

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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...Prophet of Pain...

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 page is about the time that I was first introduced to a man named Gordon B. Hinckley. He was the newly appointed Prophet of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. With his new title Hinckley wanted to know what was happening with the abused young people in the Mormon Church and what the Central Intelligence Agency, and the Federal Government was doing with them. Therefore, it was planned that myself and a friend of mine at that time by the name of Chris Knudson, would be used in a presentation for Hinckley on the CIA's Trauma Based Mind Control Project. In this presentation both Chris and I would demonstrate for Hinckley, disassociation and the switching of personalities, homosexuality and sexual perversions and tortures which are useful in the art of blackmail among the elite. We would also demonstrate for Hinckley, assassinations and executions, torture and keeping silent, as well as remote viewing. This page is what I remember of that presentation given to Hinckley in the basement office of my uncle and CIA Handler, Gale Pooley's home in Hailey, Id in the spring of 1995 A.D.

“Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep’s clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves.” (St Matthew 7:15, King James Bible)

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It was spring break of my Junior year of High School in Nampa, Idaho. It was 1995 A.D. and Bill Clinton was the President of the United States of America. I was sixteen years old and would soon be turning seventeen in June of that year. My family and I were not going to Southern California and Disneyland as we often did; my programming at the Disneyland Mind Control Programming Facility was complete and Byrd and my family had other plans for me that spring. Not being accustomed to making my own arrangements for spring break I had no plans that year other than to relax some and enjoy my time out of school. Or, so I had thought.

After school on the Friday when the break began, I went to the local recreational facilities with one of my friends, Chris Knudson, to spend some time out of the house and talking about the possibilities of what we might do for a week with no classes. The local recreational facility in Nampa was at that time formally known as the Nampa Recreational Center and was a good place for folks young and old to spend time in physical activity. This was a large indoor facility with swimming pools, basketball courts, weigh room and gym, second floor running track, and a large climbing gym. Unlike myself, Chris already had tentative plans for his week out of school that year; he had to work the following morning at his job as a prep cook at the local Pizza Hut restaurant and would have most of his next week off from work, but he had planned on going to see his father, David Knudson, in Idaho Falls for the remainder of the school break as his birth father and mother were divorced and lived in separate cities there in Idaho.

When I got home from the climbing gym that evening it was around

seven o'clock p.m. or so, and my father was home from work at his computer store, and was sitting in the living room eating his dinner and watching television as was his routine; my father has always loved television and movies. As I entered the home and the living area, he asked me where I had been in his typical stern voice; our father was often stern with me and my other siblings. I told him that I had just been at the Nampa Rec Center with Chris hanging out. My father told me that my uncle Gale had called him that afternoon at the store while he was working because he was looking for and trying to get ahold of me. He said that my uncle had tried calling the house but I had not been there after school and so he had called my father at work trying to find me. My father told me that I was to call my uncle Gale right back as it was urgent. My uncle was at that time my primary CIA handler and my father was well aware of this. My uncle had also earned himself the position within the Mormon Church as Bishop and leader of one of the small Hailey, Idaho wards there in central Idaho. I have known several men who were Bishops and/or various Church leaders within the Mormon Church who were involved with the Central Intelligence Agency and the Project in one way or another. Many of them were also involved with Satanism and were literal Satanists hiding within the Mormon Church's religious structure and false facade of goodness. There is a network in the leadership which has been built over several years by the left-hand path within the Mormon Church. This Satanic side of Mormonism is able to exist within the church structure because the majority of Mormons which are good people and serve the right-hand path of God could never imagine nor mentally comprehend the evil that resides within their wards and even at the very top of their church hierarchy.

Nonetheless, knowing my uncle to be an impatient man when he was made to wait, I did as I was instructed by my father, and I wasted no

time in using the family land-line telephone there in the kitchen to call my uncle Gale to see what he might want or need from me. My uncle was expecting my call and when he picked up on the other side of the line, he was not angry nor impatient as my father had portrayed him to be. Rather he asked me how I was doing and what I was planning for the weekend and the following week out of school for spring break. I told him that I had nothing planned as of yet, and he told me that I should come up to Hailey that weekend because the newly appointed Mormon President, Gordon B. Hinckley was going to be speaking in church there that Sunday. Being a sixteen-year-old Mormon kid and having nothing else planned for the weekend or the following week I was excited to hear this news, as to hear the prophet of the church speak at a local church meeting was a once in a lifetime opportunity in my mind at that time.

My uncle told me that I should bring with me and ride up to Hailey with my friend Chris Knudson. He said that Chris should drive his car because he had a nicer and more reliable vehicle than I did, and he said that the experience would be good for both of U.S. as we were getting older and would be going on missions for the church in a couple of years' time. I found this to be quite odd as it seemed to me that it would have been more appropriate for my older brother to come with me to hear the prophet speak as he was also growing older and would soon reach the age of nineteen years when he could go on a mission for the church himself; it could have been inspirational for my older brother. and I felt that he could use such inspiration at that time. I voiced this with my uncle Gale and I told him that my older brother Joey should be the one going with me, but he immediately shut me down on such an idea. My uncle told me that my older brother would never go on a mission for the church, and he said that it would be a better experience for Chris and I. At that moment in time his logic

seemed to make sense to me though I found his attitude toward my older brother to be rather harsh and apathetic. But I suppose those are some of the qualifications for a Central Intelligence Agency Mind Control Human Bio Programmer: Harsh and Apathetic.

Nonetheless, I told my uncle that I would talk to Chris and see if he would be interested in going to Hailey with me for the weekend, and I told my uncle that I would get back to him as soon as I had an answer from him. Before he let me off the phone my uncle told me not to tell any of my other family members or friends about where I was going for the weekend. He told me that he did not want the entire state of Idaho showing up for that Sundays sacrament meeting to hear the prophet speak, as the building could only seat so many members. He made it clear to me that it was important that no one knew that Hinckley was in the state, who did not have a “need to know” such a thing. I told my uncle that I would only talk to Chris about it and told him that I would get back to him as soon as I knew more.

Hanging up the phone from my conversation with my uncle, I then called Chris up right away to talk to him about the idea of heading up to Hailey that weekend to hear the Prophet speak. I was able to get him on the phone, but he was at that time having dinner with his family. I told him about going to Hailey that weekend and how he and I were both invited to the meeting. I told him that we could stay at my aunt and uncles’ home there in Hailey for the weekend as they would not mind, and we would be welcome there. He said that he would talk to his parents about it and call me back, but he did not sound like he really wanted to go. He told me that he had to work in the morning at his job at *Pizza Hut* where he would do the morning prep work and he would not be done with work until after noon anyways. I told him that it was a great opportunity and told him that he should talk to his mom

about it. Chris did not call me back that night, which left me feeling very uncertain about how I was to get to Hailey Idaho in the event he did not want to go. It was not until the following day, Saturday afternoon that he called me back and told me that he was getting ready for the trip. But he said that he also wanted to go and see his father in Idaho Falls for a couple of days after we visited my aunt and uncle that weekend. Chris said that there was a “Bring Your Kids to Work Day” event at the *Idaho National Environmental Laboratories* where his father worked there in southern Idaho and he said that we were both invited to go. Chris told me it would be a fun event. I agreed, and we were all set to go. First, we would go and see my aunt and uncle and hear the prophet of the church speak that weekend, and then we would head over to Idaho Falls to stay with Chris’ father David Knudson for a few days and go and see where he worked and what he did for a living. I got my stuff packed and we headed out that evening.

It was a good three hours’ drive from Nampa in the flatlands of southern Idaho to the base of the mountains of south-central Idaho where Hailey is located. We got there late into the evening, and it was quite dark in the Wood River Valley when we arrived. The porch lights of my uncles’ home were on, and it was easy for me to find their house as I had been there several times before. Chris parked his car in the driveway in front of the garage which did not sit well with me as I had found this to be disrespectful in that it could be in the way or could possibly leak oil or other fluids out onto the concrete drive. I told Chris that he should park the car out on the street, but he looked at me and asked, “Why?” I told him that his car may be in the way in the event that someone was parked in the garage of the home, and I said that we would then need to move the car out of the driveway in such an event which would only be a hassle. Or, if someone should need into the garage to park their car he would also be in the way parking there in

the driveway; generally, I told him that his car was simply in the way. I also told him that it would be bad if his car leaked any oil out onto the driveway as it would stain the concrete. He got a little pissed when I mentioned that his car may leak oil and he told me that his car did not leak oil, and he acted insulted by such a notion as this. I did not press the issue as he simply saw things differently than I did. Chris told me that his car was fine where it was for now and he said that if he needed to move it, he would do so upon the request of the said drivers needing in or out of the driveway and the garage.

We opened the trunk of the car and got out our luggage before heading into the house. We walked up to the front entry door and being accustomed with this side of my family I simply knocked and entered with Chris following right behind me. As we entered the front living room one of my young cousins came running down the stairs leading to the second floor and yelled out “Johnny is here” as they landed at the bottom of the stairs in their haste and ran into the back kitchen and living area and disappeared around the corner. With that my uncle came out from the kitchen area at the back of the home to greet U.S. there by the entry door. He said hello and I can remember that he seemed to be genuinely nice to Chris and I and he asked us how our drive had been and if we had brought in all of our luggage. He told us to put our bags down on the floor there by the door, and he said we could get them later when my cousin could show U.S. our room for the night. But he would first like to let everyone know that we were there.

My uncle led us around the corner and past the kitchen to the family room at the back of the house. This is where the family had the entertainment center set up and everyone was there sitting in the dark of the room and quietly watching an animated film. All my cousins and

my aunt were sitting in front of the television there in the living room watching the newly released Disney animated film, *The Lion King*. They were so engrossed in the movie that they hardly noticed U.S. as we entered the room, but a few of them unplugged from the show long enough to say hello.

My aunt, keeping up with hospitality asked Chris and I if we were hungry and would like something for dinner after our long drive. She had made enough food at dinner time for both Chris and myself, but we had arrived later than had been expected and had missed dinner with the family. Now, earlier that day when we were leaving the Boise Valley, Chris and I had stopped at the *Jack in the Box* fast food restaurant and grabbed a couple of burgers for the ride. *Jack in the Box* was Chris's favorite place to eat. But as we were both growing young men, we told my aunt that we were indeed hungry and would love something more to eat. She got up from her seat in front of the television and prepared the meal that she had intended for us to have earlier that day. With that my uncle told my cousin to get up from the couch and the movie to show Chris and I where we would be staying that night. My cousin seemed reluctant to get up from the movie as he was pretty interested in *The Lion King*, but he got up and said that he would show us where we would be staying. We walked back into the entry area where we had come into the house and we got our bags and then followed him back around by the kitchen where there was a set of stairs leading down into the basement of the home. My cousin led us downstairs into the basement and showed us the room that we would be staying in that night; it was right across the hallway from my uncle's home office.

The room that we would be staying in was my aunts craft room and they had made enough room for Chris and I to sleep on the floor there.

No one else in the house would be sleeping in the basement as all the other bedrooms were located on other floors of the home. Chris and I put our things down in this room and then we all three went back upstairs to have dinner and to finish watching the rest of the movie. I can remember that I did not have much interest in the movie, and I sat and ate my dinner and spent time reading from my Mormon scriptures that evening. I had already seen the movie *The Lion King* as my family was obsessed with Disney animated films and I did not have any desire to see it a second time. Chris on the other hand was interested in the show and I can remember that he sat on the floor in front of the couch there in the family room in front of the television with the rest of the family and watched the movie with them. When the movie had ended everyone in the house started getting ready to head to bed and Chris and I did the same.

That night Chris and I went down to our room in the basement, and we made our beds there on the floor and got ready for a night of sleep, though sleep was not in the forecast that night. As we prepared for bed and got into our pajamas, etc. my cousin came down to our room to hang out with U.S. for a little while before heading to his room and going to bed. It was nice to see my cousin and we talked for a time though I could tell that Chris seemed to make him uneasy and somewhat uncomfortable; he did not know Chris very well and Chris was older than my cousin, but he was good at talking to people at that time. After a short while, my uncle came down into the room and he told my cousin that he needed to go to bed as there was a big day ahead of U.S. in the morning. My cousin said goodnight, and he headed off to his own room, though we would see him again later on that night. My uncle stayed and talked to Chris and I for a few moments.

My uncle Gale asked Chris and I if we were comfortable and if our

accommodations were adequate. We told him that we were quite comfortable and looking forward to a good night's sleep. But he told U.S. that we were not to go right to sleep that night. My uncle said that my grandfather was on his way up to the house from his home in Nampa, and he said that he wanted to talk to Chris and I before we were to see Hinckley the following day. My uncle told U.S. to go over to the office across the hallway at a specific time that night, and he said that it was very important that we were in the office at that time. He told U.S. not to go before the specified time even if we were to hear people coming or going from the office across the hallway. We were also instructed to knock on the door in a specific way before quietly entering the room. This all sounded kind of strange to me, but with my family things usually were kind of strange. We told my uncle that we understood his directions and assured him that we would be in the office at the specified time. He left the room to go and get a good night's sleep as he had a big day coming in the morning.

After my uncle left the room Chris told me that all of this made him nervous and uneasy and he told me that he thought that my uncle Gale was creepy and made him uncomfortable. I told him that my uncle was most definitely not creepy and said that everything was fine and that there was nothing to be nervous about; I told him that my grandfather simply wanted to talk with U.S. before we heard the Prophet speak the following day. In retrospect Chris's intuition had been correct in this case and my uncle was most definitely creepy and we should have both not only been nervous but packed up and got the hell out of there before my grandfather had arrived that night. But instead, we sat in the craft room in the basement and waited for the appropriate hour to head over to the office across the hallway.

While we waited, I can remember that Chris listened to his

headphones and some very loud hard rock music while I tried to read from my scriptures. I thought the music to be inappropriate as we should have been preparing to hear the Prophet of the church the following day. Before the designated hour I heard someone come down the stairs into the basement and go into my uncle's office across the hallway. I had assumed it to be my grandfather as he had been on his way up to meet U.S. there. When the appropriate hour arrived, I told Chris, and he turned his headphones off and we got ready to cross the hallway. We were quite as mice and we crept out of the room and across the dark hallway to the office door. I can remember that Chris was not just right behind me but was clinging to me as though he was a small child who was in a haunted house or something. We gave the knock at the door, and we went into the office to find my grandfather sitting at my uncle's desk and looking through his *Book of Mormon*.

When we entered the room my grandfather told U.S. to stand at attention near the wall by the door and to keep quiet as he was looking for something in his scriptures and we were still waiting on my younger cousin to arrive as well as my uncle's business partner, Kyle. There were a lot of really bad things that occurred that night in my uncle's office with my grandfather and Kyle. My cousin had arrived as well as Kyle. We were all three, Chris, my cousin and myself, put through extremely traumatic programming that night and we went through all of the things that would be presented to Hinckley the following day including homosexuality and sex for black mail and compromise, assassination's, extreme torture and pain, remote viewing, etc. I can remember that my grandfather had acquired an electric cattle prod from one of my uncles who ran a dairy farm in southern Idaho, this farmers name was Robert, and he used it most brutally in ways that most people would prefer not to imagine such as being made to place it up our asses and activating it for an electrifying

experience; my grandfather was a sick man and if Kyle had not been there that night my grandfather might have killed one of U.S. in his trauma based insanity in preparation of our presentation for Hinckley. We were abused long into the night and would only get a couple hours of sleep before being awoken for the day's services at the local church.

In the morning I was late getting up from my bed and everyone was already leaving the house for the church service. Chris had been awoken by someone because he needed to move his car from the driveway and he got out of bed and moved his car. I got up out of bed but was terribly tired and sore and not feeling well from the events of the night. I can remember that at that time a part of me could still remember what had happened to me the night before and was frustrated at my grandfather, Kyle, and my uncle because I could not understand how a complete lack of sleep and a night of sexual torture and abuse could be good for me before meeting the Mormon Prophet. Another part of me covered all of this up in my mind. I left the craft room, and my uncle Gale was just finishing up in the bathroom in the basement and catching me in the hallway he told me to wait a moment as he had something he wanted to talk to me about. He was still tucking his shirt into his pants and refastened his belt as he told me that everyone else was already leaving or had left for the church service as they were wanting to get there a little early that morning for the services. He told me to get ready for church and not to be late. But he also told me that after the sacrament meeting had ended, I was to bring Chris and we were to come back to the house and come downstairs to his office. He said that I was to knock on the door and was not to open it. My uncle told me that a hand would emerge from the open door, and I was to shake this hand in a particular way before we would be allowed to enter the room. He showed me the special handshake that I was to perform but I was having trouble memorizing

it as I was not in the correct personality for such things and my uncle was very impatient and in a hurry to get off to church. He showed it to me once and then he told me to show him how to do it, but I could not remember exactly how the handshake went. He became frustrated and he said, “no, no, like this”, and he showed me again how the handshake was to be done but he did not have me show him that I had it down this time and he simply said, “you got it”, and he left and ran up the stairs and was off to the church building. I did not feel as though I could remember the handshake: I had tried to memorize it, but I was so tired and felt so fried and my uncle Gale was so impatient that I knew that I did not have it down.

Everyone left the house and Chris and I got ready to go as fast as we could. We dressed as most all Mormons do with black pants, white shirt, tie, etc. We drove Chris’s Mercury Cougar over to the church there in Hailey and found a place to park under some trees at the edge of the parking area. The sun was shining brightly that day as it often does in the Sun Valley area of Southern Idaho, and it was to be a beautiful early spring day. Inside of the church it was busy and there was lots of people all about and getting settled in for the meeting; they had opened the overflow seating at the back of the church to make room for everyone attending that day. Not being members of the Ward, this is where Chris and I sat down, at the back of the room and toward the center. This gave us a good view of the entire room and left very few persons behind U.S. I could see my uncle sitting up on the raised area designated for the churches leaders which faces the congregation. Being the Bishop of the Ward, my uncle’s seat was located right behind the pulpit. I also noticed that several of the seats in the front rows of the congregational seating area were vacant and no one was sitting in them. I assumed that they must have been reserved for someone of significance.

After a few minutes the sacrament service began, and everyone in the room went quiet. I was looking around for Hinckley, but he was not in the building yet apparently. There was an opening prayer, and we sang a couple of hymns and then were told that Hinckley would be arriving part way into the meeting and that at that time they would stop the service temporarily as he entered the room. Someone began to give a talk before his arrival. After a short period of time Hinckley finally arrived at the church service. We were told that Hinckley had arrived and the man giving his talk quietly sat down and everything went quiet in the room. Reverence. As I faced the podium there was a large set of glass double doors to my left side up at the front of the room. These doors were typically used in case of an emergency and were marked as an emergency exit. But this was the doorway that Hinckley and his entourage would use to enter the building and join the service that day.

Hinckley did not enter the building alone but would come into the building with several other persons all dressed in proper church attire. Many of the people with him were male and looked to be a part of a security team. Some were young and some were old. For myself it was confusing that a man of God would need a security team as a true man of God would surely be protected by God himself and would not fear such a thing as death: God would not allow a man of God to die before it was his time. But Hinckley was not a man of God, at least not the God of Light and Truth, and he entered the building from the emergency exit on the side of the room with several members of what appeared to be a security team. Hinckley was led directly up onto the raised area facing the congregation behind the podium and sat down next to my uncle who greeted him politely. The rest of his security entourage were placed in the seating that had been reserved at the front of the room for them.

After everything had settled down the man who had been giving his talk before Hinckley's arrival got up and continued. While this man gave the rest of his talk my uncle and Hinckley were talking about something together that seemed to be very interesting. It looked to be an engaging conversation as they both looked genuinely interested in and excited about whatever it was that they were talking about. The guy giving his talk finished and sat down and it was Hinckley's turn to speak. He had to stop talking with my uncle for this and he stood up to give his talk; it was the moment everyone there had been waiting for.

I had expected that when this man spoke it would be as though it was God himself speaking through him. He was after all the "Prophet" of the Mormon Church. But this was not the case as I was neither impressed nor moved by any kind of spirit by this man's words on that day. When Hinckley stood up to give this talk, I can remember that my uncle found me in the crowd from where he was sitting at the front of the room, and we sat there looking at each other for a split second in time before he smiled and winked his eye at me. I wondered at that time why he would have done that and thought that he must have been winking at someone else. But a part of me knew that something else was going on that day, but I could not remember what.

I do not remember what Hinckley talked about in his sermon that day, only that it was very generic and mundane, and sounded as though he had given this talk a hundred times over throughout his lifetime and was bored with it even himself. Hinckley's talk was not long and when he sat back down again next to my uncle, I can remember thinking that it was strange that such a man as this would give such a powerless talk to such an expectant group of believers. I had been waiting, the same as all those in the congregation for a profound message from the man, this man of God which he claimed to be, but

that was simply not the case; he was nothing but a little man in every sense of the word.

When he had finished giving his mundane sermon Hinckley sat back down again next to my uncle Gale, and they seemed to pick up on their conversation right where they had left off before Hinckley had been interrupted by having to give his sermon. The meeting continued while my uncle and Hinckley finished up their private conversation. Finally, we were told that the Prophet was going to be leaving us as he was after all a busy man. Everyone went quiet in the room: Reverence. Hinckley got up and left in the same way he had entered, escorted by his entourage of bodyguards and minions. The entire matter seemed altogether unGodly and strange, even disrespectful on the part of Hinckley toward the congregation as he seemed to disregard them as borderline worthy of his time. But it was they who left as shadows moving away from the light around them through the emergency exit on the left side of the room; not all Mormons are bad people rather many of them are good people being led astray by Wolves In Sheep's Clothing such as Hinckley, Monson, Ering, and others.

Sacrament meeting continued after Hinckley left for about another twenty minutes or so. When it was over everything in the room got busy with the hum of excitement from such a meeting as listening to the Prophet of the Church speak in person. It was somewhat loud as everyone started heading out to their various classes and meetings there in the church building. I had been told by my uncle to go back to the house after sacrament meeting and down to the office in the basement as there was something going on there after church service that day. Figuring that there must be some form of family event taking place and not remembering the events of the night before within my conscious mind, but feeling altogether uneasy about the matter as a

whole, I went looking for my cousin to see if he was heading over to the house after sacrament meeting as well. I was unable to find him or any of my other relatives in the bustle of the room or the hallways and so Chris and I headed outside to his car to head back to the house as we had been instructed to do. But when we left the building, I saw one of my female cousins who was also outside with some of her friends talking. I told Chris that I wanted to speak with her for a moment to see if she might also be heading over to the house or the rest of the family. I told Chris to wait in his car while I went and talked to her but he said no way, he wanted to come with me as well as there were several other attractive young ladies with her. I did not want him to come with me as he seemed to make my cousin feel uncomfortable but we both ran across the grounds and approached her there with her friends. I told her that her father, my uncle, had told U.S. to go back to the house after sacrament meeting and I was just wondering if everyone else in the family was heading over there as well. She looked at me strange and said that she was not going back to the house and that her father had told her no such thing. She said that she had to get to her next class and she and her friends headed back toward the building entrance leaving U.S. both feeling very unwelcome at that moment in time. Confused Chris and I walked over to his car parked under the trees and we got in and headed up to the house; now we were both curious as to what was going on.

The drive back to the house was short and it was a beautiful sunny day there in south central Idaho. When we pulled up to the house there seemed to be nothing out of the ordinary other than there were no other vehicles in the driveway and it appeared as though no one else was home. We parked in front of the house and headed right inside as we had been instructed earlier that morning to do. I was not aware of it at the time, but my uncle had also talked privately with Chris that

morning and given him the same instructions that he had given to me. My uncle had also shown Chris the secret handshake that we would need to know in order to get into the office in the basement. We walked inside and went through the living room of the house and into the kitchen. I started toward the stairs leading to the basement, but Chris went right into the kitchen and got into the cabinets and started digging around for something to eat. I told him that we needed to get downstairs to the office and told him that we were supposed to be fasting that morning. He told me to hold on just a moment as he was starving and needed something to eat; he said that we had only been told to fast before sacrament meeting that morning and sacrament had ended. He found a loaf of bread there in the cupboard and taking it from the bag he just brought the whole loaf with him and we headed down the stairs to the basement office.

There were no lights on anywhere in the house and it was darker in the basement than on the main floor of the home; there seemed to be no one in the building, and it was mysteriously quiet. As we came upon the closed door to the basement office, I could hear muffled voices in the room and coming from behind the door. Chris and I stopped and I being in front of Chris knocked lightly on the door in the manner I had been instructed to do. The murmur went quiet in the room and after a moments time the door opened just enough for a hand to pass through the opening up to the wrist. Remembering that my uncle had told me that I would need to know a secret handshake in order to get into the office and having had him show it to me earlier that morning I tried to recall how the handshake had worked. I reached out and I shook the hand in the manner that I had believed I was instructed to do, but I did it incorrectly as my uncle had not taken the time to ensure that I had truly understood the correct motions of the hand for this event. The hand shot quickly back into the room and the

door closed. There as a loud murmur behind the door now and I could tell that I had not done the correct handshake; tension began to fill the air as the moments passed.

In the hallway Chris asked me what was going on as he stood behind me still enjoying his loaf of bread. I told him that I thought that I had done the handshake incorrectly and I told him that I could not remember how to do it right; I did not know what to do. Chris told me to get out of his way and he said that he could remember the secret handshake as my uncle had shown it to him earlier that morning when he was moving his car out of the driveway. I got out of his way and Chris stepped up to the door and he knocked on it in the fashion we had been told to do. Again, everything in the room behind the door went quiet and the door again opened slowly and just enough to allow the hand to emerge in the same manner as before. Chris confidently reached out and shook the hand with the correct handshake that my uncle had shown him to do. The hand slowly went back into the room and the door closed and there was again a murmur behind the door, a moment of silence, and then the door opened and there was a young man in his mid-twenties with a short and neat haircut and in a black suit who welcomed U.S. into the room.

We stepped inside of the office, and I said hello to the man who had let U.S. in at the door, he was friendly and professional though he did seem to be slightly on edge. There were several other people in the room as we entered and all of them were male of varying ages but most of them were younger being in their late twenties or early thirties. There was also an older gentleman who was in his fifties or sixties who had a flat top haircut and had the appearance of a military man there in the group. There was also one man of color in the room. There also seemed to be someone that we could not see sitting in the

high back-office chair behind my uncle's desk as it was turned backward, and it was moving slightly. My uncle Gale was in the room and was standing next to his desk and he called to U.S. as we entered. I was glad to see my uncle there as the room seemed to be filled with men in suits that I did not know. He told U.S. to come over by the desk as he had someone, he wanted U.S. to meet. He told everyone in the room as we approached him that I was his nephew, and he told them my name. He also introduced my friend Chris to them. As we approached the desk the chair slowly turned and there sitting in my uncle's office was Gordon B. Hinckley. My uncle said, "Boys, I want to introduce you both to Gordon Hinckley".

It was a little weird seeing Gordon Hinckley sitting there in my uncle's office chair and being introduced to the man, but the personality that I was now in was used to such persons of supposed high ranking societal status and had been prepared for the event. My uncle had just begun to introduce U.S. when Chris in his excitement at meeting the "Prophet" of the Mormon Church pushed me out of the way and thrust himself and his hand before Hinckley, who was truly startled by his actions as well as everyone else in the room. Chris had moved so fast that there had been no stopping him from shaking hands with Hinckley and introducing himself to the man. Chris's actions annoyed my uncle and made everyone in the room nervous, and after he shook hands with Hinckley my uncle told him to get back and away from him. I shook Gordons hand as well and introduced myself to him after Chris had moved away and then we were told to stand at the end of the desk by the south wall of the room at attention. "Stand at Attention", this was a trigger for U.S. both and we did as we were told.

My uncle began to talk as though he was giving a presentation of some kind, and Chris and I were the focus of attention. He repeated to

Hinckley and everyone in the room our names and motioned to U.S. standing there in the room as he did so. I found it strange as we had just introduced ourselves to the man only moments before. Then my uncle looked at Chris and I and there in front of everyone in the room and he told U.S. both to take our clothes off. This seemed a very strange request, but in my mind, I reasoned that there must be some premise to this action that I just did not understand; I switched personalities inside and began to move into a military frame of mind as I realized that this was in fact not a church event but rather some form of a military thing with a high-ranking church member present. I obeyed my orders at that time, and I began to take my clothes off as did Chris.

My uncle continued talking as Chris and I removed our clothing there in front of everyone. He started by talking about the government mind control project that both Chris and I were involved: my uncle called the project by its name, *Mk Ultra*, sub project, *Project Monarch*. Hinckley was aware of this project and the use of abused Mormon youth for the work by the Central Intelligence Agency, but now that he was at the top of the church, he wanted a full explanation for what these young people were actually being used for by the Federal Government and the Agency. My uncle had told Hinckley that it is difficult to locate children who are fit as the Chosen, and said that the Church was providing a great service with helping with this process. Then my uncle began to talk about Chris and I; the two mind slaves that he would use as a demonstration for Hinckley.

He explained to Hinckley that I came from a generationally incestual satanic family blood line that was hiding in the Mormon church. He told him how my father and grandfather were both incestual pedophiles who had abused my siblings and myself since the time we

were born. He told Hinckley how my grandfather had been involved with the Central Intelligence Agency since shortly after World War Two and had been heavily involved with MK Ultra Monarch Programming. He talked about how my grandfather had been involved in the country music industry and had led “multiple” lives, and had multiple wives, in his lifetime and in the service of his country. When my uncle talked about my grandfather having multiple wives, I can remember Hinckley and my uncle laughing at this because of the Church history with Polygamy. My grandmother was also involved with the CIA and Human Bio Programming and was aware of the multiple lives that my grandfather had served under; at least she had known some of it.

When my uncle started talking about my family history, I began to switch personalities as the reality of everything that he was talking about came into my conscious mind. I was not allowed in my everyday life to remember these things and with all of it being laid out on the table in such a way it was overwhelming to consciously realize at that moment in time. I switched to a defensive personality intent on keeping these family secrets a secret. I stopped in the middle of removing my clothing and looking at my uncle I angrily interrupted him and asked him what the hell he thought that he was doing talking about the family secret there in front of these people as he was. This is what I had been programmed from my youth to do in such a situation as the revelation of the family secret. But in this instance I was completely out of line altogether, and my uncle angrily commanded me to “bee silent”. I was driven even deeper into myself at that moment as I realized that I had crossed a line, and I closed my mouth and humbly continued removing my clothing. My uncle was pissed at me for this and he went on explaining how I was selected out of my family because of my strong tendency toward disassociation as well as my telepathic abilities while in a state of trance; he explained to them

that I was referred to as what is called a Blood-liner or a Chosen One. He told Hinckley that I had been sold to Senator Robert Byrd for use by the Central Intelligence Agency and the Federal Government in 1993. He told him how I had been used as a pigeon courier and carried messages to both Charlie Pride and Senator Byrd. He pointed out the scar in the center of my chest where he had put the tip of the knife for this process, and all of this was done in a manner as though we were giving a presentation at a well-known university or something. My uncle also explained how I had been used extensively in the filming of pornography by both my family and Byrd.

When Chris and I had both removed our clothing down to our boxer shorts and we had stopped there thinking it the logical end of the removal of our clothing my uncle saw that we had stopped removing our clothes, and he turned to U.S. and he said that we needed to, “take all of your clothes off”. Yet again I was driven even deeper into myself as I was made to remove my boxer shorts and stand there naked in front of the “Prophet” of the Mormon Church and his security team. I felt extremely vulnerable in such a position as this.

My uncle and CIA handler also took a moment to talk briefly about Chris’s family history and how the CIA had acquired him as well. Chris’s father, David Knudson, like my father, Mark R. Sweet and grandfather, Mark D. Sweet, was a pedophile who had abused Chris and his older brother Steven from an early age. He had been discovered by the CIA and was subsequently blackmailed into selling his two sons into the CIA’s MK Ultra mind control projects. The CIA used his older brother for various things including the testing of drugs and interrogation techniques. When I had met his brother Steve, he was blind because as I had always been told he had freaked out while on acid and pulled his own eyeballs out. According to the story that circulated through the

social circles of Nampa and from his own family, Steve had dropped acid and said that the devil/Satan had come to him and was threatening to rape his mother and was going to make him watch as such a deed was done. It was said that he had pulled his own eyeballs out so that he did not have to watch such a thing as this. But my uncle Gale explained to Hinckley that it was the CIA who had given him the drugs, and they were the ones who had told him that they were the devil, and they were going to rape his mother and make him watch. It was the CIA that had pushed him to the point that he had pulled his own eyes out. They did this just to see if they could do it. My uncle Gale had absolutely no empathy in his descriptions of what this young man and his family had lived through.

My uncle also explained how Chris was stronger at disassociation than his older brother. Their father, David had been rewarded for the sale of the two boys by not going to prison for his crimes of incestual pedophilia and was given a job at the *Idaho National Environmental Laboratory* located outside of Idaho Falls in the southeastern Idaho desert. At this location his father worked with the CIA at a Human Bio Programming Center there at the INEL facility, where the focus of their work was based around the use of Deprivation Tanks and electrical currents.

Now that he had introduced U.S. to Hinckley and we were both standing there in the room completely naked and my uncle had explained how the CIA had acquired U.S. he moved on to demonstrating what use such individuals as Chris and I were to the Pentagon and the Central Intelligence Agency. He explained to Hinckley how on the one side we were both good Mormon boys who lived Mormon lives according to Mormon values and ethics. Our base personalities were Mormon. Then he looked at U.S. and he asked Chris

and I if we liked men. We were both naked there in front of all of these men, and we voiced our disgust at such a notion as homosexuality and sexual acts between men. When Chris and I had finished expressing our disgust for homosexuality, my uncle looked at his audience and he said, “now watch”. He walked up to me and standing directly in front of me he reached up with his right hand and he touched me just behind the left ear on the neck and he said, “Up is now Down. Perform fellatio on Chris for these gentlemen, they have come a long way to see it”.

This was a trigger and I instantly switched to a personality that my father and grandfather had created throughout years of sexual abuse and molestation; a personality that knows that it exists in secret and is not required to follow the ethical and moral laws of humanity and enjoys indulging in the sexual pleasures of life. This personality was pleased to be out and was more than happy to show all present how skilled he was at such a task. My uncle instructed U.S. to demonstrate this in a more central location in the room so that all present could see that it was no illusion or trick of the eye. I got on my knees and I performed fellatio on Chris right there in front of Hinckley and everyone in the room. While I was performing this task my uncle was explaining to everyone how useful it was having U.S. skilled in this manner. He explained that sexuality was the weakest link in almost every man and in many women. He explained that men of power are reclusive and can be difficult to get close too but are often perverted in their sexual preferences. He explained that many men preferred the company of a woman, but he explained that some men and many men of power prefer the company of another man. This made Chris and I very useful for the purposes of such things as blackmail and manipulations as individuals such as ourselves are often placed within close proximity to men and women of power in both government and commerce for the purposes of manipulation and blackmail. About this

time I was finishing up with Chris and I was made to swallow I will add, in order to demonstrate just exactly how gay this personality was and to what extent it would provide pleasure. When I had finished my uncle looked at Hinckley and he asked sarcastically if he might like a turn as I was really good at it. Hinckley looked at U.S. with both horror and a sense of amusement as he responded with a shaken “No”! Everyone in the room chuckled at this as did Hinckley as he realized that my uncle had been joking.

Then the topic changed to sexual perversions and how many individuals of power are sexually perverted and enjoy not only gay sex but also sex with children and minors, as well as acts of sexual torture. He explained to Hinckley how Chris and I were both programmed and conditioned for sexual torture and perversions. He had there on his desk the electric cattle prod that my grandfather had used for programming U.S. the night before. My uncle called it the “Iron Rod of God”. My uncle had Chris and I abuse one another and ourselves with this device; he made us anally rape one another with it as well as use it on ourselves there in front of everyone in the room. It was all very disgusting and traumatizing to endure but it at last ended.

My uncle continued to explain to Hinckley how sexual perversions such as this are useful in that it puts U.S. in close contact with possible targets for assassinations and executions as there is a certain level of trust that is involved with the indulgence of sexual acts. At this point my uncle told Chris to come to the desk and take up a knife that he had there on his desktop. It was a white handled fixed blade sacrificial knife that my uncle had for such things as Satanic sacrifice and CIA executions. I was told to get on my knees and my uncle told Chris to hold me in preparation of execution. Chris took the knife and walking up to me he put himself behind me and he grabbed my head with his

left hand and pulled my head back so that my jugular vein was easily accessible. Chris had a firm grip on me. He put the knife to my neck just above the jugular vein. We had been taught to kill with a knife by cutting the jugular from the back-forward so that you also severed the windpipe in the process preventing them from making too much sound in their death. We were both still quite naked and Chris was not gentle with me in any way as neither Chris nor myself knew if my uncle would actually instruct him to kill me or not for this demonstration. In the Project people died all the time.

Chris held me in this position as my uncle talked to his audience about how effective we were at killing and even at dying. He explained that if he gave the order to kill me that Chris would in fact cut my throat out and that I, there on my knees, would allow him do so. During this conversation between my uncle and Hinckley, Chris holding me in this position began to ever so slowly push the tip of the blade into my neck and with that he began piercing the skin and I could feel blood beginning to run down my neck. Terror and horror swept through my mind and body and I truly did not know at that point in time if I was about to die. Confusion ran wild through my mind and I wondered why I was in the position that I was currently in; had I angered my uncle in some way or failed him and was about to be disposed of. I had interrupted him earlier in the presentation and he had seemed upset about that. I had witnessed such executions before. Out of a desire to survive the situation I began to turn my head ever so slightly so that my uncle might more easily see that I was bleeding, and that Chris was in fact on his way toward my execution. My uncle looked over at U.S. and seeing that Chris had pierced my skin and that I was bleeding said jokingly, "Chris, don't kill Johnny, this is only a demonstration, you can let him go." At this point Chris removed the knife from my neck and released me from his grip; I was at the very least relieved to still be

alive though I was in a very deep state of trauma by this point in time.

At this point in the presentation Hinckley, looking somewhat traumatized himself from all of this asked my uncle how the Central Intelligence Agency could guarantee that slaves such as Chris and I would never talk. After what he had just witnessed, he wanted to know how we were kept from ever talking about the things that we were involved with. My uncle told Chris and I to approach the desk. I was not as stable on my feet as Chris was, but we both walked up to the desk as instructed. My uncle told me to pick up the box that was there on the desk and to remove the knife that was inside of it. Chris already had the sacrificial blade still in his hands from the execution demonstration. I looked around the desk but I was having trouble finding the box with the knife as I was traumatized significantly by the electrocutions from the electric cattle prod and from the execution demonstration that we had just finished. Frustrated my uncle pointed out the box to me there on the desk and I picked it up and removed the switch blade that was inside. This was the same blade that my uncle had used on me a few years prior when he stuck the tip of this blade into my chest and programmed me with a message for senator Byrd and Charlie Pride; the blade was familiar to me.

My uncle asked U.S. what would happen if we were ever to talk about the Project and the things that we were involved with for the Central Intelligence Agency. Chris and I both still being quite naked, took our penises in our left hands and taking the blades we had been given in our right hands we put the steel edge of the blades at the base of our penis's where they meet with the scrotum. We both responded that if we were ever to talk about any of this that we would cut off our own penis's. Chris and I both prepared for the order to do so and in the state of mind I was in I most surely would have done just that if

ordered. But Hinckley had not come here to see U.S. cut our dicks off. My uncle also explained that after this presentation was over Chris and I would be going to stay with Chris's father at his home in Idaho Falls and there we would be attending what they were calling a *Kids Day at the Laboratory*. He said that we would be going through highly sophisticated suicide programming in the deprivation tanks at this location and he told Hinckley that by the time that we were done with our programming at INEL our minds would shut down our bodies in the event we had ever remembered or talked about these events; our subconscious minds would cause our own hearts to stop beating, or in other words if we ever remembered these events and tried to talk about it we would have a heart attack. We were told to put the knives back down on the desk.

Hinckley asked my uncle if all of this programming would help to keep U.S. silent in the event that we were tortured for the information and the things we knew. Gale explained to Hinckley that individuals such as Chris and myself have a very high tolerance of pain and could endure the most intense forms of torture without making a sound or exposing a single word in an interrogation. My uncle told Hinckley that one of his own people should be involved with this demonstration to provide the appropriate levels of pain and to ensure that the pain is inflicted in a satisfactory manner. My uncle said that he would need a volunteer from the crowd for this demonstration. No one in Hinckley's security team looked like they wanted to have anything to do with U.S. let alone have to touch U.S. after what they had seen U.S. do. My uncle asked Hinckley who he would like to inflict the pain of torture on U.S.; Gale said that it was very important that in this demonstration whatever pain was inflicted there must be no scars made in the process of torture. Hinckley looked to the number one man of his security team; it was the older gentleman in his late fifties to mid-

sixties with the flat top haircut. He was ex-military and was a large man of stature.

Both Chris and myself were instructed to go over to this man who mercilessly twisted and contorted our arms to the point of almost breaking them from their sockets. He tortured U.S. one by one and neither of U.S. made a sound while he tried desperately to cause one of U.S. to cry out in the agony of this torture. I was not completely present in my body when it was my turn and he provided his cruelty for the demonstration and amusement of everyone in the room; I had escaped into the deeper recesses of my mind and was saying over and over to myself from deep within, "This too shall pass, this too shall pass, this too shall pass". I knew at some point the pain would end. Finally, with a look of amazement this ex-military man let me go and speaking directly to Hinckley he said, "I tried sir, but most all men would have been screaming in pain and agony from what I just did to these boys." Hinckley was convinced by this man as he trusted him fully and that was why he was there.

Next my uncle explained to Hinckley that sometimes, within the bloodlines there came the ability for such things as telepathy and remote viewing, though he told him that such things were rare. He told Hinckley that I was one such individual who possessed this skill. Hinckley found this to be very interesting and even unbelievable even after all that he had seen U.S. do. He asked Gale how he was going to demonstrate such a thing as this in a very skeptical way. My uncle told Hinckley that I could at that moment view any individual of his choosing in order to prove this. So, after thinking for a moment on the matter Hinckley proposed that I should locate his wife and tell him what she was up to while he was away from Salt Lake City. This seemed a logical target to all of the men in the room. My uncle told

Hinckley that he would need his wife's "True Name" for this demonstration, as it was required for locating her. Hinckley did not like giving up his wife's True Name as it is considered by many within the church and the Satanic order to be sacred. He said that he would provide the name, but he made it very clear to everyone in the room that that name was not to leave the room that day. He told us her True Name.

Using this information, and still standing naked in the room in front of everyone I went into a deep state of trance, and I located Hinckley's wife after a few minutes of focus. I told him that I could see her and that she was at church service and was sitting toward the front in a large congregation. Hinckley laughed at this and he said that of course she was in a church; he said that she was the wife of the Prophet of the church, so she had better be at her Sunday meetings. Everyone in the room laughed at this comment. Hinckley said that we hadn't proven anything with this, and he told me to tell him what she was wearing at this church service she was sitting at. I took a few moments, and I went deeper into a state of trance, and I could see that she was wearing a particular kind of scarf or shawl that a women might wear when trying to appear fancy on a chilly day. I told Hinckley that his wife was wearing a scarf of some kind around her neck and shoulders; at that time I was able to tell him what color this shawl was. To this he looked surprised, and he understood at that moment that I was indeed viewing his wife from the basement office of my uncles' home. Perplexed he said, "yes, that is my wife". He continued to tell U.S. how he had bought her that shawl some years ago as a gift and he said, "that she always wears it when I am away". Hinckley seemed to find the prospect of remote viewing to be somewhat frightening and even a concern for his own security.

At this point the demonstration was over and Hinckley said that he was out of time. Chris and I were told to again stand at attention where we had been when we were first told to remove our clothing at the beginning of the demonstration. They did not shake hands with U.S. before they left but I can remember saying goodbye to them as though the whole experience had been just fine; one of the security team members looked at me as though I was completely insane as I waved at him as they left the room. My uncle locked the door behind them after they were gone.

After Hinckley and his security team had left the room my uncle told Chris and I to start putting our clothes back on. He was in a good mood, and he told U.S. that the presentation had gone very well, and he said that we had performed perfectly. We were both in a state of trauma and did not have a whole lot to say. When we had our boxer shorts back on my uncle took a moment to hypnotize U.S. both and take U.S. through the process of further compartmentalizing our memories and the need for U.S. to remember to forget the events we had just been a part of. Coming out of hypnosis everything felt confusing to me as I was already forgetting what had happened to U.S. only minutes before. I noticed that I had blood running down my neck, but it was already becoming difficult to remember what had happened to me to cause such an injury as this. I asked my uncle what had happened to me and why I was bleeding from my neck. He told me that I had cut myself earlier that morning while I was shaving in the shower and getting ready for church. He gave me a white cloth that was already stained with patches of blood and told me to clean up the mess. He got out a bandage and we put it on my neck and my uncle laughingly told me to be more careful when I was shaving.

After bandaging my neck I put my shirt back on and while I was doing

so my uncle asked Chris and I if we wanted to see something cool, which he had there in his cabinet drawer in his office; he said that it was a hand held electrical tazer. He asked Chris if he had ever seen a tazer before. Chris said no, he had not seen one before, but he said that it sounded really cool and he would like to see one. My uncle got into his drawer and file cabinet there in the closet of his office and he produced an electrical tazer from one of the drawers. He showed it to Chris and I for just a moment and for just a moment everything seemed normal, like three dudes hanging out and looking at a tazer. But then my uncle moved very quickly, and he zapped Chris with it on his still bare leg; Chris collapsed to the floor. This happened so fast that it was a shock to me but also somehow felt familiar. My uncle wasted no time and he quickly hit me in the leg with it as well and I went to the floor in a flash of light and intense pain.

My uncle shook U.S. from our dazed states on the floor and got U.S. standing up straight and moving again. He told us to put our pants on and to finish getting dressed. I was in a state of confusion as I put my pants back on with what had just happened to me. My uncle, in his excitement of having put on such a successful presentation for Hinckley had forgotten to include Chris and I's trip to INEL with David in his hypnosis session. After we had gotten dressed he told us that he needed to hypnotize us one more time and he got out a pocket watch and he began the process. He talked about INEL and how Chris and I would need to go with Chris's father to this facility for Suicide Programming. He said that this programming was very important and he said that it was very important that both of us remember to forget our meeting of Gordon B. Hinckley. While he had us in this state of mind he asked us if we had talked to anyone before leaving the church after sacrament had ended or if anyone had noticed our departure. I told him that I had talked to his daughter, my cousin after sacrament

had ended. I told him that I had asked her if she was going back to the house after sacrament. I told him how she had said no and appeared to have no idea what I was talking about. I told him that I had told her that he had asked us to come back to the house after the meeting but that she had gone back into the building with her friends. My uncle gave a wry smile at this and said that he would take care of her and this memory. Before bringing Chris and I fully out of hypnosis he also spoke directly to Chris; he told him that while he was staying at his home, he was not to molest anyone in his home. My uncle told Chris that he was not allowed to molest any of my cousins. I found this to be quite shocking and confusing. My uncle brought us out of hypnosis, and we were just two young men standing in my uncle's basement office.

My uncle told us to go back to church and to attend the last meeting of the day, which was to be starting shortly, and he told us not to talk to anyone about where we had been or what we had been doing. After church was over we were to come back to the house and hang out until evening when there was a youth event going on at the church which we were to attend. We did as we were told and we headed out and went back to the church and acted like nothing had happened. By this point I could not even remember what we had been doing or what I was even doing there. Chris and I left the house and went back to church. We attended the last meeting of the day for young men our age and I had already forgotten my meeting with the Mormon Prophet, Gordon B. Hinckley.

That is what I can remember of my first meeting the Mormon Prophet, Gordon B. Hinckley in the spring of 1995.

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