

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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...Who Am I?...



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.



Who am I? I have had to ask myself this very question several times since I have begun remembering my past and working through my amnesia, and I am still trying to understand. My name is J.R. Sweet, and I am a survivor of the Central Intelligence Agency's Mk-Ultra Trauma Based Mind Control project commonly referred to as Project Monarch or the Monarch Project. It has been said that the CIA ended their work in the field of Trauma Based Mind Control years ago, but I will tell you as will many other survivors of Mk-Ultra, that the Project NEVER ENDED, and the Deep States work and research in this field of the mind sciences continues well into today. Some of the most damning testimony and evidence of this project has been provided by Cathy Obrien and Mark Phillips. Here is a link to some of her testimony and information: [Video – TRANCE Formation Of America \(trance-formation.com\)](http://trance-formation.com) Here is also a link to the testimony of survivor Kristy Allen as she presented to the *International Tribunal for Natural Justice*: [Kristy Allen ~ MK-Ultra, RSA Survivor – Judicial Commission of Inquiry \(itnj.org\)](http://itnj.org) There are a lot more testimonies available and at the ITNJ website which are worth researching and looking into.



This is a picture of the author, J.R. Sweet at around the age of 19 years old.

The Central Intelligence Agency's work in the field of Trauma Based

Mind Control and Human Bio Programming is illegal, unethical, unconstitutional, traitorous, unpatriotic, Satanic, and downright disgusting and it is being covered up under the [National Security Act of 1947](#) and the [Central Intelligence Agency Act of 1949](#). Trauma Based Mind slaves are used by the United States government for several purposes including but not limited to, message couriers, pornographic film production, drug smuggling, human trafficking, assassinations and murders, and the list goes on.



This is a family photo from when I was a small child with my grandparents, Mark D. Sweet and Margaret E. Sweet, my parents Mark R. Sweet and Mary Sweet and my older brother and sister. I am the smallest sitting with my mother.

I was born into this world into a family that on the surface seemed to most people to be a fine and

upstanding all American Mormon family. Even in my own mind that is how I perceived it to be, as it was all that I had ever known. But beneath the surface of this thin veneer of normalcy was a dark family secret. I was born into a generationally incestual Satanic family bloodline and the lineage of our family tree reaches back to King Henry the Eighth; A fact of which I am not proud of. My family was

involved with Mk-Ultra from its earliest conceptions through my grandfather on my father's side, Mark D. Sweet. This man was a Satanist, pedophile and a murderer who was hiding in the Mormon church and was involved with the Central Intelligence Agency shortly after its conception following the second world war. He had a close relationship with Senator Robert Byrd and deep governmental connections, as well as several connections within the country music industry. This man was also instrumental in the construction of the Monarch Programming facilities located beneath Disneyland in Anaheim, California; Disneyland is a massive Monarch Mind Control Programming facility which is incorporated into the park and its rides, as well as being located underneath the park in the elaborate tunnel systems. I was one of my grandfather's personal projects and from the time that I was born I was molested and raped by my father Mark R. Sweet, grandfather, Mark D. Sweet, uncle Gale Pooley, and many others for the specific purpose of causing me to go into a severe state of disassociation and trauma thereby splitting my mind into multiple personalities for multiple uses by the Central Intelligence Agency. By splitting my mind, they were able to build within me several different personalities for several different purposes and tasks required by the Agency and the Pentagon. The purposes and tasks that I and all mind slaves are/were assigned are so awful that no sane minded individual would perform these tasks neither for God, nor Country.

I did not begin to remember my involvement with the Central Intelligence Agency and the Pentagon until I was thirty-eight years old,



as the memories of the events I was made to endure were deeply buried under years of trauma, hypnosis, drugs, mental binds and electrocution as is the process of Trauma Based Mind Control, and it wasn't until the year 2017 A.D. that I began to realize that there was something strangely wrong in my past, though at the time I did not understand what it was. I had always had strange occurrences in my life which when experienced as a single incident did not at the time seem to be too odd. But, upon further examination and when put into context it begins to create a very disturbing picture of the world in which I was raised. One thing that I have always found strange in my past has been the fact that I was always running into people who knew my close uncle and CIA handler, Gale Pooley. When I was twenty years old, I had moved out of my parents' home and I went to live in the small mountain village town of Stanley, Idaho. I lived here in a tent in the woods with several of my friends from my youth. I would take walks through the woods and around the various lakes and rivers in the area and enjoy the beauty and solitude of the wilderness while I lived there. One such lake was a large and very deep glacial lake known as *Red*



Fish Lake. On one particular day shortly after moving to this area I had taken a walk around the northwest side of *Red Fish* and was making my way down *Red Fish Road* and to my camp, when a small 1960's convertible corvette pulled up next to me and stopped there beside me on the road. There was a clean-cut looking gentleman sitting in the driver's seat with a bottle of beer in his lap looking at me and he said, "hey kid, do you need a ride?" I said sure and sat down in the car with him and he took me back to my camp. We talked as he drove, and it turned out that this man was from Ketchum, Idaho which was about an hour south of Stanley. It also turned out that this man knew my uncle Gale who had also lived in the Ketchum area for several years. We talked about this for a few moments and even at that time it seemed to me to be a small world. When this man dropped me off at the intersection with the highway, he made sure to ask me exactly where it was that my camp was located and how I was planning on getting there. I told him exactly where my camp was, not thinking much of it, and he sat in his car at the intersection when I got out of the car, and he watched where I had entered the woods and the trees. I had found it interesting and strange at that time that he was so interested in where my camp was located.

A couple of days later my grandfather (Mark D. Sweet) and grandmother (Margaret E. Sweet) showed up at my campsite there in the woods unannounced. This was again another odd experience as I had not told any of my family members the exact location of our camp there in the woods. I was the only one at camp on the morning that my grandparents showed up and they pulled in. I was very surprised to see them, and I asked my grandfather how it was that they had found me these vast woods. My grandfather told me that he had simply asked around town and had been told by some locals where I was located. On the surface these events seemed to be simple strange coincidences,

but I do not believe that they are.

A similar incident would occur while my wife and I and our children were traveling through the Yukon one year in the summer. In the energy of our youth and while we were attending the University of Idaho, we had purchased a small piece of property in Alaska and went up to look at it to make sure that we would want to move there. We had purchased the property through the state of Alaska, and it took very little money down with little risk if we decided that we didn't want to keep it. We made the long trek from Idaho to Alaska in our small Jeep Cherokee and upon seeing the property and the transient town in which it was located we decided against such a move and a purchase, and we began making our way back to Idaho. On our way back to the states and while we were deep in the Yukon territory, we met a man who was an old friend of my handler. We had pulled into a gas station there in the Yukon as they can be far and between in that part of the world, and we filled up with fuel there. After filling up the vehicle I had sat back down in the Jeep with my family, and we were just about to leave when all of a sudden, a middle-aged man stuck his head into my driver's side window and eagerly asked if we could give him a ride. He had a small can of gas and was wearing the clothing of one who would be riding a motorcycle as many enjoy making the trip through Canada to Alaska on a motorcycle. He told us that his bike was up the highway just a few miles and said that he had run out of gas and just needed a ride back to it. The back of the Jeep was completely packed with our luggage, and our three children took up the back seat; Jeep Cherokees are not that big inside and there was clearly no room for this man in our vehicle; we did not have any room in our vehicle for him to fit and I wondered why he would ask us for a ride as it took us some time to get shuffled around inside of the vehicle in order to be able to get him to fit inside with us; my wife had to sit in the back seat

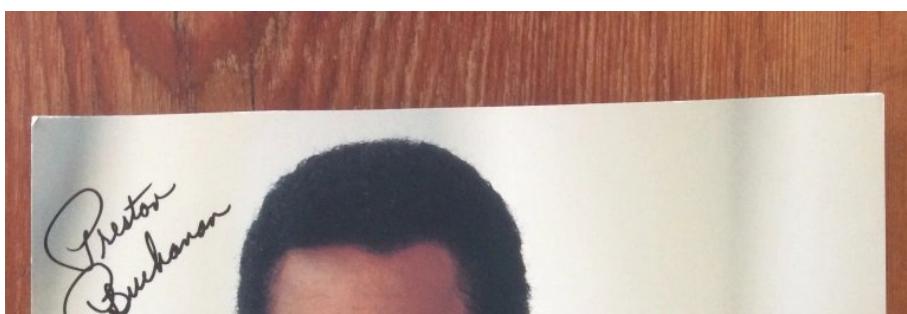
with the children and this man sat in the front passenger seat and we took him the short ways down the highway to his motorcycle.

As we drove my wife and I talked with this man, and it turned out that he was from northern Idaho, and he knew, who, well my uncle Gale of course; he told us that he had gone to college with him in years past. I found this to be quite a coincidence and the man questioned my wife and I on what we were doing up in the north country and what our plans were. The whole event had seemed odd to both my wife and I at the time, and we had dropped the man off at his motorcycle without incident. But it had been a strange incident which I would wonder about for years to come; I could not understand how it was that I could meet so many people who always knew my uncle Gale.

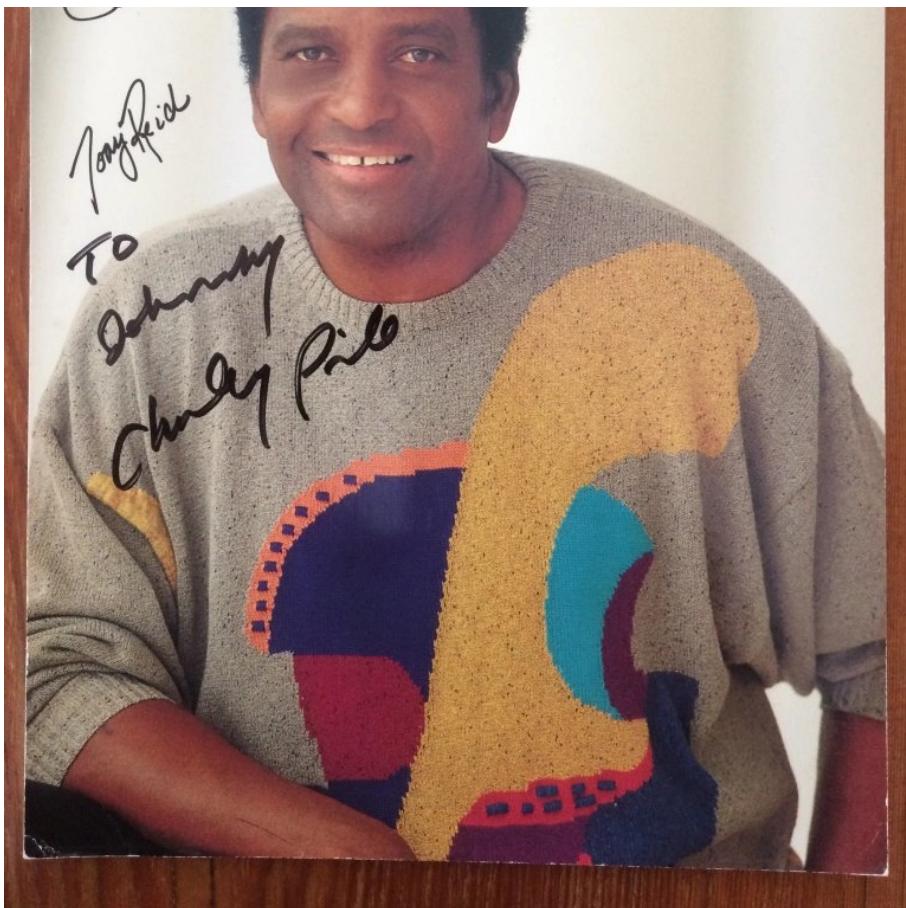
Another strange coincidence occurred while I was attending the University of Idaho. I had a desk in the architectural studio next to a window on the second floor of the building. The window had a nice view of the administration buildings lawn and trees. There was a man who would walk with a limp and was dressed in a black collared shirt, black dress slacks, black leather shoes and a black overcoat with a military style haircut standing outside of my studio desk window smoking cigarettes and staring at me through the glass; this went on for some time and he would just stand there and smoke and stare at me. I always considered this to be strange, but thought that it must have just been a coincidence that he liked to stand there every day and smoke his cigarettes and stare at my window of the building. This went on for months.

After graduating from the university of Idaho, I became a self-employed general contractor in northern, Idaho where I had gone to school. Through my career in business, I found myself often working

for people connected to the military, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the local Sheriff's office, and the Pentagon. Again, strange things would be said by many of these people, and I often felt as though they were attempting to manipulate me in various ways. Through these contacts I was able to witness firsthand the corruption of even our local governments, in particular that of Latah County, Idaho. One of my potential clients at that time was a retired Marine working for the Latah County Sheriff's office. This man told me that the Sheriff's office needed a remodel project done at the station there in town and they wanted me to put in a bid for the work. At the time I did not have my public works license, which is required for such projects, and I had only been working on commercial and residential projects: not city or state projects. Nonetheless, I met with the local sheriff at their office there in town and he showed me the scope of work which they wanted completed. In my conversation with this man, he told me that the project would be going out for public bid, but he said that I was not to worry about this as I would be the one doing the job and I would be the winning bid in the end; he told me that he would make sure of this. I found this to be very strange at that time and I did not take the job because the whole thing had made me extremely uncomfortable, and I could not understand why they would just award the job to me even before it had gone out for public bid, or I had even given them a cost for the work. These are only a couple of examples of strange occurrences in my life which caused me to begin to question my past.



Along with
strange
occurrences in
my life, I also
had several



This is the picture that I got during the Charlie Pride show in Branson, Missouri 1993. My cousin and I were both taken back stage after the show and brutally molested and raped by this man. He was a CIA Mind Slave Handler and abuser.

holes in my memory as to the events of my youth, and my wife began to take notice of this from early on in our marriage when I would be unable to answer her questions regarding my past and my family's history. Then, in the spring of 2017

A.D. we were

doing some spring cleaning in our house, and we were going through things we could get rid of and things that may have value for such as selling on Craigslist, or at a yard sale, etc. Remembering that I had a picture of Charlie Pride that I had acquired at one of his concerts I mentioned to my wife that it was too bad that I had not met Charlie Pride when I had gone to see him with my grandparents when I was fifteen years old. Perhaps if he had autographed the picture I had of him, then it would have some value to it. My wife laughed at my remark and said that the picture was in fact signed by Charlie Pride, but she said that it would not have any value to it as he was not that popular of a musician. When she said this, I was really confused because I could not remember meeting this man, Charlie Pride, let

alone getting his autograph. I could remember going to the show in Branson, Missouri with my cousin and grandparents, but I could only recall meeting a couple of the other band members at the autographs table; Charlie had been backstage and was not meeting people that day. I responded to my wife, and I told her that he had not signed the picture as I could clearly remember that he was not signing autographs that day; I said that only some of his other band members had signed it because Charlie had been backstage and did not come out for the signing. Frustrated, my wife told me that the picture was in the attic, and she said that I should go and find it and see for myself that it most certainly was signed by Charlie Pride. I wasted no time in digging out the old photograph there in our attic and sure enough to my complete surprise there was Charlie Prides signature on the photo in bold letters, "To Johnny, Charlie Pride". As I had correctly recalled there was also some of the other band members signatures there on the picture as well, but Pride's signature was loud and clear. At that point in time, it became quite apparent to me that something was wrong with my memory. How could it be that I was not able to remember meeting a famous country musician in my youth, even if he was not that famous.

After this and considering the advice of my wife, I decided to go and see a therapist to see if they might not be able to help me to understand my past and why I seemed to have trouble in remembering it. I had decided that I wanted to see a therapist who specialized in hypnotism because I had memory flashes of being hypnotized and thought that this would be the best way to try to break through my repressed memories. The therapist that I saw was an old Christian woman who had a practice based out of her home there in a quiet residential part of town. When I first met with her, we sat down in the living room at the entry to her home and we talked for a short time

about my life and what I was going through regarding my past and my present. While I was there on this first visit her telephone began to ring and when she would try to answer the phone there was no one there on the other end of the line. The phone would also ring once or twice and then nothing; it would stop ringing. She seemed confused by all of this, and it became so disruptive that she had to unplug her landline telephone while we talked.

In this first session I had my therapist take me into a state of deep hypnosis and try to walk me through the meeting of Charlie Pride, as at that time I could still not remember meeting this man though I knew that I had from the autographed picture I had of him. I also had my therapist tell my subconscious mind on our first meeting while under hypnosis that it was “Safe to Remember” and that I needed to, “Remember to be Safe”. In my ignorance I had thought that this first session would be able to break through the memory of my meeting Charlie Pride and I would just be able to remember it while under hypnosis, but it was unsuccessful and did not aid in my recovering the memories of getting his autograph or meeting the man. This first session with my therapist was the only session in which I was taken into hypnosis and led through a memory; after this first session I realized that this process was ineffective and could lead to false memories implanted intentionally or unintentionally by my therapist. But, after this first meeting with my therapist, I began to experience a flood of memories unlocked by the subconscious suggestion which my therapist had given to me while under hypnosis that I was “safe to remember” and that I, “needed to remember to be safe”. I began to remember things that were in no way connected to anything that my therapist and I had discussed; they were simply old memories to me which I could finally remember. Therefore, in my second meeting with my therapist I told her not to talk of my memories or to try to lead me

through them while I was in a state of hypnosis, but rather I told her that she was simply to take me into a state of hypnosis and tell my subconscious mind that it was “Safe to Remember”, and that I, “needed to Remember to be Safe”. The memories would come back to my conscious mind in the days and weeks to follow our meetings as my subconscious mind slowly let go of the amnesic blocks that had been instilled within my mind for so many years, at times like a flood of memory and emotion as well as at times even enduring the physical pains experienced at the time the memories occurred and were compartmentalized. I saw this therapist for about two and a half months in the spring of 2017 A.D. and have been working on writing out my memories ever since.

At around this same time that I began to see my therapist, I also did some research on the United States government mind control projects and my wife and I found that there was a work written by a woman by the name of Cathy O’ Brien which was said to be the most complete and informative personal account of the Central Intelligence Agencies MK-Ultra Project Monarch mind control program and was referenced to in my online searches on the subject. I will tell you that my wife and I were both very skeptical of such a thing as Human Mind Control; such a notion seemed to be from some kind of a science fiction novel rather than a possible reality. But, having a desire to learn if there was a connection and feeling that I had somehow been involved with some form of government project, I purchased her and Mark Phillips book, *Transformation of America* [TRANCE Formation Of America – Cathy O’Brien & Mark Phillips \(trance-formation.com\)](http://trance-formation.com) and I read it at a record pace for my slow reading habits. My wife was even more skeptical than myself on this matter, but she is a much faster reader than me and she read the book before I could get very far into it. When my wife read *Transformation of America*, she saw that Cathy mentioned Charlie Pride

in her work and she told this to me; I was so confused but kept reading the work to see what I could find on this man. I soon found in her work names such as Charlie Pride, Senator Robert Byrd, and Alex Houston that were far too familiar to my own past and personal history for any amount of comfort in my search for the truth on the matters of my own past.

There was one night in particular while I was reading this work that my past came to me as a slap in the face, or I might say a knife in my chest. I was reading *Transformation of America*, while I lay in bed preparing to go to sleep for the night and I had opened the book and not being able to recall where I had left off on the page the night before, I resigned to simply read the entirety of the page again so that I would not miss anything. I began to read, and as I read Cathy described a process whereby a man took a knife and stuck the tip/point of the blade directly into her chest just below where the muscles and the bone of the rib cage come together at their lowest point. At this point there is a softer bone material connecting the ribcage and it is very close to the heart. She had said that this was a process used by mind control programmers for the purpose of programming a mind slave with a verbal message which the slave would then relay at a later time to another individual who knew how to retrieve it in the same manner. This was a process of pain and trauma. The slave who carries such messages is referred to in the intelligence community as a Pigeon Courier, or a Courier Pigeon. When I read this page and these words, the memory of my uncle Gale taking a switchblade knife and sticking the tip of the blade directly into my own chest, twisting it, and forcing me to memorize a message for Charlie Pride and senator Byrd while he held the point firmly in place came back to me in the flash of an instant. I immediately put the book down and took my shirt off, and with my heart bounding and my body

shaking I looked down hard at my chest; there in the center, right where I remembered it, at this exact location described in Cathy's book was a small white scar from the tip of my uncle's blade. This scar was a brutal reality to face directly and was undeniable; I could remember getting it and there it was. This scar is just one of many that I would discover across my body in my search for the truth. Scars that I had received while under a very deep spell of mind control and was made to remember to forget, but now I have remembered to remember.

In the spring of 2017 A.D. and before I had begun to see my therapist, I had called several of my siblings to talk with them and try to understand why I felt like something was wrong in our past. At that time, I had not yet remembered all of the bad things in our lives, and I did not understand our family's involvement with Mk-Ultra, Satanism, and the Central Intelligence Agency. When I talked to my older sister early in 2017, she had told me that she did not want her kids to be alone with our parents as she did not trust them, and she said that our parents made her very uncomfortable at times. She told me some very shocking things about our parents that I had not remembered and was not aware of such as both of my parents kissing her on the lips before she went to bed each night; my sister always had her own room, and I was not aware of this. Our parents did this not only when she was a little child, but this went on for her up into adulthood. My father would also often grab and or pinch my sisters butt, again not only as a small child but he did this even after she was married, and her husband had to threaten my father with physical violence to get him to stop doing this. It was obvious that she was suggesting that our father was possibly a weirdo.

I also talked with my older brother about our family, but he was much more difficult to talk with. He did not want to remember our past and

he told me that he had intentionally blocked much of it out because he said that our childhood had been a terrible one which he did not want to remember. When he said these things, I was very confused because I could at that time not remember any of the bad things that had occurred in our family, and I thought that we had lived rather ideal lives. Putting all of the pieces together I began to realize that my sister was right, and we could not trust our parents, and my older brother had also been correct, and our childhoods had all been a nightmare and for some of U.S. even worse.

When I began to see my therapist and to gain an



This was one of the many military aircraft that has harassed myself and my family since I have become outspoken on this issue. This particular Black Hawk flew over my home at 7:am one morning when I was writing a letter to my sister about what I was remembering of the Project and the Mormon church.

understanding that I and my family had and were involved with something involving the United States government and the Central Intelligence Agency I confronted my father and my mother on this directly. My father tried to lie his way out of it, and then he stopped responding to my calls and text messages. My mother just denied and

avoided it. This was all very traumatic to go through as I have always loved my mother and my father, but the wrongs that were committed against myself, some of my friends, and many others in the world is far too much for the mental bind of parental love to have any more hold on me regarding this issue.

...Silence is not Golden...

How did my parents respond to all of this? They sent a Latah County Sheriff's Deputy out to my house in the countryside of rural northern Idaho. It was Sunday afternoon, and I was taking a nap in our living room when my family woke me to tell me that a Sheriff was coming down the driveway. Now, at that time we lived at the end of a quarter mile private drive, and I can tell you that before I began to remember my past it was not common for a Sheriff to be coming down the driveway. I went out to meet him thinking he must be lost and looking for another home, but he got out of his vehicle, and he told me that he had come to see me. He told me that the Latah County Sheriff's office had received a phone call from my parents, and they had told them that I was suicidal and homicidal and requested that an officer should check in on me. I stood still for a moment as he talked trying to wake up from my nap looking at him, we could hear my family inside of the home doing things that people do and it was a beautiful day. He looked around our place and he said, "Well, it seems like you are fine. Is everything ok, what is this really all about?" I told him that I had been in a heated discussion with my parents, but I could not understand why I was said to be suicidal or homicidal because of this. By this time in our conversation, he had started to relax some as he could clearly see that I was not a threat and things were as they should be around the house. He told me to have a nice evening and he left without incident. But, after this the shit really started to hit the fan.

The



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Please try again later.



This small military helicopter showed up over my mother in-laws home within an hour of our arrival at her house in southern Idaho when we went to visit her in June of 2019.



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This helicopter flew over my mother in-laws home the day after we arrived in southern Idaho in June of 2019.



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This helicopter came over my mother in-laws home on the morning that we were to leave southern Idaho, 2019. I could hear this airship coming from a long ways off. There were other harassment helicopters on this trip to southern Idaho but I only got these three videos as I did not have my camera with me at the other incidents.

Central Intelligence Agency and the Pentagon responded to my awakening with an almost constant stream of low flying military helicopters, private chartered helicopters, private planes and jets as well as low flying V-22 military transports. The V-22 is particularly loud when flown over your home very low in pairs. This was done over our house outside of Deary, Idaho while my wife and youngest daughter were at home. Such harassments with aircraft would continue on a regular basis up until the day that I left Idaho. My family and I were harassed so much by military aircraft when we lived in Idaho that it became apparent even to the people I worked with in the construction industry, as I seemed to draw a constant stream of low flying black military helicopters and other aircraft. When I began to remember my past my wife and I also began to see people parked on the highway at the edge of our twelve-acre parcel of property and watching our house with binoculars. I would watch them with binoculars as well until they noticed me and would become uncomfortable, and they would leave. I tried to speak out on this issue on Facebook and for a short time I posted a great deal of things on this platform. One such issue that I touched on in Facebook was the fact that the Mormon Church is directly involved with Monarch Programming and Trauma Based Mind Control. Within four hours of my posting this information on Facebook, I had a car coming down my rural driveway yet again in the dark of night as it was almost 9:00 pm and I had already gone to bed. Yet again my family woke me from my sleep to tell me that there was a car coming down the driveway. I took my Glock, and I went to greet my visitors who were almost to the door before I was. It was two young men who were dressed as Mormon

missionaries and when I opened the door ever so slightly so that I might talk with them but not letting them see that I was armed, and they told me that they were indeed Mormon missionaries. I asked them what they were doing at my house at this hour of the night, and they told me that they had received a phone call saying that I had requested that they should stop by to discuss the gospel of Jesus Christ. I told them that I had not called anyone, and I most certainly did not want to talk with them about the gospel; I told them that they needed to leave my home immediately. The young man that I was talking with who was closest to the door began turning his head and looking in the direction of my neighbor's home; they were home, and their lights were on, but they were some distance away. I was trying to tell them to leave and close the door and the young man closest to the door told me that he wanted to give me his card so I could call him if I changed my mind. He began reaching under his coat with his right hand and was trying to grab something he had there, but it seemed to be giving him trouble and he could not get it out as it seemed to be stuck on his clothes. Realizing that he was most likely trying to pull a firearm I told him to leave immediately, and I closed the door and I set the dead bolt fast. I stepped back from the door and just waited as I did not know what they would do or if more of them were on the way. When I had personally been used in CIA and Mormon killings and murders we would often dress up as Mormon Missionaries who were just there to talk about the "Gospel" of Jesus Christ. The two missionaries stood at the door talking for a few moments before going back out to their car in the driveway and finally leaving our home. This was a direct attempt on my life and if I had let them into my home and been unarmed, I would not be alive now to write these words. It is illogical to show up at someone's door at nine o'clock at night to talk about the Gospel. I know from experience that Mormon assassins prefer to kill their victims after the practice of what is referred to as,

The Blood Atonement and is a rather gruesome and old practice which involves the slitting of the victim's throat and/or throats and consuming the freshly drained blood of the victim/victims. One reason that they do this is because they believe that fresh blood drawn through trauma has life giving effects and gives longevity for those who consume it.

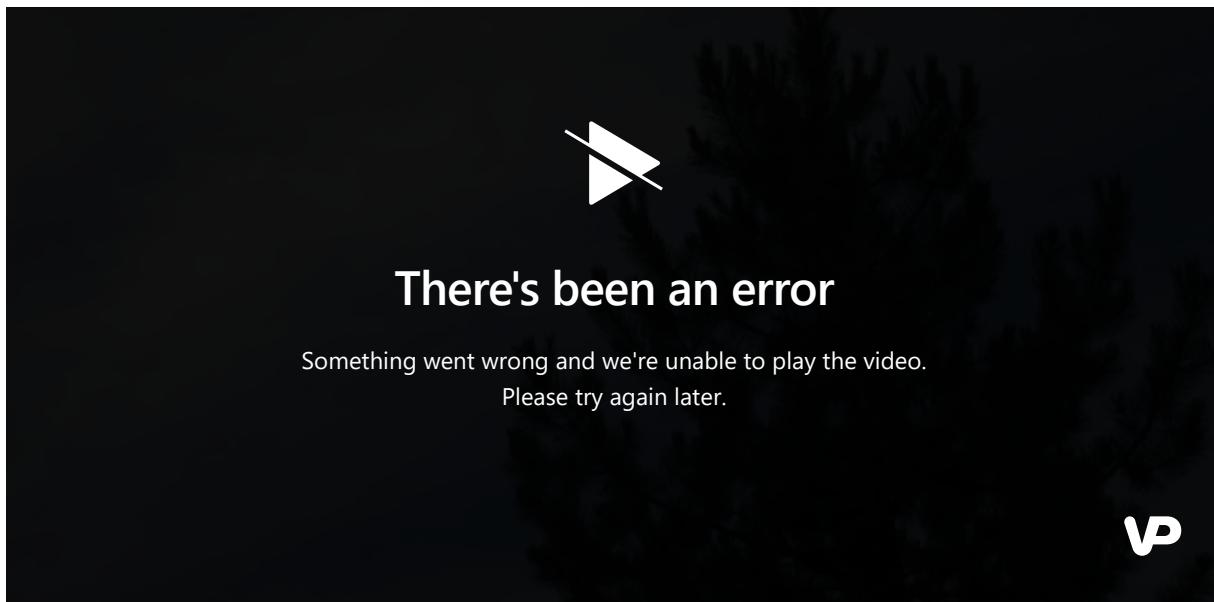
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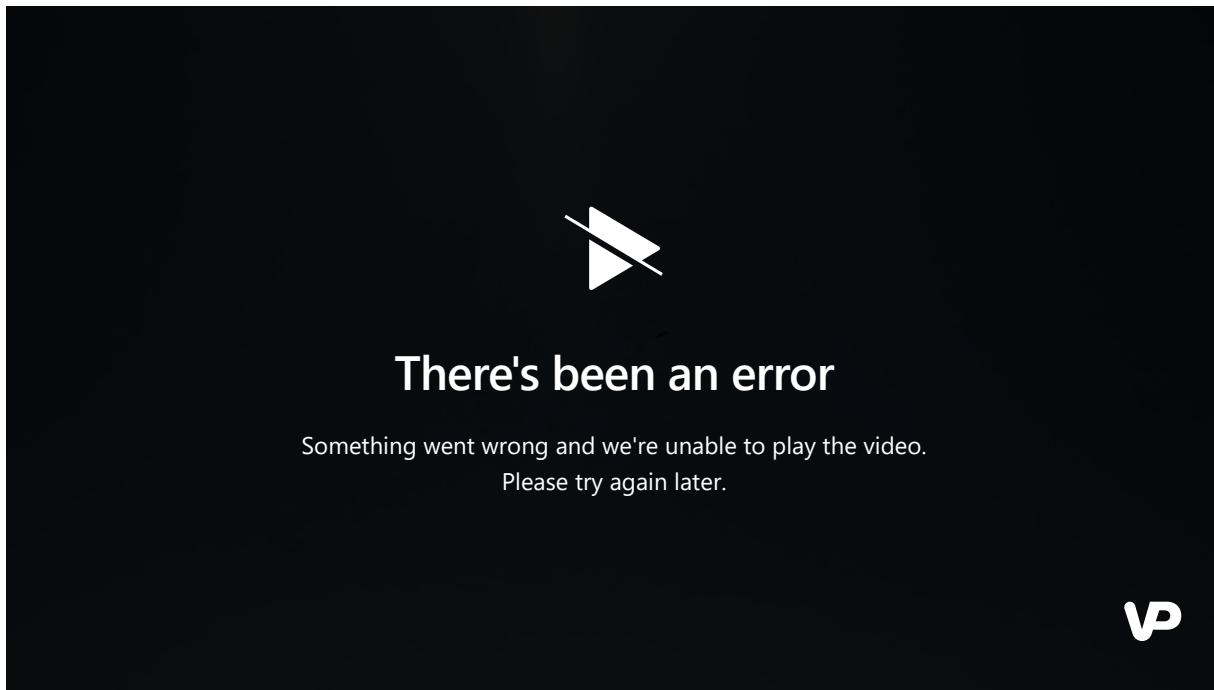
This is a picture of a harassment V-22 that flew over the jobsite that I was working on in Moscow, Idaho. After I wrote a letter to Idaho Senators, Crapo and Risch two of these aircraft flew in unison, a few hundred feet above our home in rural Idaho while my wife and daughter were at home. These and other aircraft became a constant sight and rumble in the skies around us after I began to remember my past.

occurring in northern Idaho in a small restaurant there and another yet again in southern, Idaho at a gas station while I was getting fuel. These were obvious attempts at my life and as I am not capable of keeping quiet on this issue, I finally had to resolve that I had to get out of Idaho and get as far away from my family and the Mormon Church as was financially and realistically possible for me and my family as the harassments were strongest the closer, I got to my hometown. I cannot run from the Central Intelligence Agency.

The



Small black helicopter flying by our jobsite outside of Moscow Idaho. Small black helicopters became a common occurrence in Idaho and these few short videos are but a fragment of the amount of harassment flights we have had bother us since I began to remember my involvement with the Central Intelligence Agency, and the Pentagon.



Another small black helicopter flying over a jobsite I was working at on Moscow Mountain outside of Moscow, Idaho.

Central Intelligence Agency, the Pentagon, my family, the Mormon Church, the Military Industrial Complex, and the Satanic Elite all want me to be silent on this issue or dead; they do not care which, **but I will**

be neither thank you. It is difficult for me at times to understand how important the things that I remember are because it can be so heavy, and I was made to do these things in other personalities and was at the time not even allowed to remember what was happening. **But a lot of people are dead because of Mk-Ultra and Project Monarch.** Since I have begun to remember these events there are still people dying such as in the country of Japan with the execution of the remaining leaders of the Aum Shinrikyo cult in 2018. These people were executed right after I began to remember my involvement with these events. Some of my friends from my past are also dead, and my family has even been instrumental in the murder of one of my best friends' fathers, Daniel D. Kline. This murder was made to look like a suicide, but it was not a suicide. Daniel Kline was murdered by my own father, Mark R. Sweet and Patrick Cahoon. These two men also made my younger brother and Patrick's eldest son, David be involved with this murder and cover-up. The other essays which I have composed on this site and in particular my Journaled Memories which are subtitled under [Writings on Past](#), will help to explain what it is that these people want me to be silent on. I hope that you do not enjoy reading them, but rather that they will bring some light of consciousness and truth to your mind as to the condition of our country and our world.

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