

Mormon Monarch

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

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...Disneyland 1984...

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

This Journalled Memory is about our first family trip to Disneyland in southern California. Disneyland is a Trauma Based Mind Control Programming Facility as there are many layers to the park. On this trip I would be initiated into the CIA's Mind Control Program on a ride called *Adventure thru Inner Space*. I would also experience the exhibit, *World Vision* as well as be made to witness and take part in a blood sacrifice ritual below the surface of the park. This work will also discuss the first time that I can remember having a taser used on me, as well as being told by my father what number the Agency had assigned to me within the Project.





This picture was taken on our first family trip to Disneyland California in the summer of 1984. I am the dark haired boy just to the right of the pig. My little brother and I were wearing matching shirts and we were both there for Monarch Programming.

From the time that I was six years old up until I was seventeen, Disneyland was a huge part of our lives, and we as a family would take an almost yearly trip to the Satanic land of pedophilic paradise. My family has a long history with Walt Disney and his theme park there in Southern California; Walt Disney is the movie producer from my grandfather's story about the limousine ride at two o'clock in the morning in Los Angeles, California. But rather than ending in threats of

violence as my grandfather claimed years later, the limo ride had ended well for both perverted men, because my grandfather got to know Walt on a personal level up until his death. My grandfather was directly involved with the establishment and execution of Monarch Trauma Based Mind Control Programming within the Disneyland theme park; he worked directly with Walt on establishing a Mind Control Facility that the public would gladly pay to blindly attend and unknowingly support. The summer after my younger brother and I had been selected by Alex Houston for the Project was the first year that I was taken to Disneyland for my annual government orchestrated trauma based mind control programming at this location.

I was young on that first trip to southern California; all of U.S. children were young, and it was exciting to be going to Disneyland together. Our parents were not wealthy at that time in our lives and did not own a car that was reliable enough to make the journey from Nampa, Idaho to Southern California, so my grandparents let them borrow their bubble top travel van, which was popular in the 1980's and 1990's and was perfect for the trip. It took a couple of days to get from Nampa down to Anaheim, California and our first big stop on this trip was at a restaurant called *Jerry's* located in the small town of Winnemucca, Nevada. We stopped at this restaurant, and all had dinner there for only about thirteen dollars. *Jerry's* had some kind of menu special at that time such as, Kids eat Free, or something to that affect, which having four small children made this an attractive restaurant stop for my parents. For me being a small Mormon child from southern Idaho I found this restaurant to be quite interesting in that it had slot machines right there in the restaurant and the place smelled of cigarette smoke. We would stop at this restaurant on future trips for years to follow to get our dinner on the first night out of Nampa. After having dinner, we moved on down the road and spent the first night of

the trip in Reno, Nevada at a cheap hotel there in the city.

The next morning, we headed over Donner Pass separating California from Nevada. This mountain pass has a history that is particularly gruesome and disturbing and fit as a perfect beginning to the trauma of our journey south as a young and impressionable child, and my father told U.S. the story of the starving pioneers who were forced into a position of cannibalism and eating each other to survive there in the mountains. He would talk about this every year that we would go to Disneyland and over the mountain pass.

Crossing over the mountains we dropped down into California on the other side, and this was an exciting time for U.S. kids. When it came time for lunch that day, I can remember that my parents stopped at a *Burger King* restaurant there in California. As children we had seen the commercials for *Burger King* but had never been able to try the food out for ourselves, so I was very excited about this, and it was very impressionable on me. As we continued into Southern California, I can remember the palm trees, which coming from Nampa, Idaho was in my mind very novel and just about the coolest trees on the planet.

When
we got
to





This is a picture of my older brother and sister, father, younger brother and myself at our hotel in Anaheim, California. I am the one in the shadows behind my father. The van was my grandparents which they let us borrow for the journey south. This was our first trip to Disneyland.

Anaheim, we stayed in a cheap hotel close to the *Disneyland* theme park. The hotel in California that we stayed at had a front and back door to our room with a sliding glass back door leading out to a swimming pool area, and the front door leading out to the vehicle parking. As children it would seem a great place to spend a family vacation with a pool right out the back door, but there was a nightmare hidden beneath the surface here. The day after we arrived, we all got up early and excitedly got ready and headed to Disneyland for a day of fun and adventure. My parents always ate out at restaurants when we were on vacation and that morning we went and had breakfast before we went to the theme park. I cannot remember where we ate that morning, but I do remember that I had a large stack of pancakes smothered in butter and syrup, because it was summer and was hot there in southern California and the meal did not settle well on my stomach. I can remember after we ate breakfast, we all loaded up into the van and my father drove U.S. to one of the entries to the “Magical” Kingdom. We pulled into the park off the street through one of the long entry roads that are lined with trees and vegetation, and I can remember when we passed under the Disneyland sign stating boldly that we had arrived at the park; my family cheered our arrival as we passed the sign as we had finally made it to our destination.

As we entered the park there was a parking ticket booth that we had to go through so that we could park the van there for the day. My father pulled the van up to one of the booths and he purchased a parking pass from the attendant there; he was nervous and jittery as we pulled up to the booth as my father can be. The parking lot at the theme park was huge, especially as a six-year-old child and my parents found a spot to park the van out in the ocean of parking spaces. It took a moment for U.S. all to get out of the van and get ready to head into the park and I can remember that even in the morning hours it was already getting hot there in the summer sun of Southern California and I was glad to be wearing shorts but beginning to regret eating such a sweet and filling breakfast. My parents both being Mormon Temple attending adults always wore their sacred garments, or holy underwear, and were not allowed to wear shorts as this would reveal their underpants to the public.

As we gathered our things and prepared to head into the park one of the people movers that carries park goers to and from their vehicles stopped close by U.S. and we could have caught a ride over to the park's entry, but my mother had said that she did not want to ride it. There were other people on the train style multiple car people mover and my mother had said that she did not want to ride on it, but rather we would walk to the park entry from where we had parked the van. My mother told my father that the people in California were different from U.S. because we were such a large Mormon family, and she said that she felt like all of the people here were judging her for how many children she had and the lifestyle she had chosen to live. At the time I found this to be strange that my mother would be embarrassed of her own children and the values that she lived by. But now that I understand my families true value system I understand; my mother was married to a satanic pedophile, and this was his harem of abused

children which she provided for him.

We walked through the parking lot and the heat of the sun to the ticket booths at the entry and my father purchased our tickets for the day at the park. This was very exciting as children because at Disneyland one did not get tickets like at a fair with a limited number of rides; rather once you entered the park you were good to ride as many rides as you wanted all day long. We also received a guide map/souvenir guide, for finding our way around the park. Once my father had paid for our day passes, we moved into the park and onto Main Street. My mother always had to use the restroom several times a day and the first thing to do was to find a bathroom for her to use. We found one near the Fire Engine and Storage Lockers area, but the first attraction we would attend was the movie theater located there on Main Street which featured the original Disney film, *Steamboat Willie*. The theater at that time was just that, a theater, but at Disneyland we did not have to pay to enter the show but rather we could simply walk in and take a seat. We entered through the curtain at the entry doors and took seats as a family close to the front of the room with my father having me sit next to him. We sat and quietly watched the film; it was not long and was all in black and white and as a child raised with color films, I found this movie to be somewhat boring.

When the cartoon had ended everyone in the theater stood to leave including my family and me. But as everyone was leaving and heading toward the back of the theater to the exits, my father took my hand and told me to go with him because he wanted to look at something there at the front of the theater and on the side of the screen area. I held his hand, and we walked up to the left side of the screen if you were sitting in the aisles facing it, and there was a short hallway leading back to an area behind the movie screen. The hallway had

several small pictures all in black and white of Mickey Mouse and other characters from *Steamboat Willey* and the early Disney family of characters. The frames to the images were not all square but rather many of them were circular and oval as one might see from a nineteenth century portrait. My father led me back through this hallway and to a black curtain with a sign above it that read "Service Entrance". He stopped in front of the curtain, and I said to him that I did not think that we were supposed to be going back to this area of the theater. Looking down at me he said, "nonsense, look it says Service Entrance, Serve US in-trance. That means that we can go back here." As a six-year-old child this was all very confusing, and I followed my father through the dark curtain and into the room.

He pulled the curtain back and we walked through it into a room that, like the images in the hallway was not square, but rather was set up in a circular fashion. The room was not well lite by design and was darker than the theater had been. The walls of this room were lined with large pictures of images of various places viewing them from in the air; as though viewing them from above as a bird, or from a plane. There was lighting behind the images, and they were backlite which caused them to be the prominent feature in the room and made them easy to see the detail of the photographs. The room seemed to me to be an attraction at the park of some kind, and as we entered the room and began to look at the images, I asked my father what this place was and what it was that we were looking at. He quietly told me that this room was, "*World Vision*", and that the images we were looking at were pictures that had been taken by satellites from up in space. He told me that God had given this technology to America and to the United States Government to use. He told me that the God who shared this technology with mankind was Jesus' brother, Lucifer: The Fallen Star. My father told me that this was the God that my family worshiped; he

said that it was this God who shared secret knowledge with the people of the world who served him. My father told me that our family worshiped Lucifer and was involved with things in the government that were secret and sacred; it was the Family Secret, and I was never to talk about it with others.

As he talked, we began to look closely at the images which were incredible in their detail and accuracy and were there in the room; there was an image of a city with the tall buildings and roadways, but you could see the people and the cars on the streets below. And there was a picture of a shipyard with detail so well defined that I could see the ropes holding the vessels in place and the people walking around the docks; I was blown away at the accuracy and the detail of the images. My father continued to talk as we moved throughout the room looking at these images and he told me that God had given humankind the technology that made all these images possible; he reiterated that this knowledge had been given to the U.S. government by his God: Lucifer. Then he said, "Look at this one Johnny, it's our neighborhood and our house", and there on the wall among the other images was a picture of our house in Nampa, Idaho but looking at it from the sky. I could see clearly that indeed I was looking at our home in Nampa in this image. This was all very overwhelming for a child as my father continued and told me that with this technology, "there was nowhere for me to run, and that there was nowhere on this earth that I could ever hide", if I tried to go against the family and the government. He told me that it was of the utmost importance that I should never talk about the things and the places that I see. I reassured my father that I would never talk, and that I would never tell anyone of the things I saw regarding God and the Government. Hearing my words and the fear they held as such a small impressionable young child my father took my hand and lead me out of the room the same way we had

entered, and we left the theater and joined my mother and my siblings who were standing in Main Street and were looking all around as though they had lost someone. My mother and siblings were glad to see my father and I and asked U.S. where we had been. My father avoided their questioning and moved the subject to the point of where we would like to go next there in this magical kingdom.

We spent quite a bit of time there at the park that day and I can remember at one point we went to *Fantasyland*. My sister really wanted to go to *Fantasyland* as she was excited about riding on the rides based around her favorite Disney cartoons and animated films; all of U.S. children were excited about *Fantasyland*. I can remember we made our way to *Fantasyland* which was across the park. We headed toward the castle at the center of the park. When we went through the castle my young mind had imagined that we would be able to enter the castle and check it out some, but I was disappointed to discover that we could only pass through its lower corridor from the south side to the north or vice versa. It was getting really warm out in the sun at that time and I can remember that it was nice to enter the corridor through the castle and to be able to at least get out of the sun for a moment. We passed through the castle and there was some merchants and souvenir carts set up there in the shade and there was a nice breeze that the corridor provided, but we did not buy anything here. When we came out on the other side of the corridor we stepped out into the sun, and I can remember at that moment regretting the stack of sugary pancakes I had eaten for breakfast that morning because in the hot weather it started to really make my stomach feel sour.

We stopped after we had gotten through the castle and my family consulted the guide map that we had received when we first entering the park. We went into *Fantasyland*. It is difficult to tell exactly which

ride we rode on first here in *Fantasyland* but one of the rides that we rode in this area of the park was *Mr. Toads Wild Ride*. This was a ride that myself and my other two brothers were very excited about as to U.S. it looked like a great ride with cars and good and bad guys, etc. We had also seen the animated film several times before and knew the characters. We got in line, but my mother did not ride on the ride as she seldom did ride on any of the rides there at Disneyland or any other theme/amusement park for that matter. The line to the ride was long and we stood in line and looked at all the scenes and props that were there in the waiting area, as with Disneyland rides the line areas themselves are designed to be entertaining along with the rides. In this area there were some busts and statues of various characters of the story and the interior of the area was done in the fashion of fine woodwork with columns and arches etc. in order to give the feel that one was entering a mansion or a fine home.

When it came our turn to board the ride, we could not all ride on it together as a family as there was just one bench seat on each car for two to three persons to ride. Therefore, it was decided that my older brother and older sister would ride together and go in front of my father, younger brother, and myself; I would ride with my father and younger brother, and we would board the ride after my older siblings went before U.S. I can remember my older brother and sister loaded up onto the car and got buckled in and ready to go. The car had a steering wheel and one of them grabbed it and off they went. The steering wheels did not do anything other than spin in circles as the cars were simply on a track that they followed throughout the duration of the ride. After my brother and sister had moved off down the ride the attendant running the ride moved a couple of empty cars past my brother and sister so that we would be separated from them. I was a child and did not understand what he was doing. After he had moved a

couple of empty cars down the line behind them, he told U.S. it was our turn to ride.

My father, younger brother and I all got onto the car and sat down. My father sat in the middle and operated the car while my younger brother and I rode along. There was a safety belt/bar that we put on and then the attendant gave U.S. the ok to go. We took off leaving the line area of the ride behind and passing through the threshold to the rides beginning. We zoomed around on the ride and our car followed the track and we moved past the many scenes. There were scenes of Mr. Toad with all his friends and associates with sharp turns and twists in our car as we went. The ride was based around the rider cars zooming through the landscapes much like the escapades of Mr. Toad. I can remember that there were stop signs and policeman along the way.

We were zooming through all of this in our car when our rider car stopped suddenly, and the ride seemed to break down. A man came up to our car from out of a door there in the rides landscape scenes to our left. He was dressed in a mechanics one-piece suit and had a ball cap on which read NASA. He came up to our car and told U.S. that my younger brother and I were to go with him. My father seemed to understand, and he told my younger brother and I to go with the man as he removed the safety belt/bar and got U.S. ready to get out of the car. My little brother and I were both very young and we were both terrified of going with this man alone and we refused to leave with him without the company of our father. So, our father got out of the car with U.S. and we all three followed the man to the steel door hidden around the corner there on the rides set. My little brother and I both held onto our fathers' hands tightly as we left the rider car and followed the man through the set to the door. The man opened the

door and we all stepped into a dark hallway/tunnel with a set of stairs leading down. We took the stairs down into the tunnel system and the man took U.S. to a main tunnel that was larger than the stairwell we had first entered and was well lit. He led U.S. a short way to another door off the main tunnel. We went through this door into a large and poorly lit room. There was a man in a long black robe and a hood in this room who greeted U.S. there; it was my grandfather.

When he saw that my father was with U.S. my grandfather became very angry and he verbally scalded the man who had brought U.S. to him and told the man that he had been clearly instructed not to bring the children's father with them; my grandfather was talking to this man about U.S. all as though we were not even there. My grandfather told the man and my father that he needed to go back to the rider car and wait there. He told the man to take my father back to the car and then come back to this area and wait for our return. The man and our father left, and my grandfather told my little brother and I to follow him through another door into another part of the underground facility.

It was scary being without our dad, but we were now with our grandfather. Both of these men provided a false sense of security either way. Our grandfather lead U.S. through a door into another part of the facility that was still very dark though there was some lighting. It was a large room under the park that had a tall ceiling. The room itself was filled with cages such as one would see in a zoo for the keeping of larger animals like lions or bears, etc. and the cages were only about four foot tall. They were stacked on top of one another, and the cages filled the perimeter of the room in a circular pattern. These cages were not empty, but each one held a child between the ages of about two years old and up to about twelve or thirteen years of age.

The room was quiet as no one dared to make a sound in this place especially with my grandfather present in the room. At the center of the room and with all of the cage's doors facing it was an alter made of, or made to look like stone, with a large flat surface. Our grandfather walked my little brother and I around this room showing U.S. all of the children that were held there in the cages; it was all much worse than any nightmare.

There was one other individual that was in this space who was not held in one of the cages, though he had spent his time behind the cold bars. He was one who assisted my grandfather in tending too and traumatizing the children held here. My grandfather introduced U.S. to this young man. Like my grandfather he was also wearing a black robe and hood. Our grandfather explained to U.S. that this young man had been one whom my grandfather had taken favor of, and he had spared him from the alter and the blade, as well as being sold into further slavery. This young man served my grandfather there under the park and was one of his personal mind slaves. After seeing the space and being introduced to this young man our grandfather told U.S. that we had arrived just in time to partake in a blood ceremony.

My younger brother and I were made to stand near the alter and my grandfather told U.S. that he had a particular "Troublemaker" that he was going to use in this blood sacrifice to set an example to the rest of the children there, of the importance of obedience. When he said this, I had imagined that he would take a young male teen from one of the cages for the sacrifice as I had imagined such to be the most capable of causing him trouble in this place. But this was not the case; my grandfather's minion took a young girl of about five years of age or so from one of the cages. I was horrified by what I was seeing in this place. The girl was placed on the alter and I could not imagine how

such a beautiful young creature of God could have caused my grandfather any trouble at all let alone deserve such as this punishment she was about to receive. I could not handle any of this and I disassociated from the situation as was my grandfather's intent.

They placed her on the alter and she was made to lie on her back. She was in such a state of trauma that she did not put up much of a fight. She was tied down so that she could not move, and my grandfather took a knife and he cut the little girl's throat. She bled out very quickly and the red blood was caught in the alter and moved down a channel in the alter to a white bowl/vessel that was lower on the alter than the dying young girl; the red of the blood was a deep contrast to the white of the bowl. This was all a horror to bear witness too and is difficult to put into writing as sorrow fills my soul at the memory of this; my grandfather was truly a cruel psychopath. Once the girl was done bleeding out her last and the vessel was filled with her fresh warm blood my grandfather took the vessel and he drank from it. He next handed it to me and made me drink from it. He next handed it to my younger brother and made him drink from it. It was all too much for the conscious mind to bear and bear witness to.

When we had consumed of the blood, my grandfather walked U.S. back into the room that was adjacent to the room we were in and connected to the main tunnel. He took a moment to hypnotize U.S. both, telling U.S. that we were to "Remember to Forget" these events and this blood ceremony. He then opened the door into the main tunnel where the man in the one-piece mechanics suit and baseball cap was waiting for U.S. as he had been instructed to do; my grandfather was pleased to see that my father was not with the man this time. My grandfather told this man to take U.S. back to the ride and to our father who was waiting for us there. By this time, I had been pushed very deeply

within myself and was disassociating from the situation; my little brother and I did exactly as we were told. We followed the man back through the light of the main tunnel and then back up the stairwell to the door leading out onto the ride. It was strange moving across the threshold of Service Tunnels with its stale, neutral and dark colors to the vibrant color patterns and light schemes of the ride. Coming through the doorway the man led us the short distance through the rides set to our rider car where our father was waiting for U.S.; our father was really glad to see U.S. as we approached him in the car, and he smiled and said hello. My little brother and I sat down in the car and put our seat belt back on. The attendant left through the same door he had come through and our father said, "are you boys ready" as though nothing at all had just happened. But by this time, I was having trouble remembering what had just happened.

We rode several other rides there in *Fantasyland* that day, but I have not had the time to write them all out in detail in my journaling, and therefore I will not discuss them all here. Nonetheless, I do recall a ride we rode there in *Fantasyland* after we had ridden on *Mr. Toad's Wild Ride* as it was the small children's train located near the Dumboride. This ride was called the *Casey Jr. Circus Train*. I did not like this ride as some of the riders had to sit inside of caged railroad cars as though they were themselves animals. This really bothered me as a part of me could still remember the children in the cages held underneath the park; I did not ever want my brothers or my sister to be put into a cage such as these or the ones that were under the surface of the park. There was not much of a line for this ride as it was hot in the sun and the ride had little shade for protection. We rode on this ride for a short time before moving on in the park to *Tomorrowland*, which was where my father had said that he wanted to go and visit that day.

By this time, we were getting hungry and decided that we should have lunch and though my family liked to eat out for their meals while on vacation we were on a budget there at the park and for lunch that day we had to be as cheap as possible. I can remember that I had a hotdog for lunch and as a child I did not think of such things as my personal health. So, it was not the healthiest choice for lunch and my breakfast that day had also not been the healthiest of choices either.

After the train ride and lunch, we rode on a ride that my father wanted to go on called *Adventure Thru Inner Space*; this was a ride that like *World Vision*, I was supposed to experience there at the park that day. The ride was based on a book written by Dr. John C. Lilly called, "*Center Cyclone, Journey Into Inner Space*." Dr. Lilly was one of the government funded doctors/scientists who would oversee my Trauma Based Human Bio Programming and this ride was the first time that I can remember seeing this man's face. This ride was somehow frightening to my younger brother and I; my younger brother was too afraid to go on the ride at all; our mother had to come and get him out of the line so that he could wait with her while the rest of us went on the ride. The line for *Adventure Thru Inner Space* was very long as it was a popular attraction, and the designers of the ride had made the area around the waiting line interesting with a massive microscope in the room and what appeared to be the rider's cars going into it and shrinking in size. My sister and older brother were loaded onto the ride ahead of me and then the person loading us onto the ride moved a couple of empty cars past my siblings so that I would not be sitting too close to them. This had also happened on the *Mr. Toads Wild Ride*, and it frustrated me, but I was already there for the ride so I can remember getting loaded up on the ride with my father.

The ride itself was very dark at first, and there was a speaker playing

just above my head and into the seat. If Disneyland was not such an evil place with such sick stuff going on it might be a fun place to visit once in a lifetime. The ride was based around the rider taking a journey down, down, down in size to the scale of molecules, and atoms etc; the ride itself was very scientifically based. I can remember seeing sets on this ride made to look like giant snowflakes, water molecules and things of this nature as the ride continued and I continued to shrink in size. As a dissociative child it became difficult to distinguish reality from the rides story line. When the ride was almost done, and we were getting toward the end, we entered a room from a narrow hallway with some various props and the ride suddenly stopped, and we all just sat there for a moment; apparently the ride had broken down. After a couple of seconds, our car began to turn around in its place as a scary sounding voice started to talk to U.S. over the intercom speaker there in the chair; the voice on the speaker knew my name and this really freaked me out. The chair turned around and a television screen came on just above the small hallway passage that the ride had just brought U.S. through. On the screen there was a scary face of a thin bald man with what looked like a shaved head, and he was wearing round wire glasses; it was as though he was looking down at me from the screen above. The man talked to me there about beginning my journey down the “Yellow Brick Road” and he said that my life’s path would be different from other children around me as I was a Chosen One. He said that my life would be “Lived to Serve” as I was “Born to Serve” and he said that there would be some who would help me along the way. The bald man on the screen told me that one who would help to guide me on my life’s journey would soon step into my life and make himself known to me, and he said that it would be someone close to me and said that I would feel comfortable around this person. This would be my CIA appointed handler. The man told me that I should not look for this person as he could not be found but

rather, he would present himself to me at the appropriate time. The man on the screen did not talk for long before the screen turned to a swirling spiral typical to hypnotism and I was told that I must remember to forget, you are a chosen one, remember to forget. I was in a state of trance as the ride started back up again and we moved through a dark tunnel which brought me around to the area where one is to get off of the ride; my mother and siblings were there waiting for U.S.

When we got off the ride we walked through an area where there were different posters and displays showing various things that the rides sponsor, *The Monsanto Corporation* was involved with in their work in the world of chemicals. It was all made simple and easy for children and adults to understand, and I walked slowly through this area still in a daze and disassociating into the displays. When we reached my other family members my little brother asked me how the ride was and if it had been scary. I told him that it had been ok, but my older brother and sister laughed at me and said that they had heard me screaming when the ride had broken down. I tried to defend myself, but someone changed the subject, and we made our way back out into the park.

At that time, it was early summer and was close to my little brother and I's birthdays and our parents told U.S. both that we could each get a Mickey Mouse doll at one of the gift shops there in the park as our birthday gift for the year. We were both very excited about this and we all went to one of the gift and toy shops there in the park. After we had purchased our stuffed Mickey's we stepped back out into the streets, and by this time it was going into the hottest part of the day. My mother told us that she needed to use the restroom and she wanted to find somewhere to cool down as it was so warm out, so we decided to take in another film which was playing in *Tomorrowland* at a theater

there.

We walked over to the theater and entered through the main glass doors of the building. There was a long hallway that led up to the theater which also acted as a waiting area for those waiting their turn to see the film. In this hallway and waiting area was a large sculpture of some kind. My mother had to use the restroom before we entered the theater and while she did this, we all waited there in the hallway near the sculpture. This area of the building did have some air-conditioning which made the heat of the day outside of the building bearable for us as we waited. When my mother had finished in the bathroom, we got in line to see the movie. When the attendants opened the doors and let everyone in, I can remember going into this theater as a family. My younger brother and I both had our Mickey Mouse dolls with U.S. and I can remember becoming very attached to this doll at that time. The rooms lights went out and the theater got dark, and the film started up. The film itself was about the history of America and it portrayed American history in a very romantic and positive way. When the movie was over, we left the theater and my family decided that we should all go back to the hotel and spend some time cooling down in the swimming pool for the afternoon as the heat of the day there in southern California was too much for us southern Idahoans. We children did not protest much as swimming was one of our favorite past times at that age and we left the park and headed out to the van and back over to our hotel.

Back at the hotel room all of us kids got ready to go swimming and got into our swimming suits. Our father also got ready to go swimming and joined us in the pool that day. Our mother did not want to go swimming but said that she would get some rest relaxing in the hotel room by herself. I can remember putting my Mickey Mouse doll in one

of the chairs by the pool as did my little brother as we swam in the hot afternoon. After we had been swimming for a time, our mother yelled at our father from the back door of our room saying that she needed to talk with him, and he was to bring me and my younger brother inside with him as well. Our father got out of the pool and told my little brother and I to come with him and he stepped into the door to the room to see what my mother wanted. My little brother and I jumped out of the pool and we each grabbed our Mickey Mouse dolls from their pool chairs and followed our father back into the room. When we entered the room my father and mother were talking, and my mother was telling my father that our grandfather was there at the hotel with another man, and they were out in the front of the hotel. She said that they wanted to talk with my little brother and I and our father. I can remember running into the room and hearing this conversation and saying loudly, "Grandpas Here!". My father shooshed me and closed the sliding glass door behind U.S. because he did not want my older brother and sister to hear any of this conversation, though they were busy swimming and doubtfully heard anything. Our father put on a shirt and told my little brother and I to leave our Mickey dolls in the room while we went to find our grandfather outside. He told my mother to go out back to the pool and keep an eye on my older brother and sister while we went and talked with Grandpa and his friend. He told her to keep them busy in the pool, and he would let her know when the older kids could come back into the hotel room.

Our father led my little brother and I to the front door and outside into the front parking area where our grandfather and his friend were waiting for U.S. It was hot and bright out in the parking lot and our grandfather was standing with another man near the car they had been driving which was a nice newer black Cadillac. Both men were wearing suits and my grandfather was smoking a cigarette. As a child I

thought it way too hot to be wearing a suit coat. As we approached them my father scowled at my grandfather for smoking and he said, "What are you doing smoking a cigarette dad?". My father did not like it when grandpa smoked, and he disapproved of this. My grandfather dismissed my father's comments and looking at my little brother and I he asked U.S. how we were doing after our day at the Disneyland theme park. He was asking how we were doing after everything that we had experienced there that day. We both said that we were doing ok, though there seemed to be a nightmare I could not quite remember or was too afraid to face at that time; it felt as though it was lingering just under the surface of all of this.

Our grandfather introduced my little brother and I to the man that he was with as a United States Senator and my father already seemed to know this man. My grandfather told U.S. that they worked together and at that age I did not really understand what a U.S. Senator was, but it sounded important enough. This man was a very white man with a scary looking kind of smile, and he was introduced as Mr. Byrd. This is the first time that I can remember meeting Byrd and now it is an experience that I will never again forget. Mr. Byrd introduced himself and he told my little brother and I that we could call him Big Bird and he pointed up into the sky where there was a large jet high up in the air and he said, "Like the plane up in the sky, because I control them and can keep an eye on all of my children from them." Then he said, "Or like Big Bird from Sesame Street". This man talked to U.S. for a few moments, and he told us that he was excited to meet U.S. and that our grandfather had told him all about U.S. He said that we were very special boys and that we were loved by a great many people and were a part of a much larger family. He asked U.S. where our Mickey Mouse dolls were, and we told him that they were inside of the hotel. He asked U.S. if we liked them, and we both said that yes indeed they

were great dolls. This man told us that he had been the one who had purchased the Mickey Mouse dolls for U.S. as a birthday present from him and our Uncle Sam that year. He told U.S. that he would be keeping an eye on U.S. as we aged and grew through the years, and he said that if we were good, there would be more gifts to come in the future. This was all somewhat confusing but as a child it was just the way that things were in our family, and we were not allowed to consciously remember this conversation; this was the first time that I can remember meeting Byrd, but it was also the first time that I can remember being hit with a taser, or The White Lightning.

My grandfather and Byrd also talked to my father for a moment. Byrd said that he had something for him as well, a gift, and he pulled something from his pocket, and he gave it to my father. My father looked at it and Byrd told him that it was a taser and he was to use it on my little brother and I before we were allowed to go back into the pool that afternoon. My father hid it under his shirt and my little brother and I were told that we would need to decide where it was that our father would use it on U.S. because that would become the spot where we would forever have the device used on U.S. in the future. This was all very overwhelming as a child, and I did not understand any of it. They called it the White Lightning and said that it would erase our memories of the things that we did not need to remember. Before they left my grandfather and Byrd told my dad that he should take U.S. to the beach the following day as the waves and the ocean would be good for U.S. There were several beaches in the area, and they said that it would be fun for the whole family. My grandfather and Big Bird left in the fancy car, and we went back into the hotel room.

When we got back inside of the hotel room my mother was still

outside watching my older brother and sister swim in the pool and the back door to the room was closed. My father told my brother to wait in the room while he took me into the bathroom to try out the White Lighting. I did not understand what this device would do exactly only that it would cause me to not remember the things that I was not supposed to remember. In the bathroom my father asked me where it was that I wanted him to use it on me. I did not know, and my father said that it had to be somewhere hidden so that other people could not see it because they would not understand. We decided on a location on my right inner thigh which would usually be covered by my pants or shorts throughout the day. I held up my shorts while my father hit me with the taser; WHAMMO! My god did it hurt; I had no idea what was coming and when he hit me with that thing I was engulfed in white light and intense and horrible all-encompassing pain. It only lasted a second, but it seemed to me to last forever, and I felt so betrayed by my father at that moment in time. I went to the floor in a jolt of pain and light and was on the verge of consciousness. My father lifted me off the floor and he got me going again, and the whole experience though he was a cruel psychopath also shook him up some as well. I felt really messed up after this and my entire body hurt and was sore and I felt sick and developed a terrible pounding headache. I also could not understand where I was and what I was doing in the bathroom with my father. He brought me out of the bathroom, and I laid down on one of the beds there in the room completely dazed, sick and confused.

My younger brother was next and as I lay there in a complete fog of pain and confusion he was taken back into the bathroom with my father and after a time I can remember hearing the taser, which had a very distinct sound, and of someone hitting the floor. It was all so horrible and after a time my little brother was also brought back out of

the bathroom and was placed on the bed next to me. We did not swim any more that night; I did not do much at all after being hit with a taser that night. I do not remember doing much of anything but lying there in bed and being very sick and having a horrible headache. When our mother and older siblings came back into the room, I can remember my mother being concerned for U.S. both and my father telling her that we should be ok by morning and that they were supposed to take U.S. to the ocean the following day because it was supposed to be good for U.S. both.

So, on one of the days on our trip we went to the coastline and my parents searched for a beach that did not charge for parking and swimming. In other words, a free and public beach. This was difficult to find but they finally found somewhere for us to park and get out and spend some time in the ocean waves and the sand. I did not feel good and still felt sick from the effects of the taser the day before, but I could not remember what had happened to cause me to feel as I did. My memory also felt somehow messed up but I could not remember how. We spent the day at the beach and though I was with my family I felt alone in the world and found solace in the splashing of the waves. We would spend three or four days there in southern California on that trip and spend much of our time at Disneyland as well as the day at the ocean and the beach. It is difficult to remember much of this trip as it was so long ago, but this was just the first of many family vacations that we would take to South California and the Disneyland theme park.

When our stay in southern California had come to a close, and it was time to head back up to Idaho, I can remember that we loaded up into the blue bubbletop van and started to make the long drive back home. As young children we all liked to be close to our parents and to be able to see out the front windshield of the vehicle for the best view of

the countryside we were passing through. I can remember that we kids would take turns sitting in the space in between the two front seats in the van. It was my turn to sit in this place with my parents as we drove north, and my father began to talk to me about something that I have always been able to remember but could not understand and was not supposed to talk about. He began to talk to me about numbers and the meaning of numbers and he told me that numbers were very important in the world, and he said that even God and the Devil each have their own assigned numbers in the universe. My father told me that the Devils number was six, six, six, or 666. And he told me that Gods number was seven, seven, seven, or 777. He told me that the number 666 was not a good number as it represented Satan and the evil in the world. But he told me that the number 777 was a good number and it represented God and love, and that which was good in the world. He told me that I should watch for these numbers in my life. My mother listened to my father talk as we drove along.

Then my father told me that I also had a number, as like God and the Devil I was also one who was Chosen. My brothers and sister were occupied in the back of the van, and I do not think that they heard this conversation. My father continued and he told me that my number was seven, seven, seven, seven, 7777 which I found to be very confusing. I had asked my father what he was talking about and how I could have a number, and he told me that all who are Chosen are assigned a number. He said that my number was based on when I was born, and he explained that I was born on 6/7/78. He told me that these numbers hid a secret much like our family. I asked him how 6/7/78 could possibly be 7777 and he told me that it was really quite simple because all things in the natural universe are in motion; he said that it is no different with numbers. Then he explained that if a one, 1 was taken from the eight, 8 and it was added to the six, 6 then it would

give you the number seven, seven, seven, seven. He said that therefore my assigned number in the project was 7777.

My father told me that this is a particularly important and powerful number as it is an extension of Gods number of seven, seven, seven, 777 and it is a number that is used by God and has Gods power and divinity. He told me that I was what was called, “The Sword of God” and he said that this was my number with God, the Agency and the federal government: 7777. To my father and my mother all of this was sacred, and this was some of the things that I was not supposed to talk about; this was all part of the family secret.

These are some of the things that I can remember of our first trip to southern California as a family back in 1984.

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