

THE AWAKENING OF DAVID REICHNER

3/8/26

One of my first memories as a child was when my four older siblings and I were Sealed over the Alter of God in the Los Angeles Temple to our parents who were recently married and Sealed in the Temple. I recall playing a game, all dressed in white, in a waiting room of the Temple. An Angel-like lady said, "Ok children, it's time to go." She walked us to a room where both of our parents were residing. All the children; which were five of us, I being the youngest, were asked to, "Kneel down at the Alter with our parents." We placed our hands on the Alter, uniting our family as a man with the Authority of God, even a High Priest of the Melchizedek priesthood offered a prayer to God; blessing us and Sealing us as an Eternal family of God. This was a very special day for us as a family, and I'm sure my parents and siblings have a much better memory of all the details. My mother, Irene John Damigos Reichner was of the Greek Orthodox Faith growing up, with her parents from Greece. My father, "Coach" Mark Evans Reichner grew up Catholic and was once an Alter boy. My father ran the camps for the Lakers, having grown up in Long Beach, CA. with my mother. If you have ever watched the movie, "My Big Fat Greek Wedding" you will know more about my family. We were very Greek, diverse, and all of us kids were Gym rats.

Basketball was part of our daily lives, as well as my parents new found path into the Kingdom of God on earth, as it is in heaven. We all were baptized in the manner of Jesus Christ. We seldom missed going to Church, Seminary, Scouting events, reading Scriptures, praying or doing service projects; indeed we as a family were very active in our Love for God, Jesus Christ, and our persuit to "Come unto Christ, and become like him."

Having been baptized in the Snake river, in Idaho, at eight years old, serving a mission at nineteen, and being Sealed to my Eternal Companion Barbi Reichner at twentyone in the Salt Lake Temple; we as a couple were both on our way to creating an Eternal family of our own. My wife and I came home the same day from our missions. She and I dated and could have married before our missions, but chose to serve the Lord first.

"Our wedding of the century", as stated by those who attended was five weeks after we got home from our missions. We were devoted to our love for God, each other, and our seven children, and daughter-in-law, and two grand children. We have had a beautiful and blessed marriage and family experience over the last twenty^{nine} years; with a loving large extended family of over one-hundred people.

While living and coaching in Arizona I was asked to audition for the role of Jesus Christ in a world-wide known production called, "The New Testament." This was being produced and filmed on the Goshen set located in Utah; where many scenes from the T.V. series "The Chosen" took place.

I was given a script of the last supper to memorize and prepare for the audition. I was told, "you have the look, you're approved, and we really would like you to audition." I am not an actor, nor did I think much about the magnitude of the film. I thought, "It must not be a big deal or anything special if they want me." Not feeling aduquet or informed enough of the unique opportunity, I turned down the offer and asked if I could learn about the industry and come on set as a background actor. Boy, did I make a huge mistake by not moving forward with the invitation.

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Clearly my greatest regret in life is not taking this role and persuing the chance of a lifetime. While on set I was amazed and filled with the Love of God and His Spirit. The first scene I took part in, among many, was Jesus Christ on the cross. I always wanted to go back in time and walk with Jesus; kinda like the movie "Bill and Ted's excellent adventure." Returning home to Arizona to my amazing wife and kids I couldn't wait to share the experience.

Soon after, I went through a career change where I stood in front of a School board and my boss said, "David, it's as though you were like Jesus Christ who sacrificed himself." There is a long story to that comment, but it is a starting point where, "striving to be like Christ" took on a greater meaning. See, I was asked to be a model portraying Jesus Christ doing several photo-shoots for religious groups all around the country. They would fly-in and take pictures, do paintings, and dress me up in Christ-like wardrobe. These experiences were a great blessing, and very humbling and Spiritual. Never did my eyes not fill with tears, as often these photo-shoots were beautifully articulated, thought-out, and often Sacred.

As family, friends, and my students learned of my experiences they would often say, "Why didn't you take the role of Jesus Christ, you have the look and you should have." For several years I heard from many people and began to feel horrible. My regret grew bigger and bigger, as though I really let down Father in Heaven, His Son Jesus Christ, and many who value the appearance of our Savior. One day I fell to my knees in prayer pleading Father to forgive me, and allow me to redeem myself in some way. I said, "Father in Heaven, please let me portray Jesus Christ in some way where I can bring your children to Christ. I will die if I have to, and give up all that I have, if you just allow me to redeem myself in some way."

The answer from Father was to "Sing Sacred Hymns as I portray Jesus Christ; basically sing as the Christ!" I looked through a Hymn book and discovered about thirty Hymns Jesus could sing in first person. I shared this idea with Blake Roney of Nuskin, who is a long time family friend, and he gave me financial support; kind of like an Executive Producer would. We made the first ever music video portraying Jesus Christ singing the Hymn, "Nearer my God to thee."

My Videographer, Josh Sales and I shot the first scenes in the mountains. We were all alone a couple of miles into the thick trees. We saw a man shooting a bow and arrow far off. We told him that we were shooting a music video. He stopped to watch and listen. As we finished he yelled, "That was beautiful, may I approach you?" Interesting choice of words, I said, "Yes you may!" As he walked closer I said to Josh, "He looks like Jesus." Josh said, "Ya, he does." As the man got within thirty yards or less he said, "Tell me about your production, it sounds beautiful." I responded, "Brother, you look like Jesus, what is your name?" He gave a simple cordial smile deflecting the simile of Jesus, and said his name was "Jacob." I told him as he arrived closer my mission was to bring the world to Jesus Christ through singing sacred Hymns portraying Christ. I told him my vision is to go to China, the Middle East, and Russia, where missionaries arnt allowed to prosalytize and sing in concert halls or opera houses singing the Hymns

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portraying Jesus Christ: Explaining this is a way to share the gospel through Hymns; which are indeed like Scripture. He said, "Let me commend you on your work, it is wonderful!" After thanking him, I said, "Jacob, you look like Jesus." He was about 6'4", strong stature and replicated most paintings of the Christ. He never said much regarding my inquiring of his appearance, rather humbly smiled or gave a curious gesture deflecting to the music video, or learning more about us.

Several days after this encounter I fell to my knees asking Father if indeed His Son Jesus Christ commended us on our work, having appeared during our video-shoot. The goose bumps and Spirit came over me so strongly in confirmation, I knew, and I know today the Lord was there and he approved of our work.

At this time it seemed like the very mists of darkness or the spirit of evil started to attack me and our beautiful family. I was laying in bed and my left arm started to tingle and then became numb. The feeling of suffocation crept into my heart and my left side seemed restricted or paralyzed. It was as though I couldn't yell out to my sweet wife, so, I raised my hand to the square saying, "In the name of Jesus Christ, my master, I command whatever this is that is taking over my body to be cast out, so that I can remain on the Earth to save my wife and kids, and to build up your kingdom; not my will, but thine be done!"

With a gasp of breath, I immediately had relief, and all the pain was gone. I thought at the time it might have been a heart attack, but later I would learn from two witnesses, I was being attacked by Satan. Interestingly at this same time my amazing son, Caden had a dark image or spirit suppress him down in his room. Caden is a very loving, powerful, and influential Son of God. Looking back the adversary was clearly attacking our home, family, and our positive influence upon others. This really caused a dominoe effect of events that are supernatural, mirracubous, and wonderful.

Just after recording and filming our second music video, "Israel, Israel God is calling," depicting Mary (Sister Coons) and Jesus (me) singing together. Child Protective Services received an anonymous phone call stating that I was being emotionally abusive for telling my daughter to take herself and her belongings back to her room, and to no longer use the basement room. I removed the door knob after taking out her things and told her that it was off limits. My daughter had snuck out of the basement window while not wanting to go to school, where she was experiencing some bullying, or not so kind words from a teacher.

My wonderful sweet wife was horrified, especially when she was misunderstood by a DCFS agent, resulting in our three youngest children being taken to a foster home. There was absolutely nothing that warranted this, and we were all in complete shock.

There is a long story with much detail explaining the evil of DCFS and what they do to families, marriages, and the involvement of sex-trafficking.

Once our children were taken my wife and I were alone at home not comprehending the wrong of what was happening. I still recall my daughter who was a Sophomore at Timpview High School saying, "Dad, Mom, I can't go to someone else's house, I have a test tomorrow." Our youngest son had

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just gotten back from his AAU basketball practice with me and was Scared and confused why he had to go as well. We were all shocked; it didn't seem real, and felt horribly wrong and evil.

The date was December 12th 2023, our precious three youngest, of seven kids were taken in error. December 15th 2023, we had an emergency hearing with Judge Bartholomew of Juvenial court. My lawyer, Elain Cochran, told me to "Just plea neglect and give up my house and the kids can come back and be on a trial basis with their Mom." My lawyer said, "They will put your kids on the stand, traumatize the kids, and make this case very painful for the kids." She said, "You'll be back in the home in a couple of weeks to a month if you give up your home, not putting your kids through this trauma." Of course I would do anything for my wife and kids, even give my life if I had to. My lawyer also told me that she found out that the anonymous phone call was from a twelve year old girl who just became friends with my daughter. This twelve year old was from California and she and her Mom were beaten; thus she knew about child protective services.

December 18th 2023, Judge Bartholomew mandated visits over the Christmas break. I bought Christmas presents and breakfast from Kneaders (French-toast). My sweet wife who was glad to have the kids back home of course, arrived at the CPS building with our three youngest children. I could hear through the walls one of the young CPS workers discourage my kids from coming to see me. She was coercing them, scaring them, and telling them they didn't have to listen to the judge. Having been a School Psychologist and Educator since 1998, I was horrified that the agent would say such disturbing things to any child, especially to my children who had come to see me. As the CPS agent (DCFS), returned to the room, I said, "Why did you do that? Why didn't you just say, 'Hello kids, your Dad has Christmas presents and Breakfast for you, ect...'"

I did not get to see my kids, and have not seen them since they were taken. This has been devastating and heart wrenching.

The next hearing was January 5th 2024; I was suppose to be going home, but because DCFS ignored the mandate by Judge Bartholomew for visits with my children, he postponed the hearing for February 3rd. I was devastated to say the least. I was sleeping in my car, as I had given up my home so our kids could come back under Guardianship of DCFS over my wife.

My poor sweet wife was not doing well, and was in no position to be now a solo parent. I lost my Teaching, Coaching, Athletic Director job with Merit Academy, so no more income was coming in. My wife had a part-time job making twelve dollars an hour; esentially to allow her to be near the kids while at School. All of this was overwhelming for her. I called her one day and for the first time in our thirty years together she didn't answer her phone. Each day I would stop by and she would give me food, mail, and a brief interaction. It was heart wrenching.

She told her public defender her pain and struggles, even me calling her multiple times in one day out of concern; she never picked up the phone. Clearly my wife was suffering and scared to death of losing the kids to DCFS. They truly terrified her, threatening her to take the kids if she didn't report anything to them and they found out.

Judge Bartholomew told me not to call my wife each day. He said, "Your

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wife isn't doing well and she will call you. I asked if we could still read Scriptures and pray over the phone as a family? He said, "Yes, your wife can call you anytime she wants." For the first time in thirty years a day went by without hearing from my wife. Two days, then three days. I was scared to death and had a panic attack, submitting myself to the Hospital. What was going on with our beautiful family? I placed a rose and a loving remark on her car at work, hoping for her to call. I had no idea of the threats or predicament she was in with DCFS.

A DCFS agent called me and said that I couldn't leave my wife gifts or notes. I had no idea. I was told by the judge not to call her on the phone. DCFS reported my placing a rose on my wife's car to Judge Bartholomew; he put me in jail for two weekends on "Contempt of Court." I was shocked and I couldn't believe what was going on. I had to self report to Utah county jail for two weekends. This is not what my wife and I ever wanted, let alone planned for.

I attended the Provo Temple on Saturday as we often do, and my wife was there also just leaving. I tried to tell her I love her and hoped to find out what DCFS was doing to her, causing her not to talk to me. When she saw me I could tell that she wanted to talk, but she turned away and went to her car. I was devastated, hurt, and confused. DCFS reported this interaction to Judge Bartholomew and he sent me to jail for three days, for contempt of court. This was a nightmare!

My bishop called me in and told me that he turned off my Temple Recommend because of my Child Protective Services case. He also said that they needed to meet with the High Council to start disfellowship proceedings, and that I would need to meet with the High Council because of emotional abuse. He was trying to make a church case out of my DCFS case. I was completely confused, and I told him, "what abuse?"

I saw my wife again in passing while she was driving and this too was reported, and the judge sent me to jail for seven days. At this point my bishop told me, "David, your wife is scared to death of losing the kids, she has to report everything, because if she doesn't and they find out they will take the kids forever." My wife didn't want me in jail, but she was terrified of losing the kids.

As much as I was dying without my sweetheart and our three youngest children, it was clear now why my wife was behaving in the way that she was. I felt even worse than before, having no idea what DCFS was threatening her with, nor how evil they are in their lyings and deceit. For example, I asked our DCFS agent to ask my wife for my golf polo shirts, because I got a new job at Riverside Country Club on the golf course. The agent told my wife a lie by saying, "David wants you to box up all of his belongings and give them to him."—Making it sound like I was upset and done in our marriage. I started to see the evil plan of DCFS. I told the DCFS worker to return my items to my home, and she tried to argue and cause a problem, saying that she didn't have room in her car to take them back. She was playing games. She was maybe twenty four years old, and clearly had never been married, nor had children. She was destroying our lives.

Next thing I knew I was standing before the High Council having my "membership reviewed." They said that I could appeal it, and I said, "Yes, I want to appeal!"

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At this time I would attend church one week, and my wife and kids would go to a different ward. We would swap, or trade off each week. I was asked if I would be willing and kind enough to attend another ward each week so that the kids could be active each week in their classes. My lawyer mentioned something about religious freedom, but knowing it would benefit our children I obliged, doing whatever I could do to help.

February came around, and still DCFS didn't set up any visits with my kids. They kept playing games and telling lies. After a few months of going through these lies, and deceptions, and games of DCFS, I saw my wife walking our dog in our neighborhood. Clearly to me DCFS was forcing her to get a divorce if she wanted custody of the children back from DCFS, and they were telling her to get a protective order. She was distraught, emotional, and her voice of warning broke my heart. I could tell that my wife was being coerced, manipulated, and people around her were controlling her and using fear tactics.

As the month passed I tried to leave my wife some money and it was reported by someone as the police interviewed me and wouldn't tell me who my accusers were. After talking to me they arrested me for "stalking", for giving my wife money, even though there was nothing warranting the charge. So, while at jail I discovered what they were doing was trying to serve me divorce papers and a protective order. I read the protective order; my wife wrote; "I HAVE NO FEAR OR CONCERN OF MY HUSBAND, It is those around me (DCFS) who are forcing me to do this!"

I was released on bail, on a Friday night. Sunday morning I was sad and missing my family. Longing to be with them and hoping they were still attending Church. I drove through our Church parking lot. As I exited or attempted to exit the parking lot, an unmarked truck almost rammed into me and a young twenty three year old cop jumped out of his truck with his gun drawn, telling me to put my hands on the wheel. Eventually I was told to get out of my car onto my knees with my hands above my head. I was in shock and couldn't believe this officer was doing a stake-out at my Church, anticipating that I would be there since I just got out of jail. He arrested me because I was within a mile of my home, which was against the protective order that my wife was forced to get.

He charged me with "Stalking". My wife knew nothing about the arrest until later, as she had no idea that I was driving within a mile of the home that day.

I was terrified of going back to jail. I prayed earnestly to God for help. As I arrived and walked into my cell I felt a great calmness come over me; as though I was walking into the Celestial room of the Temple. I started to cry with emotion and the inmates asked me if I was okay. I told them of the spiritual comfort and feelings that God gave me. It was a blessing as I am claustrophobic and greatly concerned about being enclosed in a cell again. As I laid in my hard bed I could feel my wife's love and concern as though she was praying for me right then.

The Stake President came to visit me, but he didn't come to visit me because he genuinely cared or loved me. He came to tell me that I was divorced now, which wasn't even true, and to discourage me and destroy my faith of getting back together with my wife. We are still married to this day. He admitted, however, that Barbi wouldn't talk to him or the bishop anymore, because she was upset with them.

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Several days went by and a new inmate named Jacob entered the cell room. The other inmates left and it was just him and I. He got off his bunk and placed his hands on his head as he sat at the table. His head was down while he began speaking to me words of Love, Wisdom, Peace, and Support. The room was filled with the Spirit of God, and I said, "Lord is this you speaking to me?" Jacob replied, "I am that I am!" I started to cry with emotion, wondering if I was truly alone with Jacob, or just by myself. Was this really happening? I knew it was, but I kinda wanted to push the emergency button and get confirmation from the officer that I wasn't alone or hearing things. Again, I knew it was real, and I quickly remembered my experience in the forest meeting Jacob who appeared as Jesus Christ. I thought, "What is it about the name Jacob and Jesus?"

While in jail there were many opportunities to pray with others and offer blessings. I was transferred to another cell which was a very uncomfortable environment. The crude language and gestures were most difficult, especially comments made about women. One night I was crying out to God and a voice said, "David, I am going to raise you up to the world as one who was willing to give up his life and all he has to serve the Lord."

Soon after this voice on another occasion I heard a voice say "You need to go to Far West Missouri and Adam-Ondi-Ahman." Around this time, Scott Mitchell, a friend and former coach connected with me. My lawyer said that there was a horrible plea deal offered requesting me to have a G.P.S. on me for a year. Scott offered for me to stay with him in his second home, along with his son Travis, in Florida. The prosecutor agreed for me to go to Florida. The deal was: I had to wear a G.P.S. from the jail to Florida, wearing it for six weeks until I was sentenced. I had 24 hours to leave the State of Utah, which I did. I left for Florida planning to adhere to the voice of going to Missouri.

It worked out perfectly as I stopped in Far West and Adam-Ondi-Ahman. I prayed for inspiration at both locations and nothing miraculous happened; no Angels, no voices, and no one named Jacob this time. A little in question as to why I felt I needed to go there I continued driving to Florida. I was driving through Independence Missouri about seven P.M. at night, not really that late. I could have kept driving for a few hours, however, I grabbed a hotel room just off of the freeway. I hated having the G.P.S. on my ankle. I woke up early for breakfast before six A.M. I met a young man and shared my music video with him, of me singing while portraying Jesus; he loved it! As we were watching it a man came up behind us and said, "Is that you singing?" I told him it was. He said, "That's beautiful!"

He asked me to have a seat so that we could talk. I asked him his name, he said, "John." He asked me what my mission, or purpose, was. I told him, "I wish to bring the world to Jesus Christ through singing Sacred Hymns while portraying Jesus Christ. My vision is to sing in concert halls, or Opera houses, in China, Russia, and the Middle East where missionaries aren't allowed, or permitted to proselite. He thought that was wonderful. As we sat down he asked me if I knew the Enochian Arch-Angels. I had never heard of that term before. I told him that I knew about the "City of Enoch", but that I didn't know that the Archangels were from there. He then said, "This is your awakening, you are one of us; you are the Healer!" While showing me a sign, or symbol, on his hand. I said, "Are you John the beloved?" He said, "My friends call me Jay." He never told me that he is John the

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Beloved. He said, "David, if I were John the Beloved I wouldn't tell you if I was." I grabbed his cell number; he texted, "You are definitely the Healer."

I arrived in Florida at Scott Mitchell's home near the beach. At the end of October 2024, Halloween decorations were on the houses, and everyday I cried being away from my wife and kids. My first Halloween ever alone without my family. I was grateful for Scott and hoping to help with his son, Travis. I could see clearly that God was doing a work and a wonder. My first day I met pastor Brad Zimenek and his wife Jill walking their dog.

I made a covenant with Father in heaven to wake up each morning before sunrise to pray on the beach. I even made a little altar to kneel down by. Sure worse places exist in the world, but I felt horrible being away from my wife and kids. Each day being away was hell for me, but I was grateful for Scott and the fact that I was out of jail. Brad invited me to a Bible study with his men's group every Thursday morning while they served breakfast. These men are true followers of Jesus Christ. Their love and concern was like Christ. They took me golfing a couple of times too.

I had to wear my G.P.S. for six weeks, or until my sentencing date of December 5th. A lady named Christine Gonzalez contacted me and said she needed to do a pre-sentencing interview (P.P.I.). She made it very clear to me that she was not my probation officer or supervisor. I told her "okay", not really knowing what a probation officer even was in the first place. I've never had one.

December 5th 2024 rolled around and Judge Denise Porter, over a video conference, ordered me to do probation in Florida. This was a shock and not part of the plea deal. She told me to take off the G.P.S. and report to the Florida Corrections. I mailed back the G.P.S. and reported to a Corrections office in Florida the following day. The assistant director of the Florida Corrections told me, "It's illegal for a judge in Utah to order me to probation in another state. I have to be ordered to probation in Utah and then receive an interstate compact." Florida gave me their business card and told me to, "Stay out of trouble, and call us in a month if you don't hear from us."

I was glad to have my G.P.S. off, but puzzled at what was going on. I was asked to sing for the Gulfview Methodist Church Christmas Eve program by Pastor Brad. During this time the former two time tenured Mayor from Missouri Jeffery Foli reached out to me through social media. Next thing I know I am being invited to Missouri. I drove to Missouri. Jeffery Foli owns the Joseph Smith home called, "The House of Learning, or House of the Prophets." He also calls the home, "The House of Levi-Judah."

I arrived in Missouri and met Nic Sagala, his wife and others living with them. Jeff Foli wanted to show me the House of Levi-Judah." As we rolled up to his home in Independence Missouri he says, "I have three Native Americans living in my home, one of them might tell you he's lived on earth for two thousand years." As I walked into the house I first met Bart, then Rick, then Alexa. I was told that Alexa was in the basement translating sacred records on plates. We ate dinner together, and Jeff decided to stay the night. Instead of sleeping Rick and I stayed up all night until 6 AM. talking on the porch.

Several homeless people stopped by throughout the night to talk to Rick and say "hello." Rick talks the talk and walks the walk. A true disciple of Jesus Christ who feeds the hungry, visits the poor, and spends his days helping/serving the

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homeless. The next day I met Jonathan Felt and his wife. I received a blessing in the manner that John the Baptist gave Jonathan. He and his wife washed my feet. I was annointed a Levite to help gether Israel also. This was the most powerful and beautiful blessing I have ever felt or had. Jonathan's wife said, "David there are many here from the other side of the veil in support, and Love for you. She told me my wife Barbi and all our children were also there in spirit. I could not hold back the tears of joy from the power of Love I was feeling. I couldn't move sitting in my chair once the blessing was done. The Spirit of God and His Love encircled me and provided great comfort, to the point that I didn't want to move.

I was then introduced to a man named Randal Vaughn. He was commanded by the Lord to build an altar in Adam-Ondi-Ahman. He did just that, then he was commanded by the Lord to build another altar fifteen miles away, and then another and another every fifteen miles in a complete circle; which he has done. He then gave me a blessing unlike any blessing I've ever received. He gave me a Patriarchal blessing, when I was sixteen I was given a Patriarchal blessing but was not given a tribe, so my family has always called me "Tribeless Dave." Randal made it very clear who I was, please see that blessing. ^{From City of Enoch}

Strangly I got a call from Christine Gonzales asking where I was. It was the end of December and I told her that I was invited to Missouri. "You need to go back to Florida and check in with Corrections," she said. I told her that I would go back ASAP. I got back to Florida and spoke with the Director of Corrections. They still were not accepting me, but asked me to sign an extradition paper. I assumed that I had to sign it to be compliant.

A few weeks went by and the Director called me and said, "David we need you to come on in and put a G.P.S. on." I said, "Oh are you guys accepting me for probation?" He said, "No." I said, "Why do I have to wear a GPS, that's the entire reason why I came to Florida, so that I didn't have to. IF I have to wear a G.P.S. then I'll just go back to Utah." He said, "That's fine."

So I drove back to Utah. Once in Utah I got pulled over on my first day back. They said that there was a warrant for my arrest. I asked what it was for, and they said that they didn't know. It was the last Sunday of January 2025, and for over a week I didn't know why I had been arrested. Finally I was told that there was an ongoing investigation from prior months of a violation of the protective order. I was charged with my "Jehovah Sings" LinkedIn account sending my wife an invite to connect. The reason why she reported it was because she didn't want DCFS to take the kids if she didn't report it. She said on the stand at the hearing that she and I made the LinkedIn page together and doesn't know how or why she received an invite when she was already connected.

The assistant attorney general told me that she would pull the plug on our Child welfare case if I gave full custody to my wife. I said, "Of course, anything to get DCFS off my wife's back." My friend and co-host to my radio show Michael Thompson said in thirty years he has never seen DCFS pull the plug on a child welfare case.

My attorney told me that she can't even find my DCFS case file because apperently it has been scrubbed. I also received a letter from Barbi's attorney telling me that they are withdrawing Council on the divorce case.