

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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..The Other Side..

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

This chapter is about what occurred in the days following my meeting of the newly appointed prophet to the Mormon Church, Gordon B. Hinckley in the spring of 1995 A.D.. Myself and another CIA mind slave in the area by the name of Chris Knudson, had been used in a presentation for Hinckley on the Central Intelligence Agency's MK-Ultra Trauma Based Mind Control Projects, as Hinckley had wanted to know what was being done with the abused children from the Satanic families hiding in the church. After we had left my aunt and uncles home there in Hailey, Idaho we had gone to stay with Chris's father, David Lee Knudson in Idaho Falls for the remainder of the week. We were taken by this man to a government facility known at that time as the Idaho National Environmental Laboratories, currently INL (<https://inl.gov/>) which is located in the deserts of southeastern Idaho. There is at this location a Top-Secret Human Bio Programming facility which consists of several deprivation tanks designed by Dr. John C. Lilly for use in Human Bio Programming. At this facility we were to undergo what is referred to as, suicide programming, to ensure that we would never talk about the events with Hinckley or of the CIA Project within which we were involved. In this

programming session both Chris and I were placed in separate deprivation tanks and the human bio programmers at this facility would go through the process of stopping both of our hearts, and we would both be technically dead for a short time before they would restart our hearts and bring U.S. back to the world of the living. The purpose of this programming session was to cause our minds/brains to shut down our hearts if we ever remembered and tried to talk about the events we had witnessed and been involved with regarding Hinckley and the Project. Or in other words we would kill ourselves by stopping our own hearts subconsciously and suffer from what would appear to be a massive heart attack. This has been a difficult and at times frightening part of my de-programming process which I have had to work through, and I thank God for the life that I am still living. Also, in this work I will discuss what I can remember of being dead and visiting with those sprits of light on the other side of life.

We ate dinner with my aunt and uncle at their home in Hailey, Idaho the evening that we met Gordon B. Hinckley. I can remember that after dinner we went to a church function for young people. Chris drove U.S. to the church function and my cousin rode there with U.S.. When we had arrived at the church we had gone inside and there was lots of young people in the building. I can remember that the main event of the evening was to be some kind of festive singing performed by a group of young people up on the stage there in the church building. Some of my cousin's friends were there and he went to hang out with them while Chris and I sat down to watch the performance in the main seating area. This event was set up in the gymnasium of the church.

The performance began and there were several young people up on stage who were going to do some singing for us that night. The group really put on a good show and were excellent singers and vocalists. Many of them on stage were around my age and there was one young woman who caught my attention not only for her beautiful voice but because she was a beautiful young woman. I did not feel well in my body or my mind from all of the trauma and electrocution I had

endured the past twenty-four hours and I found it comforting to simply relax into my chair and enjoy the beauty of this women on stage and her voice and those she was singing with. When she caught me looking at her from the crowd she did not seem to mind, and she returned my gaze. This made me nervous, but I was a young man even if I was a mind slave. I mentioned to Chris the beauty of the young women on stage and the girl who had caught my eye, but he did not seem to be so impressed nor interested in the young women our age who were performing on stage. At that time I could not remember that Chris was a CIA multiple with a personality that was homosexually attracted to me and we had just been through hell together. All I knew was my ass hurt, I felt sick and exhausted, and my stomach was not doing so good; I was enjoying the beauty of the woman on stage.

When the performance ended all of the young people stuck around to talk and socialize. One of my cousin's friends from the ward who was slightly older than my cousin came and sat down next to Chris and I after the show. We talked for a time, and I had asked him if he knew the girl within which I had interest from up on stage. He told me that he did and said that he would introduce me to her if I liked. I was very excited about this, but he acted like it was no big deal. About this time Chris told us that he was going to go to the bathroom, and he disappeared somewhere in the church building; Chris did not seem to be in a good mood, nor did he seem to feel well. I can remember that I was introduced to the young women from up on stage as she was in the gym and talking with some of her friends there. She seemed a very nice girl and her and her friends invited us to stick around and hang out with them. We talked with them for a time and I began to wonder what had happened to Chris as he did not return from the bathroom for some time. I started looking for him and when I finally found him, he seemed to be shaken up some, and he told me that he wanted to

leave the function immediately and head out. I did not want to leave as I had wanted to talk with the girl from up on stage some more, but Chris had insisted that we leave the church building at once. I found this to be very odd, but I told him that I would first have to find my cousin and see if he had a ride home.

Chris was impatient but I went and found my cousin in the building and told him that Chris and I were leaving, and I asked him if he had a ride back to the house. My cousin said that he would get a ride with one of his friends and Chris and I left the church and headed out to the car. When we got into the car Chris told me that he wanted to leave Hailey and my aunt and uncles' home and head to his fathers' house in Idaho Falls. Chris said that he wanted to leave that very night and that he did not want to stay another minute in my aunt and uncle's house. He told me that he hated my aunt and uncle, and he said that they were complete jerks. I was offended by what he was saying, and I told him that they were not jerks and that he was very ungrateful for all that they had provided for him on our stay there. I can remember that at the time, in my conscious state of mind I could not remember the events of only a few short hours before when we had both been used in a presentation for Hinckley. Chris was unmoved by my words, and he told me that he was leaving that night whether I came with him or not. I agreed to leave that evening as he was my ride for the next few days, and we were supposed to go to Idaho Falls together to visit his father, David Lee Knudson. We drove back to my aunt and uncles' home and began to gather up our things for the trip. I can remember that I told my uncle and my aunt that Chris and I were going to be leaving that night rather than our intended time of first thing in the morning. My aunt did not like to hear this as it was getting late into the evening and must have been around 9pm or so, and she was concerned for our driving so late at night. Chris would hear none of her opposition. My

uncle did not seem to care one way or another as he was done with U.S. there in Hailey.

I can remember that it was late when we loaded up into Chris's car and headed out of the Valley and on toward the deserts of southeastern Idaho and David's home there in Idaho Falls. I was tired and frustrated at Chris for leaving the church function and my aunt and uncles' home earlier than we had intended and Chris and I talked as we drove through the night. I asked him where he had disappeared to while we were at the church function that evening, and it was very disturbing what Chris told me about his absence from the Gym in his search for the bathroom. He told me that he had gone to use the restroom, but on his way there he had run into some girls in the hallways of the church. They had been younger than Chris, he said that they were around ten to twelve years old or so. He started to tell me about molesting one of these girls there in the church in the dark of one of the back rooms of the building. This was all very shocking to hear and caused me to disassociate and move into a personality for dealing with such things. I had been around bad, disgusting people for much of my life and had been programmed to cope with such things in silence and understanding; I had been programmed that "Silence is Golden". Chris had left the church function early as well as my aunt and uncles' home because he had molested someone at the church event and did not want to get caught for it but was trying to get out of town.

We arrived in Idaho Falls late that night and the streets of Idaho Falls were quiet and dark; it was close to the mid-night hour. Chris found his father's home and he parked there in the driveway on the side of the house. All was quite in the neighborhood as we got out of the car and began to gather up our things to head into the house. Chris knocked on the side door of the home as it was locked, and we waited as we

could hear his father coming to the door and see some lights coming on in the house. When David opened the door, it was clear that he had been in bed asleep, and he asked Chris and I what we were doing there at such an hour as we were not scheduled to be there until the following morning. Chris told his dad that he had simply wanted to come home. We brought our luggage into the house and Chris showed me where we would be sleeping for a couple of nights there in the basement where he had his room. I made a bed there on the floor and Chris had his bed. We both went right to sleep that night.

The next couple of days were very boring with little to do there in the suburbs of Idaho Falls; Chris did not want to do anything or go anywhere because he said that he did not feel well and needed to rest. That Monday which was the first day we were there Chris slept in until around noon well after his father had left for work. I had only been able to sleep until around nine or ten in the morning and the house was quite as I waited for him to wake up and acquaint me with the house and the city. When Chris finally got out of bed, we drove the car to Chris's favorite restaurant, *Jack-In-The-Box* and that is what we had for breakfast and lunch that day. Many of the employees at *Jack-In-The-Box* were familiar with Chris as he was a regular there when he was staying at his father's home, and as far as I can recall, this was the only place in the city of Idaho Falls that we would venture out to during our stay there.

It was really strange and boring staying there at his father's home there in Idaho Falls. After we had gone to *Jack-In-The-Box* and returned to the house Chris had gone right back to bed until his father got home from work that evening; Chris really did not feel well nor did I, but he slept much more than myself. Chris got out of bed when his father got home, and he seemed to be more awake and wanting to

spend some time with his dad. We had dinner and watched a movie on television that night. After dinner his father had told Chris that he wanted to talk to him in his bedroom alone. David's room was located on the main floor of the house. They both went into the bedroom and closed the door behind them. I found this to be a little odd but figured that I just did not understand the customs of their home, though I could not understand what they could be talking about behind closed doors that they could not talk about there in the living room in front of me. I can remember that I had to use the restroom at some point, which was in the hallway near the door to his father's room and I went to use the toilet. When I was in the hallway, I could hear that something was going on in David's room that sounded very strange to me and not much like talking. I could hear Chris's voice moaning and groaning and it sounded as though something was happening to him. I disassociated and moved again into another personality to deal with what was inevitably happening to Chris behind the closed door. Finishing up in the bathroom I sat down again in the living room and watched the television until they came out of the bedroom. It was all very awkward after that, and we went to bed early that night.

The next day was much the same as the first there in Idaho Falls in that his father left for work early in the morning and Chris slept in late again. When he got out of bed it was back to *Jack-In-The-Box* and more junk food. But that afternoon Chris did not sleep the day away as he had the day before, rather he was awake, and we hung out for a while. That afternoon around two or three o'clock Chris told me that he wanted to show me something that was in his father's room. We went into his father's room and Chris walked over to one of the dressers and he opened one of the drawers to retrieve something. I had not known quite what to expect but was a little surprised and confused when he produced from the open drawer a large dark colored dildo. I could not

understand why his dad would have such a thing as this in his house and I could not understand why on earth Chris would be wanting to show it to me nor how he even knew that his father even had it. At about the time that Chris took this big dark thing from the dresser drawer and was holding it there in front of me we heard the side door of the house open and close and footsteps heading our way in the home. His father came straight into his room to find Chris still standing there holding this nasty looking device and he closed the door behind him as he entered, and he locked the door to his bedroom.

Standing in the room by the now closed door his father asked Chris what he and I were doing there in his room with the dildo which was a very awkward moment indeed. Chris looked at it and said that he was just showing it to me. Then Chris asked his father what he was doing home early from work. His father told U.S. that he had been sent home early from work because the next morning was Bring Your Kids to Work Day and he said they had wanted him to spend some time with his son and I. Things got very bad at that point as his father had been sent home from his employer, the CIA, through *Idaho National Environmental Laboratories* to abuse and traumatize both Chris and myself in preparation of our suicide programming session the following day in the deprivation tanks of INEL. I was made to have sex with both Chris and his father there in his fathers' room at his home in Idaho Falls. When his father had finished with Chris and I he hypnotized U.S. both in the typical fashion and hit U.S. both with a taser. For dinner that night his father took both Chris and I to Chris' favorite restaurant, *Jack in the Box*.

I was very tired, groggy and sickly when I woke up the next morning and I could not remember what had happened to me the night before. Chris got out of bed early and we all got ready to go to work with his

father for the day. Chris was very excited for this little outing, and he seemed to act like he felt somewhat better on that day. We loaded up into the car around seven or eight o'clock in the morning and began the long drive out to the Government Facilities at INEL where his dad worked. I sat in the back seat, drivers' side of his dad's four door sedan on the ride out to the facility and Chris sat in the front passenger seat next to his father. It was a sunny Idaho spring morning and for me it was interesting to be taking a commute to a place of work, but the ride felt uncomfortable to me and at times his father would look at me in the rearview mirror. I can remember that he really creeped me out, but I could not understand why; I could not remember what had happened to us the afternoon before and how his father had molested U.S. both. We drove through the desert for about forty-five minutes or so to a road that turned off to the right.

When we reached the turnoff into the facility there was a gate and a check in post with a guard shack just up the road from the turn off. It was strange to see out there in the middle of the desert. His father pulled the car up to the guard shack and the gate and he rolled down his window to talk with the guards there. He talked to the people at the gate and gave them his identification card for entry to the facility. The guards took his identification but asked who Chris and I were and why we were in the vehicle with him; I do not remember if Chris and I had to give the guard our drivers licenses for identification. I can remember that David told them that Chris was his son and that I was his friend and he said that we were joining him for the day at work as it was Bring Your Kids to Work Day in his department there at the facility. To my surprise the guards at this check post had not been informed of it being Kids-Day for any department there at the facility and they told U.S. to remain where we were in the vehicle as they called in to their superiors to check in on David's story. This took a

couple of minutes and it appeared to make Dacid nervous. I could not understand why he would be so nervous, nor why these guards were not more familiar with his father and why they had not heard that it was Bring Your Kids to Work Day for his department. After a few minutes the guard emerged from the guard shack and told his father that he was free to enter the facility and gave him back his identification. He said that his story had checked out and said that they would let U.S. through the gate. The gate opened, and we continued down the desert road. After we got a little way past the gate and the guard shack, his father breathed a sigh of relief and he said that he had not been sure if the guards were going to let U.S. through the gate. It was as though we were somehow sneaking into the facility and a part of me was confused by all of this while another part of me understood completely what was going on.

We drove through the desert for a little while before coming to another gate for entry into an area with several metal industrial looking buildings that were surrounded by tall chain-link fencing with barbed wire on top of it. There was also a building or structure in this area that was taller than the rest of the buildings around it and had a different shape to it; it was circular somehow. We could see this tall structure for some distance as we approached this area of the facility out in the flat Idaho desert. Turning off of the road we had been on his father pulled up to the gate and there was a guard shack and a guard here at this location as well. He rolled down his window and talked with the guard here. We did not have as much trouble at this location and the guard here was more friendly and seemed to be familiar with David. The guard took his identification and told him that he had already received a call and understood that it was Bring Your Kids to Work Day at his father's department. There was a sense of sarcasm to the guard's tone, and I was under the impression that this man was

well aware that it was not bring your kids to work day, but that we were there for a Human Bio Programming session at the facility. Returning his identification, the guard opened the gate and let U.S. through. His father pulled the car through the gate, and we began to make our way through the facility. We passed under the large, round structure that we had seen when we were approaching this area and his father told me of the research performed here and the purpose of the structure. Chris also seemed to have an understanding of this building. His father was very proud of this structure though it had been constructed before he had ever come to work at this location. I had found it odd for David to be proud of something that he had no part in creating. He pulled the car around and behind several plain looking commercial style metal buildings to a parking area and he parked the car in front of one of them. The building was a steel building and had no windows in it and was architecturally industrial and stale.

I can remember that when we stepped out of the car and Chris walked around the front of the vehicle, I took notice of his demeanor as it had completely changed from the guy, I had been hanging out with over the past few days or knew from back home in Nampa. He stood very tall and confident in that moment in time and seemed to be completely comfortable with the situation and himself. Usually, Chris was just a goofy kid, but when we got out of the car, he was not goofy but rather very serious, confident and in the moment. It was a little surprising for me walking to the door of the building with seemingly a different Chris than I was accustomed.

Outside David led U.S. to a steel door there on the side of the building. There was a sign above the door that read Service Entrance. I had grown up around Serve U.S. Entrances and I read this sign as *Serve-U.S.-in-Trance* as my subconscious mind had been taught to do through

years of Serve U.S. to the United States government and the Satanic Elite. We stopped at the door to the building and David looked at Chris and I and asked U.S. if we were ready to Go Over The Rainbow. This instantly caused me to switch personalities as this is a key trigger indicating trauma soon to follow. David asked Chris and I which of U.S. it was who wanted to “turn the knob and open the door to our future”. Usually in such circumstances I would be the one who would open the door as I was typically the eldest, such as when I was with my younger cousin and we had met Charlie Pride backstage in Branson Missouri, but Chris did not give me a chance to open the door but rather he quickly reached out and opened the door to the facility as though he did not want to even give me the opportunity but wanted to do it himself; he seemed to be in a childish and selfish personality that wanted to do everything first. We all stepped into the building leaving the light of day behind U.S. for a time.

Inside of the building was a small vestibule type reception area similar to that of a doctor’s office waiting room where we had to sign in on the registry for our visit that day. There was two women behind an opening in the wall with a glass window that they could open from the other side to talk to U.S. as we entered. As we approached these two women, we could hear that they were in a conversation of some kind. We walked up to the window and one of the women broke away from her conversation with the other woman there behind the glass and opened the separation window and said hello to U.S.. My friend’s father talked to these women for a moment, and they were familiar with him and his son. David introduced me to them as a friend of Chris’. They were very polite and told U.S. that we would need to sign in for kids’ day and that we would need to also sign out when we left. The women went right back to talking with each other while we signed into the facility.

The gassing of the Tokyo subway system had just occurred only days before in Japan and these women were talking about the horror of such an event as this. Being employed by the federal government and facing possible funding cuts at that time the women talked about how there was a need for more governmental funding toward fighting such things as terrorism. David got involved in the conversation only for a moment as they all agreed that they needed more funding there at the INEL facilities. We signed the sign-in registry sheet and Chris wanted to be the first to sign in that day. When we were all signed off the women told U.S. to have fun visiting the facility that day; thinking back it was such a joke and an evil trick to play on the minds of young people such as we were at that time. They were using family, and friends as a bind of trust and betrayal.

After we had signed in for the day at the reception desk David took us through a set of steel double doors that were in the wall to the right of the receptionist window. Leaving the reception area, we passed through the doors and further into the building. It was dark in the space as there was almost no lights on in this area of the building and no one seemed to be around. We walked into another area of the building where it was very dark, and about two hundred feet or so ahead of U.S. there were some lights on and there seemed to be some people and some activity. The building we were in was filled with large deprivation tanks all lined up throughout the building; the room seemed to me to be massive in size and I do not know how many dep tanks there were in this facility. The tanks were about twelve to fifteen feet tall and made of a thick glass and filled with a water solution. There was a deck at the top of the tanks with a steel guard rail around it and an electrical control station of some kind. The tanks must have been about ten feet in diameter or so.

David led U.S. through the dark to where the lights were on, and people were moving about in lab coats and seemed to be busy getting two of the tanks ready for something. David greeted an older man in a lab coat who must have been in charge and said hello to him; they seemed to work together here at the facility. They talked about how it was Bring-your-Kids-To-Work-Day at INEL and this man said hello to Chris and I and welcomed U.S. to the facility. He had met Chris before as Chris had been to this place before with his father, “to help them to test their equipment”. I was introduced as a friend of Chris’ once again, and the nephew of my uncle and CIA handler, Gale Pooley. This man here in the lab coat knew my uncle. This man was very friendly, and he asked Chris and I if we were having fun there at the facilities with his dad, David. We said that we were of course having fun, as this was the proper response, but Chris shared more enthusiasm than myself as I felt like something was wrong; these kinds of tanks were no stranger to me. I knew that they had been designed by Dr. John C. Lilly and I had been in similar tanks before in Ketchum, Idaho when I was fifteen years old. The man in the lab coat talked while other lab technicians around him seemed to be working diligently connecting wires and getting two of the tanks set up. He talked about the importance of the work that they did there at the facility and how more young people such as ourselves should go into such scientific fields as the mind sciences, electrical engineering, etc. He told U.S. that it was rewarding work and he said that his own daughter had also taken to the study and had gone to college and was now working there with him at this facility. He introduced us to her as she was there in the room helping to prepare the tanks.

The man in the lab coat asked Chris and I if we could help them perform a test run on the two tanks that they were getting ready there in the room. He said that it would be a fun experience for U.S. both

and that it would greatly help them out, as they needed someone to go into the tanks to run the tests they said that they wished to perform. Chris and I both agreed to help them out and give the deprivation tanks a try as though we really had a choice in the matter. Each of U.S. was told which tank it was that we were to be using and the man told U.S. that we would need to change into a wetsuit before getting into the tanks. I was to be placed in the tank to the left as we entered the room and approached the programming area and Chris was to be placed in the tank to the right. There was a nice cedar bench at the base of each tank where we could sit and remove our clothing and change into our wetsuits with a small cubby compartment area underneath the seat to put our clothes in. Both Chris and I were each given a lab attendant to assist us with getting our clothes off and our wetsuits on. I was being attended by the older gentlemen's daughter as she was assigned to me. There was no room to go into for privacy for the changing process; I was made to strip down completely naked there in front of everyone and change into my wetsuit. We were government property and such things as privacy did not apply here.

Putting the wetsuit on it was tight and felt to me to be too small of a fit. I pulled on it and tried to get it on, but I told the female lab tech that it was too small, and I complained profusely as I did not feel I could fit into it. We had been made to remove even our undergarments and it was very awkward trying to put the wetsuit on with no underwear. The female lab tech acted confused and concerned because the wetsuit was supposed to fit my body perfectly and she did not know what to do. Her father came over and asked U.S. what was going on and why I wasn't putting my wetsuit on, and she told him that I had said that it was too small and said that it didn't fit me. He responded very sternly that the suit should be tight, and he said that it was supposed to be. He said that it had to be tight so that the electrode

conductors embedded in the suit would connect properly to my skin. He told me that I had been measured for the suit and it should fit perfectly when I had it on; I was ordered to put on the wetsuit. He told his daughter not to listen to me but to make sure I got my suit on and I did as I was told.

There was throughout and across the wetsuit electrical connection points where wires could be connected and used to send electrical impulses into my body at specific points while floating in the tank. The electrical connection points carried all the way through the suit and made direct contact with my skin and body.

Once in the wetsuit and having my civilian clothes tucked neatly under the seat it was time to climb the stairs to the top of the tank and get connected to the electrical system. There was a mobile stair that was positioned next to the tank which was constructed of metal and was like something that you would see at a building supply store in a warehouse, but larger and taller to accommodate the height of the tanks. The lab technician led me over to the stairs and looking up there were two lab technicians at the top of the tank waiting for me. One of them said in a friendly voice, "Come on up". I started to climb the stairs which I felt to be quite safe and easy to ascend but as I go closer to the two gentlemen at the top, they told me to be careful and to watch my step and when I got within reach, they reached out and took my arm to help me to get up onto the platform area above the tank. I thought that the attention was unnecessary and did not appreciate all the worry. But these two individuals were interesting to say the least; they were brothers and they looked like it because they were also identical twins. The deck at the top of the tank was constructed of cedar materials on top of a steel frame.

The lab technicians at the top of the tank moved me to the center of the platform as they told me that they would need to connect all of the wires to my suit. They began to carefully connect various wires to the electrode connection points in my wetsuit. I stood still for them as they performed their work. I looked over from the top of the tank where I was positioned, and I could see Chris going through the same procedure as myself on the top of the tank across from me. He looked very tall and proud as the technicians connected his wires and got him ready for the tank. I thought to myself how silly it was that he still believed that this was kids' day and that his father was the reason that we were in this lab to begin with. In my mind at that moment in time I could remember the experience with Gordon B. Hinckley just days before and how my uncle had told Hinckley that we would be sent to INEL for suicide programming to ensure that we would never talk about our meeting with him. And now here we were. My how time flies.

The lab technicians talked to each other and to me as they worked on connecting all of the wires. They told me that they were brothers and that they were twins. They were in their late twenties to early thirties in age. They nagged each other about their wire placements ensuring that all of them were in the correct locations as there was a lot of wires and they told me how they had been living and working together for their entire lives. They asked me about my family and my relationships with my brothers. They also knew my uncle Gale when I had mentioned him to them. They told me that they had also been in the tanks such as the one that I was about to enter, and that they had their minds linked using them. They told me that this helped to make them much more efficient at their work as they understood what each of them was doing and about to do. These two men were proud of the work they were involved with. But these two acted like and reminded

me of the Disney characters Tweedily Dee and Tweedily Dumb but they were not fat or round. It took some time for the lab technicians to connect all of the wires to my wetsuit.

Once they had completed this process, they communicated it with those below them at what appeared to be some kind of a control board. They were told to get me ready to go into the tank and I was made to make my way to the edge of the decking where there was a small metal ladder leading down into the tank. The twins held the wires, with one of them on each side of me so that nothing would get tangled in my entering the tank. The water in the tank was not warm and it was not cold either but was around body temperature. I was told to float for a moment and hold on to the ladder while the technicians finished adjusting the wires so that they were not crossed and were in the correct locations. There was no room for error in this programming session. After they were happy with the wires and their placement one of them gave me diving googles for my eyes. We wetted down the gasket of the goggles before I put them on. Next, they provided me with an oxygen mask similar to what a diver would use for diving, but it was connected to a long tube, and I am not sure where the oxygen was coming from.

When all was in place and ready, I was instructed to let go of the ladder and allow myself to sink into the tank. I did as I was told and letting go of the ladder I slowly sank down and settled into the solution of water. I did not sink to the bottom of the tank though as it was some form of dense liquid that suspended you in the center of the tank's solution, buoyant and weightless. All of the lights in the room were turned off and I was alone in the tank. As I got used to the feeling of floating in a dark nothing a voice came through the environment as though I was surrounded by it and it came from

everywhere but nowhere at the same time; there was someone at the control station outside of the tank that was talking to me about the process that they were about to walk me through.

The voice told me that the first thing that they were going to do was test the system and run some small currents through the wires to make sure that everything was working as it should be. I could feel the electricity hit my body in various places as they sent small currents through the wires and into the conductors in my wetsuit and against my skin. These were small electrical pulses and were only mildly painful. Once they were satisfied that their systems were working properly I was told that I was going to play a game there in the tank. There are always rules to games and I was told that for this game the rule was that I was not supposed to move, or the electrical conductors connected to my wetsuit would send an electrical shock to the location I had moved. I was told that the currents would start small but would increase in intensity as the game progressed. They asked me if I understood the rules to the game and if I was ready to play and I signaled that I was ready; it all sounded easy enough.

When they turned on the game it was nothing like the test we had just performed. I had tried my best not to move a single muscle and had thought that I was ready when they turned on the game, but from the moment that they turned it on I began to be shocked all over my body with what I considered to be very high levels of electricity. It was extremely painful, and I was forced to disassociate in order to deal with the situation and had moved into what I would call my Tin Man personality; it was so painful that I slowly became a human vegetable under the power of the electrocution. I do not know how long this went on for but to me it felt like an eternity. Finally, the electrocution slowed and then stopped and after a few moments the voice came

back on through my environment and told me that I was ready for the next phase and they were now going to be synchronizing my heart with my mind or brain if you will so that if I ever remembered and talked about the things I had seen regarding the federal government and my meeting with Gordon Hinckley, that my mind would cause my heart to stop beating and I would die. Small amounts of current began to pulse through my suit in various locations and I provided no resistance as mentally I had none left to give; it had been fried out of me. I do not know how long this went on but finally it ended.

The voice in the darkness told me that it was time to push me over the rainbow. Now hearing this was frightening as I wondered what more they could do to me here in this situation aside from fry the shit out of me some more. But the voice told me that in the next round of electrical currents they were going to slow and stop my heart and that for a few moments I would actually be dead. They said that this was necessary for completing the programming process. This did stir me ever so slightly even in my disassociated state to feel a passing of fear at such a notion as this. But in the situation I was in I had no choice in the matter and the pulses started coming through the wires and I could feel myself slowing down; I could feel my heart slowing with the beat of the electrical currents. Finally, my heart began to thump really hard and I felt a pain in my chest which is difficult to describe; it was excruciating beyond words. Then everything around me went black, the darkest black that is not even imaginable but is only experienced when the light of consciousness and life is taken from you. I was in the black void only for a moment before I suddenly found myself floating outside of my body and above my body. I floated above the deprivation tank that my body was still in. I could feel nothing and the pain that I had been enduring in the tank was now all completely gone. I could see below me the tank and I knew that my body was in it but I was at a

weird angle and it was difficult to see. I could also see the control center where the lab technicians controlling the currents that had been fed to my body were sitting at their controls there in the dark room.

Floating in the air I could see Chris's deprivation tank to my left side and his body there in the tank and the solution. There was a control center there at the base of his tank as well and the entire scene looked like something from a sci-fi horror film. As I observed all of this below me I was slowly floating upward into a darkness. There was a sound that started out quiet and got louder as it came closer to me. I looked up and I could see a tunnel of light forming through the darkness and heading in my direction. This was a very un-nerving thing to see as I somehow understood at that moment in time that I was in fact dead, and that this tunnel of light was coming to take me away from the world I knew below me. I became terrified of this and wanted to tell the people below me that they needed to do something because I was about to taken away and did not think that I would be able to return if taken away by this tunnel of light.

The tunnel got closer to me and it made a roar of sound as it came upon me; it was the sound of chimes ringing. The tunnel did not come on me in a straight line as one would imagine but wandered through the darkness as it approached me as though it was a living thing trying to locate me in space and time and almost unsure of my exact location. I tried to move and get away from it but there is no escaping once the tunnel of light comes for you, and it came upon me, and I was pulled into the light and the roar of sound. I passed through the tunnel in a flash and was pulled along at a great speed.

I found myself standing in a high remote mountain meadow; it was a

place of indescribable beauty. Everything in this place existed on an energy level and there was the most beautiful light emanating from everything in the meadow; the grass emanated light, the flowers emanated light and energy, the energy had many colors of whites, blues, yellows, reds and all manner of color. I stood in this place alone for an unknown amount of time just absorbing my new surroundings; this place somehow felt familiar to me at that time, and I felt as though I was home.

I was very happy in this meadow of energy and light and could have stayed there for an eternity enjoying the place. In the world of the living I had lived under the constant strain of trauma and abuse and I suffered greatly from anxiety. But in this place I felt no anxiety and everything was as it should have been. While I was gazing on my surroundings and absorbing the absolute beauty and peace of this place, a being appeared there in the meadow; he was a being of light. This being of light was my uncle James who had passed away some years earlier and had come to meet me here. He asked me why I was in this place at this time; he told me that I was not supposed to be there yet, and he was concerned for my being at this place before my designated time. He asked me very seriously if I had committed suicide and taken my own life. I told him that I had not. I explained to him that I had been at a government facility and that my heart was stopped by the lab technicians there, and that was why I was dead. I told him that I had no choice in the matter. He heard my short story and seemed genuinely concerned for me. He told me that I had to go with him to see some other beings of light so that I might tell them my story as to why I was in this beautiful paradise at such an untimely hour.

At first, I did not want to go with him and I resisted. I was happy here

and I felt that there must be nowhere else in existence that I would want to be at that moment. But he told me that I had to go with him to a city of light to have my story recorded among those who have died and to see what is to become of me. I told him that I would go with him.

We had no bodies in this place but were in the form of spirits of light. Traveling was as simple as moving yourself into the air around you. There was a faster way to get to our destination, but my guide told me that this would be the easiest way for me to travel in this realm as I had not been there long. He took my hand and we lifted off and above the meadow and made our way over the hills of beautiful colors and light. The sky was an indescribable blue as it also was filled with some form of energy that established its existence in this realm. As we flew I could see a patch of light brighter than all of the surrounding energy. We were heading towards it and this source of light seemed to be our destination. As we got closer to the city of light, I could see that it was coming from a valley at the base of a range of magnificent mountains which surrounded it on all sides.

As we came upon the city of light we floated down toward the streets below where I could see other entities of energy and light of various degrees of brightness moving on the streets below and around us in the air around the city. The buildings of this magnificent city were absolutely incredible and put the architecture of our contemporary world to complete shame; all of the buildings emanated light and energy from within and were constructed of a kind of translucent stone or crystal that allowed the light to move freely through. It seemed that much of the light in the city came from the beings that inhabited it and the architecture was designed to enhance this. The buildings were made for the citizens of heaven and were beautifully designed in what

I would describe as Greek and Roman architecture with great columns, arches, grand doorways and entries, and workings of the stone like materials. We landed in front of a building that looked like some form of a grand governmental building with large, fluted columns out front, large stone steps and large double doors at the entry. The building was made of the translucent stone or crystal, and you could see that there were beings of light inside; there are no secrets in this place and there is nothing to hide here as truth, and love are the guiding concepts emanating from it. My guide told me that I was to stand and wait outside of the building while he went in to let them know that I was there. He said that my visit was quite unexpected and that the beings of light inside of the building would know what was to be done with me. My guide was a very loving individual and I could tell that he genuinely cared for me and I felt safe and trusted him in this place.

I stood in the streets of this strange and beautiful city for an unknown length of time awaiting the return of my uncle and guide, and it was all so beautiful and overwhelming to me. There were beings of light in the streets, but I did not talk to them, and they did not talk with me. Everyone simply traveled here as they will, and no mode of transportation such as cars or busses, etc. were necessary or present; in this place one must simply think yourself into motion. My guide returned to the threshold of the building where I was waiting and told me that the spirits in the building would see me now and I followed him inside. It was incredible walking inside of the building made of crystal-like stone and light. We entered the main floor of the building and there was a great common room and an entry reception area. There were other spirits of light in this place, and they were all busy working on matters of eternal importance. In the world of the living much emphasis is placed on the self and self-advancement within the world. But in this place, it is not so; in this place the spirits of light are

not focused on themselves but are focused in some way on those of us who are still here in this life. Their work here in this place was for you and for me.

We were greeted when we entered the building by a spirit of light in the front reception area on the main floor. This individual seemed very concerned for me and said that they were not happy to see me as I was not supposed to be there yet as my time had not yet come. I was instructed to follow this spirit as they told me that we needed to talk to another in the building who would know what was to be done with me. I followed them along with my guide to a room where we met with this individual and others; this individual was a great spirit of light and much respected in the afterlife; they were one who had lived but was now passed and at that time I knew who they were, but I cannot remember now. I do remember that on our way to this room we were stopped by many other spirits of light whom I was familiar with as they had heard of my arrival there. As I have said, there are no secrets in heaven. Many of these spirits were people that I had been made to kill in life and they had come to see me in death. I can remember that one of these spirits was the man that I had been made to kill in Reno, on my fifteenth birthday. This man knew that I had been in much pain caused by his death and that it was a horror for my soul to bare. He told me that he forgave me for his murder and that I was not to feel that I was to blame for this event. All of the spirits who came to see me carried this same message. This spirit understood that I had not committed this act of taking his life under my own will and he wanted to let me know that he did not blame me for his death. He told me that in the world of the living his name had been Allen, but I do not remember the name he used in heaven. These many spirits came with me to meet with the great spirit of light as in heaven nothing is classified, and all are welcome before all.

We went to the room where the great spirit of light was waiting. I can remember that this spirit was in some kind of an office there in the building and was seated at a desk and was working on something when we entered the room. One of the first things that the great spirit asked me was how I had come to that place at that time; he asked me specifically if I had committed suicide and taken my own life. This seems to be a great sin in heaven. I did not feel any form of judgement in this questioning, only genuine concern and love for my wellbeing. All in the room emanated this feeling of love, respect and acceptance. I told all present in the room that I had not taken my own life and I explained to them how I had been taken to a government facility and that they had stopped my heart there. I explained to them how this had been done to me because of my family's involvement with the United States MK-Ultra Mind Control Projects and how Chris and I had been used in a demonstration for the newly appointed Mormon Prophet, Gordon B Hinckley. I also told this great spirit and all in the room the entire history of my life and my family and the abuses in which I, my siblings and others had endured at the hands of the Central Intelligence Agency, the Mormon Church, and my family. I told them of a great many things about the project and my life. It was strange at that time as it seemed to me that the people in this place should already know the story of my life and how I had come to be there; but they did not as I had only just died. I did not share this information with them through words but through a form of telepathic communication and there was no hiding of the truth in this place as all was laid bare.

The story I told this great spirit of light and the others in the room was not heard with approval. These spirits were not angry at what was happening to me and my family and the children of earth, rather I would say that they expressed a deep level of disappointment, grief,

sorrow and disapproval in what they heard and comprehended to be true. These spirits told me that the project that my family was involved with was wrong and it was the opposite of what my family perceives it to be. The great spirit in the room told me that I was to return to earth and to my body as it was not my time to be in this place. I was told that there were those still living who would need me, and that I was not yet done in life. I told them that I did not wish to leave, and I wanted to stay in this place. While we were discussing these many things a sense of urgency came to me and the surrounding situation that I was in. The last thing I can remember there was being told, "your friends need you; you must go back." Then I was gone.

In a flash I found myself floating above my body in the place that I had been before the tunnel of light and sound had come to take me away. Everything below me in the building looked dense and dark after being in the city of light and truth and love. From where I was floating above my body and the tanks, I could see what was going on in the laboratory. The lights were on around the tanks and the lab technicians seemed to have begun the process of restarting our hearts, but there seemed to be some problem occurring with Chris in his tank. From where I was I could see his body jerking around violently in his tank and his wire connections being pulled in all directions. His father, David was outside of the tank pounding on the side of it and yelling at his son. To this scene I was pulled back into my body as the electrical currents were sent through the wires and into my suit and my heart started up again with a jerk. I will tell you that it was extremely painful having my heart stopped and dying and then having it restarted and forced back into the body that was just dead. It took me some unknown amount of time to adjust to my body again and to deal with the pain of coming back into life.

When I was back in my body and floating in the tank the voice came back on through the environment and welcomed me back to the world of the living. I was told to relax and settle into myself for a short moment. From where I was, I could tell that things were not going good for Chris as they were still attempting to bring him back from death. Opening my eyes I could see people in the room moving about frantically trying to contain the situation with Chris but he did not come easily back to the world of the living. His father was still pounding on the outside of the tank trying to call his son back into consciousness and Chris was jerking violently as though in some form of a seizure and he was tearing the wires from his suit some of which still had electrical current moving through them.

The lab techs did not let me sit for long there in the tank before the voice came on through the solution and told me that it was time to get out of the tank. I was told to move slowly toward the surface of the water, and they told me it was very important not to strain myself as my heart had just been restarted and it would need some time to adjust to running again. When I reached the surface the two lab techs, the twins, were there and they were careful of the wires and helped me to take off the diving mask and remove the breathing apparatus. They both helped me to get up and out of the tank without tangling up the wires. Once, I was on the platform above the water one of the twins looked carefully at my eyes and they checked me for something. They said that I was ok and then one turned to the other and said, "you got this!" and he quickly went down the metal stairs and ran over to help with Chris, leaving the other one to remove the wires from my suit and get me down from the platform.

It took a little longer to remove all the wires from my suit as there was just one of them doing it and they did not want me touching them as I

was not trained at such things. When all the wires had been disconnected from my suit the lab technician helped me to get down the steep metal stairs, which now in my state of being were more difficult to maneuver. At the bottom of the stairs, I was told to take my wetsuit off and to set it on the bench by my clothing. The twin I was with told the young women who had attended me when I had gotten into the wetsuit to keep an eye on me while I got dressed as Chris was being pulled from the tank above and this man's brother was yelling at him for help. He bolted up the metal ladder to the top of Chris's tank and I did as I had been told and began to remove my wetsuit. As I was taking off my wetsuit several of the lab technicians and his father pulled Chris, still unconscious, from the top of the tank and onto the platform above. They had given up on starting his heart with the electrical currents as in his convulsions he had pulled some of them off of his suit and it was not working properly.

I was getting undressed while all of this was taking place as this is exactly as I had been instructed to do. Once I had my wetsuit off I placed it on the cedar bench. I then stood there by the tank completely naked and dripping with water. By this time they had disconnected all of the wires from Chris's wetsuit and were lowering him down the metal stairs; he was unconscious and it took several of them to get him down safely. In my mind I wanted to jump in and help with getting him down, but that is not what I had been instructed to do and therefore I stood next to the tank I had been in and I did not move. The young woman who had been told to help me with getting out of my wetsuit had been told to help with getting Chris down the stairs. When they had him down the stairs, they laid him on the floor, and someone immediately began doing CPR on him. Everyone in the room stood and watched in those tense moments of time hoping that Chris would come back to the world of the living. I watched them working

on my friend there on the floor. At last he began to jerk and the water began to move out of his lungs. Chris let out a most awful cry that started out quite from deep within and got louder as he re-gained his voice. It was a cry of pain and anguish that I cannot describe with words as his body folded in pain as life came back into his lungs and heart. After a few moments of everyone in the room feeling the relief of Chris living through the ordeal someone noticed that I was still completely naked and shivering dripping with water. The female technician who had been helping me was in somewhat of a state of trauma from the entire event and her father yelled at her to go and get me a towel and to get me dried off and dressed back into my street clothes.

She did as she was told, and she got me a towel and I got dried off and dressed again. While this was taking place some of the technicians and Chris's father worked on getting him moving and getting him out of his suit and dressed again. One of the twins was looking at the damage that Chris had caused to the wires in the tank and was cussing and angrily talking about how long it was going to take to repair the damage. I thought his behavior to be quite inappropriate, but all of this was terribly inappropriate. I got back into my street clothes and then I was told to help with getting Chris dressed so that they could get him out of the building. He was still not completely conscious and was moving in and out of consciousness and was not able to get himself put together in any way. Everyone seemed so busy with cleaning up from the chaos and they all acted as though they simply wanted Chris out of the building as they did not want someone dying there in their facility. Such a thing would cause too many problems for them, so they wanted him out of their building.

Once we had Chris dressed and ready to leave one of the twins, along

with his father lifted him up and each of them got under one of his arms and shoulders and they began to carry him out of the building. Chris was groaning and unable to move. I walked with them back to the foyer, entry area where we had come in at. We could hear the twin's brother still in the lab some distance behind U.S. and he was yelling at his brother to get back there and help him to clean up the mess. It was all so strange. We stopped at the threshold to the vestibule area and this man said that he could go no further. He told me to take his place under Chris's arm and I did as I was told. Before he left U.S. there this man looked at Chris's father and knowing that his brother was angry as we could still hear him screaming in the background, he said, "he will get over it, I hope that Chris is ok", and he turned and ran back in the direction of the lab. Not all in the Project are evil, they simply do not even understand themselves what they are doing. "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." (St Luke 23:34. King James Bible) Helping David with Chris we passed through the steel double doors into the entry vestibule area.

Inside of the reception room David was in a panic with his son in such a bad way and at first, we tried to just walk right through the room to the exit. But one of the ladies at the sign-in desk started yelling at U.S. that we needed to sign out before we could leave the facility. We turned and carried Chris over to the window and his father and I signed out. Chris was not conscious enough to sign out for himself and so his dad told me to sign out for him. The woman at the desk did not like it but she accepted it as the condition was as it was.

After signing out we had to get Chris out the exit door and back out to the car. We carried him to the door and outside. It was wonderful to step outside even under these conditions and the sun was shining, and it felt good to breathe the fresh desert air of southern Idaho again. We

got Chris to the car and his father had me open the backseat door and we placed Chris inside of the vehicle lying down in the back. His dad told me to ride in the front passenger seat, so I went to the other side of the vehicle and sat down next to his father. Chris seemed out cold in the back seat.

Chris's father started up the car and we pulled around to leave the facility. None of the guard stations at the gates gave us any trouble as his father simply told them that Chris was tired and had fallen asleep. It was an uncomfortable drive through the desert of southern Idaho as Chris was unconscious in the backseat for most of the ride and my friend's father seemed paranoid that his son would die before he could even get him home. Chris finally came back into the conscious world, and I began to hear him begin to moan in the back seat of the vehicle. Slowly he stirred in the back and his father was able to verify that he was not dead, at least not yet anyways. By the time that we got to the house Chris was sitting up in the backseat, but his father still had to help him get into the house.

I was not feeling well physically after all the events of the week, and I was able to convince Chris to leave a day or two early from his fathers' home. When we left David's house there in Idaho Falls neither Chris nor myself was feeling well and it was a quiet drive back to Nampa. When I got home, I took a long hot bath and had some time to myself to finally relax. I could remember none of the terrible events of the week as they had been compartmentalized in my mind; I could only remember that I had gone to stay with my aunt and uncle in Hailey and that Chris and I had heard Hinckley speak at the Sunday meeting, and that I had spent some time staying with Chris and his father, David there in Idaho Falls. But now, I do remember, and I have told you of these things. The day will come when I will tell these many things to

the spirits of light in heaven once again.

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