rid us of these questions. The girl sitting next to me was now shivering and cold. I knew it was not from the weather but from the demons in my heart that do this when they manifest. It came from the opening of a doorway from this realm to theirs. **FEAR, DEATH, PAIN, SORROW** – they are servants of the Dark One who were placed into me on that trapezoidal altar of gold inlay, stone, and wood.

Many eyes stared at Suze they poured out their fury and pain, and yet the girl did not care. Suze just sat there and stared as I tried to make her leave; I spoke a curse against her: “Run away and flee this place. Run away and never look back, to be tormented by demons who will make sure of that.” This curse had worked on everybody before. People, especially Christians, fear these demons so much it is scary, but here sat this girl unwavering. She looked deeper still, her eyes piercing my soul. They saw past my shields, dams, and inner walls. She saw my heart not in pieces but as a whole. I knew that when her eyes had seen my heart, and she did not run away, it was something that had never happened before.

Everyone who looked deep ran away before they saw our abyss, but not this thirteen-year-old girl who wore glasses and sometimes lisped. She said,

*“I am sorry, Nate, for what has happened to you. I will pray for you tonight like I always do. God told me to. He said, ‘Pray for that boy no matter what he says.’ So I do, Nate, because I know God loves you.”*

Like a match to dynamite, the atmosphere shifted from The Kingdom of Darkness to the Kingdom of Light. It was an explosion of power that caused my demons to tremble and I saw that they were afraid for the first time in my life.

She said this as my demons screamed, “RUN, RUN, RUN AWAY, GET AWAY NOW NO MATTER THE COST!” They are the words of these KEEPERS who activate this program and send us scurrying up to the front of the bus and away from her eyes. We hide and are not allowed to look anywhere but the ground, “TRANSPORTING PRODUCT KEEPS ITS EYES ON THE GROUND, OR IT GETS POUNDED DOWN.” We obey, and she lets us run away. We’d never seen power like that; who knew there was power which did not hide from our dark ones and could turn the tables against us and say such kind things.

We saw her the next day, and she walked past us towards the back of the bus. We breathed a sigh of relief as our Familiars calmed down. We never saw her work her way down to the seat behind mine. My head was leaning against the window, fogging the glass. Halfway to school, we heard her whispers, and it changed our life. She said those words and opened up our heart.

She said, “Can you keep a secret?”

I don’t know how she knew to say these things, but they opened up that programmed part which wrote down a letter of the words she spoke next. The message would be placed in a box; this would be sealed and floated down the river to be sent to the abyss of my heart where the children keep secrets.

*“I’m sorry your heart hurts, and I know why. You gave up too early, your chase for meaning, matter, and more. You always mattered more than this and I know it is true. God told me to tell you these words when I prayed for you last night. He told me there is always hope no matter what color the robe is that they put on your back. He knows your name, Nathan, and He will bring you back.”*

These were words of rescue, a life raft of redemption, thrown into the midst of our chaos. She said these words as the demons exploded; they screamed at her through us as we stood to our feet, cursing again.

We bellow out, “\*#!\* I hate your soul!”

I wanted to cry inside as they made us run again to the front of the bus. We heard her weeping, and it broke our heart. We were robots and wanted control of our body and the will of our soul returned to us. How could she know these things we told no one? We broke her heart, and she never talked to us again. She moved that next year and I don’t know where. We were made to forget the words she spoke. The Brute found them when we told him so. We always told them whenever he asked us so. He made us “never remember and always forget” that Suze ever existed and that God ever cared. We lost our hope and cried all day. We wept not knowing why.

It didn't matter because she obeyed The Holy Spirit and prayed for me still. She walked by us each morning on that early bus, and smiled anyway. She smiled at me every morning for nearly a year. She sat by a fifth-grade boy only a handful of times and yet that thirteen-year-old girl saved my life. She prayed for a boy who was killing men for money, degrees, power, and control, to uphold The Secrets sworn during The Oath. She was a child of God and now so am I. She breathed His Words of hope into the abyss of my soul.

A thirteen-year-old follower of Messiah saved my life in the fifth grade, what she didn't know was that my father worshiped the light bearer (*Halal Son of Sheher*) in secret but went to a charismatic "spirit-filled church" down the road. The dispensationally indoctrinated pastor of that church once came into my room to try to cleanse our house. My "Christian parents" called him to ask for help. They told him I had been having night terrors for weeks and they wanted it to stop. My parents didn't tell him it's because my great-grandpa was raping me in the hours just after midnight, long before the dawn.

The pastor came into our little house and after sitting down with my parents and me, he decided to go and look into my room. I could feel the fear smash into him when he stepped into our defiled space. He paced around our room and then he stated that he discerned demons were in my room. He said this was what was causing my night terrors, not the fear of the clock striking two. Even when that brute of a Family member didn't come and have his way with us for weeks, we would scream, panic, and kick. We thought he was coming and begged him to get out. Most nights no one would come through the door, but all too often he did.

The pastor discerned that the demons were coming from the wall I shared with my grandpa. He prayed and said they were inside the poster I had hanging up of a Jurassic Park T-REX bursting through a wall. I'd saved up my money for two months and bought it at Universal Studios when we'd been taken there the previous summer; it glowed in the dark. After

hearing the pastor's words, my dad grabbed our poster off the wall and threw it out in the trash.

I saw it crumpled, wrinkled, and torn. It was my favorite thing in the room; it brought me courage in the darkness and was my only night light. I could see it in the trash from my bedroom window. I looked at it after the pastor left, feeling like he did something right. I, however, felt like he had taken my only hope. That poster meant more to me than he could have comprehended. The poster didn't have the demons on it; the man who lived in the room next to mine did. My grandpa slept there, and when he didn't sleep, he came and brutalized, manipulated, and controlled me. I believe that powerless pastor had good intentions, but he never stood a chance against The Kingdom of Darkness. He was a sheared sheep led by the wolves.

That night we gave up hope. Hours later, Grandpa came as the clock struck two, and we split off a piece of our soul too big to survive what he did. We tore away a chunk of our heart and threw it in the trash outside. That poster was our night-light, but instead, we had darkness fill the madness of my room. We wanted to die that night. We wanted to leave this awful place they call life and be welcomed into a new one. We wanted to go and never come back, to run from this hell and get into heaven instead. We tried to find peace, but our only hope had been thrown in the trash.

We did not want to die, but we didn't know what else to do. We gave up; we couldn't take another minute of this cruel world, and we surrendered to the split. We knew it would be more painful than ever as we had so little left to tear.

Our heart was left bleeding on the floor when we finally woke up. The sun was not up yet, and we still had "to clean ourselves up." We woke up that morning believing this was all there ever was. That maybe Dutch, my friend who lived down the road from my house, had to endure incest at night. We had to assume this was normal, just like any person who wakes up with another bruise on their face justifies it away as another drunken mistake.

My heart was stuck there, and I didn't want it back. I left it in the trash, crumpled, torn, and in tatters. We watched the dump truck pull up a few days later. Our hearts sloughed into the compactors open jaw as the man pulled a black handled lever and crushed our soul. He drove off as if nothing happened; his tires bore the weight of a heart now even more broken. I watched him turn the corner and move on to the next house; I think he eventually dumped it in a mound outside of town.

What do you do when they buried your heart in a dump eighteen years ago? What do you do when the lion's share of your heart was torn off of your soul and made to pass through incestuous fires? What do you do when you wake up and have to limp to the bathroom for the second time that week? You *survive* and get tougher than you thought possible, or you give up and decide to die. We refused the latter and had always done the former. We were survivors.

Before I could pack my lunch, I had learned how to leave the rape, rage, and ragged edge parts of my soul in the trash outside. The men with their trucks, shovels, and bulldozers could do what they did best; bury our heart somewhere no one wanted to look. No one wanted to look at the horror or the hell that was my life any longer than was necessary. While this may work with trash, it does not work with trauma, torture, and regret.

It was not my choice to make my heart break; it had been programmed into me since I was conceived. My whole life I'd been conditioned to break along the lines my abusers scored into the surface of my soul. Some cracks broke cleanly along the prepared points of pain; others shattered splitting off shards that were sharp and deadly. One piece tore to ribbons and was left to be used as the dumping grounds of our inner world.

The Father saw us in that ragged state, in that place of pain, crumpled in a heap, He provided us a new heart of hope when He showed us the truth. That morning we woke up after our grandpa had done his deed. We'd walked to the bathroom

and showered off. We dressed quickly and ate a bowl of oatmeal before the house stirred. We checked our violin and rosined its bow. We put on our shoes and walked out the door. We stood on the dirt across from our house. We shivered against the cold as we stared at our crumpled poster in the trash. We knew something terrible had happened but had “always forgotten” what. We saw the bus turn onto our street and readied our hands. We stepped onto the stairs as our bus driver, Sue, opened the door.

There were no seats open in the first nine rows, so we picked the tenth. We sat on the left like we always did, hoping to hide our heads on the window’s frosted glass. The bus rumbled on as we gazed at that poster and thought it was trash. Our life was trash, and we hoped we might die. The bus made more stops, and before we realized it, a girl sat down next to us. We looked over and saw her then. Her smile was electric and full of life. She looked over at us for an introduction and said,

“Hi, my name is Suze.”

A thirteen-year-old girl saved my life that morning. She did not know I had given up last night, but Jesus did. He sent His beloved child to protect that tattered piece of my soul and keep it breathing. She spoke such kindness to us, and her prayers kept my heart beating. She did not run from me like the other Christians but anchored herself in The Messiah. She had something the church has lost: child-like faith and a reckless love for the lost.

I write these words in desperate prayer for her and for our church. I pray she reads these words some day and knows what she did. I knew her for hardly a month, but she did more in that month than I have done in years. She spoke her words of faith boldly. The Lion of the tribe of Judah sent a teenage girl to save my heart on a cold morning many years ago. She prayed and prayed for us; we know it was true. She prayed over our heart, and those prayers kept it hidden and safe. I don’t know where she went or moved off to but no matter the place, I love you, Suze. I pray your faith is broad and bold, and your courage is too.

I am alive today because someone was willing to pray, someone looked closer and saw a hurting heart and our bruised knuckles. In all the years of my life, she was one of the few. She saw us with The Father's eyes and was not scared or disgusted. She helped us know there was still hope for the hurting, abandoned, fatherless sons and daughters. She met the needs of an orphan, and The Father is so proud. She obeyed His Words and spoke The Truth.

Yahweh knew our names, and He was coming soon. He rescued us that morning as He always does. His joy broke through our burdens and pain. His light scattered the darkness and set us all free. We don't need a glow-in-the-dark T-Rex poster to es-

cape to if we have made His refuge our dwelling place. We have hidden under the shelter of His wings. We no longer hunger and starve because His Word is our daily bread, and we have grown capable, strong, and full. Our thirst has been quenched by the Living Waters flowing from The Father's throne; we have confidence now and can enter into His presence with a boldness of faith, knowing The Lamb's blood has purchased us forever.



We are sealed by The Holy Spirit and have been given a mission from The King. We are told to go into all the world making disciples by preaching The Good News to every creature. If they are a fifth-grade boy whose knuckles are bruised or the man who locked two kids in cages for sport, they both are prisoners of pain, torment, and shame. I know the true Lord Jesus, and He came to redeem them all. We are His treasured children and its time you all know this is so. We pray people will listen but understand that most won't. We pray without ceasing knowing our prayers have power, and The Father hears and answers them all.

Save your people, Father Yahweh, we beg you now; help set them free. Set this powerless church free from its shackles. May they learn the truth: that power comes from obedience, holiness, and perfect love, which casts out all fear. That pastor was like all the others, a man who was a disciple of the doctrines of men rather than the commandments of His Creator. The Good News is not that sinners can be saved from hell so they can live a meaningless, powerless life to one day go to a happy heaven. The Good News is that the prodigal sons and daughters, the lost sheep of The House of Israel can be made inheritors of The Almighty God of heaven and earth, and with that freedom comes new hearts that walk The Way Jesus taught.

We can be clothed with power from on high like Stephen in Acts 8 or Peter who feared a child's persecutory words one day and boldly proclaimed obedience to his Master when he faced whips and scourges a few months later. There is power in the living Vine, the Body of Messiah, just not in our churches. There will never be power in our churches; there will only ever be power in the followers of The Way.



## Chapter Twenty Four

# Learning His Ways

The power of the Church comes when we out of our love for Him choose to obey His Word. It is His Law and commandments we must once again learn in order to be empowered to fulfill our calling. The Instructions of Yahweh especially those first five books written by the finger of Yahweh Elohim are the power source for the Body of Messiah. (Deuteronomy 9) “The Law” as we read it does not mean what most Greco-Roman indoctrinated people today thinks it means, but in actuality it translates to “The Loving Instructions of The Father.”

His Law is not a burden but rather the only source of blessings that comes with clear and easy to understand instructions on how to receive and fulfill it. How could any pastor or professor say that Jesus came to do away with The Loving Instructions of The Father? He told us that if we have seen Him (Jesus), we have seen The Father; their ways will never be in contradiction or at odds. (John 14) How could we, fleshly people, claim Paul advocated for disobedience to and dismissal of the doctrines of the Messiah who instructed him? Jesus walked with absolute authority on this earth because His identity was secured in His obedience to Yahweh’s Instructions found in His Torah, The Prophets, and The Writings.

If Christians claim to be imitators of Jesus, then why don't they do as He did? Why don't they keep the Biblical Feasts and Sabbaths, eat what Yahweh said to eat and live as He lived? We know throughout His life He perfectly kept the commandments of the Torah, which brought a blessing that Satan himself could not take from Him. Why would we not want to be like Him or His disciples who were like Him when they obeyed Him?

The cure for the cancer infecting the church is in being set apart (holy) like He is holy. Our Church should look like the Torah-obeying Jesus, the perfect Israelite, and not like this tainted and corrupt world, like gaudily dressed bishops, or like white collared priests. We – all of us who follow His ways – are called to be *peculiar* people, a royal priesthood that is dedicated wholly unto the King. (1Peter 2) We should be set apart, holy unto Him, not wholly of the world.

We will look like Him when we follow His Ways, when we learn His Word and obey it. We – like the Israelites of Judges – must go through the pains of captivity and slavery under destructive judgments until we learn the same lesson as they did. They had to learn that Yahweh Elohim alone was their King. Obedience to His Loving Instructions brought them the blessings of living in peace, of healthy children, of material providence, of deliverance from persecutions, and eternal springs of hope. The Church must go through the book of Judges before we can ever hope to go through the Book of Acts. Once we submit ourselves to the kingship of Jesus and obey Him, then we will have the power to raise the dead, and to walk in the prosperity of the blessings of Deuteronomy 28 and not the curses.

In that day, we will have the power to tread down lions and scorpions, and to walk in the valley of the shadow of death and not be afraid because obedience to Yahweh builds an impenetrable shield of protection around a person that no technological, mechanical or spiritual enemy can stand against. The reason the looked over shepherd boy stood against the demonized Nephilim giant Goliath, while all the rest of Israel's

warriors hid in the rocks like the cowards they were, was because David knew who he was.

David was a man after Yahweh's own heart because on David's heart was written The Torah. The Instructions of Yahweh had circumcised the foreskin of David's heart, and David's first love was for The Instructions of Yahweh. I beg you to read Psalms 1 and 119; read it and be an imitator of The Scripture, not a hearer only. David's freedom, courage, and boldness came from his identity as a child of Yahweh.

Never before or since has Israel the people been so blessed as they were under the kingship of David. This perfect blessing will not return until The Torah who became flesh, Instruction obeying Son of God is forever enthroned. Even in the great and eternal reign of Jesus, we will keep the Biblical Feasts. No one will enter His New Jerusalem except through one of the gates of the 12 tribes; which tribe we become will be His to decide, but all of us must become Israelites, by birth or by belief. Why not learn His Way now before we do it with Him forever? What if we prepared ourselves for eternity with the Perfect One instead of waiting for it to be our great escape from misery and monotony?

Yahweh told us where His blessings come from and we need to read and obey the whole Bible – even the parts we've disobeyed and ignored throughout our lives. Blessings, safety, and peace come from obedience, not from your manipulated tithe, not from your "name it and claim it", not from your seed faith, not from the anointing oils, holy water, or Babylonian ritual Rosary Beads, but from surrender. Our offerings to the Holy God should be our holiness, our set-apartness, our willingness to look more like Yahweh and Jesus than like this world.

Do you know why those who have persecuted the real followers of The Way never had any trouble finding them to put them in the Coliseum or to light as torches at night? Do you know why the real body of Messiah can be rounded up when obeying Messiah is outlawed, like when the Roman Catholic Church made it an executable offense to observe The Sabbath

or celebrate the Biblical feasts? It is because The Remnant look like Daniel who still bowed to Yahweh alone when the laws of the nation said it was illegal. They do not hide from the light of examination as those who walk in darkness do.

It is because they looked nothing like the pagans worshiping Saturnalia or Christmas, knowing it was not even Jesus's birthday. They did not eat pork in honor of Tammuz on Ishtar's (Easter) day when we know Messiah was slain and resurrected during Passover and First Fruits. They were not working on the Sabbath but were gathering together, fellowshipping, and studying His Whole Testament. They were keeping The Feasts of Yahweh, not the pagan holy days of the world repackaged by The Universal (Catholic) Church to help pagans feel comfortable with their pantheistic "Christianity."

The true church is not a building but a body of people who are lovers of The Way, The Truth, and The Life, Jesus of Nazareth, and who seeking to walk on His narrow Torah-observant path. They have lost friends and family, farms and fortunes because they forsook the broad way of the world (which includes religions too) and followed their Teacher Jesus instead.

They were hated by the world for His Name's sake. We are not hated by this world because we do not love Jesus. I know many of you are screaming with internal conversations about what I just said, but please hear me: we who call ourselves Christians do not love Jesus, not The Way He told us to. As Jesus commanded us, so too we must all obey: "If you love me, keep My Commandments." (John 14:15-31, 15:10, Matt. 5:19, 1 John 2:3, 5:3, 2 John 1:6) There was no new testament when He said it, and He meant it then, and He still means it now. Obedience is how we show Him we love Him. We cannot have a love-filled faith without works, and our works of righteousness are outlined in The Instructions, which start in Genesis.

This is not about salvation; keeping the commandments does not save you, but once you believe on His Name by faith through grace and mercy you can become saved on the day of your judgment. Now it's time you learn His Commandments so

you can be like Him. Don't you want the power to walk on water and deliver a man possessed by thousands of demons? Don't you want to be able to stand before a hurricane and command it to be still? What would it feel like to walk into a children's hospital and heal every single patient in that place? Do you not want to bless the little food you have and see it multiplied and fed to tens of thousands? What would this world look like if we did not fear the convicts, parolees, and felons or the homeless, and the prostitutes but boldly stepped into their fringe worlds and shared Messiah's hope with them? What could this world look like if we repented for our failures to the freaks, the misfits, and rebels who rage against God?

What would this world look like if the poor, the fatherless, and the widows in our congregations never had to go on food stamps or government benefits, but instead we provided them all they needed? What if instead of debt-laden church buildings and pastors' student loans soaking up the tithe, we met in our houses, apartments, or parks and each week our tithes went towards paying off one family's debts, medical bills, or high-interest loans, and then the next, and the next?

What if we were not dependent on our jobs but were the innovators, the entrepreneurs, and creators of income instead of being dependent on our task masters every paycheck? What if we cashed out our 401k accounts, stocks, retirement plans, and purchased human slaves and gave them freedom instead? Hear me: retirement from Kingdom work on a padded golf course or elite country club is not biblical; it's worldly and wicked. Forsake your flesh and get in the game of life. There is no retiring from working in The Kingdom of Heaven because many are the needs and great is the harvest awaiting its workers.

Men are dying today while you look at your investment portfolio and hope to be able to have enough money to spend on yourself and on your family until you die. Babies are screaming in the darkness, abandoned by mothers who have to work the truck stops of your very town just to survive; you could be

the one paying her rent and groceries instead of the greasy ten dollar bills earned in the shadows. Netflix binges will never satisfy you like buying a hungry man a meal or giving him the spare room in your basement. The Way of Messiah is all about our little becoming much, our faith and obedience becoming a brilliant beacon of hope.

What if we walked into the pagan temples, or those Gnostic realms of deceit and called out their devoted practitioners and challenged them to call upon their gods while we called upon Yahweh Elohim and fire consumed our offering and drove the people to repentance as in the days of Elijah in 1 Kings 18? What if we could finally be entrusted with the power of Yahweh and His prophets who called the people back to obeying and worshiping Yahweh The Way He instructed us to? What if we raised the dead at funerals and walked into fiery furnaces of public mocking's and familial hatred? We can and we will.

In that day when The Remnant of Jesus leave the powerless church and become part of His faith-filled vine, I assure you of this: the world will know where the children of The Most High God are. They would not have to wonder if you were a believer in Messiah. They would not have to see your Facebook “religion” description to know. No, they would see our good deeds and praise our Father in heaven. It would draw so many who have longed for salt and light, who have longed for freedom, power, and hope. The few who follow The Way would shine brighter than ten thousand dead churches with their filled up pews.

But those who would not praise our Father would hate us as He promised us they would. Then they could come for us and throw us in their pits and demand us to be silent as we convicted them of their sins, called them to turn from their former ways, and showed kindness to the wounded and gentleness to the weak and weary. In that day we would be set apart, we would be holy unto Jesus Christ, The Savior of the world. We would walk in authority; The Kingdom of God would walk with us because it would be flourishing within our hearts and

overflowing into the lives of this world. The world would know that we walked in an abundance of salty truth with power-filled grace to obey and surrender to The Ways we have learned.

The Father never desired a temple built by pagans with its masonic twin pillars, cornerstone, and fixed location men did. In The Wilderness, He commanded His people to build for Him a tabernacle of skin. A Yurt like tabernacle of animal skins that moved where He moved, which lived and moved and breathed. The True Tabernacle of Yahweh will never be built up my manipulated men in Jerusalem on a desecrated mount because the New Tabernacle for His Spirit is in our hearts. We are to be The Tabernacle of Yahweh so the Kingdom of God can have skin on and be the living, active Body of Messiah on this earthly realm.

Once we fully surrender to His explosive story of redemption we would not look like the false religions of the world, even those that claim Christ as their cornerstone. We would be the living stones of Jesus, who do greater things than even He did while on this earth. The Spirit of Truth would abide in us as The All-Consuming Fire used to abide with the Israelites in the wilderness. It would testify to all the nations: “Here are the people of Yahweh.”

Then The Families and Chosen Ones would see. Then they would know that the true bloodline of authority and kingship does not course through their veins, and it is not found in their genealogies; even you who think you carry the seed of Christ, you have been deceived. You “King Fishers” have preserved not the blood of The Redeemer in your bloodlines but that of a deceiver. You have been beguiled, played by the masquerading spirits that led our fathers astray before The Rebels’ tower fell. The real power to rule is in the mighty right hand of Messiah. He is the one who will rule the earth forever, not your chosen one. The Rider on the white horse is coming with His great armies, and the earth will rock and sway under His glory and fury. The crowned and conquering child king you hold so dear will be crushed beneath His once pierced feet.



## Chapter Twenty Five

# The Inner Worlds

What is it like being married to a man of many? What is it like when we are back home and going about our daily lives? It is not what you think.

The process of healing and restoration can look very different from what most would imagine. I spent six years of my life wondering what it would be like to just be me, to be naked and unashamed, to know the feeling of unconditional love. What is it like to wake up and be able to be whomever you wanted to be, unhindered by handlers and manipulators? It was joyful beyond measure, overwhelming, and heart-wrenching agony.

Some days were better than others. The first nine months of my deepest healing were the worst. They were plunged into the depths of chaos looking for lost pieces of my shattered soul. I needed time to heal; I needed to experience lifetimes of comfort and gentleness. I needed to know I would not be condemned for what I'd done to survive, the things I'd been made to do and were done to me. Chelsea along with a biblically gifted and spiritually discerning counselor helped to ensure these were offered to me. With that being said I need to make sure to take a moment to discuss therapists and counselors for Survivors of trauma or survivors of "normal" life.

There is a quagmire of problems infesting counselors and therapists especially those who are “Christian.” The unfortunate truth is that most of them have been indoctrinated into worldly, unbiblical, but profitable methods of counseling, psychiatric and symptom management and treatments protocols. The primary and biggest thing to guard against when you are looking for a counselor is to test what their true doctrines and approaches are.

For example in no way do I support any memory retrieval techniques such as hypnotism, past life regression, or even guided imagery like many schools of theophostic and New Age infiltrated counselors teach. In no way should individuals go about astral projecting into the second heavenly realms and dimensions to do battles or find fragments and personalities. The Captain of The Heavenly Host is more then capable to do this work as we pray and agree with His will. Furthermore, there is no need to try to have SRA/DID clients imagine new things or go after memories while in dissociative states, let alone under the control of other potential handlers or manipulators. Unfortunately, this happens with regularity. Many handlers and cult loyal therapists under the guise of “Christian Counselors” will reprogram Survivors to go back to their abusers; perpetrators or worse still get them to re-engage in ritual majik and the opening of further spiritual doors to The Enemy.

It is critical to learn how to allow The Wonderful Counselor and His Living Word to do the real work to test the spirits (1 John) and walk in truth. However there can and are some, though not many, quality and trustworthy counselors out there who are gifted and disciplined in their understanding of The Word and this complex issue. They are faithfully and humbly ministering and working to see the restoration and deliverance of SRA/DID.

It is critical to test the fruits of these counselors or teachers’ doctrines and approaches before you just jump in. More often then not the more secularly educated or New Apostolic Reformation indoctrinated they are they tend to have

the greatest hindrance to following truly Biblical approaches to healing and restoration. This is why each of us must learn to trust Yahweh's written Scriptures and His Set-Apart Spirit is a better guide to our inner healing than any fleshly being could hope to be. If you are in need of another to help you along in this I know He is faithful to help provide them to all who have need. That being said, the vast majority of my healing and those of most Survivors is not done through outside counselors but through faithful yielding to His restorative work. Much of this ground work is critical to set up a better understanding for the methods of healing and redemption of past bondages and wounds I will now discuss.

When Survivors believe it is safe to let your other parts or personalities come out or come up and experience the world the real healing can begin. Coming up to the surface gives the personality body time where they can experience the world in a different way from what they've known. It is a time of great vulnerability, and often there is a tremendous amount of fear, confusion, and insecurity. More often than not, the last time they'd experienced life, it had been so horrific that they had to shatter their soul. As such, their understanding of reality was locked up in shattered lenses of pain, suffering or terror. The Little who was coming up was in need of healing. Every day we would pray and ask The Holy Spirit to show us anything we needed to see to be set free, but we also prayed that He would buffer the pain, emotions or flooding to not cause us further trauma.

These parts or as I like to call them, "Littles," are often fragments and pieces of my soul that were shattered off during a moment of such insurmountable pain the only way to survive was to split off so the rest of our soul could go on living. They are the Littles who stood in the face of torture and volunteered to take the pain, the beatings, or the killings. They endured death time and time again. If not for them, surely I could not have survived a single moment of madness.

Dissociation is a miraculous gift from God that allows us to survive things no being should have to endure. It is our way of living when all others would perish. It is not supposed to be permanent or an identity we continue to seek to embrace, but rather a way to endure and then heal when we can.

The pain the Littles carry can be brutal and is often physically debilitating. Our bodies were not made to endure so many traumas. Our bodies carry the pain or the marks of abuse until that trauma pocket or neural network is able to share the load and release the pain. Many days I would wake up in the morning with excruciating lower back pain. The pain was so severe I could not stand; I would crawl around instead on my hands and knees, trying to be a helper to Chelsea and Naomi but just being a mess. My body needed to connect to the pain so that my soul and spirit could deal with the reality of what we went through.

Once I felt truly safe and I was able to either meet with my counselor or sit down and write, I could allow the Littles up and let them speak. Sometimes I would be co-conscious and present as the other personality shared their story, the memory, or the reason for their hurt. Other times a full switch would happen, and another personality would be in the driver's seat. We did not allow any portion of our personality body time unless it had surrendered to the will of God and renounced its service to The Enemy. I was not about to let my body be used as a tool for The Wicked One; however, I was going to let healing be done according to The Holy Spirit.

The Little often needed to describe the moment they split, the ritual they were partakers of, or the physical abuse they'd survived. They would share their memory and found that they would not be condemned. Not by Chelsea, my counselor, or by The Deliverer. So much of the healing would come when we discovered the source of the lie that had caused them to split or prevented them from getting healed. It was most often associated with guilt or shame or fear that Jesus would condemn us, our wife would leave us, or retribution would come for speaking The Secrets.

Commonly, an identity crisis would occur internally as our Little had come into agreement with a false identity, such as murderer, filthy, cursed, or hated. The power of healing flooded into our hearts as we combated these lies with The Sword of The Spirit, which is the Word of Yahweh. We needed truth to counter the lies about ourselves – His Word is Truth – and once we surrendered to this, we could find freedom. This was the literal reading of The Scriptures to counter the specific lies we'd come into agreement with.

Once our Little would find forgiveness, for themselves or even later for their abusers and targets, we would be free to lay our burdens, doubts, and fears at Messiah's feet. We would cleanse out any demonic elements that may have mingled with this portion of our personality and cleanse the internal space with The Scriptures, and then ask for a filling of the emptied space with The Holy Spirit. There can be no vacuum in our souls or in this world; something will always take its place. When you bind up the unclean spirits or cleanse out an area, you must also fill it back up with The Holy Spirit and allow His redemptive work to be done. (Matt. 12:43-45, Luke 11:23-26)

This healing and restoration can happen in two places at once. It is sometimes marked on the outside, as we need to weep and cry or have a cat purring on our lap. Other times we are not entirely aware of the internal healing that is occurring; instead, The Holy Spirit is allowing portions of our soul to see what is happening and show us the blessings of peace, safety, and refuge we now live in.

Chelsea would see us typing away, our fingers on the keys as we let these Littles share the suffering that split their soul. We would have to take a break to crawl under the table and sob hysterically, grieving the death of someone whose name we never learned. Or we would head out to the backyard to let the anger boil over while we pulled weeds, smashed a stick into a tire, or dug a hole only to refill it. Other times we needed to head up into the mountains and hike with our dog, seeing there were still beauties of this world to be explored.

The agony once so strong it split our soul would come roaring to the surface buffered only enough to prevent us from further trauma but not enough to cause us to remain distant from the pain. We had lived through impossible things – horrible things – that left a devastating mark on our soul. It is essential to touch that pain, fear, or fury even if only for a moment in order to let your Little know that you too have felt their hurt, their betrayal, and their despair. We would then surrender that pain and burden to the Messiah, finding He would give us a new hope and purpose instead.

There are moments that define each of us. Moments in life that are so monumental, so pivotal that they can shift our focus from the present to a time lost in the past. It's like a hyper reality, so intense and focused that the monotony of our life fades into oblivion and this moment shines brightly against the greys of our day-to-day. Such a moment could be when we stand in front of our family as we walk across the stage and receive a diploma we'd worked years to achieve, or when we feel the weight of relief when our child resurfaces after we thought he'd drown, or the moment a truck backs over our favorite childhood pet and leaves us weeping in our mother's arms, or when we see our mother throw her wedding ring back in our father's face.

These moments of delight and moments of crumpled hope become pebbles of remembering on this journey of life. They mark our souls, and for those who have used dissociation to survive, they become us. They become the shattered pieces of the puzzle that once was a whole soul. To heal, we may need to step back into that memory and see it from The Father's perspective to be given understanding, purpose, identity, or a new job. Out of the pain can come freedom, meaning, and relief.

I am going to do something I had been so afraid to do. I am going to open up a few of the pages of the journal from my first year of healing. It will paint the canvas with harsh reality and with the strokes of salvation to a nine-year-old boy and a twenty-eight-year-old man.

## Chapter Twenty Six

# The Dodge Viper

His name was Danny, and he gave me a toy car. It was a 1997 Dodge Viper GTS. It was my favorite car and I don't know how he knew it, but he gave it to me while we walked into the forest on our way to The Grove. He slipped it into my hand as he brushed by me.

I saw him on the bus on the way to school the previous week; he talked to me about my violin and said he wanted to play the cello but wasn't allowed to. I said I was sorry but if he wanted to, I would teach him the violin, and he could use mine. He started shaking when I said that; I don't think anyone had ever been that nice to him. He had black under his eyes; I knew the things he saw at night that kept him from ever finding rest.

"Why would you do that?" he asked me. "I like helping people do things they really want to do." He looked confused again and said, "But I don't know you and what if I broke your violin." I thought for a second and told him, "My name is Nate, so now you know me, and if you break it, it's ok. I'll tell my parents I fell getting off the bus; they'll be mad, but that's ok." He didn't say anything for a while; I was scared I'd made him mad because I told him I would lie. "My name is Danny. My

dad won't let me play in the orchestra; he says I have to play football and get angry. I like classical music and want to play Bach. But I don't know what it takes to get a cello to sing like that."

I opened up my case and took out my violin. I showed him the stickers under the strings and explained to him how I learned. I told him, "this is my bow; it's made of horsehair." I pulled out the wood-lined rosin from its felt-like cubby and let him rub it on the bow. His lips parted with a broad smile and he started to laugh. I said to him, "It's my favorite thing to do in the mornings when I get on the bus. You can sit with me if you want to and I'll let you do it instead."

He said, "That's nice of you but I can't. My dad is going to be taking me on a trip next week, and I don't know when I'll be back. He says we have to go to my uncle's house again to see my new cousin. I think she's too little to remember, but it doesn't matter."

Sue, the bus driver yelled at a boy who was standing up as the bus had not come to a complete stop. When it finally did, we started standing up. "Thanks for sitting by me, Danny. I hope to see you tomorrow." He nodded his head and smiled really big. "Thanks for letting me rosin your bow. I will try to get on the early bus if my sister doesn't drive me." He walked down the aisle as I put my violin back.

Two days later, I saw him walking towards The Grove, and my heart fell; I was so scared. I didn't want him to be at this defiled space in the forest. I hated these places they took us to, and I hoped he would not have to see me on the portable altar where I had been the previous week. Winter solstice was coming, and I was so scared.

He nodded at me as we started to walk in; he jogged over like he was going to run past me, but slowed down just before he did.

He said in a whisper, “I got this for you last night at Wal-Mart. Put it in your pocket and don’t pull it out till you get home tonight.”

I felt the touch of cold metal and plastic but slipped it straight into my pocket. I was scared it would fall out when they made me take my clothes off and put on my robe, but it didn’t. I felt it on my leg when I put my clothes back on later. I was so scared my master would see me smile, so I looked down at the ground.

...I will spare you the full details, which shattered my soul and Danny’s with it. I do this not for your sake but for his and to let her death not be wasted on keystrokes and ink. They killed his mother that night in The Grove, in twisted and terrible ways in front of his eyes and my own...

I give you a cautionary warning: the next paragraph is not pretty, but it is necessary. I left many pages of details out of this book, but a simple paragraph of questions from this moment says more than enough. It is the reality of these questions that disintegrate a soul, pulverizing it into dust. It is the surface level details of The Underworld where children are forced into the impossible world of cannibalism, murder, and black tomes of The Ancient Ones. To those who may be triggered, you can pass over this next paragraph and move on. These words are for those who never got an option to pass over the details of misery, violence, and death. There is even hope for healing from secrets as dark as these.

\* \* \*

*“What song do they play at your friend’s funeral? What do you do when the funeral was nothing more than monsters cleaning up their mess? What do you do when you have to watch them shovel pieces of the body of your friend’s mother into construction grade black trash bags that are thrown over shoulders, while the rest of the coven walk away in silence, stomachs freshly filled with her blood and flesh? Later burials will be in bathrooms, trashcans, or sinks where they will vomit her out into toilets, or on the side of the road. Will they burn her at The Family’s veterinarian’s office crematorium or in the funeral home’s incinerator, or just dump her*

*in an unmarked pit dug by desensitized drones? Will they leave her in a car parked twenty miles in the middle of the desert with its windows cracked enough to let the bugs in to do the work but keep the scavenging critters out? Will they shovel her ashes down the drain or scatter them into the winds of forgotten dreams?"*

The questions pummeled my mind as we slipped into the robotic march up the trail. I didn't move on the way home, afraid they would see I had the slightest sense of hope. I was dropped off outside my parent's house and slipped in through the window to my room. Bowser, my black lab, heard me come home and got excited but I told him, "be quiet," and he went back into his Dogloo. I had a step stool I kept outside my room but brought it in with me. The house was silent; no one ever listened to what happened in my room. I waited a while before I got into my jammies.

No one moved or stirred, so I thought I was safe, and I slipped into my closet and hid behind the clothes just in case. I reached into my pocket and pulled it out. It was a Dodge Viper painted sparkly blue with two white racing stripes. It was sleek, gorgeous, and brand new; I could tell the wheels had never gone on the dirt or a track. I was so thankful; I had never been given such an excellent gift. It was my favorite car, but no one in my Family paid attention to things like this. I would get things I didn't want for Christmas and my birthday as a way of getting my hopes up before shattering them again. But not this time; Danny got me the perfect gift, and it would get me through the winter solstice the following week. I would remember it when I was on the altar, and the master was on my back.

I would remember that my little car would be back at home in the hiding spot I made inside my bed frame. I'd hollowed out a tiny space with a hammer, awl, and chisel under the bedpost near my head. I hid it in there every morning, but I never pulled it out except when everyone was sleeping. I didn't want my dad to see something I liked that he might take "until I behave." He never did.

In the quiet of the night I would slide it up and down my bed and on my arm. It was so smooth; not damaged by the desecrated dirt. A three-dollar car kept me breathing; I loved it because I knew it was a perfect gift. Danny saved my life, and I wanted to tell him “thank you.” I don’t know what happened to him; he never came back from his trip. I wanted to teach him the violin and watch him play Bach. I thought about stealing a cello from the practice room, but it was too big for me to get onto the bus without Sue ratting me out. I looked over at the cello every morning and watched Anne play it, and I thought of Danny. Nate didn’t know why we loved that cello but we thought of Danny and we wanted him to play it instead of her; she wasn’t terrific anyways. Danny would have been so much better, but we don’t know where he went.

We shift from the external memory to the view of our Little’s internal world. The door to our inner heart exploded open last week when we heard Brian Crain play A Walk in The Forest on cello and piano. Nate was dancing with his daughter in his arms, and Chelsea was laughing and swinging too. She giggled with us both, and we began to weep. The Holy Spirit brought us up then to see it. It was the first thing I’d ever seen since that night when Danny watched his mother die while I was shattering off a piece of my soul to survive the madness. The Lord let us come up and hear Naomi Grace, the Pleasantness of Yahweh, our undeserved favor, laugh and laugh. Oh, how we wept tears of joy and peace. My God, we’d never known a heart could feel so much joy. Who knew there could be relief like I was experiencing? Who could have known such wonders existed in this cruel world. What a miracle, what a gift this is.

It healed us in a moment in ways I cannot express. The Most High God knew exactly what we needed to get set free. We required joy, not sorrow or death. Back in our inner room, He loosed forth the angels who scattered the night; they drove out the darkness buried in every corner. They bound up the wicked ones and threw them into a heap at The Angel of the Lord’s pierced feet. We saw them tremble and shake; we saw terror in their eyes. **THEY WERE AFRAID! THEY WERE TERRIFIED!**

We sat and watched them weep and wail, begging for mercy and receiving none. Their sentence was severe; they went out screaming, "Too much is this punishment; this is not just." Their mouths were stuffed with rags as the angels left to carry out their sentence. Fire shall consume them every morning, and ice at night. They shall be disquieted and contorted in piles and heaps, and in filthy rags will they wander in the outer darkness until The Day of Judgment comes.

My Littles ran to Him first; they were dressed in rags; some were naked under robes while others wore only their birthday suits. Blood was caked onto their shoulders, backs, and butts. Messiah Himself washed them, He wept over them, and His tears made them clean. The only begotten Son of God cleansed them, and their broken hearts were made whole. They didn't have to walk in shame; they were born again in freedom, and finally, they knew no pain. He took their wounds and showed them His own. He showed us His mutilated back, neck, wrists, and arms. They had beaten Him mercilessly in ways we could not fathom. They tore the flesh from His body and with it His soul. They tore it asunder not just with whips and sticks but with the sin, guilt, and shame we were carrying.

He let us touch the flesh and feel it all. He showed us His side and told us He was pierced for us all. He said He paid for our sins and carried our shame. He said we didn't have to fear the master's hands anymore. He had broken their backs, and they were never the same. They were His to deal with now, and we knew His Name was Justice. All vengeance was His, and we knew it would be severe. We heard those devils wailing and nearly pitied them.

He looked at me as I watched this all and said, "Come here, my son." I walked over with my eyes on the ground, not wanting to let my tears or nakedness be seen. I was so ashamed, and soon I tripped on the shackles that were wrapped around my feet. I fell into the dirt and began to tremble. He breathed out a single word, and everything changed.

**“Peace.”**

I felt a waterfall erupt above me and fall onto my shoulders. It fell from the roof of our heart and tore the madness apart. It was living water of light, and it washed away the darkness, bloody soil, and filth. It washed us new, and soon we could feel the warmth of sunlight on our skin, and we opened our eyes.

Our internal room, once a grotto in the forest of death, had become a farm of peace where they grew hope, love, and joy. We saw trees of patience growing tall, and the fruit of kindness fell ripe onto the warm ground, its seed sinking into the freshly tilled fertilized soil where it sprouted even more. Joy was springing up from a well in the corner, a river of life flowed from the throne above this all. He who sat on it is The Lamb Who Was Slain. He is The Redeemer Jesus, The Christ, The Savior of the World, Savior of even the Little piece of our inner world.

He turned our fields of filth into furrows of faith. He planted a vineyard, which spread out beyond our vision. He came down from His throne and picked me up. My shackles were lost in waters that took away our shame. He carried me to the base of the tree where He set me down. My feet were still not used to walking on such purity or hope. Kindness was unfamiliar to us, and we knew it would take us some time to learn. He sat down next to me, dirtying His majestic robe. He scooped up the soil and set it in our hands.

He said, “This is for you, my son. I give it to you freely. I made you for this moment, not the one you were conceived in. I made you for kindness, grace, and hope. Look into your hands.”

The soil had turned to seeds of faith, hope, and love. He said, “I made you to sow them into the hearts of my people, the ones who are trapped in rooms like these.” We could see that one of the seeds was set apart. He said, “Do you see this one?” Holding the brilliant seed up to the light, I nodded yes. “This one is kindness. Do you know where it came from?” I told him no. His eyes grew wide as a smile spread upon His face,

“It came from Danny and that little blue car. You grew this seed, Nathan, so long ago. You sprouted it when you were a child, not even ten years old. You planted this seed in Danny’s heart that morning on the bus.

He asked his sister to drive him to Wal-Mart the next morning, and she did. He took the money he’d been saving for a video game and bought this instead.” He held up our little car and set it in our hand. “That seed you planted grew in his heart, and it bore a pure fruit of kindness which he gave right back to you. That tree is still thriving today, and I will reunite you with Danny, this I promise. He does play the cello now, and he is spectacular. He brings tears to My eyes when he sings out the chorus and shouts its melody. It is a sweet fragrance, one I so delight in. You will get to hear him play for you and you will weep together. Because I am faithful, Nathan, and I have never left you. I never left you alone to wither and rot. I do not leave my gardens unattended even though The Serpent told you otherwise. I am not one who is far off and forgotten; I am The God of Comfort, and my Word is Truth.

“Hear me now and listen: nothing will stop the things I came to do. I came to set the captives free and to bind up the broken-hearted. I am not afraid of your brokenness; I let them shatter me to pieces. I allowed them to beat me on the whipping post. Do you know I took their beatings and refused to resist or flee? It is because I saw Danny and you in that grove wanting to vomit and die. I knew you would need someone who could understand your sorrow and shame. I became shame for many including you, Nathan, and for Danny, so you wouldn’t have to stay in that awful place.”

“I knew Danny would need someone to come alongside him and help his fingers find the notes. I knew he would need the rosin on his bow. You were the rosin, Nathan, and I was the bow; he will play before my Heavenly Throne forever, and you will marvel and dance with your daughter and wife. You will lift up praises with my angels, and we will laugh together; because I am Redemption and My Word is true. You can trust me always,

Nathan, no matter what you went through. I am Salvation, and I came back for you. I refused to stay with My Father but left Him and took on flesh, needing to suffer these things for you and the others whose hearts are broken, tattered, and covered in scars. I wanted to, and I would do it a thousand times over even if it was just to rescue you two.”

“Your hearts are still beating, and now they beat with mine. Walk in freedom, my son, and lift up your notes of praise before me, for I drink them in with delight. You are my beloved son, and I fight for you now. You do not need to fear those masters’ hands because they are broken and overlooked, and I will grind them into dust; they will be scattered into the lake of fire and forgotten by all. You will dwell richly on pastures of peace by streams of living water forever, and none will take my gifts from you. They are freely given to you; may you receive them all now.”

We held onto him for hours, and as we wept and told him our hurts, His tears fell in buckets on us, washing away the years of sorrow, screaming, and death. He took our burdens, every one we had. He held them all on that cursed tree and let us have His robes of righteousness instead; a great exchange of His life for our death, a true story of salvation and grace. “I thank you, Father Yahweh, for saving us today.”



## Chapter Twenty Seven

# Secreted Away

I typed out those words just a few days after standing in our living room, listening to that song with Chelsea and Naomi. I had felt the flooding of emotion, the overwhelming sorrow and grief. Chelsea saw me on the ground, crying hysterically that night and then when I wrote down the healing session. She heard me scream and groan with the agony of memories so vivid and real they crashed through my consciousness and invaded my outer world. I wrote those words and the other ten pages of that memory which I've left out. The details are so brutal they tear the fabric of reality and wrench out your soul. This book is not for those words; this book is not to defile you with a Survivor's maddening past but to point those who are looking towards the path to restoration.

After I'd finished writing those words, The Father gave me a miracle and brought to memory where I'd hidden our Dodge Viper. I ran downstairs and began shuffling boxes around. Nathan had buried many of our keepsakes when he'd gone through the "Switch", but thankfully I knew it would be there. It took me twenty minutes, but eventually, I found the stained oak box. I did not get back my childhood possessions or things from my room; those were lost when I left The Family

and chose freedom instead. So many of the treasures I'd once held dear were trapped in their hands, but Yahweh had preserved this one for me.

Keepsake box in hand, I pressed on the lever and opened up the secret compartment. As I'd grown up, I became more sophisticated at hiding my treasures and learned how to build false bottoms into trinkets so no one could steal away our joy. Pulling back the panel, I saw it there, as shiny as on the day Danny gave it to me was our blue car. I touched the paint, the metal, and the two white lines. I slid its wheels on my arm and felt familiar memories of laughter and peace.

I shed tears decades in the making. I opened up the flood-gates, and the rivers of my soul let loose their sorrow mingled with relief. Of all the things He could have preserved for me, He chose the best. In the curled knuckles of my scar-covered hands was His miracle of life among all the death. It was hope so tangible, The Redeemer at His best.



For the day you read this, Danny, know that I've never forgotten you, your mother, or the kind thing you did. You saved my life in that winter of death when I was nine years old. You saved it again decades later when that little blue car showed me Yahweh's providence. He is our provider no matter what we go through, be it mothers murdered in front of us or

the loss of a spouse. He alone can shine a light of hope upon our days of darkness. He alone can rescue us from the pock marked memories of madness and loneliness. He is our rescuer, and He is always faithful. Even when I was in that grove, He gave me the strength to survive. No matter what your grove is, He can give you hope that defies logic and conquers death.

Before we can conquer those groves or the Enemy who stalks us in the darkness, we are going to have to come to grips with the battle we were all born into. We are going to have to learn the ways of war.



## Chapter Twenty Eight

# Paying the Final Price

How much does it cost to speak the truth? How much would you pay to know the truth about life, about death, or the way the world works? What would you be willing to give up to know with absolute certainty you've found true reality? Many say they want the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, but when shown the cost and the consequences of knowing the truth, they choose to flee. Speaking The Secrets of my Family cost me more than I thought I would have to pay: it cost me jobs, physical and financial wellness, friends, family, rest, and too many material things. What I gained, though, was my immortal soul and the freedom of sleeping in peace. The retribution of The Enemy increased to a roar during the first year of Naomi's life. It was brutal beyond measure, but amidst this season Chelsea and I found the inexpressible joys of learning how to live in truth at the cost of the lies.

I wish I could articulate the frenzy of attacks we encountered during that season, but words are too weak to carry the burdens of sorrows we endured. How do you explain to someone the hurts of a broken heart? How do you comfort your wife when she has to read Family Crafted lies spoken about you time and time again? How do you wage war when you are the one

bleeding and screaming in the bathroom, too agonized to walk? The war waged against us nearly every day and night. Some days were good: peace would invade our home and settle upon us in waves of relief. Other days the Enemy would slam into us with a ferocity that threatened to tear us apart.

Leaving the Families and betraying the Brotherhoods brings its retribution, one I'd embodied far too many times. We had come to know The Captain of The Heavenly Hosts could overcome those whose hands now carry the blades, bullets, poisons, and digital threats. The outright attacks on us had died down after severing our communication methods, but the covert spiritual battle had only begun.

It would come when severe spiritual oppression would invade our home: icy cold presences would manifest, lights would be turned on and off throughout the night, objects would be thrown around the room as dread fell upon us in waves. The reason for the drop in temperature often associated with spiritual manifestations of the darker kind is because when one of these entities comes into our realm, it does so through dimensional doorways.

Remember that The Kingdom of Darkness requires fuel to operate, and the fuel source most available during manifestations is the atmosphere in the room or the negative emotions that are invoked in their targets by their appearance. These manifestations will bring with them a clouding of the mind like a brain fog, fatigue, headaches, or even nausea, which slows your thinking and your reaction time, and hinders your ability to perceive what is going on. The emotions which will likely surface will be things like dread, fleshly cravings, doubt, irritability, rage, hopelessness, and fear. It is often better to understand these extra-dimensional entities as spiritual vampires who feast upon their host's will, essence, and life.

The counter to this attack comes from the presence and authority of the Prince of Peace. The most effective defense and offense against extra-dimensional entities comes not from holy water, ritualistic exorcism, smart weapons, or magic but

through repentance of our sins, His strategic Living Word being read out loud, and worshipping in our obedience to His truth amidst those feelings and experiences. In a sense, this starves their fuel source and begins to weaken and break their power, enabling us by His authority to cast them into the Abyss or to the feet of Jesus, forbidding them from ever returning to us or those in our spheres of influence. It also comes from repentance and the asking of forgiveness for our sins and those sins which may have empowered this wicked one.

These are the fundamentals of spiritual warfare, and none of these things were foreign to Chelsea and me, as we had been contending with this type of attack for years. However, much of it amplified and exposed our own need to learn to take authority over The Enemy, read the Word of God out loud, and pray in agreement with His will for our life. It was critical not to give into the fears and the stealing of the peace we were finding in our new freedom. The peace we were gaining granted us newfound understanding, especially in regards to targeted prayers of repentance for familiar or ancestor sins and spirits.

This peace gave us the ability to start asking The Father to sever also any soul ties that united me with those I killed. These soul ties are generally only discussed in relation to former sexual partners, which need to be repented of. However, they are made not only through sexual union (an act of creating life) but also through taking life. Please see the resource section at the end of this book for an excellent guideline to aid you in this process.

Soul ties are created when there is destruction of a life and these soul ties need to be severed and this is done by repenting for the act of killing even if it was justified, legal, or defensible. By asking The Father to cleanse us of any ungodly soul ties made through this with The Blood of the Lamb, we will be freed from any spiritual repercussions of this union. If I had not done this, I do not believe there would be any way for me to find healing and restoration. So too do our combat veterans need to learn to pray in this way, as well as the counselors,

friends, and families of those who've been forced to end a life under any circumstance need to pray in this manner.

The attacks did not stay spiritual but stepped into our world when servants of The Family began to do ritual magic and curses on our property. We came home to find power cones of animal bones and ritual objects on our front patio, and at other times we would find massive pieces of animal fat buried in our garden, in the compost bin, and around the corners of our property. Specific animals used during blood sacrifice are defiled and charged with curses before pieces of them are buried in the ground – this is a ritual done to defile the land and break down the hedge of protection.

It was infuriating to know the lengths to which they were willing to go to come against us, and yet it was also a reminder that The Resurrected King has stripped The Enemy of his powers. Each time we would find the chunks of bone or other cursed objects, we would pray and ask The Father to forgive the sins committed that empower the evil spirits sent on assignment against us or the sins of those who were cursing and attacking us. We are commanded to pray for, bless and not curse our enemies, and there is so much power in choosing to forgive those that come against us and asking The Father to strip them of their occult power and to extinguish every curse lit against us.

This is what changes the world: bold belief backed prayer. Prayer even for our enemies. When we choose to forgive our enemies, it strips our true Enemy of his spiritual power over the righteous. We choose to ask The Father to bring to those who persecute us redemption, deliverance, and salvation. We can pray and ask Yahweh to deliver these people from their own bondages and to lead them to freedom in The Way. (Matt. 5:44)

I know most people will not have to worry about cannibalistic covens of serpent worshipers and Jesuit assassins being sent against you. I know most people do not have demonically charged letters showing up in your mailbox, but some of you do. It boils down to the following question: do either curses

or blessings spoken of throughout the Bible still apply today? (Exo. 20:1-26, Deut. 28, 30:19, Jer.17: 5-8, Mal. 3:10, Matt. 5) You can choose to try to dismiss this as another dispensation or epoch in time where “that stuff” no longer applies but it does. Curses still can be lit, rituals can and do empower dark workings that directly affect people, Christians and atheists alike. It is ignorance of this that fuels The Kingdom of Darkness to overcome the Body of Messiah every day.

The Kingdom of Darkness still has to abide by the spiritual laws Yahweh put in place and outlined in His Word. Satan is a title for The Accuser who legally stands upon the Laws of Yahweh when He accuses us and seeks to have legal right to come against us. (Genesis to Revelation, Job 1-3, Zech. 3) If we have sinned and transgressed God’s Instructions, it gives The Enemy a legal right to come against us. It does not matter if this sin was outlawed in the “Old or new Testament” legal right for The Adversary to accuse you is not dependent on man’s perception of its applicability to this season of time. There is no scripture where God ever says something He declared was a sin no longer is a sin. If Yahweh changed in any sense of expression, word, or declaration, He would cease to be The Perfect and Just God. (Num. 23:19, Micah 3:6, James 1:7)

This is why there’s so much power in repentance and in asking for forgiveness for even our secret sins: this renders those accusations powerless. However, if we continue to walk in willful, and proud disobedience, we allow the Enemy legal foothold to work against us, to send curses against us, which will be able to ignite and burn away our blessings. (Prov. 26:2, Num. 23:23) The truth that kept Chelsea, Naomi and I alive, and still does to this day is that obedience to God’s Loving Instructions is what brings about blessings and extinguishes curses.

Our loving obedience to His Ways gives us assurance of knowing the hedge of protection promised us will be strong and impenetrable. Chelsea and I in no uncertain way believe the reasons we are still alive is because we have learned to seek to cover any doors we have open to the Enemy with The Blood of

The Lamb. Through humility and doing our best to turn and go in a new direction of our life, we seek to close those doors so they can never be opened again. We seek to let The Scriptures circumcise our flesh and mark us as set-apart unto His ways.

The reason our heart still beats is that we began to walk in His ways and obey His Loving Instructions. Without The Father's mercy and faithfulness in honoring our loving attempts to follow Him, we would be dead. I know the breath in my lungs is a gift from Him. I know some people wake up every day devising ways to destroy my new family. I know the lion stalking in the darkness who seeks to steal, kill, and destroy the hope of life I've been given. (1 Peter 5:8) I decide to pray for those people; I choose to bless my enemies and not curse them. I pray they are brought to repentance, deliverance, and ultimately salvation. I choose to forgive those individuals for their murderous machinations and malice. I instead let the knowledge of this war drive me into studying my new weapons of warfare. Because of this, Chelsea and I have been able to learn a great deal about The War of the Ages we were all born into. It is from those experiences and our hunger to see you made ready for The War that we share this with you all.

In the months following our severing of ties with The Family, a more significant form of attack came against Chelsea and me. Most individuals will not suffer this type of engagement, but those of you who do, I hope you will know there is no weapon formed against you that will prosper. (Isaiah) When this type of attack came against us, we set about our usual ways of praying and interceding for deliverance, but it would not stop when we prayed and took authority over it in the name of Jesus. It didn't take long for us to learn what this was. These spirits coming against us were not demonic, nor were they devils or higher powers; rather these icy presences which would go into the house often appearing as shadowy creatures were human spirits called "astral projections" or "astrals".

In occult groups, individuals are taught by the aide of other spirits, meditative practices, as well as with altered states

of consciousness, how to separate their spirit from their body. It is a practice now widely taught and propagated in New Age and Eastern Arts circles as a way of going on “The Astral Planes or higher planes of consciousness.” Not every individual partaking in this knows they are utilizing deceptive spiritual powers to help them leave their body, while the spirit possesses your body as other spirits take them around on the astral planes. The place in which they go may appear as though it is filled with total unity, oneness and connectivity to it all. Yet another experiencer might be an intentional left hand practitioner guiding their way through The Planes with black majik bearing markers of death. The second heavens dimensional domain in which they travel is one that has been cut off as a protective and blessed gift until the time Yahweh’s restoration makes all things new.

The Planes are the dimensional battlegrounds where fallen ones are engaged with those righteous heavenly host, and it is not a place for mankind to dwell. Experiencers and practitioners regularly report angels of light possessing their body or an ascended master leading them to secret knowledge hidden in the libraries of Thoth. They are experiencing real events of travel through galaxies and other dimensions; however, the spirits will show them things that all too often are cloaked in deception, ensuring the doctrine and practice spreads. Those who do know The Secrets of occult workings operate on this spiritual plane to curse, attack, or target individuals. My Family members, like many others in The Bloodline Families and Brotherhoods, are highly trained in this practice so they can learn intimate knowledge about their enemy’s curse or torment their targets.

If ever you have to encounter this, or a spirit, which appears to be a person that will not leave by The Authority of Jesus, you must pray somewhat differently. We first off pray that Yahweh would forgive the sins that empowered this person to go on the astral plane to remote view or spiritually come against us. Also, we would pray that He would send His holy angels to drive away the spirits that are accompanying this

individual and escort them from our property. We ask Him to build an impenetrable hedge of protection around our property that no human or evil spirit can penetrate. Time and time again, my Family members would come against us in this way especially during high ritual days, and we would see real power in walking in The Father's authority to drive them away. The battles we fought during this time were not limited to outside influence but some came from within.

For those who are looking to hone their swords of the spirit and earth changing faith I cannot recommend enough, Dr. Kenny Russell's **Bulldozer Faith Ministries** ([www.bulldozerfaith.com](http://www.bulldozerfaith.com))

## Chapter Twenty Nine

# This is a War

Chelsea and I were just trying to endure the newness of sleepless nights and child-rearing as best as any new parents do. The trouble with babies, especially newborns, is that they tend to cry. The crying was like murder in my mind and would send me back to moments of madness when monsters masquerading as men caused little ones to scream in agony. I could not bear it when she would cry; even just the bit that comes with infancy could send me into a spiral of memories too horrible to speak.



The first few months were the most brutal when the memories were raw and unfiltered. Like a fresh layer of seared skin burning when exposed to the air, so too did our souls blister having only recently experienced this world of life since their conception amidst death.

Chelsea did her best to buffer this, going above and beyond traditional motherhood and relentlessly sacrificing herself to take care of Naomi and keep her content. It was a pouring out of herself, which washed our heart in relief. I don't know how we could have survived those first few months without her relentless willingness to accommodate our "sensitivity." These sensitivities were not limited to babies' crying but also encompassed the rejection of our identity, personalities, and past.

When you are born into the shadowy Underworld, all you know is the blackened lens you are forced to believe is the reality. For so much of your life, you are told that speaking The Secrets and talking about your memories will cause people around you to fear you, hate you, reject you, and ultimately leave you. It is that fear which unfortunately is so readily reinforced by those in your community, family, and friends that overwhelms you when you begin to talk about these types of issues.

It is so vital how we each choose to respond to people when they talk about things they have been so ashamed of, secrets they were once too terrified ever to tell another soul. In that moment of sharing, those wounded ones are opening up a tender piece of their soul and permitting you to help them heal or to cause more egregious harm. Each of us is responsible for how we react and how we either bless or curse them.

Our words have more power than we've ever believed. The words we are speaking will always either give life to another or take it away. There is no neutrality in this life; no amount of ignorance, ambivalence, or apathy can keep you from this truth. You can only serve one master, and your words will either fuel the furnaces of hope, restoration and redemption, or they will empower the fear, doubt, despair, and self-hate. How we choose to treat those entrusted to us will bear out fruits of life or will ensure death's bounty grows among the living.

You must understand that there is a genuine war being waged in the spiritual realm day and night. It has defined boundaries and borders, and fortified strongholds. Two king-

doms, The Kingdom of Darkness and the Kingdom of Light are battling every day for the souls of the Kingdom of Mankind. It is the Kingdom of Mankind – a sort of middle earth – where we live our lives under the continual influence and impact of both the light and dark sides. It is in the hearts, minds, and souls of humanity that this great contest and battle is waged.

Many of us believe we are soldiers for Jesus, but the reality is that just because you are on the battlefield does not mean you are in the fight. Hundreds of millions of soldiers have gone to war and yet there are many who've never fought a battle. Just because you know something about spiritual warfare does not mean you've ever waged war on the darkness.

Nearly all of us are guilty of hiding from the front lines where the battle is the thickest. We have been lulled into a slumber, which has kept us off the war-torn sights of chaos and in the trenches instead. It is in these trenches where the highest numbers of losses are suffered. It is from these positions of illusionary peace we surrender our power and sacrifice the true warriors every day. We think the battles are over and the wars have been won just because fiery arrows are no longer reigning down on us. We'd prefer to circle the wagons in our congregations where we can shove our comfortable heads back into the sands of ignorance.

The majority of soldiers have found themselves comfortable in their trench life and see no need to stand up and risk being shot. It is only on the rarest occasions that someone overcomes their fear with courage and rises from the complacent trench. From the tops of the lines they bellow out words of conviction, truth, and hope. It is these precious few overcomers who ignite those beacons of hope, which call to us, who have been trapped on the other side, showing us there is courage in The Kingdom of Light. Those beacons reminder us why we should all want that freedom to be our own.

Those courageous few often suffer the deadliest wounds and heaviest losses. They will be the first ones targeted by The Enemy to be savaged with relentless ferocity. If only those fiery

bullets came from The Enemy's side. The insidious nature of this world is that those who stand up from the trenches will get shot most by soldiers on their side. The Enemy is quick to use friendly fire to destroy the efforts of redemption, freedom, and hope. No matter the source of the fiery arrows, they still help to light the way to those trapped in the darkness making the perilous journey from behind enemy lines.

The spiritual realities of our lives cannot be ignored, and they are most noticeable when someone is making the most harrowing journey of their lives as they enter The No Man's Land separating The Kingdom of Darkness from the Kingdom of Light. Those of us Survivors who were born behind enemy lines make a harrowing decision when we choose to leave our shackles and run for redemption. When we decide to make that run, the fire comes raining down upon us from both sides.

When a prisoner makes a break for it, enemy fire is always expected. What is not expected is the spotlight of fellow "believers" pointing on our chests, so they can aim for our hurting hearts as they seek to tear us apart. The doctrines of men have driven so much deception into the church at large, and it causes them to see those who are coming out of the darkness as The Enemy instead of as the reason we were all redeemed.

We were made to bring freedom to the captives, not shoot at our wounded. We were made to be a united front of furious forgiveness, passion, and faith who did not run and hide from The Enemy, but instead took prisoner Pan's Labyrinth, Mt. Hermon and those gates of Hades. (Matt. 16) We are to be Followers of The Way, and The Captain of The Heavenly Host is supposed to be our leader, not the pastors, priests, or seeker-friendly sermons we hear at Sunday morning mass. He did not call us out of the darkness and into the light for us to be passive but instead to allow us time to heal, grow, and mature so that we would go and join our Captain's fight in The War of The Ages.

Chelsea and I learned quickly the dangers waiting for us in No Man's Land. We'd expected the spiritual and physical

wars waged against us as we left The Family. What we'd never expected was the viciousness of Christians and those who called themselves followers of Jesus. The reality is that each of us is a walking spiritual conduit and our hearts are designed to have a spiritual occupant. Are not our bodies supposed to be tabernacles of The Prince of Peace? If we live our lives by following His ways, the homes of our heart can be filled to overflowing with The Holy Spirit, which will produce in our lives the fruits of His presence. If, however, we have left open the doors of our heart to The Enemy, we can traffic his spirits and ideologies instead.

When we have doors open to The Enemy, we will allow ourselves to be used by The Enemy to wound, hurt, and steal the hope of others. These doors can be opened through secret sins, rebellious acts of pride, bitterness, hatred or un-forgiveness. If we continue to resist The Father's redemptive work in our life, the Enemy can build up for himself strongholds. Like the Tower of Babel, they are built brick by brick with our rebellious rejection of obedience to The Scriptures and by running from the conviction of The Holy Spirit. In a sense, The Enemy builds his fortresses within our camp. This allows The Enemy to use believers as double agents who strike out at the ones who need The Father's love, patience, and kindness most. It makes us wound the ones we love and those who need understanding, compassion, and joy. It keeps us from walking in the fullness of our faith. Instead, these strongholds become cancer in our joints, tumors of torment that prevent us from uniting The Body of Messiah into the soldiers for salvation we were made to be. This infiltration of The Enemy allows him to strike out against those who've fled his Kingdom from within.

The Prince of Darkness is not omniscient, but his counterfeit to the absolute infinite intelligence of The Creator comes through his supernatural intelligence array. He is fed information from his spidery web of principalities, elementals, thrones, rulers, dominions, devils, and demons who are continually monitoring the Kingdom of Men and their chosen targets. It allows The Enemy to send precise devastating blows against believers should they ever rise from their trenches.

They are already well aware of our insecurities, fears, doubts, and regrets. The specific spirits assigned to us know the ways to craft lures of temptation to entice each of us back to our habitual sins. If we can resist his direct attacks, he will shift tactics to target us from other believers who have doors propped wide open to being under the influence of another spirit. We must not be unaware of our Enemy and his tactics. (1 & 2 Corinthians) Understanding this networked information can help followers of The Way begin to pray for the confusion of The Enemy, a breaking of the power of satanic surveillance and every assignment of The Evil One, or the blinding of the eyes of the Enemy, as the angels did in Genesis 19:11.

Chelsea and I tried spending time with people but even as we did, they would make insensitive comments about us or the situation we were going through. At times they would attack the ways we were choosing to live our lives. People would make inappropriate sexual jokes about rape or incest directed at me or someone else in the room. The comments had direct connections to something we were inwardly struggling with at the time. It was the oddest thing, and Chelsea and I had no frame of reference at first to understand why when we would walk into the room, our warmest people would shift from compassionate to cold and wounding. We would never have thought the people we trusted most could be turned into such vicious persecutors until we stepped into No Man's Land.

The more Chelsea and I sought after a life lived in total submission to The Father's will, the greater the frequency of these attacks became. Some were quick to make jabs about our need to "just get over it," or making sure we knew they never wanted us to talk to them about our past. Those who do not guard their mind and renew it so that it becomes like that of Jesus can be left to be sifted like Peter who renounced The Messiah or to be manipulated by fellow Christians to target the wounded.

Chelsea and I thought we could find safe places where people would be patient with us and not condemn us for the

way we'd chosen to separate ties from our Family but our places of refuge grew to be less and less. Even the church we'd been going to at the time, which had so graciously paid for portions of our counseling sessions, became an unsafe place.

My Family, mostly my father, targeted my church with relentless bombarding of the leadership and pastors. He employed other Family-controlled pastors who tried to convince our church to turn us over to them and to cut us off, but thankfully they had discernment enough not to give in to their manipulative demands fully. When this tactic did not work, he began to drive hundreds of miles each week and show up at the church services. His presence there and attempts to re-engage control of me was initially a blow to our peace and a stumbling block for our healing.

His obsession to reactivate and control us again forced us to make a decision. We could continue to try going to church and risk him getting access to Naomi, or we could stay in the safety of our home. Chelsea and I decided it would be best to stay home and start having "church on the pillow" where we could listen to teachings like Dr. Michael Lake's *Biblical Life Seminary: Understanding The Kingdom Series*, or watch *The Virtual House Church with Rob Skiba*, and worship in unabashed joy.

Thankfully, The Father used that which The Enemy intended for significant harm and the destruction of our lives for our salvation instead. If not for those fiery missiles fired from within the church, Chelsea and I would never have become who we were made to be. To find our new identity, we had to leave behind the popular place of worship and head to the desert. Like the Israelites leaving the practices and traditions of Egypt, we too would have to go into The Wilderness to receive the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob's revelations, understanding, and explosively powerful Instructions.



## Chapter Thirty

# Into the Wilderness

No matter where Chelsea and I turned, we fought opposition and resistance. We could not abide in our usual places of comfort, so instead we stopped fighting The Deliverer and yielded to His call to the wild, uncharted desert, the place where most believers refuse to go, the narrow Way where sustenance comes only from the Bread which falls from Heaven and from waters which shoot forth from The Rock. Chelsea and I did not want to go where He was leading us, but we knew He had never failed us and we could trust Him no matter where He led us. He led us out of our churches, our jobs, our families and friends. He led us out to the place where we could hear Him and meet with Him. It was there that He revealed the joy found in keeping His Commandments. It wasn't going to start with a long list, just Ten Instructions.

It was during this season that we began to come to know and love the rest that came from keeping the seventh day Sabbath as He said to do. One of The Ten Commandments that our doctrine of men inspired churches so quickly dismiss and instead obey the Universal Catholic doctrines of lawlessness, turned out to be one of the most powerful of them all.

We did our best with what we understood after simply reading His Word and seeking to obey it. So rather than wait around for someone else to tell us what to do, we obeyed Him and set apart one twenty four hour period on the seventh day to give to Him. As the sun set on Friday nights, we prayed as a family, often turning on worship music, and the three of us had our fellowship with The Father at home. Then we opened our Bibles and studied together. Chelsea – being raised in church her whole life – had never read through the entire Bible, so we started there. We began by reading it as a family and found blessings begin to flow. It was The Way of the called-out disciples of Yahweh and Yeshua for thousands of years, and it needed to be ours as well.

In all my life I have never felt the peace and the real presence of God come into a space like I do when we welcome The Father to be with us on Sabbath. The holy presence of The Creator would invade our home, and soon Chelsea and I would begin weeping and praying with words inexpressible. Although Naomi was often fussy and needing continual attention, she would suddenly grow still and completely content. Chelsea would dance with Naomi resting on her chest, tears freely flowing down her cheeks experiencing peace, safety, and relief. I could not contain myself and would fall on my face weeping uncontrollably, feeling the complete set-apartness of the Lord Our Righteousness in the presence of my own sin. It was as if I was a putrid decaying odor in a room, which had only ever been filled with the fragrance of a thousand orchids blooming out the purity of the heavenly kind.

I could not fathom why He would choose to be in our midst. Even as we felt the desperate wretchedness of our cursed flesh, we would be enveloped in a peace of forgiveness, love, and warmth. Our God is a consuming fire, and His presence was not cold, icy, and numbing, but it raised the temperature of the room in a moment and drove away our doubt and despair. He does not need to absorb energy when He comes to meet with us; instead, His presence fills our own with life itself. We soaked up His presence, longing for a thousand hours more

but He lifted from us and left us with a rest no paid time off or vacation could provide. This and so much more was what was waiting for us every Sabbath.

How could this secret have been kept from us all our lives? Why would we not be partaking of this harvest waiting for each of us? We found the greatest of joys waiting when we surrendered to Him 24 hours of our lives, and when we showed our love for Him by obeying His Instructions. This shifted our focus from this world to His, from our wills being done to His being completed in us and through us.

Unlike the Jews of the House of Judah and the Lost Sheep of the House of Israel living during the first years after Messiah's resurrection, I did not have an understanding of these truths and I'd not been taught how to walk in His ways. I did not yet know about Tzitzis, mixed fabrics or calendar debates, but I knew we could at least start by obeying the Ten Commandments. We started there and found our souls being satisfied and filled with the substance of things we'd always hoped for. It was finally a way our faith could find freedom in works done not out of obligation or legalistic despair but in love, excitement, and joy.

It was as if on The Sabbath The Father was closer to us, almost like The King would come down onto the battlefield and give out rest, insight, battle plans, and understanding needed for the week to come. There was no greater time for revelation on things once veiled and concealed. It was during this day we would pray and see prayers answered in miraculous ways, or read The Scriptures and see it come alive with insights, perspectives, and revelations once hidden from our sight. It was joy inexpressible and something my wife and I can't imagine going a week without.

There is no better place to start to see for yourself what can happen when you obey His Instructions. Don't panic and become legalistic, just start by opening His Word and following The Way Jesus lived from Genesis to His final Revelation. The first thing in all of creation that was ever set apart, ever called

holy, was not a man, the seas, or even wondrous women. We are not the center of creation like we've been taught to believe. The first thing ever called holy was The Sabbath.

The Father encoded it into creation, into our literal DNA, so that day of rest would restore our body, spirit, and soul, bringing us lost sheep of The House of Israel closer to Him. It is the knitting together the torn and tattered threads of prodigals' coverings into restored robes of righteousness which mark us as His beloved, set apart sons and daughters.

Walking The Way The Great Redeemer taught makes us set apart from this world to where we finally look like the image bearers of Yahweh we were made to be. Eating the Way He ate, celebrating the Way He celebrated His Father and resting the Way He rested were the foundations of our new way of living. These principles though are not ones experienced on "The Broad Way," but instead, they are learned in The Wilderness.

We experienced the hard way that you cannot drag other proclaimed believers down this walk with you. As excited and passionate as Chelsea and I were about the blessings we were discovering in our new way of life, we experienced ambivalence and ignorance from those we tried to share this with.

We learned that many are not ready to receive this understanding and it is not our responsibility how people respond to truth. But we are responsible for how we go about introducing truth to others. If they choose not to join us on this path, we must still be able to maintain the fruits of The Set-Apart Spirit in how we treat others who do not agree with us. After all, each of us is responsible for walking The Way of our Messiah, and often this means that we will have to leave the ones we once loved to have a higher love and intimacy with our Creator instead. (Matt. 10)

Eating foods He told us to eat and observing The Sabbath is where we started. We did not know what it meant to follow The Loving Instructions of God, His Torah, fully, or what the Hebrew Roots or Messianic Movement was all about. We

knew there were likely to be pitfalls, false sheep, and deceptions among many of the things some people in those movements were saying, but we also knew there was so much freedom and blessing in learning His Word and beginning to obey His Instructions. Because of this, we spent countless hours starting to test and examine the things we'd been raised to believe were true. I had to undo much of the lies I'd been raised to believe but so too did Chelsea.

Growing up all her life in mainstream corporate Christianity, Chelsea wrestled for so long with breaking out of the traditions she'd been raised to believe were good or what God wanted. The more she examined and studied the source of these practices and traditions, the more she learned how they were rooted in Egyptian and Babylonian paganism and were utterly at odds with the way God told us to worship Him. (Exodus 32, Leviticus 23, John 14:15) The most noticeable of these corrupt and deceitful traditions of men is The Sabbath and holidays.

Even a cursory basic testing to the doctrine of Sun Day worship will reveal it is based in the Egyptian and Babylonian mystery religions. The pagan origins and further endorsements came not from Yahweh but by the leaders of the same Roman Empire, which murdered Jesus and built a universal religion to seductively swallow up puritans and pagans alike.

Dedicated Sun Day worship came well before the formalization of this doctrine into "Catholic Law" with Constantine, The Council of Laodicea, and later again at The Council of Trent. This is because Sun Day was reserved as a day of worship to Tammuz or "the cross bearing Mithra" the so-called sun of god. It will reveal the origins are firmly rooted in disobedience and deception those two markers of The Dragon's forked tongue and not The Word who became flesh. Even today worshiping on Sunday is an open marker of a church who has submitted itself to The Catholic Church.

Though The Protestants may have protested many heresy's of Universal theology, they failed to protest enough. In many ways they chose not to actually guard The Body from all

doctrines of disobedience. They did not choose to follow and obey The Messiah they claim as Lord. Martin Luther along with other key leaders of The Protestant's infancy refused to obey The Scriptures on this doctrine. Instead they vehemently demanded people obey the doctrines of Catholicism and worship on the day the orgiastic, pedophilic pope Leo X, a Chosen One from The Medici Bloodline, said to worship rather than the day Yahweh set-apart.

By the same means our Universal Catholic and Christian churches had only ever taught us to celebrate the holidays of Easter (Ishtar) with the female fertility goddess's rabbits and eggs, or to worship the birth of the sun god Ra/Nimrod on Christmas, convincing the sheep these were all about Jesus. (Jeremiah, Ezekiel, James, Ephesians) Even though most pastors when pressed as to the origins of these holidays admit that they are wholly rooted in Babylonian and Egyptian worship to other gods, they still justify their practice to Christians and adherence to them for all. Doing this robs The Body of Messiah of the blessings that come from worshiping God not the way we want to but rather in The Way He instructed us to. Instead, this earns us the ability to live our lives under a curse. Read the book of Genesis, Exodus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua and Judges to understand just how The Father feels about us worshiping Him in ways He specifically forbids. If you are truly hungry to learn about our Redeemer, Psalm 119 is a quicker overview of understanding His Way.

Our priests and pastors never told us how to celebrate Yahweh's Feast Days which are our way of practicing the prophetic fulfillment of Jesus's first coming in The Spring Feasts like the exact day Jesus was impaled on the cursed tree during Passover and resurrected fulfilling the Feast of First Fruits. Keeping The Fall Feasts will help prepare us for His Second Coming. For the blessed fulfillment of the Great Days of Tribulation which will draw to a close and the final trumpet will blow, and then we will be resurrected and made to reign with our King forever after He throws the final Enemy Death into his place of eternal judgment. The Feasts are furthermore used

as timepieces in judgment as well as blessing. For a more in-depth, historical understanding of this I highly recommend Chad Schafer's preeminent book, "***The World in The Bondage of Egypt...Under the Triumphal Arch of Titus***"

Learning about The Sabbath, eating the food He told us to, and celebrating The Feasts of Yahweh are a great place to start for all those who are trying to follow Jesus and walk The Way He walked. To learn how to be set apart and holy takes time. The beautiful thing is that this is what our lives are supposed to be about. They are supposed to be about us learning His ways, learning how to love Him and serve Him and fight for Him. There is so much to be learned when you begin to study these topics, and it can be overwhelming at first, but be patient with the process. There are so many things to learn but trust that The Father will help you learn what is most important first. Like the council in Acts 15, there are some fundamentals that need to be adhered to first, then as you study The Prophets, The Writings, and The Instructions of Yahweh, you will mature in your walk and apply more and more of His Ways to your own life. This process is nothing less than what it really should be when we claim to be born again, to be birthed into a new Way of living.

The truth is that there were changes of identity occurring every day of my life: changes from a murderer to merciful, from a son of Belial to a son of The Living God. Some of those changes came quickly, but others did not. There is only One who can change a leopard's spots or can make a wolf into a lamb. He alone could change the fabric of my being and with it change my future. The work He was doing in our wounded hearts was writing hope upon the canvas of despair. Without His Holy Hand pressing the Word to the fabric of our hearts we could never have known the pen would be mightier than the sword.



## Chapter Thirty One

# Leap of Faith

The upheaval Chelsea and I experienced invaded every area of our lives. Coming to grips with the reality of my past began to give me joy and freedom in ways I'd never known. I found an understanding of my identity being made new and whole.

Now I wake up next to a woman who loves every part of me. I can look over at them napping on a Sabbath snooze and see she is sleeping soundly, Naomi along with her. Chelsea holds her close as she should, and does not let her get far from her side. Their bond grows every day, and I see my wife finding herself content.

Chelsea had spent so much of her life growing bored and dissatisfied in her work as an RN, longing for a different purpose, a greater fulfillment to satisfy her soul. It was not until manipulative measures for vaccines were enforced at the hospitals that her passions for truth were kindled. Once they were, Chelsea could not help but seek out the reasons for the corruption and control being implemented in the big Pharma so called "Health Care System." Over time Chelsea's desires for the ways of the worldly system faded and she began to deeply desire a

peculiar and set-apart life. Even before we were pregnant with Naomi, Chelsea had wanted to leave the workforce and to fully pursue the fun and challenges of being a mother and wife. In many ways though I hindered my wife's pursuit of her calling. I allowed fear into my marriage and our finances for many years. I had not developed child like faith that God would provide. I had feared for so long what would happen the day we lost her income, but sitting here now, watching her hold Naomi all my fears melt away.

I had spent so long worrying about where the money would come from. The loss of her income was far more than double what I could make in the mental health field, but I had faith The Father would somehow provide. We were eager to obey The Father's Instructions on how the family unit was supposed to be set up, and Chelsea had grown tired of working within the modern medical field, where the emphasis was on big business sick care and not cures, treatment, or remedies.

My employer granted me the ability to take two weeks of paternity leave, and just as it was drawing to an end, my work held a meeting informing us that many people were going to be losing their jobs. Promises were made that those who were in the room had secure jobs. I left excited I'd be heading back to work shortly. Two days later, my phone rang. The CEO of the company called to say he was going to be letting me go. For reasons I won't yet go into there was much more Family retribution and meddling involved. It was the last thing I'd expected, but I trusted that if The Father had allowed me to go into this situation, I had faith He would see us through.

As I write this, I find myself wanting to sugar coat what our lives looked like at that moment in time. I want to try to paint a prettier picture than what reality was. Rather than try to save face for the sake of my pride, I'll be honest with you all in a way that makes me nervous.

The truth is that aspects of my personalities, which had always performed our jobs and did the working, were not yet being aided by the increase of healing sessions we'd been going

through. I no longer could compartmentalize my trauma into the different personalities like I'd done my whole life. Even while I was going through the restoration process over the previous six months, I could switch from the parts of my personality who were dealing with the pain, the trauma, the hurt, and the anger to my worker personality and do what I needed to do. However, once one begins the process of integration and restoration, the ability to continue to do this diminishes.

No longer did I have the "freedom" of having my traumas stuffed into the various compartments of my soul. Instead, the memories were present regardless of which personality was up. The grief of loss would be present when I woke up and leave me weeping for hours at a time. I was reliving torments no person should have to endure; though the emotions were buffered, they still flowed freely. The sensitivity and vulnerability I was experiencing left me in a messy state. I couldn't function – not like an average person.

The retribution of my family was at its highest, the spiritual wars were constant, and it took everything I had just to get up and face the day, knowing the challenges we'd meet. It is in this season of healing and integration where survivors are most often abandoned, forced to quit and turn back to the old ways to endure. Old addictions and old patterns of destructive behaviors can claw their way back in as the support system they had begins to crumble.

I understand messy people are not the most pleasant to be around. I know it is exhausting and hard to hear about people's traumas or abuse, but if you are someone who is entrusted with one of these most precious individuals, it is for an extraordinary purpose. To feel safe or loved enough even to be willing to deal with the trauma is a mountain of a battle. For someone to finally be willing to talk about their experiences or abuse is tremendous. Once they begin to do this, it is so critical that people establish healthy and appropriate boundaries of support for them.

I am not suggesting that everyone become a therapist, a counselor, or anchor of support to each survivor. What I am suggesting is that you prayerfully consider what the ways are that you can be part of the answer to this wounded one's needs. Would you be able to commit to praying every other day for this person or their family? Would you be able to meet with them once a week, taking them to get lunch, reminding them you care about them and are there for them? Would you be willing to help support them financially if they are unable to work? Could you pay for one of their counseling sessions or buy them some groceries so they can eat? Maybe you can help them research their past in order to help them understand more of what happened to them. One of the best things you can do is listening, caring, and choosing not to run from them. Do not run from them or hide from them when they are as vulnerable as this. This is the time to reinforce their support system, not pick it apart. The challenges survivors face during this first and most intense portion of healing are the most critical. For excellent information on this topic see David and Donna Carrico's book ***From Victims to Victors Through the Cross of Jesus Christ*** or their website **[www.ritualabusefree.org](http://www.ritualabusefree.org)**

The retribution they are facing for being "offline" with their handler, controllers, or former families is at its most intense. The support system becomes the target of these individuals because they know that if they can convince people to leave the Survivor, to abandon them, it will in most cases cause them to re-engage and reconnect with the puppet masters of their past. My Family eradicated so much of our support system during this time and once my job was taken, so too was our ability to survive apart from the generosity and blessing of others.

This is the part I want to skip over, the part where I was in some ways a mess, barely able to walk, go to the store, or pick up the ringing phone. It was a time when I knew I could not go and provide for my family. At the same time, Naomi got sick. She had a digestion problem that did not allow her the ability to break down Chelsea's breast milk. Naomi was miser-

able, fussy and unable to be comforted unless she was moving. In order to help keep her from crying or to try to get her some sleep, Chelsea consoled her by nursing her and holding her day and night. Many, many tears were shed during this time: hers, Naomi's, and my own. The spiritual oppression peaked as we neared the unholy high days surrounding Halloween.

Some friends of ours we'd met at the Hear The Watchmen conference had been tremendously supporting us by giving us a 0% interest loan so we could pay off our high interest credit card debt and by enabling much of our move to a single income. With my job taken, I was forced to try and use that money towards food, mortgage, and utilities. This was not really in line with the reasons for the agreement we'd had with them, and it was clear they were not comfortable with this. We could never have endured so much of that early season of healing without their support, but without the continuity of the money, Chelsea and I were left without other options.

I'd like to tell you I mustered up my strength, I pulled on my bootstraps, and just got it done. I want to say I went and started working three jobs and did what I needed to do to pay for my sick daughter and wife to survive. I'd like to tell you I wasn't tempted to slip back into The Underworld and "earn my keep." I would like to say that somehow, I was better than I was. But I wasn't. I knew my weaknesses, and Chelsea helped me to trust in Yahweh during this time even when familiar fear came crawling up my spine.

I chose to have belief in my Creator. Even when the Familial offers of prostituted redemption came in, I chose to say no. I chose to have my wife, daughter, and me be free from controllers whose money dripped with blood. I chose poverty instead of plenty, and I knew the little we had in freedom and love would be more delicious than abundance earned through thieving, manipulation, and deceit. (Prov. 17) The truth is that we saw The Lord God provide for His children. We saw that there is a greater family than the one I'd forsaken; it comes not through manipulation but through choice and humility. Over

the next few months, we got to see Him help stir up other people around us who intervened and became living miracles.

No one we knew and trusted had the ability or willingness just to pay all our bills, but no part of The Body was ever meant to serve all its functions. We had some pay our mortgage one month, and we had others bring over bags of groceries with hugs and laughter. It was not the wealthy who had multiple six or seven-figure earning jobs who stepped in, but instead, it was a passionate man who lived in a van who shared a meal in our home and left an envelope of cash as he went, and a middle-aged over worked teacher who paid our mortgage.

It was so hard for me to live like this. I had to unlearn much of the ways I'd once used to survive, one of the greatest of which was hiding the truth of our situation from outsider's eyes. To help me learn to be free, The Redeemer would help me to learn to be vulnerable with people and be willing to show the truth of our brokenness and need. As bills pressed upon us like nooses on our necks, I finally relented and humbled myself enough to ask our church for help. It was not an easy conversation, and the application process was tremendous, as our church had many steps to walk through before relief was offered, but in one fell swoop of generosity, they paid every bill we had that month. It was a tapestry of miracles woven with prayers answered by manna, water from the rocks, and clothing, which didn't wear out.

Chelsea and I were wandering in The Wilderness, but The Most High God provided what we needed. It was not more than we needed; some bills were left unpaid, the food we'd prepared for the end of the world became dinner on our plates and breakfasts in the morning. We sold anything we could: Chelsea found things at the thrift store and flipped them on eBay to pay our insurance bill one month and groceries for a week. I took knives I'd spent hours customizing with holsters, and survival equipment I'd used for expeditions, and sold them to keep our water and electricity on for thirty days. All of this bought us the freedom to go through a more intense and accelerated path

to integration and healing. It also gave us the ability to start ministering to others who were in need.

Soon I was able to start connecting with other survivors who were just beginning to come out of the cults and covens they'd become ensnared by. This led to more intense spiritual warfare and other assassination attempts on Chelsea and me, but it also led to greater freedom for beloved wounded ones. It was the craziest and most intense time of our lives. Chelsea and I weren't sure it was ever going to end. There was no way to know where the next month's money was going to come from, but we did learn one place it was not. After the interview process with our church, they made sure to make it abundantly clear that they would only help people out in this way one time. They had instituted corporate policies to keep from becoming continual providers to the needy. As such they were going to be able to provide us no further assistance.

We did not have other people to turn to or ask, so with no other options, I humbled myself again and went and stood in the government benefits line. I joined the ranks of people who for their reasons stood in line with their needy hands extended. There was not a church for me to turn to, there was no fleshly kinsman redeemer in my life, so I did what I needed to and made sure my wife and daughter were fed. The benefits provided to us would give us four months: four months of food, four months of mortgage and utilities paid, but that would be it. It was a miracle still that we did not earn, and for that we were grateful. It was the first time Chelsea and I had ever gone on benefits, but I suppose that's why they are there. I can't sit here now and complain for pages and pages on how this is supposed to be where The Church provides but the reality is they can't.

Our churches have not taught their congregations how to manage money, how to be entrepreneurs and critical thinkers, or how to be debt free. Our pastors are often in more debt than most of the congregation because the buildings, property, and their lack of financial independence have swept the real legs of support right out from under them.

As its been written,

*“The borrower is always a slave to the lender.” (Prov. 22)*

God’s economy as outlined in His Instructions was not to be built on debt, slavery, and wage work, but upon an entirely different system of labor and freedom. God had even worked into His Feasts one in which the tithe or the offerings of the body were to be given wholly unto the poor, the orphans, and the widows. (Deut. 16) Another part was meant to be kept, meant for us to enjoy and fund our celebration of The Biblical celebrations and Feasts. The business-minded and corporately controlled church though does not have the freedom to give their tithes away; the expenses must be covered first before the needy can get their help.

It is because of this that the needy are forced to look to government systems, which have their own cost to provide for their needs. They must turn to the same government who seals their private, Family owned promissory debtors notes with Osiris’s All Seeing Eye. It is a broken system, one which has a tremendous cost. Without it, though, I’m not sure what Chelsea and I would have done. We were in need, and they became part of the answer to coming out of bondage and into freedom instead.

Chelsea and I were able to take care of Naomi, and with this consistent money coming in; I was able to focus more on my healing. Over those next few months, I began to have an invigorating passion, empowering peace, and restoration. Soon the only thing left lingering keeping me from fully functioning was my physical body pain and Naomi’s sickness.

Into this moment came a blessing that would change the path of Chelsea’s and my future. With it would come freedom from pain, healing for our daughter, and financial freedom, which did not require a 9-to-5 job.

## Chapter Thirty Two

# When Passover Provides

Just a few weeks before most families are getting ready to celebrate Easter, Chelsea and I decided it was time we did our best to celebrate our first Biblical Feast, Passover. Passover is one feast, which hallmarks the most crucial moment in our faith. It offered us the joy of celebrating the Passover Lamb who was slain and resurrected, purchasing for us all the redemption we so desperately needed. Two things happened just before we began our celebration, which would test our faith. One would drive fear and dread into our hearts, while the other would show us the blessings in store for us when we choose not to stray from His Ways.

One of the things, which had been providing our needs during this time, was the unemployment benefits for Chelsea. With just a few weeks to go until Passover, Chelsea received a letter notifying us that her former employer was contesting the payment of the benefits. A hearing to determine her case had been scheduled to occur on Passover. In no uncertain terms, they threatened to not only stop the payment of future benefits, but also require us to pay back the entire prior issued funds. Reading those words brought on a sickening feeling of hopelessness and despair we could hardly shake. Over the next

few weeks, we took that letter and laid it on the floor as we prayed. Knowing this was something, which was entirely out of our hands, we wanted to choose to have faith in our Heavenly Father's favor in this matter. (2 Kings 20, Book of Susannah)

While the hearing drew closer and closer, the unimaginable dread would do its best to settle over our home. We did not have a way out from the financial repercussions ahead; the destroyer of our peace and hope was crouching at the door. Even as we felt its dark presence, we grabbed onto the promises God gave us that we did not need to fear destruction but know He would fight for us. Our faith had grown and matured, and we were beginning to walk not by earthly sight but by His Holy might.

The morning of Passover, Chelsea and I were walking around the house, putting the final things together for our feast. Looking at the clock, we saw it was time to make a phone call to determine our fate. Naomi clutched around her mother's neck as we huddled together in the kitchen and prayed. We prayed to the God of The Impossible, knowing this was the day thousands of years ago when death passed over His people, a day when the whole of the might of Egypt's armies, gods, and princes could not stand against the people of The Promise. We thanked Him for His faithfulness to us and the miracle, which gave each of us the power to place the Lamb's perfect blood over our spiritual doors. Comfort became our cover as a feeling of peace washed over us no fleshly tongue could be worthy to describe. Chelsea headed up to our bedroom where she shut the door. Her faith had moved mountains of fear far from her, and she picked up the phone and dialed.

Twenty minutes later, I saw my wife coming down the stairs. This was the woman who had held my shaking hands, kissed my quivering lips, and loved me while the world sought to tear us apart. I saw tears upon her cheeks as she drew near and threw her arms around my neck. Weeping, she stumbled out the words, "They withdrew their appeal and all future appeals, and instead they reinstated our benefits to their full amounts. Our God is so good to us."

We held each other for moments, which turned to minutes, as we saw for ourselves a miracle of the heavenly kind. It was a miracle which reminded a poor family in the mountains that The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob still answers the cries of the needy, poor, and orphaned in their days of distress. Our God is a strong deliverer; He is the calmer of raging seas and the shaker of the pillars of the earth. He is the God who set fire to the mountains of Sinai and stood as a pillar of fire between the armies of killers and His people at the Red Sea. He still moves with miracles and provides for you and me. We have seen the God of miracles with our tear stained eyes. He came to show us that on Passover, He will provide. He provided us all the guiltless Lamb to cover our once wounded hearts with hope, to cover our guilt, shame, and fear with forgiveness, robes of righteousness, and faith in their place. He purchased for us redemption at the foot of that cursed tree.

When the sun had set, Chelsea and I gathered around borrowed tables and newly purchased chairs with friends and family. We gathered and broke the unleavened bread and drank home brewed Kombucha from plastic cups as the wine of remembrance. We shared with others the story of the first Passover in Egypt and its extraordinary fulfillment thousands of years later. When the perfect Passover Lamb cried out "It is finished," at the same moment, the high priest stood at the temple sacrificing the lamb without spot or blemish, speaking those same three words.

Finally the one and only perfect Red Hefer sacrifice was offered. Now Azazel that fallen Watcher angel, who all sin would finally be ascribed too, watched the sinless offering for the redemption of all bear forth-eternal fruit. (Leviticus 16, 1 Enoch 12-16, Jude, 2 Peter) After reading these stories and that of the first great Exodus we uncovered the mystery of the bread and the wine, then washed each other's feet and poured out blessings and prayers to each other.

Our God is a deliverer to His people. He does not grow weary, and He does not change. He loves to remind His sons and

daughters that He still moves in power, mercy, and strength. He is not interested in our perfection, our legalism, or our checklists of doing what is right. He is interested in hearts that yearn for Him, long for Him to be their all-consuming love. He is not slow to answer but says to us all, “Call upon Me in your day of trouble and I will deliver you.” (Psalm 50:15)

Chelsea and Naomi and I started a new Reynolds tradition that day. We began to observe The Feasts of Yahweh as entrusted to The Israelites in The Wilderness so long ago. He gave us those feasts days to be observed forever so that we would practice and prepare for their fulfillment in days to come. (Exo. 12:14, Lev. 23:41) As well as to help guard ourselves from being deceived.

The Israelites were observing those first spring feasts of Passover, Unleavened Bread, and First Fruits in the days of Messiah’s first coming. Some of the people saw the prophetic fulfillment with their own eyes. Some were there to bear witness to the moment when the leaven of our sins was taken away as the body of our Redeemer was broken for you and for me. Some looked upon the First Fruits of the Resurrection as tombs were opened and the dead walked out of the hollows of the earth in Sheol and ultimately out of their graves. Even a greater mixed multitude of The Lost Sheep of The House of Israel were present when The fire of The Holy Spirit fell upon the people during Pentecost, just as the fire of Yahweh descended during the first Pentecost at Mt. Sinai that same day thousands of years before.

Our Father longs for His people to remember His miracles and His prophecies fulfilled, and to practice our dress rehearsals for Messiah’s second arrival, The Great Revelation of our King of Kings in the Fall Feasts and at the final trumpet blast heralding our King’s Second arrival. May we be found practicing His holy tradition by keeping His Instructions and celebrating The Feasts of Yahweh. May we be found obeying His Loving Instructions when He arrives.

Might we show the world a better tradition that was given to us so long ago, a tradition not perpetually poisoned by its pagan roots, which will always give honor and glory to The Rebellious King Nimrod, and his mother, and wife Ishtar. May we instead worship our God in the way He tells us to worship Him. May we celebrate the miracles of His provision by blessing our friends and family with a feast to our Redeemer and King. Might we teach our children The Ways of our Messiah's Kingdom and not the ways of this world.

The Family I was born into taught me to defile, curse, and destroy the Holy Days of Yahweh, but now Naomi was born into a family, which will guide her to bless, honor, and cherish His Feasts. She will be raised under the covering of my home where we delight ourselves in The Loving Instructions of our God. She will be shown the narrow Way of The Messiah, and in time she will be given her opportunity to choose to walk with us into the heart of darkness where we seek to set captives free, or she can choose to rebel and join the ways of this world and the Enemy's camp of beautified bondage. I will not force her to follow my way, just as The Father does not force us to choose His.

I will not manipulate her, control her, or deceive her into doing my will. Naomi Grace, I love you enough to let you have free will to know the power of choosing. I pray you will choose The Narrow Way of life instead of the broad way of destruction. (Matt. 7:13-14, Luke 13:24, 2 Cor. 6:17) I pray you will choose to be set apart, to be holy unto our Elohim. I pray you decide to leave the deception of this world to the blinded and deceived sheep, and not embrace its seduction or fear its threats. You were made for mighty deeds, my beloved daughter. Things this world cannot fathom will be fulfilled as you pray with truth, authority, faith, and love.

To all you sons and daughters: I warn you now that the forces of evil will hunt you in the night. They will stalk you in your sleep and hunger for your flesh. They will long to destroy you and sift you as wheat. Know this: I will fight for you with

every breath in my lungs and with every drop of blood in my body. With sword drawn, I will stand between you and those cowardly serpents. Naomi, I will lay my life down in defense for you, that you might see your dad is no longer a murderer, addict, or feign, but now is a warrior of Yahweh Elohim. I am not willing to see you thrown into the perverse pits or made to pass through the black fires. You will be free, my daughter, to live in the abundance of Abba's love, joy, and grace.

I pray you, dear reader, will remember these words. I pray as the temptation stalks your thoughts, remember our Redeemer fights for you and fights with you in this great War of The Ages. I hope you look upon your fingers and know He gave them to you to work towards the redemption of the lost sheep and ravenous wolves alike. May The Good Shepherd of our souls remind you of all these things. May He breathe upon you a fresh anointing of His Spirit to strengthen you and empower you to walk in His ways. May He kindle in you a holy flame that burns brightly for the entire world to see. I pray you burn with furious hope, relentless passion, and unceasing determination to fulfill His great call.

This was the first of two things Passover provided us that month. The second brought with it changes to our hurting bodies and release from our financial bondage.

## Chapter Thirty Three

# Family Relief

Many of the difficulties Chelsea and I faced over those first two years of restoration were stuck in dealing with my bodily pain as well as Naomi's digestion and health. There was no way I could get around the burdens and baggage my body had carried. For years it had been deprived of the opportunity to heal and be at rest. Due to our lack of consistent income, Chelsea and I became resourceful in finding ways to supplement our lack of health insurance, standard "job securities" and medical care by turning to natures medicines.

We spent years studying, researching, and testing the things we learned about how diet, exercise, water, and real food make in how our bodies function. For years we had lived in continual states of lethargy. There were constant battles with the inflammation in my joints, which had been damaged through many Family dealings. Chelsea and I first started by modifying our water, instead of the fluoridated, and pharmaceutical laden tap water we found a local spring, which dumped onto the rocks and began to drink our fill. Within a few months of drinking the natural water our attentiveness, clarity of thought, and energy began to improve.

Slowly, but surely Chelsea and I implemented new approaches to our diet including moving away from the highly processed and genetically modified products being labeled as food. Towards ones that were natural and still full of the energy packed substance our bodies craved. Financially, this decision to not shop based on price but the quality was difficult. However, we found ways of giving up more conveniences like trash service, smartphones, and other digital subscriptions helped to offset the cost and drastically improve our quality of life. We soon found that eating more organic, plant-based, with organic lean meats and eggs to satisfy our bodies with energy and sustenance.

Even still there were some significant problems with Naomi's body and my own. Chelsea and I continued to try to learn about better natural eating principles when we stumbled on a YouTube Show called Biblical Health-with Chris and Liz Bailey. The information this passionate and unbelievably well-studied couple put forth challenged, convicted, and encouraged Chelsea and me to decide to pursue a more set-apart way of eating. After starting Naomi on their Core Health Products, Digestive Enzyme we saw the first marked improvement of her digestion.

However, as our financial situation changed, I could no longer afford their companies supplements. After Liz Bailey heard about us, she voluntarily donated the products to a family in need thousands of miles away. Chris and Liz embodied the love and provision of The Father to my family and reminded me of how Yahweh's Kingdom is supposed to operate. They helped to meet our needs in any way they could, and years later we would grow to become dear Truth-seeking friends and family from afar. Check out ([www.corehealthproducts.com](http://www.corehealthproducts.com)) to connect, bless, or be blessed by the faithful Bailey family.

The blessings for walking in The Way were only beginning, and soon more opportunities for relief would come when we least expected it.

While we set about getting ready for Passover, Chelsea told me we were going to need some folding chairs to accom-

modate the other guests. Looking on craigslist late one night, I stumbled on an ad for some black wooden chairs being sold. A few days later, I headed up to meet the man from the ad. Pulling up the driveway, I was greeted by a barrel-chested young man who said, "Hello." Inviting me inside, he said his wife was on a call.

We started talking and I learned that his wife had a coffee business, and he offered me a free cup. Excited to try free coffee, I wholeheartedly agreed. After making me a cup, we started talking some more, and I shared some of the passion Chelsea and I have for being debt free. I told him how we were called to travel around the country in an RV and sharing a testimony of encouragement to those coming out of deception, be it manipulators' hands or miserable Monday mornings. In walked his wife, who greeted me with a warm smile and passion.

She shared with me more about the coffee I was drinking and how there was a health benefit stirred right in. I thought the coffee tasted great, but at that moment I was too caught up in my world to listen to what she had to say that night. She mentioned, as I was getting ready to leave that there may be a way for Chelsea and me to use the coffee to raise funds on the road. Intrigued, I made an appointment for her to call me the following morning and see what I thought of the coffee's taste and how it made me feel. Her husband helped me load the chairs in my car, and I began my drive down south.

The physical pain I'd been battling had gotten more severe over the previous few months and a simple hour drive often left me crippled for a day. Twenty minutes into my trip, I felt something I'd forgotten was possible. I felt relief. I felt the pain in my body just turn down. I can't say it disappeared or anything like that but I noticed the sensitivity and nerves in my spine and shoulders was finally calm. I had no idea what was going on but I began to weep. I hadn't felt relief in so long. The pain, which wrecked my body, had been out of control and my refusal to rely on deadly pharmaceuticals had heightened so

much of this battle. I had given up hope that I could ever feel better and had grown to accept the realities of living in chronic pain. Drinking that cup of coffee gave me a glimmer of hope that maybe things could be different.

The next morning, as Casey had promised, she gave me a call and I told her I needed to meet with her again and get more of the coffee to see if it could help me find relief. She agreed and we met at a Starbucks where Casey explained to me why their coffee was different. It was not the coffee itself that made me feel better but a food called Ganoderma Lucidum. She told me about this super food that was the most anti-inflammatory and alkaline food on the earth. I had spent a great deal of time learning about inflammation's role in our bodies' perception of pain as well as cognitive and digestion issues, and began to listen more closely. Chelsea had also been doing studies of natural remedies for thyroid issues, and our bodies' increased ability to fight off diseases, cancers, and sicknesses when in an alkaline balanced PH level. We had already been blown away by how much better we felt since eating food in accordance with The Fathers Instructions as well as an organic diet.

Casey explained the ways people for thousands of years had used this herb to bring changes to an extraordinary number of health challenges. She told me testimonials others had experienced over the last eight years, finding their bodies restored from all kinds of ailments. She also showed me the opportunity of how it could provide us the income we needed to replace while having the freedom to recover still and get the healing we were requiring. As she was talking, I could feel a skeptical voice prickling my ears that this was too good to be true. Rather than dismiss something before testing it myself, I decided I would go and do my research and test this out. I agreed with Casey that I would try it for a few weeks and see what it could do for Chelsea, Naomi, and me.

As I began to drink the "King of coffee," I found within just two weeks the flares of pain continually coursing through my body hushed down to a whisper. The arthritic pain I'd had

in my right hand from an injury finally disappeared, and I was able to use it without the pins and needles I'd felt for years. I lay down without wincing and found my energy bloomed. To those that have not dealt with chronic pain, it can be so hard to understand this. When I finally woke up without pain, I felt like my brain turned back on. So much of my mind had been devoted to managing the pain, and when those mental resources were finally freed up, the clarity and focus I'd once contained were free to work again.

I could not believe how much better I felt. Soon Chelsea tried the teas and the insomnia she'd had for months disappeared. I was excited beyond belief, knowing that this may be the thing we'd been waiting for to help us be able to get back to functioning and to work for our family. Chelsea with her traditional nursing background wanted to spend more time going through hundreds of peer-reviewed articles on PubMed about Ganoderma Lucidum and after she did, she too was convinced this was something we needed to be a part of.

We got Naomi started on the Organic Spore Powder supplement, and in a couple of weeks, she was finally able to reset her digestion system and could sleep in peace. It was a blessing beyond belief to see our daughter finally freed from the cramps, bloating, and sickness. She could finally develop normally, and soon she began to crawl and babble to our great delight.

We knew we'd found what The Father had for us, and over the next few months, I poured my passion into learning about the business, the industry as a whole, and leading a team. Within that time, Chelsea got to stay at home with Naomi and raise our now healthy and growing daughter with joy. I began to drink the body management shakes and lost nineteen pounds in the first thirty days, and more importantly kept off the weight. It gave my body the energy boost and vitality I needed to get back to work. It took some time but I was relentless in my willingness to go and talk to anybody about this coffee and tea that changed our lives.

Just as our government benefits ran out, our business began to replace the income we'd lost. It was one of the most encouraging and exciting things to see, to know there was a way of providing for my family that did not require a nine-to-five job. I knew I'd found a way of working that worked for us, for our unique situation, and for our goals and dreams. It has granted Chelsea and me the freedom of changing people's lives, whether financial or spiritual. We now are armed with tools that can bring encouragement to the many different areas of people's lives.



Working the business granted me the insurmountable joy of working with business partners who pour their own passion and excitement into fighting for their financial freedoms. To each of you who has granted me the honor of working with you since I first began my business, I thank you.

Hope had come flooding into our home, but another predator was stalking at the edges of our peace ready to destroy it all. I could never have known this blessing without those Passover chairs, and I thank God every day for that craigslist ad and someone who was willing to share a cup of Black Coffee with a long-haired hurting man late one spring night.

I'd hoped that with those changes would come abundance, blessings, and peace. I hoped my healing would be accelerated and I would not need to deal with much of the remainder of the issues from my past. I made an internal agreement that I would place much of my healing on pause while I went and learned about business and sought a way to get us out of this hole of debt we'd been plunged into. This may have worked for a while but soon the lion, which stalked in the darkness, would strike another devastating blow. Death would return to my home, innocent blood would be spilled, and this time it would be that of my beloved daughter.



## Chapter Thirty Four

# When Death Calls

My phone wouldn't stop ringing. I'd flipped it to silent, but still it buzzed over and over again in my pocket. I was annoyed that someone would be interrupting me in such a critical moment. The business was just starting to have some traction, and I was meeting with some new business partners, having what I thought was one of the most important conversations of my life. Buzzzzz, buzzzz, buzzzz. On and on, it wouldn't stop. Finally, I glanced down at my phone and saw that I had seven missed calls from Chelsea. Before I could swipe my keys, she called again.

I answered an expensive phone call; the cost would be the life of a friend who'd never abandoned me, a friend who held me while I wept, screamed, and grieved for the countless lives lost before my eyes. He'd been with me as I'd explored tunnels in the mountains and when I'd made my way through the halls of hell that marked my past. He'd never mocked me or called me crazy. He let me weep when I needed to and swam at my side when I dove into the depths of water for the first time in four years. He'd kept my heart beating on nights when I thought it would burst. He'd kept our bodies warm when Chelsea and I shivered against the alpine cold. He'd reminded me

there was still joy in the mourning, and there was yet a story of rescue waiting for us all. His name was Ruger; he was my best friend, and he was my dog.

Ruger came into Chelsea's and my life just about the time that the "Switch" occurred from Nate to Nathan. Chelsea knew how badly I'd wanted a dog and she thought it was time we got one. I spent a few months researching before I decided on a few breeds that were ideal. The choices narrowed down by our budget as we began to go and check out different puppies in the area. Soon one option would rise above the others.

Ruger came to Chelsea and me from an island in the Bahamas called Turks and Caicos. Although we had never been to the island, we heard that there was a problem with the overpopulation of feral dogs. Most of the dogs are friendly scavengers who are a wide blend of breeds and sizes from shepherds to corgis. The dogs earn their name from begging for food, which the locals prepare in large pots. After cooking and later reheating beans and peas in the same pot, a thick burned cake is left behind. This pot cake is then fed to the dogs. This is why Ruger is a Royal Bahamian Potcake. Potcakes' character traits vary but most are known for two things: intelligence and intense loyalty. Because of this, they are beloved by their owners who can acquire one through a person couriering them back to the US where they are disseminated through various agencies.

Ruger came to the United States as a four-month-old puppy in the worst shape. He was emaciated with health issues ranging from giardia to an extremely weak, damaged hip. Chelsea and I went to look at him over at a home that fostered dogs waiting to find their home. We saw Ruger for the first time trotting in from the backyard where he was playing with his other Potcake brother. When he came inside, he saw us strangers and skirted to the edge of the house, watching us with fixed trepidation. Only after a few minutes of him seeing how the other dogs were content with our presence did he come and allow us our first greeting. We had spent many months researching how to select a dog and though Ruger was

a mix of breeds I was more than eager to own, his initial personality was not quite what I was hoping for.

As we spent more time testing Ruger and him testing us, the Lord moved me in my spirit that this was the dog he had for Chelsea and me. Wanting confirmation, I pulled Chelsea aside and as we spoke, it became abundantly clear that she was discerning the same thing. We told the owner our thoughts, and we all agreed to welcome him into our family. We placed Ruger in his little kennel and drove him to his new home.

Ruger's arrival in our house was met with excitement and also a dedication I had not had for any dog. I was determined to train, bond, and cultivate a companionship with him. I was free to pour my passion into this dog. I would spend hours watching training videos, reading books, and then putting into practice what I had learned.



His initial welcome into our house was met with trepidation of the most extreme degree. He spent his first day shaking in his kennel, too unsure to come out. Ruger later ever so cautiously emerged and began to explore his home for the first time in his life. It was a real home for him. It took a few more days, but as he became more confident of his surroundings, he began to show his prowess.

Ruger was by far the most intelligent dog I had ever worked with, and he learned everything I could throw at him as quickly as I could figure out how to teach it to him. With only two potty incidents inside, I thought I couldn't have received a more wonderful dog. But Ruger would not turn out to be an easy dog; instead, he would be the dog Chelsea and I needed.

Just as we thought Ruger was coming into his own, two large dogs smashed into him at the dog park. The impact further damaged Ruger's already weakened hip and led to him being crippled. Here was the dog I had waited all my life for, but what I had thought would be the perfect guardian and backpacking companion dog for Chelsea and me was a crippled, growth stunted, 33lb mess of a dog. His messiness drove me to continually ask Abba, "Why? Why would this have been the dog You chose for us?" Over and over, He was silent in His response to my fervent prayers until one day His voice rang through my frustration, "I entrusted him to you." That was all He said but that was everything. In five words, The Living God was generous enough to share with me a perspective that only He can give. God chose not to provide me with a perfectly healthy and expertly trained dog. Instead, he entrusted me with a broken, messy animal that needed one thing more than any other: commitment.

Ruger required owners that were willing to do whatever it took to give him every chance for a fulfilled existence on this earth. Ruger is a dog, I know this, and he will always be a dog, but as any person who has put the time, dedication, and sacrifice into really raising a superb dog can tell you, there is so much more there when you have a relationship with a great dog than when you merely own a pet. Ruger spent months of his first year of life barely able to walk, and pooping colors and textures I don't even want to try to describe.

Unfortunately for Ruger, and more so for us, his problems stemmed not merely from his physical health but also from his overall wellness. Ruger – like most dogs who are rescued from severe abuse or neglect cases – had baggage. More than a

busted hip, Ruger lived out of fear. His interactions with Chelsea and me that first moment we laid eyes on him were powerful indicators of this. Though the Lord's words calmed my reservations regarding this, the fear in Ruger was the subtle enemy of the bond with a great dog I had so desperately sought.

It first came to notice on our second walk with Ruger. His first had gone so well I was nearly beside myself with joy. But then the honeymoon phase ended, and the fullness of Ruger's baggage came out as we walked by his first terror: a trash can. To Ruger, the black trashcans parked on the side of the curb caused terror in his emaciated little body. He would urinate on himself, shaking from head to tail on his short leash. I could see in him a single emotion: terror. Ruger knew terror because he had been terrorized.

At the hands of human beings, Ruger was taught fear. He was made to know its nature and to understand its most detailed intricacies. Ruger's fear was not limited to trashcans but it included keys, large men, things covering his head, bags hanging off people, and cords. Ruger's seemingly unconnected sets of random stuff in my house and in my neighborhood caused terror in him. Ruger feared that which had harmed him. This is the fruit of evil. People had abused my dog.

He had been taught to fear. He had been taught an evil thing. Now thousands of miles away from those abusers, on his second walk in my neighborhood, Ruger saw one of those same trashcans he had been taught to fear. No wonder my dog had fears. Evil had gotten its mark on my dog. And so I was faced with that beautiful word again: *entrusted*.

This dog is whom God entrusted to Chelsea and me. This was the greatest of blessings I could have ever known. For as Chelsea and I would encounter one of Ruger's fears, we would teach him a new word: faith. It was not kindness, compassion, or gentleness; it was faith, which inoculated my dog to the most potent form of evil.

Ruger needed to know that he could trust me. He needed to know I was not one of those abusive people. He needed to know that his pack leader was good. He needed to know his leader would feed him, shelter him, and meet his basic needs first.

Once Ruger learned he would have those needs met, he was freed to learn that I would always protect him, love him, and be kind to him. He needed to believe I would be patient, compassionate, and gentle. As Ruger came to know these truths, he was freed to learn that the rope in his pack leader's hands was safe because he could trust his pack leader. This was the process for Chelsea and me to teach Ruger the things he once feared no longer had to keep him terrorized.



We met Ruger's needs. We studied, we researched, we got help, and we learned how to be the right owners to Ruger. We believed Ruger needed to be made well, and Chelsea and I were given the opportunity be the answer to that problem. We were able to be faithful and steadfast in that call, and because of it, we were able to see just what God can do when we are obedient. I could not have known what God was going to do to our lives through having an abused dog in our home, but as always when we step into the thing we fear, Yahweh shows us just how powerful His Ways are.

Yahweh knew what was coming in the years ahead. He knew the handlers of my personality were going to park outside my driveway and trigger me with their words because my “services” were going to be demanded again. More importantly, Yahweh knew I was going to need a companion for the journey into The Wilderness of remembering and learning the truth. That harrowing call, which interrupted my meeting rang through with words that would devour this love of mine. Before I can tell you the end I must tell you about a choice, which changed me forever. It will lead us back to the days before Naomi graced us with her arrival. A time when the mountains became my retreat and my dog kept me breathing.



## Chapter Thirty Five

# Falling in Love Again

The first steps into the wild were weighed down with backpacks. I cinched Ruger's pack down on his back as Chelsea and I prepared to step onto the trail. We headed through mountain meadows and up forested hills. The hours passed as we saw the wonders hidden away for those who are willing to leave the comforts of civilizations and perfectly paved roads. We hiked over waterfalls and bedded down that night by a glacial lake. I went to sleep happier than I'd been in a long time.

The hunger for the hunt and for the lonely places, and the need to prepare for battle was building every day. The discontentment I felt with my life had never been higher. I was eager to come and put my skills and training to the test. I'd spent months preparing for that trip, carefully researching and selecting every piece of equipment and taking the time to make sure they were the best.

That first night we slept in a single-walled tent used for expeditions up Everest. It was small and lightweight, just big enough for the two of us. As we prepared to go to bed, the temperature plummeted to well below freezing, and Chelsea insisted we bring Ruger in from the cold. Relenting, I brought him

into the tent where he bedded down at our feet. For a moment frozen in time, I felt complete.

My wife was lying next to me bundled up in wool and down feathers I'd helped to supply. I smelled mountain chamomile and wood smoke in the air. I could taste the fresh meal I'd carried up the mountainside. The perpetual restlessness in my soul, which had bid me to be ready to flee, escape, and evade, faded and I was free for a moment from its shackles and confines.

The air was crisp the next morning, and promises of peace washed down with every breath. I had my favorite customized pistol and tools for mountain expeditions strapped to my chest, and my backpack was loaded up. I looked over to see my wife smiling and my dog sniffing out chipmunks just beyond my reach. Ruger was loyal, and though he was off leash, he never wandered. He was happier on the trail than at any other time.

Soon Chelsea and I realized this was the place we wanted to be. We wanted to get up to the mountains and explore the wonders waiting on the trails. What was waiting back in civilization was frustration, but Ruger helped to provide me an outlet, ensuring I would survive the months to come.

Each week I would go to work, and as soon as possible, I would head home, throw on our packs, and head off to hike. I could be me on the trails within just minutes. Out there I didn't have to hide the skills I'd learned or the tools of the trade. Out on the way of the wild, I was free to carry my pistols to fend off bears and show off my blades. I could carve notches in branches, feather sticks for tinder, and help my wife build a temporary shelter against the wind and rain. I could start fires with flint and steel, and teach others to do the same. In the wild, I could hunt for the perfect spot to spend the night and not have to think about the dreams: the hauntings of memories clawing their way through my soul.



Nate may have dated and fallen in love with Chelsea by taking her to spots in the city. But Nathan and the rest of us fell in love with her in the flowery meadows ten thousand feet above sea level and running from Bigfoot spirit

creatures down back country trails. I found my joy renewed in the places where I could pick through patches of wild raspberries and find springs of fresh water bubbling out of rocks.



It was the summer after we got Ruger that Chelsea and I bonded for the first time. While I pumped water through a filter from a glacial stream, I saw in her what I am sure Nate saw in her too. I saw in her a woman who loved me even as I was. I saw in her a treasure and a delight. I saw her as she could be when freed from the shackles of her job and mundane Monday through Friday life. It was in that tiny tent with Ruger sleeping at our feet where we talked and listened and once again became one. Ruger was always there no matter where we

went, except for the time a black bear approached our tent. He barked and growled to warn me, but then he hid by his momma while I went gleefully stalking into my familiar darkness with a flashlight and pistol to chase it off. That dog grew to be my best friend. He helped me remember that the joys in this life are still possible.

Over the next few years, Chelsea, Ruger, and I hiked hundreds of miles. When the winters set in, Ruger and I would explore the thousands of acres of trails along The Front Range, giving us a taste of the freedom we longed for day and night. While the horrors of my past and present began to scream to the front of my mind, Ruger was who I grabbed, and we'd head to the mountains for an appointment with The Creator of our hiding place. Ruger would sit at my side while I wrote in my journal, wept, and screamed out the insanities that had happened to me. He would sit on the rock next to me as I overlooked valleys that stretched out for miles, begging The Father to restore the broken one I'd become.

Ruger was fiercely loyal, but he was not whole. The damage to his hip from the days in the Bahamas was severe. Soon it became evident that the dysplasia he had on his joint had gotten worse. Within just three years of his arrival, his hip was nearly shot. The hikes became shorter and fewer in number. We took to calling him Chicken Wing after the goofy way he learned to move.

As time went on, the pain he was in became more evident, and he could only manage one or two walks a week. The restless energy he had drove him to misbehave, and soon my ideal companion dog lost his honed edge. But before he lost it entirely, Ruger would save Naomi's and my life, and remind me why one must trust and obey The Father no matter what He says.

## Chapter Thirty Six

# A Man and His Dog

We continued to take him on walks with us after Naomi was born and did our best to keep him occupied, but it was not ideal. Just before Naomi was seven months old, I thought I would help Chelsea get some rest, so I took Naomi and Ruger for a walk around the lake. I usually never kept Ruger on a leash, but the park ranger had been hounding people who didn't, so I did that day. Naomi was sleeping on my chest, her little legs dangling out of the baby carrier, happy as she could be. We finished our first lap around the lake, and I heard in my spirit that I needed to turn back and head home. I tried to dismiss the thought and justify it away. I thought to myself, "Naomi never lets Chelsea rest and she deserves a longer nap than this," so I walked on. Again, I felt a troubling in my spirit, but I shoved it down.

The trail around the lake is about twenty feet above the shoreline and fifty feet from the water. I saw up ahead a woman and two well-muscled men standing by the water, throwing sticks for their three pit-bulls to retrieve. The dogs were enjoying the game and just as we went to pass by, one of them looked up and saw us. I felt the intent of his gaze turn from curious to aggressive all at once. He let out a guttural bark and growl as

he tore up the embankment towards us. I reached for my weapon but it was buried under Naomi, and I could not get my backups. The owner suddenly saw us and screamed “NO!!!” This alerted the other dogs, who begin thrashing their way out of the water and towards their pack mate.

The pit-bull was on us in less than two seconds. I did my best to turn Naomi away as the dog plowed into the three of us. Snarling teeth began to chop at the air as Ruger swung on his harness between the pit-bull and me. Soon his legs got entangled in his leash, and he couldn’t fight back. I pulled Ruger off the ground, trying to release his strap, but I couldn’t get my hands on it. The dog’s teeth clacked together as I heard the owners screaming, “OH, GOD, NO, STOP IT”!! Naomi was awake now, and her screams rose above the chaos. For a brief moment, I feared her dangling legs had been bitten, but then she went silent and still.

I did my best to keep my body between the attacking dogs but all of a sudden the second pit-bull – teeth barred – slammed into us, and we began to stumble around. I saw Ruger step in between us and the dog’s teeth tore into his leg. The smell of animal secretions, fear, and blood was now in the air. The woman on the shoreline just kept screaming, “God, no!!!” A frenzy of chaos ensued.

I used the only weapons I could and began to deliver strikes to the dog with boots, elbows, and leash handles crashing into ribs, skulls, and spines of the attackers. But then what sent icy tendrils down my neck was that the dogs didn’t seem to mind a bit. Suddenly, I saw one of the pit-bull go flying off the ground as its owner grabbed onto it and threw it back down the embankment. Just then Ruger broke off his fight with the second pit-bull, and we tried to run down the other side of the embankment and away from the attack. Before we got a few feet down the side, the third pit-bull came barreling down after us. I was finally about to get Ruger’s tangled harness released when the second man jumped down and slammed onto his dog, smothering him to the ground. “RUN!” he screamed at us, and we did.

Sprinting back towards our house, I began to examine Naomi, who was still silent, and miraculously, she was unharmed. There were streaks of blood and hair all over my legs, and I didn't think any of it came from me. I could see flesh missing from Ruger's leg and hair missing from spots on his chest and back and face. I left him in the backyard briefly and ran into the house, where I woke Chelsea up with one of the worst feelings of her life.

Veterinary care was out of the question as we could hardly afford to eat. Though Ruger's leg took the brunt of the damage, I knew with our care it would eventually heal. By the time I went back to try to confront the owners, they were long gone. It's probably best I didn't find them.

I learned a lot from the excruciating experience, and none of it was pleasant. I learned how dangerous it is to ignore those promptings in our spirit; that gut check out of nowhere should not be overlooked. Since then we have learned to pay attention and obey the promptings in our spirit any time our peace is taken. Ruger may have saved our lives but it came at a terrible cost.

He would never recover from the attack. Physically, he did as the puncture wounds closed up and scars took the places of bloody wounds like they do. After the morning around the lake, Ruger was more aggressive with other dogs, and he got to a point where I had to keep him on a leash on our walks. He was anxious, and the pain from his hip was worse than ever. There were still glimpses of Chicken Wing, my best friend, but they became fewer and fewer still. That is when Death came to betray a man and his best friend.



## Chapter Thirty Seven

# Best Friend Betrayal

Buzz.... Buzz.... Buzz..

I answered the phone.

Chelsea's voice, filled with betrayal, bellowed out, "Ruger just bit Naomi in the face!"

"What?!" I replied. Naomi was screaming hysterically in the background.

"Ruger mauled Naomi in the kitchen, and there is blood all over." A thousand pounds of dread sank through my soul.

Chelsea and Naomi had gone to the store; Ruger, as usual, accompanied them on the trip. Upon their return, Chelsea set Naomi down in the middle of the kitchen so she could watch her unload the groceries. Ruger howled in pain getting out of the trunk of the car; his hip was getting unbearable now. Inside the house, Ruger had gotten a drink of water and then went into the living room. Soon he went back into the kitchen, and before Chelsea knew what was happening, he was snarling and biting Naomi in the face, knocking her down onto the floor. Chelsea stepped in immediately as Ruger backed off and ran

into the other room. Blood started pouring off Naomi's face as Chelsea snatched her off the floor. Soon her training as a nurse kicked in as she triaged the wounds. That is when she called me.

Chelsea did her best to clean and treat the wounds. The strength of my wife shone through what was the most traumatic experience of her life. She was able to get the wounds patched up and see that they could over time heal on their own. Soon we started applying Organic Spore Powder and natural vitamin E directly to the wounds and saw what a difference they made for her swelling, and they also reduced scarring. Once the injuries were finally addressed, Chelsea and I sat down and debriefed what had happened.

The horrors of seeing your child get hurt are bad enough, but when the creature you've loved like a child is the inflictor of those wounds, it tears out your heart. Chelsea and I wept together that night on the couch, knowing we had to do something none of us wanted to do. I promised her 24 hours, and within 24 hours if I couldn't find him an appropriate home, I would make sure he was never back in the house.

Chelsea wrestled with her heart-wrenching agony at home, her fears for Naomi, and her sorrow over the marking of her once flawless flesh. In a moment, The Father showed her a glimpse of the future of Naomi standing as a teenager. In this vision, the sky was filled with rumblings of dangers. Blackened smoke wafted in the air as a city burned in the distance. Naomi gazed out, her eyes fixed upon her surroundings. Her jaw was set like flint. She was immeasurably strong, a warrior made ready for the days of chaos unleashing themselves. Naomi was a warrior, and every warrior carries their scars. The faintest of white lines stitched itself across the bridge of her nose, the mark from a dog she may never remember. The mark came from a dog who helped her mother overcome her fears and helped her father find the courage to face down Death.

Chelsea saw the glimpse and knew these wounds and scars will not define her; they will be a part of her as we each

carry our own scars. Naomi was not born for peace but for war. Chelsea may have grown up insulated from the chaos, but now it was rumbling in her heart. She chose not to run but to stand upon The Rock of Redemption. Chelsea was being made into a humble and wise woman who can raise her daughter up and prepare her to stand firm when the winds of terror blow.

I loved Ruger; I loved him more than pretty much all humans I'd ever known. He'd never lied to me, manipulated me, or made do evil. He'd never betrayed my trust until he did. I couldn't trust him anymore: not around my child, not around strangers, or around another owner's pets. I did my best to find him a new home in that twenty-four hours, but once a dog bites a child, it is a zero-tolerance policy with most adoption agencies. I was not willing to give Ruger with his ravaged hip to someone else so he could do more harm. I knew what needed to be done, but I had no idea if I could do it.

We kept him in the kennel that night, and I could tell from the look on his face that he knew life was never going to be the same. The next day I headed up north to meet with a client, and on the way there I wept, praying for wisdom to know what to do. Nobody wants to do what came next. There was no personality in my soul that wanted to end the life of the dog that had saved mine. I called friends and asked them if they would help me put down my dog, but they too had grown close to Ruger on our hikes in the mountains and didn't want to carry the burden of death. I didn't want to drag him into a veterinarian's office reeking of fear and suffering; he hated those places. I couldn't bear to see him have to be shackled to a table while they stab him with needles. It was just too much.

Oh God, I didn't want to take another life, let alone that of one I loved so much. Every other life I had taken had been because of manipulation, control, and the following of Orders. I had never freely chosen to do what came next. I had killed so many in my life, and I know so few will understand this but killing dogs had been some of the worst things I'd ever been made to do. It had broken pieces of my soul loose that were

still rattling around: The Names and The List came back to me during that day of death. I was weeping and weeping, "My God, I can't do this." The tears still flow just writing about it.

But I wasn't writing that day; I was living it. I was breathing in the familiar taste of death on the sunset's red horizon. It was then that He, The Good Shepherd, the overseer of my weary and ravaged soul, spoke to me. He told me,

*"Nathan, it is time you bring The Names up the mountain, and The Lists too. It's time you bring me your death and you entrust them with Me; you need to give Me your death if you want to be free."*

Even as He spoke, I saw them. I saw the faces, those death masks before they passed from this world to the next. So many people had perished in my midst. Too many to bear. Their names came flooding through one after the next: Jeremiah, Andrew, Sam, Joshua, Elizabeth, Zach, Elliot, and on and on they went. I could see them piling up this weight upon my shoulders, a burden I'd carried all my life, a load I'd tried to surrender hundreds of times.

How do you let go of the faces of death? How do you let go of the orphans and widows who don't know your name? The first one in the pit, an ax and a fist, the seventh one a cord around carotid arteries weakening fingers grasping against my skin. How do you carry the endless agony of killing your best friend?

The words of My Redeemer echoed through the chambers of my soul. On those whispers came winds of courage and strength. It was not mine but His; a great exchange of His life for more death. He'd done it before, and I knew He would do it again. Just then my phone rang and Chelsea was on the other line.

"Nathan, I need to tell you what just happened. I was driving out of our neighborhood, and I saw in the middle of the road the biggest hawk I'd ever seen. It was just sitting there, and as I got closer, it tried to fly away but fell back down. I wasn't sure

what was going on, but I saw its claw was stuck in the carcass of this dead rabbit. It kept trying to fly away and be free but it couldn't. By the time I pulled up, he suddenly shifted his body and took off, leaving the rabbit behind."

The Father's words echoed through my soul,

*"You need to bring me your death if you want to be free."*



I knew then that this was what I needed to do. We took Ruger for his last hike as a family, snapping pictures and filming tiny snippets along the way. We cried together as we pushed Naomi in the stroller while Ruger trotted on up ahead. A final snapshot of our family together marked the end of our walks with the dog we called Chicken Wing.

Chelsea said goodbye to Ruger as I loaded him into my car. I threw on my boonie

hat and loaded up our packs. I drove him far into the mountains, to the place where we'd taken one of our first hikes together. Walking up the mountain with my dog, I said their Names and prayed for them all, their families who I didn't know and the ones who I never knew. I prayed for forgiveness for the thousandth time. I surrendered the hatred I had for those who killed them, the ones who at times made me do it: at the times I felt like I deserved the bullet, not the man holding the ledger of secrets or the wrong place wrong time loose ends. I carried on my shoulders the burdens of death. I took up with me a lifetime of wounds, bloodshed, and tears.

My best friend walked up the mountain, and he helped to carry the load. His pack held a list of their Names, and he

brought it all the way to the top. I unloaded his burden as I found just the right spot, one that would give him a good view of the mountains stretching on for hundreds of miles. We shared his favorite snack together of homemade organic jerky as I told him how thankful I was for all that he'd done. I thanked him for helping me survive the heartache, bitterness, and pain at night. I told him he was a good boy and I was sorry for what I had to do. I filmed a final moment as a thunderstorm rolled over the top of us. I held my dog for one last time before I put him down for his final sleep.

I screamed and screamed and screamed some more. I screamed out at the top of my lungs until something in my soul tore loose and scattered into the winds now blowing with fury. I screamed until the thunder drowned me out and exploded across the darkening mountainside. I knew then my Elohim screamed too. He thundered out His reply. He had heard me and accepted this dead man's cry.

While the sky rent open and the waters fell from above, The Burden Bearer came and took my death and gave me life instead. He bought my misery and sorrows and gave me hope. I laughed with Him, knowing He would make it matter. Somehow He would take this once cursed life of mine and use it for blessings. At that moment on the side of a mountain, a dying restless man of murder found peace and life.

Some of you are carrying those burdens no soul can bear. Some of you are holding on to the names or faces of monsters who took from you innocence, virginity, sons or daughters lost in the pink mist. Some of you are holding on to anger at our Creator, blaming Him for the things He never did. Others are carrying insecurities from the lies spoken over you when you were just kids. Every one of you reading this has your list, your burdens which are breaking your back and keeping you from freedom, purpose, and truth. Are you ready to surrender the shackles and chains? It's time you face down the guilt, lust, and shame. It is time you find that The Burden Bearer is waiting at the top of the mountain where you can leave it all behind.

Yahweh entrusted Ruger to us for four years. He only had enough joint in that hip to get him through it and to the top of that mountain. It was just the right amount for him to fulfill his purpose in my life. Without him, I think I'd still be that hawk with claws stuck in death, trying desperately to get free. Without him, I would still be wondering what I could be. He helped me hike up that mountain and changed me forever.



It is time we find out whose burdens we were made to help carry. Someone woke up today who needs you to hold their hands and pray with them. Someone woke up feeling depressed and miserable and needs you to tell them they still matter no matter what they've been through. A man is staring in the mirror looking at a stranger needing to be told there is healing for even internal brokenness. There are veterans of life, war, and misery who are shoving needles in their arms, desperate to escape the nightmares, who need you to show them you still care for them. A child is screaming out in the night and needs someone who will not sell them for another trick but instead make sure they sleep soundly.

Some of you may be limping, barely holding on, but the healing you are crying out for is waiting when you bandage someone else's wounds instead of worrying about your own. The bitterness you're holding on to is what's keeping you in prison, not the one who hurt you. The keys to forgiveness are in the hands of The Healer who will restore what they took. Come and see that His goodness is forever and His mercy is endless. He will make right the wrongs of this world. He will bring justice that will be perfect and relentless. Come to Him now while there is still time.

Come to Him, who holds the hands of the hurting and gives them relief. Come to The One who knit you together no matter what kind of a womb you came from, whose offspring you were made by; He knows your innermost parts. Come to The Redeemer of bitter men and wounded women. Come to The Guardian of Eternities Hope and see that He has reserved a place for you.





## Chapter Thirty Eight

# Student Teacher Interlude

I am going to offer you a window into the hidden world of healing for a broken soul. The process of healing can bring with it a flurry of dreams. Often this is the place pieces of my soul are able to express impossible emotions free of accusation, fear, and threats. Like all of us whose sleep filled dreams can take on the expression of our innermost struggles and fears, so too with those who are in the process of restoration.

Contained in this dream was a challenge and request for help to all those teachers, counselors, principles, and school staff who spend so much of their life around children. More often than not you will be the only point of reference for children raised in worlds like my own. You have an opportunity to make a difference that is bigger than you know. To help you understand that, I let the student in my soul share their words with you now.

In the dream, I was transported back in time where I was sitting in a classroom like so many of the thousands I have sat in over the years of my life. There were grainy white chairs with laminated desks attached. They were lined up in rows seven deep by eight wide. There were students peppered across the class; they all looked to be around thirteen years old. I was sitting in the back right corner in order to keep my back to the wall and remain confident that no one can sneak up on me.

Sitting just a few chairs ahead of me was Shane. He was one of my better friends, and he and I had been in Boy Scouts together for a few years. He was wearing his uniform, tucked in at the waist; PACK 72 in white letters on a red background was pressed onto his shoulder. P.P.C was stitched onto the handkerchief he wore around his collar. I saw all over the room the rest of my pack mates, each one dressed in his uniform and looking as if we were just about to head out for another camping trip or Jamboree.

The class began. Our regular teacher was out for the day and had left a lesson plan for the substitute to go over. Though the material was standard and I'd heard it hundreds of times, the day was about to be very different. The woman began to teach us at the front of the room. She picked up her dry erase marker and wrote her name on the board. My mind drifted into a place that was no longer in the present. Noises turned to sounds, which inevitably combined into those words and phrases I didn't want to hear. "Take out your vocab books and turn to page twenty-three," yet another moment of mundane misery to mutilate my mind.

The students dutifully obeyed her command as I looked up at the ceiling and allowed the memories to draw me into dissociative dreams. Minutes passed, and the droning went on as I wondered the halls of hell within my charred soul. My stupor was suddenly silenced when the teacher called out to me.

"Nate, will you please use 'persuasion' for us in a sentence?"

I ground the gears of my mind to a halt and prepared to regurgitate the indoctrinating bile that was written on page twenty-three. I waited. She watched. I waited some more. My classmates grew confused and one, then two, then by threes and fours they began to turn in my direction.

"Nate, will you please use 'persuasion' for us in a sentence like the one on page twenty-three."

I watched her and looked beyond the board at the end of the room, and into a moment in time she couldn't see. I faded back into a real life memory.

The memory transported me to a time and place far away. I saw Shane and myself setting out on a hiking trail in The Rocky Mountains. We had backpacks loaded down with changes of socks, tents, sleeping bags, food, and water. My pack mates were just about to set off as well; Josh was bent over on the tailgate of his dad's fire-engine red Ford Ranger, and he was picking a chunk of gravel out from behind his heel. Matt with his thick glasses and unbelievable intellect was making mental calculations that would take him twenty minutes to articulate. Jeff wasn't sure what was taking so long, but he was joking with one of the other guys about something I couldn't hear.

I let the memory accelerate through time until we were a mile down the trail and stopped for a four-minute rest. Snacks were pulled out of zippered pockets. They peeled through plastic seals revealing caloric treasures waiting inside. I was watching my pack mates as in just a few months I would be leading them on a fifty-mile trip through the backcountry of New Mexico's mountains. I was observing each of them carefully, examining how they managed their time, the weight on their shoulders, and the poles in their hands. I was making small calculations on where they should be in my line, on who would be able to help share the loads, and who would carry the map on each section of the trail.



Other kids' dads were coluding in the corner of the trail a few yards away, each of them trying hard to hide just how out of breath they were. For a rare moment, I was happy. I could see the trail would take me to a place I desperately wanted to go, where lush grassy meadows

would envelop me in sleep and upon sunrise, the morning birds would wake me.

I did not want to come back down the trail we came on to the torment of what waited at my home or in classrooms like this one. I knew I wouldn't stay out here forever, where Shane, Jeff, and I were still friends, and they wouldn't make fun of me behind my back like all the other kids. My God, how I wanted them to like me and think of me as their best friend instead of their cruel joke. It was shallow at best, but the rivers of my soul ran deep, and even just a few inches of appreciation and friendship could carry me for miles.

The kids in my class and in my pack didn't know what waited for me when I walked in the door many miles away. They didn't know the sound of papa's pedophilic Family members. They didn't have to feel the plunge of a dagger as it worked its way past skin, fat, tendons, and bone. They wouldn't see the scabs that would come from my razor's edge as it tortuously tempted me to feel something other than apathy and indifference.

The memory stopped and I was back in the classroom.

“Nate, will you please use ‘persuasion’ for us in a sentence; there is an example on page 23 in your vocab book.”

By now the classes attention was entirely fixed on me. I looked at the teacher again and told her my story of the hike. I told her about the place I'd rather be, the mountains of meadows, and the sound of the creek forty feet from my tent. I told her about the smell of vanilla pinesap oozing from a tree I buried my nose in, and the whispers of hope wafting over my withered wounds. I told her of the screams in the night, and of the millions of tears I had cried.

I answered her with a boldness that frightened many sitting nearby.

*"I don't want to tell you the sentence from page twenty-three. I want you to listen and care about me. I want to matter more than this stupid book. I am not a question waiting to be answered; I'm not a score on your test. I am a thirteen-year-old boy who has survived incest. I want to feel something other than this, but I don't know what to do except crawl into a ball so most people won't find me.*

*No mom is waiting for me back home. She went and moved far away where Guests are attended to but children are forgotten and used as cheap labor instead. I want to eat food baked with care instead of this crap; my robot dad packed my lunch with this morning. But don't worry, miss substitute teacher, I'll soon be out of your hair, and you can run on to someone else; it's not like you care. Last night, I held a knife to my chest, wishing I could just plunge it in, but don't worry, the programming against premature suicide is thoroughly locked in."*

The class once silent and motionless began to murmur. Seats creaked as students adjusted their bodies with the weight of what I'd just shared. The accusations exploded from my chest about the failure of the teachers who should have done something. I screamed them at the teacher, demanding a response.

"Why didn't you ask me where the bruises came from, the bloody noses and scars? Why didn't you stop them from tearing me apart? Where is the person who gives a crap about the kid sitting in front of you two hundred and eighty days in the year? When will I matter more than this silly book, I ask you and demand that you tell me, you apathetic crook!? I am not an answer, a statistic, or a score; I am a child who was ruined by monsters in this world of deceit. I carry the burdens of a thousand men's shoulders. Where is the person who will share my crushing load? I've yet to meet them in one of these rooms, and I know it's not the woman standing in front of me now. You'll forget all about me in two days time when you have to substitute for another classroom that's bigger than mine.

Go ahead and read for us whatever's in this stupid book; it doesn't matter anyway; it never really does. I will wake up from this hell someday where you won't be, where there are people who love and care about me. Until that time, I am

persuaded that none of this counts. Not the grade you'll give me or the ink on the board. You'll wipe it away at the end of today, just like this piece of my soul you'll throw in the trash as you look past my bleeding heart and on to the next. Goodbye, miss substitute teacher, I'll go ahead and dig in the rubbish bin once you've moved on."

The teacher began to justify like they always do. She muttered on about state requirements, licensure, and aptitude scores, which don't mean crap. Federal funding. licensure hours, and money is all that matters, and a place where children are indoctrinated with lies to make sure they become good worker bees who love their servitude and defend it with venom. She could tell the classroom was getting angry as others students began to agree.

The students' shouts ring out as the wounded ones are given a voice.

"Why is it you care about these vocab words more than you care about me? Why don't we matter more than you say? Why don't you give us the time of day?"

She was writing on the whiteboard a bunch of words, value charts, and statistics to prove her clinically approved method. Tears were pooling in the bottom of my eyes as she tried to get the classroom back on her side. She demanded we each raise our hands if we want to speak, so thirty hands shot up, and she looked so bleak. Just at this moment, my teacher walked in.

He had been hiding in the corner in the back of the room. He stepped to the teacher and said, "Class dismissed." We found our ways back to the halls where the bullies await, the jabs about my body, the kicks at my heels with their cool kids' uniform bought at the mall of tomorrow's trends.

The next morning found me making my way back into the room. My teacher walked up to me but didn't say a word. He taped a piece of paper on the wall by my desk. He looked at me for the first time in nearly a year and saw the shattered soul

who'd been there all along. He nodded to the paper and headed back to his desk.

The paper had his handwriting on it, and this is what it said:

To: Nate Reynolds

*"I present this letter to you for reminding us what we need to do. You told us a story, and it had no name. You shared a shard of your soul once written with blood. Nate, you persuaded a tired teacher that his job was not done. In a thousand words or less, you told the schools what we really must do: abandon the broad ways of teaching we've been forced into. Share our lives with our students and help them through life, so that we might equip them to survive the madness at night, and let them remember that there is still hope, even if it means the answers are not going to be on vocab page number twenty-three."*

I looked at the paper and began to cry an ocean of emotions always held inside. I let the tears fall wherever they may because for a single moment in time, the burden was not mine alone. The endless agony crushing my soul was given its first reprieve. I had been seen, maybe even understood, for the first time in too many years. It was not the end of the horrors; I had many more to go. But it gave me the opportunity to remember why I was still alive.

I knew as I wrote down that dream and poured over my journals from those years those words could be written. I knew there would come a day when I would be able to share this with a teacher and save a student's life. On that day I would know it was all worth it: the scabs on my arms, the beatings, and the bruises. The slices of sorrow, which slid through my soul, could find healing and wholeness I'd never known. I am not sorry for what I've been through; I'm only sorry I didn't say so sooner. When you see the student hiding in the back of the room, causing a ruckus or keeping you from finishing your plan, remember this story, and maybe you can save someone's future from the bottom of a bottle, an abuser's lust, or from their mother's absence. You might just be the one who reminded a broken human being they mattered more than the next test.



## Chapter Thirty Nine

# A Wilderness Confession

Before I conclude this book, I must confess to you, my reader, a weakness and a truth. I have an innate flesh nature to be inwardly angry towards so many aspects of the Catholic Church. Trust me, I've written hundreds of thousands of words on it, and much has been tied to my abuse perpetrated within the pews of those stained-glass cathedrals and tempestuous tunnels beneath their prestigious parishes. Even as I've gone through great healing and finding Yahweh's freedom to forgive, lingering angst can fill my heart when contending with those who are subjects of Catholicism, especially Jesuits and Knights. I have seen Catholicism devour so many amazing people, and it breaks my heart. I burn with a similar fury at times when contending with the deception within the corporate Christian church and the countless sheep being led astray. The reason I must apologize to you is because of a stranger named Matthew, a man I've never met.

He sent me an email after watching one of the YouTube interviews I had done with David & Donna Carrico and Jon Pounders, some of the phenomenal folks over at Now You See TV and FOJC Radio. In Matthew's message, he shared his journey of coming out of the Catholic church and finding the

fullness of freedom in Messiah and walking in His Way. His story is not mine to share, but it gave me a perspective I so desperately needed.

Since I began to speak out publically in 2017, I have read hundreds of people's testimonies. I have heard from people who were born into multi-generational Luciferian cults, Bible-thumping Baptist churches, and pagan temples. No matter its exterior mask, deception is a highly contagious spiritual infection of the most dangerous kind. Deception slides a threadbare veil of truth over our eyes as it plunders our minds of their logic, reason, and understanding. Reading Matthew's testimony brought tears to my eyes, laughter at times too, but mostly tears of recognition. In his story, I heard the words of a child of The Redeemer whose shed blood rent the veil once and for all. I saw a man who has come to learn the power of persecution and wilderness wanderings.

Stepping out of the comfort zone of your religion be it a Muslim, a Christian, a scientist, a Hindu, or a Jew for the sake of The Messiah Jesus often sends you directly into the desert of wonderings. I do not deny it: I am calling people to come out of the traditions of men and the doctrines of deception, and to prepare for and fight in The War of The Ages. The place of preparation will always be in The Wilderness. Read about the life of David, Moses, Joseph, Jacob, and Jesus. Before people were brought into the fullness of their purpose, they were led to the wondering places of The Wilderness.

The desert can be a lonely place to those who do not see the cloud of His providence, nor feel the heat of His pillar of fire watching over them at night. Though we may be lonely, we will never be alone for we are with our Creator. Many fear The Wilderness, thinking it is only a dry and weary place, unable to see the miracles of freedom from their seductive shackles and comfortable chains. The Wilderness is where slaves are taught how to walk without shackles, and dance without fear or shame. It is the place where we are given The Instructions so we can learn to walk in His ways. Some will heed His call, but many

will not. It is in The Wilderness that The Father taught me to lay down my hate to find forgiveness and love sprouting up in its place.

Though my flesh bids me to rage against those who are subtly leading and deceiving the masses, I must remember: have we not all once been enemies of Yahweh? (Col. 1:21) Have we not all fearfully sown in the flesh time and time again? But the goodness of our Creator is that He sees good seed hiding in the thistles, thorns, and tares. Concealed in those cathedrals, those witch covens and convenience store check out lines, is the greatest Remnant army this world has ever known. Amidst those tattered weary souls is a holy restlessness drawing them to Messiah. It calls to them in their sleep as they dream of a life where the misery fades, and joy is possible.

It is in The Wilderness He made the children of bondage into men and women who were prepared to go into The Promised Land filled with physical and spiritual giants of monstrous size, power, and strength. He sent them into the lands where the blood of the innocent had flown for far too long. It is because hidden among those tares were righteous wheat waiting for rescue. Amidst the walls of Jericho, a stronghold of ancient wickedness was Rahab, once a whore who would be found wholly faithful, a blessed servant and ancestor of our Redeemer. Amidst the walls of these deceit filled temples and churches of our modern day are sorrow-filled souls waiting for someone to show them that boldness and courage still abide in the Body of Messiah. Do not be afraid, dear reader, but remember what Yahweh said to Joshua the day before they set out on an impossible campaign.

*“Now it came about after the death of Moses the servant of the LORD, that the LORD spoke to Joshua the son of Nun, Moses’ servant, saying, Moses My servant is dead; now therefore arise, cross this Jordan, you and all this people, to the land which I am giving to them, to the sons of Israel. Every place on which the sole of your foot treads, I have given it to you, just as I spoke to Moses.*

*From the wilderness and this Lebanon, even as far as the great river the river Euphrates, all the land of the Hittites, and as far as the Great Sea toward the setting of the sun will be your territory. No man will be able to stand before you all the days of your life. Just as I have been with Moses, I will be with you; I will not fail you or forsake you. Be strong and courageous, for you shall give this people possession of the land, which I swore to their fathers to give them. Only be strong and very courageous; be careful to do according to all the Law which Moses My servant commanded you: do not turn from it to the right or to the left, so that you may have success wherever you go. This book of the law shall not depart from your mouth, but you shall meditate on it day and night, so that you may be careful to do according to all that is written in it; for then you will make your way prosperous, and then you will have success. Have I not commanded you? Be strong and courageous! Do not tremble or be dismayed, for the LORD your God is with you wherever you go.” -Joshua*

Yahweh told Joshua three times to be strong and courageous because he was a person just like you and me. He was a man who had the flesh, which screamed at him to be quiet, just shut up, or they'll think you're nuts! We've all shared those same fears of rejections, fears of what men will think of us. You are not alone, but that is what The Wilderness is for. It is to burn away our former selves, to let us leave the man of flesh impaled on a stake where our Savior took our guilt, shame, and fears away. Walk boldly on the narrow Way for you will never walk alone.

Your days of wandering in The Wilderness will not last forever. Like every tree planted near streams of water, they will bear fruit, in their season. (Psalm 1) Let the Vinedresser prune back your flesh so that you can bear a greater harvest as He leads you over the Jordan and into The Promised Land.



The Wilderness is where He gives us His Instructions so that when we are called into the abundance of purpose, we do not wander from His ways. The Wilderness wanderings may be shorter, like the forty days of Jesus, or they may be like the forty years of Moses and David, or even like those of The Lost Sheep of the House of Israel who have been in The Wilderness for thousands of years. No matter what, the miracles you will see, the prayers answered, and the blooming of your faith will make it worth it. Without those days in The Wilderness, Chelsea and I never could have found a miracle waiting for the right time.



## Chapter Forty

# Even for Just One

Chelse and I were in the wilderness for nearly four years. We'd grown so tired of the lonely wanderings and prayed month after month for authentic fellowship. We prayed for families who were aware of the truths about our devilishly orchestrated society and walked on the narrow Way. We did not see those prayers answered for months, then years but our faith bid us to continue. Amidst the depths of our greatest hours of suffering, we did not have hands to hold us as the forces of evil pounded on our doors; we had only the abundance of His mercy, power, and strength. But The Mighty God harkens unto the cries of His people and do you know how Yahweh answered that prayer? It was through a man I'd never met who had a conversation with his wife.

Their names were Kyle and Rebecca. They'd woken up through humility and revelation to so many truths surrounding corporate Christianity. They had discovered demonically inspired doctrines and Brotherhoods had been openly and greedily welcomed into the same megachurch we'd left and begun to walk quietly in The Way. They'd been attending a Bible study for a few years with many folks from that megachurch.

Kyle was given an opportunity to pick the next topic of study, and wanted to do *119 Ministries*' series about our lost Hebraic identity and being followers of the whole Bible, rather than the parts, which fill up the pews, pocketbooks or pleasures of sins. This was a risky decision. Most of us who begin to learn about conspiracies, electronic control states, or the deceptions in our churches, do so behind closed doors. Often because we are scared someone might think we are nuts. But Kyle was willing to come out of the closets of cowardice for the sake of truth as this new Way of following Messiah was all about forsaking the broad road. (See the informative film titled *The Way: A Documentary* at <https://www.thewaydoc.com> for more information.)

Kyle stood with Rebecca in their room, where they looked at each other as they battled the familiar fears of what people will think. The thoughts of the inevitable persecution and mocking they would suffer came boiling to the surface. Kyle looked at her, and he said something each of us must never forget. Looking into the eyes of the woman who has followed him onto this narrow road, Kyle said to her,

“But it would all be worth it if just one woke up. If just one person sees The Truth and gets set free, it would all be worth it.”

The words Kyle spoke in his room carried the weight of truth. They carried upon them power, understanding, wisdom, and hope. Kyle had become a new man because his identity wasn't trapped in the depths of deception but had been raised with our Messiah. Kyle was right about the words he spoke as the group did mock him and scoff at him, and their entire church where they'd been prominently serving on stage for more than 12 years turned their apathetic backs upon them. No more phone calls or “Hey, how are you?” Like vapors in the wind, they disappeared and no one seemed to notice their leaving, but one man in that Bible study saw that The Way of Messiah was not just in Paul's writings, or in Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

One man saw the painful Light of Truth and did not look away from its brilliant eternal promise. He kept His eyes on Yeshua, the author and perfector of our faith. Because of this, Jeremy found his way to a congregation where six months later, Jeremy became the man who answered our prayers.

Jeremy, this one called-out sheep answered an e-mail my wife meant to send to someone else, and connected us to people we'd been praying for four years to know as our own: a group of people where we are free to fellowship and ask questions as we all learn together things that are foreign and new to us, as we all try to understand this new Way of being, this promised identity as Israel.

It may not be about your identity; it may not be about a lifetime of boredom, misery, or abuse. Your story is yours and is potentially no less important or influential than any others. The real power available to us all comes when we step into The Wilderness of the unknown where our faith is no longer a "get out of hell free" card in our back pocket but is life and death.

Would it all be worth it if just one person found The Way? What if your sister who you've been praying for could come to see the truth so carefully hidden from her eyes? What if your boss has for the first time in their lives contemplated a relationship with Jesus, and needs you to be open about your faith and trust in Him? What if the beggar whose hands are clutched around cardboard signs of help is waiting for you to be the one who provides to him that night? What if the conversation you have been dreading with that person is the one where you can help be the hands that snatch a burning stick from the flames?

These are not hypothetical questions anymore; these are the flesh and blood realities of our perishing world. For every day you hide your Light of Truth in your closets of cowardice, you give ground to The Enemy to take those curious, lonely, and thirsty souls for his own Kingdom. Every day you linger, every day you wait, the darkness grows.

Kyle and Rebecca painfully suffered the loss of friends and family but into that void came Jeremy. Their faith-filled hands reached into the fires of persecution and snatched one stick from the flames. Jeremy's new life has multiplied and turned into dozens and will become hundreds more. I hope you remember this when your flesh whispers pride-filled lies and man-based fears. You have a testimony so many others need to hear. No matter your concern, know our King specializes in using cowards who find His courage will become their own. For Yahweh has not given us a spirit of fear, but of power, love, and a sound mind. (2 Timothy 1:7)

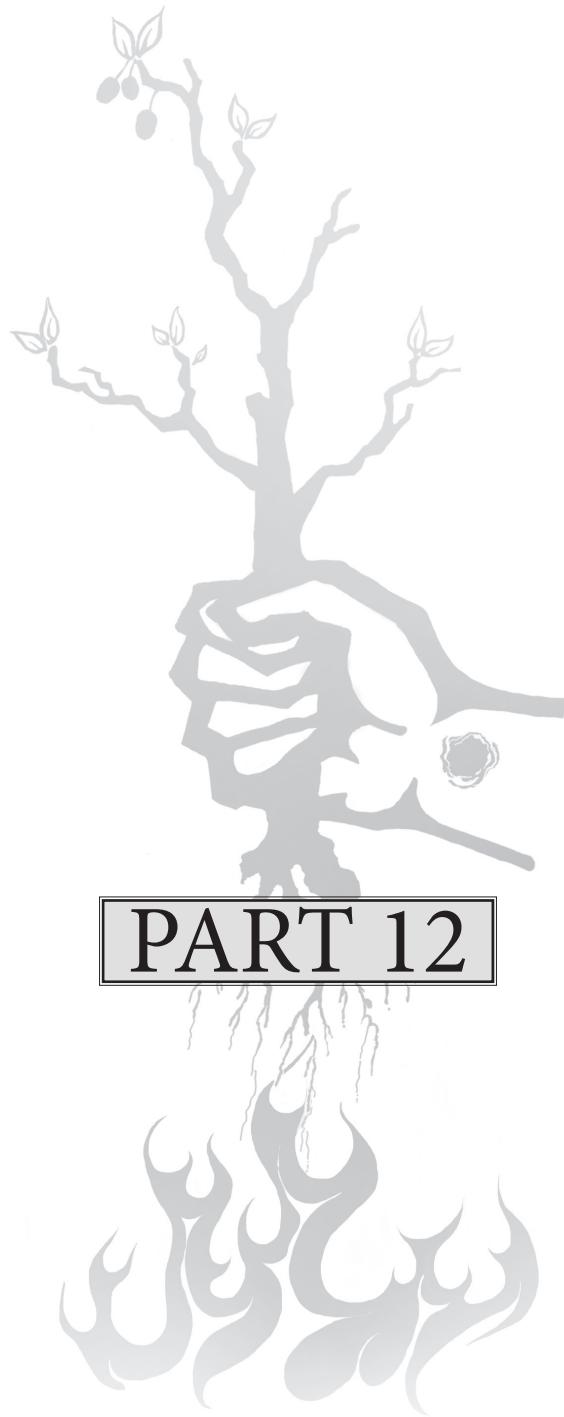
I pray each of you will remember that The Enemy is not defeated by our bullets, blades, or our left or right wing politicians but,

*“By The Blood of the Lamb and the words of our testimonies and not loving our lives even unto death.”* (Rev. 12:11)

Now is the time for us to boldly step out of the shadows. Now is the time for us to wage the spiritual wars and take back the promised lands of men and women whose hearts have been trapped in the walls of deception. Now is the time for us to confess our sins leave our worldly ways behind us, and see the power of forgiveness, redemption, and truth. We must stand with feet planted in the soils of this earth and overflow with *uncompromising* obedience to His holy and peculiar ways.

Every day we wait, The Enemy grows stronger, adding new sheered sheep to his forsaken flock. Every day we linger, waiting to step out of the boat and onto the roaring waters, tens of thousands are lost. Now is the time for you who have The Secrets to speak them out. Now is the time for the world to see and hear the impossible, unspeakable truths. Come then and answer this clarion call. Come out of the darkness and ignite your candles of hope. Come and set fires to the pillars of perversion, corruption, and chaos. Let us set ourselves ablaze with passion, love, and faith.

It is not an easy journey but one filled with putrifying pits and seductive snares. Along the walk of this life, there will be challenges, and there is a way of being we all are prone to. It bids us who have been free to run back to shackles. It is time we discuss why it's easier to run than to abide.



## Chapter Forty One

# Chained: Even When You're Free

There was no way I could have known what to expect. The healing path I'd set my feet upon was uncharted territory. There was jungle all around me, filled with vipers, jackals, and lions waiting to tear me apart. I had made an assumption when I started out on this journey. It was a false expectation, which grew to be a mighty hindrance on my path. I assumed my path of wholeness and integration would be one that could be accomplished quickly and without significant disruption. The truth I will not hide from any of you is this: if you have suffered a lifetime of abuse, pain, neglect, and bondage, those wounds need time to heal, and they can't be dealt with all at once. One of the deepest of wounds is the loss of identity, identity only slaves can know.

The slavery of my life did not openly look like the days of whips, chains, and hours grinding cotton or grain, but it was slavery all the same. The truth is if you've never known the way of living as a slave, it so hard to imagine or understand. Many of us are insulated from this idea of slavery as our modern creature comforts ensure our ignorance. More people woke up today as slaves than at any other time in the history of the world. All too often it does not look like children in sweatshops

in a third world country but like the people in the line at the grocery store who you bumped into last week.

Modern slavery is more than a way of living; it is an identity – it is quite literally who you are. It is what begins to make up the essence of your self. Who you are when you look in the mirror is not a person of choice but a person bound by manipulation, submission, and mental shackles. The world of free thought and self-determination is as foreign to you as being born in a distant country with another culture, skin color, and native tongue. You cannot imagine what it is like to be them, to be one of the free.

Many have read stories of slaves or victims of abuse who return to their pimps and dealers or their masters and perpetrators and allow the collar of control to be once again synched down tight. These stories are maddening and frustrating to those who read it and have not tasted of this torment. What you cannot understand is that slavery and bondage become familiar, and freedom is foreign.

Freedom is a dialect you've never heard. It is an ideology estranged and confusing. It is a way of being even harder to learn and receive when those around you are often terrified by the mere mention of your past shackles. You feel the fish out of water relates to you best. The world of thinking and choosing people are the searing sun on your scales and air in your gills. They are not of you; they are unknown, distant relatives of a species you do not recognize.

What does it feel like to wake up and decide what to do with your “free time”? What does it mean to have the ability to say no? How do you answer someone’s question when you don’t know? Ignorance in The Underworld of The Families and our silvery servitude is the single most punishable problem. Many mental and physical lashes are doled out indoctrinating you into an absolute dread of not knowing. So then how do you think when you are given back a mind that’s never known free thought? Some may handle it better than others, but honestly more often than not, you get sick. It

is a sickness, which grows as you realize you are outside of the familiar mental shackles.

There is no better way for me to describe The Sickness to you than nausea, an ache, or the strain of muscle tugging your newly growing peace out of place. It is a pull within you; a lure sunk into your soul, which tugs you back towards the familiar world you've known. It clings to the cracks and crevices where you split to survive. The Family is familiar: the hunt at night, the smell of sulfur and copper as blood flows, and the diamond-encrusted wires of regret. All you've ever known is their orders and commands; their words have always defined you.

No one ever warned me about The Sickness. I don't know if I could have done it if I had known how hard it would be just to be free. I know it hurt Chelsea to see me struggle and weep, not understanding how to be free, safe, and understood. How do you explain to someone something as bizarre as this? How do you articulate your grieving over the shackles of your former life? How can I admit to people I wept over my loosened chains?

I wanted freedom. I needed it, but I did not know it. I woke up every day and saw the reminders of the shackles. When I looked in the mirror, I saw their marks, the places of perversion where pieces of my soul had rent from the hurt. There were marks like the two white scars on my stomach where a knife slid in, or the dozens of track marks where stitches pieced my face back together after the creature nearly tore it off. There were the claws of madmen upon my scalp and between my ears. I wanted to break free, and I wanted to be whole, but what would it be like? Would I be happy if I made my own decisions? Would I be content? I had so much fear when I thought these things; it was not until my faith began to bloom in my heart that I saw the truth, which set me free.

The truth all of us need to learn is that *we are all slaves*. None of us were born free. We were enslaved to the nature of sin, the fallen state of our flesh, which wages a perpetual war against The Spirit of Yahweh. We are enslaved into the

corporately controlled conspirators of civilization who've shaped it into the form of the Fallen One's Kingdom. Its desires do not abide in His Word, nor hunger for righteous and holy living. They long for the poisons that corrupt our character and soil our soul.

There is an active war against living in obedience to Yahweh's Commandments, and its casualties pile higher every day. It is The Sickness of us all. The shackles I wore were literal; they were cushioned cuffs to ankles and straps in vices. They were psychological, biologically, and mechanically seductive and more powerful than you can fathom. They ensnared me like a wolf in a trap. My spirit was born again the day I chose to cling to The Rock of Salvation, Yeshua The Redeemer. My spirit longed to be a man of righteous living who was known by His Savior. I wanted to have The Face of Yahweh shine upon me and I wanted Him to incline His ear to me. I ached to prostrate myself before The King of Glory and be in His courts day and night. I hungered for the incorruptible immortality promised to me. (1 Cor. 15:52) I longed for His wisdom, truth, and hope. And yet the familiar world of slavery called me back. The familiar shape of tunnels, seducing shadows, and the promised relief those addictive chemicals offered me kept luring me back.

The Sickness calls us all. We who have become traitors to this world and The Kingdom of Darkness are their greatest enemies and deadliest foes. The Enemy and his ministers, apostles, evangelists, teachers, prophets, and priests utterly hates us who choose to follow The Way, and he is a masterful expert at baiting the hooks to lure us back to our familiar abodes. There is only one way to be freed from those shackles forever. What it takes is something that is not appreciated nor endorsed in comfortable corporate Christianity.

The cure for this Sickness is to fear Yahweh more than anything or anyone else. The absolute unapproachable holiness of our Great Creator must be a consuming fire in our bones. It must burn away The Sickness, doubt, and lingering longing for

a life of tempting touches and familiar feelings. (Judges, 1,2,3 Maccabees) The fear of Yahweh is the beginning of wisdom, and it is the source of freedom from shackles and lies. (Prov. 1:7, 9:10, Ps. 111:10)

It is not mere reverence, respect, or trust; it is absolute fear. When you come into the actual presence of The Holy One, you will never be the same. You will experience teeth chattering, pleas for mercy, and forgiveness while the purest sense of peace engulfs your soul and clothes you in love. It is the understanding of The Holy One in the presence of an unholy being. It is The One who formed us all that we must honor, respect, and surrender to.

He who made the mouth we use to speak can anoint it for greater things than we ever thought possible. He who gave us ears to listen and minds to comprehend can provide us with more understanding than a million books and thousand lifetimes of "sacred knowledge" can hope to divine. The one who set the sun and moon on their circuits can also set our feet on the narrow path of providence and hope.

The fear of The Holy One utterly destroys the lying lures and collars around our throats. It invades our shattered souls and cleanses us with the truth about who we are for we are no longer children scattered abroad and lost in the world. Our identity is not a church or denomination, and it is not the blood in our veins, the position on our resume, or the bills left to be paid; we who come to Messiah are the people called Israel.

We are the redeemed sons and daughters of The Living and Holy God. We are rescued, loved, and adored. We are not like this world; we are not its slaves; we are a chosen peculiar people, a royal priesthood. (1 Peter 2:9) We are to be like Aaron, who stood in the presence of The Holy One and made offerings of praise, prayer, intercession, and sacrifice. He was anointed for his calling, and we too must be set apart. We must be the intercessors who stand in the gap between the living and the dead. We must be like Abraham and Samuel, who were called out and set apart unto El-Shaddai.

Abba Yahweh becomes our Father the day we choose to surrender and forsake this Kingdom of Darkness and leave the Kingdom of Men behind. It happens on the day we become traitors to this world we no longer love and enter instead into a covenant with The Just One. On that day, we choose to be so-journers who live set apart from the sinfully changing standards of this world and instead look like the Messiah. It cures our cowardice and gives us a greater love than our masters, pills, or porn could ever provide. The cure to these bondages does not come from a twelve-step program, special software on our computers, or accountability partners. It will not come from another church retreat, family workshop, or community group.

It comes from fearing our Father, getting to know Him, and walking in covenant with Him. It is as we walk with Him that He changes us to become like Him. It comes from surrender and obedience to His ways and not our own. It comes from fixing our eyes upon the one and only true rabbi, Jesus the Messiah, and from walking the way He walked. Freedom comes when cowards become courageous enough to give up and surrender to His Instructions and quit giving into the fickle emotions and feelings, which rule our lives.

Freedom does not come easily, and it will not happen overnight. I would like to tell you The Sickness will never come back but I will not sugar coat the truth for the sake of your feelings or my own. Like each of you with your familiar sins and fleshly comforts, the well-dressed counterfeit lion, the Father of Lies, is always waiting at the door, knocking and enticing us to return. He does not look like a red devil with horns, but like the warm relief we'd feel from just one drink, one click, or one extra glance. The Enemy looks like the "innocent" flirtation with a co-worker or the text message to an ex-partner at night. The Enemy's lures are beautiful, elegant, and enticing. They are custom-made, candy-coated razorblades, which taste delightful but can spend years gestating before they bleed us to death.

The Prince of Darkness can transform himself into an angel of light, and his ministers, teachers, followers, and slaves

are like him. When I made deals with devils, they rarely if ever looked like the Hollywood versions of the demonic or like a haunting red-eyed nightmare of dread. They are more intelligent than you can imagine, as they have spent thousands of years studying, manipulating, and controlling their hosts. All too often the restless shape shifting spirits looked like men of power and prestige or ageless beings of splendor and light.

They knew me so very well. They knew how to entice me and offer me things I'd only privately dreamed of. They knew my secrets and where my heart hid hopes I'd never spoken aloud. They provided me a temporary escape, and they offered me power and invincibility if only I let them in, gave them permission, or gave over my will. It was an exchange of goods, a transfer of services, but it was free will for shackles and joy for misery. They are leeches on people's body, spirit, or souls. They are spirit born vampires of hope and health draining their hosts down to despair and death.

You don't have to do a black magic ritual or sign a contract with your blood; it may just be that you are willing to do "whatever it takes to make it" in whatever arena you wish to conquer. You need only to come into agreement with them or give them permission to enter the tabernacle of your heart and take your goods. (Mark 3:27) What is it they offer you? What are the secret transgressions that control you and keep you from being free? Why do you let them stay in the darkness where they rule you and keep you as their own? How much longer will The Father of Lies seduce you, while The Father of Truth is looking into the distance, waiting for His child to return? Come to Messiah; come to Him with your bloody hands, corrupt character, compromised ethics, and shady dealings. Come to Him with the deeds of devils and hopeless despair. Come to Him with your cowardice and grief. Come to Him with the rusting lures of The Enemy buried in your flesh and see that The Great Physician specializes in healing wounds just like yours.

Do not let the familiar feelings of slavery draw you back. The grumbling and complaining Israelites in the wilderness

longed for the bondage of Egypt, the food of their familiar master's table. (Num. 11:5) We are just like them, but let us instead be like the children of the Israelites who were born in The Wilderness, who saw The All-Consuming Fire of Yahweh in their midst, who were fed and nourished by the daily bread, who kept The Instructions of The Father and drank of His living waters that flowed from The Rock, which was Jesus. (1 Cor. 11:5) Once they were fed and fueled, they were made ready for war. They understood their identity was not in the land they came from but where they were one day going to be. They knew they were passing from this wandering place to the place of The Pilgrims Promise. We too must learn our Promised Land is waiting on His narrow path to life.

Those Israelites grew strong in their identity and authority. They became those who were bold and courageous enough to step into occupied enemy territory and take back their inheritance. They were children born for such a time as this, and so too were you. We too have been the wanderers, those without homes who were trafficked from church to church, parish to parish, denomination to denomination, waiting to find a place where our restlessness would relent, and our heart would tell us to abide. We too have been born into generations of death, murder, and abuse. We also have been the ones who keep trying to convince ourselves if we just made a little more money, had that other guy's job, or were famous like that lady, we would finally feel peace. Do not believe the lies of impotence, monotony, and failure. You are yet to know the fullness of freedom found in a day lived as a co-laborer with the Prince of Israel.

The narrow Way He calls us to will not be familiar but foreign. The lands of the living are a mystery to the dead. This is why we too must die to this world; we must impale this flesh on the stake as He did and let His resurrected power rule in our hearts. We must no longer be children who walk in darkness but sons and daughters of The Light. (John 1) It will not be instant; it will not come overnight. If, like James, the brother of Jesus, told us, we endure these trials with all our

strength and heart and mind being fixed upon our Redeemer, after it is all over then we too will receive the prize of salvation and a greater crown of glory.

Though it is so much less now, the days still come when I feel the pull, when I feel a familiar lure tugging on my heart, calling me back to the feeling of stalking monsters in the night. The echo of bullets fired in vengeance, retribution for the deeds they did in the darkness, I think I can bring to light. The need to see justice brought by my hands and not another lingers still. Instead of hiding this hunger, I deny it its power by speaking the truth. I tell Chelsea or trustworthy others, and I trust them to help me understand and remind me what fruit is born in The Underworld, the curses, and condemnation along with the loss of my free will.

They don't look at me with condemnation when I tell them of the hunger for even destructive things. They cut through me with compassion, patience, and The Living Scriptures. Eyes fixed forward, I forsake my fallen gaze and set my jaw like flint towards the narrow path of hope. For as I follow The Way, my Messiah leads me on, and He prepares me a place in the presence of my enemies; He anoints my head with His priestly oil. He leads me beside still waters; He restores my soul; it is His rod and staff, which protect me and comfort me. (Ps. 23) He makes my fingers ready for battle and my hands ready for war. (Ps. 144:1) He calls me His beloved son and friend. He gives me new desires so that I hunger and thirst for righteousness; He makes my heart yearn for His ways and not my own. Let us each choose whom and what we will serve. (Josh. 24:15)

It is not for any of us to have our feet in two worlds. We cannot be children of the grey; we will all be children of Light or Darkness. The Father will spit out of His mouth all those who abide in the space in between; the fence sitters and their children will suffer tremendously for their lack of commitment. Instead, I learned to wake up and choose each day whom I will serve. Who will you serve today: the familiar feelings or The Father of Redemption? (Deut. 30:15-20)

The reason I speak these Secrets and am willing to suffer the consequences for what I have done and was made to do is because a truth was revealed to me which I can never forget. I knew no matter how much power, weaponry, wealth or women I could have through my Family Rites, or Familiar spirits; I had become and would always be their vampiric slave. I also learned my Familiars were just as enslaved to their fallen masters who themselves were enslaved to The Dragon. Even That Serpent of Old is not his own master but all the heavenly host both the holy and reviled are still legally bound to fulfill The Instructions, prophecy, and commandments of Yahweh.

No one not even the purest of Bloodlines can wholly serve two masters or twenty handlers. It is because of these revealed truths I freely decided to renounce my spiritual and physical agreements with my Family Oaths, Guardians and Familiars and by Yeshua's Authority they were cast out of me and those agreements were destroyed and will never return so long as I choose not to come back into agreement with The Kingdom of Darkness. Now I know I am already a dead man marked by the same wicked and wounded wolves who raised me but I am honored to be dead to this world because I have been raised to a new life with The Conqueror of Death, Jesus of Nazareth.

## Chapter Forty Two

# The Hunger

The words “The End” tortuously tease my mind as I sit here contemplating the conclusion. I have written conclusions of this book more than once. Each time the ending only started another chapter on this journey through life. How do I leave you, dear readers? In what nest of words will I leave you to abide? I don’t think I’ll ever be able to conclude this story and I am sure the other volumes I’ve written beyond this book will come out soon. The future will not wait for the endings of our lives; it will surely press forward into the misty mountains of tomorrow.

May we look to those stormy days, those hulking behemoths of the unknown tomorrows, and remember one thing. May we all remember that hiding in the mist are treasures waiting to be found, waiting to be seen, held, protected, cherished, and understood. Peppered through your paths of life are overlooked sapphires, rubies, and garnet passed over by millions who have needed your eyes to find them.

Each of you is a treasure. Some are polished stones, refined by The Good Potter’s hands, while others are still sitting in the discard pile of tragedy, monotony, and failure. If you have awaited the one who would stumble upon you and see you

for what you are, know this: He, who formed your marvelous facets before the foundations of the earth were fixed, has never lost sight of you. No matter where you are on the day you read or hear this, I pray you remember you have a purpose this world could never hope to possess.

We all have rough edges waiting to be buffed down and cleaned. I hope you all become willing to step into the tumbling of refinement of our Creator's redeeming ways. His truth has buffeted me; His conviction has knocked me, and I have been washed by His living waters. It does not mean I am yet shining with brilliance or glowing with opulent facets, but I am on my way. I hope you will hear this last story and know the flint of my heart is being turned into His precious living stone.

Chelsea stared at me in disbelief. The look on her face was full of frustration and annoyance; unable to understand why I was like this. I was standing over the sink, scooping piles of moldy food she'd thrown away into a bowl to eat. She was so tired of telling me that I didn't have to do this but how could I not? We hotly discussed it for nearly an hour. She was so exhausted, so tired of all this. We'd been on this chapter of our healing journey for almost two years. Though we had been married six years prior, only now had she been given some of the many missing puzzle pieces to understand my "quirks."

As long as she'd known me, I would have these oddities, these weird behaviors or fears. She had no frame of reference to understand them. Some bordered on compulsions, while others were anger-laced twitches of my body away from her touch. At the beginning of our marriage when it was only Nate, they were less noticeable. I hated having my neck, back, or butt touched. I would get beet red in the face when someone tussled my hair and had to breathe out the emotions flooding through me.

I am very rarely angry; normally it takes a mountain of madness to move me towards anger. But when someone grabbed the back of my neck or slapped my butt – even Chelsea in a playful way – I would freak out screaming at them, "Never touch me like that!"

Even when I was dating a girl long before Chelsea, I'd been laying on my stomach, and she'd tried to massage my shoulders. I reflexively kicked my heels up and nearly hit her in the back. She'd not understood why I was edgy at times and neither had Chelsea until I'd told her about the abuse, the sufferings, and the unwanted touch.

After I would go through a memory or a healing session, so many times these fears or phobias would disappear. I used to get sick and dry heave uncontrollably when someone used lotion even just in the same room, let alone tried to put it on me. Chelsea had patiently worked with me over the first few years of our marriage, helping me to get to a place where I could allow it to be near me and then carefully applied to my dry, cracked hands.

After I finally understood that the fear and pain came from my abusers using lotion to facilitate the abuse, I was able to allow The Messiah's new understanding and peace to wash these painful wounds clean. He gave me His perspective on as odd as it may seem to you, lotion. Literally, in a moment when I got healing from the memory, it gave me the ability to use it without any fear or gagging. The trauma pocket was alleviated of its burden and with it came peace.

On and on this would go: Chelsea would notice that I was suddenly sad beyond belief. A dark cloud would come over me in a moment, and I would sulk around the house, sometimes for hours and at other times for days. She learned to point this out in a compassionate way and encourage me to do some healing or address the Little that was in need of restoration. Many times, I responded to this feedback and got healing for a Little who had been triggered by someone who looked like one of our abusers at the grocery store, which flooded our mind. After the healing, I would be restored, but sometimes the grief of the new memory integrated into my mind would weigh upon me. Though my Little had found freedom from his torment, the rest of my soul had to come to an understanding about this painful chapter in our past.

The grief was the most debilitating, along with the body pain of wounds born during the abuse and missions. The physical pain would accompany many of the memories. Heartache and heartbreak are very real things, which do leave the strongest of people down on their knees. I would be in agony, curled up on the floor, sobbing and wailing to the point of death, clutching Ruger's furry neck, praying for peace. Chelsea would help me the best she could by making me Challah, my favorite sweet bread, or allowing me time to go up into the mountains to find some quiet space to be.

She gave me what I needed, which could vary moment by moment. At times I would need to go and tinker in my little workshop for hours, tumbling rocks from Nate's Beach, making holsters, knives or gear for our Kit, or melting down metals to make jewelry or improvised tools. Each portion of my person-



ality had their passions and things they'd wanted to do for so long, things The Family never allowed me to pursue or express. Now finally, I could find the freedom to do it. We honored them the best we could. We let those that wanted to see the cold fresh water springs we'd found in the mountains go and drink their fill while we wept with relief. Other personalities got to take Naomi for a walk around the lake and see Ruger run along the shore, kicking up mud with glee.

Some Littles would want to sit with Chelsea or other trusted people and talk. They would tell her what happened or ask

her questions about what “normal” is. She was gracious with them, weeping with them at times, being angry at others, empathizing when she could and hurting for us when she couldn’t.

A roller coaster could not compare to the ups and downs; a balloon in a hurricane might better capture it. In the center of the storm was our refuge and hiding place, The Most High God, His Son, and The Great Comforter. Some days we would be flung through a category five fury, which left me collapsed in the store and Chelsea having to carry me out. Once the memory was understood, the pain would lift, and we would be restored until the next winds blew. The most noticeable for Chelsea was my irritability or my lack of patience with small problems and issues. I could be full of faith and confident in The Father’s provision for us one moment and then terrified that we would starve the next.

My irritability would often build to the point that I was unbearable for her to be around. She was patient with me more times than I deserved, but sometimes the emotional irregularities with new personalities drove her beyond her compassion and patience. We would argue, and I wouldn’t always be the kindest but nor would she. It was not anything beyond marital challenges, but these small pebbles tossed into my waters could be a tsunami flooding over the banks and filling our home with pain. It was exhausting day in and day out wondering when I would be “better.” We did not get a timeline for healing, and neither of us had thought there would be so much there waiting beneath the surface.

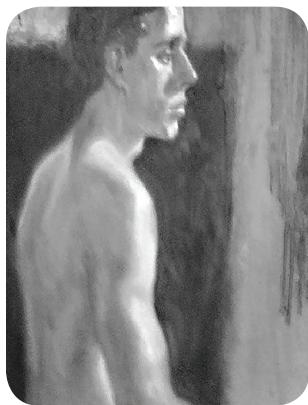
It was like living with ten different husbands – Chelsea’s own 50 Shades of Huz – some of whom were mature and had tremendous amounts of life experience, while others were still just trying to have a new experience since they last saw this cruel world. Having discussions about finances or even planning a trip to the store could be overwhelming and would lead me to near panic.

It was a brutal process, but over time Chelsea and I had to learn how to communicate more clearly. When I was not

capable of engaging in regular talk because I had Littles up who just wanted to be able to experience a world of safety, laughter, and peace, agreements would be made about when these discussions could continue when Nate or Nathan could come and hold up the normal duties of the home. During those interims, while we were still figuring it out, a great strain was placed on Chelsea, and praise be to God, she stayed with me, honoring her covenantal vows and sticking with me in my greatest sickness and horrible health.

Some days I was better at it than others. Some of my quirks would be present and linger beyond a healing session. The most persistent of them all was The Hunger. The Families use food and hunger as a weapon all its own. It's a point of leverage in their fulcrum of control. It forces you to compromise your ethics, learning to steal, lie, or manipulate to satisfy your needs. It forces you to think critically even when your body is deprived and in need of nourishment. It is a powerful tool used for deplorable ends.

One of the ways I survived the pains of hunger in my belly was to sneak into the kitchen and eat moldy or rotting food out of the fridge or what had been thrown in the trash. It allowed me to escape their notice or accusations of disobedience. Other times, I was stealing other kids' food like I did in 1st grade when I took a bag of Lay's plain potato chips from a boy named John in my class. I was caught and dragged to the principal's office and sent home with a pink slip of punishment. The real punishment at home occurred for the negative attention it drew on a boy who was supposed to be a ghost.



Even after the carefully controlled scarcity left, The Hunger was something I had to rely on to survive. The first profession I turned to in college was one The Family had taught me to believe was normal, so I undressed for "Artists" who paid me well. Unable to bear this continual emotional burden, I got a job at Old Chicago's bus-

sing tables. At work I would line my apron with Ziploc bags and aluminum foil, scraping customers' scraps into them to be eaten later at my apartment. At the close of the shift, I would sneak into the walk-in freezer and take the expiring ingredients to assemble a meal.

I was working three jobs at the time while going to school full time, and paying my rent was hard enough for me to do let alone buying more than \$50 of groceries each month. It made me resourceful as hunger and lack will do. While on campus, I would sneak into the back of lecture halls where speakers had advertised free pizza for those who attended. I would grab a whole box and walk out the door. I played it off with laughter and jokes, but the need to fill my stomach was deep and insatiable.

Many in our megachurch's community group would get together after Sunday night service ended and go to Chili's for dinner. I would walk around with a massive plate as people were eating and asked for donations to "The Nate Plate." My church friends would laugh and drop a few fries or a chicken wing onto the plate, and by the end of the night, I had enough leftovers to eat for four meals. I would ration off these tiny treasures and do what I did best, survive.

I learned to live off the least amount possible; I hedged my bets against the hunger and rationed food into pockets and secret stashes in bags or pouches. As a child, I would take pieces of candy I got in class or ones I'd traded for shiny rocks I'd found at recess and hide them under the carpet in my room. In preparation for these treasures, I'd slit a hole big enough to protect a few jolly ranchers or gob stoppers at a time. Like a fiend looking for a fix, I would allow myself a single piece when the pain was the worst, and I needed relief. I would savor it and make it last for as long as possible, refusing to bite or break off a piece. I let the flavors flood over my every taste bud and savored them with the delicacies of a connoisseur. When there were no snacks or candy to be found, I would chew plastic, tree sap, old rubber, rocks, or whatever I could to satisfy the need to eat or feel food in my belly.

When Chelsea and I were married, we started out making enough to afford plenty of groceries. Even still, I could not bring myself to stop these habits. Chelsea nicknamed it “rat-holing” when she would catch me doing it. She never shamed me but laughed along like all the rest. She would give me two pieces of a sandwich, and I would immediately hide one of the halves back in its wrapper and stash it away. It was not until, while on a date, I took leftover food boxes abandoned on someone else’s table, that she confronted me. I had such a hard time articulating my need never to let food go to waste. I felt so much shame and the pain was too much to express. I would have to restrain myself from doing it again, knowing it was not accepted.

For years, though, I could not hold it back. We could have a fridge full of food, and I would still eat the oldest things first, ignoring the fresh and targeting the rotten instead. How could I let such precious things go to waste? When the food was beyond my ability to eat, I would need to leave it in the front yard for the birds, foxes, stray animals, or rabbits to eat. I just needed to let something or someone benefit even from the crumbs.

I did not know how to satisfy this hunger in my heart despite the healings and connecting with Littles who’d only ever known starvation and the pains of seeing other kids eat lunches filled with food they wanted while I had eaten the mystery plate at three in the morning the night before.

Friends would have Chelsea and me over to dinner, and I would eat enough to last me three days. I could not stop the fear of there not being enough tomorrow. Those who knew me best were so kind to make extra of my favorite delicacies when I came over, knowing how much joy and satisfaction it brought me to eat my fill. The joy would bubble out with abundance when I felt known and understood by someone noticing this and blessing me in such a kind way. They would send me home with an extra bag of fresh-baked snickerdoodle cookies or servings of Sesame Chicken. I was careful with my portions and able to ration them another week.

My rat-holing did not embarrass me, but some days it would drive Chelsea over the edge. She would catch me pulling food out of the trash she'd pitched the night before and often felt hurt, thinking it was unnecessary as we had plenty of food in the house. She felt as though it was personal and reflected on our living situation, but it never was. I think this was the one quirk she struggled with the most. It was so prevalent and did not go away like the others. Even as I write this, I am more puzzled to imagine how people could leave their dwellings without snacks stuffed into secret compartments in their clothing or emergency food in laptop bags and glove boxes.

I know many of you who are reading this can laugh as it strikes cords in your soul. In some ways, it is comical until it's not. When it's not about someone doing something odd and no one ever noticing, it suddenly becomes about someone finally being seen. I tell you this so that maybe you would not laugh the next time you notice a quirk in someone around you. Perhaps some of those church friends of mine should have bought me dinner instead of loading me with their scraps week after week or bought me groceries instead. Maybe one of my teachers should have looked closer and noticed the kid who eats many times the usual amount when free food is offered but otherwise hardly eats at all. Maybe they shouldn't have. I no longer hold it against them in any way.

Maybe it's better now they didn't so I could help you see this truth. It is not always going to be food, hunger, or leftovers pulled out of trash. It's all about looking closer than a cursory or dismissive glance. Before you blow someone off who is having a panicky reaction to something mundane, maybe ask a question. Ask why they might be that way. Maybe they've never felt safe enough to tell someone they'd been hurt by someone who had the same shirt on, or maybe they'd nearly been drowned by family members during a teenage prank. Perhaps we could all learn to be a little more intentional with our friends and family, and not so quick to dismiss a cry for help hidden by a laugh or self-deprecating joke. Hundreds of people throughout my life saw me digging through trashcans and the backs of fridges and

pulling foil lined snacks out of pockets, and hardly ever did they look closer or ask a heartfelt question.

Maybe instead of your next tithe check getting dropped into an offering plate or donation box, it needs to go to your neighbor, your co-worker, or a family friend. It is time we looked closer instead of looking away. Maybe some of those preparations you've stockpiled for the end of the world could help feed a family this week. Or perhaps the hours you spend watching Netflix could be spent talking to someone who needs your attention and time.

Intentional ignorance will be accounted unto you in the days to come. Hunger is eating so many people alive. Some are starved for attention, never knowing the feel of lustless eyes upon their flesh. Some are hungry for friendship that is not tainted by manipulation and control. Others are drowning in debt because no one taught them how to manage money while they were making them work "The Trade" instead.

We need to be the answers, not the problems. We need to look closely enough to feel the breath of their sobs on our cheeks. We need to hold the hurting and tell them, "It's ok. You are safe now." We need to wrap our arms around the Survivors and weep with those who weep. We need to linger and not run away from the horrible stories they need to tell. We need to build a hedge of protection around them as they leave their Families, masters, pastors, or pimps. We need to be the empowering arms of grace enfolding them in provision, protection, and love.

I did not need more food to fix the hunger in my heart. What I needed was someone who cared about me more than the food on my plate or the lack thereof. What Survivors need does not come in prepackaged cases located on aisle seven of our grocery stores. There is not enough food in the world to satisfy the need I see in a wounded one's eyes. When I look into the eyes of these Survivors, I hear their hearts moaning with a hunger that transcends our flesh and blood bodies. It lingers in the depths of our souls.

Who can satisfy the need to be held and comforted? Who can screen our calls when our former handlers call and try to manipulate us back into their hands? Who is willing to pay our mortgage so we can get counseling and restoration from the brutality of a lifetime lived in pain? Who will pay attention when they see a little kid flinch at the pastor's movement? Child Protective Services and other corrupt corporations are not the answer and never will be. The Followers of The Way need to be.

We need to be the answer to this. We need to have safe houses and underground railroads where Survivors can be shuttled out of their physical or spiritual cages and into a new life of peace. We need to open up our once-a-week church buildings to be living quarters for the homeless, the addicts, and the deranged. The hospitals for the weary should never close their doors. We need to let the fears of the ex-cons and felons fade away. Those cultural taboos of different races, beliefs, and traditions need to be covered by our truth and love. It is time we raise up the decaying stones from the miry clay. Now is the time we leave this world without accusations of our ambivalence and powerless claims of greasy godless grace.

Those who are coming out of these Families are going to be able to make a difference so few ever could. Once restored, these individuals are capable of things fewer still can fathom. The wounded ones were wounded for a reason. The Enemy knows how to harm its deadliest foes, and he does it early. The Enemy spends too much time teaching its slaves his subtle and crafty ways. Without knowing it, many of these Survivors have been trained to destroy their captors' dungeons, palaces, and watery graves.

There are many things The Family and Trade taught me, one of which is how to make someone disappear. What do you do with the knowledge of evading detection and blending into shadows and black-market trades of identities and places to live, when you grow weary from wickedness and choose to give and not take? What if those of you who know The Trade

became double agents and served The Redeemer instead? What if the agents of The Underworld built a railroad of redemption for those still trapped in its chains? What if you made duplicate copies and stole away the incriminating evidence, which shows the world just what builds the empires above the streets?

What if those who once slipped children into hotel rooms for “paying guests” instead used those minds to plot out escapes for the little ones and their moms? What if instead of smuggling flash drives of kiddie porn and prescription drugs



in your Ultra-lite air plain, you smuggled Survivors who broke out of The Families’ grasp? What if those secret drives and the names of their pedophilic photographers and producers instead

found their way into the hands of those who knew how to execute real justice and were not tied by statues of limitations, compromised judges, or Oath keeping justices?

What if those who had the financial resources and insulated Trusts or Foundations bought up hotel chains, houses, and apartments and used them to shuttle people to freedom instead of as a place of torment, blackmail, and pedophilia? What if we bought children, mothers, and fathers out of the tunnels and The Underworld and funded their complete restoration at private places of refuge? What if we hired holy ministers and deliverers out of their 9-5 jobs and offered them beneficiaries who met their financial needs? None of this can happen until we decide not to look away from these dark realities but choose to face them instead.

The complete exposure of these crimes needs to be played in an endless stream before the world so they can’t blink it away or minimize the screens of reality. We need to broadcast it on every station, every suggested video, and trending link. It is time we use our black hats of hacking for great good, instead of planting blackmail evidence on unruly Brothers, Sisters,

Knights, or Family and State dissidents. Some of you architect-ed agents of anarchy and chaos know of what I speak; hear me now so that The Secrets of The Underworld will stay hidden no longer.

Dig into the digital closets of our high-ranking officials, leaders, and magistrates, and you will see that there are more than just skeletons hiding in those closets. There is more than just the skeletons of affairs, drug habits, and corrupt contracts. Those skeletons had names like Jesse, Alex, Julie, Katrina, Samuel, Jared, and Penelope. I know their names, and I've not forgotten, and neither should you. They will be remembered, and they are the ones whom we should never forget: The Face-less Fallen who built the bloody pillars of the empire where our cities, capitals, and cathedrals abide.

The Hunger Games is not a work of fiction but a mad-denning reality to those birthed into The Families and made to pass through these Brotherhoods. When will days of luxury and comfortable living be enough? I know many of you are compro-mised – company-controlled private back rooms at The Family party saw to that – but speak The Secrets and show the truth before the child whose body you used to climb to power speaks it for you, and you burn for your crime.

There is time for redemption; there is a time for all kinds of immunity and justice. The hunger in our hearts demands it; it calls to us in the night. In the stillness, while the world sleeps, we Survivors see them: the faces of torment, pain, and betray-al. We see the Brutes, the politicians, priests, and the police who partook of our bodies or drank of our friends.

They will not leave us; they linger and cling to our soul. We bit down on our tongues to hold back the hurt, to prevent the dam from breaking loose and showering this world with our dark Underworld. The cracks are showing, and the inky waters of The Abyss are leaking to the surface, and soon they will come upon you in a torrent, an unstoppable force of exposure. If only you would see us and hear us before it breaks loose.

Will you look closer? Will you pay attention next time you go out to the bars or restaurants late at night and see the young girls working the corner of your high-end downtown? Will you see the “eighteen-year-old” we all know is only thirteen but turning tricks for her well-dressed upper-class confidence man? Will you see the homeless man begging for a meal on the corner and know that his story could just as easily have been like mine? Will you wonder and find out why no one puts a stop to the madness, why they bust the outer rings of pedophiles but never the inner circle of presidents and popes? Will you dig into our Underworld and see what makes it pulse with perversion and pain? Will you forsake your fears and hold the hands of a former slave who faced down unimaginable horrors to break out of her controller’s grip?

We are not all going to be pretty or well dressed. Some of us woke up in a pool of vomit, trying to survive another night by escaping from the memories in glass bottles marked 120 proof. Some of us have sold our body to anyone who was willing to buy us a drink or take us out for a meal. Others are working full-time jobs and living well, but the nine prescription bottles in their bathroom tell you how they are really doing. They are surviving, but with the right kind of support and understanding, they could be thriving.

Survivors once set free can become the most courageous, bold, and impactful people who have ever lived. They are not born with the fear of darkness as most are. They do not fear the death of their bodies, the pain of torture, imprisonment, or rape. They have known these horrors, and yet they still breathe. They do not fear the character assassinations or the mocking and betrayal. They are warriors; they are heroes who deserve our thanks. They will be the ones who run back into the fires and snatch those burning bodies from the flames. They will be the ones charging into the depths of Families’ Estates and setting the captives free. They will stand together in the face of impossible odds because they know, “One could put 100 to flight and two could put 10,000 to flight.” (Deut. 32:30) It is because they know whose they are that they will not run; they

will press through the fear, the pain, and the hunger and never let go when the trembling hand reaches out for help.

The hunger in my chest is never satisfied, and it likely never will be. As long as I am given breath in these lungs, it will linger. In contrast to all the quirks of mine, which have been relieved, this one Yahweh has entrusted to me for good. It is the longing for justice, the need to save just one more. It is a burning need to go back out on those downtown streets and document The Rings operating in my cities and my state, praying and awaiting the day when those running the justice system don't continue to hinder the revelation of their secret Trade. The Hunger drives me to prayerfully intercede in my city's high places and examine the thousands of miles of tunnel systems where the covens operate and defile our lands. It is a thirst that drives me to pray for the conversion of corrupt officials and blinded oath keeping officers who enable these wicked practices and for their victims too.

The hunger in my heart is not most satiated when I'm eating a free meal at a friend's house but when I hold the hands of a man who is dressed in a thousand-dollar suit as he weeps for the first time, confessing his need for redemption from his misery and self-hate. It comes when I hear the testimony of a Survivor like Mary Lou Lake and Donna Carrico whose burning hands were washed in the living waters of our King.

There is a hunger in every one of you. It is a missing piece of our make-up that The God of Mercy holds on to. It is to drive us towards the finish line, towards more jewels to build our crown of glory we can cast at The Messiah's feet. Yahweh says that He holds a white stone for every single person with a name written on it that we alone will someday understand. (Rev. 2:17) Maybe once this name is read or spoken aloud, it finally satisfies The Hunger and gives us His eternity's rest. Until then, The Hunger is there to drive us out of our comfort zones of complacency and into our purpose. The fears you once held do not need to linger; only surrender them to The Messiah. By His redemption, they can become your greatest strength. Take those talents and use them for great good and the saving of many lives.

Don't be lulled into passivity but let The Hunger drive you towards deliverance, provision, and hope. Not all of you need to infiltrate luxurious cabins in the mountains where they hide incriminating hard drives in plain sight, but some of you do. Not all of you need to exploit the back doors of the Underground Trade market, but some of you do. Every one of you so-called pastors and shepherds out there needs to repent of ever allowing and endorsing deceived or willful oath keeping cowards into your flocks or into your own homes. It is time like the days of Charles Finney we utterly drive out the Brother and Sisterhoods of deception from our most precious families.

Find the way you can satisfy the hunger of the hurting. Find a way to be the answer to this insufferable problem. Clothe the naked, give water to the thirsty, and give shelter to the homeless. It is not hard, but that does not mean it's going to be easy. Following The Way of Messiah is not going to come naturally – not at first – but as you yield to His Instructions, you will see that His yoke is infinitely easy and His burden is light. (Matt. 11:30) There is no greater joy in the world than seeing a captive boy go free or a formerly shackled woman laugh un hindered for the first time in her life. I pray you grow hungry and the food in your fridge or pocket will not satisfy you until the day you surrender to your true purpose and higher calling.

I will yield to the hunger and to the ache in my belly at night. I will lay my life down before this mad world and crawl back into the cupboards of chaos I was born into. I will seek the lost. I will set fires to the beacons of redemption and let the world burn my body for the sake of the perishing. May they know that there are those of courage and faith willing to stand in the gap so that just one more burning stick can be snatched from the blackened flames.

To you who are crying out for help, crying out for justice, He has heard you and sent The Rescuer. He is not afraid of your handlers, worshipful masters, Council of 13, generals, popes, or priests. He does not fear their teams of assassins, astral projecting spirits, or poisoned meals. He does not tremble

at the summoning of dark principalities but, hear me, they do tremble before Him. I have seen The Ancient Ones flee at the sound of His Name. I have seen those who cut the palms and speak the oaths fall flat on their faces under the weight of His presence. I have witnessed salvation in the eyes of the perishing when they surrendered to His ways.

May you know that liars, murderers, and thieves pierced through the only Hand, which can ever heal you. The upper class conspirators of society crucified The King of Glory; do not doubt that they will try to do it to His followers too. They hate freed slaves; they hate men of courage, faith, and strength who do not run from the battle but steel themselves for combat. They fear men who gird up their loins and face down their fleshly fears and nail them to His execution stake. They fear women who know their identity and surrender to The Word of Yahweh Elohim. The guilty cowards can't stand to be in the room with those who have The Kingdom of Truth burning in their chest. They will not be able to stand against you, and The Almighty Creator who is standing with you. Once more I call to you who are listening, reading along, or tuning in. I pray now you will answer this call.

My beloved friend from afar, I beg you come to Him. You matter more than you know. You are loved and treasured and adored. I am a man on a mission of redemption, and I ask you this day: will you join me? Will you link arms with a wounded warrior and let him lead you into enemy territory, where you can help rescue the souls crying in the night, begging someone to bring them The Light. Will you wash the feet of prostitutes and hold the shaking marked hands of felons? Will you forsake your mediocrity and wage war on resentment, fear, and regret? Come with me as I run into the arms of evil and snatch those burning sticks from the flames.

I know so many of you believe the lies and do not think you're special or that you could be anything but ordinary. I assure you of this: Yahweh hardly ever sought out the worldly champions to wage His most important wars, but rather

children who were the least important and quickest to be passed over. He chose prostitutes condemned to die; he called out death dwelling men possessed with legions of demons to go and bear His witness to the nations. He chose the overlooked elderly whose wombs were withered and for whom hopes of meaning had dried up. He chose the blue-collar workers who couldn't read or write, throwing nets into the waters, and taught them to fish for the immortal souls of mankind. He took the outcasts, those running from debt collectors, and felons in hiding, and while in The Wilderness, turned them into the Mighty Gibborim men of David, the most exceptional warriors this world has ever known. (2 Sam. 22, 23 1 Chronicles 11:10-47) Our God makes the ordinary become extraordinary and befuddles the Enemy's elite warriors and ordained ministers of deceit.

I invite you, dear warrior, to stand. I urge you to rise up from the failures, lies, and regret and stand upon The Truth. (Eph. 6:10-19) Stand now while the battle lines are drawn, while the last of the Survivors come crawling out of their cages, addictions, and withdrawals. Stand firm when they persecute you, mock you, and call you insane. Do not relent but know that the fires of persecution should be burning against us all. We are soldiers for The Great Redeemer, and the cares of this world need to grow dim in the Light of His Glorious Face. (2 Tim. 2:3-4, Deut. 3:22) Suit up and arm yourself with The Living Word of God; obedience to it will build a hedge of impenetrable protection no power can stand against. No matter the amount of persecution and attack, you too will see that The King of Glory reigns.

It is because of my great love for you that I poured this still bleeding heart upon these pages and ask you to do the same. I urge you to pick up the dangerous pen and speak The Secrets, write the words of forgiveness, and leave the darkness behind. Join us as we light candles of hope against the darkness of despair.

With these words written, I offer you, dear reader, the torches to set this former assassin, addict, and dark wolf ablaze.

If He wills it to come to that, may the words of my testimony burn forever because great is my love for those wounded ones still perishing, lost in the internal maze. Even if it saves only one, I gladly lie upon the trembling tracks of public perception, corrupt judicial systems, and political power plays.

May those trapped in the tunnels of torture or Blood-lines see that there will always be someone who is willing to lay down his life for theirs. May the wounded ones see that a Survivor is willing to bleed for justice, righteousness, and truth. May you all know there is still yet meaning for your misery, madness, and despair.

Come and see The Redeemer of murderers, harlots, and keepers of occult ways. Come and see The God of Mercy is waiting for you to come home and find rest for your weary soul. May The God of All Comfort strengthen you in the innermost portion of your being. May He set your heart on fire with His passion, truth, and hope.



My name is Nathan Lok Reynolds and I have been Snatched From The Flames. I am a living witness against the darkest of nights. The fire in my chest will never be quenched for it burns with The All-Consuming Fire of Yahweh Elohim. To Him alone be the praise, glory, and the offering of my life now and forever.

# Resources

1. To follow along with Chelsea, Naomi and the new Reynolds family head on over to [snatchedfromtheflames.com](http://snatchedfromtheflames.com) It is there you can see videos, pictures and some of the timely blog posts which bring to light many of the things left out of this book.
2. Here are the Prayers to help assist those who are seeking better blueprints on their journey into faith, deliverance, and overcoming The Enemy's ways.

## Prayers for Release

Developed by Mary Lou Lake

Author of **“What Witches Don’t Want Christians to Know – Expanded Edition.”**

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## Kingdom Intelligence Briefing

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## MORNING PRAYER

Father, I declare that You are the One True God, the Most High God, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. I ask You to forgive my sins and cleanse me of all unrighteousness, create in me a clean heart and renew a right spirit within me. I plead the blood of Jesus over my eyes and ears and over the eyes and ears of my family, so we can see and hear truth, and I ask You to shield us from all forms of mind control that can enter the eye gates and ear gates. I declare that we have access to the whole armor of God according to Ephesians 6; our loins are girt about with truth, and our feet are shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. We have the breastplate of righteousness, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation and the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. As we commit our works unto You, our thoughts will be established according to Proverbs 16:3. Father, I ask You to apply the blood of Jesus to any doors that I have open to the enemy that I am unaware of, and I ask You to reveal these doors to me so they can be closed forever.

I take the authority that Jesus gave me over all the power of the enemy according to Luke 10:19. I stand upon Your Word in Matthew 16:19 that I have been given the keys to the Kingdom and what I bind on Earth will be bound in Heaven, and what I loose on Earth will be loosed in Heaven. I take authority over the kingdom of darkness in every plain of existence that has access to me, and I bind the power of the enemy to affect me or my family, and I loose the power of the Kingdom of God to form impenetrable shields in every dimension -- above, below and all around, in the name of Jesus.

I stand upon the promise in Your Word that says that no weapon formed against me shall prosper, according to Isaiah 54:17. I stand upon the 91st Psalm that no evil shall befall me, neither shall any plague come nigh my dwelling. The 91st Psalm also promises that Your holy angels have been given charge over me and my family to keep us in all our ways. Father, I ask You to send extra angels for reinforcement during times of spiritual warfare, in Jesus' name.

Father, I ask You to forgive the sins of all of my ancestors (and the ancestors of my children and grandchildren), and I plead the blood of Jesus over my DNA and the DNA of all of my descendants, which cleanses our bloodlines of all iniquity. I bind the power of any generational or familiar spirits to attach or influence us, and I loose the power of the Kingdom of God within us and around us as we keep Your commandments. I declare that our family is free to walk in the blessings of Deuteronomy 28.

I ask You to forgive the sins of all individuals being used by the enemy to combat our family (and ministry). I ask You to forgive the sins of all of their ancestors, and I plead the blood of Jesus over their bloodlines all the way to the DNA level, breaking the power of iniquity. I ask You to break all of their occult power to the highest levels, making it impossible for them to be used by the kingdom of darkness to harm anyone. I ask You to save their souls, deliver and heal them. I plead the blood of Jesus over every action and every word spoken against me and my family, nullifying the demonic power. I command any evil spirits sent on assignment against me and my family to return to the place they were sent from. I bind these spirits from harming those that sent them, but I pray that their defeat in their mission would serve as a testimony of Your greatness and the victory that Jesus won for believers, in Jesus' name. Father, I ask You to remove my DNA and the DNA of my family from any hair, blood or any other contact object in the hands of the enemy and break all conduits to our physical bodies, in Jesus' name.

Father, I ask You to forgive the sins that have allowed technology to be used as a weapon against Your creation. I ask You to place shields between me and my family and all broadcasts of the enemy through the airways, TVs, computers, phone lines, electric lines and satellites. I stand upon the promises in Your Word that You are our shield. I ask You to purify our air, water and food, in Jesus' name. Father, I ask You to forgive the sins done on the roadways, railroad tracks, and waterways. I ask You to forgive the sins of any individuals or groups that have adopted the roadways, and I ask You to break any occult

connections that would give power to the kingdom of darkness. Father, I ask You to provide divine protection during any modes of transportation. I ask You to surround our vehicles with Your holy angels to insure safe travel, in Jesus' name. Father, lead me in paths of righteousness today and attune my ears to Your voice that I may follow You. I ask You to fill me with a hunger for your Word, that I may know You more. I give You all of my praise, my worship, the honor and the glory, in Jesus' name.

### EVENING PRAYER

Father, I declare that You are the God of our evenings as well as our days. I stand upon Psalm 91:5, 6 -- Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night or the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. I plead the blood of Jesus over my family. I come into agreement with the promises in Your Word that my family is blessed physically, mentally, emotionally, and spiritually. I ask You to put impenetrable shields around our property, with armies of Your holy angels standing guard. I ask You to forgive the sins that have been done in the surrounding area, and I command the kingdom of darkness to clear our airways, grounds, and underneath, in Jesus' name. Father, I bind any demons from entering our property. I ask You to forgive the sins that have enabled astral travel and I ask You to block that activity. I ask You to place hedges of protection around our family that humans cannot penetrate, either physically or through astral projection. I loose the power of the Kingdom of God to break the power of satanic surveillance. Father, I ask You to send Your holy angels to roadblock any attacks from the enemy. Father, because of Your faithfulness, we can go to sleep with full assurance that You are watching over us through the night. We ask all of these things in the Mighty Name of Jesus.

### PRAYER FOR RELEASE FROM GENERATIONAL CURSES

Father, I ask You to forgive all of the sins of our ancestors. I ask You to cover our bloodlines all the way to the DNA level with the blood of Jesus, and I ask You to send the blood of Jesus over the spiritual lines connecting us to those that we share DNA with, blocking any familiar spirits coming to us. We declare that Jesus paid the price for us to be free of every generational curse, and we take our authority over all the power of the enemy according to Luke 10:19 and stand upon Matthew 16:19 that what we bind on Earth will be bound in Heaven and what we loose on Earth will be loosed in Heaven. We bind every familiar spirit and generational spirit that has attached to our family because of the iniquity on our bloodlines, and we command them to leave us, in Jesus' name. We loose the power of the Kingdom of God within us and around us, and we ask for restoration of all that Satan has stolen through these generational doorways (including our health, resources, joy and peace), in Jesus' name. FREEMASONRY: I recommend visiting [www.isaiah54.org/freemasonry.html](http://www.isaiah54.org/freemasonry.html) for further prayers specifically designed for Freemasons and their descendants.

### PRAYER FOR RELEASE FROM SOUL TIES

Father, I repent for every ungodly soul tie that I have made through sexual union. I apply the blood of Jesus to the soul tie that I made with \_\_\_\_\_. I ask You to sever the cord connecting me to this person with the Sword of the Spirit. I bind any demonic attachments that came to me, and I command them to leave me, in Jesus' name. I loose the power of the Kingdom of God within me and around me to restore what was damaged by this soul tie. I ask You to seal the severed cord with the blood of Jesus, so it can never be connected again, and I ask You to remove any foreign DNA from my body, in Jesus' name. Father, I ask You to deliver every person from any spirits that were transferred to them from me, in Jesus' name.

PRAAYER FOR VICTIMS OF TRAUMA AND FRAGMENTATION

Father, I submit myself to You, spirit, soul and body, and I am so grateful for the price that Jesus paid to make me whole. I ask You to forgive the sins of my abusers, and I ask You to sever all soul ties with them. I command any spirits that passed through the soul ties to leave me, in the name of Jesus, and I ask You to seal those severed cords with the blood of Jesus. As an act of my will, I choose to forgive every individual that has harmed me, in Jesus' name. I take authority over my mind, and I bind gatekeepers and watchers and break their power over me, in the name of Jesus. I loose the power of the Kingdom of God within me and around me, to overtake and override every plot and scheme of the enemy to hold me captive, in Jesus' name. Father, I ask You to impart to me the anointing that destroys every yoke of bondage. I thank You for the promise of a sound mind in 2 Timothy 1:7.

Father, I ask You to forgive the sins done to me that defiled Your Name, Your Word, and Your House, and I ask You to restore the truth of who You are to every part of my being. Father, I ask You to judge every demonic force that has been a part of my captivity since I was a child and deliver me. I plead the blood of Jesus over every ritual performed and every oath, vow, contract and covenant made connecting me to the kingdom of darkness, and I ask You to set me free and bring me under the protection of Your Kingdom. Father, when I was a child I was taken against my will, but I now have authority through Jesus over my tormentors, and I command them to let me go, in Jesus' name. According to Psalm 142:7, I pray: Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name.

Father, I ask You to make every doorway to blocked memories one-way doors, and I plead the blood of Jesus into every area of my mind. I ask You to override any mind control programming that has been used as a weapon against me, as I stand upon Your Word in Isaiah 54:17 that no weapon formed against me shall prosper. I ask You to show me anything that I need to see to be free, but I ask that the overwhelming emotions would

be buffered, to allow me to come to grips with the truth without further trauma. I place my healing in Your hands, and I place my trust in You.

I bind any demons that are a part of my programming, and I loose the Spirit of Truth to counter and eradicate from my mind spirits of doubt and deception, in Jesus' name. I ask forgiveness for the sins that caused my mind to fragment, and I command the past to let me go. Because You fill all space and time, I ask You to pour anointing oil on every fragment of my mind at the time that the splitting occurred. I claim the manifested healing and deliverance at this present time, and I declare that I am not a child anymore; I am free to mature to my present age with restored peace and joy. I claim restoration of the years that Satan has stolen from me. I claim back my health, my resources, and my future, in Jesus' name.

I declare that I am a child of the King of the Universe, and I choose to follow the One True God and declare that I have been set free from the kingdom of darkness, in Jesus' name. I renounce all connections to Satanism, witchcraft, Druidism, and all other factions of the occult. Teach me Your ways so I can walk circumspectly before You each day, in Jesus' name. Father, I ask You to forgive every sin done by every fragment of my being, including involvement in the occult. I renounce these powers and bind Satan's ability to use me in any way. I loose the sanctifying power of the blood of Jesus to cover any gifts that You have given me, so I can flow in a pure stream of the Holy Spirit. Father, I repent for any forbidden activities, such as astral projection, and I take authority over my vessel and forbid any demons, humans, or mind control program to cause me to leave my body.

I ask You to forgive the sins of every individual that I have been connected to in the occult, and I ask You to sever all connections so that I can never be accessed again, in Jesus' name. I ask You to forgive the sins that allowed fragment exchanges between me and any other person, and I bind any demons connected to these exchanges. I ask You to block any humans

with pernicious intent from contacting me. I ask You to hide any brain wave identification and block all satanic surveillance, in Jesus' name. Father, place hedges of protection around me and surround me with armies of Your holy angels to block all activity directed against me in the spiritual or physical realms, in Jesus' name. I take authority over and command every part of my being to stay within my physical body. Father, I place my sleep state in Your hands and trust You to keep me safe. Father, I ask You to reveal any additional information that is essential for my healing, in Jesus' name.

### **Recommended Reads**

1. ***Genesis and The Synchronized, Biblically Endorsed, Extra-Biblical Texts***, by Rob Skiba, Copyright 2013 by King's Gate Media, LLC, [www.babylonrisingbooks.com](http://www.babylonrisingbooks.com)
2. ***What Witches Don't Want Christians to Know (Expanded Edition)*** by Mary Lou Lake, Copyright 2014 by Biblical Life Publishing, [www.biblical-life.net](http://www.biblical-life.net)
3. ***A Thousand Shall Fall, by Susi Hasel Mundy***, Copyright 2001 by Review and Herald Publishing Association
4. ***Shadow of The Almighty, The Life and Testament of Jim Elliot***, by Elisabeth Elliot, Copyright 1958 by Elisabeth Elliot
5. ***Tortured for Christ, Richard Wurmbrand***, Copyright 1967 by The Voice of the Martyrs, Inc.
6. ***From Victims to Victors Through the Cross of Jesus Christ*** by David L. & Donna M. Carrico, Copyright 1997 [www.ritualabusefree.org](http://www.ritualabusefree.org)
7. ***Bonhoeffer: Pastor, Martyr, Prophet, Spy*** By Eric Metaxas, Copyright 2010 by Thomas Nelson Publishing

## NOTES

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