

## CHAPTER X

## THE SECOND AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY WAR

In the morning Phillip and I sat on the front porch facing the rising sun, sipping raspberry tea and munching hard tack biscuits.

"Before you start today, Father, tell me ... how did you, personally, endure the fear of these days. It seems that a man would shrivel up and die from fear."

This is a very good question, Phillip. But many people in history have had to face great and fearful crises. And then too everyone has to die, and death is often such a crisis itself. But fears can also be of a daily variety. The anxiety produced by fear in people who allow themselves to be vulnerable can ruin health. Many sins of anger and violence are born of fear. Servile fear, that is, slavery to fear is a tool of the devil, an evil to be avoided. How to endure all these fears? Here is the answer it took me 50 years to learn and another 25 years to perfect.

God controls all eventualities. Like it or not, every man will endure what God finally ordains or permits, that is, what *God*, in general, *wills*. Peace of soul, relief from servile fear, and the resulting joy of life is gained by submitting one's will to God's Will. If you will what God Wills *before* some fearful event occurs, then this conformity of your will to His is fact, not just a good intention for the future. After this giving up of your will to His, there is no reason to fear anything but the loss of this submission of will to His Will.

In this way, servile fears are conquered, even though the evils that bring them about do not disappear. But we remember that God knows all things. He is all good, all merciful, all forgiving to the repentant. He is almighty. He is our beginning and our end. He will, therefore, take care of us perfectly, if we submit our will to His, if we allow ourselves to be His instrument. This confidence produces the courage that faces fearful eventualities with resolve, daring or resignation, as the case calls for. Here is peace and security at last. It does not escape fearsome evils; it rises above them and conquers them with their opposite, *confidence in God*.

The peace and confidence that results from this total surrender allows you to walk to your death in an arena of "hungry lions," as the early martyrs actually did. It has allowed men to walk into battle without servile fear. Fear of an evil is normal. But servile fear is inordinate to fear. It allows this emotion to control our reason, so that we become a servant of the emotions, of fear, which is the tool of the devil.

Most people do not achieve total surrender of their will to God's, and they suffer from fear and other passions to that degree. The less our will is tuned to accept whatever God's ultimate goodness allows, the more terror or anxiety disturbs us, for the mere possibilities for evil are infinite. We either trust that Benevolent, Intelligent Goodness (God) is in control, or we live in constant fear of what *could* happen. Pure Evil is pure potentiality, pure possibility, and in dwelling upon the possibility of evil, fear is born. But, on the other hand, God is Pure Act, the opposite of pure potentiality. He is the source actualizing and ordering all potentialities. Behind this actualization is intelligence, goodness, reason, order and, therefore, hope for temporal and eternal happiness.

"So you're saying, Father, that it is unreasonable not to accept beforehand God's Will, because it will be so regardless of our disposition to it?"

Yes. But also, positively, our endurance of His Will will be so much sweeter, in good

times or bad, if we conform to it willingly in advance. So there is a very desirable

incentive to surrender your will in those matters beyond your control or your duty to act. It is the imponderables, the unknowables and uncertainties that worry us, because they are beyond our area of control or responsibility. Such is God's business. Let *Him* conduct *His* business. We can't or we shouldn't. For example, we wouldn't really *want* to know what was going to happen to us in the future. It would ruin our natural responses. It would produce great fear or complacency or laziness.

But when we see an approaching evil, and we will what God Wills, we should also feel free to pray to God for the cessation of that evil and then place our *Hope* in Him that He will do what is good for our salvation. Only if we need to suffer this evil will He permit it. Phillip, are you a little concerned about something right now?

"Well ..."

"Anything?"

"I thought last night that I did not tell Daniel to lead the cattle to a new pasture about this time. For the cows need new grass for better milk, since the newborn calves have dropped by now.

A fine example of a normal fear. Now, try this experiment: Relax your mind a bit.

"Okay."

"Since there is nothing more you can do to solve this problem, can you trust God enough to give up this concern to Him, since He is capable of seeing to the matter and taking responsibility? Are you willing to suffer the consequences of your forgetfulness that He ordains?"

"Yes."

Are you willing to make this kind of surrender a habit of mind? And do you think it would be good to do so?"

"Yes."

Are you willing to suffer all good or evil, joy or sadness that God wishes you to?"

Phillip thought for some minutes. "Yes, I am, Father. I have no better or more reasonable choice."

"Maintain this good attitude by way of a daily re-affirmation and you will see more peace come into your life from this day on than you can now imagine. And this peace will flow through your whole spirit, relaxing your mind and body.

Now, let us continue. Nothing can fully prepare a man for war, Son. It is a great evil which God allows only out of the necessity of bringing us back to eternal truths and the eternal reality they are based on. I cannot explain how troubled I was in mind and heart preparing for war against at least some of my own countrymen. This paradox tries the heart of a patriot to a white hot intensity, as those in the First Revolutionary War and the Civil War of

1860 knew; for it is a love of his people that motivates the patriot to begin with. A chipmunk scurried atop the woodpile and chattered at us for a few seconds. Then, with a twitch of his bushy tail, it disappeared.

On New Year's Eve the four boys and I spent the day dressing, packing and arming for the campaign, Phillip. That night we found a camp near a stream several miles from the house and stored some gear. We established for display on the back porch some emergency message flags and flashing light signals in case there arose a need for help at home or to give us a warning that the house was under surveillance. At midnight we prayed most fervently for God's protection, help and encouragement.

The next day we drove to Sunday Mass, somberly. The little ones were crying softly. Outside in the parking lot I spoke to all my family: "We have asked God to help us. He will not fail us then. Would a father give his son a scorpion if he asked for an egg? Much less will our Heavenly Father give us evil if we ask for good. I say to you this, then: keep praying constantly in every difficulty and between difficulties. Thank Almighty God for all He has given and then ask for all that we need. Pray constantly the prayer of Faith -- Trust in Him, who is All-Good, Almighty, All-Wise.

That morning, Phillip, we walked into church and took our places. When the priest entered, he immediately walked to the pulpit and began speaking without ceremony. "After my homily, the bread and wine, which have already been Consecrated, will be distributed following a brief prayer service. This is by order of the new Bishop, who has received a request from the Congregation for the English Liturgy in Rome that all Masses be suspended for the safety of priests, many of whom have been killed at the altar all over the world. The same is predicted in this country in the near future. Even though I have no fear for myself, I must obey the Bishop's order. Until we let you know otherwise, there will be no Masses, only Communion services. I will say a few Masses in private each month in order to consecrate large quantities of hosts, which will *not* be kept in the church tabernacle, in order to guard against possible theft and desecration. You know only too well the evil elements at large these days that want to destabilize our government. Also, in the future, I have been ordered not to be present on Sunday, again, in order to protect me from assassination. Eucharistic ministers will handle everything. For Confessions you will write down your sins, initial it and send it in a sealed envelope to the rectory. The priest will read these once a week and give a general absolution. We priests will soon go on a *long* retreat. In hiding we will be safe so that when the dust settles we can be back amongst you in one piece. Believe me, I don't like this. But I must obey. We will pray for you all."

He went on to urge the people to keep the peace by turning in their firearms in the coming dragnet. "Trust in God" he kept repeating. And each time I would silently scream, "But it's not *God* you're trusting in, it's *man*!" If you trusted in God you would say keep your

arms, because trusting in God is always doing what's right, not what's wrong. God did not ask us to give up our second Amendment rights, which were spelled out in our Nation's constituting document to protect all of our other inalienable, God-given rights.

As our family approached for Communion, I knelt down to receive. The priest bent over and whispered, "The new Bishop asked that you not receive kneeling, David."

I opened my eyes and looked straight into his and whispered, "Father, God *told* me to *only* receive Communion kneeling. Whom should I obey? God or man?" I closed my eyes, opened my mouth and remained ... in silence, until I felt the Host on my tongue.

Just before the service ended we left, and I charged Paul and Timothy to station themselves out the back doors and preach to the people our prearranged message, while the girls passed out the Akita Message and our tabloid, *Warnings from Heaven*. "Tell them that trusting in God means protecting our land by retaining the freedoms He gave us, including the freedom to bear the arms to protect those freedoms as guaranteed in law by the Second Amendment to the Constitution. Tell them *not* to trust in man, especially those using godless foreign armies for manpower. Tell them *not* to surrender arms now, that such an action would be national suicide!"

I rushed for the front door. Outside I raised my voice high. "Everyone! Listen! There is an emergency Message." I shouted, "Gather round!" Several times I said this, motioning. Most did not approach, but, as I had hoped, they did not leave.

"God gave us this land and our Constitutional Government. Do not listen to *anyone* telling you to forsake that Constitution! It is our only bond of unity now. The Second Amendment to the Constitution gives us the RIGHT!! to bear the Arms that will defend us from Tyranny. Hide your weapons and be ready to bear them soon in self-defense of our Nation!" Some loudly scoffed. I continued until the children had done their work of passing out the tabloids. Some I could see speaking to others in approval. Finally I shouted at the top of my voice. "When they have our guns, we are theirs! Stand before your God! like a *man* who owes *Him first allegiance*... It's our only Hope!!!"

"Dave, Father is very upset with you."

"It doesn't matter, Ruth. Where is he?"

"In the sanctuary. Don't ...!"

I pushed past her and hurried into the church, calling back, "Get in the car!" I called out as the priest was about to enter his sacristy "Father, please, let me ..."

"You've stepped over the line, Petri!" he shouted.

I stopped five feet from him. "Father, your life is in grave danger!!!"

"What?!"

"They plan to kill you and all the priests when you enter the retreat you spoke of, the hideaway! I know, Father. I have heard. Please believe me!"

"What? Are you joking? The FBI themselves are forming the escort. They'll be there all the time."

"That's precisely the danger, Father."

"What!? Petri, you're crazy! Crazy!!"

"Don't you understand, Father? The Enemy has infiltrated our Government and its agencies. They want to destroy the Church. How better than to kill all the priests. The Messages have told ..."

"To Hell with those messages! They're from Beelzebub!" His raging voice ended in bitter hatred. It was as if the words had been spit into my face.

I stopped, stunned. He glared at me, opened mouthed ... speechless! He pointed me to the exit. I spoke quickly. "Heaven spoke well of you priests-- vain, blind, leading your sheep to the slaughter. And now, unlike the Good Shepherd, you *are abandoning them* in their time of greatest need." I spun on my heels and marched out, rigid with anger. At the door, I turned around, pointed at him, where he still stood between the altar and the sacristy. I spoke loudly, in a trembling voice: "You priests were all warned!! By Jesus and Mary. And you ignorantly label them and their words as diabolical!!? Will you all take responsibility for stopping your ears and for blasphemy!!? What price are you willing to pay?! Can't you see your blind pride is ruling your reason, and ruining your spiritual vision!" My voice had settled down. "Do you think you will have another warning, Father?"

I stumbled out the door, weeping, without tears. Phillip, your two oldest brothers suddenly grabbed me by the arms and rushed me to the car. I could hear police sirens in the distance. We raced up the mountain. The boys and I grabbed our gear and headed out in two Jeeps, driving to my parent's house, from there I called home and told Ruth to keep us posted at this number if she was contacted by the authorities. My mother was so

afraid, Phillip. I told her as little as possible but she could see we were all upset. The five of us huddled up downstairs. I knelt down and began to pray. "Dear God, see your sons here at your feet. We await your instructions, Lord. Guide your servants in the time that has arrived. Speak to us, Lord." We knelt for some time, each of us deep in silent prayer.

"Boys, we have done nothing to cause our arrest. The priest probably won't file a complaint. But the police will want to talk with me. They will soon be at the house. I will talk to them -- over the phone. But never again will I place myself in their custody. For considering what our authorities are allowing, they no longer serve our Nation, our State, or our communities as founded and constituted. Therefore, the authorities have lost their authority over me and over every man, woman and child of this nation who maintains allegiance to our Constitution -- for this is our *last* rallying point... because it is *first* in defining our union and our sovereignty, our mandate from God as a separate nation.

I then said to them, "I guess what I have just said is God's answer to our prayer. I am at

peace with this separation. It gives my conscience rest. Take courage. The Lord is with us in these difficult times.

I called Ruth. They were already there. I spoke with the officer, telling him of my strong feelings with the sermon and exactly what had happened. "I broke no law, officer." He was understanding, to a point. The police had probably been briefed weeks ago to expect strong emotions concerning gun confiscation and not to overreact and precipitate incidents.

He ended with, "There won't be a citation given this time, Mr. Petri. But I will place on file a recommendation that your involvement in any future disturbances of the peace should result in arrest."

I turned after hanging up the phone and said, "Give thanks to the Lord, Men."

"Amen," was the immediate chorus.

"Mom, let's have some breakfast. We're starving."

I then picked up the phone and called the community's small newspaper publisher whom I had known for years.

"Hello, William, it's David Petri. Give me a price for sending out a one sheet flyer to the whole county."

"Okay. Well, I've been putting a grocery advertiser together, and I could include it in the center of that."

"Fine! Everyone reads grocery flyers these days."

"You remember the *Christian Patriot* you printed for me in '85? This new flyer will be political too -- an urgent lecture on keeping our Second Amendment rights."

"Oh, boy!"

"Being hidden on the inside of a folded grocery ad will get it through the mail okay."

"They *could* shut me down, Dave."

They haven't made a law against freedom of speech, yet, Will. Tell them you're just the businessman trying to make a buck in hard times. This is our *last chance*! This could swing a lot of guys at the last minute. If everyone knows that all have seen this flyer ... "

"They'll sit back and wait for someone else to act first! I've seen apathy how many times?" There was a long pause ... "Okay. You didn't convince me... but let's do it anyway."

"All right!"

"And you pay the attorney's fees if they come after me."

"It's a deal!"

In three days it was out, Phillip. Will worked day and night, as I did. It proved to be a real call to arms, as we found out much later. A great many people took heart at seeing it, even those who complied with confiscation.

"Let's look at that flyer, Phillip. My satchel." I pulled out a severely yellowed newsprint. The huge headline read: "STAND BY YOUR ARMS, AMERICANS. THE LAW

IS ON OUR SIDE." Here is the Second Amendment, quoted and explained thoroughly, Phillip. Here, the propaganda and lies of the establishment are disputed in clear, bold terms. On the left of the headline I pictured this soldier of the First Revolutionary War, rifle in hand. On the right, I painstakingly drew this resemblance to that same patriot in today's dress: jeans, flannel shirt and hunting rifle. In between them is this banner with the words: "GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH." And the bold letters on the bottom of both pages: **"Any power, foreign or domestic which attempts to confiscate the arms of law abiding American citizens has declared war on the people, thus authorizing the instant response of the United States Militia, formed by individual initiative, in just self-defense of our lawful Government, the personal liberty it grants us, and the inalienable rights given us by God Himself."**

The day it came out, I gathered with my sons. "Men, the time has arrived. The resistance must be touched off like the fuse of a cannon! We can't sit here and rest in the hope others will resist to the point of arms. What if they don't? What if they do? We must be responsible for *our* actions! We are at war. I have a plan. Let us rouse the people one last time through the media for gun confiscation will begin tomorrow.

"Another flyer?"

No, forceful entries into radio stations and television stations during the local evening news, which everyone is listening to these days. This would gain us a few minutes of live broadcast time, in which we could read a declaration of war against those conducting the invasion and confiscation of arms. I will prepare an explosive statement. Let's discuss details. As I talked, Phillip, I saw "cold feet" mirrored in the eyes of your brothers, and I felt "butterflies" in my own belly.

"Should we break the law, Father?" John asked.

"Consider this, John. Our cowardly representatives have surrendered our national sovereignty to a foreign power, having no mandate or right to do so. Authority to govern us in the name of the United States Government exists, but it is no longer theirs. So, we don't even break the letter of the law in what we do, but we certainly abide by its spirit in fighting the enemies of our Nation. It is a principle of our Constitution that authority and powers not delegated or exercised by the Government *return to and reside in the people from whence that authority originated*. We are that people. If our elected and appointed governors fail, their authority automatically reverts to us, the people who love and honor the Nation as it was *originally* constituted and established."

"But they say the will of the majority wants a new constitution."

"Then they will have to go through the proper steps to legally change the Constitution, John. And they have *not* done that."

"This Bulletin, this forceful announcement over the airwaves will be a formal

declaration of war by the Wyoming branch of the United State Militia. The announcement should take no more than five minutes. If fired upon, we will return fire. We will resist capture to the point of death. Before leaving the station, we will have the option of damaging the studio equipment with gunfire. We have a duty to destroy this equipment, as a weapon of the enemy, but I need to think more about whether the time is ripe." I noticed Paul's complexion was bloodless white. "What is it, Paul?"

"Dad, I don't know if I can do this. I have not hatred of any man."

There was silence for a while. "We do not hate anyone, and I do not advise it, ever. We hate the evil taking place, not the evil doer. We must do what is right and charitable for all, and that may involve overcoming the resistance of an enemy by physical force."

"That's what they say they're doing, Dad, the right thing."

"Just because we say the same thing does not mean we *do* the same thing by what we refer to with these words, Son. The important thing is the truth of what is said, not just the fact that it is said. The suggestion that there is no reason for war because there are just differences of opinions on both sides is the lie that led this nation to its present plight and the lie that will keep its good citizens from fighting for the truth with pen or sword or anything else. Two rights or two truths never contradict each other beyond the mere appearance of a paradox. When you hear that sarcastic, hypocritical voice feeding you arguments to the contrary, know that it is the chief weapon of the enemy being fired at you. Their lies, dripping wet with human respect, have and will take more Americans from the battlefield than all their physical weapons ever could."

For two days we rehearsed our mission and surveyed the targeted stations. It was decided to wear bandanas to conceal our identity. Escape would be on a narrow country road leading into the mountains.

"Men, our final rehearsal is tomorrow morning. Keep these words ready upon your lips at all times: "The just war is honorable, but slavery by way of cowardice is dishonorable."

"And also, "My Jesus, My Confidence."

"Thank you, John."

At 5:21 p.m. on Friday night Joe and I walked into the television broadcast room with rifles in present arms position. I announced in a stern, loud voice: "There is an emergency message that *must* be delivered." And more softly to the studio personnel, "Quickly take a place in that corner." I took the microphone and stood before the television camera as Joe stood to my side and two steps in front, with a determined, sentry's countenance. The natural appeal of his youthful patriotism shining through probably moved the public more than my speech:

**"The time has come to announce that because the Constitution of the United States, the Second Amendment of which concerns the right of citizens to bear arms, has been infringed by foreign or traitorous agents pretending to act in the name of our elected government, while allied with and aided by the foreign powers whom they have chosen to serve, we of the United States Militia, composed of all true patriots and loyal U.S. citizens, declare War on the offending persons and powers.**

**Such parties have lost all rightful authority due to their crime of Treason, and they are heretofore declared unworthy of any obedience, fit only to be killed or driven from the land of our Fathers -- unless they submit in word and deed to the authority of the people, acting in the spirit of our Constituting principles. We of the United States Militia will punish all crimes against the people and we can rightly expect the support of all citizens, who are not traitors, and that to the best of their ability. The United States Militia demands that all patriots STOP the present disarmament of the people."** Then, Phillip, we both shouted: **"GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH!!!"**

We left quickly. I had decided not to shoot up the station's equipment, because freedom of speech had not yet been formally suspended by the enemy and because, initially, any distasteful or negative feelings on the part of the people should be avoided, in order not to confuse the real issues with the *appearance* of lawlessness and vandalism -- a charge we knew the enemy would make use of to discredit us. Whether this was wise, given the use of the station for subsequent enemy propaganda, I cannot say. At such times of uncertainty, I reasoned, God gives us the freedom to do what seems best. Therefore, such a decision is His Will.

Tim, Paul and John, having completed a similar mission, were soon following us on the narrow paved country road at high speed. When we crested the big hill Joe shouted that four vehicles were in hot pursuit a mile and a half behind their Jeep. I was glad we had opened the barbed wire gate exiting the pavement two hours ago. To my great relief it was still open. Our Jeeps took to the rough dirt road well, but the two low slung patrol cars were soon being tossed and banged about. They soon high centered on the deeply rutted dirt road. We shouted for joy. The other two slower vehicles proved to be Chinese military 4 X 4 units with mounted 30 caliber machine guns. Because we knew the road well and had lighter vehicles, they fell behind. Then, halfway through the valley between Indian and Red Rock Mountain we saw the lights of a helicopter. This I had not foreseen! We doused our lights. "God give me light," I remember praying.

I headed up Red Rock Mountain on an old logging road. We had to slow down to 5 mph at times. Halfway up the mountain the glare of searchlights told us the helicopter must have spotted us in the moonlight. Joe shouted that a half dozen vehicles with flashing red lights were descending Indian Mountain road toward us six miles to the north. My goal was to get into the trees where we could lose the helicopter a little easier. But this was not to be. A 50-caliber machine gun volley raked the road twenty yards in front of us. "Return Fire!!" I yelled, slamming on the brakes and killing the engine. Within thirty seconds five 30-06 rifles were putting lead into the hovering chopper two hundred feet above us.

I remembered thinking, "perhaps this was not what they had expected!" The chopper, a red star on its fuselage, did a 180-degree turn and bolted down slope, trailing smoke. I saw a huge orange ball of flame suddenly appear in the rearview mirrors as I rapped out third gear in four-wheel low. From atop the rim rock we sent a few long shots into the Chinese vehicles, and then easily lost them, driving all night into the mountains and then circling out again 30 miles to the east. Finally, we camped forty miles from the chopper crash site in good cover near the Platte River.

The next morning we boldly drove into town with the 8 a.m. traffic and gassed up. We wore brown duck work clothes and baseball caps. I called home. William, the

publisher, had called and said the authorities *were* questioning him about the flyer, asking him *who* had submitted it. He told them.

Ruth then asked if we had heard about the goings on last night. I said, truthfully, that we hadn't heard anything but were thinking about going fishing and that I wanted her to meet me at Mom and Dad's with some gear, my cell phone and six days worth of food. We returned to our hideout down by the river, posted a rotating sentry and slept for 12 hours.

Phillip, Mission #2 began three days later. I said, "Boys, I know you don't want to fight this war alone. So, we must arouse the hope of effective resistance among any would be Militia out there who are hanging back. I put the emphasis in our radio and TV broadcast on one objective, resisting gun confiscation. *We* must give the first example. This is where *the rubber meets the road*. We fight here or forever lose the initiative and the edge of the sword necessary for cutting out the cancer. The people need their weapons if they are ever to fight. It's that simple!

"How can five people attack the 25-50 men, which is what I hear they have on each confiscation task force? And they have at least three operations going on all the time." Timothy, the practical one, was somewhat angry with me.

That's what we have to talk about, Tim. Cool down. For one thing, their slow pace in using only three collection teams right now is being done in order not to alarm the people, and to let the people think and worry themselves out of resisting confiscation. But when we light the fuse of resistance, their pace will increase dramatically. That's my guess. Make yourselves comfortable."

Everyone found a dry, sunny spot in the circle of tall sagebrush where we sat around our little fire. It had warmed to around 38 degrees. "Let's go through some general rules of strategy.

- 1) They will group. We will not, unless safe from attack.
- 2) They are on the inside, surrounded, if possible, but we are never surrounded. Retreat is always our option.
- 3) They defend. We harass them in reaching their objectives. We stop them, retreat, continue to harass, or disappear; our choice.
- 4) When they finally attack in force, we're gone.
- 5) We fight amongst the people, always demanding or seeking their involvement and/or support.
- 6) We go where the enemy goes. We follow them. We stop or frustrate their work and their leisure.
- 7) We protect our people and their necessities.

8) We threaten the enemy troop's security, the lives and comfort of their leaders.

9) We take weapons and immediately use them or hide them for later recruits or for our improved firepower.

10) We never give up. We die fighting.

11) The people will give us transportation, medical care, food, arms, or we have the right to take them. They are Americans or anti-Americans, friends or enemies. From either we have the right to obtain support.

"Anything else?"

"Let's get to the details, Dad. Let's say 35 men are going door to door, two houses at a time, with two armed personnel carriers standing by. And with resistance, they will add more troops and a tank or two."

"Well, here's my initial plan. One driver, four snipers. The driver can shoot too. We are using scopes at 150-200 yards. We take out some troops in a first volley. Pick off what more we can see. Damage some vehicle tires, maybe. We will be out of their range of accuracy. When I blow my whistle, we scam, the back tailgate up, all windows down. If they are hot on our trail, we stop. Let'em have it in the driver's windshield. They crash or stop. We move on. Our main job is to let the whole town know there is resistance.

"Dad?"

"What John?"

We need a newspaper. Just one 8 1/2 X 11 pager, secretly posted around town, say by the older girls. Mom drives. It tells every week the news of the Militia's exploits and other vital news.

"They'll pull them down," Tim objected.

"Officials would, but not the people. They'd read them and pass all the news on by the grapevine. We could post them in different locations each time. Also one put in several doors on a block here and there and everywhere would start the word rolling. And we could do telephone reports. It can be done."

"John has an excellent idea here. True, they will oppose our every move, but we will try to gain something. Let me call home for news and get John's newspaper idea going."

When I called, the military police had just left the house after questioning Ruth about our whereabouts and demanding any guns. She told them I was fishing and planned to be back in a week. She said we didn't have any guns in the house. They searched the house and left. She was very frightened. I told her to get paper and copier access set up. We'd be home tonight.

I took sentry duty from 3 a.m. to 5 a.m. that night. Ruth and I slept in each other's arms. Sad smiles, tears, kisses, and hugs all blended. All punctuated by worry, fear and constant supplication for God's mercy and help. I told her the family's prayers were keeping us safe. I

declined to say what we were doing in case they made her take a lie detector test.

The next day inside the closed garage of a friend, we took three 15 gallon gas barrels and built a wooden frame for them in the back of a Jeep. Two barrels were filled with gasoline for extra fuel and one with motor oil cut with a gallon of gasoline so that we could release an oil slick on the road while being pursued. A perforated hose from that barrel ran the width of the car. A shut-off valve controlled the release of the oil. All barrels were surrounded by two-foot high, one-inch thick steel plates. This crude device proved to be of great service, saving our lives a dozen times. A St. Benedict's medal was fixed in each Jeep. All of us had worn them for many years, as well as the Brown Scapular, the Rosary, a Bayside Rose petal and other medals.

Ruth had made a demand at breakfast that the War Report Flyer would also contain short religious prayers and devotions and encouraging quotations from the Psalms, etc. in order to arm the people spiritually. It seemed like a good idea, and it was

much more palatable to her woman's sensibilities too. "We'll add something new to each issue," she said.

Our first gun confiscation skirmish went our way. After a week we repainted both Jeeps another color in the garage after midnight, also patching the nine bullet holes. We made at least one attack every two days.

After mission #4, Phillip, we heard the wonderful news that someone had copied our actions!

We began visiting neighborhoods which had not yet been subjected to confiscation. In the late evening, we visited two houses at a time and only two houses per block. We urged resistance and where there was no positive commitment to do so, we asked for all guns and ammo.

The first "War Report" was posted around town. Some were mailed. Some put in doors, one thousand in all.

In our next move we ambushed two Red Chinese jeeps, killed all occupants and took the vehicles and bodies to a location where the engines were destroyed and all weapons, gas, clothes, etc. were taken. The two grenade launchers and two machine guns captured were used in every attack from then on with good effect. From the first we had decided to try and make all casualties Red Chinese soldiers, sparing our countrymen if at all possible. Our actual military effect was so small that the public relations value of what we did was the far greater concern. Our acts did, I believe, cause fear in the Chinese soldiers; for they saw in us the tip of an iceberg of potential resistance to their presence among the populace, leaving their imagination to picture how totally vulnerable they would be if a population like this changed its mind and rose up as a whole to expel them.

But our greatest enemy was always the unprincipled neutrality, cowardice and

selfishness of our own people. They would rather hear no evil, see no evil, think no evil and cover their own tail. But after one month we estimated one dozen separate Militia units were at work. Our captured weapons made us much more formidable in ambushes. We had gained some respect. They knew we were willing to fight. With a 30-caliber machine gun in the back of a jeep, we could surprise-attack a 3-7 vehicle convoy with devastating effect. And after causing eight wrecks with our oil slicker, we were evidently getting a reputation for being very dangerous to follow, especially since ambushes could be set up on an instant by simply turning a corner and stopping. In the aftermath of these skirmishes, we gathered many weapons and sometimes a vehicle to transport them. We parked these in preset hiding places for unloading and stripping or for later use.

I knew that better Militia communications and organization had to be established. So we switched our activities for a week to tracking down Militia units engaged in combat. One day, by staking out five hilltop listening/observer stations around town, we determined the position of other Militia teams at work. A bullhorn was used to contact a Militia team member from a safe distance, so that a message could be delivered explaining the need for organization. Then a hand delivered message with a cell phone number and e-mail address was given to that person, along with instructions to deliver it to their top leader soon. The message advised all commanders receiving the message to pass it on to militia groups independent of their own.

Within two days I figured 75% of the units formed to date had contacted me. All were asked to call regularly. I gave the same message to all who called, identifying myself only as David. I explained our general rules for engagement and military

objectives. Targets were denominated, such as barracks, military headquarters, radio and TV stations and towers and any printing presses publishing enemy propaganda. I called for two mobil short wave radios and a phone chain to be set up. I said I would try to set up a mobil coded signal light operating every three nights between 4:30-5 a.m. somewhere on the face of the mountain in case all other sources of communication were shut down. I had them write down a short form of the code with common words or ideas being represented by two to five light beam pulses, and two phone numbers to contact were coded. For example, two long and two short flashes would mean to call a certain telephone number for the latest bulletin. This proved to be the best communications tool of all in the long run. Even when helicopter gunships had orders to fire on any and all lights flashing on the mountain, we just responded by having a heavily armed reception party for it, or by controlling the light by remote controls to protect the operator.

In the first meeting of myself and the city's Militia, the boys and I met the independent Militia commanders one night in a secluded spot outside town. We talked all night long, finalizing a communication system and making detailed plans for attacking larger enemy

targets. Since we had almost stalled the gun confiscation program before it had contacted more than 30% of the population, we agreed that we had come close to winning the first battle. I expressed my concern that they would retaliate to our success by cutting off the public food, water, and electric power supplies as a collective punishment to force people to "voluntarily" bring their weapons to well fortified depots. We decided to attack these depots, no matter how well fortified, or better yet, to attack their own living quarters before they tried such a confiscation maneuver.

I was elected commanding general with my sons as colonels and liaison officers coordinating four "divisions". The twenty commandos were given the captains' rank and were divided into four groups of five. We were simply referred to thereafter as The Militia. All commandos or captains were in immediate command of their own troops.

I asked each one to organize their company of men into squads or platoons and then pass on the contents of our present meeting to all. I gave them for distribution twenty copies of most of what we had covered that night in the way of general instructions, etc. I also offered to all a Catholic devotions packet, including the apologetics necessary for conversion to the true Faith. I stressed the spiritual nature of this warfare we were in and expressed my belief that God would protect and guide those who sincerely sought Him. I preached against the concept of pluralism, which had replaced a search for the truth, in favor of acknowledging all opinions as equal, thus producing endless division and confusion. The positive response to this frank discussion of the True Church and the one Faith was amazing. Conversions followed in the months ahead.

From then on we included all Captains in our daily family prayers, and also in the prayers of the tremendous interdenominational prayer chain that my wife had recently established by contacting women over the last month. We told the Captains that night before leaving that they would be in the spotlight of these prayers, not by name, but as "men in great need of spiritual support for the benefit of all patriots." I assigned much of the success of our Wyoming Militia later to the fraternal Christian spirit that animated and flowed out of that meeting and to our combined efforts thenceforward. It was truly wonderful to finally talk to those who were fighting with us. A great deal of comfort and mutual respect and admiration were present that night, Phillip. I knew then that the

twenty-five men in that moonlit circle were the core of a truly patriotic, God-fearing army.

Finally, as dawn arrived on that same night, I suggested plans for our first major assault. We would attack the Chinese barracks in two weeks at 2 a.m. At least two machine guns would rake each barracks from outside the compound as our soldiers within damaged as many vehicles' tires, headlights, carburetors, windshield, ignitions, and gas tanks as possible.

"How many militia soldiers did you have, total, Father?"

We figured only 120 at that time, Phillip, barely enough to do as I suggested, if all were

daring, courageous, and sufficiently armed with a precise, spring-loaded plan.

On the night of that attack we had loaded a huge bulldozer onto a semi truck trailer. It crashed the main entrance, just as all sentry posts came under heavy fire from long-range snipers. Vehicles with machine guns and militia lined up outside each barrack pouring heavy fire into them. Ten other vehicles brought in vehicle wreckers and saboteurs who would also try to penetrate the ammo dump and other targets as a grand finale. I had scheduled the attack to last only 15-20 minutes, depending on the ability of the enemy to effectively respond.

The bulldozer blade was used to ruin the track mechanisms of each armored vehicle and tank. A simultaneous, long-range grenade and rifle assault was aimed at the fifteen helicopter gunships stationed at the compound.

One week later another coordinated attack destroyed all mass media centers in town, which had been formerly heavily guarded by the enemy. The semi-truck and bulldozer combination came into play in these operations, too. We had made the cab and engine of each bulletproof. In one powerful lunge the monster bulldozer could penetrate the walls of the station to destroy the electronic control room.

The tube was finally out! The great Communistic Propaganda Machine and Patriot Pacifier was down, and we were determined to keep it there. This was the night we also destroyed the printing press of the major newspaper in the state printing enemy propaganda.

The reputation of the enemy and their traitorous hosts had been dealt a severe humiliation. Our short wave radios and internet operators worked overtime to broadcast these victories as far and wide as possible, in order to encourage emulation.

A week later, as I saw enemy troops evacuating Jasper, I suspected that the city had been targeted for total destruction by bombing. They had lost 450 troops and 90% of their equipment had been severely damaged.

Since the enemy's occupation of the city was now ineffectual, and they had suffered a disgrace, they could not afford this example of daring resistance to go unpunished. I was almost sure, Phillip, that they would make an example of our heroism by razing the city. The sudden exodus of their troops helped confirm my suspicion. I ordered the Militia units to drive to the airport and take all planes we could find pilots and rural airstrips for. These planes and their fuel trucks were camouflaged and hidden 30-50 miles out of town.

We worked nonstop to organize each neighborhood community into emergency evacuation units. Three days after Chinese troops began to exit the city, our exodus began, barely in time to avoid disaster, as it turned out. Of course, the Militia was immediately enlarged by a factor of 50. We had 6000 soldiers now. Many confiscated

weapons had been recaptured from armories. Each family was told to bring all arms, food and water, camp gear and other necessities, plus one or two vehicles. Every group of 5,000 people was sent to ten different wooded areas within thirty to forty miles of the city. It is true

that many did not leave the city because they believed the enemy would not attack the city as I predicted, but these were, in almost every case, those who had trusted the enemy, believed in their authority and served them actively or passively. Many of these learned the truth too late and were destroyed, but the majority of those who did escape death joined the resistance later.

At the ten camps all gear was unloaded and the vehicles were driven to locations at least five miles away and in every direction possible. The idea was to separate vehicles from people since they were impossible to hide from aerial reconnaissance and therefore from subsequent bombing by enemy aircraft. Scattering everyone would make difficult an immediately effective bombing campaign. This was all we could do to protect ourselves on such short notice. Within each encampment, smaller, camouflaged camps of one hundred families each were ordered at least 500 yards apart. Sentries were posted.

The city was destroyed on April 9, using conventional ordinance dropped by sixteen B-52 bombers, all flown by U.S. pilots who served the Communists under the UN flag.

Many of the people in my camp who could see the city cried aloud as they heard the bombs and saw the huge balls of flame and the plumes of smoke. Some had friends or relatives who had chosen to stay.

I expected the enemy to return after initial aerial reconnaissance almost immediately to mop up what was left of the militia and the population. When they found so few of either the living or the dead, they would come looking for us. The critical decision coming up was how to protect the people from that attack. For three hours my sons and I consulted with the Lord, whom we referred to in the Militia as "The Supreme Commander in Chief." That night we met with all of the rank of captain under a huge ponderosa pine, just as my sons and I had months ago.

I spoke: "We are in an extremely desperate situation. The people are short on supplies, and they are extremely vulnerable to an enemy force that simply intends to murder them all with bombs, helicopter gunships, armored vehicles and well armed troops. What are our options?"

"We can break the people into groups and send them fanning out, hunting off the land and building hidden communities," said Paul.

"We could see what's left of the city, rebuild it, and keep fighting."

"John, I'm afraid the enemy -- you can see how much they care about the lives of the people -- would kill everyone outright. They have to make an example of this community's resistance."

"We could all go and dig caves and build hideouts and fight right where we are," Joe said.

"Tim?"

"I don't know. We could do all these things, but how is the war going to continue. We haven't won yet. We have just won a battle and lost everything but our lives."

"And our sacred honor as Americans," I said. "Material things don't count for much anymore. The whole world will need rebuilding when this is over. Here is my idea. We need to aid other cities in the State in repelling the invaders. In turn, the patriots

in those cities can aid us in our plight, supplying food, shelter, etc. Let us send our residents then to the other cities of the state in numbers proportionate to that city's population. One third of the militia will stay with these families as they travel overland in order to protect and guide them. Another third will form an advance army to go to those distant cities by the fastest means possible in order to organize that city's militia and prepare for the coming refugees. They will find homes of fellow patriots there to take in the families in migration who will show up later. But the last third of our militia will accompany another portion of our city's population who will build hideouts in the mountainous country in a 50 mile radius around Jasper; for soon the enemy will give up our city which they destroyed and leave it to us for reoccupation, and these families can then begin to resettle it for themselves and for the others who are dispersed, but who may return some day. Tradesmen capable of rebuilding necessary facilities should be included in this third army group.

We should present these plans to the people in the next few days. If there are those who wish to go their own way, let them go. God may have other plans for them; or they may not be of a good spirit, and we don't want them among us anyway, in that case. Many potential traitors may still be among us. Let all know that those who separate from us are on their own from then on, and they should not expect further support from us or communication with us. Separate these from the rest of the people first and send them away from the assembly before you speak of our plans.

At that moment a woman walked up to us and asked for David. She wanted to know if I knew where a priest could be found. I looked at the boys.

"Fr. Keogh is here in our camp. The other priests have never returned since they left two months ago on their retreat." Fr. Keogh had refused to go, Phillip, and had, in fact, gone into hiding to keep from being taken forcibly.

When Fr. Keogh came, I asked him to hear confessions in each of the emergency communities within the next weeks, choosing ten Catholic militia members to assist and transport him. He agreed. I asked that the word be given throughout our camp that there would be a 5 p.m. Mass at this spot. Confessions would start at 1 p.m. Then I asked Father if he would act as a traveling missionary for Wyoming in the future, with twenty militia of his own choice to accompany him, preferably with some single young men interested in religious vocations who could assist him in ministering to the people. He immediately agreed. Then to my surprise he chose Paul, whom he had known before, as his first assistant. Paul, who had long aspired to the priesthood, was delighted.

I chose John to take charge of the pilgrims and militia in the NW quarter of the state; Joe, the NE, Tim, the SW, and myself, Jasper and the SE quarter where Cayenne, the biggest city, was located. Alone on the prairie flatlands, with its giant airbase next door, Cayenne would present the greatest military challenge. But I decided to save it for the last and aid the other three quadrants as needed first. I advised all three to choose Captains and organize the great number of new "recruits" into companies ASAP, and plan to begin their migrations the day after tomorrow. Our eleven year old, Michael, was enlisted as my camp aide. Phillip, you inherited the 4-10 shotgun and the job of protecting your mother and sisters in my absence.

"I remember those were very hard times, Father. We were often hungry. And I was not

always a very good hunter. I remember the little cabin you helped us build in the trees."

During the Holy Tridentine Mass that day we all noticed the most spectacular and ominous sunset. I felt an overpowering sense of gloom, as if a terrible judgement was to be rendered. As the priest raised the chalice against the backdrop of that fearful sunset, lighting struck all around and it thundered overhead. I felt an interior presentiment at that moment that the Warning was near. After Mass I announced to all the nature of the Warning and asked them to spread the word that very night to be prepared tomorrow morning with a repentant heart. "Do not look at the sunrise," I said, repeating the caution of Mary at Bayside.

Then I explained the Miracle that prophecies had indicated would follow soon after the Warning. It was said by Heaven that the Miracle would take place over Garabandal, Spain at 8:30 in the evening of a Thursday between the 9th and the 16th day of the months of March, April, or May and that it will be on the feast of a martyr of the Eucharist. I said, "Since the Miracle is to closely follow upon the Warning, let us look in our missal to see whose feast day it is this Thursday, the 13<sup>th</sup> of April I read: 'St. Hermenegild, martyr. He was the son of the Arian King of the Visigoths in Spain. He was put to death for refusing to receive Holy Communion from an heretical bishop in 586 AD.'" Surely, this was a martyr of the Eucharist, the 13th day of April is a Thursday between the 9th and 16th days of the month. Since the Warning must precede this Miracle, we have only two days left if the Miracle is the 13th. Tomorrow, April 11, I read was "the feast of St. Leo the Great who turned back Attila the Hun before the gates of the Holy City by his eloquence; he defended Papal Primacy and he enriched literature with his profound discourses. He died in 461." I closed the missal.

There was silence for several minutes. I climbed upon a tree stump. "If I am correct, Pope John Paul II is fleeing or has fled Rome and the Red Revolution threatens Rome as Attila the Hun did. Communism, the Red Dragon is at the gates of the Holy City. What more fitting date for the Warning than the Feast of Pope Leo the Great then. Is it not time for this Enemy of all mankind to be stopped in his tracks by God's Warning -- that is, by the Eloquence of an angry God giving fair Warning that the time for man to continue to offend God has come to an end." I then read to the people of the Warning. I asked the militia leaders to listen well for they would have to pass the word on to the other emergency communities they would soon be with.

AT FATIMA, PORTUGAL—1917: Jacinto Marto prophesied to Mother Godhino before she died: "It will seem as though it were already the end of the world. In this *cataclysm* everything will be separated from the sky – which will turn as white as snow."

AT GARABANDAL, SPAIN: At various times from 1961 to 1965, Our Lady explained to Conchita Gonzales: "The WARNING will be a correction of the conscience of the world. ... The WARNING will be like a revelation of our sins, and it will be seen and experienced equally by believers and non-believers

and people of any religion whatsoever. ... Dying is preferable to a mere five minutes of what is awaiting us. ... It will be like fire. It will not burn our flesh, but we shall feel it with our body and in our soul! ALL NATIONS, EVERYONE – WILL FEEL IT. No one will be exempt."

ON APRIL 21, 1973 OUR LADY LET VERONICA SEE AND EXPERIENCE: "It is as though everything exploded in the sky – the flash! It is very hot, very warm. It feels like a burning. Now – the sky is very White ... colors: blues, purples, it's like a huge explosion. NOW – this VOICE, the VOICE, the VOICE, Our Lady says it is a voice within you: 'YOUR WARNING BEFORE THE CHASTISEMENT'

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ON JUNE 8, 1974 – JACINTA MARTO APPEARED TO VERONICA AND SAID: "It is true that I gave a final message, but I, too, could not give the date – only to warn the world that a great warning would come to mankind. It would be a great cataclysm/warning, and then there would be a great miracle. And after that, If nothing changes and man continues to offend the father, He would have to start this terrible trial, for there will be a great war, and there will be a great, terrible chastisement!

ON APRIL 5, 1975 – OUR LADY WARNED: "Know that a great warning will be sent upon mankind. All who remain in the light of grace will have no fear, they will pass through this great warning without suffering. I cannot promise you that none will die in this great warning. My child, for there will be death."

ON SEPTEMBER 14, 1976, OUR LADY GAVE VERONICA A CLUE: "... I give you one indication in regard to the WARNING that the time is ripe when you see, when you hear, when you feel the revolution in Rome – when you see the Holy Father fleeing, seeking refuge in another land, know the time is ripe..."

ON JUNE 12, 1976 – OUR LADY GAVE SOME VERY IMPORTANT INSTRUCTIONS: "My child, you must pray more, do much penance, for The Warning is coming upon mankind. There will be a tremendous explosion and the sky shall roll back like a scroll. (*Apocalypse 6:14*) This force shall go within the very core of the human. He will understand his offenses to his God. However, this warning will be of short duration, and man shall continue upon Their road to perdition, so hard are the hearts now, My child.

"There will be tremendously high waves roaring and taking with them cities; buildings shall disappear from their moorings; the atmosphere shall spew forth currents of great heat; a darkness of spirit and a darkness of atmosphere shall settle in a deadly quiet upon mankind.

"As the day follows night, so shall this warning follow soon. Beware of the sunrise! Do not look up to the sky, the flash! Beware of the sunrise – Do not look up to the sky, the flash! Close your windows! Draw your shades! Remain inside!! Do not venture outside your door, or you will not return!! PRAY! PROSTRATE YOURSELVES UPON YOUR FLOOR! PRAY WITH ARMS OUTSTRETCHED AND BEG FOR MERCY OF YOUR GOD, THE FATHER! Do not seek to receive your animals into your homes, for the animals of those who have remained of well spirit will be taken care of."

'KEEP BLESSED CANDLES, WATER, BLANKETS, FOOD WITHIN

YOUR HOMES! The candles of those who have remained in the state of grace shall not be extinguished, but the candles in the homes of those who have given themselves to Satan shall not burn!!!"

ON DECEMBER 24, 1973 – OUR LADY SPOKE TO VERONICA ABOUT THE MIRACLE: "The Warning which will be sent upon man must be effective. And in the mercy of the Father, a great spectacle will then be placed in the sky for all to see. However, the agents of Hell will try to prove – disprove the hand of the Father in this Miracle.

"You must cleanse your souls of all sin, mortal and venial. Come to My son in belief. Believe what you'll see at Garabandal, and turn back from Your ways that have been created by Satan. Return to the Father, do penance And atonement, for your Chastisement will soon follow upon the great spectacle. I bless you all, My children, as the Father blesses you with sad heart." *The above message of Our Lady, speaks of "Garabandal." For those who do not have the background on this – Garabandal is a small village in northwestern Spain, where from June 18, 1961 to November 13, 1965, Our Lady appeared to four young, simple little girls. The message was very much like that which is now being given to Veronica. The girls also spoke of the Warning, the Great Miracle which Our Lady said would take place in the*

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*pinces near their village, and also the Chastisement.*

Conchita (one of the four girls at Garabandal) writes this in her Diary about the Miracle: "The Blessed Virgin has told me the date of the Miracle and what it will consist of. I am suppose to announce it eight days in advance, so that people will come. The Pope will see it from wherever he is, and Padre Pio also. The sick who are present at the miracle will be cured and the sinners will be converted.

There will be no Doubt in the mind of anyone who sees this great miracle which God, Our Lord, will perform through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. And now as we await this great day of the Miracle, let us See if the world changes and the chastisement is averted." *Conchita is the only one with whom the Blessed Virgin discussed the Miracle. It will coincide with an event in the Church and with the feast of a saint who is a martyr of the Eucharist and it will take place at eight-thirty on a Thursday evening.*

When I finished I asked all present to please pass on what I had said this evening to all those who did not attend Mass. Ask them to read the description of this Warning in Revelations 6:12-17. Father Keogh approached me.

"Yes, Father." I bent down to hear the priest's words better.

"One more thing!" I called to the people, "Father Keogh will camp and at this spot tonight in order to be available to all who still wish to have their confessions heard. And he asks that all candles be collected and brought to him for blessing and distribution to all who will receive them. I stepped down. My legs were shaking. "Thank you, Father."

"Thank you, David." He laid a gentle hand on my shoulder. I remember it being so comforting. I had begun to suffer internally, without realizing it, because the resistance in which I had led the people had resulted in the destruction of our city.

"I think I know what you're going through, David. Paul told me."

"Yes, Father."

"Do you think God is going to blame you for fighting when only He could have inspired and encouraged you to do so in the first place?"

"I hope not." I felt something hot and wet on both cheeks. My vision went blurry. I blinked and two huge teardrops fell.

"General David!" A young 16 year old voice cried urgently.

"He's over here," Paul waved. "We're going Dad."

"Wait Paul."

"General!"

"Yes, Son, speak. Take it easy now."

"Sir, our recon team just radioed that 200 vehicles full of Red Chinese soldiers left Jasper an hour ago heading this way. Captain Mark estimated they would be here by noon tomorrow."

I turned to the priest and asked him to step aside. "Help me, Father, with your prayers and counsel. If I don't tell the people about this advance, and I am wrong about tomorrow morning as the time of the Warning, they won't be prepared to fight. But if I tell them now, and I am right about the Warning, they will be diverted from preparing as they should for the Warning." I crumpled onto the stump, my head hanging like ripe squash.

"David, give yourself the time that the Lord needs to clear your judgement. Never let your emotions take the lead like this. You are exhausted from constant effort, lack of sleep and worry. God has not abandoned you."

After some time, I hiked up a ridge to the north, but only after giving word that both news of the enemy advance *and* of my prediction of the Warning should be broadcast immediately by all possible means to all ten communities. The moon seemed to be slowly turning into a maroon crescent. I knelt down and finally collapsed, praying in the form of a cross on the cold sandstone rimrock. At midnight I awoke. I saw a string of tiny lights at ground level, maybe thirty miles away. I sighed aloud, "Let tomorrow bring what the all-merciful God wills."

The Warning you remember, Phillip? It was something almost indescribable. It was like a Trumpet Blast that shook the whole earth to its core. The sky turned pure white and seemed to roll up. No man could move or speak. One hundred people died that terrible morning in our ten camps. A dreadful darkness breathed upon every soul and we buried our faces deeper into the dirt. Time seemed to stand still. The vision of my past unrepented or insincerely repented sins burned all delusions, all excuses, all dishonesty to a white ash which blew away in the Great Wind of the Father's Thunderous Voice, which seemed to say: "BE YE WARNED LITTLE ONE OF THE EARTH. THE TIME OF MY JUSTICE HAS ARRIVED. OBEY ME

OR FOREVER FEEL MY DIVINE WRATH!" It is far beyond me to convey all that I actually understood, but those words summarize the awesome experience that I and others felt.

Throughout the Warning and for twenty-four hours the candles of the just burned without diminishing, and everywhere one heard fervent prayers and cries of repentance ascending. During the Warning the fright of the little ones had been pitiable, but the fear of the rest of us was an almost palpable substance that twisted countenances into woeful shapes. It was truly a terrible experience, but the degree of terror seemed to correspond with the degree of a person's dishonesty before God; for the Warning was a brief time of perfect, unavoidable honesty. All of good will benefited greatly in the future by means of this white hot flash of honesty, this truth about their personal relationship with God and man.

Afterwards, no one sought the company of others; nor did they eat, drink or speak, except in tearful prayers. The enemy column was never seen or heard from again. I knew we had been saved by God's mercy.

On the 12<sup>th</sup> of April the darkness broke and the extremely thick, dark skies began to clear. A tender, humble charity gleamed in the actions of many, who tended to the comfort of their families and neighbors. Still, few ate food, sipping only a little water. On the 13<sup>th</sup> we all looked with hope to the skies. The air seemed wonderfully fresh, filled with sparkling oxygen. In breathing one seemed to be filled with vigorous life. The sky had never been a more lovely blue, shimmering in a shower of crystalline sunshine. These we later recognized as signs preceding the Miracle, which would occur physically over Garabandal, Spain at 8:30 p.m. on the 13<sup>th</sup>. A luminous cross was left permanently in the sky for all to see until the end of time. But all persons throughout the world felt the spiritual effects of this Miracle, which were the infusion, in receptive souls, of the knowledge of God's Love, Mercy and Providence for all people. For non-Christians the Miracle was a witness of the Divinity of Christ and His Church.

God saw that the need of souls for graces unto conversion was very great, Phillip. And so His remedies were great in response to this need. All people experienced the spiritual effects of Faith, Hope and Charity inasmuch as they had elected to open themselves to grace, so that in those who so chose, a truly miraculous conversion took place. Indeed, following the Miracle a great many people over the entire earth embraced without reservation the Church of Christ or returned to its true Faith.

I remember being so happy I wanted to die in that state of bliss. All that I had suffered in the Warning, all the repentance I had gained, seemed to be transformed at the Miracle into a chalice that was being filled by the miraculous wine of God's own life.

Perhaps these words of Jesus from Scripture spoke of these two great events, Phillip. First the Warning: *"And immediately after the tribulation of those days, the sun shall be*

*darkened and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of heaven shall be moved:"* (Matthew 24:29) And then the Miracle in verse 30: "*And then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven:"*

"I remember too, Father. It was so wonderful, the time of the Miracle. I was eight then."

"And did it not help us through the times ahead, Son?"

"Oh, yes, I remember you would say in the sad and fearful times, "Remember the day of the Miracle? You said, "that was a taste of what will come after these trials. And soon will come the rapture that Jesus spoke of, when He will take us up with Him when He comes to reap the earth." And then you would read from Matthew 24: 31, 40-41:

"And he shall send his angels with a trumpet, and a great voice: and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from the farthest parts of the heavens to the utmost bounds of them. ...

Then two shall be in the field: one shall be taken, and one shall be left. Two women shall be grinding at the mill: one shall be taken, and one shall be left."

"Father, what happened to the Pope at the time of the Warning and Miracle?"

You remember that Mary promised at Fatima that Russia would be converted when the Pope consecrated it to her Immaculate heart in union with all the bishops of the world. The enemy, of course, feared this consecration and had long tried to prevent it by threatening the Pope with great evils if he did so. Many bishops were enemy agents and would refuse to obey the Pope's request for the consecration of Russia, thus invalidating it. But also the enemy threatened the persecution of the Faithful and a worldwide schism in the Church, where the national churches they controlled would rebel from Rome, as had already happened in Russia, China and to a lesser extent in the USA and most other countries. And so it was that because the Pope had commanded all bishops under pain of immediate excommunication to join him on April 13 to consecrate Russia to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, as the Mother of God had requested at Fatima, the enemies of God attacked his person in Rome, but he fled, narrowly escaping them on April 11 -- by the intervention of God, in the form of the Warning! Pope John Paul II *did* consecrate Russia on April 13 and the Miracle that occurred was the *instrument* of Russia's conversion. But six months later Pope John Paul II was found and crucified by the Enemy. Then the Enemy rushed to have their candidate established as an unelected pope, for the turmoil of the world prevented a conclave of cardinals. But one year before the Chastisement God rallied the Cardinals of His Church, and they elected Pope Peter II, who came to be known as the Angelic Pastor. Peter II and the long prophecied "Great

Prince" fought for Europe and all Christendom against the enemy before the Chastisement, by which God Himself finally achieved victory.

"But how did Pope John Paul II get all the liberal and Communist bishops of the

Church to consecrate Russia with him, Father? I heard that their reluctance in the past to do so had caused him to delay the consecration."

The Warning helped a great deal in convincing many bishops to obey the Pope. But the act that made the consecration of the complete Church possible was the Pope's excommunication of all who refused to consecrate with him, effective at the very moment of the consecration. This meant that all *who were still bishops* consecrated Russia with him. Thus, the whole Church was represented, and all that was corrupt had, simultaneously, been cut off.

"Did such an extreme measure keep him from consecrating Russia sooner, Father?"

I think it did, Son. For this act would have precipitated a great schism in the Church before the time was ripe. The Pope wanted, I believe, the time of the Consecration to be very close to the moment of Divine Intervention.

After the Warning we noticed that many people became much better. But many more, after their fear had subsided, seemed to become much worse; for this always happens, Phillip, when one rejects in his heart an evident truth of God. The separation of the sheep and the goats, the wheat and the weeds was taking place *rapidly*. Two very definite sides began to appear in the wars and conflicts throughout the world and the fighting became increasingly bitter and desperate. The evil of the American Police State finally increased to the point where there was no resemblance between it and the United States of America which was now hidden in the catacombs with its Militia and those citizens who supported it. The United States of America *did* exist in the hearts, minds, souls and actions of Christian Patriots. It became clear to all that fervent belief in the Christian God was essential to true American Patriotism and that unbelief (atheism) was the heart of all the Communistic Police States throughout the world -- which could be pictured as a basket of hideous, black snakes. These snakes craved only the abject slavery of all people: power over others, control, absolute control of mind, body and soul.

But just as ferociously did the God-fearing seek liberty from this fearful tyranny, and more importantly they sought, often without realizing it, the liberty of being totally engulfed in and protected by the will of God. Only in this total dedication was there any comfort or relief or joy in this life of misery and suffering, agony and pain. And this total confidence and dedication to God's Will is gained, spiritually, not by a simply act of human will, but with the addition of a divine gift of grace -- the consecration to and union with the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the only human person who had ever achieved perfect obedience and union with the Will of God. This is why she is the Gate of Heaven. After the Warning people who were disposed to receive grace were *driven* to God; but for those who had smothered the flame of Faith, they too were equally *driven* by their master, Satan, to a love of sensual pleasures, unrestrained wickedness and the abandonment and hatred of all good and spiritual things. In the end they came to hate their own bodies and their own souls and those of others likewise.

In these times the Catholic sacramentals were greatly feared by wicked people. Those with the mark of the beast would literally run from crucifixes, rosaries, medals,

scapulars and other blessed objects such as statues and pictures of Jesus, Mary and the Saints. All these items were highly treasured by the few of us who still had them.

Phillip, before I continue to narrate the conclusion of the War in America, I wish to give the spiritual background of those times. For that let us read Scripture which tells what takes place after the Warning (the Sixth Seal), but before the opening of the 7th seal, which is the great Chastisement.

"And I saw another angel ascending from the rising of the sun, having the sign of the living God; and he cried with a loud voice to the four angels, to whom it was given to hurt the earth and the sea, Saying: Hurt not the earth, nor the sea, nor the trees, till we sign the servants of our God in their foreheads."  
(Apocalypse 7:2-3)

Then in verses 9-17 of this chapter, those who are sealed upon earth are identified as being in communion with those in heaven who have already passed through their tribulation. So, this time we are entering in our story, up until the Chastisement, is one in which the elect were signed and sealed and the reprobates received the spiritual mark of the beast. It became very possible, Phillip, to physically see and feel the difference in these two classes of people in those days. A natural aversion, separation and division of people occurred over this 3 1/2 years. But in some mysterious sense we could not account for time in these days, for time was shortened, as Jesus said in Matthew 24:21-27. And false prophets, who were possessed of the devil were everywhere in these strange times.

It was also a time of exceedingly profane heresies and sacrileges, because the "Abomination of Desolation" had occurred after the flight of the true Pope and the pretended seating of the antichrist "pope." All sorts of heresy gushed forth from Rome. And all over the world horrible characters pretending to be Catholic priests, along with some of those fallen priests who had sold their Faith for their earthly life, worked day and night to organize ecclesiastical orgies in which evil spirits were called down during thinly veiled black masses, to enter into the frenzied worshippers. After these services, in the advanced stages of this progressive religious experience of satanism, certain worshippers were secretly led into sumptuous bedrooms prepared for blasphemous sexual fornication rituals. And such eroticisms were styled "the love of god." No one could have imagined or foreseen that the former errors of the Charismatics and neo-modernist heretics who had before pretended to be of the Catholic Church could lead to the production of such delusions of religious fervor and ecstasy so boldly contrary to the 1<sup>st</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> Commandments of God. But when the diabolical spirits actually entered the bodies of those deluded heretics, all human decorum fled, and even sanity itself was overpowered and cast aside for the sake of the sensual spirit that always invites error into the mind; for the principles of sensuality oppose the principles of reason and corrupt its works with error.

God allowed these aberrations I have noted as a warning to all who had any Faith left that they were to flee this phony Ecumenical "Church of Man," this One-World Religion that had taken over the buildings of every sect and invited in atheists, satanists and hardened reprobates of every kind. In the society of those wretched souls who frequented these "religious" orgies there occurred many murders, not a few of them ritual murders by those

who had ascended to the priesthood of the wicked, a kind of satanic

"Upper Room" community within the "Church of Man," which officially called itself The One-World Church of God's Among Men" or the "Church of the Man-Gods."

In those days we called it the "Church of Devils in Men" or simply the "Church of the Possessed". The ogres of the "upper chamber" committed beastly massacres in the employ of their God, the State, and their Goddess, the Earth.

During these times when the people were being starved, while their tyrants feasted on what little food remained, there appeared everywhere the demon transports, the so-called "flying saucers," especially near diabolical crime sites. Many of the wicked were seen being taken up into these "false miracles of the latter days," never to return – at least, never in one piece.

"When did God's Wrath in the form of the Chastisement finally come to end all this, Father?"

The Chastisement came on the 6966th year of the world since the creation of Adam in 4963 BC, according to the Benedictine's. That is the year 2003 AD. The exact date was October 13. October 13, 1917, you remember, was the date Our Lady of Fatima appeared in Portugal to Warn us of these times. A great Miracle of the sun was witnessed on that very date by over 70,000 people, a miracle Mary had predicted months before. The sun seemed to plunge toward the earth and the people thought it was the end of the world. This great public Miracle was a sign of what was to come; for it closely resembled the Ball of Redemption, that is, the Comet plunging toward the earth at the Chastisement 86 years later. Many were converted at Fatima, but many more at the Chastisement. And just as the colored lights of Fatima's sun afterwards dried the peoples' rain-soaked clothes and all seemed renewed and wonderful, so too the Great Peace followed the Chastisement.

"Is the 6966th year significant, Father?"

Perhaps. In symbolic numerology, the meaning of the number six is imperfection or evil. Six is one short of the perfect number, seven. When the year of the Chastisement had come, the world had reached the height of evil.

"And when is the end of the world?"

The year 2037 will be the 7000th year since God's completion of creation in making Adam. We know what Our Lady said at LaSalette, that the period of peace coming after the Chastisement would last only twenty-five years, ( $2003 + 25 = 2028 + 9 = 2037$ ) and then men's sins would invite the devil into the world again. And this time Satan would perfectly possess a man to become the Antichrist *in person*. I see the seeds already of this sinful reinvitation. This will be your fight, Son. But I will fight alongside you in spirit.

For three months after the Miracle, a silence, or calm seemed to pervade the world. This I saw as a special time of separation between the sheep and the goats -- as when the cream

floats to the surface of fresh milk. For, as the psychological shock of the Warning and Miracle wore off, souls, by their free choice, gravitated towards the acceptance or rejection of God's merciful, saving grace given through these two indisputably convincing Messages from Heaven. Many non-Christians were converted, especially the little, pious, hidden souls of every nation and religion who may have become lost in ignorance and worldliness, or become mired in sin, but who had also preserved in their hearts a love and yearning for the true God and the true Word of God, their Saviour.

In the lull created by these Events, my sons managed to move the godly people who stayed with them into the larger communities of Wyoming, where they greatly strengthened and organized the patriots already in these communities. The destruction of

Casper served to turn many in the State against the remaining puppet government, while it caused the cowardly, the people pleasers to fear the Red Army, our real governor, all the more.

The enemy had fashioned a new national flag. They planned to fly it for the first time across the nation on July 4. I felt that this event should be used to launch a Militia offensive. I gave secret orders in early May for all to prepare, and I asked short wave radio operators to spread the word in coded form around the Country on the Patriot calling-chain that had developed. We learned through these operators that the idea of a Militia Protest Party, in the spirit of the Boston Tea Party had caught fire in all the States. Indeed mighty efforts were made to reclaim our Nation as Constituted on that traditional celebration day of our Nation's birth, even as the enemy, using the same holiday, mocked that Nation with their conquering internationalist flag. This was an all-important public relations opportunity for us. It proved to be a great symbolic and moral victory for us to destroy those new flags and raise the stars and stripes, even for a few minutes, hours, or days. And in the two years thereafter we proved our presence, strength and continued determination by repeating this show of force.

Without my knowledge one of our pilots and his bombardier, as well as bride-to-be, flew a light plane over the State capitol building in Cayenne, where the greatest festivities and anti-patriotic indecencies were taking place. The two swooped down on the ceremonial grounds just after the flag raising ceremony, and dropped a 100 pound homemade explosive from an altitude of only 200 feet. The detestable flag, the decorations and a handful of "dignitaries" were blown up. Militia resistance had not yet arisen in Cayenne, but this heroic act regaled the patriots hidden in that city, and thereafter they stood up to risk their own lives and fortunes for the glory of God and Country and their beloved State of Wyoming.

However, the sad news came to us that moments after the bomb exploded, a fusillade of rifle fire damaged their plane critically. A splendid crash landing was made on Pendleton Boulevard. They were immediately taken prisoner.

News reached me in my mountain hideout in the Laramie Range. I was dismayed and

speechless. I immediately called up 100 of my best men and headed for Cayenne. We were able to contact Militia members in Cayenne to coordinate our plans by radio for rescuing Anne and Peter. The summary execution of these two teenagers had been scheduled for that evening. We were moving into position when we heard over the public radio of the two captives' incredible escape. We rushed to the area. A force of 200 soldiers surrounded a small building in which Anne and Peter had taken refuge. They were defending themselves with small arms taken from the two guards they had dispatched in hand to hand combat. I ordered the close quarters' attack of the 200 troops. We left no enemy survivors, while losing twenty-five men ourselves. The war in our State capitol began with this great little victory, followed by an even more miraculous escape, as we freed the captives and battled our way out of the city.

"Was it just to give up the life of twenty-five men for the sake of two, Father?"

Elsewhere in the state we lost men in an attempt to raise the flag of the United States of America, Phillip. All is justified by the cause, the overall good for which we fought. And raising the patriotic morale of the people and fighting for their freedom in the way I have described was worth the price we paid. A man's life is for spending. You can't take it with you, Son.

"Father, I do not understand how a man can fight so courageously as you did. I cannot imagine myself being so brave. I can only dream of it."

If you are to be brave, your life must seem worthless to you next to your honor before God. Men fight in different ways. Sometimes only from behind cover or with superior arms, or when their back is against a wall and a horrible death is the only alternative. These motives do not involve honor principally. But let me read to you of the spirit, the zeal that I could truly say possessed the true patriots of the latter days and carried us on to daring acts. I read from I Kings 17:42-46, 50-51:

"And when the Philistine looked, and beheld David, he despised him. For he was a young man, ruddy, and of a comely countenance. And the Philistine said to David: Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with a staff? And the Philistine cursed David by his gods. And he said to David: Come to me, and I will give thy flesh to the birds of the air, and to the beasts of the earth. And David said to the Philistine: Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the god of the armies of Israel, which thou hast defied. This day, and the Lord will deliver thee into my hand, and I will slay thee, and take away thy heard from thee: and I will give the carcasses of the army of the Philistines this day to the birds of the air, and to the beasts of the earth: that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel.

... And David prevailed over the Philistine, with a sling and a stone, and he struck, and slew the Philistine. And as David had no sword in his hand, He

ran, and stood over the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath, and slew him, and cut off his head. And the Philistines seeing that their champion was dead, fled away."

And tonight I bid you read also I Machabees Chapter 2, and you will come to see that this world and all evil is overcome by true faith in God. Victory then is ours, if we witness to our Faith in Jesus; and this witness itself is the living *embodiment* of the true Faith. No unbeliever or heretic can have this Faith or the courage born of honor that flows from it. It is reserved for them who love Truth *for its own sake*; for that truth is the Word of God, Jesus, our Saviour. Many daring things are accomplished in battle and in daily life by motives other than the love of God, the honor of God of which I speak. These acts, however good, do not merit the crown of glory in Heaven, for they do not originate in the Spirit of God. Man must be raised *above* his nature to enter Heaven. He must live a supernatural life here in order to merit supernatural Life for eternity, and that is possible only through the grace of God, for which we must *ask*.

"Let us retire, Father. You look so tired again. I fear you may fall."

Telling you all this seems like my last battle, Son. But I have thought that way too many times and found myself in the thick of another.

"But how will others know all this if you do not also tell *them*, Father?"

Would you have me write a book, Son? My strength *is* failing now!

"But after you tell me, it will all be fresh in your mind, Father."

I shall think about it. Always another mountain to climb. That is how God brings out the best in us. Let us go for a walk in the beautiful evening air.

"How good it is to be here, Father."

And yet think that it is only so by the grace of God.

The next morning I was much refreshed, so we headed for the high country. Walking at a leisurely pace, I was able to continue the story, until reaching its climax just

as we reached the top of Castle Mountain, a broad table-top mountain of massive pink granite walls jutting above an enclosed, flowered meadow, like the ragged battle shorn walkways and parapets of an ancient castle guarding the precious lives enclosed within.

Phillip, after the battles of the 4th of July around the State that year, we established a regular mode of harassment. Of course, those citizens who were hostage to the government we not only did not harass, but protected and encouraged and helped to become productive, especially in growing crops and raising livestock, for we exacted tribute from them, most often voluntarily, but sometimes with a show of force in order to protect them from being suspected as our supporters.

Our overall tactic was to tie up the enemy all over the State and Nation by making their presence needed *everywhere*. Then we would concentrate our forces on the weakest locality at

a time. If their troops were transferred to defend that target area, we would attack the reduced garrison they had just left or we could retreat and focus on the next city chosen in advance. By variations of this strategy, we were able to retain a limited, safe, offensive position. We held the initiative. Many of our long-range western hunting rifles had telescopic sights that often afforded us an advantage because we could strike the enemy while he could not effectively return fire.

I found that considerable advantage and momentum could also be gained by a force with inferior arms if it bravely engaged the enemy at close quarters. By surprising them and charging them quickly, fear was struck in their mercenary hearts, and they often ran, making easy targets. We killed as many as possible at those times in order to send the fear ahead of us, to those who had yet to tangle with us.

In addition, I gave orders that all militia were to aim when shooting, not just throw out volumes of lead. This alone accounted for an unusually high casualty rate among our enemy on the battlefield. Neither did we take time to set up fortified positions of defense, where superior firepower would soon pulverize us in place. We literally fought on the run, stopping only to aim and shoot. Every soldier was an athlete of mind, heart and body.

Over the next two years starvation, sickness and casualties caused our numbers to diminish, but this was also true of the enemy, who lost many troops by desertion as well. But during the last year before the Chastisement, their forces began to grow alarmingly, as new, battle trained troops could be spared from victorious campaigns elsewhere.

In the last year, during that bitter winter, the food for our army ran out. I called all leadership together from around the State. The priest was there. All had converted to the true Faith but a few, whom I sent off on errands. Then I asked my wife to bring me the blessed grapes of San Damiano, which we had stored for 21 years in brandy, as the seer had directed. All who believed or hoped they would thenceforth be preserved from starvation as Our Lady had promised the seer took a blessed grape and ate it. Though we suffered some feelings of hunger, from then on we were miraculously preserved from starvation until the last day. Also our individual strength and courage seemed to rise up to more heroic proportions after that -- until we each fought with the energy of five men. And so our forces matched our enemies in combat, though our numbers did not come close; and they were astounded and cast again and again into terror and panic, sometimes at the mere sight of us or knowledge of our presence -- in the area -- because, Phillip, the heart of an evil man or a man who fights without good motive is cowardly. He depends for boldness only upon the presumption of his superior or invincible power or upon the

suggestion of that appearance. But face to face, he withers before a valiant man, first losing his head, then control over his body... and then his life.

As the time of the final conflicts drew near, all patriotic people were given to almost

constant prayer, no matter what they were doing.

Our heroic priest, Fr. Keogh, and my son, Paul, had taught the people holy songs and prayers. And each day was laid out in a firm but flexible ritual of prayer, a kind of divine office of the laity. Paul traveled widely, preaching and administering Holy Communion as a legally ordained deacon. At other times he prepared communities for the secret arrival of the priest, so that their service at Mass was of the utmost reverence and value before God. These prayerful souls were the *heart* of our army. They were locked in spiritual combat with Satan, as fearful and mortal a combat as my soldiers endured. Many died of sheer mental, emotional and physical exhaustion, and those we revered as martyrs and saints gone from among us to receive their blessed reward.

And as the end drew near, Faithful souls began to mysteriously disappear from our midst. When this began happening, we knew that the Rapture was taking place and that the time of the Lord's appearance was very near. A new hope washed over us at those times and lifted us up like a great wave carrying us towards our longed for and promised land. There was rejoicing and even mirth, for we knew that these blessed souls had been taken up in the Rapture of which Scripture foretold, and that soon, we believed, many more of us would ascend. We made sure to spread this and other news over the radio chain to our countrymen, so that a kind of unity of spirit prevailed among us.

It was in June 2003, that I saw the inevitability and moral necessity of a great showdown with the enemy. For the people were being prepared by fierce propaganda and death threats to renounce fealty to God, Nation and family in a single event. An oath of "Allegiance to the Earth and the Enlightened of Mankind" had been crafted by World leaders and mandated for all peoples to swear to. The language of this oath clearly placed other gods before God, the one Who was never mentioned. In God's place there was the "Goddess of the Earth and the Universe" and her collection of messianic enlightened ones, the "Grand Ascended Masters." These Masters swore allegiance to the "God of Nature," and their mission was to mediate the "salvation" of mankind from destruction by its own sins against the common laws of the universe. The main "sinners," according to these New Age adjudicators, were those who honored the old, worn out religions and values. The Great Oath was the instrument the Grand Masters and their agents would use to eradicate these values or the sinners who retained them – either by conversion through fear or by death.

Elaborate plans were made for a gala event in which all people would be required by a special World Law to come together at great local festival gatherings held simultaneously all over the world to worship the god of Nature and there sign *the Universal Pledge*. Those trying to escape this Earth Day of Worship, it was unofficially rumored, would be sent to the "Unhappy Hunting Grounds." Even those not planning to sign the Oath, however, were ordered to come, so they could prove their openness to "the Great Spirit" and also receive his "graces" for conversion. Perhaps those who refused would be executed on the spot to deter others from imitating them.

I knew from our many contacts that fully half the citizens of the State were, at least nominally or secretly, Christians and wished, if they were not slaves of the State, to practice their religion. These, as well as other borderline believers would be sorely

tempted to conform to the Pagan Services in order to save their earthly lives and those of their children, thus losing their souls when they were slaughtered after the Festival or during the Chastisement.

I had a very strong suspicion at that time that WWII would be completed by a nuclear holocaust and as a free ride to Hell immediately after this pagan worship. Our reconnaissance indicated that, all would be required to swear allegiance to a false god and to a world state, disavowing one's own God and Nation. Then, to ratify this blasphemy each person would be compelled to perform an act of human lust, thus committing a damnable sin. This act of sin was also the disavowal of their being children of God and their adoption as children of the devil. Their death was planned immediately thereafter. But this was being kept a very close secret.

Satan, upon seeing that the coming of the Lord was at hand, determined to lead souls into sin and then murder them all, taking them to Hell with him; for "misery loves company." To offset and mitigate this awful plan to sacrifice souls to Satan just recently given over to sin, I felt that Christian Patriots must also be willing to sacrifice their lives, if necessary, for the honor of God and the salvation of their brothers and sisters, in a tremendous effort to disrupt this colossal human sacrifice of souls and turn it into an exodus from Egypt, an exodus of souls whose hearts yearned for God and the liberty of spirit that He offers them. What convinced me more than all else that this diabolical event would be followed by the Chastisement was its date being set for October 7, 2003 AD only six days from my estimated date for the Chastisement on October 13. But in that date of the 7th I foresaw a great Christian victory, for it was the feast day of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, by which Mary said she would save the world, the Rosary, which the stigmatist priest Padre Pio called his "weapon" against evil. And October 7 was the anniversary of the defeat of the Islamic Armada at the Battle of Lepanto in 1571, before which Pope Pius V led Christian Europe in saying the Rosary.

On August 15, after recuperating from our usual 4<sup>th</sup> of July "fireworks", I gathered with the priest and the Militia leadership to discuss the plan I had drawn up. We met on a beautiful summer day within a secluded mountain meadow surrounded by stately white aspens seventy feet high, their little leaves rustling in the breeze like a tremendous symphony. We sat upon the grass around a big, lichen colored boulder, upon which the speaker would stand. After the Mass, followed by the recitation of the Rosary, I spoke at some length. After setting out the grave moral situation, I proposed we form two armies, one internal and the other external to the pilgrims attending this diabolical event. I revealed that an orgy would follow the ceremonies; for I had just received certain confirmation concerning it. Thousands of male and female dancers who would gradually strip to full nudity and then engage in sexual and homosexual acts with each other were to entertain and enflame with lust the people, who would finally themselves be given orders to shed their clothes and "return to Nature," fornicating with whom they chose, *immediately after all had signed the Great Oath!* And there would be the tremendous pressure for all to sign from human respect and fear of death.

I explained that the internal army would disguise itself as docile pilgrims, having only

concealed knives or sharpened walking sticks. The external army would wait in ambush beyond the range of the thousands of troops "guarding" the poor sheep who were being led to temptation, sin, and slaughter. I told everyone that it had now been determined with certainty that after the sexual orgy and the orgy of narcotic laced liquors

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to follow, as the people slept in their drunken stupor, all were to be slaughtered on the spot by the troops, who had been promised for themselves the spoils of their victims and the rule of the land. It was promised that they would be, thereafter, priests of the gods because they had pleased the God of Nature by slaughtering in sacrifice those who had freshly given up their "sins of religion and civilization" to embrace the free love of one another in the non-exclusive Community of Mother Nature. These elite troops who were assigned the duty of execution were told that their victims would be in "Paradise" after death.

I laid out my plan carefully under the aspens. In the middle of the first speech given after the celebration begins, the external army, "E", would appear from the north and attack the armed troops on the outer fringes of the pilgrims. Small decoy units would be dangled in precarious positions in order to lure many troops after them into ambush and also to divide the main force and draw it away from the pilgrims as much as possible before the major assault. This commotion would also draw off many troops stationed on the south of the column of pilgrims and also those stationed amongst the pilgrims and around the great podium. When the battle of army "E" was well underway, the remaining enemy troops inside would suddenly be attacked by army "I" at close range. This would be the critical and daring key to victory. Army "I" would take the weapons of those soldiers they had killed and turn them on the podium dignitaries and remaining soldiers. Then all our noncombatant men and women stationed evenly throughout the masses would, in an authoritative manner, direct all within shouting distance to lie down and not panic. This would help protect the people from gunfire and prevent a stampede. Our targets would then also be highlighted. The enemies' leadership must be killed, every one.

After this these same "pilgrim directors" would quickly urge the people to move southwest at a rapid, but orderly pace. Army "I" will lead them, surround them, and destroy any enemy opposition. Those pilgrims who refused to leave would be left to their fate. Just before this exodus began, I myself would take the microphone and tell the people that they were being led to safety, because the troops had a secret plan to murder them all.

"But they will know you from the beginning, David," someone said.

I answered that I would be disguised as a very old man with a gray and white beard, wearing a ragged gray-blue coat with big gold buttons.

We would form three separate columns or groups when leading the people away so that each group could go in a separate direction, the better to disperse ourselves as a possible target of air attacks or attacks by enemy troops. Finally, the people would be dispersed from

the front of the huge columns, being instructed then to return home and thereafter resist evil and pray in repentance for what they may have been about to do, having great confidence in God's mercy in preparing for the Chastisement.

Now I want to read to you something about this confidence and the humility that goes with it. The reading is from a book called *Divine Intimacy* by Father Gabriel of Saint Mary Magdalen:

HUMILITY IN OUR FALLS: 1. "If we contemplate our misery without raising our eyes to God, the Father of mercies, we will easily become discouraged. By examining ourselves thoroughly, we will see that discouragement always comes from two closely related causes. The first is that we depend upon our own strength; through it our pride is

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wounded and deceived when we fall. The second is that we lack reliance on God; we do not think of referring to Him in times of prosperity, nor do we have recourse to Him when we fail Him. In short, we act by ourselves: we try to succeed alone, we fall alone, and alone we contemplate our fall. The result of such conduct can only be discouragement. Indeed, how could we expect to find in ourselves the strength to rise again, when it was our very want of strength that made us fall? God does not want us to act by ourselves. "Woe to him that is alone," says Sacred Scripture, "for when he falleth, he hath none to lift him up" (Eccl. 4,10). Woe to him who relies only on his own strength to put his good resolutions into execution. When he falls, he will not have the aid of God's might to lift him up; thus he will remain in his misery, confused and discouraged.

Just as we should not make good resolutions without counting on God's help to keep them, by the same token we should not view our failures without considering God's mercy at the same time, for as God is the only One who can help us persevere in good, so He alone can raise us up from evil.

That is why all the saints have taught that the knowledge of oneself must never be separated from the knowledge of God and vice versa. St. Teresa of Jesus says, "The soul must sometimes emerge from self-knowledge and soar aloft in meditation upon the greatness and the majesty of its God. Doing this will help it to realize its own baseness better than thinking of its own nature, and it will be freer from the reptiles which enter the first rooms, that is, the rooms of self-knowledge".

"2. True humility, however deep it may be, neither disquiets, nor troubles, nor disturbs the soul; it is accompanied by peace, joy, and tranquility. ...It enlarges it, and makes it fit to serve God better." On the other hand, "false humility only disturbs and upsets the mind and troubles the soul, so grievous it is. I think the devil is anxious for us to believe that we are humble and, if he can, he will lead us to distrust God."

Distress and lack of confidence lessen our capacity for loving and the devil's aim is to hold back souls on the road to love. He tries in this way to overcome those especially who would never give in to open temptations to sin. In this case we must react in a positive way and recall, as St. Therese of the Child Jesus teaches, that "what offends God and wounds His heart most is want

of confidence."

To be wanting in confidence in God's mercy, even after a grave fall, is never a sign of true humility but of insidious pride and diabolical temptation. If Judas had been humble he would have asked pardon and wept for his sins like Peter, instead of despairing. Humility is the virtue which keeps us in our place; and our place in God's sight is that of children who are weak and miserable, yes, but confident children.

When we fall into the same imperfections after so many good resolutions; when after many efforts we still do not succeed in correcting certain faults or in overcoming certain difficulties, and we find ourselves in one way or another far beneath what we ought or would like to be, let us have recourse to the infallible remedy of humility. "Humility," says St. Teresa of Jesus is "the ointment for our wounds." Even if we seem to have used up all our strength, if we feel unable to do anything and see ourselves always prostrate, powerless to rise, there is still one possibility for us: to humble ourselves. Let us humble ourselves sincerely and with confidence; and humility will supply for all our miseries; it will heal all our wounds because it will attract divine mercy to them.

COLLOQUY: "O Lord, my misery "does not surprise me. Nor does My utter helplessness distress me. I even glory in it, and expect every day to reveal some fresh imperfection. Indeed these lights on my nothingness do me more good than lights on matters of faith.

"What an illusion! ... We wish never to fall? What difference does

it make, O Lord, if I fall at every instant? It will make me realize my weakness and I shall derive great profit from it. You see what I am capable of, O my God, and so You will be obliged to carry me in Your arms. If you do not do so, it will mean that You are pleased to see me on the ground ... but I shall not be disturbed. Full of love, I shall always lift up my suppliant arms to You. I cannot believe that You will abandon me.

"O Jesus, it is true that I am not always faithful, but I never become discouraged, I cast myself into Your arms, and like a little dewdrop, I sink deeper and deeper into Your chalice, O divine Flower of the field, and there I find all I have lost and much more besides.

"Yes, O my God, I am happy to feel little and weak in Your presence, and my heart remains in peace. ... I am glad to feel so imperfect and to need Your mercy so much! When we calmly accept the humiliation of being imperfect, Your grace, O Lord, returns at once."

After reading this I asked for five minutes of silence. Then I said: "Yes, we could avoid this terrible event and perhaps save our mortal lives. But if God has used the humiliation of our own sins and weaknesses to save us, does He not also wish to do the same for those who are going to be herded into this great compromise and can we be too proud to serve them in their great need. If our humility is real, we will not see ourselves too good to reach out to miserable sinners. If our humility is fraudulent we belong to the society of hypocrisy that has brought the whole world to this terrible state. But if we wish to consecrate ourselves to God,

we must be willing to give our lives in order to save souls in their hour of greatest need. If we ourselves can endure all temptation and resolve to face death without fear for the love of God, we are invited by charity, I believe, to act as rescuers. Therefore, only volunteers will be accepted from among our ranks. All others must pray for us. Are there any questions?

"You ask us to risk our lives for those who will allow themselves to join this group of misguided pilgrims!? Most of them are the very enemy among our countrymen that we have been fighting these three bitter years. Many of us have lost our loved ones to them."

Listen again to Father Gabriel: "God is so insistent upon being loved in the neighbor that He makes this love the essential condition of our eternal salvation. When Jesus speaks to us of the last judgement, He gives no other reason for the justification of the good and the condemnation of the wicked than the doing of or the omission of works of mercy toward our neighbor ... " (pp. 771-2 "Meditation I", *Divine Intimacy*)

After a time of silence, I said, "All who have children to care for must remain hidden." And then, "Father Keogh, do you have some words for us? What do you think?"

Fr. Keogh slowly arose and approached the rock. "David, we are not obliged to render heroic charity in order to be saved. It is sufficient to render the charity that our duty demands. The line between heroism and duty, however, may not be the same for each person. Also, I believe, if we hope to succeed in so daring and heroic a deed, then, as at the Battle of Lepanto, we must pray the Rosary, holding it in our very hands during the conflict itself." A strong murmur of assent went through the 250 militia leaders present. "Furthermore, we must try to send a warning to all people in other states and throughout the world of what we suspect of this World Wide Satanic Event. When you return to speak to the people you are here today representing, convey well all that needs

to be felt and understood that we have discussed, for to make such sacrifice, each one must be sufficiently and properly motivated themselves."

For two days we discussed and refined our plans, organizing all into leadership teams. That last evening around a big fire people came up to me asking about the Chastisement, the Rapture, the Great War and the Peace to follow. So, I set about explaining all I knew from the many Messages from Heaven which I had studied for twenty years. I read a few quotes:

On October 2, 1979, -- Our Lady said ..

"My child and My children, do not be affrighted by my words. The World shall not come to an end. The Eternal Father has given His promise to mankind, that the world shall never be made extinct again, as in the past with the time of the flood. However, your world shall be cleansed with a 'baptism of fire.' Only a few, in the multitudes upon earth, shall be saved. You have been asked to make a choice between the Cross and the Serpent. And this choice has also been asked of the clergy in My Son's House, His Church upon earth."

The Great Chastisement will begin with the *climax* of World War III, a war which, as you know, started in Serbia, then the Middle East, Africa and Korea. The climax of this war will be a strictly nuclear war, in which "nations will disappear in seconds." This manmade part of the Great Chastisement will last three days. Then the three days of darkness will begin, due to the second part of the Divine Chastisement, a Comet, the Ball of Redemption, which will virtually strike the earth.

This Ball will appear near the sun two weeks before it strikes our atmosphere. Let us read Blessed Padre Pio on this three days:

*(Translation of a copy of a personal letter written by Padre Pio addressed to the Commission of Heroldsbach appointed by the Vatican which testifies to the truth and reality of these revelations given by Our Lord to Padre Pio, a Capuchin priest who bore the stigmata.)*

**NEW YEAR'S EVE 1949:** "My son, My son, I have been for this hour in which I again shall reveal to you the great love of My heart. My love for man is very great, especially for those who give themselves to Me. They are My refuge and My consolation in the many and terrible irreverences which I receive in the Sacrament of My love.

Pray! Pray particularly during this Jubilee Year of 1950. Pray and make reparation to Me. Admonish others to do the same because the time is near at hand in which I shall visit my unfaithful people because they have not heeded the time of My grace. Persevere in prayer, so that your adversary shall have no dominion over you. Tell My people to be prepared at all times, for My judgment shall come upon them suddenly and when least expected – and not one shall escape My hands, I shall find them all! I shall protect the just. Watch the sun and moon and the stars of the Heavens – when they appear to be unduly disturbed and restless, know that the day is not far away. Stay united in prayer and watching until the angel of destruction has passed your doors. Pray that these days will be shortened.

**JANUARY 28, 1950:** "Keep your windows well covered. Do not look out. Light a blessed candle, which will suffice for many days. Pray the Rosary. Read spiritual books. Make acts of Spiritual Communion, also acts of love, which are so pleasing to Us. Pray with outstretched arms, or prostrate on the ground, in order that many souls may be saved. Do not go outside the house. Provide yourself with sufficient food. The powers of nature shall be moved and a rain of fire shall make people tremble with fear. Have courage! I am in the midst of you.

**FEBRUARY 7, 1950:** "Take care of the animals during these days. I am the Creator and preserver of all animals as well as man. I shall give you a few signs beforehand, at which time you should place more food before them. I will preserve the property of the elect, including the animals, for they shall be in need of sustenance afterwards as well. Let no one go across the yard, even to feed the animals – he who steps outside will perish! Cover your windows carefully. My elect shall not see My wrath. Have confidence in Me, and I will be your protection. Your confidence obliges Me to come to your aid.

The hour of My coming is near! But I will show mercy. A most dreadful punishment will bear witness to the times. My angels, who are to be the executioners of this work, are ready with their pointed swords! They will take special care to annihilate all those who mocked Me and would not believe in My revelations.

Hurricanes of fire will pour forth from the clouds and spread over the entire earth! Storms, bad weather, thunderbolts and earthquakes will cover the earth for two days. An uninterrupted rain of fire will take place! It will begin during a very cold night. All this is to prove that God is the Master of Creation.

Those who hope in Me, and believe in my words, have nothing to fear because I will not forsake them, nor those who spread My message. No harm will come to those who are in the state of grace and who seek My mother's protection.

That you may be prepared for these visitations, I will give you the following signs and instructions: The night will be very cold. The wind will roar. After a time, thunderbolts will be heard. Lock all the doors and windows. Talk to no one outside the house. Kneel down before a crucifix, be sorry for your sins, and beg My Mother's protection. Do not look during the earthquake, because God's anger must be contemplated with fear and trembling.

Those who disregard this advice will be killed instantly. The wind will carry with it poisonous gases which will be diffused over the entire earth. Those who suffer and die innocently will be martyrs and they will be with Me in My Kingdom.

Satan will triumph! But in three nights, the earthquake and fire will cease. On the following day the sun will shine again, angels will descend from Heaven and will spread the spirit of peace over the earth. A feeling of immeasurable gratitude will take possession of those who survive this terrible ordeal—the impending punishment – with which God has visited the earth since creation.

"... Pray the rosary, but pray it well, so that your prayers may reach Heaven. Soon a more terrible catastrophe shall come upon the entire world, such as never before has been witnessed, a terrible chastisement never before experienced! ... How unconcerned men are regarding these things! Which shall so soon come upon them, contrary to all expectation. How indifferent they are in preparing themselves for these unheard of events, through which they will have to pass so shortly!

The weight of the Divine balance has reached the earth! The wrath of My Father shall be poured out over the entire world! I am again warning the world through your instrumentality, as I have so often done heretofore.

The sins of men have multiplied beyond measure: Irreverence in Church, Sinful pride committed in sham religious activities, lack of true brotherly love, indecency in dress, especially at summer resorts ... The world is filled with iniquity.

This catastrophe shall come upon the earth like a flash of lightning! At which moment the light of the morning sun shall be replaced by black darkness! No one shall leave the house or look out of a window from that moment on. I Myself shall come amidst thunder and lightning. The wicked shall behold My Divine Heart. There shall be great confusion because of this utter darkness in which the entire earth shall be enveloped, and many, many shall die from fear and

despair.

Those who shall fight for My cause shall receive grace from My Divine Heart; and the cry: "WHO IS LIKE UNTO GOD!" shall serve as a means of protection to many. However, many shall burn in the open fields like withered grass! The godless shall be annihilated, so that afterwards the just shall be able to start afresh.

On the day, as soon as complete darkness has set in, no one shall leave the house or look from out of the window. The darkness shall last a day and a night, followed by another day and a night, and another day – but on the night following, the stars will shine again, and on the next morning the sun shall rise again, and it will be **SPRINGTIME!**"

In the days of darkness, My elect shall not sleep, as did the disciples in the garden of olives. They shall pray incessantly, and they shall not be disappointed in Me. I shall gather my elect. Hell will believe itself to be in possession of the entire earth, but I shall reclaim it!

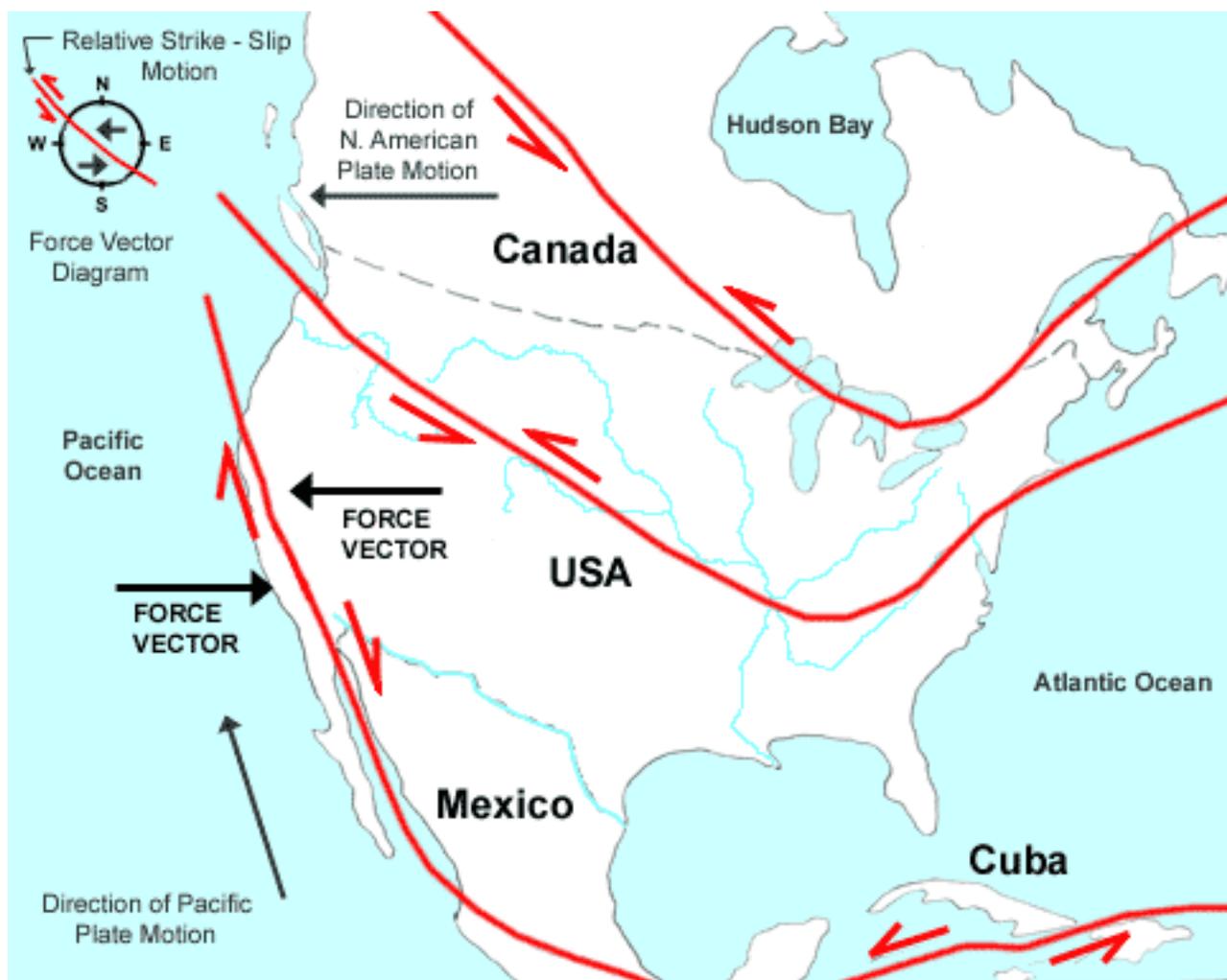
Do you, perhaps, think that I would permit My Father to have such terrible chastisements come upon the world, if the world would turn from iniquity to justice? But because of My great love, these afflictions shall be permitted to come upon man. Although many shall curse Me, yet thousands of souls shall be saved through them. No human understanding can fathom the depth of My love!

Pray! Pray! I desire your prayers. My Dear Mother Mary, Saint Joseph, Saint Elizabeth, Saint Conrad, Saint Michael, Saint Peter, the Little Therese, Your Holy Angels, shall be your intercessors. Implore their aid! Be courageous Soldiers of Christ! At the return of light, let everyone give thanks to the Holy Trinity for Their protection! The devastation shall be very great! But I, Your God, will have purified the earth. I am with you. Have confidence! **(Here ends Padre Pio's Message)**

*The meaning of the word "day" was revealed by Our Lord on August 14, 1932: Question: "Are these days of darkness days of twenty-four hours?" Our Lord's answer: "The three days of darkness are days of twenty-four hours each. The darkness must not last longer, otherwise the good would die of fear and anxiety."*

I continued speaking to the sober faces illumined by the fading firelight: "From all I have read, it seems that the Comet will block out the light of the sun and, as it passes, cause tremendous earthquakes because of its great and sudden gravitational pull on the existing fault blocks of the earth, followed by the sudden release of this pull as it escapes the earth's gravitational field. It will spin with a radical, eccentric motion. Due to this, as it enters the Earth's gravitational field, great pieces of it will break off and fall into the oceans, creating tremendous tidal waves. Dust and fiery pieces of this huge comet will fall everywhere, killing many. Poisonous gases from this giant comet will make the atmosphere deadly to all living creatures.

Our Lady at Bayside said that the United States would be physically divided. Scientists know from satellite photos and gravity maps of a great fault graben, a down-dropped block, 90 miles wide running from Seattle, Washington, to the Missouri River's entrance into the Mississippi River.



The Yellowstone hot spots in the NW corner of Wyoming are located over the tear in the earth's crust reaching to the Moho, where hot, plastic rock begins. The Comet, I believe,

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will complete this great fault to the mantle across the entire United States. Seawater could actually rush into this huge graben. I then drew them a sketch of a possible transcontinental fault system that had been initiated long ago by the collision of the North American and Pacific Plates.

Phillip, I then said to them that this great physical division of the United States straight from God's hand would be a reminder for all time of the former spiritual division that can occur to divide a nation.

Then someone asked about the Great Peace and what it would be like. I told them what I knew or speculated based on the Heavenly Messages I had read: that the terrible breath of the Comet would cleanse and cause a re-oxygenation of our atmosphere. That a time of great poverty and want would for a time cause the living to envy the dead. But that the great

amount of debris that fell to earth from the Comet would be very rich in minerals, so that as plants recovered or seeds were sown they would grow to great size rapidly. The earth would soon be like a garden, but the best thing would be that all evil men and all demons would have been banished to Hell, so that Peace among people could flourish throughout the whole world and the Catholic church, Christ's Church, would everywhere be embraced in its fullness – and *truth*, would reign, without division or error or mediocrity challenging its royal dignity.

It would be a poorer, more agriculturally based life in which all the vanities of men had perished. And various Messages told us that "it will be the end of time as you know it." This I could not explain to them, Phillip, for it was a mystery to me and still is to some extent even though I see that it is truly so.

Then I read a little from the Messages given at Bayside and after that from the mystic, Fr. Pere Lamy.

### AFTER THE PURIFICATION

(December 7, 1973) "And now, Our Lady is going back. It's becoming very bright: *"My child, I am not leaving, I am only moving so that you can see the world as it will be after the purification."*

Oh! I see. I don't see anything, it looks like the wild West, like we see. Everything is like – I see some people, they are digging in the ground and they're planting, they look like they're planting potato plants or something. I see all the people, and the strange thing about it, they're – they're all digging in the dirt but they have very fancy clothes on. And now, one is over, and he's directing that a drill – they do have a drill, some type of drill – and it's going down into the ground, and he's talking about water. Water.

Now I look over, and I see very strange-looking houses. They look like they've been made of just wood, and twigs, and some canvas over them. It looks very strange, it doesn't look like there is very much around, it looks like a desert.

Ohhh! (pause) I see now other people with Jesus. And now Jesus is bending over: **"My child, you are looking into the future."**

Now Jesus is looking over to the trees and there are people coming through. I see some ladies dressed – they're dressed in similar garments like Jesus has on. It's a long white gown... And all the women, their hair is long, I notice it's down their back but they have over their hair, like a cloak, a short cloak. It doesn't go all the way down their back. And the men are dressed in dark ... Some of them in dark brown habits. They look more like monks' garments, but they have sandals on their feet, brown sandals. Ohh And ...Ohhh!

And these people now, they are all gathering, and they are coming together, and they are kneeling down, and one man now is taking a crucifix, and he is making a wooden crucifix, with two pieces, he is tying them, with a

piece of, its looking like cloth, to make the sign of the cross. And they're all kneeling down now, and they are praying. It's very strange, because it doesn't seem like there are very many people.

Now, they are all looking up. They are looking up to the sky. And the voice, now, and they are looking up to the sky, they see figures, and they are listening. And it's so beautiful, because they are listening to the voices from Heaven!

Now Our Lady – and it's growing very dark – and Our Lady says:

**"ONLY A FEW WILL BE COUNTED"**

(December 31, 1974) Our Lady showed Veronica what the earth will be like when Jesus returns ... "... the sun is shining ... It's like summer. I see these green trees and a beautiful lake. And now as I'm looking at the most beautiful, restful place I have ever seen ... and now, through the trees Oh! I can see Jesus coming! Oh, it's like another world! It's ... Oh! A beautiful land – oohh!!!

Now it must be warm because Jesus doesn't have anything on His feet and He's coming now through the foliage in the trees. And it's a beautiful deep green – the leaves, and I can see the grass and as Jesus is walking ... Oh, now Jesus is saying:

**"You see, My child, there will be a renewed Earth."**

**"You are watching, My child, soon after my arrival upon Earth."**

**"You are watching, My child, the Order of that day."**

(February 10, 1974) Our Lady: "I must caution you, in the days ahead, to look not in vain for the coming of My Son. There will be many false Christs among you. He will come to you in only one way, descending from heaven as He ascended into Heaven, and He will come accompanied with the forces, the warriors of Heaven and the Saints. Remember well, many false christs will come into your world, reject them, do not be misled by their false miracles. Reject them, knowing that Jesus will come down in view of all, with the Saints and the Angels."

(December 7, 1976) Our Lady told Veronica: "I give you great grace of heart, My children, to know that many shall be taken from your earth before the Great Chastisement. It will be of great mirth, My Child, to reveal to you that there will be much consternation and conflicting thought when these beloved children disappear from the earth. Many of your news medias shall state that they have been carried off by flying saucers. Oh no, My children, they were carried off into a supernatural realm of the Eternal Father to await the return of My Son upon earth."

**Pere Lamy:** "Peace will be given back to the world, but I shall not see it, and other things will come to pass of which I do not personally see the end. When peace once more is established in the world, what changes shall have come to pass! War is Big Business. The manufacturer of the aeroplane, the exploitation of the mines, the iron works, all that will dwindle. There will be no longer those great factories where morality withers and disappears. The working-class will be bound to turn back to the land. Land work will receive great impetus. Land will again be very dear. When peace is given back to the world, bit business will shrink to smaller proportions and will stay there. Everything will grow less."

"God willed to purify the faith of His people by giving them a long sojourn in the desert. The Israelites were a whole generation in the desert. All the same, when God gives back peace to the world, it will have to be re-evangelized over again, and that will be a work for a whole generation."

"A great effort will have to be made for the conversion of man after peace. There will be quite a lot of difficulties. Did not St. Paul encounter them? The spiritual state of the first Christians will come back moreover, but there will be then so few men on the earth. And there will be once more a splendid

efflorescence of Orders and Congregations."

For the next two months we worked hard to organize our forces for the "Day of Destiny," as we called it. We also had our short wave radios broadcasting warnings of what we suspected would happen all over the world.

When the Evil Day finally arrived all was in place. On October 5, the great migration to the country place 35 miles east of Kearney, Wyoming began. Near a ranch where the Mother of God had actually appeared predicting these times many years ago, a prominent knoll had been chosen as a natural podium, since huge flatlands surrounded it on all sides.

The day of the 7th dawned with an eerie red glow covering the entire sky. This glow intensified each day until the Ball of Redemption struck the earth at 3 p.m., October 13, 2003 AD. This glow was caused by radiation from the approaching Comet striking our atmosphere. We all prayed, out loud when possible, throughout that fateful day. The priest and Paul, both in disguise, had arrived at the old ranch buildings and planned to conduct a secret Mass at the critical time in the very room that had formerly been a little chapel where the anniversaries of Mary's visitation to the young boy were commemorated yearly. The plan was to crowd the small room with our own people.

Phillip, the enemy was enraged by our audacity, interrupting and ruining their carefully planned mass execution of freshly stained sinners that were to be prepared for the fires of Hell like so many roasted goats. When Army "E" began firing in the middle of the first speech, most troops, as we had hoped, rushed to that area; then the core of Army I rushed the main speakers and their guards, slitting the throats of the armed guards almost before they could understand what was happening. Hand to hand combat ensued everywhere. But soon most of us were armed and our blazing weapons soon provided more weapons. In 15 minutes we had eliminated all resistance on and around the butte, while Army "E" battled furiously to the North.

Before destroying the huge sound system, I used it to explain to the people briefly the plot to kill them and our intention to lead them to safety. I waved a flag and announced that the people should begin to move to the south. They began to move as our leaders amongst them shouted orders. Slowly, as if recovering from a sudden snowstorm, the whole mass of bewildered humanity started moving. Most could still not understand what was happening, but it at least seemed reasonable to them to leave the area of gunfire. Before leaving the butte, I ordered the toppling of the pillars that held the huge stage platform where speakers and some of the principal dancers had gathered before their death.

The exodus took five hours, with 90% of our Militia in both armies guarding our retreat in a confusing, running battle with pursuing troops. With both our armies now concentrated on the north, I led the people, by prior arrangement, on a large white horse, in order to visually dramatize the leadership of their exodus by a good shepherd figure. Our losses in men were heavy. But when the enemy's desire to chase after the people and slaughter them seemed to lessen, I sent Michael to tell Timothy, general of Army "E", to hold the enemy at

bay so we could put a safe distance between the people and their pursuers. Two hours later I began to send the people in every direction, from the front of the lines.

We lost 2500 men that day, but the enemy lost at least twice that number. We considered all our dead martyrs who had "washed their robes in the blood of the lamb."

I sent Michael to tell my wife and children camped nearby to meet at the spot I had designated beforehand. Upon our reunion, we thanked God on our knees profoundly for preserving our lives. My wife and I, for the first time in three years, had all twelve children assembled together around a warm campfire, which lit up our dirty but happy faces. That night we camped near a stream at the bottom of a heavily wooded valley. All five of us in the Militia had bullet wounds which we tended for each other. The next morning we lost no time shouldering our few belongings and beginning the 45-mile journey to a cave on the crest of the Big Horn Mountains which I had chosen as the place to await the Three Days of Darkness. We arrived there late on the evening of the tenth. The fearful Comet was visible in the east, growing in size throughout the day. It began to spin, changing colors and throwing off huge sparks. We prayed constantly, eating nothing for two days. On the morning of the 13th the Comet took up almost half the visible sky. A blazing ball of fiery wrath. The atmosphere began to darken and turn cold as the light of the sun was blocked. Distant earthquakes shook the earth beneath us. With Ruth on my right and Timothy on my left, we all prayed in the form of a cross, each prone, with arms outstretched.

Finally, time seemed to slowly drift away. All fear, anxiety and dread, all noise and turmoil ceased for each of us. The visible world around us seemed to slowly dissolve into a soft mist. I remember thinking that I no longer felt any contact with the earth. It was as if I began seeing through my mind's eye. As I opened these "eyes," my gaze fixed upon the most wonderful vision of angels, millions of them, floating down from the deepest blue heavens. They were the Angelic Host, the army of the angels. And leading them I began to recognize many of the Saints. All approached on vast luminous, vari-colored pastel clouds, an endless army of transparent white beings. It seemed as if we were floating up to meet them. During this Rapture we saw Jesus and Mary atop the highest, most beautiful clouds floating down towards us. We all wept for joy and seemed to enter into yet a higher realm of bliss -- something I cannot even begin to describe now, Phillip.

"Nor can I, Father." I looked over at Phillip, his eyes streaming crystalline teardrops, as he stood silhouetted against the distant sunset. We now stood atop one of the granite ramparts of Castle Mountain. From here we could clearly see the Big Horns to the north, outlined against the great blue sky of Wyoming. I thanked God for that moment. Standing, I praised and thanked Him for all He had given to Mankind throughout time, especially for the Infinite Love of His only begotten Son, our Redeemer, Lord and Master.

We spent an hour there in personal prayer and meditation. Slowly, we descended to the

green meadow surrounded by the castle walls, which were shimmering in the glowing rose of that April sunset. We each picked bouquets of multicolored wildflowers, lost in wonder and joy like little children. I remember decorating my long white beard with tiny purple violets. We seemed to be inebriated with happiness. Tears welled in my eyes as I looked upon my youngest son. My heart overflowed with gratitude for the life God had given to us. I fell to my knees. Perhaps I would have died there, if I had not heard, as it were, the voice of my Master calling me back, to work a while longer in His Vineyard. Later I made a rough altar of small granite boulders, which we piled waist

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high. There we laid our flowers and offered aloud in humble words to our Creator the gift of our lives and those of all good people.

We sat by a little fire long into the evening, enjoying the company of each other's presence, trading stories in gentle tones, speculating on the Glory of God and the nature of all things.

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