

COMPOSITION BOOK

- THE BOOK OF -

Peter Osiris Enthnar by

Samuel Warren Shaffer 236944

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TIME :	One	The Dream	(1)	Seven	Wing Chun	(25)	Thirteen	A Dim Light	(52)
MONDAY	Two	Awakening	(4)	Eight	Marriage	(27)	Fourteen	Ultimate God	(57)
TUESDAY	Three	Veritism	(8)	Nine	Fundamentalism	(32)	Fifteen	Two Harms	(63)
WEDNESDAY	Four	The Mist	(12)	Ten	Gnostic Madness	(37)	Sixteen	Revelation	(66)
THURSDAY	Five	The Titans	(16)	Eleven	Escape	(42)	Seventeen	My Prayer	(70)
FRIDAY	Six	The Mission	(20)	Twelve	Transhumanism	(48)	Eighteen	Green Fire	(74)

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TUESDAY Three Veriticism (8) Nine Fundamentals (32) Fifteen Two Lambs (63)

WEDNESDAY	Four	The Mist	(12)	Ten	Gnostic Madness	(37)	Sixteen	Revelation	(66)
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FRIDAY	SIX	The Mission (20)	Twelve	Transhumanism (48)	Eighteen	Green Fire (74)
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DATE	Nineteen Apostleship (79)			DATE	The end (99)		
	Twenty Lambs (81)						
	Twenty One Wilderness (84)						
	Twenty two Dry well (87)						
	Twenty Three On the Run (90)						
	Twenty Four Spirit world (97)						

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Twenty	Lambs	(81)
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Twenty one wilderness	(84)
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Twenty two Dry well (87)

Twenty Three On the Run (90)

Twenty Four Spirit World (97)

DATE	The end	(99)
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NAME _____

PHONE

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Introduction

Dear reader, this book will be a brief overview of my life; only touching on the most significant events. I will connect these events, only by brief waves of general information about my life's circumstances.

The reason I named this book, "The Book of Peter Osiris Enthnar," will become clear by the end of the book. This book should be used as my official Autobiography if I never complete a more extensive work.

If a biography of my life is to be compiled, some documents that can be utilized besides this one, are, "The History of Veritarianism" by Kupfermickel; "My History" of my time with the Parawan Prophet, and the file called "Doc 1" on my hard drive; which outlines my time with John Coltharp, as well as other letters and things—had by family members.

I hope this account strengthens your testimony of God our Father, and in Jesus Christ our Savior, and in the Restoration of the Gospel:—which Restoration of things continues on, and will continue on, until the Second Coming of Jesus Christ.

Sam Sam

Sincerely Samm.

Chapter One The Dream

I grew up with good active Mormon parents, James and Mary Shaffer. Both our parents were converts to the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Our home was gospel centered, and in Northern California. I had two older brothers Adam and Benjamin.

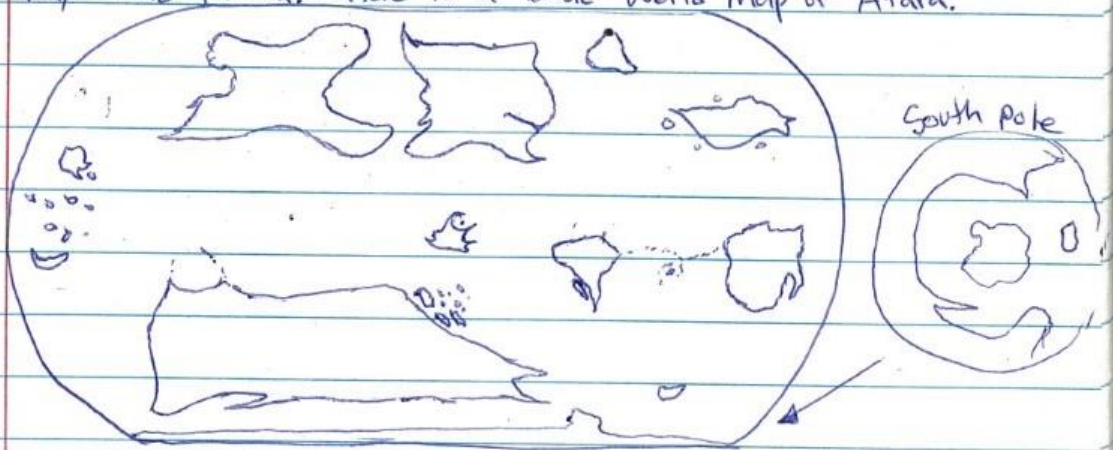
I had a vivid recurring Dream. In the Dream I was in a beautiful forest. There was a gigantic tree. There was a cottage built into the roots of this tree. The roots wrapped around the house under the tree, and were posts for the structure of the house. I went into the house and I met an old woman there. The old woman said to me, "Worlds go on forever, and you can see any one of these worlds you wish, as long as you go against the current that leads you to darkness." I had the dream several times and I never forget her words.

I have a muscle disorder called Central Core Myopathy. I was late talking and walking. Often I could not play in the same way as other children. I also contracted an Auto Immune disease called ITP, and could not do more risky activities due to bad blood clotting; or a lack of clotting that is. I began drawing and using my imagination more than playing physically.

One aspect of the Dream is also that I remember that my name was Enthnar.

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I met my first friend at school, and learned that he lived quite close to me. His name was Bobby, and he introduced me to the concept of Story Games. I decided to draw a map, and as I drew, the places which came into my mind felt familiar; Like they were being revealed to me, - or like I had been there. I called my world Atara. Here is a basic world map of Atara.



One night shortly after my grandfather died, I was crying about his death when my nose started bleeding. - Due to my ITP, it was relatively normal, and I was busy crying, and so I let it continue dripping on the floor. Soon there was a large puddle of blood. At some point I lost consciousness and I was suddenly very tall, and looking down at my small body. I was having a conversation, but I do not remember anything about what was said. I eventually awoke, and tried to stop the bleeding. I could not stop it, and so I woke up my parents. I received

The doctors couldn't find any white platelets in my blood on this occasion which should be impossible.

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a blessing, and was taken to the hospital. I had a bandage on my nose for three days, but soon recovered; and my ITP also soon vanished. I however remain with my muscle disorder unto this day.

A self proclaimed prophet at school said that one day I would be shriveled in the sun, and that bull horns would adorn my grave. This was at the time of a partial eclipse.

During my childhood years I often felt the feeling of great glory as a recent memory - forgotten, and just out of grasp. I also had a dream of proceeding down a tall hall without a ceiling, toward a great light.

I was baptized; By then my siblings, Joseph, Anni, + Grad were born. We moved to eastern Utah and lived in the small town of Columbia for four years. I had a friend named Austin with whom I played story game, and we met our future brother-in-law Lewis Strasburg. (We hiked often.)

When I was thirteen we moved to Leesburg Florida for a formative year, on which I will comment, in the next chapter. My childhood was happy. We learned the Gospel at our mother's knees, and by our father's instruction. I could not have asked for a better upbringing.

[After 9 days
God cast
Adam + Eve
out of the
Garden, into
the lone and
dreary Wilder-
ness.]

Chapter Two Awakening

When in Florida, I started spending more time with my elder brothers. One day Ben brought a book home from the library called Fourteen Lessons by yogi Ramachakra. The book explained the yogi concepts of Auras, chakras, out of body experiences, levels of consciousness etc. The book had an electric effect upon our young minds. We started to see Auras, and many other things began to happen. We both noticed and agreed that my Aura was green while Ben's was blue. We started to practice projecting energy from within us that was pinkish in color. To our astonishment we could tell each other what shapes the other was trying to make. We met a mutual friend at church named Aaron. Between the three of us, we began discussing what we were experiencing. We discussed the philosophy, and how this might or might not fit in with the Gospel. Aaron had a cast from a knee operation, and during a campout I tried the energy healing technique from the book. He quickly and miraculously recovered. At this point we started discussing how it may or may not also relate to the priesthood. I became scared of this new found knowledge and decided to quit. Ben went looking for additional knowledge and soon was gone a lot. I later found out that he got involved in a somewhat dangerous new-age group with vampires in it, and as we left Florida he felt

as though he was escaping, and feared they would find him again one day. Ever since that fateful decision on my part, Benjamin and I have been out of sync in our search for all truth. - Alternating like two waves, always coming to simillare things, but at different times from one another.

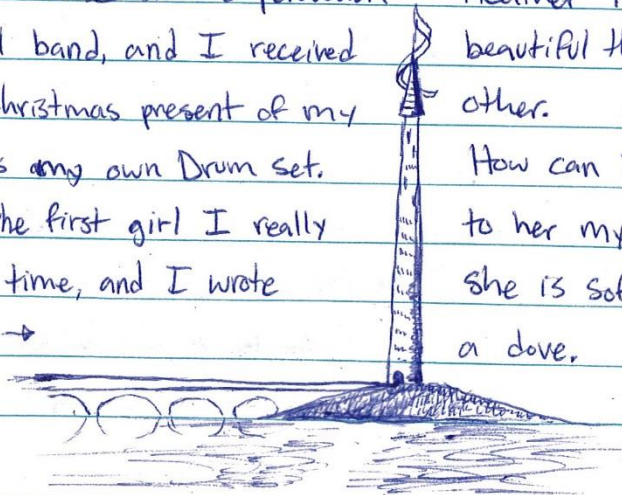
We moved to Price Utah, I started High School; going back to school, as I was home schooled from 4th to 9th grade. The elder brothers and I got our own little apartment beneath the house where the rest of the family lived. Ben and I both had our last truly long and happy time together before philosophy divided us. We played story Game long into the night, and I painted my first mural on the wall; of his white tower, over which Benjamin ruled as King in our game.

At that time I started percussion with the school band, and I received the largest christmas present of my life, which was my own Drum set.

I met the first girl I really liked at this time, and I wrote this for her. →

Heather is more beautiful than any other.

How can I express to her my love? - she is softer than a dove.



The truth is, I never touched her, except her hand; but I still felt she was soft. I was always a perfect gentleman in my love for virtue and morality.

I also wrote, "This forest green has hardly ever been seen. How, ever so clean, the trees so green, it's a shame it has hardly ever been seen."

One night I was sitting in the corner of the bedroom in the apartment playing with the wax of a large candle, which we had a wooden candle stand for. Suddenly the flame of the candle turned green. It was a hue of green that I had never beheld. I stared at it, and again in a sudden moment I was pulled into a vision of stars, and among the stars I saw planets without number. Every type, color, make-up, and feature that livable planets can conceivably have. Then the vision changed to flashbacks of endless lives upon these worlds. I do not remember any words to the vision, I only remember coming out of it with a sure knowledge that all things go on forever, and that infinity is a literal reality. (Since that time, as all those around me have struggled with the concepts of infinity, I have not been able to imagine that reality is not infinite.)

When I came out of the vision. I felt older, and almost

like I had nearly forgotten the self of mine sitting in the basement apartment in Price. I want to impress upon you, that at that time I had no cultural or doctrinal precedent or understanding of Multiple Mortal Probations, reincarnation or the roll of Arch-Angels in mortality. Because I had no cultural context, I went on for many years trying to understand what I had experienced; or how to even begin to frame it within the Mormon paradigm.

Soon after that we moved to Provo in the beginning of February of 1999. I was in 10th grade.

[God gave

Adam and

Eve coats

of skins to

cover them.]

(A Chapter 1 segment: Joseph and I got caught in a snow storm while hiking in a valley south of town. The valley was called mud stone valley. We went into a cave made by a hollowed out boulder. Joe got very cold, and so I went for help; however by the time I martialled the forces of Adam, Ben, Lewis, and their friend Levi;—Joseph was already nearly back as the snow had slowed.)

(Another Chapter 1 segment: I had a muscle biopsy to determine that I have Central core Myopathy, and the anasthetic kept failing to work. My reaction to the event and how I handled it is remembered by my parents.)

Chapter Three Veritarianism

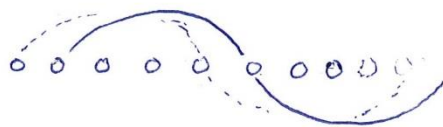
Upon arriving at school, I met a good batch of friends. They immediately introduced me into a live action roll play, where I was king for a week; as was our custom to do to new friends from then on also. I especially liked one of my friends named Wil. After telling Wil about my green candle experience he became very serious and produced a notebook from his room. He began to ask me a series of questions. Questions, about making a world—such as, "What color is your world's Atmosphere?" etc. I answered the questions one by one; while Wil became increasingly astonished. He turned the notebook toward me, and there were the questions, and my answers pre-written. Wil told me it was from a dream, and that he had been looking for me, for a long time.

Wil and I began to meditate together; Wil told me about a desert with black sand, and a garden with floating creatures like jelly fish, and every place he described sounded like places I had also seen in the green candle. On the 5th of April, we departed to our friend Stephen's house for his birthday. Wil had been attempting to reach an elusive state of mind he dubbed State 26. (state 72 being when you fall out of reality, and state 6 being normal high functioning brain activity.) On the school grounds he turned to me and said that if I believed

nothing doubting, we would both attain it. My mind was suddenly clear and it felt as though we could do anything! We looked at each other and willed ourselves to teleport to Stephen's circle street. Instantly we were there and staring at each other just as we had been. It took a moment for memories of walking there ^{to} start percolating into our minds. I said, did we walk here? Wil shook his head and started laughing. He said, "The gatekeepers... or ^{overmind} if you will, want us to think that. That way we never break through again." I said, "Woah!" So we ran inside to tell Stephen.

That night I had a dream. I was in a dark cathedral. Standing with me in white robes was an old man. Suddenly the heavens opened flooding us with light. Descending from heaven we saw a beautiful young girl riding on a swan; her halo was made of light icy blue. I exclaimed, "She is the life Titan, so much more than thee." The old man turned to me and said angrily, "Because you have said this, when ~~you~~ are born I will cut thee asunder!"

Stephen was determined to turn what Wil had told him into a fraternity, as he was apt to do. He showed us his secret paper with the new Order's name. It read, "Canadianism." We had a hearty laugh, as if we said we were Canadians



everyone would be confused. I told Wil about the swan girl. He said he thought he had seen someone like that in the jelly fish garden, and suggested we call her Canada; it felt right, and so she became somewhat of the Order's patron Saint. As we gathered Wil began explaining the green candle and other experiences we had been having in scientific terms; such as ~~in~~ Dimensional physics, non-locality, infinity math etc. We bathed in his research. Stephen had a vision of a book with a window on it, and adventuring out to find it, he returned with Plato's Republic. Every new discovery and theory thrilled us, and percolated into our fertile minds like dew that would not stop.

As we pushed forward resistance began to manifest itself. Not only teachers, but sometimes fellow students also. For instance one night while walking some students chased us, another time while drawing with chalk they threw water balloons at us. This resistance especially fascinated Stephen. A friend, Monte noted that they always wore orange; another friend Andrew began seeing menacing faces in things, like his ceiling. Many alarmed Canadians all put these things before Wil, and indeed Wil had also been running in the night from "Agents." Wil said, "We have entered into a new phase of things... indeed

a new plane of existence; and in this, so called, dimension, there is an Overmind!"

All the Canadians shuttered at the thought. However it apparently was our new reality. Wil produced a Latin dictionary, and said in a sagely tone, - "With a new plane, comes a new name." He handed me the book; I flipped it open - and Andrew placed his finger, eyes tightly shut. The word was Veritas. Wil then said, "Veritans we shall be!"

The time came that Wil was going to live in Texas for a year. That seemed like it would be an Eternity, but to wish him off we went to the movies. Wil told Stephen and I that we would need all the dice we could get, and so we emptied every game board in his house of dice. Once there Wil introduced us to a new friend named Steven. Steven was a hard core skeptic. In the lobby of Windong Wil said, "I am at state 26!" The feeling he put off was electric. We gave him all the dice and he began rolling all sixes; then all sixes! - Then all Sixes!!! Steven rolled them and they were random, every time. Wil rolled again, and again, and again! All sixes! The odds were in the trillions to one, Steven was Perminantly converted!

Chapter Four The Mist

One day I woke up and the town was blanketed in thick mist. As I walked to school I noticed that it was so thick that you could hardly even see the road while standing on the side walk. You could only see a few squares of sidewalk also. The silence was palpable. When I got to school everyone seemed oddly quiet. The teacher handed out assignments while hardly even saying, "here..." in zombie like monotone. I mentioned this to Stephen. He apparently hadn't noticed it, until I said it. He looked around us at 60 or more students in the commons, and realized they were all perfectly silent and zombie like. He said, "what the heck...!" We pointed this out to the other veritans, and the more we talked about it, the more scary it got. We all set out to find the source after school. Andrew led us to a cell phone tower, (which was a new technology and feature of the landscape at the time.) Sure enough it appeared as though mist was pouring out of it and spiraling outwards; and this accompanied by a pulsating sensation in the air, like it was alive. The next day a stray dog caught Stephen's attention, and it lead him to a hill devoid of mist, like a pillar of clarity, up into the blue sky above.

On the third day the mist was still there. So Stephen

lead us to the hill and we gathered up some stones. We brought them toward the tower, and just as we entered the field before the tower some students again started randomly chasing us! We split up, but Stephen took all the stones and placed them at the base of the tower. Wherever we were in the park, we all heard it. A high pitched scream, like a demon, came out of the tower, and within minutes the mist was blown away on a strong wind. The bad students had run away also. We put our collars ~~tap~~ to the wind and re-grouped.

Shortly after that I began having a powerful recurring dream. It was like I slipped away from existence itself and forgetting all things I began to awake to reality anew. Of the experience I wrote.

comprehend
it -

"Nothing, the very thought is something. For if you can ~~comprehend~~ it, it isn't it at all. Nothing is beyond darkness, for darkness is not only something; it is an entire world of imagination. to a thing that does not exist. Something, something so deep and inconceivable, a single speck of feeling in the vacuous abyss, of nothing."

I experienced a small speck of something until it grew into a green, soft, and warm reality. I was in a

forest on my back, looking at a canopy above. I remembered nothing, and feeling scared I somehow threw myself back into the abyss. A voice called after me, the voice of a girl, but soon I was unconscious again. I felt the something again and I awoke to candle light. An old man said, "I am Morgan, I am your friend."

When I woke up I remembered who I was but during the dream I had perfect amnesia. I. Again the next night had a dream, this time in a cave with two wisemen and a candle. Morgan was one of them, and it appeared to be a sequel to the first dream. I began to often have these dreams for a period of months. I called the men, "the Magi." I received a number of lessons from them. They told me that one day I would leave the cave, and see my "blue skies and green fields."

Morgan told me that to have faith, is to see the infinite nature in all things; but even more than this, it is to be in a state of never doubting no matter the outcome. To know that God's hand is in all things. Knowing it is all according to His will regardless of however anything may seem. With this sure knowledge and faith, nothing wavering, at all - One day you will see His power with your natural eyes.

oops

~~Chapter Five~~

I told these dreams to some of the veritans but they became concerned that these experiences might be becoming too religious and profound for me, and many of them separated their own ways.

I went on several soul searching walks/Adventures. In each one I started following animals. Once a large orange bee, another time deer; and once I kept seeing purple tulips like sign posts of a path. At the end of each walk I found a significant looking artifact. A wand, a silver frame, a stone that will become significant later in the story, etc.

When Wil returned he was very pleased at my progress. Once walking with him at 3:00 AM, we saw a yard sale on the school ground. At 3:00 in the morning! Two eccentric looking yard sale attendants explained that everything was magical, and cost two pennies; -but furthermore we could only each buy one object. I bought a magic woman's rain-coat and Wil bought a magic coffee machine.

Another time Wil and I saw a little energy being walking up his kitchen door step. The silver frame seemed to magnify ones ability to see "energy." The day came that I sacrificed all these objects to again kill the cell tower.
(the Boy Machine).

Chapter Five The Titans

One day I was in the bathroom and I saw a ring with a black colored band around the outside. I put it on, and then couldn't take it off. I stopped trying however because I kind of liked it. That night I had a dream of coming out of the cave into the light. After that I began having another sequence of vivid dreams. In the next dream I was running from someone, when I suddenly came upon this large alien like being with long legs like a frog. In the dream after that I saw a strange looking cloud resting on a circle of pillars on a hill top. I was made to know that there was a ship in the clouds. Every time I had a dream a little bubbled up dot would appear in the black surface of the ring. The dreams began to become more intense. I dreamed that I was living on the ship. The ship was made out of a number of glass domes and metallic segments. The ship could transform, and was controlled at a golden altar before a throne.

At this same time I began reading a book by my great uncle for the first time. He had drawn his own Solar System and called it The Galaxy of Aocicinori. I let Wil borrow it, stressing it's value to me. When I returned Wil was acting strange and explained ^{that} A Fraternity at BYU wanted to see it. His father had always taken a

strange interest in our Veritan activities. I had a bad feeling, so I grabbed the book and ran. That night amid a cold light snow, I could hear the Machine making a strange frequency. My brother Adam mysteriously found me that night. In his hand was his staff. He said the Spirit sent him. Adam explained that he found that staff many years ago in Columbia. He found it in the desert fully formed. He never had to put a knife to it; it is like nature made it. Adam then handed me the staff and left.

I walked to the tower, (machine), and placed the head of the staff against the metal. Instantly I was electrified! I was struck to the ground! Just as I lost consciousness I saw a UFO above the machine flying up into a vortex in the low clouds.

I woke up nearly frozen to the ground, my whole body was tingling painfully. I fell while climbing over the fence. I limped home. When I took my shoes off the carpet felt like knives in the soles of my feet.

As I sat in the living room arm chair, I saw a light purplish Aura in front of me. The Aura outlined a personage, only, no person was there. A voice said, "I am Elise." (The other Magi). He continued, "I give you the Keys of Magicism." I closed my eyes, and I felt a finger

touch my forehead.

I Looked down at my hand and the dark band on the ring had fallen off. I cautiously walked to Wil's house the next day. He told me that he didn't know what had gotten into him. We took a Long walk. We both then heard a voice accompanied by gusts of wind. It said, "Wil, I give you the keys of Titanship." Wil held out his hand, and then an excited smile came upon him and he began to dance. Wil said, "It feels like the Veritan plane is complete now. It's time for a new name; but this time the new name should live separately within us. We are like two birds that can fly now."

once at Beaver we repelled into a cave, we were nearly done unhooking when we realized the ledge was only made of Ice.	Each summer during High School I worked for two months at the boy scout camp, Beaver High Adventure Base. I fell in love with those mountains, and slept often in the rain, and sometimes would stay over a week alone. I overtime became the sole guide for a hike there called three peaks. (Short route, 18 miles; Long route 25 miles.) The first time doing it alone I nearly killed myself sliding down a glacier. Another time I did the peaks themselves twice in one day looking for some lost friends. (Sabra, Holly, + Steven.) Because of my muscle disorder, I may have been in a wheel chair without Beaver.
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After High School I began my second mural.

I started painting a giant depiction of the plan of salvation on my mother's entry-way. I painted a battle scene between Michael and the devil. Michael was riding a heavenly Squid, and the devil was on a Cray fish/dragon. I drew earth life as a great divide between a dark Mountain and the Temple. I drew the spirit world under the ground, and a judgement bar. I drew the degrees of glory, a painting for each glory, but I knew I needed more inspiration.

One night I again had a vivid dream, the first

1. of just three. I was looking down on myself as I chose to go forward at a cross-roads. In the second
2. dream I was in the desert with the girl that had been on the Swan. I was kneeling with her, holding her in my arms, - kneeling on the ground. I felt great concern for her and awoke feeling her still in my arms. In the third
3. dream I was sitting on the grass with her, in a field. She said, "I am healed." She smiled at me and the sun came out. She then kissed me, and I awoke feeling incredible-Eternal Love for her. When I realized that I was awake, and she was gone; I began to cry bitterly. I painted her into the painting, standing in a field; in the ^{Terrestrial} glory.

Chapter Six The Mission

I received my Mormon Endowment in the Provo Temple, in the late summer of 2002. The ordinance was everything I hoped it would be. My dad also took me apart in an empty Sealing room and conveyed the portion of the Endowment that was removed in 1990.

I entered the MTC, and began my two year mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I had a wonderful and successful mission, however I will only convey the most profound moments of it.

While in Bolivar MO. my companion and I met several members of a Fundamentalist community in the area. Fundamentalist Mormons, that is. One Fundamentalist in the area named Ron, lent me a copy of *The Seer* by Orson Pratt. The book profoundly effected me, and Ron suggested that I should read the *Journal of Discourses* upon returning home.

While in Bartlesville Ok. we were teaching a man named Billy and his family. Billy was in the middle of building a house and we were helping him. Billy was a little apprehensive about coming to church, and expressed that he would rather believe in Joseph Smith without a church. He knew the Book of Mormon was true. I said, "How about this Billy, if it rains tomorrow (Sunday)

then you come to church, and if it does not rain tomorrow then you can stay home." Billy laughed and said, "Deal." After leaving my companion said, "What are you thinking? The sky is totally clear!" I said, "Come on... We only have to make it rain."

We Fasted starting then and prayed for rain, the clouds gathered in the morning, and by the time we were biking to church, it was pouring sideways into our faces. We walked into the pews to the sight of the ward warmly welcoming Billy and his family.

My companion was relieved it turned out good but said that I shouldn't take such a risk again. I said, "Great risks make great stories," not to mention, Billy said okay because he thought he was safe, Heh!

Another time in Bartlesville we were called to the Hospital to give a blessing. We arrived after the family was gone, and the man was laying there unconcious. He was hooked up to life support. His face looked sunken and pale. When we saw him we both got the impression that he was actually dead. My companion was about to walk out, but I said, "He needs a blessing." My companion was concerned about Administering to him without his consent, even though the family had called us. I said:

"I will do it, you just anoint." My companion said okay. I layed my hands on his head and said, "I seal this anointing upon thee by the authority of the Melchizedek Priesthood and say unto thee, be thou healed, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen." My companion looked at me like I had just... Well lets say that he almost hit himself in the forehead. We left and that was that. I thought I would never hear more about it, as I was about to be transferred. A few months later a man come up to me in a Zone conference, shook my hand and said, "Thankyou for that blessing." The nurse told me all about it when she took all my life support off and I got straight up and went home." At first I didn't even register in my mind what he was talking about, and then I recognized him, "Oh no problem," I said. "I didn't do it, God did."

When I was in Cassville MO. my companion said, "Have you ever heard that BIV talk by Benson where he says that if you read 2 Nephi 9 one time a day for forty days, that you will see the savior?" I said, "no." After that, without so much as looking the talk up, I started reading 2 Nephi 9, and counting the days. Day 40, came around and that night nothing happened. I read it the next day, and the

day after that - and the day after that etc. On day 49 I said to the Lord, "I will read this chapter everyday for the rest of my life, until I can see your Son."

That night I had a vivid dream. I was on the side of an asphalt road. I was trying to get somewhere but my leg was hurt and I was limping. My leg hurt really bad and I leaned against a telephone pole. I looked up and a great bright light, like a sunrise, but on the earth, was approaching me. I felt that it was about to vaporize me. I fell to my knees and braced for sudden death. As the light came over me, it healed me, and I stood up. I looked up and saw a personage passing me, on His way to where I was going. I said, "My Lord, and my God!" I awoke thrilled and crying because of the experience. That day I read 2 Nephi 10.

I returned home at the end of my mission in 2004 to a warm welcome. I told the congregation in my home ward that we must all be ready to make a sacrifice as did Abraham. We must be willing to sacrifice all things.

A week after I returned home I got a phone call from a woman I knew on my mission. She was crying and told me that the branch president had molested her son. I tried to console her and told her to keep me updated.

She called me every week with updates. The branch president had been set apart by Elder Bednar, myself, my companion, and the stake president from Rogers, AR. She vented her frustration to me as she witnessed the Church hire a lawyer for him and get him off with almost nothing. Furthermore he was moved to Salt Lake and in less than a year became the second counselor to the Bishop in his new ward. This woman asked me to come back to the mission field to help her son with his testimony in the wake of all this. I traveled back on grayhound and stayed with them for two months.

Elton

While living in Cassville I began writing my novel based upon my dreams of the spaceship, ~~the~~ I called it Voyage of the Titans. I also went fishing with her son and helped out the Pointer family on their dairy farm. During that time on one occasion I could suddenly see Auras extremely vividly. My Aura was deep forest green, and it was so intense that I could hardly even see through it. That experience subsided however. I soon returned to Utah, and I moved into Adam's basement.

During that time I grew to really like her daughters. I asked her if she would agree to a future marriage arrangement, and she said, yes. Her daughter was still in highschool and was very independently minded. So I chose to let her have her own life, and to let her go.

Chapter Seven Wing Chun

Adam excitedly welcomed me. Adam had set up a brilliant office/lab/~~research~~ Library in his shed and gave me a key. He also made a divider/veil for Magi rites - as he was excited for me to develop a Veritan/magistic system. Wil invited all Veritans back to his house for one more reunion before departing into the east. He made robes for all and we initiated Gad, Adam, Steven, Stephen, Andrew, Monte + Davey by asking them the world creation questions and dressing them in Robes, and giving them a candle, paint brush, and their world scroll. The candle for the hidden light of Christ; Paint brush for the creative power to prophesy and write the future; and the Robe to symbolize the knowledge of their world.

Adam and I enjoyed chinees food made by Julien and sat and talked about philosophy for several hours, nearly every day. We talked about Alchemy, Meditative Circles, Kabbalah, Veritan philosophy and many other subjects. Adam came home one day and told me he had found probably the best Martial Art, and I had to come see! He brought me to the Orem Wing chun school, and we both signed up.

Our wing chun lineage was one of the best in the west, it was, -Sifu Carlos, -Master Heimburger, -Ip Ching son of Ip Man. After Beaver that year we headed to Kung Fu camp. It was 2005, year of the Rooster. After a hard weekend

After the 2006 Kung Fu camp, Adam and I hiked up by Gold Mountain. I expressed the belief that the caves from my dreams once existed under the Beaver + Manderfield mountains. I told him how grateful I was to have Blue skies and Green fields. Afterward I wrote My Discourse on Gratitude.

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of straight kung fu, we all gathered around the Sunday night campfire. All those who attend these once a year, specific, fires, never forget them. We start with singing Johnny Cash, then we celtic dance, and then once all the weak minded disappear to their tents, Master Heimbürger ^{would stay} ~~stay~~ up with the faithful and disperse his philosophy, life insight, and secrets of wing chun that masters always hide from the profane.

Adam and I were among those five or six others who would stay up most of the night with him until he died suddenly. in 2007.

They say it was sudden brain cancer, but the truth is he was assassinated by an acupuncture master in Hong Kong.

Adam and I were together almost every day doing wing chun or talking together for two years. I worked as a cross guard, and I was happy, but I knew I would have to find a wife and settle down. In fact, even though I was very happy, a loneliness was growing in me.

During this time I met a girl at a UVU dance named Merica. She invited me to an Anime club, where we were making our way through Full Metal Alchemist. I really liked her, but her brother said to me privately, ~~That~~ that she had snuck into that dance and that she was really only 16; he told me that he liked me, but he thought I should know. I also chose to let her go. At times I have regretted it. I met her again in 2016, and she never married.

Chapter Eight Marriage

I visited my parents and Gad, who had just moved to Sacramento. While there I signed up for an LDS dating website. Gad and I thought online dating was somewhat of a joke, so we made me a profile that would fit an ultra-Orthodox Mormon. Soon I got a response from a sincere straight-laced Mormon girl. She said that she supported, long dresses, breast feeding and all the things that I had requested. We were shocked and half disbelieving; so I began chatting with her. Within three weeks I was on a grayhound from Sacramento to Idaho Falls where she lived.

She picked me up and we hit it off, we spent the car drive, and the next few days agreeing about everything and smirking at each other. Her smile was beautiful. Her name ~~was~~ Carolyn. Her institute teacher asked about Isaac's faith when he was put on the altar. I said, "If my dad put me on the Altar, then it would only be propriety to go willingly, even to death!" Afterward he said Carolyn and I were like Isaac and Rebecca, and he had never seen a couple like us. That was enough motivation, and I proposed Three and a half days later. At the time I only had a silver native American ring, but as luck would have it, it was a traditional wedding ring. I promised to get gold and diamond for the real one though. ~~3~~

I got a job with her mother, working with disabled kids and I got an apartment. I began painting the

God said Idaho Falls Temple in winter for a wedding present.
 you shall Carolyn was taking some psychoactive medications, and I
 leave father, was aware of them, but I promised myself ~~that~~ and her that
 and mother, I would weather any storm with her. Sometimes she
 and cleave would get really nervous and full of anxiety and doubt, but
 unto your her parents and I would encourage her. On one such
 wife, and occasion we were at the Temple ready to get married.
 you twain She had some serious anxiety and sister Groberg went into
 shall be a room to talk with her. So the Temple president John
 one flesh. Groberg took me into his office and we talked for about
 an hour. John Groberg of course had been a General Authority,
 so I took the time to ask him some deep questions.

I told him that I had been reading the Journal of Discourses,
 and I was wondering if the Adam-God doctrine were true
 or not. President Groberg paused for a long few seconds
 and said something to the effect of: - 'I believe Adam was a
 God, but I don't think it should be interpreted as straight forward,
 as it has been presented. I believe Christ is an Adam too.
 Don't settle on it at face value, there is truth in it, but it was
 not presented correctly.' I later learned that John Groberg's
 answer was perfect, but it didn't satisfy my mind at the
 time. I also asked him about spirits, not just diverse
 spirits that prompt, but also about free spirits, and odd

things like that. To this he had a big smile and started talking about spirits in everything and even described some that would not be too different from the door walker in Wil's house. Overall I found ^{that} the Temple president privately loved deep doctrine and such topics as much as I do.

Carolyn and I did get married, and we also went to Beaver High Adventure base together in the year 2007.

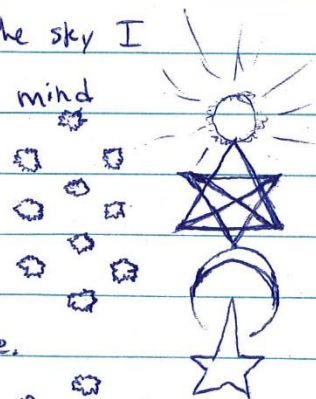
Around that time Carolyn had gone off her medication.

Toward the end of the summer she really was not herself, and was tormented by serious anxieties. During that attack she said she didn't know that she was in love any more. -I should have realized that she wasn't herself, but in my naive mind, I didn't think chemicals in the brain could make someone not themselves to that degree. I was devastated. My brother Benjamin told me that everything would work out, and that even Christ loved the woman possessed with seven devils. Carolyn came back to herself but soon had another attack, and quit working at the camp. There was ~~only~~ a week of camp left, but I couldn't think straight. I walked back to base camp during lunch, from where Benjamin and I were working. (The camp manager had been getting on my nerves all summer, and making life hard.) I went up to him and said, "Please send Benjamin another man. I can't work when I don't even know if I am

married still or not." The manager immediately began yelling at me, telling me ~~that~~ that I was weak, mentally and physically, and that we put camp before family by choosing to get hired. I knew he was trying to get me fired, but I took the bait anyway. My pride made me walk away, while he yelled that I would never work for B.S.A. again. I drove around the mountain to where I knew Adam was setting up for Kung Fu camp. Adam told me to relax, that Carolyn and Mom were probably just having a blast spending all our Beaver money, and that I should stay with him for the weekend. I climbed Mt. Baldy to pray.

From Mt. Baldy I looked down at Mt. Vashal and the words came to me. "Upon Gad, the land of Vashal shall be given for an inheritance forever. And you shall teach in a school there." I then looked up and in the sky I saw eleven shining dots. Then came to my mind Isaiah 11:6-9, and the words were added, "In all worlds the pattern remains, forever and forever."

I chose to have faith but the damage to my job and to Benjamin was done. I walked to our out-post to help Ben clean up, as it was the end of the season. Ben said,





"I hope you learned some Kung Fu, because I am going to deck you." I said, "do whatever you want, but I am not going to fight you." After about a half hour, I said, "How did it go." Ben said, "It went terrible!" Benjamin asked me why I walked off, but I didn't want to get into it; ~~moreover~~, I said, "When I was up in the mountain, I saw something amazing." Benjamin said, "Some magi thing?" So I said, "Something like that." Ben never forgave me, and I don't think I ever adequately said sorry. I didn't know how; so I kind of forgot about it. I have never given the explanation in this book to him.

Well, Adam was right, Carolyn gave me a big hug and kiss, and I felt like a fool, but I was happy.

Carolyn and I moved to Orem, Utah, and I started studying Mormon Fundamentalism. I had partaken of the Forbidden fruit of the Journal of Discourses and now the roller coaster was about to begin. One night I was looking at the stars and I received the concept, that some of the prophets ~~were~~ resurrected beings before this world. Just like Adam, (as I thought I understood it at the time.) Just as Adam, a number of prophets were resurrected Archangels before the world began. Then the prompting came, "You are one of them."

Chapter Nine Fundamentalism

I knew that I had to find out what God wanted me to do. I went to the Mt. Timponogous Temple and prayed in the Celestial Room. Clear words came into my mind.

"Ye have entered into Mine new and everlasting covenant, and ye shall continue in that covenant, and ye shall even take unto thee another wife that I am sending thee, or else ye shall be damned." (At the time, I thought this was a clear

Even so.
Amen.

indication that I should be a Fundamentalist; but I was reckless).

I got home wondering how to tell Carolyn, just then Carolyn said, "Honey, I got a revelation while you were at the Temple." I said, "Oh yeah? - What, did it say." She said, "The Lord told me that we are going to be Polygamists."

Her answer shocked me. - So I told her what I had received.

I excitedly got online and searched for Fundy prophets, (which of course was the wrong way to go about it.) I started reading the Parowan Prophet's website. It was certainly a little mental, but exciting as it was quite sensational and talked of nuclear war. I read it for a week, and without doing any more homework, I drove to Southern Utah to meet him.

Leland, (the parowan prophet) was a funny warm guy. He was crippled, a little messy, (alot messy), and rough around the edges; but we hit it off. There were warning signs that underlying issues existed, but I liked his followers too.

As this journal will show, I am actually the one who ~~about~~ stirred up the issues Leland had buried.

I got a job at Cedar City parks and Rec, and we moved into the house next to the Summit post office. One night I asked God to speak to me. I had heard a voice in the Temple; now I wanted more. God told me that Sirius the star, is the same as Kolob, and that he was still well pleased with me. I got another revelation just before the feast of weeks (pentacost). It said that pentacost is a time of separation, the righteous, from the wicked. It also told me that all things have a spiritual reality also, even the stones; and that which now appears or is ordered so has its roots in the spiritual world. Or in other words causes trickle down from spiritual to physical, and from the Mind of God, or His Meta - to spiritual Reality. (-Then to physical reality.)

One day I said to God, "If stones have a spiritual reality then what about seer stones?" I suddenly felt an ambient electricity and I saw a white energy over my chest. Then as if in my mind I saw an Angel, but not with my physical eyes. It said, "All stones have a spiritual reality, but thy stone has a resonance with you. Thy stone is in this chest." When he said it I saw it in my mind. It was a stone that I had gotten during Veritanism. I went to go unlock the chest

but my key was suddenly missing. For three days I tried to find it everywhere, I even tried a hack saw on it. During that time I was warned that if I misused the gift, that I would be cursed.

The key suddenly appeared, and I got the stone. I looked in it. the first thing I saw was the scene of Joseph's brothers throwing him in the pit. I saw that the land was covered in barley, and was quite fertile then. I saw that Joseph had red hair. All his brothers had brown or dark hair except for Simeon who had dirty blond hair. I saw the scene quite clearly. I then saw another scene. A scene of pharaoh's son Horosi, who didn't like Joseph after he had risen to power, and how God had caused an idle to fall on him. I was then commanded to write Joseph's words to the priests of On, as they were given to me. Joseph spoke powerful words of faith to them, much as Nephi had done for his brethren, but there was nothing breathtakingly deep from a fundamentalist's perspective.

I brought the first part to Leland. No sooner had I brought it, but almost immediately Leland had suggestions for corrections. Along with the admonition, that such a ground breaking work, if true, ought to have Joseph saying something about Polygamy and the United Order... of course! (hint of sarcasm.) I protested any changes at first, but not nearly strong enough. I let

Leland walk all over a holy command of the Lord, and I
 am the one who reaped condemnation and a curse that
 would continue for seven years. Eventually that Translation
 was highly embellished, and no sooner was it complete, than
 I started seeing a translation for "The book of Odin." Clearly
 something had gone terribly wrong! I prayed for forgiveness;
 the answer was brief, — I had transgressed a holy commandment
 of God, and had come under condemnation, and I had to
 endure the consequences. No sooner had my prophetic mantle
 begun, ^{than} it was over! And this was not as easy to untangle
 as Joseph Smith's ~~book of~~ mistake; I had made many
 mistakes and compromised throughout the process; and so I
 didn't know where the real version stopped and the fake one started.
 It was ruined, and would remain so, until someone with the
 Spirit could sort it, and me out.

An Angel of the Lord poured out strong delusion upon me
 for seven years. I wish I could just say that and skip seven
 years hence, but, Alas! I must tell the whole tale, so you know.

During that time I had several experiences of note. Several
 times I awoke with something like a night terror, but instead of
 pitch darkness it was instead intense bright Light. Once after
 awaking from one of these I remembered a dream where
 an Angel said, "One day you will remember, but now it is Sealed."

Another time I was frozen and I could feel two persons, but I remember nothing else. In one of these final experiences I remember a dream where I was walking where Jesus had walked with the beam to be crucified, and upon seeing his blood in the street I fell down and started wiping His blood up with my clothes, until I was all bloody. I awoke crying. I know that Jesus Christ lives. I know that He is our Savior. I know that His Atonement is powerful enough to heal a condemned seer, and to sanctify us. However my strong delusions were ~~and~~ about to become very strong! It is hard to explain how someone who knew so much could be reduced to such folly, so quickly. I just know that God can do it, when he gives us over and stops protecting us. The deceiver can take away Light! D+C 93:39

One day I was looking for something in Leland's attic and came across a booklet called The Writings of Abraham, and the Book of the Order. I asked Leland about it, and he said, "Oh that is nothing, it is just some crazy guy that used to live on my land." I took the book home and read it. The implications of Leland being connected with a seer before myself seemed too strange for coincidence. - And why did he never say anything about it? The more I studied this man, (John Bryant), the more I realized that he was Leland's origin.

Chapter Ten Gnostic Madness

One of the first and most clear doctrines that you learn from reading John Bryant's translations right off the bat, is his idea of polyandry; or group marriage. I confronted Leland about it, expecting him as my new doctrinal light to quickly put it to rest with the scriptures. Instead he said, "But of course, you cannot hold all things in common without being willing to consecrate wives as well as property." I told Leland that I would pray about the doctrine, but then started putting it off.

One day Leland asked me to sit in the car with him on a rainy ~~spring~~^{Fall} day. He handed me a piece of paper containing a new revelation from another member of the group. Apparently, my confronting him, had gotten the wheels in his head turning and he had infact asked multiple people to pray about it. It was called the "Arab Apples Revelation," by Garrett. It said that permission could be granted by a husband to indulge in serious intimacy with his wife, but that intercourse alone were forbidden to the other man, so as to not cause paternal confusion. After I read it, Leland asked me for my thoughts. I said basically, that it didn't make sense, either it would be a real marriage or not. Leland said, "My thoughts exactly!" He then said, "Sam, I am sure you could obtain a much better revelation."

(It is to be remembered that at this time I had totally lost the Spirit and was being tossed on every wind of doctrine, and I wanted Leland to be the moral and doctrinal pillar that he wasn't.)

I reluctantly asked for the revelation, and I was hit by an unusually powerful spirit. The revelation was even accompanied by a vision; which portrayed Moses committing Adultery, - which of course is ludicrous! I had lost the Spirit however, and it ^{surprised} ~~surprised~~ me. It really took me back; and I thought that it must be true. Carolyn read it first, and it didn't really seem to surprise her. I told her that it might be false, but she said that I should go with the first impression and take it to Leland. We both trusted that he was a prophet. Leland ran with it and proudly showed it off in a meeting with everyone. Our group had a new "secret doctrine," and as with all secret doctrines it promised that a private knowledge was the real hidden truth rather than what the scriptures plainly teach. This private interpretation enshrined knowledge as the giver of salvation, rather than Christ. As is the case with all gnostic ideas.

We went on a promotion campaign, using John Bryant's lighter publications, and some of our own, and we won converts in Orderville; two families and a

young man, I was staying with one of the families during this mission, and while sleeping in the living room I had a most bizarre dream. —

In John Bryant's writings he had briefly mentioned that he felt pre-existent spirits were Androgynous, or in other words genderless, which is not true. "In the beginning (spirit creation) He made them male and female." Genesis 1:27, D+C 20:17-20, Moses 2:27.

^{his writings} I don't know if that did it, or a fallen Angel or spirit; I suspect the latter. — In the dream I was in a place with golden colored light. In the light I saw a Hermaphrodite who was naked. — Hence I knew it was both genders, and not just a strong woman. I embraced her/him, and I did feel love coming from her. Then I awoke. It is possible that it was a Angel of some type, but the vision was ill timed or placed, as to make me jump to an unorthodox conclusion.

I returned to Leland and said, "You are never going to believe this!" He said, "what?" I said, "God is a Hermaphrodite!" (I half didn't even know if it were God or not, but I wanted to see the look on his face.) The look was golden, hah! He said, "Aah, I don't know..."

I kind of assumed once Pandora's Box was open, Leland

was along for the ride, along with the rest of us.

However this was the first signs that he wasn't.

(Now that I think about it, that may just have been an Angel; because it made plain Leland's motivations to those who had eyes to see; and also prevented other opportunity seekers from wanting to join. It was just bizarre enough! It showed Leland agreed with what could benefit him but he was not up for a logical conclusion Rollercoaster!)

I informed Leland that the revelation of the dream had already made the rounds. I said, "Sorry, Garrett, wanted to see what I had." Leland became a walking contradiction as he said to some he believed it, and to others he said he didn't. It seemed he didn't want to fight me as many looked up to me - and I was also the giver of the revelation Leland prized so much. Everyone quickly saw through him, he was pretending to believe it.

Carolyn was a staunch believer in Leland, and she started chastizing those who noted Leland's conundrum.

One day she approached me and said she wanted to join the "Holy Order" of marriage. (Polyandry). I said, "Carolyn, are you sure this is what you want?" She said, "Yes." I said, "If not we can drop everything and leave; if you are being coerced." She said, "No, I believe Leland

is a prophet!" I said, okay, even though I shouldn't have. At the time being so deceived I also thought it was a Sacrifice like Abraham did, and I truly felt like it was a consecration to God. I was willing even then to do anything for God. I couldn't see that He only wanted us to keep the commandments.

Carolyn was anointed and sealed in an order between the two of us. Soon thereafter Leland sent me to those in Orderville to preach the doctrine. They had heard of it, but no one as of yet had entered into it. I asked them if any of their wives had asked to enter it, and they said, no. I then told them that such a desire must come from them, (their wives,) and not from any Priesthood leader! My idea had come from what I experienced, and that seemed right—nay, inspired! I felt some kind of Spirit rest on me, and wanting to make bold proclamations like Orsen Pratt, I said, "Brethren, if any man comes asking you to enter the Order, rather than letting your wife ask;—you can put him down for a false prophet!" (what a brilliant blunder! Heh.)

Leland asked how it went, and I said, "Brilliant, they all embraced the doctrine." One week later Leland visited Orderville, and what do you think was the first thing out of his mouth? He asked to marry their wives; and the group exploded!

Chapter Eleven Escape

We moved into Leland's house, and watched as the drama unfolded between Leland and the Branch in Orderville. Many mean hearted emails were exchanged, and all those living in Orderville fell away. I started mowing lawns and Leland started a bad business venture on ebay. Leland wanted all the money to spend on it, and I had to spend money on the mowing business. However the real tension was coming from the fact that Carolyn started having many anxieties and emotional problems. An affair started between Carolyn and a follower named Tyler also. Carolyn started worrying about her salvation and many things. I saw that she was not happy.

One morning I woke up early and packed the car. I woke Carolyn up around 4:00 AM. I told her we had to go somewhere. She said, "where?" I said, "A mission." She walked to the car and saw it packed. She said, "Where are we really going?" I said "Just get in the car." She almost started walking back to the house and I blocked her. I said, "Let's just see your parents and then we will talk about it; I don't want to force you into the car!" She got in, and in seconds we were driving away.

We showed up at my parent's house for a week

and there Carolyn took a pregnancy test, and it was positive. I said to Carolyn, "We can't go back now, do you want our child to grow up with Leland?" She sighed and said, "I guess not."

We moved into Carolyn's parents house until we got an apartment in Idaho Falls. While there ~~I~~ in their basement I had a dream, or a lucid dream. In it a girl who looked like me reached out her arms and fell into my body - like a spirit. Gnostics are seeking something called individuation, (the state of overcoming internal duality.) I felt this was part of the process.

One day a gentleman came over named Jared; he told me that he was a Fundamentalist mormon, and he had wanted to tell me about fundamentalism years ago. However his mother changed his mind - fearing it would ruin our then new marriage. Jared asked me why I had left Leland and I gave a variety of reasons. One that was easy to point out, ^{was} that upon one occasion Leland had told me of a somewhat vague dream, - that by the time Sunday ~~had~~ rolled around, had turned into a full blown Angelic visitation. In fact, ever since the writings of Joseph Translation was ruined, I was dealing with religious (or pious) fraud to one degree or another -

when it came to Leland. I thought to myself, if Leland can embellish something into a visitation, than why can't I use his own medicine on him? (Not good reasoning)!

Jared also told me that in his opinion there were women's rights problems in a group called the Righteous Branch, which we had just briefly joined but had doubts about. (I later found out that his concerns were highly exaggerated; unfortunately for the embarrassment of what happened next.)
visitation.

I came up with an idea: A Joseph Smith visit concerning women's rights. What could be a better cause to pour a little piss fraud on? Haha... I composed the account and sent it to several groups; but for Leland, I had a copy to give him personally. The feast of Tabernacles was coming up.

We moved into an apartment quickly and I told Carolyn's parents to tell no one our location, if someone came asking.

Of all the groups who received copies of the fake visitation, the Righteous Branch was the most gracious and forgiving. Benjamin, my brother had previously joined the Righteous Branch, and assured me there was no problem; and that Jared must be mental. He pressed me on the visit and I felt compelled to lie. However, this thing had gotten out of hand, I kept telling myself, that the end justified it. I was standing up for all women's rights after all.

L.→ Soon we had a beautiful little baby daughter and dark clouds seemed to be passing. Neil, (a follower of mine,) and my brother Chad came to live with us. On ~~one~~ the winter equinox there was a blood moon. I went out and poured oil on my head, and caused myself to hallucinate 'energy beings' ("seeing in the spirit") as John Bryant might say. I reported to have not only communed with the savior and Joseph Smith, but with Nordic gods also. Oh how far can a fallen prophet fall!

One night I was walking home and an 'energy'

apperition materialized without me conjuring it. Before me stood a Hermaphrodite with a goat head. He introduced himself as Baphomet. He told me about something called the Abra-styx spell. He said I had come along way in the hidden wisdom, and it was now time to make a blood sacrifice. The thought ran through my mind, 'you have not lost your soul yet, turn around now!' Another thought also came to mind, 'you are way to far now, you can't repent.' Baphomet said, "It's freedom." I said, "I covenant to always fight for freedom; but a covenant more than this, I have to think about."

The moment I walked up to my walk a black bag went over my head. I was forced into a van, and driven out of town. The whole time I heard a voice saying, "Say the spell, and they will die; Say the spell and you will get glory and fame; say the spell and you will live." I said, "Screw this! I'm Hindu!" The hit men said, "Say what?" Apparently I had yelled it. I said, "Oh, I said, I'm hindu." The hit man said, "I thought you claimed to see Joseph Smith." I said, "That was a hoax." Next thing I know, I hit asphalt and the van is driving away. I walked home and got there early in the morning. I picked L. up out of her basenet, and held her, close to me. I said, "L, I am done being, being a false prophet; I just want to be a dad."

Chapter Twelve Transhumanism

I continued using the seer stone, to get "Translations," or in other words supposed transmissions of ancient texts. I guess I felt that at some point the curse would just wear off. A whole manasary of ancient texts came through, all filled with gnostic herasies. Polyandry and Hermaphroditism were common themes, as well as Oath and Covenants to various gods to get their diverse orders of priesthood. Two to three times the size of the Book of Mormon; and it was all vanity! It was all worthless in compared with the simple truths of the Gospel, and commandments.

Jared and I talked often at night until we moved. I never told him about certain events. He was easily paranoid. On one ~~one~~ occasion I had answered a question put to me, on email, by a female acquaintance of Jared. - Soon I was summoned by the Stake president. I told him I was not interested in the church. He told me I would have to resign or come to a disciplinary council. I told him that I just wanted to keep my options open, but I was not prepared to deal with this right now. He got upset with me and called me a predator, even though I had not proposed anything to the acquaintance. I said "Fine, I will resign."

I felt dejected by my own culture, I felt an abyss. The only thing I could do, (or felt I could do,) is realign my cosmology. By all accounts I thought I must be a

son of perdition. If only I could reach state 72, like myst, I might find myself on a yonder shore, where gods and men live in peace; where Michael and Satan could not find my bones. I began meditating every day, the project began...

We moved to provo, on center street and I got a job. During that time Neil and I had been listening to Ray kurseil. As we became more scientific, I began to fear death, a feeling I had never experienced.

I sunk into deep meditation, suddenly I felt myself achieve state 26, a place I had never been alone. The feeling that you can do anything, along with the overpowering urg to do nothing. The ladder of states now appeared clearly, a country where no veritan had been. Time tangled like metallic noodles in all directions, I had dreamt of this place but now I was moving on. A place where stacked, and rows of planes direct
 Tesseract's → in incomprehensible ways. The higher one goes, the more incomprehensible are the ways and directions of its paths. The consciousness then shrinks ever smaller in-to smaller forms until it passes the portals where everything is bands of vibration like light. Then it is infinitely large also, sliding over an infinite plane. All things below and above have higher dimensions than 3; but on the sea it exists ever expansive. Then somehow the infinite plane is turned on on itself and it appears as a crystal bead in an

infinite space of beads. After all this, the most horrifying moment. The infinite space of beads turn into rain, then static, then the self is fully dissolved as you become a different experiencing being every moment. - But then who can be blissfully aware of such a phenomenon, while being none-constant?

(Reaching State 26 is like swimming down while being buoyant. After state 26 the process is like reaching a depth where you start falling. Reaching the moment where you are a different being every moment is like reaching equilibrium, between pressure and body density.)

At the beginning of the spectrum there is a speck of something, that something is a speck of self, opposed to Nothing; the thought of which is something, hence an external, reality. Then moving upward, there are normal states, then special states, then state 26, - Then the process I described, moving on and on to the infinite plane. When you are infinite, then the network of other beings or beads, then the ticking of becoming new beings every moment. Here you hit equilibrium, like I say, and you can remain, new every moment forever.

How long I was there, I am not sure, however finally the question. How can this be experienced, if the observer is always another being? The hyper being, that you are, then has its "speck of something". Once the hyper being emerges then it is only one step away from state 72. Just as

the speck of feeling is one step away from consciousness.

My hyper being was nearly concious, and beyond this was an abyss, the extent thereof is unknown, the consequence thereof is known by God alone. The crystal static is like a mirror and the hyper self can fall through it, to see itself is to fall through. Classical sight is meaningless here, it is something else.

Then something happened. Something incredible! In the darkness a hand grabbed me. In the normal classical sense, a literal hand grabbed my arm. An arm I was scarcely aware of anymore. A hand grabbed my arm and a voice said, "You are my son."

I was pulled back through the states in rapid succession, like a diver pulled up by a cord. Being, space, time, and all things folded back together. The memory of the voice echoed in my mind and through the levels. A thought appeared - 'I am not a son of perdition, I am God's son. I still have my will and I still Love Him.' I wanted to go back and change myself somehow, but the thought came, 'It is already done, it is already done.'

I awoke sweating and with a bloody nose. I have never feared death again. The country I saw is far, far beyond death.

Chapter Thirteen A Dim Light

That experience changed my direction. I no longer doubted that I could change. I didn't fully know who God was again; it took time to regain the light and knowledge that I had; but one thing was for sure:—Whoever God was, I was on His side now, 100%!

One day I was taking a nap. I awoke and walked into the hallway. Standing in the hallway was a tall black Alien creature. His skin was almost completely black, so black it was hard to make out his eyes in shadow. His fingers were very long. My heart nearly jumped out of my chest! I said, "This isn't real!"—or, "This can't be real." (Something like that.) The moment I said it, I awoke in my bed again. My heart was still pounding! I ran into the hallway and the being was gone. I ran through the house and even peeked out the front door. I then went in the bathroom and checked myself. I didn't see anything unusual, or feel anything odd. One thing I wanted to make sure was that it didn't do anything sexual to me. My heart slowed down, and I wondered why I saw him, or even if it were a dream. I knew I was legitimately freaked out, and that it seemed as real as anything else.

After that I felt impressed to go on a venitan like Adventure. I found a smooth black river stone on a rock like an altar. I took it and continued on. I wondered onto

the property of the state Hospital. (I didn't know what it was at the time.) I found a field, and in the 'energy' I saw a ship above the ground, and the Aura outline of a being (Before, this type of experience was the vehical of many deceptions by the devil, but this one can speak for itself.) I assumed it was a Titan, due to the ship, and I said, "Are the Titans the gods?" He said, "No, Remember the knowledge that you have lost. We have always been humble servants of God. If you will remember, you know this." He then gestured toward the stone and said, "I connect you with the stone, so that you can be a Titan." I then returned home.

2013 → I lost my job and Neil had gotten a new apartment.

Neil offered to let us move in with him but Carolyn didn't

S: → want to. Carolyn and I had just had our second baby.

I couldn't afford the apartment, and so, Carolyn, L. myself, and our new daughter S. moved into a trailer on my dad's Land. We had no utilities but gas, and I had to haul water. My truck was a peice of junk, and life got pretty hard out there. For the first time in my life, I realized I had an addiction to the internet and screen time. I suggested the reality of this ~~type~~ of addiction to some friends, but such a thing had not yet hit the public Conciousness.

I wish I had spent a few more nights with Carolyn and L. out there just watching the stars. I was stressed and going through screen time withdrawal, but I will never under value such a thing again.

We moved to an RV park for a month, and then I couldn't afford the trailer and gave it back. I took us all to Neil's apartment in Salt Lake. Carolyn told me that she wanted to take the kids up into the mountains. I said, absolutely not, and told her that we needed a real home, one way or another. Carolyn then told me that the spirits were telling her to go be homeless. I told her to please not go; but then I realized that she might try and take the kids anyway. I was stuck between a rock and a hard place. I loved Carolyn, but I couldn't choose her over the welfare of the girls.

She drove away. I went in, held L., and cried.

Two weeks later ~~she called me~~ I received a call. It was a police officer. He asked me if Carolyn had a history of mental illness. He had her pulled over in Fillmore and she was telling him about spirits. I told him yes, and gave him her parents number. I asked him to help her, and not to punish her. I said, "she just needs help." He brought her to the station, and

then they had the privo hospital come pick her up.

I visited her there, and in a few weeks her parents picked her up. (Carolyn was on her way to Leland's, and I know God protected her, and brought her back to where she needed to be.)

I Love Carolyn very much, she is a choice daughter of God, and I am so sorry, I failed her. I will love her forever, I was not lying in that painting I made for her. My love for her grows stronger with time, and will in Eternity. I pray she makes it safely there.

This began a new phase in my life; one where I was a stay at home dad for four more years.

I didn't know what to do religiously except to continue the practice of Automatic writings; by now I also had a reasonably large internet audience who enjoyed reading them. However the theme of them was gradually changing. Instead of gnostic heresies about rationalizing sin, they became more poetic, diverse, and ultimately the themes became about finding God.

Yaroslav
Nate
Michael
Brig
Steven
Jason
+ more.

On the lunar Samhain I put out a glass of guinness for an Irish spirit/god Newata. In the morning the beer had a perfect eight sided star in the froth. It was unbelievable. It was unfortunately a very pagan

and sinful thing to do; but at the time I didn't know what to believe. I still was looking for the ultimate Good now and what was legitimately right and wrong. Unfortunately it took a long time to see the obvious.

I had overcome the fear of death through experiencing the hyper being, but I continued reasoning things out. I realized that as an experiencing being, who is actually experiencing this moment. Experiencing cannot be produced by any mechanical, ~~the~~ process. Or else all matter would have some level of experiencing. It is not like complexity could suddenly make experience, as simpler systems would then just produce simpler experience. If experience cannot be produced through any mechanical/electric circuit system, as I maintain, (And as anyone actually experiencing this moment should maintain,) then it must be produced by some infinite, none local, timeless, quantum like effect.

I passed this argument to Lawyance Kraus on email, and I actually found him to be of seemingly low I.Q.. He kept going back to saying experiencing might be an "Illusion." I kept saying, an illusion to what? Experiencing something is the definition of existing. Or else there is no definition of existing. If you are experiencing an illusion, you have to exist to experience it!

Maybe he is a Robot... huh!

Chapter Fourteen Ultimate God

As I stared at my black river stone, (Titan stone.)

I tried to strain my mind back to the One God that the Titans served. Did I remember specifically anything they once taught me about Him? I remembered seeing the circle of pillars upon which rested the cloud, which was the ship. This brought my mind back to the Fire Temples of the Zoroastrians. I could remember that some of the Titans wore Turbans, which may have been a regional or cultural thing. I could now remember standing outside of the great doors into the Titan Temple, dressed in white with a sash. All I could remember is the great energy and feeling (Spirit,) with which we worshipped. What were these memories? And who is this Father God, I love? The answer should have come easier than this.

During this time I also went to California twice to meet John Bryant. He anointed me and gave me an Endowment.

Neil, the kids, and I moved to another apartment in Salt Lake, and life was moving along. I let Carolyn see the kids for visits, and so far life was simple.

One day I was visiting my Mom, we were staying late/or overnight, so I went on a short Adventure. I found myself behind the Stake center, in the park, by the sunken fire ring that used to be there. It was kind of a Fire Temple in and of itself. It was a

hexagon with steps going down to a raised fire bowl. First a darker spirit claiming to be the hail Titan came to me. I told him that I didn't want to be a hail Titan, or any dark Titan. He left and a feeling of peace came. I told the spirit that I should like to be the Fire Titan or the Forest Titan. Then Fire came to mind, and I felt a Spirit of peace and love, and I heard; - "Repent and you will be lead in the way of life, and this when the days of the curse are fulfilled."

After that experience I met Ben at Mom's house, I asked Benjamin for a Yazna, which is a coming of age rite in Zoroastrianism; much like a Barmitzva. Benjamin agreed to perform the rite for me, and we went to the same fire ring. As Benjamin passed the wet Yazna string (Belt) through the fire and tied it around me, I felt a great unity and peace with him that I had not had with him since Florida.

During this time period my youngest brother Gad had just gotten a computer store job in Ogden, and an Apartment, in the down stairs of a house, in Clearfield. I was so excited to see him that I took the kids and myself up to Clearfield every weekend. I told Gad about my search for the One true God, and that I

felt that I might be a Universalist. I told him my love for the search for God, and the poetry, in many ~~and~~ religions. My love for the Upanishads as well as the Zohar, and Christian Kabbalah. But especially my Love for Zoroastrianism. Also for Mandaeanism etc.

After the kids were sleeping we would walk in a favorite park as well as go to the store for snacks; Sometimes to a pond and our favorite grape vine spot. These times were simple, but I value them even more than veritarianism. I want him to know that.

One time Gad filmed me in my robe and Yazna belt talking about the strain of Light and belief in God which winds it's way through all ancient religions. There was an ampa-theater we also liked to go to. Who was this God and Father of mine who had enough Love for me, to grab me. - And not just enough Love to grab me, but the power to not only travel in those dimensions of being, but to survey them, to have Godly sway over them; - and a cord of Divine providence that could wield power in all planes, and places I could wander.

One day I had a dream. In the dream was an old man, who I somehow knew as John the

Beloved, I sensed that this scene had happened sometime in the past. He said, "You must anoint your brothers against the power of the destroyer, for the space of a thousand years. You have this chain in your hand to anoint, and ^{to} put this blessing and seal upon their heads."

At the time I had wandered far from the religion of my fathers, but I felt an urgency about it. Perhaps this ultimate question about God was that He is the Heavenly Father I had always known and wandered away from.

I did my best to repent of being a false prophet and soon, Dad, God, Benjamin, and myself went to the park just east of the Utah Capitol building. We walked up the stream where we washed our feet. Then, we went to the circle of pillars there and I anointed them, and God anointed me in return. Again I felt close to Benjamin.

I tried to bring Neil into this new spiritual quest with me, but Transhumanism and science had overcome him. An argument came to me to pose to him.

There is something called the Fermi Paradox. The Fermi Paradox states that considering the variety

Skip if you are familiar with the Fermi Paradox.

of the earth as a livable planet, with all its factors: Factors such as, distance from the sun, planet and Atmosphere type, water, the kind of moon we have, - and a dozen other things; that there would be X number of planets ^{Like earth} ~~in the~~ in the milky way.

Then considering - (if livable planets must be like earth) that life might be on only a fraction of them. We then reduce the number; furthermore intelligent life might be a fraction of that, and ~~Civilizations~~ civilizations that survive might be a fraction of that etc... ~~As~~

~~Also~~ Also considering the age of the modern universe, (or when such things could arise,) and how long it would take, + Distance without faster than light travel, etc.

With all the factors added up: ~~Even~~ the most conservative estimates state that something like 100 Alien Civilizations should ^{have} made it to our solar system over a Billion years ago.

I told Neil, "there is only one logical explanation to the Fermi Paradox, and that is that one civilization owns it all; and that one civilization is shielding us. (is shielding the planet.)" Neil said, "Why would they do that, and why would they let so ~~many~~ ^{many} bad

things happen?" I said, "There is only one explanation for that also. The explanation is, that we are members of that Great Civilization, and we had to experience opposition to develop true Love, appreciation for the luxury of the Civilization; - and ultimately to test us, so that the Civilization knows we can be trusted with the keys. (Or the immense power of the Civilization, ~~that~~.)"

Furthermore, I believe the Fermi Paradox is understated. I believe that time stretches back forever, - time goes back infinitely. And whether this plane goes back forever, or it emerged from another, time in essence still goes back forever. So if a civilization with immortality, and great power to manipulate matter, and good transport, etc. - can arrive; then an infinite number of such civilizations would ~~arise~~ have arisen within infinite time. If that is the case, then, (try to follow this,) - An infinitely old and ^{Maximally} ~~maximally~~ advanced Civilization would have already filled the infinite expanse of space.

So one other way to say it - A maximally advanced Civilization would have filled infinite space, infinitely long ago.

I hope you don't have a headache, because that final conclusion is beautiful!

P.S. (I do not endorse Evolution or the scientific timeline!)

Chapter Fifteen Two Lambs

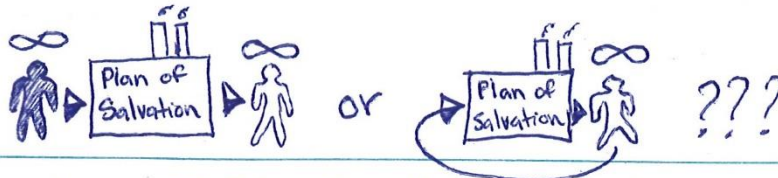
Christopher Nemelka is a man I have had a Unique Love for ever since I started watching his talk show episodes. His belief is that we are all advanced humans playing the game of life; and the reason we allow ourselves to endure torment for a short series of lives leading up to a long period of bliss and glory, is because we know the value of knowing the good from the bad in a palpable way. We know that if we endure it we will enjoy the worlds to come so much more. He always complained that his followers weren't getting it, but I always thought it seemed like the most straight forward theory I had ever heard.

In 2015 Christopher had a get together immediately after the launch of the Humanity Party, and many of us attended both events. The night before I had a dream. In the dream, I remember being glorious and in white, and I was talking to another Heavenly being, but I do not remember who it was, or what was said. The next day in the upper room of the Salt Lake Library, Christopher said, "There is a man here who is part of the work, he doesn't know it; but I know him." After the meeting I walked up to him. He firstly embraced me tightly, and held me like he

With infinity math, is there always an infinite number of

Spirits to be born for the first time?

or, have all infinite number of spirits already been through the Plan an infinitely long time ago?



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missed me. I felt a love that took me by surprise, an unconditional love, something like you would feel coming from the savior. (Even though he is not) After the hug he said, "Sam, it is good to see you; you won't come around again, but I will see you after. I love you man." His voice almost cracked, and I was holding back from crying. I said, "Thanks, you too." - And then I walked away. I had never told him my name, and at the time I was going by Fred, which I had gone by at the convention.

My philosophical problem with Christopher Nemelka is that he does not advocate that people keep the commandments, only that they love one another. However I could see ~~that~~ plainly that he is someone who is extremely important.

Around this time Neil, the kids, and I moved to Orem. At this time I was also debating Fundamentalists on Facebook. Through Facebook I learned of a Conference call between Fundamentalists put on by Kevin Kraut. The two people who spoke the most, or argued the most was Mark Lichtenwalter and Eugene Richardson. I first met ~~both of them~~ ^{Eugene} at a Kevin Kraut campout. Mark had previously invited me to his house in Spanish Fork. Mark invited me to meet with him

Around this time I brought forth my most peculiar of all Translations; it was far more orthodox and Gospel related than any before, and was a continuation on of The Saint Ann hill record by Carman within the Morrisite movement.

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for Sunday meetings. I told Mark that I had been out of Order for a long time, ever since things went south in Leland's group. I told him I had been a false prophet, consorted with false spirits, and that since that time I had struggled with pornography and Alcoholism. I told him I had felt that I had gone too far to come back. -That I should be blood Atoned.

One thing I was proud of was the fact that I had never had sexual relations outside of Marriage.

~~Mark~~ Mark said, "Fred, (Sam), The Atonement of Jesus Christ can cover all those sins. You can come back. Repent and God, has open arms to forgive you!"

And never would. But C.T. and N.B. had because of me.

I was baptized by Mark, he gave me the Gift of the Holy Ghost and ordained me to the Melchizedek Priesthood. He then ordained me to be the Patriarch of the Church. Benjamin was in that meeting and said that the words of the ordination were revealed to him as Mark said them. Mark also adopted me.

(I know that Mark Lichtenwalter is a prophet of God, and the circumstances of our separation is tragic.)

Mark, his wife Kim, Blain and myself fixed up a room like a Temple and we did the full Endowment. It was completed with a beautiful Sealing.

Chapter Sixteen Revelation

2016 was the year of my divorce with Carolyn, it was not a divorce I wanted; but it was all about the custody of ~~our~~ kids. Carolyn was still severely mentally ill, and she wanted the kids to be with her a majority of the time; even though, since they could remember, I raised them. It was a long process and it saped much of my emotional energy, and time. It also took time not allotted to it, because I always had to watch the door and look over my shoulder for fear that Carolyn would be there to take the kids. - Or be there ~~with~~ police, as she falsely accused me once. This all wore on me until it was over, and may have contributed to a mantallity of panic that was not easy to just drop, when things were finally okay.

Much of the break down in communication between Mark Lichtenwalter and myself was due to this very difficult year, and also added fuel to my addictions. - Which in turn, would turn into confessions, and Mark would wonder why I was tripping in my progression so often. Apparently Mark and I had met at the wrong moment.

During that time I had received several revelations

on Mark's behalf. These revelations were more orthodox and in order, since I was trying hard to repent, but they were not perfect or totally right. That can be the worst kind of revelation, because it appears to be good to the logical mind.

It came to the point where I knew Mark was a good man, and a prophet, but his most farout claims; that he is the Holy Ghost, scared me; and rightfully so. I tried to go out on a limb and get a good and objective revelation, with no priesthood leader to support me; on the subject. The revelation said, that many acted as the Holy Ghost, and Mark was only one of them. This revelation hurt Mark's feelings and further estranged us. - and this at a time when I had failed to gather, and by all accounts could be rightly judged as out of order, and out of line.

At this point I realized that one safe harbor, one place I had gotten the Spirit in my past, and one place I had failed to look to, all these years, was the Church of Jesus Christ, of Latter-day Saints. I began going to the local ward with the girls. The Bishop pulled up my records, because I asked him

if I could join the Church again. After talking a few times he finally got the records from church headquarters. He read slowly, the letter that I had written about being a Hindu. I chuckled; it had skipped my mind what I had actually written. (How embarrassing!) I explained to him that 'small', but ^{only} one of many ventures into other religions. I also explained the circumstances. I told him about many other mistakes also, and told him that I was committed to coming back. He encouraged me to also tell my family about my decision.

I told the Bishop that I didn't really want to tell my Mom, as I felt that she had abandoned me the moment I left the church. Something she said, that she wouldn't do, when I was young. The Bishop told me to go tell her that very day - so I did. I had been going to Church for a few months when the Bishop told me that it might take a while to get a Baptismal date, he said it might even take a few years. I was a little disappointed - well alot disappointed. I thought we might at least have an idea. However it sounded like the "idea" would be years away. I was committed to proving myself,

but I wondered why this process would not follow the pattern in the book of Mormon and D+C. Even the most bitter, and sometimes even bloody rivalries in Fundamentalism could be sorted out with tearful apologies and a few months to witness to the Church that a change had taken place.

I told myself that it would be stupid, to not return just because it was difficult. I did start to wonder however, if I ~~was~~ worth less than a new convert. Or maybe I was not as valuable as someone who commits a terrible sin and waits a year. At least they have an idea when their date is coming.

One sister missionary impressed me so much that I nearly ~~wanted to~~ proposed. — But I remembered that I was not good. — Not good enough to be a member. For some reason this really effected me. Now that I had switched my self-worth back to the Church, as it ~~once~~ had been; what I thought was fertile ground and a ready mind, just became depression. I was broke, the divorce had ruined my nerves, I was going up against addiction alone; and I thought Neil had possibly developed pedophilia like tendencies — due to something I saw. I escaped to God's house.

Chapter Seventeen My Prayer

"Oh my Father, God; please, please hear my prayer!
Wherever that girl from my dreams may be, wherever
her life takes her, please, let her never find me!

I am not worthy to see her smile, or to even see
her face, or to feel her embrace, I am nothing but
a disgrace. I am so ashamed, I could only bring her pain.

Protect her Father; let her find a more perfect man,
unto him I would give her hand. Even that dreamt
of kiss I deserve to miss, even though it is the only
thing I have ever truly wanted!

Father, let me raise my own, and then into death's
grip let me atone. Father, please, never let me find her,
I love her ~~so~~ much! Father, she is too precious, and I
am unworthy! In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

I prayed this prayer in the fall of 2016, and the fact
I prayed it can also be found in my "Doc1" history. I also told
several people about it. I said it in Clearfield at Gad's, and I
said it with all the feeling that I have ever had while praying.
I met her three weeks later, To see the ~~three~~ dreams
I am referencing, see page 19. The section with double brackets.

John Coltharp saw a post of mine on Facebook and asked
if he could come see me. The post had been one about

From the moment that I saw D, I never looked at pornography of any kind, ever again. I was cured in an instant!

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Nazism. In our initial meeting John, had said that he had read a few translations of mine and that he believed they came from false spirits. He asked me what I thought. I said that I agreed with him, and that I had quit. I even said I was never planning on getting another revelation or translation. John Coltharp said, that I shouldn't quit, but that I should get the Spirit and have them detected by someone with discernment. John offered to do that for me, and I said okay, but it might take some time.

John and I had spoken a few times, but after my prayer, he invited me to his house in order to give him a patriarchal blessing. I had been in order for a while and was feeling better, this is also something Mark had called me to do. Once I was in John's house his daughter came up to me. An instant familiarity hit me like lightning. Her smile was the most beautiful smile I had ever seen, and will ever see. She asked me if I thought she was a princess; I said that I knew she was.

I gave John the blessing. The blessing said he was the first sprout to appear after a forest fire, and that he was a stubborn candle that would not go out. Also that he was an oxen crossing a river, and that in his seed would the

enmity between Ephraim and Judah cease. He is also of the tribe of Ephraim. As I left D. said bye; in that moment I determined that I would bide my time as D. grew up. She was an Artist like me, I could see everything in her eyes. She was indescribably beautiful; it was her!

John told me that if we were to be approved spiritually, that we had to prove to God that we are willing to do anything for Him. So John wrote an oath and constitution for that purpose. Our spiritvall fraternity was called Knights of the Crystal Blade. The Crystal Blade being the word of God.

We hiked up to Sunnyside reserrior on October 12th 2016. The water was the coldest water I had ever felt. We baptised each other. Our skin was tingling with cold. The Spirit suddenly came over us and John prophesied, that we would soon witness the last days unfold, and the promis of the prophets be fulfilled.

On the hike down John asked me if I feared for my daughters in regard to who they would marry, or how they would make it in the world. I said, "yes, every day." He then taught me that in the Bible there was always betrothal. He asked me my thoughts about D.; I was afraid to show my feelings, so I said, "I would be honored to someday marry someone like her." What I wanted to say was,

"I am in love with your daughter," John later told me that he feared my silly Nazi leanings would make me not want her, and he didn't want to push it, but I wanted her more than life itself, and was afraid to express it to him, who is her father.

That night we had a cookout under the stars, at a campsite by the cook ovens near east-carbon. I looked at Orion as we both took the Knight's oath, to do anything God asked of us, even to the sacrifice of all things!

I watched John give L. one yummy treat after another until she was tired and he rocked her in his arms. ~~and~~ I told myself, she is his. — Then it occurred to me, we could overcome the Biblical wife price by doing a trade. I didn't say anything yet though, the last thing I wanted to do is alienate D's father. All I could think of was her.

I was a mountain range away from her, but I hoped she was thinking of me. I visited John at his house nearly every night to see her. When I would run past him and let her jump into my arms it became obvious enough. I told him my idea. Since I didn't want to live at Neil's we moved to Sunnyside, which nearly ripped my heart out.

to Joe's house.

He said Brilliant, and we set a date, Dec. 3rd 2016.

Chapter Eighteen Green Fire

On December 3rd 2016, John Coltharp and I stood on either side of a camp fire in his parent's back yard; in Spring City, Utah. As John promised to give his daughter's hand in marriage to me, and betrothed her to me, the campfire began turning green before my very eyes. - Just as had happened in my green candle vision. John asked me what I was looking at, and then said, "do you see green fire?" - with a smile, I said, "do you see it too?" He shook his head, and said the green candle had come to mind. I assure the reader that no pyro-technics were employed by John, as I am very familiar with such things. I then gave L. to him, and the green flames subsided.

What followed, to the very day, was the best year of my life. In a year and a day all three dreams on page 19^{had} happened. The sequence in which they happened was opposite to the sequence in which I received them; and therefore this may be so, with them all, all the way back to the first Dream on page 1.

While living at Joe's house for the winter and Spring, I drove to Sanpete county every week to see D. and John. One weekend we went camping and then to a hotel. D. had never really been swimming before, and so I was teaching her at the pool. She told me to

Came closer at one moment, and she kissed me on the mouth for the first time.

One time while hiking D. wrote a note, it said, "♡D.7" The seven was for her age. I never took that note out of my wallet.

D. asked me to baptise her, but her mother insisted that John do it. I told her that I could do it again for her at another time. That other time never happened.

On the 12th of April, (one month after her birthday,) D. wanted an official ceremony that she could participate in. What she said was, "I know I am yours, but I want to get married too." Of course referencing the normal cultural context that she was used to. When it came to the event she became suddenly shy and nervous, and so L. and John did it first. Afterward we did it, I promised to resurrect her, and to be her husband forever. She simply promised back to be mine forever. That night she became much more ^{Forward} than before. She was done with games, and I taught her everything. She told me that she had been scared of what marriage would be like before, but she said, "now I am not scared at all, this is cool."

The doctrinal discussions and revelations leading up to this point are well documented in my revelation compilation.

John had taught me about ancient Jewish marriage, and how they did not have a marriage age. This is also apparent in Ezekiel 16:4-8. I prayed about these things, and had gotten revelation that it was right.

It appeared that L. and D. had processed things fine, understood them, and were as happy as ever. In fact they seemed happier than ever and asked ^{about} and anticipated our get togethers as much as we did.

One day John said, "Sam, we have to know about race, in regard to the gospel; can you get an unbiased revelation on the subject?" I said, "I don't know." I went to bed that night trying not to think about it. Suddenly I woke up at 2:00 ^{AM} in the morning, and I felt as though I was on fire with the Spirit. I started typing as fast as I could half awake; I sent it off and went back to bed. In the morning I read it. To my shock it did say blacks could have the priesthood, and that Ethiopians are part of the house of Israel. I called up John and he said, "One thing is for sure, you didn't write this revelation!"

The most beautiful part of that Revelation said, "You know these things are true, because the most beautiful members of Israel are those Jews and Eastern Europeans with brown eyes. And you know this because your true Love is fairer than

the moon!" John and I knew this was true. When I saw D. again I said, "Jesus says you are fairer than the moon!" We were laying under a beautiful half moon at that moment. D. turned, held my face and kissed me. She said, "I want you to look like this forever." I said, "D. I will be much more handsome and young when I have a resurrected body." She said, "No, I want you to look just like this!" She was holding my face, I started crying, no one had ever said something like that to me.

John had another assignment for me, he said, "Now we have to know who we are, we have to have some type of calling or this wouldn't be happening; we also don't know if other prophets are coming back or who might be coming, so we have to know our identity and part in all this."

I prayed and the Revelation came that I was Peter, John was John the beloved and Elijah, and Kyle was James also called Jacobus. I called up John and said, "This can't be right...Heh." He said, "No, it is right; infact it is brilliant! Look at D+C 7, and D+C 77:14." He further said, no one has made this claim, and it could not have only come to me randomly in light of these scriptures.

I prayed to know if I was Peter, suddenly I was in the midst of a vision. I was standing in the main square in ancient Rome. Some people were talking and laughing about one of the vestal virgins being executed. I began crying uncontrollably, and was still crying when the vision faded. I still cry while thinking about it. (Later while in jail I was told that this vestal virgin was D.) I suppose we have been through a lot throughout time.

I told John that the progression of things scared me, and that I just wanted to live happily ever after with D. John said, "We have to do the Lord's will, come what may."

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One day I was sitting in the field in Spring City with D. D. was feeling sick, and I said, "If you pray and have faith God can heal you." D. prayed, and just then she said, "I am healed!" Then the sun came out and she kissed me. I was in shock, chills shot through me. My Dream had just happened right before my eyes!

I told John about it afterward. While we were riding in the van John put on the theme song from Neverending story. It says, "In her face the mirror of your dreams." I looked at D. and she blew me a kiss. I cried! - John did it on purpose.

Chapter Nineteen Apostleship

I asked, with John's instruction, if we should act as Apostles now as before. We were instructed to set each other apart. We both had, had a vision or dream of Christ; but we were told that one day we would have an even greater witness. I went to provo that weekend instead of Spring City. John and I drove to the provo Temple at center st. There in the parking lot John told me under a street lamp the keys he had been given. He taught me that God looks on us humbly, that we should thank Him for trials, that we must do good, and love our enemies as our Father held them on His knee and is their Dad. I cried as he taught me, because these were teachings the Magi had taught me in my dreams, but that I couldn't remember until then. I realized that John Coltharp was one of these Magi, and the elderly John the Beloved that I had dreamed about also.

John said, "now for the most difficult Revelation yet, I need to know if I should quit my job. If I do, Mircha will rain hell on us, but I can't be an Apostle and work for the world at the same time." I walked onto the Temple grounds and knelt on the lawn and prayed. God said, "John shall quit, to do my will." I began to cry, because I was more scared than ever before. Then a miracle happened. An Elderly Temple worker dressed in white came

up to me. He said, "Son, are you okay?" I said, "Yes; I just asked God if my friend and I should quit our job and dedicate our lives to God, and God said yes, but I am afraid of losing everything!" ^{Thinking of D.} I started crying again. The Temple Worker smiled and said, "The Revelation is true, do what you have been told to do." He walked away, and when I turned around he was gone.

John and I went up on the spine of Squaw peak and we set each other apart. As I looked over the city, a Love grew in me for the people. John put his hand on my shoulder and said, "We know that Jesus Christ lives, we know He is our Savior. We have seen Him in dreams, but one day we will see in person. That makes us special witnesses Sam; and that Love you feel for those below is the Apostleship. Let's feed the sheep, let's feed the sheep."

As we drove, I felt a peace come over me. I knew a rollercoaster had started, but I felt at peace. We quickly gathered up our things at Joe's, (the summer had come, and Carolyn was going to want the kids, although at this point L. was not mine to part with.) We moved to Kyle's house. And I saw D. everyday from then on.

Heaven had come to Earth!

Chapter Twenty Lambs

In a vision I saw a ship and a platform hovering over a sea of black fire. The black fire also contorted in strange even incomprehensible ways. In the distance there was whirlwinds as far as the eye could see in all directions, only they glowed as if they were made of lightening, and the black fire glowed under us also. I remember having a certain anxiousness about it, and the words like a sea of fire and brimstone came to mind.

On the platform stood a group of men, and I was one of them. In the center was the savior, and around him we stood, a group of men I loved with pure charity. Glancing around I saw my Brother Benjamin, John Coltharp, Christopher Nemelka, Mark Lichtenwalter, and a number of men I knew well, but which I have never seen in this life. - Including Joseph Smith, Sydney Rigdon, Abraham, and others. I heard the words, "And those who overcome shall not be hurt of the second death."

The savior activated a helmet with a visor, and we all did so. He then began to run to the edge, and we all courageously, and with perfect faith followed Him. We then all jumped off into the sea of fire.

- I awoke with a start, and a powerful heart beat as my body in the dream was about to experience dissolution.

The moment I awoke I heard a Revelation.

It said in paraphrase; And I saw a Lamb slain from the foundations of the world, and it had Twelve eyes and Twelve horns which are the Servants of God and the Archangels which are come down, Thou art one of them! You are a Resurrected being from before the world, and you have already here before been sealed up unto Eternal Life. A vision was then opened up, and I saw the meaning, intent and purpose of the green candle vision. "You have done this on many worlds." I then

Looked and I saw that I lost D. in many lives, including on this world. I saw that I had been the King of shechem, slain by Simeon and Levi. I cried! I said, "Oh God, why would I agree to this?!" He said; You are sacrificed in every life leading up to the millennium, because you are one of the Lambs; for this purpose came you, and all your bretheren into the world. You have done this on more worlds than you can count because you Love your brothers and sisters with an Eternal Love, which fails not! This is who you are, like an Ice skater spinning, your center is this work, and you have

Genesis 34-

done it for Love's sake. Your Love for D. and your Love for all my children is within your Love for me, and your Love for Me is without end. I, My only begotten Son, and you the Lambs are Love; this is our work, and our glory, to Love them into Exaltation, worlds without end!

Revelation 2:11
+ JST-Rev. 5:6

The reason I titled this Book, the Book of Peter, Osirus Enthnar is because, I was Peter, ~~My~~ Name as the King of Shechem was Osirus, and in my dream as a kid, I was Enthnar.

I called John and told him about this Revelation, and I could hardly recount it without crying. He said, "Sam, we have never received a truer Revelation."

We received this right around the time of the summer eclipse of 2017. The summer wound on, and eventually John moved with the kids down to Spring City. He gave me gas money and we visited nearly every night. Eventually, I and the kids moved to my dad's apartment to save on gas. I took D. on dates, and life was a dream. We goofed off with campfires and goodies. We had found Zion! Being with D. is Zion to me.

Chapter Twenty One Wilderness

John told me that Micha was becoming more threatening and that we had to get a Revelation about it. I was scared myself and didn't know how to get a Revelation on the subject. I got it, and it said that she would die in the mountains in October if we stood our ground. Well it was only the beginning of September when I became afraid and convinced John to go into the mountain early. We had a good camp out, but then Micha came looking for us. I prayed the Lord would work the miracle early, but the Lord only protects those who obey Him.

Micha came and went, but she promised to come get the kids on the following weekend. John pressed me to get another Revelation, and again I was scared out of my mind. John said, "Times will get even tougher, you have to be able to work under pressure." I prayed and the Revelation said, "Depart into the wilderness." By Wednesday we were driving South with a truck full of stuff.

Our first campsite was just above Cedar City. We also moved in with our respective wives. There was an old man who was camping in the spot just before us and always waved and watched out for us. His name was Billy.

We had been instructed to obtain a small Tabernacle, (Large tent,) and Temple clothes. John was writing a little Book of all the Keys which had been given to him. We were told that we were to set up the Tabernacle on the 22nd of September, and that John was to deliver the Key Book up to Heaven at that time. We fasted for three days, and then went into the desert to set up the Tabernacle.

We were instructed to also deliver the Keys verbally to Billy. We shared the Keys with him, and he just smiled and took them in.

We set the Tabernacle up in the desert by the Brass mountain. John's son Seth was the only other person with us. This night was the very time that the conjunction happened with Virgo, when she was standing on the moon, clothed in the sun, crowned with Twelve stars, and giving birth to a child, (Jupiter). - Over Jerusalem.

Revelation
12 →

We were told that many like us were meeting that night, and that someday it would be had in remembrance.

We prayed all night until about four in the morning. It was bitterly cold and wind blew in from under the walls. We walked outside wondering why the messenger hadn't come. Just then we saw a light hovering and

Coming down the mountain. It disappeared and later we saw it appear behind us in the valley.

John prayed and God said, that, that was the messenger, but that we were not worthy to be visited. John was then instructed to burn the Book as a sacrifice to God. See D+C 77:14.

I let John do that alone, and I said to God that I felt the failure was my fault, and God said, 'you were designed to fail, and from henceforth John shall be the Revealer, and you shall follow him.'

We returned to camp and into the arms of our wives. We had a wonderful time at that camp. We befriended Billy and a native American Lady. I also caught a rattle snake, and after showing the kids we let it go across the river.

We soon moved up the mountain. We went on hikes with the kids, and read from stories of underground civilizations at night. I spent much of the time chopping wood, and D. often came around while I worked to flirt and see my wood cutting skills. It was the best time of my life.

John sometimes took D. and I to town, and we would listen to the techno Remix of Rise of the Triad, and Cryptic Marble from Sonic. Sometimes I would sing the theme song from the Mask of Zorro to D. We were madly in Love!

Chapter Twenty Two Dry Well

At the second campsite John and I were hiking when we came upon a huge pit in the earth. It almost looked as though it was for runoff or something, but it didn't go anywhere. John hiked to the bottom, and then called up to me, "you better come see this, I found something." I hiked down also and laying at the bottom was a dead Lamb on wooden rails. It appeared as though it had been sacrificed, - And someone deliberately layed it on the wooden pulls. I said, "Wow, that is odd." John wondered if we should move it, or look under it, and I suggested that we not touch it. John went into the woods to enquire about it. The Lord said, that it was a sacrifice put there by fallen Angels as a message to us, that Heth and his Angels were going to bring us down into the pit. Isaiah 51:1 + 2 Nephi 8:1.

We soon moved to our third camp. While moving the mattresses a Forest Ranger had seen our odd trailer. We prayed for protection and a hail storm arose and covered the ground with Ice, making the dirt road bad and covering our tracks. We thanked the Lord!

The third camp was even funner, with tons of hiking and things to do. I taught the kids how to build a wilderness shelter, and I started on a tiepie design.

One day D. had been bossing the kids around, and John had told her that bossy women were wicked, and would be destroyed by God. When I arrived she was crying and ~~asked~~ asked if I would ever kill her for being wicked. I embraced her tightly and said, D. here is a secret, I love you so much that I could never hurt you!

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she smiled,
and I wiped
away her tears

We soon moved to our fourth camp further in the woods. I moved my poles and made an even better cottage designed shelter. John woke me up every morning with hot coffee, and we would pray to start our day. I don't know if there could ever be a people happier than we were. I was in the midst of the best three months of my life. We also often thought about Micha however, and prayed for her.

We got some land in the desert. John, D., and I went there to make a driveway and a gate for the fence. It took a few days. Then we got shipping containers dropped off, with doors, windows and wood burning stoves. We then moved there in November.

I put lawn chairs in the flat bed trailer and D. and I stayed up half the night watching the stars and looking for UFOs.

D. and I were reading through JST Genesis. I skipped chapter 34 intentionally, but now I deeply regret skipping it.

D. helped me with S. and I cleaned and made meals. D. drew many beautiful drawings, and I and her were making a Bible timeline.

John started digging a well in the back 40, and he had been told when to expect water. He dug a foot

past the predicted depth with nothing. John and I sat in the dirt by the well. I said, "Isaac's well got water when he made peace with his brethren."

John said, "You are right, we have sinned. We have sinned in alienating our Brethren, especially Benjamin. We have also sinned in neglecting weightier matters."

I left John alone all day to pray. I returned to him and sat down. John said, "Sam, the Lord wants us to go on a mission." I suddenly became scared and said, "But John, what if they are looking for us, we can't go back." John said, "Come what may, let God lead us, we have given Him everything. Sam, are you ready and willing to go unto prison, or even unto death?"

I said, "I am ready to do anything for the Lord." John put his arm around me, "Sam, we have restored all things with the Key Book, this was the work ^{that} the prophets foretold since the world began. Sam, no matter what happens next, (to quote Brigham) you have blessed millions of lives for generations to come. You and D. are the first to live the true Order of Marriage in this dispensation. Put it in the Lord's hands, He loves her even more, as hard and as unfathomable as that is. Let us go into death and hell together!" I cried and John embraced me.

Chapter Twenty Three On the Run

I put my 9mm Ruger in the van and said, "John don't forget the glock." John said, "I'm not bringing a weapon, and I suggest you don't either." That's odd, I thought, but packed it anyway.

We drove to Spring City, I said, "Are you sure, about this?" John nodded. We went into the house, and John put L and H. in a bath. I looked out the window and saw a cop drive up. I went to the door and called to John. I said, "There is a cop out there, you have to talk to them." John said okay and told me to get L and H. out of the bath. John was out there for a really long time. I looked out and couldn't see him, but there was now five cop cars.

I took D. by the hand and went to the back door. A cop had just passed looking around with a flash light. D. and I went out the back and she hid in the field. I saw another cop go around the house, I ran back in and picked up L. I went to the back and I heard ^{prompting} "Stop!" I did and a cop walked past. I got them each one at a time. I thought God must mean to deliver us if I got such promptings, which gave me more bravery. At least three promptings preserved us. I returned for the van, and instantly

got pulled over. The children were still hiding in an old rusty truck not 20 yards from where I got pulled over. The cop asked if I had the kids and I said, "No, they are in southern Utah." After a second he let me go. I drove around a field and ran back to the truck. The kids were still there, and for a moment I wondered if I had lost it and was now pschitzophrenic. But Dad kissed me and I started breathing normal again.

We went out in the field and I called my dad on the computer phone, and he came to pick us up. As fate would have it John had accidentally had my phone in his pocket, and now I couldn't contact his parents back at camp.

I returned in the night to get the van, as I was afraid to drive out of town with the kids in it. First thing in the morning the kids and I drove back to camp. I probably should have thought things through and not returned, because the moment I returned John's parents said we need to wait to see what happens. They instantly forgot that I was second in command. I didn't press it because I didn't know what to do. I was afraid even though

I should have had perfect faith.

The next day we went camping in the back 40 with one of our tents. It was a beautiful full moon.

We played games and had a good time with all the girls. D. said, (while we were setting up,) "I miss John." I said, "I do too I do too!" My voice cracked.

We went on a walk to scope out the area but it ended up being a bad idea, as a sandstorm kicked up. That evening we were tired and ready for dinner. I had already brought our gear back, and I was hiking back with the four girls. D.L.H.+S. Just then we saw two sets of headlights down by the gate.

The girls and I ran back into the back 40. We started heading towards the junk yard about a mile away, and it was getting dark and cold fast. At the junk yard, I gathered up some foam to keep the girls warm. I wrapped L. and H. up and tucked them in a 55 gallon barrel to keep them out of the harsh wind. I located another barrel for D. and S. However when I was gathering foam I saw two dark figures who looked like cops in the center of the yard. I slowly rolled behind a container and then snuck back to the girls. I took my 9mm Hypoint and positioned myself behind the barrel. One cop

was walking out to our left, and another started coming our way. I considered the girls in the barrell and the ones huddling behind me, and realized that a gun fight was not an option. I set the gun down and looked behind us. In our rear the country was pitch dark as a huge full moon had just risen, yellow and brilliant. Realizing that he couldn't see us, I picked up ~~S.~~ S. and D. and I started hiking East. I was fully planning on returning for L and H. in the barrell once D. and S. was safe.

As we hurried away, the shadow that had been to our left started following us. Every time I looked back he was there. I started going faster and faster. Two or Three miles later we saw two flashlights ahead of us. There was sand-dunes to our right shining blue in the moonlight. I took a risky move and we ran over them. When I set S. down I realized that her boot had fallen off, and even more horrifying, D. had forgotten to put socks on her. I took my own socks off and put them on her freezing feet.

As we continued past the dunes we suddenly started hearing dogs. We ran another mile, and then as we rested I heard a voice in the distance, "To the left,

they are to the left." I jumped up and we started running to the right. We walked several more miles, my back was killing me and the wind was blowing right through us. I knew that if we didn't find shelter that ~~we~~ S. would die. We trekked on, and at one place I saw two hatches in the ground with sage brush over them. I noticed the brush was tied to them. A voice suddenly came into my mind. "Do not touch it, it is a grave." I suddenly realized that the brush covered them to hide them from being seen from the air. They were murdered stashed bodies. We knelt between them and I embraced both girls close in my jacket. I looked up at Sirius and prayed. Suddenly I had a powerful de'ja'vu. It was the second dream from Page 19!

We walked into mourning, we came by some sheep, and I thought about finding the sheep dog, to leave the girls with, so I could go back to L+S. but decided against it. The sun rose and we found a run down trailer by the road. I broke in and got D.+S. wrapped up. I almost turned back then, but I was afraid to leave them that close to the road; they would surely be found. (It must also be remembered that John and I were terrified of DCFS. and ~~and~~ I felt it was a life and death

struggle, for the virtue of our children.)

I left them to find Eugene Richardson's property. By the time I found it and got the girls into another run down trailer it was already 11:00 AM approximately. I said to D, "This will all be over soon, Remember that I will always Love you!" She said, "I Love you too."

I walked toward the road but saw a cop car, so I walked back toward the wilderness. Suddenly I saw two figures in my blurred vision, and then ten or so more. They appeared to be wearing Swat gear. I fell to my knees and put my hands on my head. My eyes were actually partially frozen. After a half an hour or so, I thought, 'boy, it is taking them along time to rush me.' I heard another voice that said, "Stand up." I stood up and they evaporated like a mirrag.

I ran to the road, I knew this had to end, if the girls were to live. At one point I came to a crossroads. Do I go straight to the main road, or right towards the wilderness? I had my third grand de'ja'vu. It was the first dream from page 19. At one point I thought I saw someone behind me and ran back, a quarter of a mile but now I realized that I was just plain Hellucinating.

I pressed forward, and began to run, the sun

Just kept moving and I was getting more and more scared for all the girls. Finally a man drove up, he was packing a six shooter. I told him I either needed a ride or a phone. He said he would call the cops and I waited. Finally the cop arrived, I immediately told him my name and where L.+H were. He acted like he didn't believe me, but he drove me to the junk yard anyway. I told him and other cops, multiple times right where they were and pointed. They were all just standing around for an hour or so, I struggled to knock on the window with cuffs on. I was yelling at them, "Get them out, you peices of shit!" -It got dark.

Finally, after it was getting dark the helicopter made it's "Triumphant" entry nearly landing on them and the media rushed in, just in time to see it. They pulled me out to show me off, I told them the other girls were in trouble too and I wanted to talk to the man in charge. They put me back in the truck for another half hour before a man who had clearly just put eye drops in his eyes came up and said, "For the love of god, where are they." I said, "I am going to tell you, I just want to get the ~~q~~ assistance that they will be given straight to Micha." He said, "Of course!" I then said, "It is not

My feet - heels were bloody from running without socks. Job 18.

The Two girls in the barrel made news and everyone assumed the worst Zechariah 5:5-11.

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We are as two fallen prophets, and as bulls in a net. Isaiah 42:19-25, + Isaiah 51.

in Eugene's name, but it is a property where Eugene lives part time. They are in the trailer in the back of the property, about a half mile behind the house." (I couldn't find a way into Eugene's house without breaking an obvious window, but in hind sight, I should have done so.) The cops played some word games with me, and pretended that they couldn't find it, but eventually, they told me that they were safe and with Micha. I breathed a huge sigh of relief and prayed that Micha would somehow get or take L. + S. also. - As it ended up God had a good plan anyway. They ended up with a wonderful active LDS family.

Chapter Twenty Four Spirit World

Jail was not difficult for the typical thought of reasons. I instantly made good friends, and ~~and~~ a real shower was nice. I intensely missed D. and cried every day; I also worried about her constantly. I knew Micha was smart though, and I always prayed for both of them.

While in the suicide room, (because I became suicidal.) I marveled how much like the beginning of my novel "Expedition" it was. A cement slab and a dim light was the only things there. I had a dream there of the House under the Tree

one more time, - but that is a story for another time.

One night I had a dream where I saw three frozen Squirrels on three branches by a path leading home. A voice said, that the three Squirrels were three days. I anxiously anticipated the fourth day. That morning an inmate told me that I was accused of a crime which carried a 25 to life, sentence. It surprisingly didn't really effect me at first.

When I got to Sanpete I felt as though I could play both sides, but almost fell backwards off the teir instead. The Bishop reassured me that it was okay for me to play both sides in testifying some. He said if at all possible we should hope the kids don't have to testify. He assured me that John felt the same, but I still thought John would fight, and that I could cast doubt. John ended up pleading like myself, which hit me hard. I really thought he would fight. I suddenly felt guilty of a terrible crime.

When in Sanpete I had a lucid dream, or a vision. I was drinking from an artesian well on someone's property. A woman with goldenish hair came up to me, I apologized for being on her property. - But she seemed familiar. She said, "It is okay, I know you." I said, "you do?" She said, "I am your grandma."

She hugged me, and said, "You will be home with family again, and it won't be as long and hard as you think it will be." I started crying. She then gestured toward the little town we were in, on the side of a mountain range, something like Edgemont. It may have been of comparable size also. (Edgemont in Provo.) She said, "Do you know what this town is?" I said, "no..." She said, "It is all the people that have been brought into the Gospel, through the genealogy work of Mary. ~~and~~ Please tell her so." (my mom)

Suddenly the vision evaporated and I realized my eyes were already open.

A month or two later I took 160 Tylenols, and I hugged my friend Joseph Silver goodbye.

I then found myself in a strange "bardo" dimension called Olympus, where a translated Angel befriended me, named Brandon. I know he is Ezekiel and Moroni though.

I also finally made it to the trailer dorm here, and I can see the point of the mountain hill out my window. - And surprisingly I remember a last days dream with that hill in it. I had been looking for it actually. Bizarre! - The End - Job 1:21