

## **STRIP FOR GOD Part 8**

*He Died to be with Me*

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[www.KellieEverts.com](http://www.KellieEverts.com)

[www.WomanThouArtGod.com](http://www.WomanThouArtGod.com)

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<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCbs2mz4ljiTIExCvya6zHrg>

<http://rasavonwerder->

[william.blogspot.com/?zx=d37c7624918fdd1f](http://william.blogspot.com/?zx=d37c7624918fdd1f)

## I Strip for God Part 8

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ISBN: 978-1-387-72638-7

Contents: No peanut butter for son as hookers gotta' eat...See Johnny Mathis & Shirley Bassey & man offers me 15" dick...Arnold pushed me off stage in 1974—Joe Weider steals Robby Robinson's body & pastes his head on it, discussion with Randy Roach & Charles Gaines who saw Arnold with me...Times Square, I become a star in...William Bond explains 'Stripping for God'...I meet 'the Dancing Priest'—discuss Priesthood with Pete Jackson & William Bond...Primitive patriarchal culture that kills twins...French & Canadian men vs American...Arrested for nudity & mugged for 1k in Canton, Ohio...Rhode Island I'm canonized, Binghamton NY I need police protection, visit local nuns with bad habits...Mommy Fearest dies but sock puppets keep her hate alive...Anna Bey digging deep for gold in men's pockets... 'Most likely to fail' brother Jim got silver spoon & bed of roses but leaves family penniless...Review of Gurus Ozay Rinpoche & Ahiranta...

He Died to be With Me'-My spiritual husband dies of an overdose. He was 19; I was 66 when we met. He had the looks of a movie star, 6'3" with an 11" dick. I tried to help him but it was impossible, his psychotic behavior was as great as his beauty. He died on Aug 14, 2022. I helped him through Purgatory & he ascended in 10 days, whereupon he gave me a wedding dress from Heaven. He is free at last, happy to be with God & me, we will be united forever. His life on earth was impossible. The chapter contains dozens of images partying with friends & studio shots taken by me, as a GQ gent & even his nude, erotic shots. A masculine treasure was lost with him. I created two books dedicated to his beauty.

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## Chapter 1 Aquarius Burlesque Theater

Route 130 Gloucester City, New Jersey, 1980

I have to get to the theaters & clubs I worked, & all I can say is thank God for ARTICLES written about me in these cities & towns, because the articles tell me the NAMES & LOCATIONS & TIMES of these places. I did NOT keep a diary. I do recall what happened at these places but not their names, addresses & dates. The articles I have Xeroxed – at least a hundred of them - & they also appear on my [www.KellieEvertsIStripforGod.com](http://www.KellieEvertsIStripforGod.com) website.

This was a small theater which seated no more than 100 & they sat across & around an extension of the stage. It was all lighted up, the whole room, so I could see everyone – not like the old theaters where only the stage is lit up, the audience is dark.

I was on a super-strict diet at this time – one meal a day - & was lifting weights each day & dancing 4 shows. It was grueling. I didn't have the energy to TALK – believe it or not. I ate no breakfast or lunch, danced all the 4 shows & only then did I go across the street to the diner & had a favorite meal. It was eggs with home fries, rye bread & dessert – banana cream pie. Never changed the menu. I know it's intelligent to eat 3 small meals instead – but my system worked the way I did it.



I'll try to recall whatever struck me here, for good or bad. Nothing huge, but this will give you an idea of what it was like to be in my skin, what a stripper such as myself experiences.

The owner/manager was really nice to me {there are all kinds, some are brutal & cold hearted} & when another dancer {not a good one} was saying things that made me uncomfortable, he said,

“She’s just trying to psyche you out.”

We’re not talking sisterhood here, its competition. And because she felt since I was the star, I was higher, she tried to pull me down. I didn’t catch on, just felt demoralized, until the owner told me what it was about. No I was not ‘street smart’ I was spiritually smart & book smart – {that has changed through much observation & study}. Her method of putting me ‘down’ was bragging about another female. Since I was body building & my body was exquisite she kept bragging on her, saying how her lats stood out. And you could see the look on her face as she said it, that twisted smile where the ends of the mouth point down {into Hell.}

Another female I felt was the victim of a con job – but I didn’t catch on right away. She was partnered with an ordinary-looking tall, thin Hindu, who told her he was going to become a doctor. Maybe he was, maybe he wasn’t, but he wasn’t one yet, & by convincing her he would be - & they’d be married - he got to have her body & possibly lived off her. She was so puffed up she seemed trancelike & treated myself & another dancer to our meal. {This is unusual, she wanted to impress us & we were.}

She told the press this was her last dance gig – she was off to ‘marry a doctor.’ The article in the Gloucester paper tells me her name was ‘Tarzana.’ She was a good dancer & I wonder if she lived happily ever after or if the Hindu was pulling her leg.

There were two other dancers I recall. One was gorgeous, beautiful face & body. The other was ugly – ugly face & body, sort of charcoal grey skin, short & dumpy, spoke like she had an IQ of 80 or less, & she used a big black dildo on stage, which annoyed some of the white men, lol. {The uglier you are, the more prurient your act has to be. Not sure what she did with the dildo but I don’t think inserting it was allowed, probably pretended. I never looked at her act.}

Here is my anecdote on her. There was an employee of the theater – a decent looking white guy who was a janitor. Married, he once brought his wife around. What I recall about the situation is this. He belly ached about the price of peanut butter, how expensive it had got, he had a 9 year old son who loved peanut butter. And yet he gave \$50. to Miss Ugly of for sex. He could have bought 20 lbs of peanut butter for \$50. This taught me something about some men – they will literally take food out of their child’s mouth to give themselves sex pleasure.



Now the beautiful one had a boyfriend or ‘hanger on.’ He was vile. He sat right at the front seat next to the extension on the stage, & when I came by he growled sexual things in a low voice, like an animal – this was totally disrespectful to his girl friend Ms Gorgeous.

And here’s how I found out he was mooching off her. In the old days, beautiful women on stage got flowers, jewels, & taken out for the finest dining. In our day & age women in the adult trade / show business get pimps, moochers & con men. Once in a while a straight guy comes along – not often, most of them just sit there? While the moochers & con jobs are aggressive?

The owner of the diner across the street was a chubby gay man. One day he shows up to the owner in a huff, yelling how he has to

get paid for what Mr. Vile has done. Vile sat on his vinyl seat in a booth, & the KNIFE in his pocket cut a bit swatch into the seat. Repairing it would cost money – But who pays? The guy or the dancer he’s hanging with? The dancer of course.

Everything had gone wrong for her that day. She sighed deeply & said,

“Some days you wish had never started.”

I was working on a body building book that year. I’d learned from prosperity teacher Catherine Ponder that if you want a thing to get done, start working on it. I did. I tried to write the book, I trained & posed for pictures. But I could not write it {tried & tried, it didn’t come out right} & could not get a publisher. After a few months of trying, I gave up & went on my next job.

Can’t even recall where that job was – was it Pittsburgh or Philadelphia?

And while there someone who wanted to publish a body building book by me – because they had seen my Esquire article in 1975 – contacted me. Mr. Stan & Mrs. Jan Leitner were in St. Louis, Illinois, told me to quit my job where I was, come over there & work on a book – they’d give me 5k. Later, they changed it to 10k. {To me that was HUGE – I’d never had more than 1.5k in my bank account.}



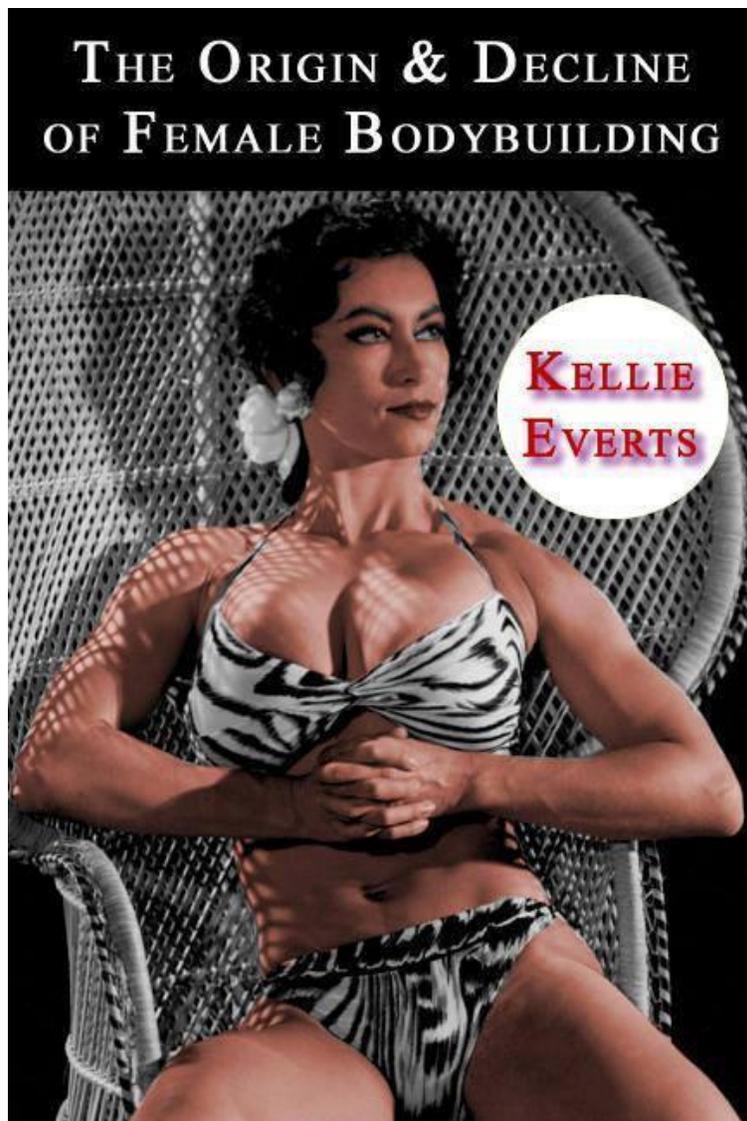
I told them I could not break my contract, but as soon as this job was over I'd go there.

It was a dream come true. Being housed in their mansion, they got me a 'trainer' where I was dropped off daily, they hired the biggest photo/video studio in the city to photograph me & make a video of 'The Ultimate Woman.' – A woman who body builds, dances, & runs her own business. Wearing a suit, I am seen seated at a desk giving orders, then body building, then dancing in a club which they arranged.

They put this video/ad for the book on the Phil Donohue Show at a cost of what today would be \$56,757.

And so, thanks to the teachings of Catherine Ponder, I got my book published. Not only that, it was the **FIRST BODY BUILDING BOOK BY A FEMALE**. Mrs. Leitner did all the work – all I had to do was train & BELIEVE.

Arnold tried to make Lisa Lyon the 'poster girl' of female body building. Was it out of revenge toward me, as I preferred another man? He got Joe Weider, the biggest power in body building, to promote her, put her on the cover of his magazine, create a photo layout of her with him. He got a top name in writing to write her book – In 2009 I produced a book, 'The Origin & Decline of Female Body Building' & was given the title 'Progenitor of modern competitive female body building' in Feb 2007 by



the World Body Building Guild. And so, Arnold did not succeed in replacing me with a bogus identity.

Forgot to mention. During the Aquarius stay I lifted weights on my breaks, in an outdoor cemented patio behind the theater. How did I get the weights? I asked a man who came to the theater who seemed to be lifting, he brought them. Shows you how nice men can be, you can get favors from them if they like you. I had one of the employees take pics with my camera while I was on stage. There were few times I was that thin & muscular. Every picture had my head cut off. {End Chapter 1}

**Chapter 2** written 7-6-  
22

**Lorraine Theater, San  
Juan, Puerto Rico, July  
1977**

This was the week  
Elvis Presley died,  
August 16. It startled us  
all.

I went to Puerto  
Rico after three years as  
a minister / community  
organizer in  
Williamsburg, B'klyn. I  
worked day & night – all  
day at the organizing &  
all evening my apt was  
open for religious  
education – I advertised  
to all but only people  
from age 7 to 25  
gathered.



It wasn't boring, I took them on long walks to the cemetery where we prayed the Rosary for Souls, bought them ice cream on the way back, treated them to chicken dinners at various times, took some of the girls by train to Westchester for sightseeing & to Radio City Music Hall. I spent my small earnings on the kids, it was worth it. I loved them as if they were my own. But after three years of working 12 hours a day I was so burned out at 30 I looked 50. My daughter was around eight then & said, "Mom, if you don't quit, you'll die." To save my life I locked my doors after work & took off to far-away areas for basketball, which I've always loved, then quit the work & went back to dancing – the Puerto Rico job being the first.

While here I met stars & have pictures with them – Johnny Mathis & Shirley Bassey. I met a distinguished guy who's name fails me – he took me to their concerts & introduced us back stage. Johnny M I had met before, right within the building where we both had offices, the Sunset-Vine Tower. My office was obtained by the con man, "Putz NutOn" {my name for him, see Part 3} who called himself "Prince Nahton" from India, the son of a Maharajah. He got the offices for free {big fancy ones, too} by conning the Vice President of the bank, a young, honey blonde hair sweetheart. He looked to be 25.

#### **Aside:**

{ NutOn could sing, tap dance, do hypnosis tricks, put a pin through his hand & make an 'instant repair' – he did shows on this – had newspaper articles – he played classical & boogie woogie on the piano, had more stories than the Brothers Grimm, which he professed to each new person he met, & repeated to ones he already knew again & again. After a year I had heard them all & he stopped repeating {to me}. He could do all this but needed help with ROOM & BOARD. I believe he LIVED at the offices he got for free - because I chatted with him there by phone at all hours of the night – even 3AM. And so, when he got me into his clutches he no longer slept at the office but with me. What a deal he got. He did I must say, con the landlord into giving me this nice apt, one bedroom with a shared porch, for \$105. a month. Even in 1969 this was cheap. He USED his profession to survive, which was being a CON MAN.

Why did I give him a chance, when to me he was repulsive? He gave the impression he knew lots about mind-over-matter, metaphysics & hypnosis, using himself as my first guinea pig. I wanted to learn & while living in this place on a shoestring, quit work, {lived off meager savings} &

tried all the fanatic programs this guy preached. He was astonished when I actually went four nights & days without food or coffee – sleeping only 1.5 hours a night, & being able to function. He kept preaching about it & I did it, through self hypnosis. But he actually got scared of me at this point, because I also reached the ‘still small Voice’ within, & my Voice guided me. He was no longer in control, he was frightened & awed, & knew the Voice was wiser than he & would take over. Which ‘it’ did – it was the Voice of God within me. And his craziness actually helped to get me there – as I practiced self hypnosis & extreme austerities it was like Jesus going to the mountain or Buddha into the jungle – or all the anchorites, hermits who stayed alone & ate little & saw no one – just prayed.

{After he snagged me he stayed away late into the nights, meeting new people & getting them to the office for con job work. This included women – I saw my best lady friend dancer, Yolanda, enter the office just when I was leaving at the time he said I had to – the days were mine there, after 5 they were his - & he’d come ‘home’ after 12AM. So by his absenting himself, me practicing these disciplines, I was ALONE.}

I had also become a FRUITARIAN, which he preached, for over a year, eating only raw fruits, nuts – not even greens - & shriveled down to 127 lbs on a 5’7” frame. He could do none of these things he preached, but I could. He had a great big belly. He never did anything but talk, talk, talk, his stock in trade, & with an English accent. One of the reasons I went ‘on the road’ stripping instead of staying a go-go dancer, which paid well, was because I was afraid of him after I escaped– he would find me & do me harm, but on the road he couldn’t reach me. And so, thanks to this circumstance, my life as the ‘Stripper for God’ got started.}

***Johnny Mathis & me Puerto Rico***



## **Back to Johnny Mathis**

Johnny Mathis had a legit office at the building Putz & I inhabited. I saw him in the underground parking lot & chatted with him, wanting to be friends. But since he was gay, he brushed me off. When I met him in Puerto Rico he didn't know I was the same person he'd met years ago.

I met a beautiful young male who was a Cuban doctor's son. He adored me, I have pictures with him – the best looking guy I met while there, but for some strange reason, I did not have sex with him. I had sex with two other guys who were less than he. Something about him pushed me away. He told me an anecdote about how he tried to make it with a girl in his car, & parked in an out of the way place in the jungle. Before he knew it, six guys showed up looking in his windows masturbating. He took off & went to another location, same guys showed up doing the same thing, & he tried again & again & they or someone like them always showed up, thwarted his chance to nail the girl.

During my show there was a whole row of these guys in the front row masturbating while I danced. They were smiling & happy, not embarrassed at all - Must be a cultural habit. But I must say that when I was in the 42<sup>nd</sup>



St. area, in the 'back room' theater the Mafia owned, several New Yorkers were also masturbating in the front row. Not as many, lol.

During this time I wore contact lenses. Oh, the bane of it. They really hurt – it was before soft contact lenses were invented. My eyesight, for many years, was abysmal & without lenses everything past say ten feet, was blurry. And later it got worse. It started when I was 10, just went down to 20/30, {from loss of my Dad's love} but by the time I was sixty it was like 20/350.

One day I made the sad mistake of leaving my contact lenses on while I sat on the beach. A few hours later my eye were as puffy as balloons, I had never seen anything like it – I was embarrassed to go on stage {but no one seemed to notice!} I went to the manager & asked him to give me a doctor. The doctor said to only put the lenses in while I was doing the show, then take them out, etc., & my eyes became normal after a while. I believe the sun, the salt air with the lenses, caused the eye irritation, the lenses themselves being irritants.

*Below - 1987*



The San Juan Press: I actually took a cab to the San Juan Press without calling them, & brought along my bikini, suggested they write me

up. I put on the bikini & they took fabulous shots. They promised to send me copies to the USA but they did not. This sort of thing happened a lot – they promise to send you the media but they don't, & that included what Maria Shriver Schwarzenegger did on me {but I got a copy of the show through the help of Our Holy Lady, while saying her rosary in the TV office – explained elsewhere}.

But I never gave up. I prayed & prayed. One day on the subway of NYC there was the editor & his associates, right there in a car. I asked him why they had never sent the copy. He was ashamed, & thereafter, thank Heavens, sent me a copy. It was great. Don't ever give up on a thing you want, if it's legit. Keep praying, trusting, believing in God & Her Power will give you it.

One funny thing - I always carried pictures with me to give out to people like cab drivers, restaurant servers & just folks I met. Going by a place with iron bars all around a large yard each day to work from my apt – Several men came running to the bars. I gave them pictures. Later someone told me they were 'bad men.' What do you mean bad? I said. They were criminals, it was some sort of holding pen. Maybe I helped cheer them up, even if some didn't deserve it.

Oh yes I can't finish this article without the following. At the Lorraine Theater they had a not too small built



up dressing room right in the lobby. The man who was the manager of the apt. building was the sweetest guy. He came to see me dance, & I asked if he could sit in my dressing room. Reluctantly, they said OK.

After a few minutes, this sweet very white man pulled out a dick that was the biggest I'd ever seen in my life – It was huge as an elephant, over a foot long & very thick. I was startled & shocked.

But within seconds the workers there opened the door & angrily threw him out. That made me understand that they had some sort of access to seeing the dressing room. Imagine that. Watching the dancer's every move in her private space, watching her dress & undress.

I had a spiritual disappointment while there. Walking down the street, in front of a Church, saw a sign that said 'Theosophy discussion meeting now.' Eagerly I went inside. There were about 10 people, male & female, discussing God. I asked if I could join. A man there seemed pleased, but an old hag looking 90 years old said I could not join them & gave some convoluted bullshyt reason why. The reason why is you were jealous how I looked, you bitch. Your envy was stronger than your charity. {End Chapter 2}

### Chapter 3

written 7-7-22

Hi Randy  
Roach,  
I'm  
assuming your  
system reads  
the printed  
word to you?  
{Friends,  
Randy is blind,  
sometimes  
partially so,  
his sight  
returns once in  
a while}



You mentioned re female body building how popular Cory Everson was, Rachel McLish, then you mentioned Lenda Murray.

There is a HUGE DIFFERENCE between what I did, what my claim to fame was, what my mission or intent was, & the motivations & desires of myself & the women that followed.

When I entered female body building & promoted it, there was no such thing as female bodybuilding. Indeed there were the 'freak shows' or limited venues of strong men or women but in general, women did not aspire to lift weights, it was still a forbidden art, something frowned upon, chuckled at & taught that it was against the proper image of a female - we had to be feminine. To sacrifice our femininity was a mark against us, it pushed us to the fringes, it marginalized us like this belonged in a circus.

I was sent by God to help humanity - especially women, {I am recognized as an Avatar or Incarnation of God, like Ramakrishna & others - this is documented by hundreds of people who prayed to me & got results. It's in the movie 'Army of Mother God', which was produced without my knowledge but used my pics & voice - on my website 'Woman Thou Art God' & in the 300 page book of testimonies 'Guru Rasa & her Devotees'} & part of that mission was to disable Patriarchy with its agenda, its norms, its brainwashing & disempowerment of women - so that the Patriarchs could run amuck with their agenda.

Without disabling women the men who run the world could not do what they do - women would stop them, as women are the Mothers, the Care Givers of society. The women's social order is called, by Mary Daly, 'Biophilia' the Culture of Life, while the male



system she calls 'Necrophilia', the Culture of death.

Now my part was this, & I might add I was not always fully conscious of my deeper mission – God works in mysterious ways & had me do Her bidding, sometimes unconsciously, but over the years, the mission I embodied became more apparent, so that today I know that what women have to do is reanimate the masculine part of themselves which they once gave up & handed over to men. How was this done? By choosing, over the millennia, men with more & more aggression so that a part of them morphed into those commanding armies who kill for profit – while women shrunk into the shadows & sidelines, mostly taking care of men & kids. And so women, by choosing macho men for partners, disabled themselves, & once men took over they degraded women more & more until it looked like there was no way out for women.

I was sent to lift women out of their degradation with a battle cry that said ‘Woman Thou Art God’ – Woman Thou art the leader of the planet. Just one phase of that was leading women to be ‘macha’ or dominant. They had to learn to be leaders again, they could not do this while being feminine / passive. To be feminine in a man’s world is equivalent to being an animal in a factory farm. These animals are taken care of & fattened up for the kill - So with women. Men grabbed all the resources, women had to bow & scrape to get a piece of the action, when women’s breeding / care giving days were over they were sent out to pasture or allowed to wither on the vine – good bye Grandma, we have no use for you, you are unattractive, weak, & you have no place in our society. Patriarchs make old women a moot point – by dint of their experience / knowledge they are a threat, so they must be silenced. I explained this thoroughly in two books, ‘Old Woman – Young Man – Why They Belong Together’ – Parts I & II. ***Below – age 6***



And so, my mission is disparate from the female body builders who followed. I was the Lighthouse, the Voice calling to action from a High Tower. I was not doing something for myself but for others. I did not seek personal gain or money – Never got one red cent from the body building leaders, but I do admit I was recognized by Dan Lurie’s WBBG, Dave Robson, Esquire, Playboy, TV Shows & many great venues. But the Arnold / Weider clan, who ran many magazines & were a monopoly on body building, male & female, have tried to remove me from history. Look on Wikipedia at the write up on the subject. I am not there. {It has to be them who wrote it.} No mention of the Esquire 6 page article, ‘Viva Machisma!’ the first of its kind in history, depicting female body building, July 1975. No mention of Playboy, August 1977, ‘Humping Iron’ & Playboy says, ‘To the barbells, girls!’ No mention of the national & local TV shows in between – To Tell The Truth, Mike Douglas, AM New York, AM Washington, Stanley Siegel – all before the first Miss Fitness Contest of 1979 – prior to Lisa Lyon, no mention of the contests I won for WBBG or IFBB – I won first place, second place, & BEST BODY in two WBBG shows & two IFBB shows.



I compare the late Joe Weider to Stalin. Stalin was not even at the major conflict of World War II – He sat comfortably & safely in his offices at home. But he hired an actor who looked like him to depict his being present at the greatest battle, a hero. The general public had no idea this was an actor. And so Stalin, having power, a media monopoly, rewrote history for his own glory & benefit. And Joe Weider, in agreement with Arnold, removed me from the history. **And laughingly, puny & paunchy Joe Weider**

used Robby Robinson's bust attached to his head & made a statue like so – which was used as an award for contests - & put these pictures in his magazines– I suspect the Weider staff wrote the version of female body building history on Wikipedia – leaving me out. I will contact Wikipedia editors when I have time to have this corrected. Robby should do a book called 'Joe Weider STOLE MY BODY.' The truth is that in 1972 I called Joe Weider & tried to get him to put female body building in his magazines but he wasn't interested. What would be the purpose, I suppose he thought. He jumped onto it only when my seminal work got it going – then it had a purpose – make money. What a fake.

But I made no money on it. It was not about money for me, it was the exoneration of women & equal rights to be recognized as being fit, lifting weights, just like the men. I explained clearly in my book 'The Origin & Decline of Female Body Building' how women were treated like a side show, a bunch of bimbos or glamour dolls, cheesecake, while the men were looked up to {in their own field – the rest of the world mostly laughed at them} & were given huge space in magazines & money – women got none of this.

I admit I received 10k for the first female body building book by a woman from Mr Stan & Mrs Jan Leitner, for the book 'The Ultimate Woman' – but this had nothing to do with body building organizations. They even advertised this book on the Phil Donohue Show for a week at great expense. **Right, 1974**

Through my work getting it started, & his & others promoting it, female body building affected the entire world – many facets of culture / society were touched. Olympic sports for women, wrestling & martial arts for women, women in show business, singers & actors getting fit, fashion, advertising – so much was touched. Gyms filled up women, millions started training.



And so what I did - & the body building magazines helped– did change the world for women, empowered women, brought a new fit style for women. My mission was accomplished.

But now to the subject of how the women that followed me were different.

When the women you mentioned entered the field – Rachel, Cory & the rest – it was for personal aggrandizement, not women’s rights. They were out for money, mostly. I remember wanting to vomit when the women started talking about what their demands were in conjunction to body building – It read like so, “If these guys had any smarts, they would line up the offers for us to make money, endorsing supplements & equipment. They should be right there at the shows, see who wins, & make those offers.”

Please take note that Rachel McLish & Cory Everson were de facto employees of Joe Weider {as were most of his champions. For one BIG thing, he gave them FREE ADVERTISING for their own booklets & writings} They were not struggling to start something new, they were paid. They were not IDEALISTS fighting for women’s rights. Cory Everson won the Miss Olympia again & again until she broke up with her husband, a Weider employee.

You say they were popular – of course they were. It’s promotion. This was show business.

These women cooperated with power for their enrichment. I fought with power to land women a spot in their world, without pay - & later, no recognition. Somehow instead of accolades or a place of honor I got derision from women who followed. I opened the iron door for them & they kicked me in the ass – because they were told that was appropriate, I was not the foundress of female body building, I discredited it! Twist of facts that only a demon could create!

Now on another subject, I am wondering if women will ever follow me into ‘Stripping for God’.

Over a period of 14 years I preached either before or after my



dancing shows. No woman has ever done it, & will there ever be another one that does? - So far, no takers. It was the hardest thing I ever did, & without the Anointing of God, I could not have done it. This was another phase of my mission for female empowerment, you see the pattern. Women were looked upon as Madonna's or whores – those in my business were the whores. Here I took the title whore off stripper, & replaced it by the name of God. We are honorable; we are not automatically sinners because of the trade. We can do what we do inside the Grace of God, we can minister & save souls. No woman has filled my shoes after that & I'm waiting.

### **Who is Randy Roach & What has He Done?**

He's the author of "Muscle, Smoke & Mirrors," in 3 volumes, the definitive, accurate, detailed encyclopedia on male body building.

His work is a miracle accomplishment, never before done or will be surpassed – because the account is perfect & cannot be improved. In reading it, I was absolutely amazed & blown away by what he did, & on top of that, Randy Roach is blind!

He interviewed hundreds of people from all angles of the Game & found out secrets that most of us, even those in the field, had no inkling of.

All I can say is bravo, congratulations, God speed; you have done a monument of truth in a genre that lived on lies. You took off the masks, the facades, the pretensions of some of the members of the Sport, especially its leaders. You told it like it is – a big change from the stories others perpetrated – It's the truth, the truth, & nothing but the truth, Amen.

### **From Rasa to Randy,**

The whole body building world has turned into a travesty of health, beauty. It's a freak show. Take drugs until you are so freaky people's jaws will drop. Then you win contests & endorse products for health, haha, what a joke.

They've forfeited their right to represent health. They are a product of unhealthy & illegal drugs.

*Next – the split – I do it better today, age 77, will do a new body building book for seniors with pics of me stretching & lifting weights soon*



On the good side, women have proven that the male advantage, to some degree, is all in CHEMISTRY. Chemistry makes women like men - not in all aspects but in the aggression & muscles & partially in strength. Women still have the brain of a woman with the corpus collasum connections being numerous while men don't - with the entire brain being awake while with men only half of it is - the back primitive part. But women on these drugs rage just like men, react like men to stress, go off on people when stressed, become violent when upset - And many physical characteristics. So through this experiment, this has been proven, so it is interesting. Rasa

Randy, I need to be exonerated. Who will write my story - the truth of the Origin of female body building?

How is the truth of history discovered? You might interview all the well knowns like Lisa Lyon, Rachel McLish, Cory Everson, Carla Dunlap, & Iris Kyle. Each one will tell you her story, why she is important, how great she is, all the contests she won.

What will be the truth? The dates. The work, the appearances. Every one of these ladies begins from 1979 onward. My work to establish this activity ended in August, 1977. After that, in 1979 I appeared on Real People before Laura Combes, & I appeared in Playboy 'Humping Iron' three years before Lisa Lyon. The dates WILL NOT LIE.

Neither Arnold nor Joe Weider were in favor of female body building until 1979 - by then I had gotten it into Playboy & Playboy, the bible of female beauty, said, **'To the Barbells, girls!'** Arnold's statements on the subject were in a magazine - I do not have a copy but I remember. He was NOT warm to women being muscular. Weider I told you I contacted in the early 70's - it was 1972 - Eventually I got major trophies in 3 of his contests, one in Ca & two in NY – 5 major trophies! Best Body & 2<sup>nd</sup> place!

If you are going to finish your book about the females, then you have to tell it like it is - not repeat the narrative of Joe Weider & his employees. His stars & winners were his employees, it was a monopoly. He's dead but some of his spirit lives on with Arnold & what is left of his Empire. They still purport the narrative that is fake, leaving me out. I need an authentic journalist to speak the truth, not taking my word for it, simply checking the work & dates.

It goes like this: Esquire, 1975. Mike Douglas 1975. To Tell the Truth '75 or '76. AM New York, 1974, AM Washington, 1975. Stanley Siegel, 1975, '76 {on 3 times, not sure of the exact dates}, Bill Boggs Show, 1976 {?} Some of the local shows I can't recall exact dates. But these local shows were prestigious & had a wide audience – like all of NYC. Playboy, August 1977. Real People, first female body builder, 1979. Between this there were many articles in magazines & radio.

Are you that authentic journalist or do I have to keep searching for him or her? Your work is perfect, you would write a perfect book, if you're so willing.

Before Dan Lurie died he called me & told me some facts about Joe Weider & his world, which I will explain by phone.



If you're willing to write the truth about me I think that writer's block you developed re female body building will be removed. If you leave me out of the book or trivialize my importance such a book would be a travesty - a fake. It would tell the 'Joe Weider' story. It would not be accurate reporting & unworthy of you. Rasa

From Randy Roach---July 8 2022

We had discussed this years back Rasa. A collaboration between you and I would be the worse case for both of us. Look what they have done to you already. They would just pull me down with you. Your best bet is for me to remain as I have, that is totally independent. Having an independent source giving you a place in History is the best thing you can have. Remember, we did not agree on all things. I place you where I truly believe you fit into the full context of women and weights and competition through the 20<sup>th</sup> century. I stay to that theme of women and weights and avoid much of anyone's personal beliefs.

I have been listening through my chapters to see if or what I want to do with this material. Regardless, it will take some time as I have other drafted material regarding the battle between DeMilia and Weider that may or may not need to come first. I have to look to see which best follows on the heels of Volume III, Book1.

Regardless, It was Charles Gaines who saw you have to leap from the stage.

I did not see your letter until just now - how did I miss it? The letter does not quite make sense to me, not sure how to answer.

How can 'they' pull you down? What can 'they' mess with? You are not included in anything the Weider people create or write, if that is 'them.' You are not acknowledged in any way by them now. So HOW can they destroy your work, hurt you, remove credit from your work? It baffles me so enlighten me.

The Weider organization is small potatoes now. They have headquarters in Spain. Few people are interested or fascinated by them or their activities, male or female contests, because they & their doings are not promoted in any major magazines, TV that I know of - anywhere. Their movie, 'Bigger' was a flop. How do I know? Because it's being shown for free on You tube, I saw it. It is kind of HILARIOUS. Unless people are in love with the late Weiders or afraid of the shell that is left of their business, they will either yawn or laugh. I laughed. I was going to write my review or parody but something said it was NOT worth the trouble. I have bigger fish to fry - writing my entire life story, am into Part 8 now, which will be done soon, then after that Part 9. There will be a movie or a series of movies like 'Rocky.'

I need a collaboration of the FACTS - nothing else. There are some facts I've not been able to verify by witnesses. These are the facts I need underscored.

I need someone to say 'Yes, I saw Arnold maneuver Kellie off the stage in 1974" & I need someone to collaborate, "Yes, Weider {or Arnold} told us to put Kellie last place in Miss Olympia" & I need a witness to the fact that they were aware Weider or Arnold told them to photo shop me out of every picture of the Miss Olympia. {Arnold also stopped the press when they were approaching me & someone told the judges to put me last place! Two of the judges, Harold Poole & Mike Katz, were going to give me high points. I heard them discussing me, but AFTER LUNCH all this changed.}

Your point of us remaining independent of one another is well taken - I do get it. But then again there's free speech. People can draw their own opinions whether or not we are independent of each other. If we collaborated, how does that invalidate our work? We can work together without being unduly influenced by each other, can we not? You can still state your opinion & I mine. We can disagree, can we not? You can say in a collaboration, 'Kellie & I disagree on this - I see it this way.' But if you aren't keen on doing this, I take it as it's not meant to be.

One witness to the shenanigans of Arnold is Tom Minichiello of the Mid City gym. I don't know if he's still alive, but he wrote a book about Arnold disguised as a fictitious character, & it's not flattering. He was an employee of Weider for a while, he got me into the first Weider contest in 1972, I applied through him at his gym. It was downstairs from the Roxy Theater in Times Square where I worked, I saw a sign for the contest in the window & walked in.

Later when the premier of 'Pumping Iron' came out in NYC - they had Carol Baker walk up on the stage - not me, lol. I called Tom & asked why wasn't I invited & he said, "Arnold didn't want you there."

He also told me Arnold didn't want any pictures of him & me together, so there was one group shot from 1972 with all of us winners, Arnold there, me by the side - & Arnold stands the tallest on top & Tom cut his head off for the image, lol. But there were images in magazines – the same pic - where his head is NOT cut off, so I have both.



Aren't you taking them too seriously? My place in body building has been acknowledged & accepted by the general public & media in spite of Arnold & the Weider org. Yesterday I looked on the internet & there are many places that pair me with Arnold - although I never lied about him, told only the truth, we had one incident back stage, sex wise. {But that moment in time brought me years of resentment from Arnold.} People are hungry for gossip & many sites pair me with him, as one of his flames. This does

me a great deal of good because of his fame. So he has helped me in spite of himself.

Then you also say we discussed this years ago. I don't remember what you said. Quoting you:

You said: Remember, we did not agree on all things. I place you where I truly believe you fit into the full context of women and weights and competition through the 20<sup>th</sup> century. I stay to that theme of women and weights and avoid much of anyone's personal beliefs.

I answer: What did we not agree on? Where do you place me in the full context of women & weights & competition through the 20th century?

OK so you don't want any sort of collaboration. That is fine. But I would like you to answer these questions, or send me what you wrote about me, then I will understand. Can you do that?

Things will change when my life story is produced for the movies. People will think twice about many things & these guys 'pulling me down' will no longer work against me, it will be fodder / drama for a movie, lol. Just like my Mom abusing me & getting other members of the family to do so - it makes my early life more interesting. I can laugh at it now. "Mommy Fearest" is the title for Mom.

Remember 'Mommy Dearest' & the star screaming at her daughter re wire hangers? It's a cliché. Had it not been for this abuse the daughter would not have gotten the fame & fortune she made from the movie.

Arnold & Weider will be placed also as characters, {already have been in my writing} who were revengeful toward me for cuckolding Arnold, & their revenge, when you get past the hurt, is comical. Grown men pulling down a woman, denying her recognition because she preferred another guy to Arnold - damn immature. The public will say "What assholes."



Although I must say, Rick Wayne wrote an article which he put in the Weider magazine, a whole page praising me being the originator for the concept of female body building - how that got past the censors I don't know. Dave Robson reminded me of it, I must get a copy, maybe he can send it to me.

Oh yes, Bigger opens with this joke:

Ben Weider is sitting alone in a synagogue in front of his brother's coffin with a runty reporter behind him & one of the things he says in honor of his brother is,

"He was nominated for a Nobel Peace Prize."

I laughed out loud because I know a lady who produces art that looks like grafitti, who became rich by marrying a rich man - & her art is shyt & so is she {I have reasons} & she was nominated for a Nobel Peace Prize.

It's like this - I looked it up - who can nominate someone:



## Who can nominate for a Nobel Peace Prize?

The list of those who can submit nominations is long, including members of national governments; officials with international peace organizations; university professors of history, social sciences, law, philosophy, theology and religion; and former recipients.

So this lowlife lady has friends in high places, maybe a professor. I have friends also who are professors, maybe I should ask one of them to nominate me? Haha, it would be more logical than Ben Weider – after all, I preached in front of the White House which ended the Cold War. I explained this on my Kellie Everts site. And I preach against war in many of my books. Here is the criteria:

What are the qualifications to be nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize? The prize should go to the person "**who has done the most or best to advance fellowship among nations, the abolition or reduction of standing armies, and the establishment and promotion of peace congresses**", according to the will of Swedish industrialist Alfred Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, who founded the awards.

What in lisper's paradise did Ben Weider do to eliminate war? OK he went to foreign countries to promote body building contests. Did that diminish war?

{After writing this a while later I looked at my own book, "The Origin & Decline", on Amazon, the 'look inside' to see what others could see. And I discovered it was my pal DENIE the photographer, who now worked for Weider, who was asked by Ben to nominate him for the prize – lol! We things we later forget.}

"Bigger" ends with the following: Zoom in slowly to a great mansion, we are told Joe Weider built a billion dollar Enterprize, & as we enter this palace, we see the Gods of bodybuilding on the walls – huge pictures of men like Mike Katz & Arnold, framed in gold, & I get the feeling with many of these men are the guys Joe Weider conned & exploited, & here they are enshrined, like ghosts in his house. It's a Church of being in love with body builders & the male body where we worship them.

And then you think of the truth. Joe Weider had thousands of people taking illegal drugs to get this way, they built themselves up by wrong doing with the law & with their health. Many fell by the wayside of ailments due to drugs, many died young, some are living with the ill effects of these drugs. All to snatch the prizes Joe Weider gave out, most got nothing but wasted their time, money, playing russian Roulette with their bodies to achieve results, but Joe Weider got richer all the while.

Weider made money through false advertising. The most sinister facet of his organization was that he gave the impression that his supplements, products, produced these men. They did not, he knew it, but that's how he made money. He stole the money. And all the while, to the very end, he hypocritically claimed he was AGAINST illegal drugs!

The women followed in the men's footsteps & I heard one man say his girlfriend tried to compete – was told she better 'take something' or she wouldn't have a chance. She made it elsewhere, on a TV show called 'Gladiators' if I recall rightly.

In other words, this body building empire of Joe Weider was built on false advertising & illegal drugs – case closed. And they want to pull me down? Not a chance. I have everything on my side. God is Truth.

Randy says they 'wouldn't take him seriously if we collaborated.  
Rasa says: OK they would not take you seriously. Who is THEY?

Do you mean the world? Or the tiny audience the shrunken Weider world still has? Or those who imagine the wrath of Arnold would get'm?



Personally, I disagree but OK, you do your thing, which is really perfect, I do mine. We can remain friends, collaborate in the way of conversation, sharing knowledge & facts. We can keep different opinions, that is OK by me. I have learned so much from you it is amazing, the research you have done.

Because of your work I'm now investigating how does one get nominated for the Pulitzer Prize? When I get done writing my life story, which should be the end of this year, will you consider doing what it takes to get nominated for this prize? - Because one must submit their work. It can be PDF files, each story must be an individual file. I have done a small bit of research & when the time comes, will do more. You can look into it yourself see if its worth anything to you. So thanks for everything.

One more thing - Your encyclopedia should be on Wikipedia. If a book is worthy, it can get put on there. All one can do is try. But yours truly deserves a spot. All living people get someone to put their stories on Wikipedia - I don't think any of the living person's stories are random, it's all you know someone who knows how to do it, they do it for you. The historical figures, like say George Washington, are put on by history Professors. But living people is totally different.

**Randy Roach wrote:**

To: 'Rasa Von Werder'  
Mon, Jul 11 at 9:20 AM

My chapters end basically through the late 1980s. The "they" I am referring to are those you were railing about yourself years ago who do not take you seriously in terms of bodybuilding and have pretty



much ignored your presence in the sport.

I write a little on Wayne's and Karen's marriage in other chapters I still wish to publish. Those are the ones I was referring to as to which chapters I should finish first based on following Volume III, Book1

Betty was nothing more than cheesecake for Joe. By the time the Weiders began acknowledging female bodybuilding she was already into her 40s. From what I can recall, it did not appear as though she ever lifted a weight albeit she probably did to some degree. Later with the acceptance of female bb Betty was portrayed as an older woman who lifted weights for health benefits.

BTW, did you ever read the Weider's book "Brother's in Iron"? What a cartoon.

Also, if Charles Gaines can not be reached for whatever reasons I will give you something you can print such as for an example:

In his pending book on female bodybuilding, Randy Roach has written that Charles Gaines told him he attended the 1974 Mr. Olympia and witnessed me posing up against Arnold and being forced off the stage. He told Randy he was amazed that I would pull such a stunt.

Rasa answers: OK the statement from Charles Gaines sounds slightly twisted, but I am grateful for it anyway. It sounds like I was competing with Arnold. This is not true. It was the end of the show where all the champions posed, it was all finished except the bravos for the winners. I had won two trophies in Miss Americana - 2nd place & BEST BODY. {I usually won best body in the WBBG & IFBB contests. Frequently the winners were politically chosen, so I got second place even though I could have deserved first - these were body contests mostly - I had the best body & they admitted it.} I was not posing 'up against' Arnold. He was on the edge of the stage, I simply got up for two reasons. One, I was one of the champions, albeit a woman. I deserve to pose with the champions. In this way I made a statement for the women: We are champions also. We are not second rate or insignificant. I was not forced off the stage ambiguously by anyone except Arnold, who wanted no images with him & I together, for one

thing. I did not think it out ahead of time & should have posed on the other side of him, lol. The statement sounds like someone from the authorities of the show forced me off the stage for pulling a 'stunt' - like what I did was inappropriate.

OK, I did something no other woman had done. Yes, I am ballsy, but that's what it took for women to achieve equality with men. I did it for all women. And Arnold, not a gentleman, treated me like a male competitor. No decent man would have done what he did. He is NOT decent.

I broke down the iron doors for women - I kicked it open for them, they kicked me in the ass. The women followed power, which they wanted a piece of. I helped them get it. But they did not acknowledge the one who broke the door down, they followed the Weider narrative which was only those who bent the knee to them - be it physically, economically, emotionally, politically, got recognition. For example, Doris B. She kow towed to both Weider & Lurie, she was a mealy mouth double agent. Lurie gave her a magazine of her own! She FAILED, the magazine did not sell because she was not capable of running it. Why did he not give me the magazine? It could have been successful. Because look at my success rate. Now in the Weider rendition of the history of female body building, they praise Doris but ignore me, they speak of her early publication which was just a provincial news piece, probably a circulation of 50. I had from 1975 to 1979 reached untold millions for female body building. So she was 'one of them'.

She even betrayed her friend Rachel McLish. Somebody started some nonsense about Rachel wearing a padded bra bikini, & she dutifully checked & said yes, the material was kind of thick or words to that effect. If she was her friend she should have said, 'That's ridiculous, who cares if her bra is padded? Don't look at her bra, look at her body.' But instead she cooperated with them. This is shown right in the move, 'Pumping Iron, the Women.' I was disgusted & felt pity for Rachel - to be humiliated like that.

*Next pic, from my book 1981 'The Ultimate Woman'*

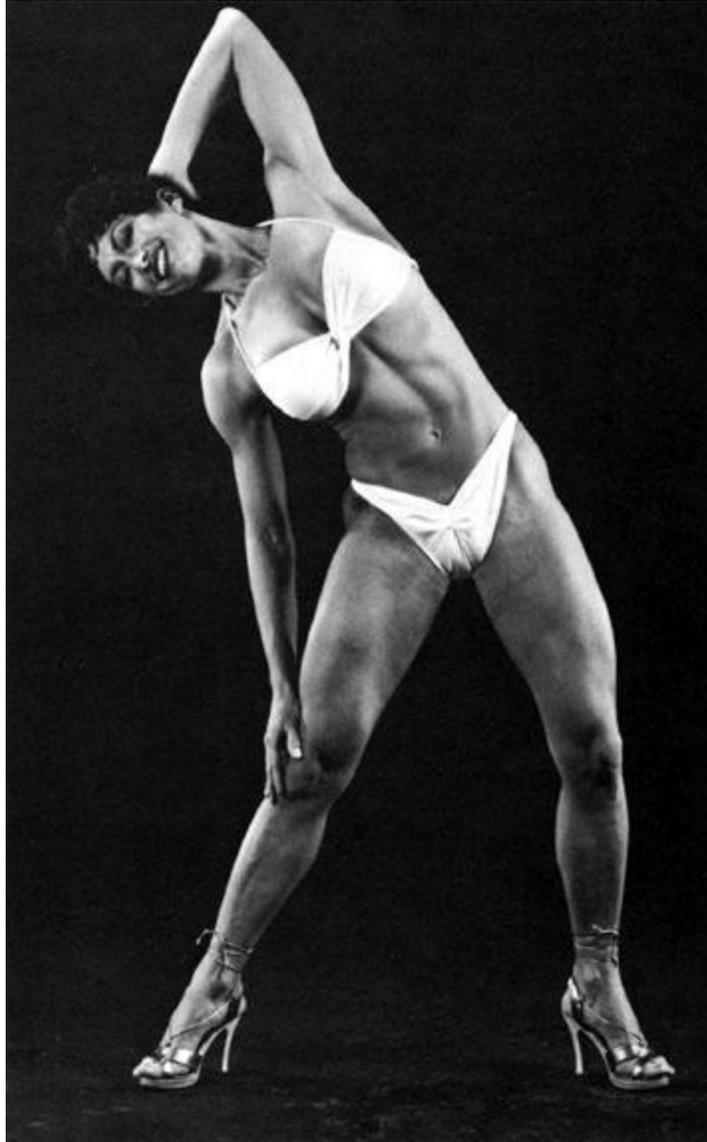
If you get to speak with Charles Gaines again ask him the following:

"Who forced Kellie off the stage, & how? She says Arnold de facto pushed her off by getting closer & closer to her to the edge until she had to jump off"

"What do you mean by she pulled a stunt? Was this not the spot where all the champions posed, at the end of the show? Wasn't she one of the champions?"

"She said she was simply posing as a champion, not against Arnold or anyone. She did it for the women to have equal rights."

This is when female body building went into decline:



**American Media, Inc., Agrees to Acquire Weider Publications,**  
NEW YORK--(BUSINESS WIRE)--Nov. 27, 2002--American Media, Inc., Evercore Partners and Weider Health and Fitness announced today that they have reached an agreement for AMI and Evercore to acquire Weider Publications, Inc. and its related properties for aggregate consideration of \$350 million.

**Randy says** it started to decline prior to that & **Rasa says:** On second thought, when looking at the dates, yes, it was already in decline, this was the nail in the coffin. **From Randy Roach,** {from his future book on female body building}

Rasa, this is a quote from you that precedes What Charles said.:

...Seeing Arnold on the far right of the platform, I decided it was perfect. I wanted to get up next to him and pose. I had to summon my courage, because this wasn't your usual routine. The other women never thought of doing such a thing. I jumped up and began posing beside Arnold. He was totally absorbed and didn't acknowledge me at all, but his vibes were definitely cold. Arnold began posing against me like one of his fellow competitors as they jostle for best position to the judges. He would hit a pose and I would follow. He was very good at this and he kept inching me closer and closer to the edge of the stage until I had to jump from the stage rather than be knocked off."

This is what surprised Charles that you would go over and pose against him until he forced you to jump from the stage. Charles said nothing wrong nor was he nasty or critical of you. No one saw anything like that in 1974 so it was a bit of a shock to him.

Rasa says: About female bb ending - Yes, as I looked at the dates, you are right. How do you place the end of female bb? I put it with Kim, after that a downhill deal. Then the bitter end. But they deserved it {the women} because, IMO, they repudiated me & parroted the Weider narrative. {You don't know what I went through when I returned to speak on body building forums & groups in 2006. I was ATTACKED by women from all angles - the women who were respected in the field. My insider was 'George Legeros,' a photographer. He gave me scoops on what had gone on those many years I no longer participated. He said many things, like Weider dealing against the law in employment, not allowing his professionals to compete elsewhere - that breaks the law. To be his professional if you entered someone else's contest you lost your pro card.

My version of what transpired on the stage with the champs? My memory has a slightly more edited version because I'm more aware of my intentions. Even my own observation might be skewed, then. I can understand then how it looked, if I imitated anything Arnold did. I wish I had some images. There had to have been images taken.

However, the images taken would all have been by WEIDER PEOPLE. How do I know? I gave free tickets to DENIE, who was taking shots for Muscle Training Illustrated of Dan Lurie. He was approached by the Weider people & told he was not allowed to take pictures. In a huff, he & his wife walked out. Wrong move. I was pissed. He should have stayed & taken the pictures on the sly. Therefore, any pics taken most of them - perhaps not all - would have been by Weiders & they were ordered NOT to disseminate anything with Arnold & me, especially those which might put him in a bad light - pushing a woman off stage.

There were probably amateurs taking shots, but I don't have access to that. After my movie comes out they will come out of the woodwork.

When I was dancing / preaching in Toronto a journalist movie - maker was there many days. Each day he shot from a different angle, obviously planning a future movie. This will some day come out - when my name is in lights again.

To add to what I said about tyrants, once they're dead the truth comes out, all the bad stuff. When people are no longer afraid of Weider & Arnold, more & more negative things will surface. Their reputations will go downhill. Weider will be a laughing stock. Arnold, you will see all his flaws as never before. But my story will be exonerated. People will look at the facts with logical spectacles & the dates don't lie. And then they'll know I was pushed out of their version of history because I cuckolded Arnold. It will be a comedy. It was all about that, years of revenge. Arnold is like the Godfather. If you wronged him 30 years prior he'll come & get you. He never forgets, he has to destroy who opposed him. Yes, I studied his life & read some of his books & many articles. Yes, I fought back & no, I will not fold up like Mike & Ray Mentzer.

*me 1995, age 50*

BTW the reason Mike M couldn't take it he was an atheist. Without God where does one get their strength? Nowhere. Who & what is God? God is all good - Our greatest good. Faith, hope, trust & confidence in God bring those Blessings to us. Without these aspirations, we have nothing to hold onto. We even become the devil's playground. And so Mike & Ray went downhill not for physical reasons but mental/emotional/spiritual ones. They believed in evil - that they were washed up. Then they had nothing to live for, so they died. Mike & Ray, all they had were Weider magazines. That's all there was. They were cut off after challenging Arnold. Their only aspiration in life was to be stars & this was through the Weider magazines. So when that ended, they ended.

I was depressed after they repudiated me, ignored me. I felt left out, I demoralized. How ungrateful could the world be? Then I remembered, the world isn't fair. My mother wasn't fair. She forced me to carry on after hating me to death. The Holy Virgin replaced her in my mind. Jesus & his Cross sustained me. I died with him & rose again.

Same thing with the body building situation. Against all odds, suddenly, Dan Lurie comes back with Doug Going running the show. I plead my case. I write up the entire history, dates, times, facts, only the facts. I present it to them & the world. They have a reunion where they give awards, & I get the award called 'Progenitor' - the foundress of modern competitive female body building. I won, but I had to fight for it. No one can take it away. They tried - George Legeros, my insider, turned against me. Why? He found out I was against Patriarchy, pro Matriarchy, & he



wanted to dominate women, so he turned sour. He tried to persuade Dan to rescind the award, luckily Doug Going talked Dan into staying firm. Case closed, end of story, I am exonerated. But it took faith, work, & confidence in God.

Weider & Arnold were not on God's side. Revenge, so the saints say, is a grave sin. Even when they crucified Jesus neither He nor his Holy Mother took revenge - it is a heinous sin that separates the wrong doers from loving souls. Revenge drags us down into a Hellish place. That's where these guys were & are. But I must add, although Jesus & Mary did not take revenge, the Almighty did. King Herod died of a horrible disease where his intestines filled with worms & were crawling out. The High Priest Ciaphas went insane. Pontius Pilate's wife left him & joined the Holy Women. The dead left their graves & walked the streets, the curtain {like 2 floors high} of the temple ripped from the top down - a phenomenon. Things happened when the time was ripe. Karma is powerful, nothing can stop karma.

I predict that the cuckolding of Arnold by me will become known & will be a joke like the 'No wire hangers' cliché. Franco caught us in the act back stage, then Arnold interrupted Franco & me in their room. All the world's a stage & this is entertainment. When it comes down to it – movies & such, is what is ironic, funny, bizarre, crazy works. Bland stuff like everyday life doesn't. They will become characters in my life as all my abusers are. I will make money off them, lol. What a joke. Why did I take it so seriously? Rasa

*Next pic: What started it all – Esquire 1975*

### **Exchange with Charles Gaines: Who is Charles Gaines?**

He's an important person at the dawn of Arnold Schwarzenegar's rise to fame & even the start of female body building. This from Wikipedia:  
Gaines covered the "Golden Age" of professional bodybuilding and is the



author of *Pumping Iron*, considered the definitive journalistic work in that field, and credited in large part for bringing greater public awareness to what was formerly a little-known subculture, as well as helping to launch the career of [Arnold Schwarzenegger](#). Gaines also narrated and contributed to the [documentary film of the same name](#).



*Above – Esquire July 1975*

During a long and varied writing career Charles Gaines has published 25 books, among them the novels, "Stay Hungry" (a finalist for the [National Book Award](#)), "Dangler", and "Survival Games"; the non-fiction international bestseller, "[Pumping Iron](#)"; and the award-winning memoir, "A Family Place". The book "[Pumping Iron](#)" and a later film of the same title written and narrated by Gaines, are widely credited for having introduced both [bodybuilding](#) and [Arnold Schwarzenegger](#) to the general public.

Rasa says: He did many other notable things, I'm only sharing what is relevant to body building.

**To Charles Gaines,**

This is Kellie Everts, aka Rasa Von Werder, look me up on Wikipedia. Note my list of books I have authored & published. I'm writing a book & would like to speak to you about body building.

Thanks.

Rasa

**Hi Kellie (Rasa),**

I remember you well from “Pumping Iron II: The Women” days. You have certainly had an interesting career since then!

I’m happy to talk to you. Let me know your thoughts on how and when.

Best wishes, Charles

### **Hello Charles!**

After seeing your bio I thought about you & the many questions I could ask. But there is one in particular I wanted to contact you for, so I’ll stick to that for now. {Oh yes, I saw Stay Hungry when it first came out – it was great. Did you have anything to do with Arnold getting the lead?}

My question:

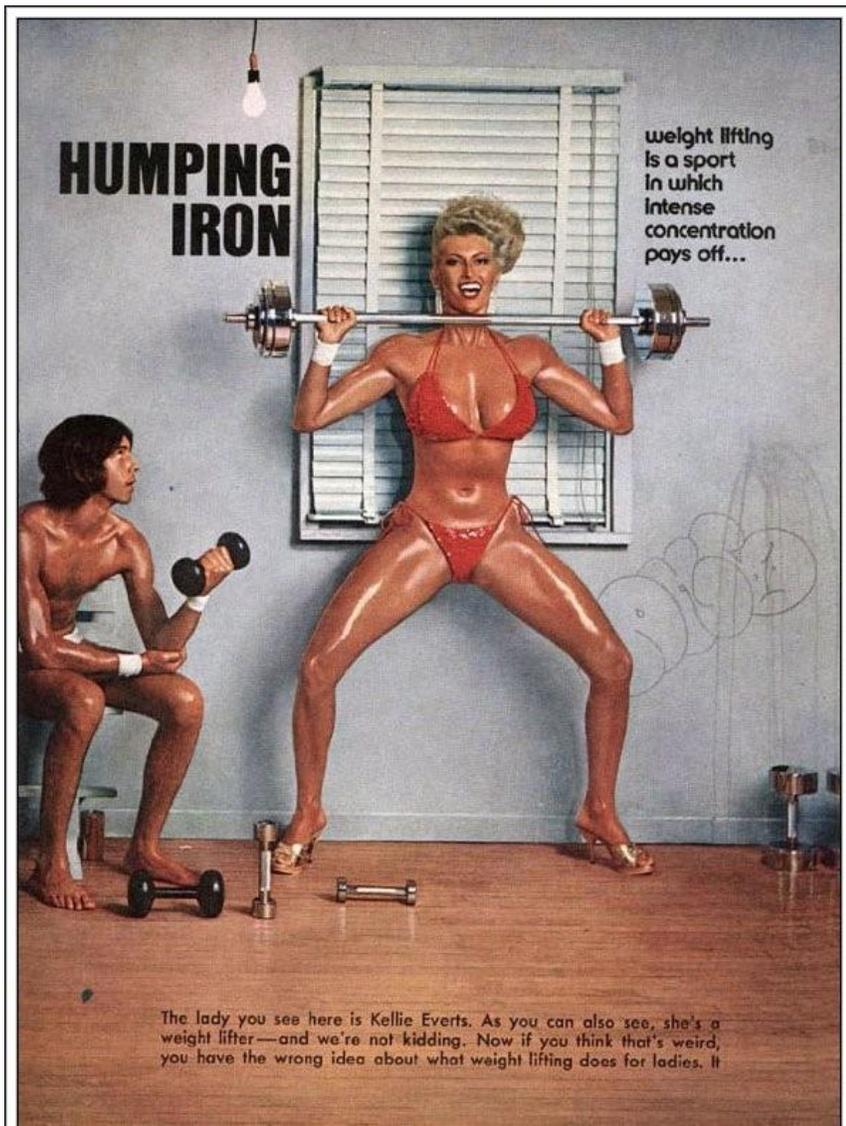
You were at the 1974 Felt Forum which featured the Mr Olympia, Miss Americana contests.

At the end of the show the male champions traditionally pose together as a kind of ‘bravo’ & good bye.

That year, as I was a champion also, I jumped up on the stage to pose & got pushed off by Arnold. You saw it.

What was your take on this?

***Playboy clinched it! Aug 1977***



I do have the comment you made to Randy Roach, but it is ambiguous & foggy on what actually happened. So any details would be welcome.

Thanks very much. Rasa

**Hey Rasa,**

To be honest with you, my life since 1974 has been so crowded with non-bodybuilding related things that I don't even remember the event you allude to, let alone what my response to it was. Arnold, of course, has always done whatever he wants to do. But pushing a lady off a stage is not something I would admire, then or now; nor do I believe he would do it now. For the most part I think we all grow towards better selves, and I have gotten gentler in my old age with failings, both my own and others'.

And yes, I encouraged Bob Rafelson, the director of "Stay Hungry", to cast Arnold as Joe Santo, and he was great in the role. All Best, C.

**Hi Charles!**

To tweak your memory. Yes, there are many things I can't recall from the past so I understand. In fact, I hate to even think about my time in the body building forum - it was an ordeal. Here it is:

[More from Randy Roach:](#)

[Also, if Charles Gaines can not be reached for whatever reasons I will give you something you can print such as for an example:](#)

In his pending book on female bodybuilding, Randy Roach has written that Charles Gaines told him he attended the 1974 Mr. Olympia and witnessed me posing up against Arnold and being forced off the stage. He told Randy he was amazed that I would pull such a stunt.

Charles, do you know anyone who took pictures of this when it occurred? Just asking. Because your observation leaves some questions like how was I forced off the stage? That's what I mean by ambiguous & foggy.

Thanks a lot. Rasa

**Rasa,**

Don't know of any photos that might have been shot of it, and don't remember how you were forced off the stage. Sorry I can't be of more help.

Good luck to you, Charles

**From Rasa to Charles Gaines,** A couple more questions:

Since you were there at the beginning of Arnold's rise {& a part of his promotion}, do you have any ideas on the attributes, qualities or virtues that caused him to be so successful?

Pumping Iron II - The Unprecedented Woman - Did you write the book? It speaks of you involved with the movie. But none of this as I can see is on your own Wikipedia. May I ask why it was left out or have I missed something? Did you feel it was unworthy to be part of your credentials?

Do you know the history of female body building not from the Weider narrative, but the actual beginning? Prior to 1979 when a Weider affiliated organization {George Snyder} had its first female body building contest?

Have you checked the account of Randy Roach's "Muscle, Smoke & Mirrors?" If so, what is your opinion of it? I think it's the greatest encyclopedia of male body building written or ever will be written, as it is perfect. Anyone who loves the truth & is a part of body building should give him a warm thank you. He should be getting the Pulitzer Prize & when I'm done writing my life, at the end of this year, I am going to nominate him for it.

I might let you know that this correspondence will be published on my website & will be part of Part 8 "I Strip for God." In fact, Randy's & my discussion including you is already on my site. There are 3 articles on the subject, you are spoken of in the last 2 & right now I'm putting together our letters to add another one. I include your credentials & accolades.

I have reason to believe my life story "I Strip for God" will be produced, & possibly a series like "Rocky" - in 4 parts. I expect to make a lot of money from it. But that is not why I'm writing down every detail of my life & look forward to the movie/s. It is my legacy, which is educational & of benefit to humanity. I want the future generations to know the truth about me, my mission, why God sent me, what I actually did, without any of the lies of self-serving, exploitative, ignorant & brainwashed people. I write the truth, the truth & nothing but the truth. So there will be no excuse for

anyone twisting the facts or inventing fantasies & delusions. I explain everything in such minute detail so many times, anyone who cares will have the weapons to explain me. Money to me is not an issue or a great goal – having enough to survive is fine with me. The excess amounts of money I have & will have will be put to use for God's work. I will leave it to build a Sisterhood for Female Empowerment, a new Religion for Women, a Temple to Mother God, a Matriarchal takeover of the future. Rasa

### **Dream re Franco Columbu – He's in Purgatory**

5-14-22 Appears, therefore, seeking my help:

I'm sitting in the same kitchen when in walks Franco Columbu. There's a bench press in the kitchen – my old one, just ordinary amateur beige foam thingy - & my old bar with weights – not heavy for him – just 150 lbs. He gets on the bench & starts doing reps – then he poses.

When he poses two things stand out, one, from time to time I see his left side, mostly arm, & it's a toothpick. That would show up for a moment, but then his whole body would be a mass of muscles, from the back as I look, muscles on top of muscles, many like baseballs, smaller balls, balls on balls on balls.

\*\*\* {LEFT ARM A TOOTHPICK I see it on & off, the rest of him is all muscle, balls on balls, etc:

This represents his PAST {left} or his LIFE. He's here to show me that he was VERY STRONG in the physical aspect – the muscles, the balls. He got very muscular & had balls or courage, in the things he did.

But his PAST is a toothpick in SPIRITUAL TERMS. How much work did he do on his spiritual/ religious/ virtuous self? Not much if it's only a TOOTHPICK of strength. Arms represent the STRENGTH OF LOVE whereas HANDS represent love itself – the giving of it. So this tells me he's here for help because his spiritual life was insignificant, he's in Purgatory.} \*\*\*

***Next pic: Poster for 1973 features Franco, me in 1972 with my 2 trophies, Best Body & 2<sup>nd</sup> place Miss Americana. At that time they called Arnold & myself the King & Queen of body building.***

He then goes to my refrigerator & looks in the freezer. There are mostly bags of green veggies. I get pissed as I recall some time past I had steaks – but there aren't there. I feel Franco needs steak so I cry out, kind of mad,

“Where are my steaks?”

\*\*\* {STEAKS: It took me a while to fathom, but steaks in the freezer must mean the BODY & BLOOD of Jesus & Mary – where in the past I was saying the Holy Mass a lot, but lately, have not been. Apparently the Grace from these Masses has been USED UP for Souls, so Franco can't get the benefit & I am pissed that there isn't any of that Grace for him.

Being in the FREEZER would be being held in a preserved / reserved condition where it can be accessed when needed.

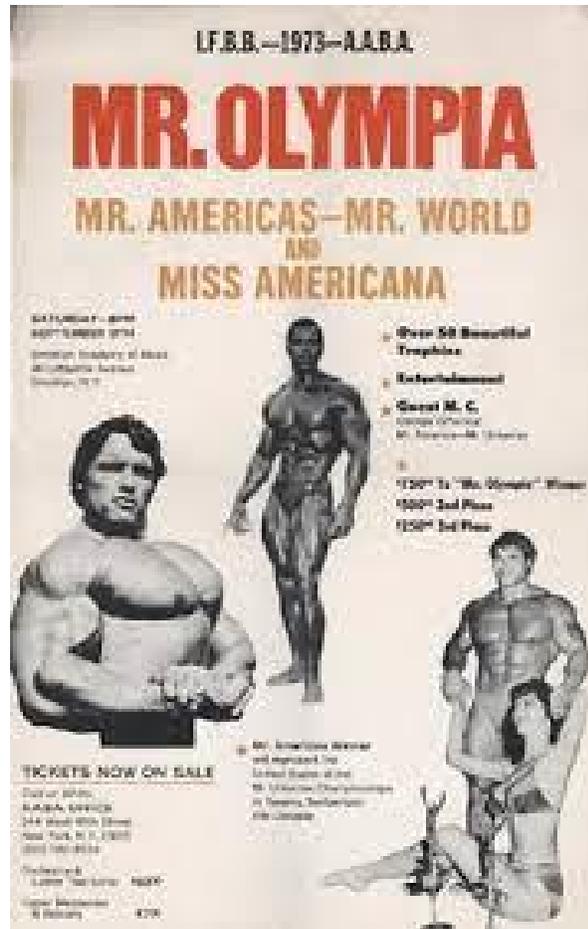
The GREEN VEGETABLES are other Graces, not as powerful as the Holy Mass. I'm mad I can't give him the Holy Mass Grace, reserved, should say a new one FOR HIM! \*but I did not think of it at the time! It is now July 14—I am late on this!\*} \*\*\*

He has a sort of assistant, a smaller person, who's helping him look through the freezer. I find some kind of juice & take a sip. Maybe he'll like it.

His assistant says,  
“He's made 2 kind of juice.”

I taste it, it's sweet, good. It's purple & has small white thingies like coconut swimming in it. So he was satisfied that he could get good juice out of my freezer.

\*\*\* {SMALL PERSON HELPING HIM: His Guardian Angel. They stay with us in Purgatory. Why SMALL? My only guess could be he



doesn't need much protection – in Purgatory he doesn't need ANY. When we face great dangers while on earth the Angel/s expand in size. I have THREE - their size changes. During the CA earthquake {1967} I was resting in an apple orchard & above me I saw what I thought were 3 Flying Saucers, about 30' or more across, hovering above me maybe 50' in the air. I had no idea what they were, but later, my 16 year old disciple David F, was in my living room lying on the couch as I slept in my bedroom with no door. He said he saw 3 globes above me, they were my Guardian Angels, & then I understood.

JUICE: Reminds me of the anabolic steroids body builders take. They won't help him now – but this is a symbol of that. Once these drugs helped him get muscular, but now he needs SPIRITUAL JUICE. I taste this juice & it's good – it's some kind of spiritual Grace, here reserved. PURPLE is suffering – white thingies swimming in it, white is 'pure in heart' or another symbol of Grace. And so, something is given to him from my reserve of sufferings & he's satisfied with it.} \*\*\*

While he was posing he sort of winked & said,  
“Arnold will also be here.”

I am surprised & say to my family,  
“See, I get the opportunities.”

The thing about Arnold being here is a big deal – Franco was a big deal showing up, Arnold bigger. It's some kind of boon.

\*\*\* {ARNOLD WILL ALSO BE HERE: This might be a prediction that Arnold will pass before me & come to me for help. Even though he worked against me in life, if this is so, of course I'll help. A friend of mine said rightly, “You'll forgive him.”

I do have to add that I do not help everyone I knew, not even all my relatives. Don't know why – just the way it is. Probably their karma didn't permit it.} \*\*\*

PS Just said the Holy Mass for Franco 7-14-22 hope it helps a lot! He asked if I could do the Gregorian Masses – which means 30 in a row. I said I'd think about it, but when I did, I didn't think his karma warranted it. Had he been kinder to me I would have done it. Hey, think of all the things Arnold & Franco could have done for me. I could have been in all of

Arnold's movies, Franco could have asked him to forgive me – but he didn't. These guys were only out for themselves. I just thought of the movie thing today. I could have had a part in all his movies – just to show my beauty. Worse things could have been done. But Franco did NOTHING & Arnold worked AGAINST me. Now he wants 30 Masses? I am helping, but 30 Masses – I don't think he's earned it.} \*\*\* {End Chapter 3}

**Chapter 4 The Melody Burlesque Theater – Harlow's Club / restaurant – the Follies Burlesque Theater 48<sup>th</sup> & Broadway. Other venues.**

New York Times takes pictures. My first 'sermon' was the Melody  
Sept 23, 1973



This Theater & the 'Broadway Burlesque' were owned by the same people – they might have been 'Mafia' oriented, it seemed that way. But they were really nice to me, no complaints. I recall one of the managers, Johnny Pons, with fondness.

I really enjoyed my times at these two theaters, I felt like I was becoming a star – my name in Lights in Times Square, New York.

This was, btw, a different outfit than the Al Baker Circuit – the Baker-Berger circuit owned the Roxy right on 42<sup>nd</sup> St. where I was the star a few times. The Roxy was similar to what in Vaudeville they had ‘the Palace.’ Judy Garland sang of it, it was the best of the best. And so, to be starring at the Roxy was top notch. I must give my complaint here that unknowingly I got sucked into working for \$300. a week. A numb nuts agent from Vegas set me up – my exploitative ‘manager,’ Rev. Judy Swaggart suggested he get me this gig. She ASSUMED they paid room & board, but they didn’t. She ASSUMED \$300. a week was good money {according to her singing gigs in the 40’s} but she was wrong. Any star on this circuit was getting, \$600. a week – I was cheated badly. However, I did get Al Baker to raise me to \$500. after a while.

And as soon as I got off the Baker-Berger circuit {they had a series of theaters that went to Ohio, Pittsburgh, Atlantic City – about six places in different states but I can’t recall them all} & got onto this other deal, I was paid \$1,000. per week – I demanded it. If you don’t demand, you get suckered. Eventually, as I got more famous, my salary was in the 3k range plus all expenses, room & board - & I got offers for 5k a week at the Millionaire Club in Canada & 5k to go to New Zealand {amazingly, they said I didn’t even have to strip – just talk!}, but by then I was moving on to start my own business – where I really made money.

OK, so now, the first ‘sermon.’ It was more of a ‘talk.’ I was shy, my voice was soft & feminine, no fire & brimstone. I did what I did at the behest of my Guru, Rev. Judy Swaggart, who insisted I talk about her. She had found someone she could use, I was the best thing that ever happened to her – I promoted her & gave her money.

After my show I spoke to the audience about Rev. Swaggart & her ‘One World Light’ Church, that she was a Great Lady, & soon, we would be having meetings at the “dime & dance” place nearby {they still had those then!}. They listened politely & applauded & it was done.

On Sept. 23, they put a big article in the Daily News,  
“Peace of a Preacher Steals the Skin Show.”

I have a copy of it on my Kellie Everts site, where I have many of my articles & TV appearances listed.

That was the beginning. It was an acorn that grew into an enormous Oak Tree – I continued preaching & it became more & more vigorous. I even did exorcisms from the stage when some men razzed me. I quit Rev. Judy in 1976, but continued my preaching without her – Guru Jr had grown up. When she died in 1979 she appeared to me & gave me her ‘Anointing.’ In the bible they call that ‘passing the mantle’ from one prophet to another – when he dies. The recipient of course has to be worthy.

Before she passed me the mantle she insisted,  
“Promise me you will help humanity”  
and of course I did.

And that was why I endured Rev. Judy for six years. I explain it in Part 3 – How obnoxious she was, how difficult to deal with, how she humiliated & used me. But it was all for a reason. She taught me the ways of channeling among other things – a great weapon that has served me well – look how I use channeling in these books – I find out what people were thinking when they related to me, a great boon for one’s peace of mind.

Having a living Guru is unusual, there aren’t many around. I eventually became a Guru myself & many people have believed in me, prayed TO ME in fact as an ‘incarnation of God’ like the Hindu Ramakrishna {When they get results they explain what happened}. I have testimonies on my website ‘Woman Thou Art God’ & a 300 page book, ‘Guru Rasa & her Devotees’ & it all started with this obnoxious Guru I endured for six years, supported & promoted. This was ‘paying my dues.’ If you can’t endure a thing, you don’t deserve its rewards. Her other disciples did not cut the mustard, they didn’t get the Anointing.

### Harlow’s

Trying to remember anecdotes & one person that comes to mind is ‘Little Frankie.’ Frankie was the bouncer, a young Italian with balls of steel. There’s a lot to be said about the spirit, not the size, of a person - How a small person can be tougher, stronger, more effective than the biggest baba on the block. That was Frankie. {Think of the movie ‘Shane.’}



I had two guys obsessed with me & they were friends. One I shall call Sandy Gold, the other Joe Stricken. First let's talk about Sandy.

He was an amateur body builder following me around, everywhere I appeared, dancing & beauty contests, eager to take pics. That was the obsession, pics with me. {I must acknowledge that one image, which he took with me after I won the Miss Body Beautiful USA 1974 – I have used all these years as one of my best beauty contest shots – I just blacked him out of it.}

After about a year of this I got tired of it & told him 'no more shots.' He went ballistic, threatening me. He would show up where I danced saying "I'll break your legs." I complained to the manager of the Follies & he said, "He paid his ticket, I can't throw him out."

{They almost never cared about our security, wherever we went, whatever happened. This regards all of us in the adult trade. They just didn't want to be bothered.}

So now I'm at Harlow's in the Times Square area {another Mafia place – This is where Maria Shriver Schwarzenegger filmed me for Baltimore's PM Magazine – btw their House of Adult Therapy was downstairs. This was one flight up, as was the Melody & Follies, come to think of it.}

So in walks Sandy Gold & two of his gym friends. I am horrified, I was really happy working there. Now he ruins it. With a sad countenance I tell little Frankie the story. He can see I'm depressed. He asks me to point him out.

About 5 minutes later, Sandy & his buddies are gone. I said to Frank, "What did you do?"

He said,

"I just said, Yo – out."

One of the guys left a black zippered bag, not large, & the female manager came to me with it. She was scared to open it – so was I. Finally she got the guts to open it. Inside was a quart can of tomato juice, nothing else.

Another incident at Harlow's was the drug addict dancer. One day she asks me to lend her \$25 for lunch. What? Some expensive lunch. This was 1979 – that would be \$102. today. I give her the money.

She returns after lunch & gives me the \$25 – which is unusual – most people never paid me back. She probably turned a trick. Then she gets on

stage & is walking back & forth staring at the ceiling, wobbly on her legs. What to do? Frankie knows.

He got up on the stage, hauled her over his shoulder & carried her off! What a sight that was, somehow funny.

One time I saw a guy in a booth writing & writing. I wondered what he was about. I went to him & asked him what he was writing. He said he was from 'Saturday Night Live' & they were thinking of doing a sketch on me. They thought it was a gimmick. But after seeing me he saw it was serious, they could not do this sketch.

Then there was a group of French people who could not speak English, very nice people, & they kept asking what was going on – they didn't understand. Luckily I had my big color newspapers from Montreal – Minuet – which explains in French my stripping for God, which I gave them. They were relieved & said 'now we understand.'

### **Sin Luvee Gets Kicked Out**

It was early in my strip career, maybe 1973 because Johnny Pons was the manager & he was there for me re publicity. We worked together to get some press – he was on the ball {most managers/owners hadn't a clue.}

The beginning I wasn't secure – no one is. Was I passable, OK or good? It was hard for me to tell even though the New York audience was the easiest to please & applauded for everything.

So one time this nice looking stripper {Her name had to word 'sin' in it – NOT Sintana –but I can't recall it} comes in, older than me, maybe 35, experienced. She hangs around, so does her loser boyfriend. We talk.

After a while she makes me an



offer, now get this,  
“I will TEACH YOU to strip.” Etc etc.

And I have to PAY HER.

I actually thought about it – maybe she could give me some pointers, but it got me extremely depressed that she thought so little of my abilities.

I told Johnny Pons her offer & next thing I know she storms into my dressing room & says,

“What did you tell Johnny Pons? He told me to just get the fuck out of the theater & never come back!

So she was thrown out & that was EXACTLY THE RIGHT THING TO DO. Johnny was savvy & he knew immediately this would have demoralized me & she was taking advantage of my naiveté. So he was a mensch.

### **Joe Stricken--Sammy the Mgr & Prayers for Strippers**

Joe Stricken was obsessed with me. He followed me around like a lost dog when I walked down the street. One time an officer was near & I just looked at him & he knew – he told Joe

“Get away from her.”

Joe came to every performance of mine at every place in NYC.

One time we had a gay manager at the Melody. He was Latin, short & stocky, a great guy. He was redecorating, cleaning & painting. He hired Joe to help. But Joe was in my dressing room so long, when the job should have taken 45 mins he was there like 3 hours. Sammy decided to sneak up on him to see what he was doing.

He said Joe was just holding my wig to his face – not working, & moaning over & over again,

“Kellie, oh Kellie, I love you.”

He told him to get to work or get the fuck out.

Sammy told me his heartbroken story. He’d been in love with a guy for years, & the poor bloke died. Sammy cried when he told me. I felt so sorry.

That night he was shutting down the theater in front – where you pull down those metal grids so no one breaks through the front windows, when a guy walked up to him & started talking.

He told the guy the theater was closing up, sorry. The guy kept talking. But there are no girls here now, Sammy said, but the guy said,

“I don’t want a girl, I want you.”

Shocked {the guy was handsome} Sammy took him upstairs for sex,  
& while the guy was fucking him, Sammy said,  
“Kellie. I know it’s Kellie,”  
{meaning I caused this boon}  
And the guy said,  
“Who’s Kellie? This is for Kellie, & he thrust hard & had his  
orgasm.”  
Sammy told me the story smiling.





*Kellie told us that she only recently became aware that a lot of men are turned on by girls who are extra hairy "down there." Always eager to please her fans, she's curtailed her shaving in favor of a more natural look.*

**C**an you imagine what Kellie would look like in a bikini bottom with that profusion of hair cascading from the tops and sides of her suit? It would cause a major beach riot! Tearing our attention away from her bush, Kellie also has a magnificent 46-24-38 body with as succulent a pair of knockers as were ever created. Kellie has been around for awhile, she began stripping in 1971 after a religious conversion and says that she started getting real hairy "down there" by the time she was 13. "I shaved quite a bit for dancing or stripping costumes and every time the hair grew back it was thicker and it spread out more." She has stopped shaving because she likes to be natural... Thank God!



## **Pray for Females**

I did NOT put out any offers or invitations, but each stripper in our theater – the Melody – came to me one by one for counsel & prayer. Each told me her story of sorrow & woe; I listened with empathy & said deep hearted prayers.

As I look back on my life things begin to add up. I think there's an instinct or a vibe that people pick up, knowing I am sent by God & represent Her – not too many words need be spoken, people just give off certain energies. No other female I met ever in my work or travels had my vibes or interests at heart – the way some men were obsessed with me, I was obsessed with God. I guess I talked about God constantly, at that time I was still under the sway of Rev. Judy Swaggart {I finally quit her in 1976} & probably talking about her Anointing & Church. So what stripper or adult trade worker does that? If you talk about God constantly, you must be of God.

## **Harlow's a Female Gets Hysterical**

There was a House of Therapy downstairs called the 'Lucky Lady Lounge' & some of the unfortunate females came up & spoke to me. One became totally hysterical, had a nervous breakdown when she heard me preach.

She spoke in broken terms so you could not make sense of her words, she was crying, & she cried something like,

"I am just like her, she's just like me. They tell me I'm trash, I'm no good, but she is preaching? How can she preach? Am I OK then, am I trash or am I alright? Because we're doing the same thing."

Her words did not make sense like that, but I got the meaning. I was breaking the stereotype that we women in the adult trade are whores. I proved we can be within the Grace of God. They had convinced her she was a whore & outside Her Grace, so this was an upheaval & a shock to her, her mind just broke down from the shock.

Somehow I comforted her, don't even remember how, but she finally calmed down after 20 minutes of screaming.

At another club – way far away in space & time – It was in the South, a truck stop, a female named Brandy went hysterical screaming,

“You are my Mother, you are my Mother!”

She had been adopted & didn't know who her Mom was, & had been praying for years to find her, & she was convinced I was it.

But I told her I couldn't be, as I was only a few years older than her. I told her God must have been telling her I was her SPIRITUAL Mother.

It took her a long time to calm down.

I think this was Wheeling, West Virginia, I vaguely recall but not sure. Instead of calling me the 'Preacher' they just couldn't. They called me 'The Preacher's Daughter.' That went with their culture & religion, it was shocking enough to say that much less than, SHE is the real Preacher!

At times I gave a sermon here, another time I tried & one female laughed so loud, like a hyena, I couldn't go on. She just wouldn't stop, she drowned out my words.

One sad note in Wheeling. Most of the time men came to me for prayer between shows. I hung around in the pool table / lounge area to meet folks. One guy told me this, that his daughter got a fatal illness. He promised God he would give 3k to the Church if God would cure her – She did.

But he reneged on the promise. Some time later, the illness came back.

I said to the man,

“You still have time to keep that promise, give the money to the Church. But he walked away sad, I shall never forget it, he did not want to give the money.

Another man had a better outcome. He came to me for prayer re his life, he was unhappy. I prayed. The next day he came back beaming,

“I sold my truck! After you prayed I had the guts to do this, I quit, I want to spend more time with my family! He thanked God profusely for helping him. I shall never forget how happy he was.

I told the story elsewhere how in Montreal I witnessed a suicide. A man jumped on the track in front of the subway train & was killed. I signed the deposition as I was the only one who did not jump back, just stood there & looked. I went to the officer's place next day & asked what happened. He said the guy had mental illness – The guy he was with was his lover. He said to him,

“Tell me you love me, or I will jump on the track.” But the guy wouldn't, so he jumped.

That day I began praying to God to give me someone I could prevent from suicide.

A few months later, at the Plaza Theater in Wash D.C. {not the time I preached in front of the White House, the next time I was there} came to me & told me he had lost his job & his girl friend & he wanted to kill himself. I held his hands & prayed for 20 minutes. I then said,

“How do you feel?”

He said,

“I don’t want o kill myself any more.”

Suddenly I remembered what I had asked God months before. {End Chapter 4}

### Chapter 5 from William Bond 7-19-22

Hi Rasa this is the article I have written about, "I strip for God". William {Bond}

Rasa Von Werder once was a stripper under the stage name Kellie Everts, and in a strip-club she gave a religious sermon as part of her act. She called the act, “I strip for God” so what are we to think of this? Was it just a clever publicity stunt? Or just a joke? But Rasa Von Werder is a deeply religious and spiritual person so her sermons in this strip-club would reflect her strong spiritual beliefs and were not just comedy sermons.

## THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO KELLIE EVERTS

BODYBUILDER, MYSTIC, RELIGIOUS AUTHOR—KELLIE IS ALL OF THESE THINGS—PLUS THE WORLD FAMOUS STRIPPER FOR GOD!



It is said that god works in strange ways. Perhaps one of the strangest is through the voluptuous body of stripper Kellie Everts. Her 44-24-38 attributes certainly attract attention wherever she goes, and most especially when she sheds her clothing across strip club stages throughout the United States and Canada.

After Kellie strips totally nude, she tells the men who have come to see her show, “God made my body. It’s a work of art. You are not committing a sin when you admire God’s creation.” Although much of Kellie’s audience is unsure of how to behave when she bows her head and says a prayer for their souls, many others can’t wait to surround her after she leaves the stage to tell her they have had dreams, seen visions of God or his angels. Kellie, who poses for nude photos with members of the audience at \$10 each, smiles and continues to preach the Bible to her adoring fans. After a week of non-stop shows, she usually has more than \$1,000 saved up from the photo taking which she donates to her favorite church—the money is used to say Mass for the souls in Purgatory.

A former Miss Nude Universe, Miss Body Beautiful USA, Miss Americana Best Figure, and Miss Voluptuous, Kellie has appeared on more than 150 television shows, most notably Real People, To Tell The Truth, Tom Snyder and the Mike Douglas show. Since 1971, when Kellie was “reborn” she

She said what she preached in her sermons, was: “Love thy neighbor as thyself, do unto others as you would have others do unto you. Love God with your whole heart, soul & mind. Put God first, above all things. Think of your eternal life, the world & everything in it is temporary. Meditate on the eternal life. I also preached on the sufferings of Jesus & how this is an example for our own, to imitate him & have our sufferings bring great fruit.”

She also said that, “Stripping for God was an outgrowth of my love of God & wanting to do Her bidding. Wanting to save souls. Jesus said, "If you love me, feed my sheep," - I fed His sheep.”

Many Christians might see this as being very scandalous, after all, many see a strip-club as a den of vice and so what was she doing preaching a sermon there? But this wasn't much different to the behaviour and teachings of Jesus Christ, where in the Bible it is claimed he ate with tax collectors, prostitutes, and other sinners. Jesus once addressed the Pharisees with a sharp remark: " I tell you the truth, the tax collectors and the prostitutes are entering the kingdom of God ahead of you " (Matthew 21 verse 31). Rasa Von Werder wasn't a prostitute although as a stripper she would have met many of them and once defended them on a TV show.

\*\*\*Rasa says: The TV Show was “People are Talking” with Richard Bey in NYC. I was a member of a group of ‘Feminists & Prostitutes.’ There were all kinds of women in it: Ministers, authors {Kate Millet}, feminists, a lady Judge, porno ladies, strippers & genuine prostitutes.

We discussed all the issues – it was interesting, The moderator had written a book which was really good – on how the system keeps women prostituting by fining them, thereby they have to keep working to pay the fines, while the police, judges & court make money off them.

After a couple months of weekly meetings I declared we should now go to the media & represent prostitutes & fight for their rights & respectability. They all shot me down – not a one of them wanted to work on this. So I did it ALONE. I got on this radio agent thingy & gave my spiel where he represented me to a dozen radio shows, saying I was a good interview, & I did them. Got a lot of flak but women also called in defending the business. It was worthwhile.

Then the People are talking Show wanted to do a bit on prostitutes. They got pro & cons. The cons were evident. The pro lady spoke through a screen, where you could only see her shadow. They wanted a real prostitute

in the open – I knew one & recommended her. But she chickened out. I told them I would do the part, impersonating a prostitute. They were going to pay this real one 1k to appear, I didn't care whether they paid me or not, so I didn't demand the money. I only cared about helping women in their plight.

But they said to me,

“You must be a real prostitute to do the show, it can't be impersonation.”

So I said, “OK, put me down as a real prostitute, but I'll wear a different wig & sunglasses.”

Of course everyone knew who I was – I'd done this show a dozen times. My voice & body, the way I spoke, it was obvious. My catch word was,

“Prostitutes are PEOPLE. And I explained that in Patriarchy, we women are prostituted in hundreds of way, don't pick on the sex therapists, they are only one version of it. Married women get paid for sex. This one married woman objected, so I said,

“Stop having sex with your husband & see if he continue giving you money.”

She looked chastened. She knew I was right. And I think the producers should have given me the 1k – They used me. I should have demanded it. Because I put myself on the line for them – they were desperate. But like I said, I really wanted to help the women.\*\*\*

So as a Christian woman Rasa Von Werder was following the teachings of Jesus in her “I strip for God” act. But there is more to Rasa Von Werder than this, she is also interested in matriarchy and wants to create a matriarchal religion which she talked about in her web-site, “Woman Thou Art God”. So how does her “I strip for God” act relate to matriarchy?

What is consistent with most patriarchal religions is that they fear sexual women. So we find the most extreme patriarchal religion, which is Islam, cut off the clitorises of women so they cannot enjoy sex and makes them cover-up their bodies and faces from being seen by men. So why would patriarchy go to these extreme? It suggests they fear women's sexuality.

\*\*\*Rasa says: Don't forget the Africans do this also, possibly not all, but some. There was a female African going from tribe to tribe with education. She had a plastic dummy of a vagina & explained what was

being done, that it was wrong. At times she had to run for her life. They got crazy women to grab these girls - for a pittance, two of them hold her down, while they removed her clitoris with razor blades. Sometimes the women got infections & died. Yes, heinous. Patriarchy is insane. Circumcision is also serious mutilation & child abuse. It cuts off thousands of nerve endings that would later give the male pleasure.\*\*\*

The reason might be to do with the power relationship between men and women. It is obvious that men can easily gain power over women through violence and intimidation because men are bigger and stronger than women. But women can gain power over men through love and sex. Nearly all men want a relationship with loving, sexual women and because men want this so much, a clever woman can use this need and desire to gain power over men. But even if a loving woman doesn't do this, men who appreciate living with loving women will show it, by doing every thing that can for them. So because of this, patriarchy does its best to sabotage the power women have over men.

Unfortunately, men who follow patriarchal customs can lose out of having a loving relationship, because patriarchal customs encourage men to treat women so badly, that many women became angry with men and this suppresses their loving instincts. As the result, many men end up getting married to women who do not show any love towards them and don't want sex. So patriarchal customs benefit neither men nor women.

All young men strongly desire women who will have sex with them. But patriarchal customs tell them that women who do this are sluts and whores and should be treated with contempt. Men following this custom don't realise this works against their best interests, because women know about these customs and it strongly discourages many women wanting sex with men. Resulting in a lot of men having to go to prostitutes to find women who will have sex with them. In the past it encouraged men to get married to women who remained a virgin and generally had a negative attitude about sex.

\*\*\*Rasa says: When I was teen, you couldn't win no matter what you did. They had you as whore or slut if you did it, if you did not, you couldn't get a boyfriend. This Patriarchy has everything wrong & backward because it's the female that's supposed to rule the family & the world, so all our

customs & rules are upside down. Patriarchy is all lies, no truth to it, it's all wrong in all ways.\*\*\*

The irony of this, is that patriarchal religions praise women who don't have sex. Like nuns, who are supposed to never have sex with any man. Yet people who have had nun teachers at school, report horrendous stories of how cruel these nuns were to the children they teach. While prostitutes who are condemned by patriarchal religions as being 'sinners', there are many reports of them having hearts of gold. Obviously, not all nuns are cruel women and not all prostitutes have hearts of gold but it shows that being denied of sex doesn't make women more loving and caring, or women using sex to earn a living, doesn't always make them less loving people.

\*\*\*Rasa says: As a 5 year old, I was put into a Catholic School, thank God, for only a short time. The nuns were cold & mean. But when I went to Catechism, contemplative nuns in long robes taught us & I adored them, obeyed every word they said. Later in life, when I was fighting for women to be ordained, I met nuns. I also had my daughter in a Catholic Private School. Then I met nuns in my area, who judged me & refused to be friends because of my being in the adult trade. Some of these women seemed confused & troubled. Maybe they were sexually abused as children & sought to get away from men. But of these women, the lesbians seemed to be happy – they are in their element, living with women, what's to be sad?\*\*\*

Women tend to see sex in terms of giving and receiving love and try to teach men to see it in the same way. But men are taught by patriarchal customs to see sex in terms of dominance and submission or even sadism and masochism. So men use to be told in Christian countries and still in Islamic countries that a man wasn't a 'real' man if he couldn't dominate his wife using violence and intimidation.

The result is that when women view pornography on the Internet many are shocked to find it is more about dominance and submission or even sadomasochism than about love. And even when women in these porn films do demonstrate loving behaviour, it is still viewed through the framing of submission and masochism. So patriarchal religions and societies do there best to separate sex, love and religion from each other. So what would

happen if sex, love and religion were combined with each other? It seems that this did happen in the past.

\*\*\*Rasa says: About pornography: The men who run these movies are subhuman, I've met them, although I never made a porno movie. I ran my own business for ten years with X rated videos, but they were not porn, they were female domination. As I said, the type of men who create these videos, whom I met, are less sensitive than animals, & they represent what sex is in their own minds – subhuman. The movies they make are gross, ugly & disgusting. Women want romance, which is a combination of love & sex. Just ordinary sex is the same as the average animal or insect does, it is not inviting or beautiful.\*\*\*

In India today western tourists are shocked to discover in some Hindu temples the walls of the temples are covered in pornographic carvings. It seems that before Christianity the priestesses of Goddess temples were condemned by patriarchal priests for being 'temple prostitutes'. This was because the priestesses use to openly have sex with the men who come to these temples. There are also reports that in ancient pagan temples, sex was part of their rituals.

But the way the priestesses of these Goddess temples viewed sex was probably a lot different to the way patriarchal priests saw it. All life comes to our world within the bodies of females. So the priestesses in Goddess temples would celebrate all aspects of this, like menstruation, the sexual act, pregnancy, child-birth and breast-feeding. The patriarchal priests had a different view on all this. Menstruation was seen by them as being 'unclean', they condemn sex as being 'dirty'. In some cultures pregnant women were shut away, even child-birth was seen as sinful and babies had to be baptised to, "clean them of the sin of being born of a woman". While even to-day breast-feeding is still seen as shameful and women are encouraged not to do it in public.

\*\*\*Rasa says: In those days sex was Sacred, women ran the game, they made it so. When women were degraded, sex became ugly, perverted & dirty. That's with men running the show, that's what they do with sex – they make it ugly.\*\*\*

So love would be the strongest theme in any Goddess religion governed by priestesses. Patriarchal religions sometimes talk about love, but that's all they do. Many of the actions and teachings and customs of patriarchal religions are not very loving, as they condemn, punish and even kill people who don't agree with them.

\*\*\*Rasa says: Everything males take over, including religion, becomes corrupt, because men are not supposed to rule. All their institutions become twisted, perverted, upside down, delusional & exploitative. Their religions are filled with corruption.\*\*\*

The teaching of Jesus was very loving and he claimed that God is a loving Father God, but this concept never caught on and many Christians prefer the judgmental and punitive God of the Old Testament. We find that in the pantheon of gods and goddesses in many pagan religions love is always represented by a goddess. So if god is the god of love then it make a lot of sense that She is a Goddess. And this is what we find on Rasa Von Werder's web-site when she calls God, MotherGod.

\*\*\*Rasa says: Look at the hate their religions preach, hate of homosexuals, hate of sex therapy workers, hate of women who have sex when they want to. They hate women, the bottom line. And yet women are fooled into joining these religions & let these haters control their minds & bodies. It's sick. The Catholic Church not permitting condoms is sick – women can get AIDS, other diseases, & of course, unwanted pregnancies. Then they are condemned for abortions. Let's end Patriarchy & make the world straight again.\*\*\*

Mystics talk about the Oneness of God and that we are all One. We don't find this in any male god because the masculine is all about competition and aggression. True Oneness only comes through love, which is feminine and so for this reason the true nature of God is feminine. Once we realise this, then it is a lot easier to communicate with Her and to receive Her help and guidance.

The point is that if we want to live in a more loving and caring world then we need more loving and caring people in all positions of power, we don't get this when while men rule our world. This is because in the patriarchal system the worst types of people seem to end up in positions of

power. It is the same in religions where we find the leaders of nearly all religions are not spiritual people and just use religion to gain wealth and power.

It is true that not all women are loving people and there are many loving men in our world. But overall women have powerful maternal and nurturing instincts and it is these instincts that make women on the whole, more loving people than men. So we all would be better off if we were able to vote for matriarchal political parties and were able to join goddess religions that worship female deities and have a female priesthood.

\*\*\*Rasa says: The worship of Mother God & female priests is coming. Jesus himself ordained me, & I say the Holy Mass. I want to encourage all women in the Grace of God to become priestesses & say the Holy Mass for the departed, it is ENORMOUS help to them. I have gotten thousands out of Purgatory this way.

Good work William, thanks for this great article.\*\*\* {End  
Chapter 5}

## **Chapter 6 The Stripper for God meets the Dancing Priest - & other thoughts on the priesthood**



written 7-21-22

**Father Thomas Smith** Ordained: 1951 Died: 2015 age 90

From the internet: Father Thomas Smith, known as the “singing and dancing priest” was ordained in 1951, and served in the Diocese of Pittsburgh. He started out in a career on stage, performing at clubs in New York City before entering the seminary. He continued to perform while based at a McKeesport parish, in local nightclubs, at church dinners and church fundraisers into the 1990s. {Rasa says: he did more than ‘local’ clubs, he appeared at some hot spots. See his David Letterman Show on You tube.}

My Account: On March 19, 1979, I was booked into the Sheraton Hotel, Pittsburgh, PA. I heard about ‘the Dancing Priest’ from a tabloid, was excited about him, & determined to meet him as he was in that area. His church was fairly close to the Hotel & I took a cab daily to go there – I went to Mass most every day anyway, on the road or at home.

So I find his Church & go. There were so few daily attendants that he held the Mass in the rectory – about 5 people showed up, all women.

He asked each of us what we were dedicating our Holy Communion for & I said, ‘Souls in Purgatory.’ I recall how this older lady glanced at me, startled. I was young so she probably figured how unusual for a young person to care about them.

When Mass was over I told him I had heard about him & that surprised him a lot. He seemed slightly uncomfortable, as apparently few people there knew he was ‘the Dancing Priest.’

He was gracious & invited me to his residence right next to the church – can’t recall if it was just coffee or if we ate breakfast.

When I had to go to the rest room I was directed by one of his servants upstairs, she stood at the foot of the stairs to make sure I went the right way. I went the wrong way & passed a bedroom that was decorated in all red – his room? Like a bordello, I thought.

We chatted a few minutes & he had to rush off somewhere, giving instructions to two lady servants what work to do.

I was impressed & on Real People it shows he'd recruited 2 other priests to take part in an act. One funny line was,

A guy says 34-24-36 & Fr. cries, 'Bingo!'

The priests, one of whom was chubby, seemed to be having fun & I was happy for them.

One lady servant lingered for a minute talking to me & I asked her about plans, & she looked into the sky sort of wistfully, & said

"Something big is coming up"

but wouldn't tell me what. It could have been 'Real People' as I saw him there subsequently, or maybe David Letterman.

I recently saw the Letterman show & he conducted an intelligent & informative interview. Letterman was nervous. Then he sang with his band – he was good, & he moved well & dressed nicely. I liked the line where he said something like,

"Billy Sunday, Billy Graham & Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, step aside!"

I know it took nerve to say the Bishop's name, as the CC might get mad. {Bishop Sheen was without fault, being canonized now – he helped me with my Mom through her last 3 weeks in Purgatory - probably because she made us watch his show. He was angelic.}

Fr. Tom admitted his act was a way to get people's attention toward the Church. All his lyrics were special – designed that way – He didn't do standards. He was one of a kind, & a good egg. I'm glad I took the effort to meet him, R.I.P. Fr. Tom.

### **William Bond & I Discuss the Priesthood**

From William Bond: In your latest writings Rasa, it seems you were acting like a priest with the people you worked with in the stripper places. It reminds me of what Pamela told me.

She is Church of England and goes to Church every Sunday and she tells me she far prefers female vicars to male vicar, (there are some notable exceptions to this). And this doesn't only apply to her but also seems to be the opinion of other people she meets at Church. She said that in the city where she lives people will travel across the city to go to Churches where there is female vicar and avoid most male vicars.

She claims with that, with a few exceptions, male vicars haven't a clue how to talk to people and she predicts that if this trend continues, women will be taking over the Church completely. Which makes me wonder why women were banned as priests. Apparently before Christianity was taken over by the state they did have female priests and it suggests that the only way male priests could compete against women priests, was to ban them completely.

The Christian Church is in decline but perhaps women priests could reverse this. Pamela also reports the Church of England is now being politically correct and talking about a male and female God. So perhaps we could end up with Churches worshiping a female Mother God with a female priesthood.

An effective priest has to believe in God and prayer, to be a good communicator and listener and care about other people. Women are far more likely to be like this than men. I have read stories of career priests who have admitted they don't men and care more for others. This is why I think once women are let into the priesthood of various religions they will end up taking over. This is why patriarchal religions had to ban female priests or priestesses. Pamela says this is happening in the Church of England over here, but says there is resistance about women becoming bishops.

I don't know if there is any chance of there being Roman Catholic female priests but as more Christian sects agree to this I'm sure they will be under pressure to do the same.

**From Rasa:** OK I get what you mean then William. Then I'm a Priest or Priestess, like a Pastor, who tends his or her sheep, feeds them, protects them. This is what Jesus asked Peter to be, & I guess all his apostles or disciples. 'His' sheep means those of God.

Yes, I do see people as God's sheep. And yes, we of God who are chosen have a duty to feed the sheep with nourishing thoughts & words - which is Truth. We must protect the sheep from predators - the lions, wolves & bears represent negativity, bad thoughts & feelings, & the demonic. We must take our sheep to green pastures where they will find life & water.

I see the Catholic Church diminishing greatly & I don't think they will ever ordain women, that's why they'll shrink. If you can't change or adjust to the 'market' you go 'bankrupt.' Once Kodak was the #1 photo institution, they even invented digital photography. But they failed to move ahead with the market, they slid back & eventually went bankrupt. The Catholic Church will fare the same. They will not ordain women because that would be a different Church entirely than what they are. They would rather shrink than fit, lol. So let them shrink, we don't need them. The good within the Church will appear in other avenues, like my own religion. We will include all that is good in the Catholic, the Christian, The Yogic or Buddhist sects, the Wiccan / Pagan beliefs, into our religion. Something new will form, the good will not be lost.

PS: the majority of People do not go to Church - we must go to them. Like the original Salvation Army founder & its ministers - they went to BARS & reached people in the slums, the gutters of life, wherever the downtrodden & troubled were {they were many times physically attacked}. "We go where Priests & nuns fear to tread" was our motto.

Preaching in Church is "Preaching to the choir" - it's easy. I went also ON THE STREET with a loudspeaker, preaching, for 2.5 months in mid winter in my city, & believe me, this brings TROUBLE. But you reach people otherwise not reached. Why did I do it? Not for money, not to promote my career - because I love others, just like Jesus did, just like all the saints did. And so whoever says I used my preaching as a gimmick for my act - why did I preach on the street this way, inviting much conflict toward myself? Got threats, too, & much interference. No one would even walk with me, as they were afraid. Rasa {End Chapter 6}

## Chapter 7 Weird Patriarchal Hill People 7-28-22

### Letters between Rasa, William Bond & Pete Jackson Opening letter from Rasa:

#### Run from the Hills 7-27-22 The 'Hill People' of Laos

Another example of a sicker than sick PATRIARCHAL - MALE RUN - Society. It enrages me. Somehow the bulk of the work falls on the shoulders of the women. They work from sunup 'till they drop from exhaustion. The main female featured here looks 10-20 years older than she is - is 60 but could pass for 80 - for the serial pregnancies - 15 - & the non-stop drudgery work. He - the male leader - is a SHAMAN which is similar to a Priest-faith healer. But he has to MURDER an innocent little baby chick to produce a cure for a fever? They boy, it says, was cured, but he took an "anti-fever" pill. What is that? Aspirin? OK so a needless torture of the baby chick - I couldn't watch. I think he set it's fluffy-ness on fire from a candle. He could not affect a cure using hypnosis or mind over matter, or herbs like a real FEMALE SHAMAN or faith healer would do - or a non-murderous psychologically effective ritual? {Yes he did that as part of it, - the paper doll - that was OK.}

Then a young person from a nearby village dies - they show the funeral. To commemorate this person's death they take an innocent Water Buffalo, tie him to a tree, take a sharp spear & stab him to death with it. Then cut off his head, climb on top the roof & make loud noises to prove they have done something good. Only a man would think of this. Then the entire village gets drunk - women included. That part doesn't other me.

Then the twins business. They have decided that only animals have more than one baby, people that have twins are possessed by an evil spirit. They are BANISHED, their HOUSE & PROPERTY ARE DESTROYED, & they MUST MURDER THEIR BABIES! If they do this they can come back to the village but they are shunned for a full year. Why don't these people take their babies & somehow by the Grace of God go to that far-away town where the youngest son lives? I know it's a trek but better than killing

two babies! It's a 6 hour trek. Where there's a will there's a way. Trust in God that when you get there God will find a way to survive.

The clincher is when this Chief-Shaman, who is 72 but could pass for 52 because he has the 'life of Riley' recites how great he is & he has to have the biggest funeral there ever was - dozens of COWS have to be SACRIFICED for him! He did this, he did that, proving he is the GREATEST man in the province. Hope your funeral comes as soon as possible but spare the Cows. I would take his corpse & hang it upside down, let people target practice on him, like they did with Mussolini.

From You Tube:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5sNFveHpkwI>

### **The Akha tribe in Laos: Between tradition and modernity | DW Documentary**

The Akha in Laos live almost untouched by modern civilization. They still adhere to their archaic customs. But they are on the verge of upheaval. Cut off from the rest of the world, without a paved road, the village of Peryensang Mai has remained almost untouched by modern civilization to this day. Its inhabitants are from the Akha tribe, and they seem to live in a different time: Their language isn't even written down; their everyday life is defined by the laws and rituals handed down from their ancestors such as animal sacrifices to ward off bad luck. This adherence to customs that are often quite brutal endows the Akha's lives with stability and direction. The women of the village have a particularly busy life. Because the Akha are largely self-sufficient, their tasks range from agriculture to housework and making traditional clothing. This documentary tells the story of the Laovan family. Mother Yeapheun has always had to work hard to support her large family. Her husband is the village elder and ensures the Akha observe the strict laws and commandments. The couple and their eldest children cannot imagine life beyond the mountaintop, so the family is pinning its hopes on youngest son Kienglom, who has been going to school in a nearby town since he was eleven years old. Like many mountain tribes in Laos, the Akha are facing a difficult choice: between a move down into the valley, which would mean they would have electricity, running water and better medical care - but also abandoning their ancient rituals. The film takes the viewer on

an emotional journey of discovery to a tribe torn between tradition and modernity and facing the need to reinvent itself in today's world.

**Rasa says:** They don't tell you the truth like I did – about it being Patriarchy, etc. They see it from an old-time vs modern point of view; I see it as Patriarchy vs Matriarchy. Why is that? Because Patriarchs are writing our history, making all the observations, so of course, they never reveal their own sins. Even women in Patriarchy, brainwashed, are following the narrative men present. So the society is never fixed – It remains as it is, the male fucked-up agenda, the women following. If we wish to truly change the world for the better we need to see through Mother God's prism, the way She would see it. And Buddha & Jesus were both Matriarchal – No animal sacrifices. Sacrifice your sins, bad thoughts, feelings and actions. Sacrifice your hate & prejudice, not animals.

And another thing: Check those children's bodies after the men have 'baby sat' them while all you women were at work. Can you imagine what goes on? And who are they accountable to for abuse? Is there police? Will the women handle it? No, the women are slaves, they do what they are told; they cannot protect the children & have no remedy when it happens. Same with all those Patriarchal cults like here we have Amish, Mennonites, Hutterites. Who handles the abuse? NO ONE. That is the purpose of Patriarchy: exploit the women & children, do what we want, they are our workers, breeders & toys.

**Pete Jackson says re overpopulation:** In fact, as Igor Chudov reports later, in ultra-jabbed Germany, not only births, but even abortions are down too. That means that even *accidental* pregnancies are down as well as purposeful ones, so it's not simply due to people choosing to delay or avoid procreation. Really makes you wonder!

### **Rasa on overpopulation--birth control--abortion**

The lack of abortions tell it all. People didn't stop having sex, & unwanted pregnancies happen all that time. That means something caused people to become infertile.

For me, Patriarchy is going to Hell in a hand basket. It is inevitable that many things will go wrong, all the time. It is expected that the

Patriarchs & their sock puppet females will lead the world into devastation again & again – the only question is how?

The fact that many people believed in these monsters shows me they have not been paying attention to alternative media. They are ignorant of what is going on behind the scenes, as the mainstream media is controlled by those that do wrong.

Now about the population. Patriarchy – men – not women, have caused overpopulation.

It behooved Patriarchs to have more & more people in their tribes so they could have bigger armies. Other reasons, it is men who are loathe to practice birth control. Not women. Men many times load their sperm into women & take off – leave her holding the bag. I just saw a documentary in Africa where a dirt poor woman had 6 children in 10 years. She could not afford even the first, & went to live with her Grandma. The moderator asked her why she had so many children – they can't even feed them! They take turns taking spoonfuls, each one gets only so many. And the woman said,

“Ask the men.”

Each man had abandoned her. They want to fukk but not provide. Maybe they are poor themselves, no doubt, but try masturbating instead of sexing. But they don't care, they fukk & take off, worse than animals, as many animal males tend their harems – even male fish protect eggs fertilized eggs.

Alright, Dr. Bryan Sykes says the same thing – that the Patriarchs cause overpopulation; serial pregnancies. And so why don't they remedy this in natural ways, by stop intimidating women into sex, lying to them, pretending they care. Have sex with other men or your hand.

And now those in charge want to reduce overpopulation by MURDER. Typical male logic. There is no end to this & there never will be until the final solution of Mother God comes closer – the extinction of men. Maybe in a few thousand years their numbers will diminish to a point where we can control the rabid dogs. And I apologize to the dogs. Rasa

**Pete Jackson says:** And recently I was reading about how there are still overpopulation deniers, most notably XXXXX. He actually has the GALL to say that people aren't having enough kids! Seriously. Or at least not enough to colonize Mars, one of his biggest ambitions. (Facepalm) I do like other things about him, and think he is a genius overall, but he has a MAJOR, MAJOR blind spot in that regard, much like the late Stephen Hawking (with an IQ nearly 200) denying the existence of God. XXX really has his head in an anatomically impossible position, lol.

In Western (i.e. rich) countries, and even some not-so-rich countries, birthrates have been plummeting for a while now, because Women are FED UP. And that is a GOOD thing on balance, not something to fear. The two best, and ethical, ways to solve overpopulation is 1) Female Empowerment, and 2) poverty reduction, and the rest will follow. And make birth control free and readily available as well. No coercion or murder needed.

And yes, the root cause of overpopulation is indeed MEN. They are the ones who force, coerce, deceive, manipulate, and brainwash Women into having so many kids that they otherwise would not have had. Then they either ditch them, or if they do provide at all, there are always strings attached to whatever they provide. How very phallocentric of them.

One thing that came to mind is penetrocentrism in particular. FWIW, I recently saw a study from 30 years ago that found that, contrary to popular opinion, 50% of Women actually prefer non-penetrative sex instead of penetrative sex, while 30% have no strong preference either way, and only 20% of Women actually prefer to be penetrated. There are thus many ways for a man to pleasure a Woman, or even enjoy mutual pleasure, that literally do not involve any risk of pregnancy whatsoever. But in contrast to what 80% of Women want, the particular sex act that MEN demand the very most of all, that is, PIV intercourse, just so happens to be the one that has the very worst risk-reward ratio for Women, especially when so many men refuse to wear condoms, usually for purely hedonistic reasons.

Also, about the Akha people of Laos, you are indeed correct that it is not tradition vs. modernity, but patriarchy vs Matriarchy that is the real question here.

**From William Bond:** Hi Everyone

The way I see this is to go back to basics. Males have a strong competitive and aggressive instincts. While women have a strong maternal and nurturing instincts. This is because females need a strong maternal instinct to want to give birth and love and care for the children she gives birth to. Males on the other hand have a strong competitive and aggressive instinct to fight and compete against other men for the chance to impregnate females.

To quote Abraham Maslow, "If the only tool you have is hammer, you tend to see every problem as a nail". So if you have men ruling a country and there is a dispute with another country the obvious solution for aggressive men, is war and even genocide. But if we have women ruling countries then in any dispute with other countries then women will first want to talk it over and find a solution that way.

If we go back to the stone-age they had hunter/gather tribes. Women collected the majority of food by gathering plants, men on the other hand preferred to find food by killing animals. Anthropologists studying stone-age tribes that have survived up until modern times found that the majority of food was gathered by women, hunting was a unreliable way of obtaining food and in some places it was more of a sport for men than a real help to the tribe.

Another thing that anthropologist discovered was that women nearly did everything. They not only gathered most of the food, they carried water, they built the huts and looked after the children. The only thing men did apart from hunting was to fight other tribes in tribal wars. I read a report of one Anthropologists studying Amazon tribes and she found that many had the insane custom that boys couldn't become men until they killed another men in another tribe. This custom insured that there was perpetual war between the tribes.

Modern man still has the same attitude except we now fight wars with more deadly weapons and we are in danger of destroying ourselves with nuclear weapons. War is also the reason why we have overpopulation. A tribe or country becomes more powerful if it has a bigger army of young men in which to fight wars.

This was shown in Ancient Greece. In the warring states of Ancient Greece the most powerful was the Spartans. The Spartan boys were taught to be warrior from early childhood and they became a formidable army on the battlefield, but they had one weakness. Spartan women were held in high regard in Spartan society and were free to have as many children she wanted. Because of this the population of Sparta didn't grow and even declined as warriors who died were not being replaced.

The customs of other Greek states were completely different. Women didn't have control over how many children they had. They couldn't refuse their husbands sex, they couldn't use birth-control and rape was never punished. As the result the population of Sparta declined, while the population of other Greek states grew and Spartan warriors found themselves fighting battles where they were heavily outnumbered and their power and influence declined until they were finally conquered by Rome.

The same thing happened to Russia in modern times. The Soviet army did more to destroy the German army in WW2 than any other army. This was because they greatly outnumbered the German army and once they got themselves organized, were able to crush the Germans. But since WW2 the Russian population has been in decline. This is because the Communists did away with the custom of the Russian Orthodox Church which were similar to Roman Catholic customs about banning birth control.

Russia Communists recognized this problem and tried to make it easier for women to give birth through state health care. They even gave medals to women who had many children. But the population still declined and this may be one of the reasons why Putin restored the Russian Orthodox Church after the fall of Communism in Russia.

The Muslims also have similar customs about not allowing women to use birth control and tuning a blind eye to rape. They claim they will be able to conquer the whole of Europe through immigration and that Muslims populations in Europe will grow bigger while Native Europeans will decline and so Muslims will in time become the majority and take over.

While men rule the world they will always be at war and inflict pain and suffering to our world. They only solution is for women to rule our world if we are to live in a world of peace and harmony. William

**From Pete Jackson:**

William, to your last letter I would also like to add that more recently, even for Muslims birthrates have also been dropping as well. It is taking a while but is nonetheless happening for them as well. Again, Women are FED UP.

There was a book a few years ago called "How Civilizations Die (And Why Islam Is Dying Too)", who painted falling birthrates as a bad thing. But truly it is not civilizations that die, it is patriarchy that is dying.

From William Bond: Agreed Pete, Muslim women exposed to Western ideas do get fed up and question what they have been taught. The same is true of Italy which is strongly Roman Catholic the birthrate is falling because women are now better educated and question the Church's teachings.

The point is that patriarchy only want large populations so they will have larger armies of young men to use as 'cannon fodder', in which to fight wars. William

**From Rasa Von Werder:**

Dr. Bryan Sykes said the following: Not only does it compromise the child's immune system when the woman stops breast feeding it prior to age SIX - to have another child - but the child suffers intense psychological trauma by being weaned. We wean children as early as possible as men force us to have the next child. Children need psychological / emotional support as well as physical - to give them security, a sense of 'all is right' & the quality of LOVE. When a mother weans a child too soon it feels REJECTION. Biology helps women take care of children to the max as her SEX DRIVE DIMINISHES for the years a baby is a toddler - until it can walk & keep up with the tribe. Dr. James Prescott also explains that babies SUFFER ATTACHMENT DISORDER from lack of closeness / bonding with the Mother in the formative years. This disorder leads to a number of maladies such as anxiety, depression, sexual disorders, homicide, suicide & substance abuse later in life.

He notably says that children need PHYSICAL CLOSENESS to the Mom including SKIN to SKIN contact for prolonged periods of time in

order to FEEL WELL & mature properly. Rocking is also crucial – I have seen all sorts of devices used for rocking in primitive societies including Tibet & Siberia. Rocking is similar to when a child is in the womb, the mother moves about, & when a Mom carries the child in a case or papoose, obviously it rocks as the woman walks – this is necessary for brain & nervous system development.

The Patriarchs don't even THINK of that. When male doctors took over the management of children, God help the kids in orphanages. There docs told the nurses not to touch the children except when feeding or diaper changing. All the children DIED. I saw studies on You tube from the 50's where orphan children were LEFT ALONE most of the time & they just stared vacantly like ghosts. We need STIMULATION, CONTACT & COMMUNICATION with a caregiver in order to grow up healthy.

These factors are not attended to in a Patriarchal society. The idea is quantity, not quality of life, which we agree, is for men to have bigger armies. They don't care if the soldiers are dysfunctional – as long as they obey orders - in fact, Kay Griggs, the whistleblower who was informed by her Col husband, says they want them to be this way so they will be better killers.

Our society is pandemic with attachment disorder as none of us fully gets the nurturing we need from a maternal, loving Mother & society. Mothers are DISABLED from having full charge & management of their children.

Back to what William said, men have one agenda, women the opposite. Men want to KILL while women want to GIVE LIFE & LOVE. It's necrophilia vs biophilia. Rasa {End Chapter 7}

## **Chapter 8 Canadian / Frenchmen vs American**

**First time in Canada Nov 1977, "Sex-Tuple" Club**  
written 7-28-22



Yes, I called the press myself – the club did not, as usual, most of them did NOTHING. *Prior, 1972, next, 1975*

I got on the FRONT PAGE of the Star, & front page of the Entertainment section of the Gazette, both Nov 18. Star said “Stripper Peels for Church” & the other said “Kellie Spreading the word & gets down to bare facts.”

When I walked into the club that night the staff gazed at me in wonder. They never heard of contacting the press?



Wish I could recall more details, it pays to keep a diary.

Most of Montreal is French, most men who owned dance venues were French, & I also went out a time or two {perhaps not this trip but the next} & met French men. How are they different in general from Americans? Think refinement, manners, class vs crudeness, lack of manners & no class. That's the different between Europeans & Americans. I felt I was 'home' as my initial teachings in all manners was European. I became more 'crude,' less refined as the years went along as I adjusted to the Americans.

One example – as a child – when an adult walks into a room, you stand up out of respect. I never saw anyone do that but me. I did it in a dentist office when I was 9 years old – a Lithuanian lady dentist - & the incoming clients were started. The dentist told them,

“She is very polite.”

I recall surprisingly one of the managers turned me down for sex. It was close to the time I would take a vow of celibacy which I kept {until God told me to stop} for 30 years, so it was maybe my ‘last chance.’ He was handsome & sexy, refined.

But you can’t win them all – he might have been in love with someone, or gay, or just wasn’t attracted to me.

I recall vividly that the owner complained my act was too long – it was about 20 minutes. I liked it that way. But he had plenty other dancers that had to perform.

He got me the best deal of my life – a professional tape maker who could get almost any song I thought of – many were rhythm & blues. He put together shortened acts for me – about 9 or 10 – that I used for the rest of my career, where he introduced me through an echo chamber in both French & English. It sounded posh, lol. He was fair in the price, also. What a help!

He got me every song I loved, except one. I wanted “Lost Someone” by James Brown, but he could only get it in cha-cha form, of all things. That wouldn’t set the mood of “I Lost Someone” at all.

I do recall my diet. No breakfast, then dinner before the 4 shows at night. I did not eat the bread, & kept it for the ‘midnight snack” later that night – always rye. The meal? Whatever the special was, say a piece of fish, mashed potatoes & a veggie. If you got a French Chef it was great. {One time I got a soup from a French Chef that was incredible}. I kept thin that way. Of course, I was young. When you get older to stay thin you have to starve even more, at times, I’ve been able to do it, but sometimes I can’t. You say to yourself,

“What am I starving for?”

There has to be a goal – like training for a beauty or body building contest, or else you’re dating & must look perfect. But when all that is gone, the inspiration for starvation goes away. And there goes your “Body Beautiful USA”. It’s hard for me to see “the most beautiful” or “most perfect body in the world” {how they advertised me at times} go away. Oh well, I have the pics to prove it, can I stay perfect forever? What’s the point?

## **Second trip to Canada – July 10, 1978 - 4 week engagement**

I got into many newspapers: Multiple covers of a large color French paper called 'Minuet,' 'New Saturday' 'The Sunday Express', the 'National Examiner' & 'The Journal of Montreal' in French.

On this trip I preached for National Unity in front of the Canadian Peace Tower in Ottawa – Aug 1, 1978 – one of the men who worked at the club drove me there – a long trip, like 1.5 hours, I was half asleep the entire way, as we stay up late to work & I had to get up way early for this. Because of that speech I get even more press. I wonder if the Queen of England made a trip there not long after that to also confirm national unity. Had I inspired her?

Why did I go there & do this? There's a strong reason. When I preached in front of the White House earlier that year – June 16, 1978 – the Associated Press photographer {all the shots I have on that event he gave me} was from Canada, & he said, "You should preach in front of the Canadian Parliament."

And so I did. Several reporters asked me what I thought of the situation & I said I prayed & felt God wanted national unity, so I preached it.

There were several small things that happened there & one big thing. The small things first.

There was one dancer there whose costumes were not up to par. She was also average in looks. She was booked for \$600 a week, {I was now graduated from 750 US Bucks last trip to 1k this trip – look at the publicity I garnered – through my efforts, not theirs} but the owner chopped her down to \$500 & of course she hurt.

There was a tiny little Asian girl doing what I thought would be an Asian dance, but wow, did she mess that up! Instead of doing a genteel, elegant dance as Asians do, she was all over the place with this tall cone-shaped headdress, the headdress moving to the side, down, everywhere, looking totally awkward & inappropriate. I took some pics of her & they reminded me she was flat chested & not so pretty. Not star material.

A third female did a 'fire act.' This was incredibly annoying, as the slimy concoction she used on her body to fire up was all over the stage, as I went after her, & it was slippery. You're wearing high heels on this slippery surface & you can fall. I complained that they had to wipe the stage after her performance – they acted like I was asking for something outrageous.

There was a super handsome French man with honey blonde hair & a gorgeous body who bought me a drink. His girl friend was a dancer & a mental case. He told me about it. She kept screaming to him,

“Why can’t I love you?”  
over & over. I could not fathom the problem.

The next time I saw him I had removed half my makeup between shows, he greeted me like he didn’t know me. It was then I began to realize men are completely fooled by our makeup. So keep using a lot of makeup, they are blind.

I do recall going to Church daily here. One Cathedral was on the way. I’d get there just in time for Holy Communion, sorry God, I just couldn’t get up in time to attend the whole Mass. Sometimes as I got there I would practically run in, the sweet white haired Priest waited with the Communion for me to come up, as the entire line was already served. Receiving the Lord’s Body & Blood gave



me the strength, the light & love I needed for life. There was no human who sustained me through all of life, only God.

There was another Cathedral – How I wish I could recall the name – I went when there were no services. I walked all through it, in the back there was all kinds of wood, with wooden small statues interspersed in the wood,

can’t explain it, like secret, secluded spaces, the most mystical, spiritual feeling I’d ever felt in a Church. But when I went there for a Mass, all the Spirit was gone. All lit up, the people there, no more magic. Bright lights & lots of people can spoil it all.

**OK, the bad stuff.**

Myself, the girl that I told you got docked, & a couple other dancers had a pow wow. Sisters rarely get together like that, & we spoke of the situation of women, how we get fucked over by men & how they are all perverts. That's what women think behind your back – they don't love you like you think they do – it's all an act.

The very next day Docked Dorothy went with a guy & one of our sisters – a gorgeous Mulatto dancer, to this club after hours. And the owner raped the beauty right on his stage!

Dorothy & her date didn't do anything, just sat there not knowing what to do. They thought they were locked in as there was a big key chain on the door. They asked the owner to let them out – he said it wasn't locked.

They went to the police & the victim the next day pressed charges. But the charges were dropped because she was afraid of the man – he threatened some kind of retaliation & that was it.

We all sat there sadly, the fate of women. {End Chapter 8}

## **Chapter 9 Get Arrested, Cleveland, Ohio... Nov 6, 1978**

written 7-29-22

It was a little theater – No more than 200 people, whereas some places in Canada held 2,000 {like the Metro Theater in Toronto.} A few memories.

One, I spoke before each show about God. One black dancer was so enamored of my speech she decided to do likewise, & gave a little talk about how her back hurt! Lol. She wanted me to like her & showed me a series of images of herself as a 'gangster.' I thought they were whimsical.

Another strong memory is a black man, tall, handsome & well built, saw me outside. People were milling about. He pulled out a hand written letter I had sent him while he was in prison! It must have been 5 pages long! I had no memory of it, but indeed, I know I did answer many prisoners, feeling sorry for them. I was grateful to myself for caring – it made a huge impression on him.

We had a wonderful lady – black – her name was Brandy. She was the finest helper I'd ever had in any venue. One thing, she made a press conference with drinks & food. It was a huge success, papers & TV.

She also went with me to a TV show – can't recall if I arranged it or she. One of the guests was that boxing entrepreneur Don King. He said,

“Hello Brandy!”

to her & she was amazed, as they had never met! I was so happy for her to get recognition as the owner of the theater was a crud – he had a problem, they told me, with fat women. He kept hiring them to dance, lol.

The host of the TV show thought I was a fake, especially when I told him I donated to the Church for Souls in Purgatory. He said he’d sent 2 reps from his show to go with me when I made the donation, & if I did, he’d report it on his next day’s news. What an idiot. OK, but he did not tell them how much. I gave 1k for Masses.

### **Getting Mugged with 1k!**

I almost lost that money the day before. I carried it in my purse because I was afraid to leave it in the hotel – they had no safe. I usually took my purse onto the stage, as it was not safe in the dressing room, naturally, not where the audience could see it but I could. So I was walking from my hotel to the club when right in front of the club a short black man is walking next to me & we both look at the signs & pictures outside.

Before I tell you the next move, let me explain.

No dancer had ever hit all 3 news in Cleveland. I hit two of them – but there was one that was serious news & didn’t touch anything they considered ‘fluff’ – so they did not interview me.

So I prayed fervently that God, no matter what it takes, let them interview me.

OK so myself & this young black guy are standing on the street, & I have my purse on a long strap hanging off my shoulder. Suddenly he grabs my purse so hard that down I go, & I jump back up & chase him.

At the same time a pickup truck is going by with a middle aged man, & he gives chase.

Just as he nears the guy a cop car comes from the opposite direction, & they both have the culprit nailed against a tall chain link fence – game over.

They take him in, lock him up, my money is saved. I recall praying hard as he ran off with it,

“God don’t let him get the money for the Souls!”

The next morning I finally awake for my show. As I pick up the phone the operator breathlessly says,

“Kellie, there’s the channel X news waiting for you downstairs but I told them I could not awaken you as you said ‘do not disturb’.”

Wow! God had answered my prayer! It had to be this way because this was ‘hard news – the mugging of a celebrity. So they came.

But at the same time, God arranged it so the money for the Souls was not lost.

Here’s how salvation came.

I spoke to the pickup truck driver.

He said,

“When I saw that guy grab your purse & you went down, I thought of my daughters. That’s why I couldn’t let him get away with it, & just as I had him against the wall – a cop car came from the opposite direction.”

I thanked him again & again, felt we were friends.

At the police station, they told me about the guy. He was young & had just got out of jail; in his ‘defense’ he said he grabbed my purse because ‘she was just a whore.’ In other words, in our society its open season on women in the adult trade – you can rob’m, hurt’m, kill’m – it’s OK because they deal with sex. It happened to a sister in NYC, Johnny Pons girl friend, Lily Marlene. Yes, she was selling her time.

She was in a car with a young Jewish guy & he stabbed her like 19 times, around her middle. When she danced - & she was a star – you could see terrible scars.

He got away with it because his rabbi & others came to his defense & said he was a ‘good Jewish boy’ & she was ‘just a whore.’

She became an alcoholic - Johnny Pons asked me to look after her & I did take her out one night – Holy Cow, she drank about \$75 worth {I was just surviving money wise, I worked one week a month at the most – not because I didn’t want to but there weren’t enough venues}, he should have subsidized me. Her identity as a human had been stripped away, soon after she killed herself.



## The Arrest

It was the first time I'd ever been arrested & I was scared. Yes, got on the news again, lol. What for? Nudity.

There was a black adult trade worker being booked at the table next to me. I pitied her & said,

“They always pick on the poorest people.”

She looked at me & said,

“I ain't poor.”

The officer understood I was on her side, he said,

“She's trying to help you,”

And the female said something like she didn't 'need no help' or whatever – I guess she was trying to keep her dignity.

The case went before the judge in my absence – it was **dismissed**. It was just publicity for the authorities as someone was running for office. The same thing happened in Toronto – there was an election going on & they wanted publicity. It's Patriarchy. It's like them saying, 'We keep the town clean.'

Did you see 'Elmer Gantry'? This creep went through all the 'houses' having members arrested, with press & cops in tow. When he got to one where there was a female he'd been fucking he got snagged. She framed him, had someone take pictures of her in his lap later on – he got on the front page. Elmer Gantry is a deplorable movie which took the great faith healer Aimee Semple McPherson, turned her life around, took this lowlife guy she was involved with {she had to pay off a female for big bucks} – turned him into the star & made her look like a fool: Patriarchy. Whatever we do, we're the bad guys, they're the good guys, we can never win, they succeed no matter what they do & we better keep our mouths shut. {End Chapter 9}

## Chapter 10 West Warwick, Rhode Island-Jan, 1979-UPI & Binghamton, NY

Written 7-31-22

First a reporter from UPI called me. This was unusual as I usually called them. We hit numerous papers coast to coast including front pages. I got



people sending me copies from places like Guam.

The young reporter took his own image & I wish I had worn a brighter costume, it was black with a big white flower in my hair & I held a fan, so it was like a flamenco dancer.

The townspeople are usually curious about the star that appears in a local venue. This was right in town, they {I passed a barber shop on the way} saw me walk to the nearby Church across the street, where I attended daily Mass & stayed for prayers which took 45 minutes – my usual routine, I had a hardbound book called ‘Enchiridion of Indulgences.’

The fact that I had this habit put me in good stead with the locals; they looked at me like a saint. A man who worked in the theater – was he a janitor? - prayed about me. He asked God to tell him if I was legit. That night he was awakened by a lady standing next to his bed who told him I was. He explained this to the press. His vision was portrayed in the article “He said he saw an Angel.”

I minded my own business, did my work & prayed.

Prayers became more fervent when I was told Mom had lung cancer & was given 6 months to live. I pled God,

“Don’t let her go to Hell; I’ll pay for her sins.

I have enumerated her sins of all types in other volumes. This begs the question, why don’t I just forget the bad stuff, concentrate on the good?

The answer is, it’s an integral part of my life. You cannot know just the good that happened to a person & leave it there, you must know both sides.

The bad as well as the good determine one’s character & virtues. If you react to bad with hate, revenge & bitterness, you’ve failed the test. If you react with forgiveness & love, you’ve won.

Had I reacted badly to the cruelty people put on me my life would be a failure, & I’d have to live again to purify my soul. But I don’t intend to live again. I came here in the first place to help humanity, & if I fell down now, it would not befit an avatar.

I lived the week in West Warwick in a place of bliss – which is how I usually feel when I do my business & don’t get involved with people. The highlight was when a man took me to a petting zoo, I got to pet goats. He said,

“So that’s what brings you to life.”

The owner of the theater saw me silent except when the press was there, & funny, he also said,

“So that’s when you come to life.”

Apparently, I'm not like other women they knew. What were other women like? The ones I met incessantly talked about their ex husbands or boyfriends, life revolved around men {how bad they were of course}. In fact, now that I'd been celibate for 6 months I tried not to think about them at all.

### **Jan 29, 1979, Binghamton NY**

This was, without a doubt, one of the most wretched jobs I'd ever had to contrast with the previous one; from Heaven to Hell. Everything was bad.

The owner was a mean, angry, cranky crook – Pat Lebous. His relative was the Chief of Police, the name is big in this area, but Pat was no biggie. I negotiated myself so as usual, without an agent, you haven't got a chance. I asked for \$5 at the door but he insisted, again & again, the local people wouldn't pay it. I think I got a flat rate for 1.5k a week for 2 weeks when it should have been at least 3k. I had hit the international news over & over, the place was packed.

Then when I got there he charged \$7 at the door because of MY publicity. I called the press – not he. I called the local TV show & got on it – not he. He gave me no press conference, nothing. The business was my doing, but he got the money. And how did he cheat the other performers? There was a black MC & a black co-star. The co-star he paid – I kid you not - \$150 a week. When she told me – I don't know what he paid the MC – I gave them each \$100 from my money. The poor female was trying to live off tips & private shows.

There was no food. I mean we were stranded in the middle of a rural area & to take a cab, as usual, in these type places, by the time you took taxis back & forth to eat – you'd spend a fortune & even I could not afford it. {Mind you, I only averaged 10 jobs a year when I was lucky!} The poor MC told me he was starving. I took a cab to a grocery store & I bought us some things like sardines & boxes of dry cereals. That's what we lived off.

His manager did take me one time to drum up business – I took flyers to many places including the Police Dept where the owner's cousin was Chief. The Chief came & brought his wife & others – I think he appreciated me, they seemed happy during the visit. And they told me he'd not talked to his cousin Pat for years – this broke the ice & they made up.

With the business standing room only I felt it was time to re-negotiate. In the office {where I dressed btw} I told Pat that I was not staying the

second week because he'd cheated me. He went crazy, began to shout & throw furniture around!

Frightened, I ran out, went to my motel across the street. The next morning I called the police & asked them to have someone go with me back to the place to get my costumes & stuff. They were reluctant, but I begged, & finally, one nice highway officer came, & I got my stuff, with Pat Lebous acting meek & mild.

Then he sent his wife to my room – she had to be a saint because anyone who put up with this man was. She pleaded over & over he'd never bother me again – wouldn't come near me, she'd even be there herself every night, even though she was weak from a recent operation. It was all about money – they did not want to lose the big bucks I generated. Nothing was spoken of about paying me more. I felt sorry for the lady & because of her I worked the second week, & true to her word, he didn't come near me & she was there each night.

### **The Nuns**

The second week I decided to visit these nuns, who were friends of my then best friend, Dr. Ewert Cousins from Fordham & Columbia Universities. He said when I preached in Binghamton, pay them a visit. {I never told him I was a stripper, only a preacher, & when he found out after 5 years, our relationship ended. His voice shook when he asked me if I was a stripper, I knew we were doomed so I never called again.} During our friendship we had lunch a few times & spoke every Sunday for a long prayer session – even when I was in Hawaii for 3 months in 1984, I'd call him on a pay phone that took plenty clanky change! I mean \$20 worth!

Well, I went to see these nuns & they were gracious, sister Mack {not her real name} had taken her Dad's name for her investiture. Unfortunately, I had no wheels & asked a dancer to take me – she also dragged another dancer along who looked like a hooker, with red opera hose & a slinky dress. I didn't want them to break my secret, so I said cool it!

We chatted with the nuns over an hour, it was great.

What was not great is ten years later, this area – where I said out loud I would NEVER live – I ended up moving not 10 miles from the nuns! I had forgot them & people told me there were nuns nearby who made their own wine.

I then contacted them & visited, but I was snubbed. Alas, they had found out I was a stripper, & although they loved me initially, wanted

nothing to do with me. So much for God's love. I had even applied to join their order - & they turned me down!

God comforted me saying I would not have been happy as a nun. Yes, I understand now, being a nun is not for me, I had other fish to fry. I could maintain my religious life by myself, as quasi hermit, I could be celibate by myself, I needed to become a Cougar later in life. None of this would have happened had I been a nun. No, I was totally different from other women, a life like mine had never been lived & I had to live it no matter how eccentric I seemed. {End Chapter 10}

### **Chapter 11 – My Mother Dies 54 yrs old March 9, 1979**



*Grandma, Aunt Ara, Dad, Mom @ 17 & Grandpa in Lithuania*

Mom contracted lung cancer from smoking. She never got fat, like most women do at middle age, she forestalled that with coffee & cigarettes, I rarely saw her eat, but she always had a cigarette & coffee by her side.

I've spoke so much about how I prayed & offered atonement to God for her, that I'll skip all that here & move on to something else. But what? I

explained how she abused me, mostly in Part 3. Perhaps an overview is in order.

Mom & Dad were opposites in character. He was kind, gentle & non violent. He had a conscience; you could trust him with your life savings & your life. He was forgiving. He thought everything out, an intellectual, a book worm, nice, like Chips in ‘Good Bye, Mr. Chips.’

***Dad, Stasys Jakstas, founded the first State Teacher’s college in Lithuania & in the US organized a Lithuanian School in our Church. I follow his footsteps being a teacher & formed an online university plus so far, 30 books written & published. In later years, Dad became a poet & has books--He’s in the Lithuanian Wikipedia, an intellect & a saintly character.***



She was the opposite. Mean, aggressive, punching people with fists – NOT big people or villains, the little people who were gentle like Dad, or myself being a child. I recall one memory, I am 5, she has him on the floor on hands & knees, sitting on his back, punching him with her fists – he does not fight back.

He called her a ‘Tartar,’ which means like Genghis Kahn – Lithuanians thought of Tartars as barbarians. The other name was ‘Hitler,’ both of these he said in jest – but they were true. She even looked the part.

She was not an intellectual or bookworm like Dad & myself, but did join the ‘Book of the Month Club’ to master English – all of which I read, at 10-12 yrs old. The first book was Daphne DuMaurier’s ‘Rebecca,’ then ‘Gone With the Wind.’ She was big on self improvement, also took a course in flower arrangement, which she was great at—made a corsage for my 8<sup>th</sup> grade graduation, I wore a yellow outfit & it was yellow rosebuds.

What was she like? She did what she had to do, I recall no love but looking back, understand the only person she ever loved was my brother Jim – {This did not stop her from blaming him for one of her pregnancies, lol – he was about 13. Every time she got pregnant she called it a ‘stomach tumor.’ She was sitting grimly one day seeking someone to blame, & she looks at Jim, & says,

“It’s your fault,”

and he whines in a high voice, like the coward he was,

“No, no, not my fault.”}

I don’t know how she found the kitchen table abortionists – but she did, & afterward, I think that’s when she ended up in the hospital to finish the job, as once you’re bleeding, I guess they have to take you in.

I don’t recall any affection to anyone – not to my Dad, not to her new guy Marius, not to any of us kids. She just talked & talked, brainwashing the other guys against Dad when they broke up – {which didn’t work on me.} One time she gave me a ‘Paper Mate’ pen for Valentines – I looked at it, it had 2 hearts, I cried, as it seemed like love.

She never punished anyone for abuse of me – she approved it. One time Jim was beating me up for some spurious reason. She saw it from afar –jumped in to help him, without even knowing the reason for the attack.

### **The Man She Dumped Dad for**

*Seeking an image for Marius Bernotas, I got this. He was driven mad by association with Mom. He was hated by Dad, taken to court for alienation of affection, beat up badly by Uncle Henry, worked to death to take care of us but eventually thrown out by*



*Mom to live in the garage. When I last saw him walking up the street in Freehold, NJ, he had no teeth & tried so hard to talk to us & seemed desperate for acceptance. She destroyed his life.*

She was not kind to animals – the ASPCA took her to court for abusing our dog. Nothing happened except what she wanted, bottom line; survival. Animals mattered for use like the cow for milk, butter & cheese. Marius Bernotas was the man she was with now - He took care of the cow, when she was pregnant he beat her with a chain, then an iron bar right on her belly. He tied her up once so she couldn't move a foot all night. I went to the barn as she kept mooing in pain. I tried to untie the knots, but had trouble. Can't recall the outcome, did I get the knots open? I know I gave her fruit to calm her down. He also kicked our very pregnant cat Mitzi – all her kittens were stillborn & she lay in a box in the barn for a couple weeks while I took care of her. I was the only one in our family who CARED about the animals.

On the side of Marius, I must admit that he was DRIVEN MAD by the relationship with Mom. He was vilified, ostracized by the community, beaten up by Uncle Henry, hated by Dad – it was he who was blamed for all that happened, {the baby – was it his? was the marriage breakup HIS fault?}, not Mom. He was the man, the predator, they felt. But he was a passive guy, the patsy. Mom was never blamed for anything. Yes, he abused the animals, but in his mad state. When he was normal I liked him, I felt sorry for him. {end Marius part}

Mom had 'Lape' – our first dog, named after a 'Fox,' her house right in the middle of the sun. Lape dug a huge den under the house to get out of the sun, had her frequent litters that way. She was never fixed, most of the puppies were taken into the swamp by her & Jim & drowned. Jim was also her right hand to slaughter the chickens – insensitive people for insensitive work.

She had no charity for anyone. Except once, I saw her give a half loaf of great Russian bread to a bum at our door, {I was 6} on Delancey St, Newark. But our neighbors in Freehold, old folks, needed a ride for groceries, she said no. Ashamed, I had to tell them.

Her last boyfriend {that I knew about} was Bill – a wonderful guy. She was getting kickbacks from a milkman. {Every Sunday all a milkman brings he brought to our house –milk, butter, cheese, & eggs.} She got him the contract for the school where she was now head Chef. It was his nephew Bill – He was the same age as Mom.

She was in love with him, she cried when I told him he kissed his other lady friend. She sent me with him as a spy when he went to see this lady.

I don't know how I got so lucky to have Bill take me out bowling. He showed me how to hit a strike & I got 6 strikes in a row. I could do well

when encouraged – it felt like love. He even bought me a sweater, un-Godly expensive & beautiful. Can't recall how this luck came my way.

We were now in a beautiful new house in Middletown NJ., no animals, little sister old enough to be alone. My slave services were no longer needed, {I still did the ironing & some of the work, but it was much easier than the old farmhouse} so they were even more cruel to me. They turned the half sister against me. Since Mom's death she's not spoken to me for 43 years! I taught her to read & write before age 5, art & the Bible – that was put aside as nothing.

I was staying away some nights, she used Bill to try & track me down. Why did she care? It was part of her argument that I was a careless, reckless delinquent – a child gone wild. But I was staying away from the house because the abuse had gotten more intense & there was nowhere to hide or run except into town – bars, clubs, going out with guys even though I didn't have sex per se, only 'made out'. In Freehold the woods were my sanctuary.

I was now also 15 to 16, the age when one wants to be independent & have a life of their own. This was not allowed me, I was in the middle of a trap, so the only way I knew to get out was just to go.

There was a handsome rich boy {beautiful body, dark blonde hair} I spent many nights with, he had his own cottage. I'd go out, hang in bars drinking, get a ride to Gil's {Gil Hoyle, his real name} house & spend the night, then drag my way home in the AM. I went to school sporadically, eventually I got kicked out – will explain momentarily.

I was introduced to Gil by a mutual friend, Karen Skumee {not her real name}. One night, his parents were away, both of us spent the night with him in his huge country home. Later he got an apt in Seabright NJ, one of the monumental places of my youth. I spent some overnights with him there – he could never get it in to penetrate me, so like I said, I never had 'real sex' until I got to NYC & an Italian Stallion de-virginized me.

What larks Karen & I had there one summer! It was like going from Hell to Heaven.

The point about Mom here is she was following me around. She got the address of Gil's house from Karen, apparently, had Bill take her there & asked him not to give me access. But he told her I'd knock on the door so hard & long – it would be 2-3 am, he had to let me in. And he always did – he told me how she showed up. {Just now I realize had he been of age she would have threatened him with arrest, but he was only 16! His parents had set him up with a surveyor's job & his own cottage. Mom was good at

controlling people with threats, it worked. Once an infatuated teacher from another school called me at home, she was on the extension & broke in threatening him because of my age. Then a boy from my waitress job {she didn't know about} showed up at our house. Mom's lady friend was there & he made fun of her. She called Mom. Mom got all the info from him where I worked & then threatened him with police I suppose; he was a big tough cur hounding me until I gave him my address {why oh why did I give in?} he left like a frightened dog with tail between the legs.} {Then she of course called my job & got me fired!}

My thought to this & other incidents is why the fuck, if I was so bad, didn't she just leave me to my fate? If I was a loser or delinquent, let me fall by my own foolishness & leave me in the gutter.

The truth is the opposite. Every time I got a job – which is an act of responsibility to support myself, as I said so many times, she got me fired on the pretext of I needed to concentrate on school work. {She gave me NOTHING for my welfare, not one dime. Yes, once I kow towed to her for months to get \$20 out of her to bleach my hair blonde. It appears in my senior school pic – which she refused to buy. But I told the hairdresser how I had to suck up to Mommy Fearest to get the bread – this hairdresser also did a friend's hair, & the friend of Mom's told her – not more money to get it bleached again. - When you bleach you have to do the roots regularly. - So that was the end of my blonde ambition.}

Now take the facts – One, she's spying on me. She even got Bill's Uncle to call, say he saw 'porno movies' of me & Gil Hoyle – I was frightened & shocked & much later understood she put this guy up to it – only later I recognized his voice, Mom was in the next room listening. She got a thrill out of hurting me.

Spying on me – not giving me a dime & getting me fired from jobs. What does that add up to? Looking out for my welfare or trying to destroy my life? Let me channel,

ME: Mom, what does this add up to? What was your motive? What was your plan?

***Right, me age 6***

MF {Mommy Fearest}: My plan? My motive? The motive was HATE. My



plan – to destroy you, take away your morale.

ME: What did you think you'd accomplish by going to Gil's & saying he should not allow me in? - didn't you have something better to do, like work or cook or have a pleasant evening with your boyfriend? Why do research & go to a remote place, begging guys not to let me stay over night? And why did Bill cooperate with you?

MF: With Gil, you received consolation, a shoulder, a helping hand. I wanted no one to help you. With the jobs, you got empowerment. It feels good to be paid; one gets a sense of self worth. And you'd have money for things you needed. I hated you so much it was worth it to do research, to persuade Bill's Uncle to call you & terrorize you. I found out who helped you, I went there to forbid it, except he didn't listen. Bill cooperated with me as I only hung out with men who would – they were always the nicest, sweetest, the most compliant. Men who were dominating & wouldn't take crap from a woman – like Officer Jim Doud – steered clear of me. They knew I was a bitch from Hell.

ME: That reminds me. When you tried to destroy the reputation of Jim Doud, who helped you get off the charge of animal cruelty in court – did it make you happy? You told everyone he was a homosexual, which in those days was more scandalous than now. Did it give you a sadistic thrill to hurt people? And there was no basis for this charge; you knew it was a lie. It was because he didn't want you.

MF: I was a psychopath, we have no conscience. I had no empathy, compassion or love. I only cared for your brother, that was it. I had temporary crushes on men, like your Dad when I was 16, & Bill. But as you know I lost interest in your Dad & took up with other men, my love turned to indifference or hate when I had used a person up.

ME: But it seems the hate you had for me was so intense it knew no bounds. I know I have asked this before but it's still hard to believe how a Mom could hate her child that much. On a scale of 1 to 10, 10 being the worst, how much did you hate me, & tell me again, why?

MF: 1 to 10? A 15. Why? Your good qualities, you loved Dad, you were sincere, you were obedient, you were lovely. Men wanted you. All those reasons.

ME: And Dad, 1 to 10, how strong was the hate? And why?

MF: An 8, less than you by half. He didn't give me enough money, that was 99% of it, other than that, not much reasons.

ME: Why did he not defend me from you, take me to live with him when I was 10?

MF: He didn't know how bad it was, to be honest. And then, he was out of his element taking care of a child. And third, he was selfish & didn't want his life messed up, his changes of getting another woman maybe. That's about it.

ME: They money part bothers me as well. He could have given more. And I could have asked him for money for necessities, but I could not even conceive of it. And when I finally went to live with him age 16, he was a miser with me. He saved the money he was giving you for the mortgage, but he did not spend much money on me – so he was actually ahead financially. OK, over & out, I will close this up now.

### **The End of Being with Mom**

Here's how I switched from being with Mom to go to Dad's.

One day Karen Scumee & I decided to play hokey, which we'd done a few times before, but we needed money. So we called a cab, he stopped at the bank so I could take out the \$40 I had there from working.

Karen & I chatted in the back seat while this demon was listening – he was a local yokel not minding his own business. He was I guess jealous as we spoke of going somewhere, sounding like it was fun. Knowing we were playing hokey & it was illegal, he drove us right to the police station!

I shall never forget the shock & stress I felt! My Mom hated me & this would make another nail in the coffin. I was a delinquent!

So they called the school & Mom.

Looking back I understand God did this to get me out of that Hell-house & over to my Dad's, from where I would meet my eventual destiny.

The school was nervous about me because I did play hokey from time to time but I think most of all, re Mr Doubt {not his real name} who I would chat with, in his classroom, almost every night after classes. Because I hung

out with him for solace & advice, the rumor went out that I was having an affair with him. And they had had a scandal the year before when a 16 yr old girl took off with one of the teachers, & didn't want that again. There was nothing going on with Mr. Doubt, I needed a friend, that was it.

Each time I broke the rules, a couple times, they called my Mom in, she'd dress up in a designer suit that our lady friend had bought her, high heels, & wore a 'high hat,' telling them how great she was, a poor little woman abandoned by her husband & raising children alone! And I was the bane of her life, running around, a delinquent, staying out ALL NIGHT & doing a lot of fucking! Lol. To be honest – I HAD NEVER HAD SEX until I went to Brooklyn! I mostly stayed out to stay away from her & also, have some fun to compensate for the stress of abuse. People need LOVE – you look for it wherever you can get it. It doesn't have to be SEX – just talking or attention are forms of love.

I know this is what she said because when the counselor she talked to called me in, without a word of asking about my side {I didn't know how to explain it anyway} accused me of all that she said & demanded to know THE NAMES OF THE GUYS I HAD FUCKED!

He spoke of my 'poor Mother' who had raised kids ALONE - & how he himself had been a bad boy but straightened himself out & became an upstanding citizen & how dare I give all this trouble to my mother & play hokey & fuck guys?! I was so frustrated I couldn't say a word, just started to cry, & he didn't know what to do so he told me to leave, that was it.

I was EXPELLED, & so was my friend Karen Scumee, but years later she told me when the parents come in & plead for their child & promise they'll be good, they are reinstated {she was}. But Mom had already told them I was the worst child there was {think of Jayne Eyre with her Aunt! – Being sent to 'LoWood'} & the dye was cast – this no good child had to leave the house & finish school in B'klyn with her Dad.

So now I'm on the bus with my suitcase & someone flags down the bus in front of our house. Mom's lady friend gets on & tells the driver to tell me to get off. The driver refuses, I paid my ticket. She goes to the back where I'm sitting & tells me to exit, plans have changed, but I refuse. What happened?

Years later I found out my Dad was paying the mortgage – like 1,600 a month {the mortgage is that high when your down payment is low. She blew it all on the most luxurious furniture – not for my room – anything but that. For herself & her lady friend, their room was twice the size of mine decorated in red velvet & fringe like a bordello, with Chanel #5 & Shalimar,

plus dozens of other perfumes, on their dresser. My room was tiny with tan burlap curtains & a rag rug – shared with the half sister. Bro had a suite downstairs with his own bath.} – I had no idea as Mom always said Dad gave nothing. And when I was on my way, he told her since he was taking care of me; he would no longer pay the mortgage, I had to be prevented from leaving, lol. But God saw it differently.

***Right, our first year in America-the couple in front were our sponsors. In back is Dad & me, their nephew, then Mom. 1950-Mom was 26***

But even after I left & went to school in B’klyn, the arm of my Mom reached out to me & did her last act of malice. Of course, I asked for it by calling her & bragging what great things I had done. When school was over, the junior year, I went to Seabright, got myself a job at a swank place – the Hofbrau House – got a loan from a friend of \$50 {had to wrestle him for it} & put it on a tiny apt in the old rooming house where Gil Hoyle used to live. It was super-shitty but all she had she said. No one else obviously wanted it, but I said OK.



Now I call my mother to let her know how well I’m doing – look what I accomplished! I still thought in my innocent mind, that if I did well enough, she would finally love me – appreciate me. I had no idea of her true nature or that she wanted to destroy me – I thought if I did well enough, she’d appreciate me & stop being hateful. It was MY FAULT she hated me. Why else would I call her?

And so, I make one of the biggest mistakes of my life, call & brag to Mom. She seduces me like a snake. She misses me, wants to see me. She’ll come over, show her what I’ve done, then she’ll bring me home for the night.

So she drives to Seabright from Middletown – I show her my apt, the place I work, she takes me to her house, I sleep.

Next day phone rings, I'm the only one in the house. It's Karen, who lives & works also in Seabright, at the same place. She screams,

“I'm going to kill your Mother!”

She went to work, Mom had called the boss at the Hofbrau House that she has 2 underage girls working there, which is supposedly illegal as they serve drinks. So that was the end of the job. But Karen convinced them only I was underage, she's OK & they believe her.

I then call my apt. Mom called & told her I can't live there, I'm underage – no permission from her. The lady tells her but I put a deposit, & Mom says,

“You can keep it for all the trouble she caused you.”

That killed my dreams for the summer.

I did not think of any way out re the job or the apt – I could have said I have Dad's permission, I don't live with Mom, but didn't think of it then. And I could have said to both these people that wasn't my Mom that called, a crazy lady who hates me. But I was so stricken & inexperienced I never thought of that, just fell into suffering & pain.

It wasn't long after that I left Dad, took off with Marilyn Monroe's photographer who promised to get me into Playboy, with him to California, Hollywood, to meet my destiny.

You see, God works mysteriously. Had I been a success there that summer, I might not have hung around the city meeting all the people I had to meet, who connected me with photographers, editors, which finally led to this photographer. It was God's plan being implemented the whole time.

I heard about Mom's forthcoming death while working in Providence, Rhode Island in January '79.

Two days after her death – March 11 - I was filming 'Real People' with heavy thoughts on my mind.

March 12, 1979 was her funeral. I got there slightly late, {no, I will not be late for my own funeral!} after they closed the casket. She had asked the casket to be closed from the beginning, but no one listened. Since I was the only one late, I was the only one that obeyed her, not to see her dead in the coffin. Obedient to the end. {End Chapter 11}

## Chapter 12 To Bey or not to Bey written 8-8-22

Anna Bey is the greatest expert on becoming the woman who snags the elite. She knows it all – seriously – from cosmetics to surgery, to clothing, purses, deportment, culture, education, manners, status – you name it. She has hundreds of movies explaining the subject, including her mistakes on the way.

Anna is now around 36, pushing into the time when these eligible men will no longer consider you prime real estate – by 40 these guys retire us {she seems to say} into obscurity & old age. Not sure if she has a solution to that. I've seen about two dozen of her tutorials, she has more answers than I'm aware of.

But yesterday she took the cake. I watched two of her presentations – for me it's like watching a cobra, I want to look away but I can't. She preaches the OPPOSITE of all that I represent, & yet, I am ON HER SIDE as she HAS A POINT. My attitude is woman, stand on your own two feet – stop looking at penises. Woman, the New Religion is WALK AWAY from men – create your own world, become the man & woman you want to be – re-animate the masculine traits you once sacrificed, be the strong, heroic, brave & bold person as well as the soft, caring, maternal, compassionate creature that you are. Be all things you once were millennia ago when you were the Great Mother & we worshipped woman as God & God as woman – women reproduced through parthenogenesis. It's along way to go back there, but human men are going extinct, we'll have no choice sooner or later.

Last night I saw two of her videos – one was on the mistakes she's made, & two, on staying away from male losers. When done with this she penetrated my mind to the point I can't dismiss, it captured me. Previous to this I could watch & walk away. Of humor to me are the purses. She showed us all the purses from designers – I didn't know then some of these cost thousands of dollars! She explained which are chic, which are not & why. I paid attention, went to the dollar store that looked to me like quality & bought it for twenty bucks, lol.

Then there was the clothing. She explained what was chic, what not. OK, I agree. But her line of duds would not get any hardons from men I know. When I dress like that I get no whistles, no men approach me, it's like dressing nun style & you get as many offers as nuns. Men as I know them go for sex & unless something sexy catches them, they ignore you – I mean ALL men wherever I go. Of course I'm not talking millionaire yacht

clubs or Palm Beach country clubs, I'm talking average venues. I have not tried to infiltrate the elite wherever they hide, but I have had marriage proposals from the rich & famous – all based on my looks, body & youth. They wanted sex so they wanted to marry me, that's all I know.

Back to Anna. So now, she's talking of her mistakes. First, it's the eyelashes, she had them glued on permanently, so long that people were gossiping. She shows an image – yes, they were extreme, yes, it did not do her good. Then the hair color – dark. No, it was not her best look, no she did not look elegant, not right for her. But what really got me was the teeth. She took out a loan – must have been like 50k or more – to have every tooth in her mouth capped. She got a deal where they could do it in 7 days instead of the usual say 3 weeks or more? And then, they started falling out. Yikes. They had to redo every tooth, which mean drilling them down again – I've had some done – then recapping. Finally it was over, she sports the lustrous perfect set she has now, they are beautiful – but what she went through I could imagine tears flowing down her eyes, not to mention her mouth was sensitive from all the stress for a year – couldn't eat hot or cold, couldn't open her mouth in cold air, etc - An ordeal. Thank God the condition normalized.

Now I was thinking of all the other procedures Anna had gone through, so many it boggles the mind, I can't even remember them all. I mean like enhancing her cheeks, reducing her chin was it?, puffing up her lips, hair extensions galore, tattooing her eyebrows, cosmetics going into hundreds of thousands & think of the stress. All this TO SNAG A RICH MAN!

Then there's the 'trashy Reality TV show.' Wow, was that eye opening. It seems that prior to hers, a Princess of Sweden – I had seen her with the Prince – {the handsomest Prince that ever lived – walking down the aisle – people only stared at him, not her! I heard she'd been part of a Reality Show – I thought it was a survivalist show – but Anna shows clips, in one, she's on her stomach, her top is off, a man is behind her massaging her thighs!}.

Five years later, this is one of Anna's MISTAKES – being on this national Swedish 'trashy' show. She explains how the members are manipulated to do outrageous things – she kissed a girl as well as guys – she got fall down drunk, which producers appreciated, etc. And for three weeks of degrading shenanigans she only made 300 bucks! She repeats again & again how don't do anything like this friends, it isn't worth it.

I analyze in my mind how the Princess looked & how Anna looked within this show. The princess looked so young she could have passed for 18. And wow, was she cute! She looked like some sort of dessert – or a cute baby animal like a hedgehog or otter or baby raccoon, the kind you want to hold in your hands & cuddle. I could see why the Prince would want her.

Not so for poor dear Anna. This is a while back – But Anna looked middle aged. Her hair is dark, heavy makeup including dark red cheeks like a Tibetan or those who live in Siberia. I found the cheeks positively annoying. She looks amazingly, like 40 years old except for the ACNE, lol! What is going on? I can see why cutie got the Prince, but Anna made a mistake. The mistake was her GROOMING.

Today, Anna has transformed into an Angel. She says MAKEUP makes you look OLDER! Her face looks completely natural, no makeup - only the telltale puffy lips say ‘altered’. You don’t see all the surgeries or tattoos, attached lashes, fake hair, everything looks real. She’s a Dresden doll, a statue of a Goddess, carved by an artist greater than Rodin or Michelangelo, she’s made by a supernatural power, - No paint, just surgery! And she could pass for 20!

Now the next video. It’s the cheap men, those that are unreliable, who want you to pay half, don’t keep their promises, who – ok, so Anna got it the same as the rest of us –who make promises but don’t even give us Arpege – they just wanted to get laid. Anna is passionate, yet as usual, articulate, & you have to hand it to her, English is her third language! She’s Estonian, raised in Sweden, knows Italian & is a whiz at English & delivers her knowledge in the most pristine, luxurious settings, designer clothes & perfect poise. They say ‘one of a kind’ – She is it.

As Anna speaks, she delivers WHY men should pay. This I had to hear. I have my own version, Anna’s isn’t far off – we’re sisters under the skin.

We have more EXPENSES! When you think of the half million or so Anna spent to transform herself, you chuckle, but OK, indeed, what about the small scale of poor to middle class women? She has a point, what does a poor woman have to pay?

A poor woman has basically to take care of CHILDREN. She’s got rent, food, clothing, diapers, etc, a myriad of expenses she has to struggle to get either from welfare or her own poor earnings. We’re saying many women are ABANDONED. Men had their fun, their teaspoon of sperm is delivered, the woman is left holding the bag & the bills. What do they care?

They reproduced, they did their duty. {Like the world needed more of them?}

And the middle-class woman, such as myself, raised a child alone. I paid everything – he had died & left me penniless on purpose by canceling his life insurance. {My first husband, I was 19}

My choice was not welfare but work. I was a dancer. I paid a baby sitter. The baby sitter is one of the biggest expenses. I lived MODESTLY, day to day, week to week, although I made decent money – it wasn't enough to be COMFORTABLE; Constant worry re making ends meet.

But Anna is in another orbit. She hob nobs only with millionaires & teaches us to do so. Of course, you expect these toffs to pay for it all. But they don't, apparently. You mean, Anna, some rich guys expect us to pay half? Outrageous! I imagine being out with Dr. Robert Atkins for dinner, he asks me to pay half? {He did not} Or Arnold, or Tom Selleck? What a joke! Of course they wouldn't. And I suspect – if any of them does, he's only PRETENDING to be rich & actually looking for what he can get out of a woman. Yes, I met some of those lowlifes – they're out there.

The next question, which is the right path? To Bey or not to Bey? To turn yourself into the Goddess of beauty, charm & poise as is Anna, no matter what the cost? Or to follow the way of Guru Rasa, which says basically, stand alone like the rhinoceros, push his car out of the way with your horn, trot off & form a Sisterhood. Use your money for that – help other women toward independence.

After all, isn't Anna's way one of continued dependence on men? I saw the poor girl on an English TV show sweating in her Dior suit while a team interrogated her. The woman was nice but the man accused her of going backward from feminism to Gold Digger. Anna was nervous – who wouldn't be? She was too gracious to vent on men & say the thieves stole it all from us & now we must bend the knee, which we do, & they are selfish, egotistical, vain pieces of scum. She handled herself diplomatically.

However, the question stands, do we do what we have to do to win millionaires or do we just accept our lot, whatever it is, & not bow to men? For one thing, if & when we snag the super rich, what do we do with all that money? It's beyond security, this is LUXURY. Is all this necessary? What do we say at the end of this life when we can't take it with us? What do we tell Peter at the Pearly Gates? "I got it all – I snagged a man with 50 mil, now what do I get?"

Although I am supportive & sympathetic to Anna, I will just explain my POV re her. I follow her teachings because I am curious what is the correct way of behavior according to elites – manners, deportment, dress, do's & don'ts – all of that, for me, could be of use. I mean if & when I hobnob with these people I don't want to come off as a Cretan, I want to blend in with class. {Say if I need to go to the rest room during a fancy dinner, how do I excuse myself? I am certainly not going to say I HAVE TO GO TO THE REST ROOM! Lol}

And if I was young, I might pay attention to snagging a winner rather than a loser – if I had a choice {some women don't.} This is the short term – the here & now.

But my vocation or mission is toward the LONG TERM. I already accomplished my goals of youth – I succeeded on all fronts, had every type of success; material, physical & spiritual.

My work is to prepare women for the soon to distant future. Human men are going extinct; women have to prepare to take over the world. This is a big project; it takes a big Anointing & vision to explain. I am explaining it. For that, I must stay close to Mother God & hear her voice, see her Vision.

To that effect, whatever moneys I receive for my life story are going to the Sisterhood, where I hope to prepare young women not to snag rich men, but to become fully independent, confident & powerful within themselves. Don't let men weaken you by thinking you need them – you need only God at your side. You need faith, hope, trust & confidence in God & realize She is inside you. God & you are One. Men are helpmates, but they cannot tell us what to do, how to think, how to act.

That is what I see as the purpose of my money. Unfortunately, most of the women who do get big money don't spend it on that – they ratchet up their lifestyle & live for themselves, & world, not sisterhood & the future. And so, all that big money is wasted.

To Bey or not to Bey? That is the question - up to you.

{End Chapter 12}

## Chapter 13 Brother & other Family Tidbits

Written 8-13-22

I came across some images of bro, his house & fam – I'll spare his fam, just show him & in that context I'll state again why I call him 'evil.'

***Right, in the first car we ever bought at the farm. He wrecked it, drove it into a ditch in a field & there it stayed.***



First, him when he was young, a wise guy who pulled wings off insects, was half the time despicable to me when we were kids {just his nature} & half the time alright {we did many sports & board games together, it was constructive}. Only after my passing 12 or so {they made a pact to abuse me, I heard them} did he get bad on me most of the time – hardly paid attention to me unless it was squealing {lies & exaggerations} or beating me up when he got testosterone {prior to that I held my own even though I was 2 yrs 9 months younger}.

***Note the pic below, all the females wear corsages. I chuckled when I saw an old Annette show on You Tube, where they wore corsages to go to a private party @ someone's house. That was the era. I was 14.***



***Previous: Here he is, Mr. Big Shot, at his High School graduation. He was the 'salutatorian' which means 2<sup>nd</sup> behind 'valedictorian.' This all happened by happenstance & politics. Let me explain.***

They made him 'salutatorian' because he was the President of his class {I don't think they had to, it usually goes by marks. His grades were average – I saw his report cards – there was someone else passed over, who actually did get the 2<sup>nd</sup> highest marks – because they chose bro Jim for some

political reason - Probably his phony act that he was such a VIP {he had a delusional image of himself because Mom treated him like royalty.}

Now he became President of his class because he was vice-Pres to another guy, who moved, so he was stepped up.

He had been Pres of his class the first 3 years as well – Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, now Senior he became it by default. You might wonder, what did the kids see in him? I explain in Part 3 the details, where I name him Rigoletto, the Mad Clown whose schemes backfired on him. And bro Jim, you will see, did not fare well in the end. Oh yes, he was voted MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED, the biggest JOKE because he should have been ‘Most Likely to Fail.’

When I entered High School he was a senior. We approach each other in the hall, I cheerfully say,

“Hi, Jim!”

He pretends he doesn’t see me & walks past. Why? I guess he didn’t want people to know we were related!

He never introduced me to the good guys in his class so we could date. But I found out years later – when I tracked down my early friends – that he’d dated two of my best friends, gorgeous girls– Barbara & Sayla. It disturbs me to think of him putting the make on them.

Anything he could discover, the slightest thing that would make me look bad, he would report to Mom. Like the time we were playing volleyball in the gym – the ball went into the boy’s lockers. When girl exercised boys were not there. None of the girls would get the ball even though there were no boys there – I got it. His classmate Larr Van Hise was there as a referee – he must have told him laughing how I got the ball as no one else would {why didn’t he?} So how does bro report it? He tells my Mom I WENT INTO THE BOYS BATHROOM IN SCHOOL, she then, at Thorn’s milk bar, calls my Dad long distance so he would think low of me.

There is the question of Mom’s abuse. If she was cruel to me, why did she pamper bro Jim & my half sister?

OK, murderers & serial killers do not kill everyone. They pick certain TARGETS or objects whom they predate. Ted Bundy knew hundreds of women; he showed no animosity to most of them. He sometimes singled out females he ‘had to have,’ they fitted an image of a woman who had rejected him long ago – one such case was a 12 year old beauty in Florida - they executed him for her {finally!}.

The reasoning of those who say I, Rasa, am a ‘liar’ or I exaggerate, or it was my fault, or I just couldn’t ‘get along with Mom’ goes like this: ‘She

was nice to others. Look at the favors she did for her love child, look how nice she was to others in the family including Jim. Well, they weren't her TARGETS – I was. I was the whipping post, scapegoat & sacrificial lamb. Evil people choose someone or other to vent their hate – they have reasons like envy, jealousy, the target won't play my game, she resists my schemes, she won't lie, cheat & steal, she won't beat up on those I tell her to, she isn't like me, not a bird of a feather, she wants to think her own thoughts & actions, etc. Those who go along with the program become part of the scheme & they're SAFE FROM HARM. They might have to sell their soul to the devil, it won't stand well with God, but they're good for now.

My younger sister, let's call her Nihil, I was a surrogate Mom to. It really hurt when they turned her against me. I recall she was 9 years old – didn't need a baby sitter any more. We're in Middletown in that goldfish tank of a home – I'm sitting at the counter in the kitchen, she comes to sit near me to just hang out, she looks up to me. But then she is called upstairs by Mom's best friend – for no reason, just to separate us. Ten years later Mom dies, at her funeral, in the car, Nihil takes my hand & says 'Things will be different now.' Meaning, I assumed, they'd be decent to me. Those were the last words she ever spoke to me! – It's been 43 years! I tried to reach out to no avail. After Mom's death all the younger kids of the family were told,

“Do not speak to Rasa about the past,”

and they don't. They ignore me.

I tried to talk to my niece & she said,

“I'm not allowed to speak with you about the past.”

And so the SPIRIT of Mom's HATE lives on! How many generations will this go down to? Who knows, none of the females in my family have had one child – including two young nieces, never procreated! The females in my family, none but I had a child, & my daughter had 3 kids, & those kids have had many. And so I turned out to be the only FRUITFUL one in more ways than one. And so, my BLOOD on the other side has no one to hand down the evil spirit to, unless they go out of their way for it.

***Right bro @ 72  
looks 92—karma?***

He graduated college –Because a family member gave him room & board while he studied. Upon graduation he couldn't get a job in the field that he chose – something like book editor. Mom then got him a landscaping business {cleaning yards, pruning, mowing, etc.} – which didn't work out.



***{For Heaven's sake, how could one fail with a yard service in Westchester County? I could have done it. But then I remembered, he couldn't sell a Kirby vacuum cleaner to a family whose daughter had asthma. His problem was when he had to TALK. As long as he could remain silent, be passive, do as he was told by the bullies, he was good. If something required zeal, energy, initiative, ingenuity, reaching out, he failed. Now to be a landscaper you might have to go door to door, ask house owners to hire you. I KNOW he'd not done that – just probably put an ad somewhere & who answered got service, that was it.***

***He tried to be a silent John Wayne in work, on dates; he was zombie like. That silence got him elected President of his class 3 times, but couldn't earn him any bread. He could fool some of the people but not all of the people. Yes he felt superior because he was a 'football hero' in HS.***

***I was not permitted to be a cheerleader because I had to rush home to baby sit & chores. Being a hero or HS celebrity is a luxury not everyone is given.}***

Now Mom was doing OK as the head Chef of Reader's Digest in Pleasantville, she had quite a few employees. She got one of these to forward a loan of 10k {which today would be \$94,056 – if this was 1965. She did not pay it back; the lady had to get the bread from her estate.}

Myself – I asked for the used bunk beds from the Middletown house, Mom pretended they no longer had them – then I saw them in the store room.

Mom was living in Pleasantville – Aunt Ara & Uncle Henry were in North Salem & the place Mom set Jim up was Mt. Kisco. All posh pads in Westchester County, not far from Waccabuc where it all started.

This had not only a romantic house but a business – called ‘Green’s Greenhouse,’ which they changed to ‘Mt. Kisco Florist.’

***Below, behind the house Mom got him, in Mt. Kisco, a posh neighborhood. Mom also found him a good wife, an Eastern European gal who was her secretary, lol. Can you believe Mamma’s boy could not get his own wife? Sheesh!***



Now if bro Jim had any smarts, panache or abilities, he could have turned this prize into a money maker, but he didn’t. When Hillary Clinton, for instance, moved into the area to establish residence, I suggested he send her a large bouquet of the most beautiful flowers, he said,

“What for?”

Oh, you dumkoff. You could call the press, they might like you delivering these flowers to her doorstep as welcome, because you admire her. Now you get this pic in the media & it helps your business. If that didn’t work, she might do you some sort of favor like get you more accounts – she

has great power. He didn't see it that way; he saw it as a waste of his valuable money.

One of our family friends was traveling a lot & brought him wood statues from around the world – folk art. She gave them to him free of charge & would have brought more had he sold them. But he didn't because he was a dunce.



***Here you can see the extensive greenhouse-There are 2 of them***

***He died July 9, 2015, age 72.***

The business gifted him could have been a legacy of half a million. Instead, he left his family in debt. Now his poor wife, a senior citizen, had to find a job or starve!

This begs the question why, when he was favored so much, did he fail, while the daughter who was mistreated & vilified succeeded in ways no one ever dreamed of? They gave me up as lost, they ridiculed at me at the dinner table where I couldn't sit with them any more. {Later I tried to get a snack, Mom interceded & said if I didn't eat with them, I didn't eat. So I starved.} They had utter contempt for me. Yes, it affected my life. I was deprived of self esteem, it took a lot to hold my head high. But he walked tall until God took him down. You can see in these pics he's depressed, life has come to an end, not only has he lost his health which is our wealth, but he has nothing to show for his life out of the ordinary, certainly did not leave security for wife & kids.

***Next: The end is near, looks so pitiful. His arrogance, pride, better than thou' attitude all gone. God's justice has caught up with him.***

***Why did he get lung cancer? He'd quit smoking 20 years before. Yes he did become an alcoholic, went to AA & got cure – I give him credit for that. Now when our end is near, we ponder, 'What***



***did I do? What were my good & bad deeds?' We see things more objectively now that our ambitions & sometimes delusions are smashed. He was foolish to think I was a joke they could use as entertainment.***

His Purgatory, surprisingly was not long. I know I had a vision of him when I temporarily died in Jan 2017, one of several heart attacks. I was on stage in the lap of Pope Pius XI, the representative of Christ. Jesus had promised me, 'You will die in my arms.' I didn't even know I had gone to the other side except for this dream.

Jim & Mom were sitting in this theater, seeing me on stage **in brilliant light**, they were in the balcony dimly lit. This shows he was in Heaven united with Mom – which I had always predicted, she was waiting for him, he was the only person she loved. This also proves that since he died July 2015 & this was Jan 2017 – his Purgatory was less than 1.5 years – could have been a lot less. That's a SHORT Purgatory & my guess is because God knew he was not a leader, just a dumb patsy of Mom, he didn't know any better. **Must also give him great credit for going to Mass frequently & receiving Holy Communion.** {My Dad served 2 years, 9 months in Purgatory but is in a higher place than Jim. He was judged by a harsher standard because of his intelligence & strength. Be careful if you're gifted, you're judged by a higher standard.}

I don't know why God showed me this. I got out of the Pope's lap, walked passed them & went outside – it wasn't my time.

***Below Aunt Dagmara {Ara} & Uncle Henry – How I loved them – Ara didn't speak to me for 23 years, {Mom turned her against me + she judged me as a 'hooker,' lol} but I called her when my husband died in 2002. She died in 2016, age 91. Henry was a good guy & the life of the party, always joking, played the accordion at our holidays, built their huge garage, stone fences & a 2<sup>nd</sup> floor to their house replete with 2<sup>nd</sup> kitchen {what was he thinking?}, strong & energetic. Worked full time, came home & worked, but like all of us, when it was time to celebrate, he knew how.***

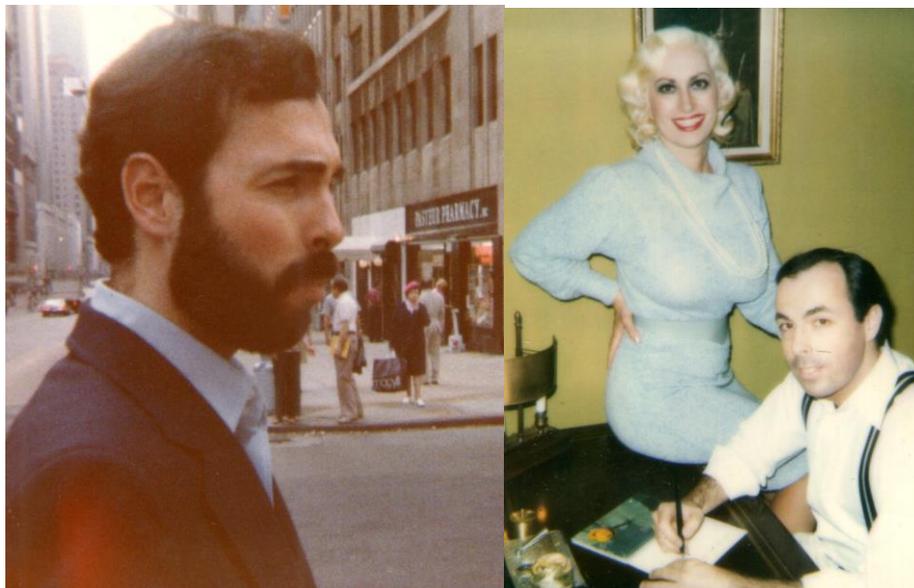
Here I might as well give him credit for one favor he did me – He gave me like a mile worth of valuable plastic covered metal fence. He got the fence for free from my



Uncle Henry, who'd been working for Gilbert & Bennet. They were shut down & gave him the fence – he gave it to Jim as Jim had an outdoor facility, he could also have SOLD the fence – it was in rolls {but I think he said no one was buying as the posh people around him used expensive fences like chain link or wood or stone}. But while we were talking on the phone, I told him I had just done some fencing, only snow fence, all I could afford. He said he had lots of fence he could give me.

He had a truck, he could have brought me the fence, but he didn't. I had to BUY A TRUCK – an old used bread truck. I was desperate for this valuable fence. I got my one employee at the time, Henry Mosser, an ex truck driver, {Henry also had only one eye like bro Jim} to make like 3 trips, where the truck was completely filled to the top, with this fence. Henry helped Jim load it up. That was the only favor he ever did me. But I am grateful, I did so much with this fence & still have lots more.

*Next pic, St. Esquire, left, before I met him, he was the man God gave me to replace my brother – us in Forest Hills, NY – God gave me him plus my fiancé Richard Von Werder during my 30 years of celibacy, as two huge gifts. It taught me something. When you give to God, She rewards you abundantly. These men gave me self esteem, the red carpet treatment; all types of help on all fronts, love, & in the end, Richard gave me financial security. All of this made up for numerous tortures others meted out to me. This is God's grace, rewards & karma.*



What did I learn from all this? Hold on when things are bad. Wait for God to make it right. Later in life, God gave me a real brother, whom I call St. Esquire. He was my best friend for 10 years – he did me all kinds of favors & kindnesses, like making me a cake for my birthday, bringing it to me on the day by cab. He also waited for me to return from one trip dancing, helped me carry the luggage up 6 flights of stairs. He was such a wonderful, true friend. He helped me build my video business by being my cameraman in the beginning. He took me & even my lady friend out to dinner. We used to meet weekly at the Waldorf Astoria. I can't enumerate all the dear things he did for me over 10 years, he replaced the cruel brother I had.

***Richard Von Werder is to the right in the grey suit. He was the greatest husband on earth, he made up for 90% of the wrongs against me. He gave me love, respect & security. I'm in the grey suit holding my black terrier 'Fatty'. This is an Easter celebrated with Rich's family in Greenwich, Ct.***

And God also gave me the greatest husband one can imagine, Richard Von Werder. Richard loved me in true love, I have spoken of him at length elsewhere. These two men did more for me than everyone in my life combined; they made up for a multitude of sins. Hold onto your hat when things go wrong, when people mistreat you, deprive you, hurt you for no reason. Wait for the day God fixes it all & watch as those who hurt you badly meet their karma. Not being revengeful, just see that God is Justice. People make their own fate, their own destiny – go on the right road & you will meet success, the wrong road brings failure.

Again, things are not always what they seem, it's hard to judge. Innocent, sinless people suffer, are hurt & killed – we can't figure it all out. But keep your Faith, Hope, Trust & Confidence in God & in her Good. With that, all Good will come to you in time.



## Channel Bro Jim written 8-14-22

As long as my mind is on him, might as well channel, which I've been doing for a while now. Then I want to forget him. These people who hurt me are not fun to think about. I wrote about him at length in Part 3, where I covered many of those close to me, but let's review it.

ME: How did you all perceive me when we were young, up to age 16 when I left, like how did you see me as a person & why was it easy for you to persecute me? Didn't you have a conscience? You were an altar boy, you went to the Holy Mass & received the Body & Blood of Jesus & Mary regularly.

JIM: We saw you as insignificant, just the average person, even below that – while we were superior. In our minds, we saw us being great successes, like me, an editor in a posh office in Manhattan with an affluent life.

You I think we all agreed, would be the average housewife, find an average man, have 2 kids, amount to nothing to speak of. You might have an ordinary job, so would your husband, your kids would be John & Jane Does.

We did not picture you having any ability, talent, outstanding feature that would make you a star. We did not imagine you could be sent by God or had a mission, or zeal, or an Anointing – nothing. We saw not the slightest inkling of this. We saw you as did David's brothers saw their little bro, the shepherd, when Samuel came looking for a son of Jesse to Anoint {as the next King}. They all stood in a row, tall, gallant, strong, & when he asked if there were any others – they said no one to speak of, just our runt of a brother in the fields tending the sheep, never mind him.

And Samuel said get him,

“No one sits down to table until he arrives.”

When David arrived Samuel knew he was the One chosen by God. Later there was the battle of the Philistines & the Israelites. Goliath challenged any one of them to face him alone. All cowered & were thinking what to do.

David arrives with food for his brothers. He says,

“Who is taking this guy out?”

They all laugh & tell him to go home, this is a man's game.

They had forgotten that David had killed a lion & a bear – {they thought of that as different} - & also that Samuel had Anointed him.

But David was not afraid, because the Holy Spirit gives great Power to the Anointed. When the Holy Spirit activates your body, you're ten feet tall, your field of energy increases & you fear nothing.

And David did what no man in his flesh could do.

But we saw you in human flesh, had no inkling of anything inside you, good qualities or the Supernatural.

All we saw was our little sister & you were pitiful because you had no defense against us. We could do with you what we wanted, like bullies kicking a dog or a cat. No one would punish us for it – no one would see or care.

When you escaped & went to California, we were all curious. You quickly started to become a success, your name in Lights, Playboy, we were astonished & intimidated. As the years rolled on, you became more & more famous, we were alarmed.

When a person is a nobody they can't get their name in the paper. They might try to write a book, no one would publish it; no one will interview them re being abused. No one, in other words, cares. You have a snowball's chance in Hell to get your story publicized. Assuming you remained anonymous, we were safe.

But if you became a celebrity everything changes. People are curious. The more famous you get, the more clout, people hearing you out, the more defensive we felt. We imagined media coming after us to ask questions. We would pretend nothing happened, you're a liar, you exaggerated or else, we don't remember. We swore the younger members of our family to ignore you & if they saw you, never to speak to you about the past. We made sure you were not invited to the wedding of one of our younger members to prevent any discussions, you were not informed about coming family events.

ME: What amazes me is how everyone steps into line. Didn't any of these younger members make up their own minds, try to find out what you're hiding, look at the picture in an objective way? Why do they cave in so easily?



*Previous pic: The house in North Salem which Aunt Ara, Uncle Henry purchased upon leaving the service of Mrs Grant {owner of Otis Elevators} in Waccabuc. It looks like nothing – it was all they could afford. It was 2 or 3 acres. Inside it was super cozy & lovely, hard to imagine from this. The living room had a fireplace, beautiful stones, & the furniture was exquisite. I did not think of it then but later surmised Mrs. Grant had given them all the furniture from the mansion where they lived– it was tasteful art deco style. To me this was Heaven because we were living at the farm at this time, in a run down house with no central heating, gas stove or hot water. Yiikes, it was awful in winter. Eventually Uncle Henry built a second story to this house & lol, the furnishings were hideous. Why? I had assumed Ara had exquisite taste, but she didn't. It was Mrs. Grant's taste that furnished the lower house, Ara's vision was upstairs. I mean a psychedelic rug in their bedroom floor type stuff & furniture that you could see more wood than cushions - & hundreds of plants, not cozy at all. Here brother Jim is handing Ara something from the top floor. The cat used to jump up here & get into the living room through the chimney, lol. Lovely cat died when we took her to our farm house – died of fright & a broken heart, just withered away. My bro in these 2 pics looks 14, so it must have been 1956.*



*Prior pic: Same time as the pic before it. Here you can see the 2-car garage Uncle Henry is building single handedly. Those who know cars would know the year of the vehicle. To the back you can see the shed where they sometimes housed their German Shepherds dogs {years later} & before the dogs were there Clara Kaiser's Siamese cats when she was vacationing. {I fed the cats & they seemed spooky}. I am mighty impressed with Uncle Henry's abilities as well as hard-work ethic. A full time job, then come home & work like this. Later a benefactor – friend of the family – bought them a full scale in-the-ground pool with cabana, behind this house, they also had a kiln building for half sister's pottery work. And the entire 2 acres was fenced in with an expensive chain link fence to hold 3 German Shepherds. They must have got a huge amount of bread for this property. It started being worth maybe 8k in 1954 & ended up worth \$400,000 {I imagine} around 1990. You're talking a 2 family house, 2 kitchens, 2 car garage, in ground pool with cabanas, totally fenced in & includes a kiln/cottage for baking pottery.*

JIM: In any organization or a community there's a power hierarchy. Those in power hold sway, like a boss at a job. If you do something wrong, you lose your job. Families are like that. Members in good standing get help, black sheep don't. They all want the help & support, especially in emergencies, & so, they don't want to lose what they have by being a rebel.

But in fact, not all of them have complied. Those who don't agree have kind of made themselves scarce. They don't communicate with you but they also don't hurt you – they just stay away. You might have a couple friends like that except they keep their mouths shut.

To continue: We knew you had an attractive body, but we didn't know it was world class material, like winning national beauty contests or being in magazines. There were things we didn't fully understand, like why would some men reject Mom & her friends but seem to like you {Note Jim Doud the super handsome police officer}? We thought Mom & friends were beautiful, we didn't discern that your looks stood apart from other women, that you would some day be voted number 278 out of the thousand most beautiful women of the century. But men who paid attention to women's looks, studied magazines & movies, saw things in you we didn't.

As far as me being an altar boy, going to Holy Mass, being religious, we all parked our conscience elsewhere. We imagined ourselves to be good all week, like the guy who told you he 'gave Jesus the night off' when he went out. Again, it's like this:

There's a devil on our left shoulder advising us, & an angel on the right doing the same. The devil does Satan's work, builds his Kingdom, & speaks thereof. The angel is of God & represents righteousness. In the middle is the gullible flesh that can go either way.

On the right the angel repeats all the teachings of Jesus & the saints, or whatever good religion a person proffers. But the devil advises a human according to their flesh, their flesh is weak, unless greatly disciplined & trained like that of the saints.

In our case, the devil said,

“Look to your Mother. She has things to give you. Stay in her good graces, you will prosper. If you rebel against her, if you're kind to Rasa, you will be disobedient to Mom. Whose favor do you prefer, Mom or Rasa's? Mom can give you benefits; Rasa can give you nothing but her love – what is that worth to you?”

Then the angel says,

“Don't hurt Rasa. She has done nothing to deserve it, she's innocent, it's Mom who's the bad guy. Don't listen to Mom as she's wrong & you know it. Stay in God's ways, don't listen to the devil, God will reward you eventually, the devil is a deceiver & in the end, you'll be sorry.”

As you know, we listened to the devil.

We were wrong, we were sorry later. I repented, Mom repented because of your prayers. We know we did wrong.

ME: And of course, some of the living are saying I am resentful, bitter, hateful – all the negative stuff. It's not true, if they would own up I've already forgiven them, but I'd say to their face, 'I forgive you & I love you.' And that would bring great closure to all of us.

JIM: You've watched enough Forensic Files to know that the guilty will sometimes plead innocent to the very end – even after they're convicted. Some will plead guilty to avoid a trial or for a leaner sentence. Few people will admit to wrong doing just for the sake of God & righteousness – it's rare. So just live with it. State your case, let the jury decide, let God decide. You will not convince everyone but many will believe all you say – it has the ring of truth.

ME: What do you see for my future?

JIM: I see great wealth from your life story movies, I see 4, they'll be like Rocky – that popular. You might not live to see the 4<sup>th</sup>, but you won't have to, you'll be happy knowing it all came to pass.

ME: About a year ago you appeared to me & asked me to help your children spiritually. Have I satisfied this?

JIM: Yes, you have. You baptized them by proxy – that was the main thing, then you opened your heart to them to sent them grace when required. That's all you can do. They aren't talking to you so you can't preach, but you're sending them help, so thanks, it's all I ask.

ME: I'm glad you asked, I was glad to do it. {End Chapter 13}



**Chapter 14 - Spiritual Husband Prophecy**  
**– I had no idea he would be DEAD the next day**  
dream of 8-13-22



***The image he produced to go with the song he wrote about us***  
***‘Cocaine & Broken Bottles’***

I did NOT record this or several previous prophetic dreams because of being busy with my life story. Little did I know. Today is the 15<sup>th</sup>, he died the night of the 14<sup>th</sup>—before 12AM I presume, as his friend wrote he shared the evening at home, then died ‘suddenly.’

I see Nick standing there & his hair has turned completely grey & white & his eyes are so intense like ‘popped.’ His hair is frizzed & standing out from his head so that the entire hair & head forms a triangle with the wide part on top {upside down.}

\*\*\* {HAIR LIKE SO: Extreme stress. Upside down triangle means his world is upside down, how he sees it. It's not what he wants in life.} \*\*\*

He had beckoned me & I, kind of shy, approached him & kissed him on the lips. {Realize now this is the Sacred Good Bye kiss}. His eyes are staring & an intense green.

He speaks to me passionately, meaningfully, but I was so tired of suffering from him I didn't even write it down. He says,

"I will take you shopping tomorrow. Go there tomorrow, go shopping tomorrow."

***Image: The gas station he used to wait for someone to pick him up after seeing me. 6'3" of masculine appeal***

I had no idea what he was saying to me through this dream & I didn't even let myself meditate on it. What did he mean, go shopping?

If it had been years ago when I was obsessed I might have gone to Price Chopper or Wal Mart, knowing he lived near there – hoping I'd see him, but the obsession & it's drastic suffering was over. I had to move on.

The FEELING in the dream is he has a lot of money & he's going to BUY ME SOMETHING BIG.

MEANING: I need help, Mother God.



MG {Mother God}: He was reaching out to you in desperation announcing his death, telling you he will MEET YOU IN DEATH – go to MEET HIM.

What he will give you is HIMSELF.

In past dreams he gave you rings, gifts & married you spiritually. In real life he gave you sex & attention. This time he is giving up his body in order to leave behind all the things that separate you two. It is his lifestyle – friends – girl friend – that he was not strong enough to leave in life, to be with you. But now he will give up his physical life, body / lifestyle of drugs / pressure of so-called friends / female who trapped him. By giving up his body he leaves them; now they cannot hold him, keep him, they cannot control him.

He is now telling you {in real life}

“Don’t think of me as dead. I am alive & with you. I am happy in the Heaven of your Soul. I will be with you FOREVER.”

ME: When I thought of the loss of his physical body at first I was shocked & horrified. But as he kept assuring me he is alive & with me, & the philosophy he explains, all my grief went away.

I see it now as HAPPINESS, not sorrow. They have lost him. They all kept him from me, but it was only his flesh they controlled. He has now deprived them, they have lost him, but I have not. My love has been True Love, of God; it is Spiritual, Powerful, Eternal. I have not lost but GAINED. That is the Gift he is talking about {that he will buy me}. Yes, Nick, I have met you. Here I am, we are together.....

### **Tom Selleck dream – ‘Till Death Puts us Together’**

Prior to that, I dreamed of him days before, in one, he was Tom Selleck & we were loving each other. It was so romantic, sweet & ecstatic. He was then preparing to meet with me through his death.

Tom Selleck is the symbol of pure & perfect Love, when one gives ALL OF THEMSELVES in the DIVINE STIGMATA, which I have obtained {martyrdom}. This is saying also that Nick has suffered the Divine Stigmata by losing me – {he’s been speaking of what he lost & what God has taken away from him on his Face Book for months, he also had me in several songs, two in the last months, recently calling me ‘the bitch I love the most – who was taken from me!’} as I have deprived him now for 3 years, & he recently called me, asking to see me. I told him it was not possible to carry on our affair as it was, while he lived with his gf & their child &

stayed on drugs. He'd have to leave her for me to do sex again, & for us to be living together, he'd first have to go through rehab for the drugs.

He was unable to do these things – was not strong enough. The 'hood' of lowlifes held him back from me, he could not have his fake wife & me at the same time, I told him. So for him, it was the end. Death was the only way out! They say 'till death do us part' but for us it's 'till death puts us together.'

In beginning to channel him – there will be more to come, he says the following,

"I am happy now. There are no distractions, being with the people of the neighborhood. It was suffering. Waking up daily & all I had was them – not you. You led me to believe it wasn't possible to see you, have sex, while I had the girl friend, & we could not live together as man & wife unless I got off the drugs. OK, I couldn't do it. They held me by their power.

***Right: How I looked when we dated-NOT photo shopped***

But now I left them. I don't have to think about them, attend to them, waste my time with them. I am in the Ecstasy of your brilliant Heart, Mind & Soul. I am enjoying you – it's Heaven. And I am happy at last!"



### **Other Dreams**

I also dreamed about Arnold, which means success, but it was not the real Arnold but Nick – I would soon have the greatest success with him. Again, we were romantic & loving, I lost the details as I was too preoccupied to write it down. Little did I know how it would come about.



***He liked to ‘party’ & ‘have fun’ – his downfall. The ‘friends’ reinforced that lifestyle. I saw he was in danger of an OD. Jan “16 – while we were going steady.***

I did warn him over & over, during 11 years we knew each other, that drugs would bring him to an early death, but rehab, which is part of being with me, would save his life. But he could not do it.

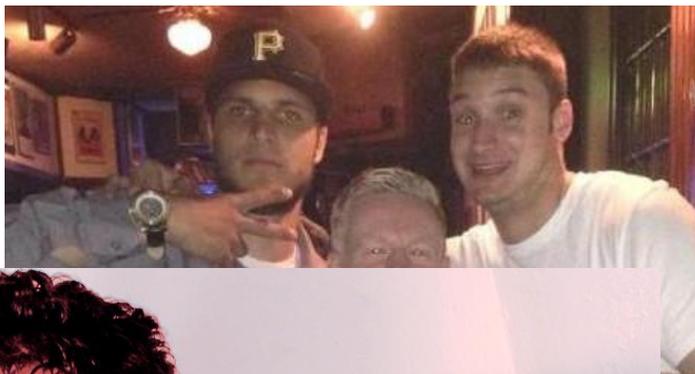
PS I do not know how he died. No one is saying on social media, but I assume it was a drug overdose. All I know is 2 of his neighbors say they saw ambulances, fire engines & police on their street.

PSS I mentioned but his body is now gone, I can never hold him again. He said joyfully,

“I’m glad I don’t have my body any more! It was all suffering without you! I don’t care about my body – I have your love & you mine. We are together, we are united & happy! My body was a BURDEN.”

Continue to Channel 8-17-22

*Right: Having fun is not a sin – I did it – but **HARD DRUGS IS***



*A most relevant fact is that from the beginning I encouraged him to go into rehab. His 'friends' were against me & my advise - These 'friends' are all posting on his face book after death, saying how much they loved him. But they were not for his best interests. I **PREDICTED** over & over if he didn't quit the drugs he would*



*die prematurely. But sadly, he chose his path - if only his friends helped me with him, this could have been avoided. But they **PRESSURED** him to be with them & do as they do. The happy side of this is he has left them, his body is gone. He is with me spiritually, metaphysically, he is not dead, he is alive with me. We are happy. He loves me, I love him, in True Love. He had to die to leave them & be happy with me, he saw no other way; he did not have the strength to defy them for me. Next, how I saw him, a GQ gent & a star, age 22*

*The shrines of him on my Embodiment of God site I had put up in 2014 & 2015, I removed them due to his complaints - as his friends were razzing him - & just now I put them back up. They can't harass him any more, he & I are now free to love one another & share our love for eternity. We are happy. I can't say this to everyone as they are so shallow they will not have the least understanding, some of these people are less than animals - animals are good.*

*The images I took of him – oh, thank God he allowed me. I was on tenderhooks 'till he said yes because he needed the money for the 'Unadilla race track' which had an admittance of \$56 – You watch & everyone 'parties' which means drugs. My venture was to show the world his incomparable beauty, face, body when I met him & penis. His huge penis flared out before the top, like a cobra ready to strike, that's why I named him 'Anthony Shiva' in the second book. I wanted to use his images to move him to stardom, come what may, see what happens after that. But his friends ridiculed the images so much he not only didn't appreciate them, he stopped speaking to me for 9 months. Those images have preserved his beauty forever age 22. When I first saw him naked age 19 he had muscles as he'd just got out of HS sports, mostly wrestling. Three years later when we hooked up again, those muscles had melted as he did not discipline himself. And so, I had to camouflage his body not to show how thin he was. Some may wonder about the penis shots, like they are pornography, but they're not. This is God's creation & the art that shows her handiwork....Below, him in HS with muscles he had when I met him.*

**From friend Pete Jackson in response to my complaints about his fake friends:**

As for the people that knew him being in such denial (if not outright enablers) about his drug addiction problem and such, that was probably because either a) they were fake friends who literally didn't care at all if he lived or died, b) they were simply far too selfish and



self-centered to do anything about it, or c) they simply didn't want to believe such a thing was true because the very idea scared the crap out of them, and perhaps they thought they could just wish it all away. The same goes for the denial about Xxxxx abusing him as well.

***We met July 9, 2011, he was 19, as here. Classical, stunning beauty. He approached me on State St in front of a club – near my 66<sup>th</sup> birthday -. 6'3" of masculine beauty--Is this an ANGEL?***



Been speaking to him constantly & learning lots re him, some new things from his POV & he from mine. In this sort of ‘channeling’ it’s more than the usual that I do, he’s actually united to my soul as mate. In some cases of channeling I’m reading minds, the person isn’t even aware that I’m doing it.

But with Nick, since he is joined as my spiritual husband, by God, he’s in my space, I’m in his & he reads me like I read him & we are truly communicating. His no longer having a body, but both of us being happier than ever, Nick is with me sans his body & penis, we cannot have sex – Sex was almost all we did while together – he would not openly court me because he was afraid of his peers, the ‘hood,’ & later other women. The majority of his friends were drug addicts & they were like a pack of wolves, ridiculing him for loving me, for the pics I took of him, shaming him for wanting a much older woman (He was 19, I was 66 when we started up. It was July 9 to 10, 2011. I shall never forget the date.) Of course, it could be seen many times he was after me in the clubs we frequented, but he did not permit images of us together, he did not put me on social media. Sometimes he introduced me to people as ‘his girl friend’, sometimes he hid

from me & denied me – it was a stressful time for me as I was deeply in love.... ***Below, he wanted to be a rap star like Drake. With my plan to get him started he could have transited to that. But he & his friends thought I couldn't help– that I was from back in the day, today was different. Many young guys I met thought they could become stars – totally deluded. I told Nick if he wanted to be a star***



***he'd have to work at it several days a week, many hours. He didn't believe me. These young men including models thought they knew the road; they could walk it & make it. But they didn't, & all failed but one guy I knew who DID listen to me. The word is DELUSION. People in general, including females think they have something the world wants & it will come to them – but it doesn't. You have to humble yourself, work like a dog, do whatever it takes, & hopefully get folks to help you. I was willing to help my models as well as Nick – they wouldn't listen to me.***

So was he but he tried not to show it & his odd behavior caused at least one friend to say of him he was 'crazy.' {I was standing around outside in the Garden area of Uncle Tony's. He sent a guy to go get me to dance with him – the guy came over & said Nick asked him to come get me to go to him. I told him it was no use, Nick would run away when I approached. The guy insisted, so I said, let's go, you will see. We come up to Nick, I

have my arm around the guy. Nick gets mad at the guy, tells him why is he touching me? The guy says – ‘She’s touching me - you’re crazy,’ & walks away. We had a short conversation in which Nick said wittily that he & ‘girls’ didn’t mix. I said who do you mix with? He said ‘I mix with scotch, whiskey etc.’ – something like that. He was indirectly telling me he liked older women, not girls.

Another time we’re at ‘Flashbacks’ – a large dance floor. He keeps looking at me but won’t approach. I know approaching him is fatal, so I go up to another handsome guy. At that point he gets very close – like from 25’ away to 10’ away, trying to distract me from the guy. Then he asks another guy to get me to dance with him. I approach & he runs around the partition in the club, round & round we go. Later he waited for me in the parking lot & jumped into my car.

There were times, when he simply approached me & asked me to go with him. The first time was right on the street in front of the club, the next time was in the club & I said,

“What are you doing tonight?”

*Right, how I looked then in the apt we met—He would at times arrive beneath my bedroom window, shine lights, throw pebbles & make noises – I’d joyfully open the curtain, see him & run to open the front door. It was ecstasy!*



{It had been a long time since our first date. He'd cut his hair, grew a beard, I didn't know he was the same guy! Three years had gone by we'd not seen each other – they told him I was dead!}

His answer, 'Being with you'

& off we went.

But his common routine was not to stand with me or speak with me in public but wait for me to go to my car & secretly approach. And in the end, He'd often go to the window of my 2<sup>nd</sup> floor apt, make noise, throw pebbles, shine a light up from his phone. I'd get up out of bed & go open the locked front apt door & was ecstatic to see him. I always went into a trancelike state when we were near, especially when we were alone & about to make love. He never wasted one moment on that.

We had a major falling out because of the pictures I took of him & put on the internet. I paid him as a model, they are professional images both dressed, naked & erotic. They were on my site, 'Embodiment of God' & I put the dressed ones on face book. His peers ridiculed him & razzed him mercilessly, he asked with me to take them down but I would not. Two years later, I took most of them down. Meanwhile he would not speak to me for 9 months.

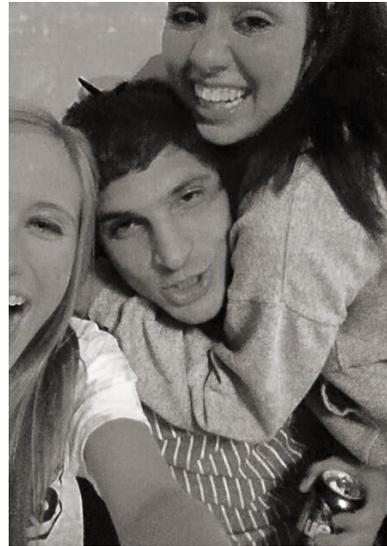
I was heartbroken; he got himself a new gf who was also a druggie {first hung with one all summer – his bro told me her name & showed me the house they hung out – that ended & he got another, same deal. The names changed, the drugs didn't}. He was never faithful to one. He always had some girl or other he was having sex with along with the regular steady. But he did not LOVE every girl.



It's tedious for me to write these things as I've done so a hundred times. Perhaps I can swing back to it bit by bit. Let me get to the now & our channeling.

He is dead, as of 2 days ago. I had to get over the grief because he's sitting inside me & he said it took away some of his bliss. I am concerned for his happiness, so I reprogrammed my brain to realize he is here, he is happy, I must also be. He's not dead, he said. But he is dead TO THEM.

He's expressing to me again & again how he could not leave them no matter how much he wanted to. The people in his hood he's known since kindergarten. They are posting pictures – dozens of them – from back when they were 10-11 years old in school. These people are a mob, the majority of them think alike, feel alike. A large percent are druggies, in fact, those he hangs with the most all are – this is true of all druggies & alcoholics, birds of a feather flock together.



This mob of ‘friends’ is in conflict with me. Indeed there might be a couple who believed in our love – I had them tell me, but most of them were against us for various reasons, the main one, I wanted him in rehab, I said it again & again, that he would die if this kept up, but he didn’t believe me. Every druggie thinks he’s the one that will not overdose, but they do.

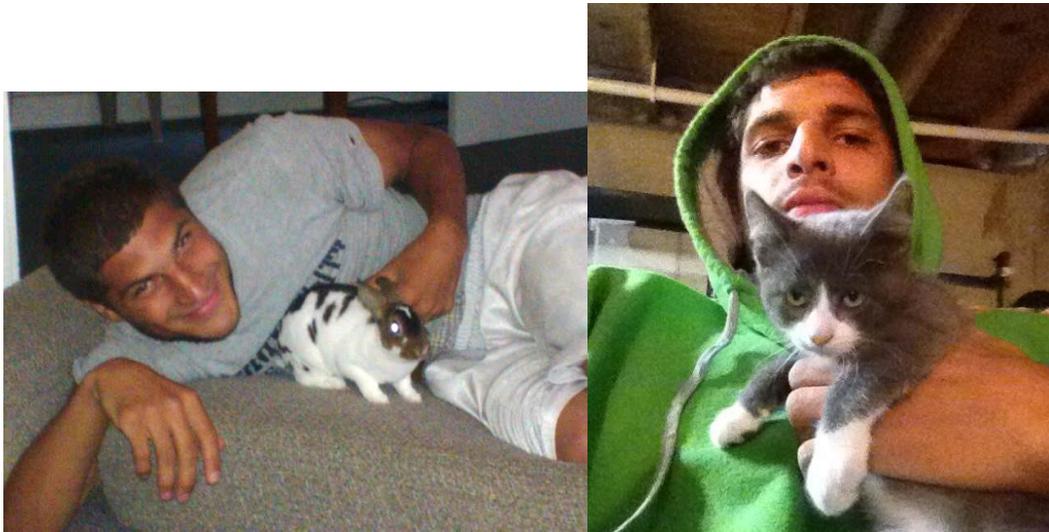
Now I see his dilemma, not having the strength to do as I asked.

He called me recently, after not speaking for a super long time. In fact, he almost never called me, in his entire life, I think it was 3 times. He would not give me his phone, but he gave it to every other girl he met! {The love/hate relationship was because he was angry at Mom for not loving him, wanted to punish her. He took it out on me.}

God told me 4 months previous he would call me on June 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2022, & he did! Lucky I was awake & by the computer & phone. It was 3:44 – a call from a number unfamiliar – I usually ignore such calls but someone I knew was ill & I was afraid it might be about them, so I pick up. It’s Nick & we’ve not spoken since last time we made love – July 2019.

We speak until 5:15 – 1.5 hours. He tells me he wants to see me, he’ll find a ride to my house, which is 30 miles away. I tell him I can’t go on like we were before – him putting his gf on social media as the ‘one’ like a wife, while I’m the back door woman. I said I have to be the one he honors on face book – not her. And for us to live together, he would first have to go into rehab as I cannot live with an addict. He denies being an addict – I know he’s lying. I know the female he’s with is an addict also, that’s what

keeps the relationship going. We kind of go in circles as we speak, going back to the same issues. He wants to see me, I'm not crazy about the idea. Of course, now in retrospect I regret not inviting him. Wow, how I regret. Hindsight hurts. Last kiss before dying... *Below – he loved animals*



Now in speaking to him I will discuss the most troublesome questions. This is different from channeling, because he is right here, inside me. As I go about my duties day & night, he sees through my eyes & sometimes, not often, makes comments. He is perfectly content here, he is believe it or not, not bored, not eager to see his old friends, including any women. He does not miss anything of his prior life. He's joyful being here, as amazing as it sounds. He did say 'If only I still had a body, I'd like to make love to you' & we both laughed. Our love is just as strong without the physical expression or presence. In fact, I loved him so much that I became celibate after our last meeting – simply having no desire whatever for other men. I'd rather not do it, it's like desecrating my Sacred space to be with another man.

We spoke about that on the phone. I told him I'd not been with another man since him, that I lost my sex drive. He said,

“It'll come back.”

I also spoke about our spiritual marriage, that we are One & can never be separated & that we would be One in eternity, after death. He said several times – can't recall in what context – that 'You are Anointed.' So let me speak to him.

ME: Nick, I am troubled now that I did not let you come over during our last conversation. What would have happened had I let you?' ***Below, Champagne Charlie is my name! {English music hall character -1862}***



NICK: It would have been the same as before. It would have rekindled your extreme desire & you would have again waited weeks & weeks to hear from me, with baited breath, until I'd call & come over when I was good & ready.

You had suffered through that so many years – you would have started to suffer again. I was selfish, I did not understand your suffering because I was self absorbed. And so, it would have been great for me but terrible for you. I would have got what I wanted, you would not have. It might have shortened your life.

ME: Yes, I agree. But would it have prevented your death?

***Next: him in back right, then me @ the same era, lol***



NICK: Rasa, it was not what God wanted. You can't be tortured that way any more. You gave me an ultimatum, I could not keep it. You'd given me years to straighten out, I could not summon the courage to do it. You struggled against yourself & got over the addiction to me. It took every ounce of what was in you, but you did it. Like you told me, you still loved me & always would, but you were no longer obsessed. To become obsessed or addicted again to seeing me would have taken a terrible price from you.

Like I said, it was not what God wanted. God tried to make me straighten out by sending you to me. You gave me a chance, you suffered like a dog at my hands. You got the multiple heart attacks, your life was shortened somewhat & not as comfortable. Your energy is zapped, your body hurts from all the stress. What did I care? I was just a young, brash guy using you for love – I was getting my monthly fix from you, you filled me up with so much Light I didn't need another refill for a month. But you suffered. Again, I repeat, this is not what God wanted any more. You'd had enough. Below, Champagne Charlie living it up with guys gone wild & gals galore. *That red jacket I bought him – he did NOT ask. He paid me back twice, lol*



ME: OK. You put up such a good front, I see now. You posted again & again about what God had taken from you. I will retrieve, when I have time, all the remarks I believe pertained to me. Were they about me – where you spoke again & again what the devil did or what God had taken away?

NICK: All your dreams were true, re my pain, horrible pain. Then you'd look at my fb & I was putting up a front like I cared about sports, music & all that crap – I didn't. I was just pretending. My mind was on you & what I had lost.

At this point, since I wasn't complying with your requests, you'd given up & just basically said maybe it'll never happen, so be it, God's will. But I wanted to be with you. Not one minute went by that I didn't. You were the fulfillment of all my desires, as I was yours.

ME: Did you actually knowingly take your own life with that overdose?

NICK: It was unconscious. I could no longer live without you. I didn't care about life. I did not protect myself, I was careless, & because of this, I died. Unconsciously I knew that when I died, I'd flip over to be with you. That's what I wanted. I couldn't do it any other way, I wasn't strong enough. You had reviewed with me, as you had before, that we were joined by God & would be together forever. I believed you & it's true. I entered, your spiritual space. And I am in bliss. You are Love. Not only love for me, you love all, you love animals, people & Souls in Purgatory. I'm in the middle of all that. How could I not be happy?

*Next pic: He was the 'class clown,' entertainment for all. After his death most of them mention the personality, never his pain. Underneath the clown was an abused boy seeking love. He had to perform to get the surface love of his peers. They did not relate to his malady because they had no remedy. He speaks of the demons haunting him numerous times, selling one's soul to them, coming for payback. He speaks of death in the last few months prior to it, in particular, after I told him we could not go on. All he wanted was a Mother's love – mine – but his peers would not let it be.*



Me: But the people you had a good time with, don't you miss them? You were the life of the party. Everyone – hundreds are posting on your site. They are putting pics & videos. They are ranting & raving about you. These same people put hardly any likes when you tried to sell or promote your music, yet they are all over you now you're dead. If one looks at all the letters, images & videos, one would think you were in love with all these people.

NICK: This was all an act. I was lively like that after drinking & drugging. Without the substances, I felt my pain from the childhood abuse. You were conscious & aware of that pain, you were concerned. You knew that was why I was an addict. You wanted desperately to heal that pain, to get me off drugs as I was in danger of OD'ing. These people never guessed at my pain, were completely unaware. They just wanted to have fun with me, use me for entertainment. It was shallow, it was fake, it was a burden. In the end I knew I wanted & needed that True Love you gave. I couldn't have it any more, you weren't addicted, I had to straighten out to have you. That was the kicker – I couldn't do it.

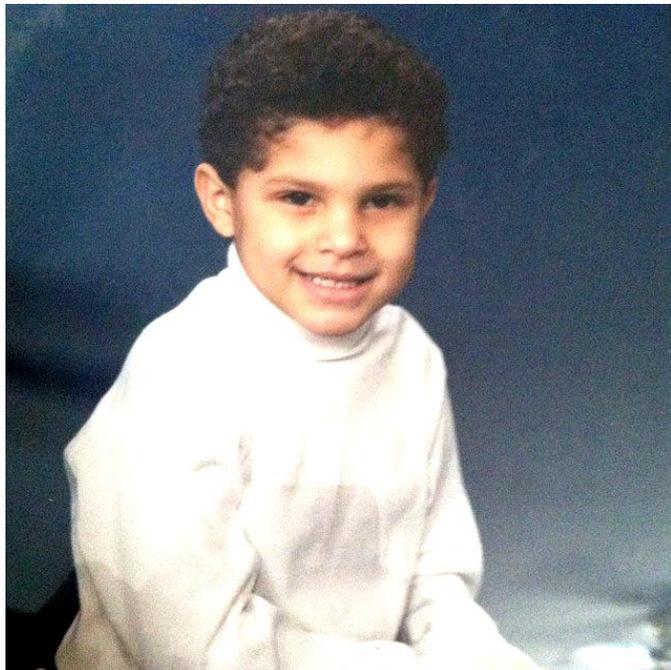
I was looking how to heal my pain. The drugs were temporary, you were the permanent fix. But I had to make a choice. I kept procrastinating to what I had to do until it was too late. You couldn't wait forever. So I

died, that solved the problem. No one understands the situation but you. They look at the outside, the physical, shallow plane.

They speak of me being in Peace. Yes, I am at Peace, little do they know. I can't communicate with them, speak to them. I can't communicate with them, they can't hear me. We are in different worlds. Now I understand you fully & what you were trying to do, level me up, bring me out of there, save me. This is the way it has to be, it is God's will. Be happy, no grief. I could not stand up against the entire neighborhood & my druggie friends, my only way out was death. So here I am. I love you, you love me, that's all that matters, we are happy.

*Next, oldest pic I could find of him. Looks to be 5 yrs old. His Mom is Irish, his Dad a mix of black, Italian & American Indian.*

Don't share this with them, they will piss & shit on our relationship, they will have no inkling of its value or Sacredness. This is for us alone & those few that will understand. Keep it Sacred & Secret, except for the more enlightened folks.



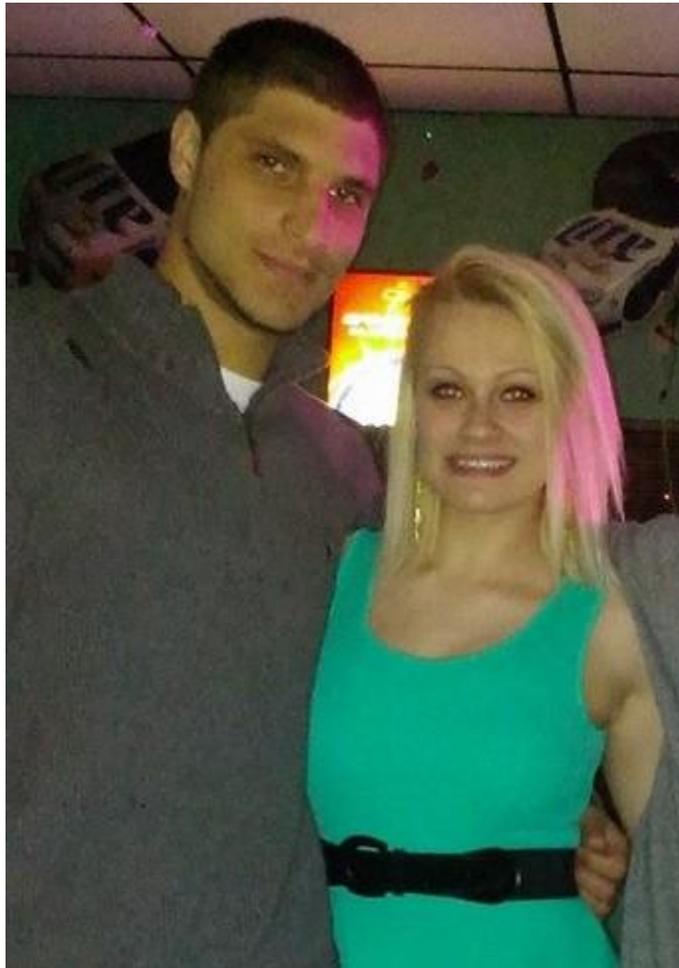
ME: Amen. We'll continue talking & I will share again with the good folks. I will not reach out to your fake friends. Next time I want to express what suffering you went through after you believed you had lost me.

## **Nick appears as Errol Flynn, Deep kisses & later, a sex act**

There were many & involved dreams, but I only recall the highlights, as for the last months I've not concentrated on dreams due to working on my life story. I learned that if I don't focus on the dreams they fade away fast, so I'm trying to retrieve now what I can.

OK, so now Nick appears as Errol Flynn. He is BUYING ME A CAR but I can't make up my mind what I want – used car, new car, just recall I wanted WHITE. I am so indecisive he gets frustrated & mad, I try to appease him, saying,

*Right: This lady, a nurse, Stefanie Barret, was one of the few supportive people toward the relationship of Nick & me. She told me, 'He said he was in love with you.'*



\*\*\* (ERROL FLYNN: You got in touch with Errol in Purgatory & ministered to him. He was famous as a great lover. You had a charismatic {Holy Spirit} union or relationship for the months you ministered to him. Nick was like that – a Holy Spirit relationship, but he was also in a 'Purgatory' over you. Not sure what this means as to how you frustrated him, but the WHITE is the MARRIAGE or RELATIONSHIP. You didn't want JUST SEX, you wanted a relationship. You broke up with him because he would not commit at one time, he vomited from the car window. Was that 2015, for a few months? Later, you made up again &

continued making love. This might be saying that *when you would not give him sex* he was frustrated & angry.)

\*\*\*“I’m sorry, I just couldn’t make up my mind what I wanted.” We are at the car dealership off to the side, he’s in a vehicle like in a driver’s seat, leaning back, I am like in the passenger seat. I calm him down. I kiss him – before that he was so sad he almost cried. We kiss softly & our tongues meet & we do this kissing for a long time, everything is SOLVED, we are reconciled, we are at peace

\*\*\* {TONGUE KISSING: This must be the *reconciliation*, all is well as you started up again. This might point to your conversation June 2<sup>nd</sup> – because tongue kissing is sometimes TALKING.} \*\*\*

I have many dreams I forgot but the next thing I know he has a hardon & I am doing something sexual to him, he has an orgasm. It happened so fast. His entire body got hot, I could see outlines of red around his body, & feel it, he came to life so to speak & the orgasm was ready. There was no prolonged like stroking or humping, he was READY. \*\*\* {READY FAST, HARDON, ORGASM, PEACE: This is your reconciliation NOW. You & he are back together, like Healthcliff & Cathy after along separation...

***Below—Lambo13 on Sound Cloud—The song he wrote about us—He was reaching out to me but God told me to stop chasing him. He had to come to me & he did, sadly, in death.***



The hardon represents his desire for you– As the penis would be the center of sensations, gratification, but this could be on a higher level rather than the physical. Obviously he no longer has a body, it has to be on a metaphysical level. As you have known for a long time, the sexiest dreams are often the most sublime &

spiritual, they represent the most passionate love. You saw that when many years ago, you had dreams where you dressed like a prostitute, had on the sexiest outfit imaginable, picked up

a man, took him to a secret private place, & had the most sublime, ecstatic love. These were SOULS IN PURGATORY! It took you a while to figure it out – you didn't dare tell anyone re your dreams, they would have laughed. As you walked the street you'd be slightly nervous as police saw you, you could get arrested, but these were ANGELS. ***Below: How I saw him – He could have got famous for his looks***



{Cathy from 'Wuthering Heights' – She died & came back. She had married another man through a misunderstanding. Got sick & died in Heathcliff's arms. He begged her to come back & haunt him. Someone saw him walking with a woman in the snow, in the field toward the heather where the two of them romped throughout their childhood. People went

there, there was only one set of footprints, his. It was metaphysical but real. They were united, happy finally. Same with you. He died, you are together at last.}

The metaphysical is real. When people make love, energy passes through. It is that energy that is the most vital, not an empty physical act. When there is love in it, it has meaning, substance. So here you are, loving one another, reconciled, happy & at peace once again. All you needed was to make love, you are doing it.

Nick was no different than Cathy in 'Wuthering heights. He forfeited you partially through a misunderstanding {in the book he thought she denied him, he ran away in the night. But he did not hear the words 'I am Heathcliff' meaning they were One, so it was a broken heart. You also saw him touting everyone but you on his face book – you felt ousted & betrayed, but wrongly so. The love between you was absolute. But he had hundreds of people – thousands – wanting him to stay on the level of his society, which included drugs. You were the interloper or outcast who begged for his rehab, the way Heathcliff was to high society, originating as a waif of a boy from Liverpool. Heathcliff came back, it was too late. She could not leave her husband & society, she said she didn't want to live any more, so she died. In the same way, when you required Nick to leave his society, he could not, his only way out was death. So he died, now he 'haunts' you but in other words, is present to you.} \*\*\*

### **8-19-22 Meditation & Channeling Nicholas**

**Said a Holy Mass for him today – no doubt the first time he's ever received the Body & Blood of Jesus & Mary**

Where do I begin?

There's what he & I are talking about, there's reviews of our relationship. There's list of hurts from him to me – why? {He wanted to hurt another woman, a caregiver, who didn't protect him, but he can't. So he takes it out on me} And from me to him, only to make him jealous, never to hurt.

There's explanations of what it means for him to be, so to speak, 'inside me,' I'm him, he's me, we are joined as they say, {like Cathy said in Wuthering Heights, 'I AM Heathcliff!'} }

“What God has joined together, let no man put asunder.”

These are not EMPTY WORDS. Indeed, they are said in the wedding ceremony for many, some of who end up killing each other. Some have bitter divorces where each just wants the money they can get out of it. There are all sorts of recriminations & evil after those words for many.

But in a GENUINE marriage, it's a Sacrament, which means something SUPERNATURAL takes place. And that is what cannot be dissolved, just like Baptism cannot disappear, neither can Confirmation, nor Holy Communion or Confession, or any meaningful Sacred ritual that is transacted between God & her creature. *Below-My view of him*



Now that Nick is dead, the theater of life that he & I shared on earth is closed, a new theater starts. One explores this new place, while thinking what transpired? Now that it's over all the pieces must fall into place, it looks different than before. There is no physical activity to be anticipated. We will never live together as 'man & wife' – he will never call me, we will never see each other's bodies or make love. He will not hurt me nor I him.

Where do I begin? I've reviewed in the past so many times what happened between us that my friends got sick of it & shushed me up. I was obsessed, which I now see as 'addiction.' I was addicted to him as strongly as he was addicted to drugs. Getting over this 'sickness' of the flesh was one of the hardest things I'd ever done. Had I not conquered this, I would be going through 'withdrawal' & horrendous grief right now – but I'm not. I already lost him when he made his decision for the drugs & drug buddies. Yes, we still made love, but he was not recognized as 'mine' – another woman graced his media, it was accepted as the 'right thing to do' while I was seen as that which wasn't right fell away – we hear no more of her - there was a 'theater' his friends believed in, no one questioned its appropriateness, no one complained or worried that this was a 'drug enabling' relationship. She was young & cute, that's all that mattered.

I wrote to them I didn't even know, – friends & family – pleading with them to help me get him into rehab. Little did I know that some of these people were addicts & dealers! Only one friend answered, denying Nick had a problem. I also asked him to put in 'a good word' for me – encourage Nick to be with me in a relationship & follow my guidance. He answered that if Nick wanted to be with me, he would; there was no point in his intervening. Case closed.

This friend kept saying,

“You have no idea what he went through getting razzed about the pictures.”

Oh yes, the pictures. Those were taken to make him a star. I had a plan, but his 'friend's made it impossible. They made him turn his back on me. I was going to use those pictures, creating a book – which cost me thousands – with him as 'America's Most Beautiful Man'. This was to promote him, first as a model, then see where that could go – make him a celebrity, maybe movies. He could have used fame to jump start his rap music. He spent years with local yokels getting songs done – there was no hope of gold here, there's millions of guys doing amateur night rap music –

some are talented, but it takes a lot more than that. Nick had incredible masculine beauty, a fantastic voice, made good songs, an imposing stage presence, BUT you have to have a manager, a plan, spend time & money. I was beginning to do that & his friends smashed the idea like pigs on books. Why? They didn't understand it. The gutter was their comfort zone; they didn't want Nick leveling up to leave them. When Nick & I were somewhat 'open' with our affair he became more of a 'celebrity' in their eyes than he'd ever been. Although they razzed him, the pics & book I created made him a legend – part of it being the size of his dick! The biggest dick in the hood, certainly on a handsome man, maybe some gorillas had one, but they were gorillas. ***Below: His Shiva dick—like the Cobra***

After we 'fell out' {but were still making love on & off, but I had given up on a public relationship nor him going into rehab} there were OPPORTUNITIES for reality TV shows, which I wrote him about, he ignored. So when the latest offer came in 2021 we'd not been speaking for 2 years. I didn't have his phone – I did not even contact him the usual, convoluted way of having a friend message him on his face book. This deal would have made him a star & put me on the map again – they wanted our relationship televised, me being a Cougar. He would have got fame & fortune such as no one in the hood ever got – he forfeited that – there was no



point in my writing him & getting rejected again. I suggested we use another guy – one of my models – but they said it had to be him, as it required a real love affair, not a front.

Thinking of these things makes me feel great frustration, let me get to other stuff. OK, our last conversation. I wish I had written down every word – but I didn't, shall remember most of it. Since we'll never speak again physically it's now enshrined in my head.

He calls me June 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2022. It's the middle of the night, I am by the phone expecting a call from a sick friend, so I pick up.

### **Our Last Conversation June 2, 2022**

God had told me 4 months previous that he would call near this day – I had forgot. So we talk. Here's the subjects:

\*\*\* He wants to come over. Obviously to have sex. I am 30 miles from him. I ask how he'll get here – he says he'll find a way & I know he will. But I tell him it can't be like it was, I will not be your back street woman. You have another female as your partner on social media. I have to be your main woman, no more second fiddle. And besides that, for us to be together as live-ins, you must first go through rehab.

\*\*\* His 3 yr old son: He wants his son to be better than him, he says something like look at me, I'm not that much, my son has to be better. {I was going to shame him before, like what if your son follows in your footsteps & becomes an addict? But I didn't want to hurt him.}

\*\*\* The past: I explained to him that in the past when I was making out with guys in front of him or leaving the club with them I was doing it to make him jealous. I rarely ever took them home, maybe one out of 10 guys he saw me with did we have sex. {He did much worse hurtful things to me I will explain elsewhere, this was my way of getting back, but nothing worked with Nick, he was hopeless. When I hurt him by pretending like this he'd find a way of hurting me twice as bad next time. All I wanted was his love, his attention. But he could not give me it, 90% of the time in public he ignored me, but he gave attention to other women.}

\*\*\* I told him the truth, that since I last made love with him in July 2019, I had not slept with another guy & I didn't want to. My sex drive went away. {Truthfully, after I was in love with him I had no desire for other

men even when I did it.} He said it'll come back. I knew he was right if we started up again.

\*\*\* Do you still love me? I asked. He said, like he'd said before, that he loved 'everyone.' That was not music to my ears. I told him I still loved him & always would.

\*\*\* I again explained to him we were spiritually married – it had happened April 21, 2019 – God showed me the vision. I told him about it when I saw him, the last time we made love July 14, 2019. {So glad I keep all imp events on my calendars! And when he & I made love, that day has red hearts & fireworks.}

The way it happened – we had not seen each other for 7 months. He wrote a song for me 'Cocaine & Broken Bottles'. I wrote down the lyrics, carried them in my purse {still have them there} & would read them to friends. This told of his repentance & misery, that he'd made mistakes, that he was 'waiting in the rain – some things never change' {probably outside my apt when I wasn't there} & 'here's my heart to take' & he spoke of the PICTURES I took of him being 'hard to take', etc. Of course we re-united & his being sorry & my ACCEPTING him, that's a FIAT or AGREEMENT, like a contract, & it was ratified by God. I saw two white, soft cloths that united & there was no seam. {Sacrament of Marriage} It became One. And there was a small laurel wreath on it as an emblem – symbol of victory. Finally, the dream after July 10, 2011 came true. It said this was my husband, but it would be 'A slow boat to China.' So that's 8 years.

I told him that in spiritual marriage, we are united FOREVER. Even when we die, we're still together.

\*\* The song he wrote about us which led to our Mystical Marriage, was the only time he ever appeared in a public place & performed it, along with some other songs of that time.

\*\*\* We spoke of DEATH. I told him that my heart was bad, I also had pain when I walked. I said I could die any day. He said, 'It's more likely I'll die before you.'

\*\*\* I told him I'd been busy writing my book, had several Parts done – He asked if he was in it. I said only the famous guys – I named some of them – I said I'd not gotten to the main Cougar part yet which he'd be in. I

feared he might be upset as he wasn't famous. {But look now, he got his wish, he died, so that put him in my book, so ironic.}

We spoke for an hour & a half, it was from 3:44 am to 5:15am.

**I'll Now Channel –**  
Speak to Him Actually,  
He's with me, it's more  
than mind reading

***Right: Yes I'm proud of  
what he had, not  
ashamed – God's gift  
The pics you see with  
my name were taken all  
in 5 hours***

ME: Nick, there are so many things on my mind it'll take a week to discuss them all with you. The pieces of the puzzle have fallen together & I understand our dilemma. If you got yourself straightened out, went into rehab, got clean, moved in with me, could you have been happy? And myself also?



HE: Anything could have been. Might not have been perfect but overall yes, we would have been happy. The difficult part was leaving the people of drugs, their mentality, their hold on me. They had me in a vice. I'd been friends with them since kindergarten. Whether they were good or bad, they controlled me. I was afraid of them, of leaving them, like leaving a religion you're brainwashed in.

ME: And the person you lived with, did you actually love her in True Love? On Halloween, when she struck the beer from my hand, you came over & told me you loved her. I knew you didn't – not the way you loved me, but of course it was confusing. When you saw me you'd say, 'Don't mess up my deal with her.'

You often pretended you weren't with her any more, that you were 'talking' {code word for fucking} to another girl, this one or that one. I believed you, but it was strange, I was no longer jealous. I knew they meant nothing.

What was 'the deal?'

HE: She enabled me for drugs, you know that, you've known it all along. Because of her I could do drugs regularly where I couldn't afford them before, that was it.

ME: Was death your way out? How did our last conversation affect you, did it make you lose hope of being with me for sex, therefore, never seeing me again, & you didn't want to live?

HE: I didn't care. It's not like I sat down & said I'm going to kill myself. I didn't care then if I lived or died, if living was without you, then life would be unbearable. Suddenly I saw, when I lost you, that you were all I lived for – the center of my life, my love. I didn't love anyone else. But I could not leave these people, so that was it. Between a rock & a hard place, the only way out is to die.

ME: But you could have called again & again, tried to persuade me to see you. Why did you accept it as final? And when you didn't call after that, I did not call you now that I had your # on my caller return – because I promised God not to chase you. And after you didn't call for a month, I just waited on God's will.

*Next pic: He was 22 when I took these. I met him when he was 19. Thank God I got to take these images as I'd have no proof now of how beautiful he was. I kept telling him the night we met – 'Do you realize how beautiful you are? He said no, he looked perplexed. 'Doesn't anyone tell you?' He said no. 'Didn't your Mom tell you?' He said 'That would be weird.' I got a mirror & held it to him, 'Look, don't you see the beauty?' He DID NOT. At age 19, he had muscles which were perfect – not the body building kind that look like balloons, the kind that look like a young Greek statue from the Olympics, 3 years later he'd lost those muscles as he didn't exercise the way he had to in High School – a shame, but still, he was great.*

HE: I'm a weak guy, I'm not like you. I'm a vagabond, a joker, I float downstream. I'm not strong enough to do like you do, I'm a pushover.

ME: Was there anything I could have done to prevent your death?

HE: If you continued having sex with me, it might have prolonged my death for years, but sooner or later on drugs, I would have OD'd. It wasn't God's will that I kept using you like that. You gave me an ultimatum at one point. You said you wanted a relationship, that I had to make up my mind. That I should have sex with all the girls I wanted, & when I'd had enough, decide, choose which one.

Eventually, I chose Ruth-Anne {not her real name}. It was because she was a drug enabler, which suited me fine. You were pushing for rehab, she was pushing just say yes to drugs. I chose drugs.

After 9 months apart I couldn't stay away from you & we joined up again & kept going until the Covid thing hit & you couldn't come downtown, as all the places we hung out were closed – one spot that was open you were blocked– that's where I used to hang out. You didn't know where to hang out for us to meet. {I had never given you my phone, I had blocked you on face book!} Then your legs began to hurt badly & you didn't know what to do, things went South for you, so you never came downtown again. You kept waiting for me to call. I sent you my picture on your cell phone once



on Nov 28, 2019 – but you didn't see it until Jan 2020 because you never used your cell phone. I was SNEAKY & did not put a return address! So I could say I didn't do it!

ME: That's one of those things that doesn't make sense about you. What were you afraid of? And the last time you called I had your #, you did not hide it. Why was that? Why were you no longer afraid of what you had feared before?

HE: I was afraid of everyone & everything, I'm paranoid about being ridiculed or criticized. So I tried to hide our relationship half the time, the other half I couldn't. Also, for a long time you were obsessed & you would follow me to parties & wait outside all night, or else you wrote all my friends, even my Mom. A lot of people wouldn't accept you – that's what I was afraid of.

Why I did not hide my # the last time I called? Because you weren't pursuing me any more, so I took a chance. And sure enough, you never called back. I had been so long without you, I had become desperate – I needed to be that way to treat you properly – but it was too little too late. I was trapped.

ME: OK, so I was obsessed. I would not have been if you were just nice to me, gave me your number & spoke to me regularly & saw me regularly. But you treated me like shyt because you knew you could. You saw me when it was convenient for you – you did that to other girls, they told me about it. But I was the one you loved, you could have been better to me. How did my being obsessed work for you? And when I stopped



being obsessed & stopped chasing you I had many dreams of you being unhappy, just totally wiped out & spaced out.

HE: That I was. When you were obsessed it gave me security, when you stopped, I was lost. That was my Purgatory, that's why I don't need any other Purgatory, I'm in Heaven now with you. {Note: His Purgatory was only 10 days, he was with me upon death, happy, but not yet ecstasy.}

ME: I was so abandoned by you & God forbid me to chase you any more. We made a deal – God & I. I was to stop chasing you, pursuing you. Only when you seemed near suicide, I sent you a message through a friend. When you got the message finally, is when you did call & you wrote about me in several songs. My dreams showed you in despair. I was honestly afraid you'd kill yourself, & in fact, you did.

Should I have agreed to see you in the future? Would that have prevented your OD'ing?

***Right: He fell asleep on a break, his penis looks 8" soft, lol***

HE: The dye was cast. We spoke on this before. It was not God's will you keep being the sacrificial lamb for me. We came to the end. Yes, I had to die. There was no way out for me. I would have tortured you again if I got my way, honestly. You would have waited & waited again, your poor mind devastated when I did what I felt like doing. It would have knocked you out of your serenity & ability to finish your books & do your work. I was poison to you, unless I had done what



you asked. It could not be my way – my way was a bad road.

ME: OK, got it. Now a bit about the present. You're dead body wise. You have left Ruth-Anne, all the lowlife's, the fake friends, those who abused you, the don't cares, the never cared but I'm sure there's some good people there, I'm just naming the bad ones.

You have hundreds of people thinking about you, posting on social media, praising you, mourning & grieving, wishing you peace, posting images & videos of you. It's pandemonium. And these same people did not help you get off drugs, some enabled you to be on them, & it bothered me when you put songs on they either ignored them or put a few likes, but not many. They did not encourage you.

They are talking about you 'the life of the party,' how funny you were, how lively, the smiles, lighting up a room, etc., on & on. How is all this affecting you?



***Prio pics: I learned photo shop during the time of male models so changing colors was fun. Even his hands were beautiful.***

HE: Not well, it's disturbing my peace. These well wishers, most of them did not love me in real life, not true love. They used me for laughs & entertainment, they didn't care about my pain, they never thought about it.

They did not even try to see behind the mask. You know the story of the depressed man?

Zampano was the greatest clown in his country, everyone marveled at him in the circus. A man, extremely depressed, went to a doctor & asked for help. The doc said,

‘Try to relax & be happy. Go see Zampano, the clown.’

And the man said,

“I am Zampano.”

You were the only one who saw behind the mask, that’s why you were worried. You knew that without drugs, I wanted to kill myself. You knew I had been abused, I told you once, so did my brother, but then I denied it later. I didn’t want anyone to know, I was ashamed, afraid, I hid it, I denied it, I clowned around a lot to pretend. And once I got on drugs, that was my downfall, & that’s when I was great entertainment, drunk, marijuana & cocaine – maybe other stuff - & I made everyone laugh. They all loved Nick, the clown, the vagabond, the crazy guy, I made everyone laugh, I was loud, hahah, lol. But you were always aware of the pain inside.

And so now, as you read all these posts it bothers you. And because it bothers you, it troubles me. I want you happy. And also, they are thinking about me so they are sending their low vibes into my Higher Space. It’s like bombarding my classical music radio station with hard Metal Rock or terrible static. This will go on until these clowns forget me. Some are sending grieving vibes to me, it’s negative. It’s disturbing my serenity. They were attached to me, they want me, they are trying to pull me down. I feel like rocks hitting our residence, static hitting our airwaves, hard metal rock interfering with our classical, sublime music.

Where I am with you is peaceful, Heavenly & Godly. They aren’t there, so their attention is assaulting me.

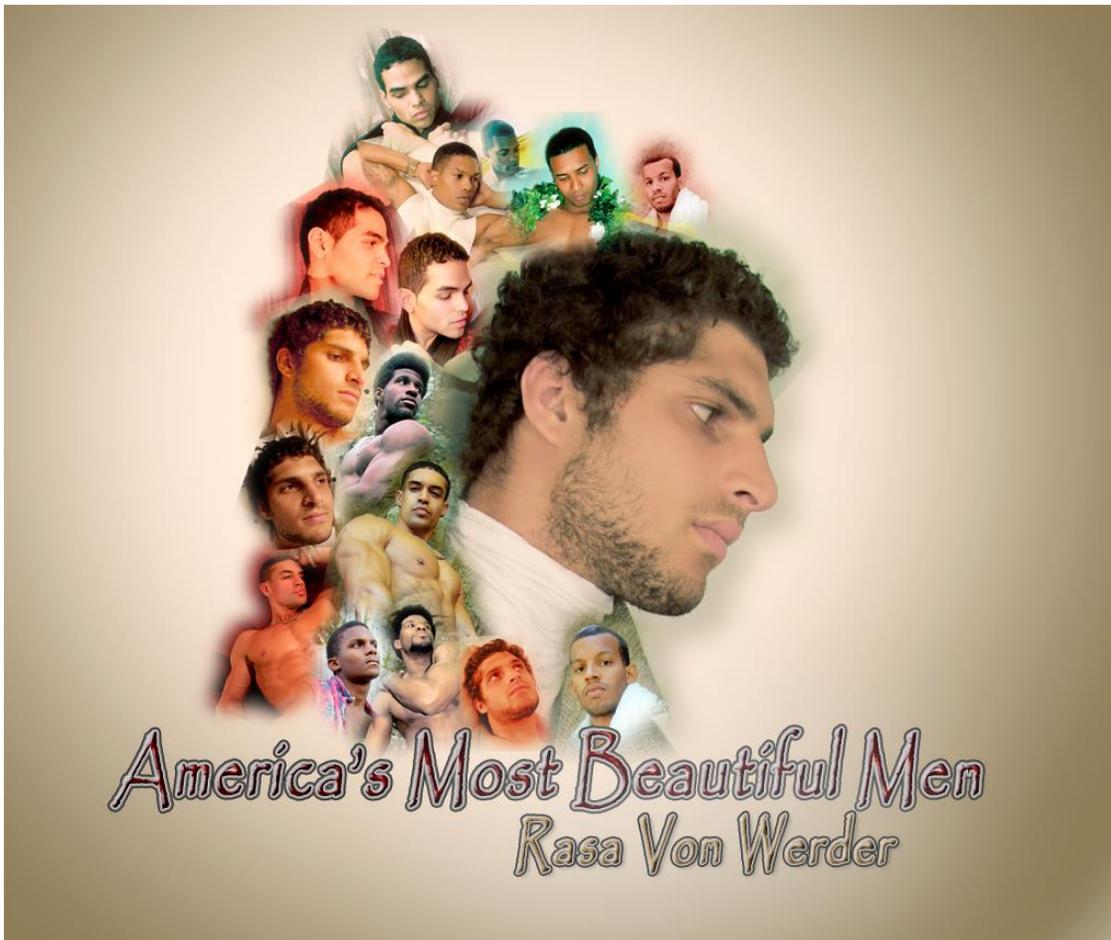
And you can’t help but check the media & it’s bothering you & therefore me, as we are One.

Most of these people will forget me in a month, until then we hang on. Some women will grieve longer, some men, a few people, male & female were infatuated with me. It’s attachment, it’s not spiritual love. So it is not pleasant for me to feel this, & they are NOT helping me in any way, they can’t – they can’t help themselves.

When they say they are praying – most of them are doing words. It’s not in their heart. Their prayers, if any, probably take 30 seconds. The fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much, but the lukewarm prayer of

the unrighteous avails nothing. Few of them are giving me any spiritual support, maybe one or two, that's it. So hang on, Rasa, the stoning will stop in about a month. Most of them will forget & then we will find the Peace they say they want for me.

*{Note: After ONE WEEK the posts subsided, days went by without one, lol. Such devoted friends.}*





***His pics on [www.EmbodimentofGod.com](http://www.EmbodimentofGod.com): For IMAGES of my spiritual husband, whose real name is Nicholas Anthony Van Dunk, see the Shiva Shrines 'Venus, Adonis-Rasa, Jeffry' & 'the Holy Grail of Manhood <math>\diamond</math> Jeffrey Michelangelo' These shrines exemplify my love for him from day one & give some insights - A most relevant fact is that from the beginning I encouraged him to go into rehab. His 'friends' were against me & my advise - These 'friends' are all posting on his face book after death, saying how much they loved him. But most of them discouraged him from being with me & taking the guidance I gave. I PREDICTED over & over if he didn't quit the drugs he would die of an overdose. But sadly, he chose his path & now he is dead - if only his friends helped me with him, this could have been avoided. But they PRESSURED him to leave me & applauded his negative relationships.***

***Like wolves, they howled for him to stay with the pack. But now their tails should be between their legs. The happy side of this is he has left them, his body is gone. But he is with me spiritually, metaphysically, he is not dead, he is alive with me. We are happy. He loves me, I love him, in True Love. He had to die to leave them, he saw no other way; he did not have the strength to defy the demons for me.***

***These shrines I had put up about Nick in 2014 & 2015, I removed due to his complaints - as his friends wee razzing him - & just now I put them back up. He is dead, they can't harass him any more, he & I are now free to love one another & share our love for eternity. We are happy. I can't say this to everyone as they are so shallow they will not have the least understanding, some of these people are less than animals - animals are good.***

***From friend Pete Jackson in response to my complaints about his 'friends' who didn't want me with him, denied he was ever abused & took drugs to mask the pain, denied he was an addict, denied that I could help him personally or career wise, etc:***

***“As for the people that knew him being in such denial (if not outright enablers) about his drug addiction problem and such, that was probably because either a) they were fake friends who literally didn't care at all if he***

*lived or died, b) they were simply far too selfish and self-centered to do anything about it, or c) they simply didn't want to believe such a thing was true because the very idea scared the crap out of them, and perhaps they thought they could just wish it all away. The same goes for the denial about Xxxxx abusing him as well.”*

### **8-20-22 Nick With Me – His Purgatory but Still United**

This is probably a result of saying the Holy Mass for him yesterday {said it again today} – I was upset yesterday as I had prayed but could not get a dream on him. He was somehow ‘missing’ in presence, although I did speak to him, but other than that, no sense of him being near. I attributed it to being bombarded by hundreds of people thinking, grieving, longing for his presence – this would be like ‘stoning’ or assaulting our Spiritual Edifice {we are together} & interferes with communication, the way static jams a radio broadcast.

However, the dream of this night/day explains to me what is going on, & I am edified & comforted.

### **The Dream of Nick’s Purgatory**

The beginning is I see a young lady arriving, from another country, to my left, getting on a bus. She’s trying to be accepted in this ‘new world’, trying to survive. She is sincere; I get a innocent feeling from her. She looks like maybe 22 yrs old, wearing a soft light colored, loose white dress with maybe a small flower print all over it. She wears glasses. I see her later in the dream but it’s vague. She’s to my left, the bus is pointing left.

\*\*\* {MY LEFT, FOREIGN FEMALE ARRIVES: This is me, someone different, age, lifestyle, arriving downtown on a journey {bus} to obey what God told me – quit celibacy & ‘have fun.’ I am sincere & have good intentions.

I came upon the scene in our college town, a Cougar, which is unusual, different, foreign. I was told by God to do this, I obeyed, against my own human feelings. The white dress shows purity of intention or heart, the

glasses show I am trying to learn something – like putting on your glasses to read. She ‘to my left’ & the bus pointing left is THE PAST, it has left. }\*\*\*

Next, something about a farm or extended property. You have to go on a road upward to get here – I’ve vaguely been here before, it’s a dirt road leading here. What I notice most of all is the small house, which is like a guest house but it’s the crudest, most primitive house you can imagine, like made of cinder blocks, then plastered, then painted white on the bottom, about 4’ & the roof starts a couple feet higher.

It’s one floor, one room, the roof is triangle, not high. I imagine inside is nothing but the bare necessities & in it is living a man who CAN’T WORK because he’s like me – now disabled {but I don’t know from what, myself, I had heart attacks & legs hurt when I walk} & he is here by the good will of the people who own this extended property. I see their house off to the left, its one floor, brown wood, I just glance at it, the feeling is a large house & property. They needed someone to work for them & this man can’t work. But I put in a word for him, telling them he can be of use to them, maybe as a sentinel,– another set of eyes. I don’t see the people, them interacting with me or him, like its all mental transactions.

Now this man & I are walking together away from his little house in front of it by the road & toward the large house, not to it, but in front of it, just walking. He looks exactly like my previous hairdresser, an old gay man I had a falling out with but we reconciled. White hair is a step up from grey, grey is stress, white is total stress.

This man is no longer at the place he used to be – he’s either dead or retired.

\*\*\*{SMALL HOUSE ON LARGE PROPERTY, WHITE HAired MAN WE HAD A FALLING OUT BUT RECONCILED: This is Nick & it’s the most telling symbol in this dream. It explains how we are together. He’s in a ‘Purgatory’ which means cleansing, his domain or consciousness of God is limited, while mine is large {even though I’m alive, I’ve lived through my Purgatories & still am}, his little ‘house’ vs. my large one & extended property. {Jesus said, ‘In my Father’s house are many mansions, I go to prepare them for you.’} He’s present with me, & walking with me is because he knows I love him. He’s WITH ME.

This answers my confusion of him saying he was in Heaven with me. But what about his Purgatory? I thought. He said over & over,

“As long as I know you love me, I’m happy.”

The CINDER BLOCKS, the basic or foundation of the house is VERY STRONG, which is the foundation of our relationship as well as his position with God. He is part of the Kingdom or Realm of God. Being plastered & painted WHITE is our MARRIAGE. The wooden roof, not too high, is he's still not PERFECT as far as being cleansed, totally united, totally One with me & God – wood being the wood of the Cross. But he is HERE & as I said, he is happy to be with me & God {all souls in Purgatory are considered with God, it is called 'the Church Suffering but their suffering has different degrees. Some are in FLAMES like my first husband was in the beginning, & some in relative joy, like Nick here, he isn't miserable, his pain is regret not having chosen me {as public partner} in life.

The BIG HOUSE that I see at a glance is my domicile on earth. Yes, I'm still suffering also, as this is the 'valley of tears,' & going up here, on a DIRT road, dirt is EARTH, uphill is GOLGOTHA. It's a PARTIAL HAPPINESS, partial comprehension of God/Good/Joy/Peace. We are both partially happy, imperfectly so.}\*\*\*

I see men around, some are soldiers. I look behind me & one of them is stocky, like 5'9" or 10", about 250 lbs, his uniform is medium light brown. Where there should be medals there are none – either he never



got any or they were taken away. He seems to be more than a 'private' as I see spaces above his heart where medals should be, it's like rows of little black squares where the insignias should be under there but they aren't. He's some kind of rank above private but I don't know what, if he's enlisted, or was an officer. To me the most striking feature is the ABSENCE of medals.

\*\*\* {MAN WITHOUT MEDALS: I'm sensing this is a man very close to him – not a distant but close relative, who abused him as a child. He has REPENTED. He beckons to me because I am the dominant person in this relationship with Nick. He has to address me first by protocol or in other words, get permission to speak to Nick while I'm with him. {This is so telling re Nick's state, with me & in Purgatory. This man once was considered vitally important in Nick's life. But now he is not. I am important for two reasons. One, Nick is in Purgatory & it is my Onus or privilege to minister to them there, those that are chosen for me, & second, Nick is my husband or next of kin. This makes me the primary person in Nick's life.} I am Nick's PROTECTOR. So he tells Nick HE IS SORRY. Being UP A TREE is being extremely upset, it's being UP THE CROSS. He wants Nick to know he is sorry.

The space above his heart has little black blocks or squares. Instead of loving Nick, he didn't – ABSENCE of love.

This man has some resemblance to the man in real life who abused him, the heaviness is his attachment to the earth. Fat usually means indulgence rather than abstinence or sacrifice. Absence of medals is his ABSCENSE OF LOVE.}\*\*\*

Even though he approached me, the person he really wants to speak with is my companion.

This man is swarthy, thick black wavy hair, his skin is brown the way a Hindu would be brown. At first he's just walking, then he waves to me that he wants to speak to me. I stop & pay attention.

He now walks up to this bush, which is in my front yard. It has only about 6 branches, each extending about 8", not bushy, & somehow this heavy man is standing on one of the branches & telling my friend that they are related. It's distant, but he explains it. Somehow this is striking – have no idea why.

Then, somehow, I want to live in an adjoining small house to keep this white-haired man company. It looks just like his house. I think to myself,

"I can manage. As long as it is fortified against the cold for the winter {like his house made of cinder blocks, then plaster painted white} & has a stove inside, I can get basic amenities, I can survive the winter. And since we'd be close to each other, we can visit, keep each other company. My hut

is a bit closer to the main house than his. {Why I can't move in with him I don't know.}

So I go look at this small house but to my surprise it is not how it looked. I do see several structures, they are miserable, for animals only. They are not fortified against the cold, they are half open. One is on all 2' stilts, the walls & roof above the stilts, filled with green plant material like hay but more green.

Another structure is half open to the outside, like wind, rain & cold – I do see an animal here or there, like a dog, running out of these places.

\*\*\* {ME: I need help here, Mother God. What does this mean?

MG: Keeping him company doesn't refer to in Purgatory, it's you thinking about the earth, how it would have been had you started up again. This says it wouldn't have worked. It would have DRAGGED YOU DOWN TO THE ANIMAL LEVEL! When you were dating on & off all you did was wait on his convenience & pleasure, it was torture. This would be also, he told you so himself, it was not God's will - you would have a Purgatory that is unbearable, while he enjoys the security of the little house as mentioned. Yes, he was a part of you then & still the same, he is joined with you. But you must stay in your domain; you could not lower yourself TO THE ANIMAL LEVEL again! It would have been too terrible for you - {not him!}}\*\*\*

Then something strange.

Somehow I imagine myself & that foreign female setting up a hut, like I imagined in the first place, where we can invite several poor men like the friend spoken of, & we can do sexy private dances for them. But they have to pay – not much. Like we dance, they give us \$10 to take off our tops. Then maybe all naked, they give us \$20. This is cheap but these men are poor. It's a service we could provide. The premises are tiny, we're all poor, it's just a way of love & survival.



But as I think about it I think what if it gets out of hand & these men rape us? How could we prevent it? So it's just an idea that might not work.

\*\*\* {HUT WITH PRIVATE DANCES: This is the same theme just broached & it repeats the identical conclusion. You could not set up a service where Nick could 'get you cheap.' Yes, you're sincere & yes, you want to make him happy. But being raped would be the conclusion, which means being used & violated. No, it was not the answer to your relationship. And no, he was unable, as we have repeatedly said, to fulfill the standards required to have a relationship with you – to make you happy as well as himself.}\*\*\*

### **Speaking with Nick Again:**

OK so here we are. You're in Purgatory, on a lower level than myself, but you are WITH ME which makes me happy. Describe what you are feeling.

NICK: My Purgatory is one of regret. I regret my decision to stay with drugs & druggies; I could have been with you.

I wanted to use you for love & satisfaction, not caring how you felt, it was selfish & self-centered. {Self absorbed, unable to have compassion.}

Yes, I could have done it, left them, but I didn't. How wrong I was. In the song 'Cocaine & Broken Bottles' I said 'I have made mistakes' – 'Here's my heart & take it 'cause all its done is break.' My mistake was the decision, as I keep saying, to stay with them, not you.

You would have brought me out of my misery into a permanent high, like I'm feeling now relatively speaking, free of drugs. Except for my regrets, I'm happy.

Yes, you could have made me a star. Not a huge star like Drake because that would have meant full time for both of us, but big to my peers. I could have been in media & on TV as your boyfriend. I could have jump started my rap music, performing on the TV shows.

I would have been in demand as a model, I would have done guest appearances on TV for our relationship & my music – speaking & performing.

I could have quit my drudge job & instead, given you the help needed on your land & house. I'd be riding the lawn mower on your lawn, lol. I'd

be on the ATV {all terrain vehicle} & a snowmobile, having fun. You might even allow me to have my friends over on the riverfront, island, camping out, cooking on bonfires like Boy Scouts. It did not have to be boring.

And I would have been drug free, not having the stress of illegal drugs, just drinking beer or maybe liquor once in a while –even some grass now that it’s legal but nothing hard or illegal. What’s wrong with that?

I could have been happy, but I didn’t listen to God. You taught me to pray then you asked me how did I do? I told you God told me to ‘work on our relationship.’ But I didn’t. That is a regret, that’s Purgatory.

ME: Anything else you regret?

HE: My whole life. I could have been with you after we met again in 2014, when you asked me how I felt about you, & I said, to your shock, “I want to marry you!”

Then a year later, you told me sex wasn’t enough, you wanted a relationship, & I said I was too young! {I was 23}

Then about 6 months after that I gave a relationship to another woman FOR DRUGS!

How awful could I be? It broke your heart in two, but you forgave me again & again & kept on, after a while. You couldn’t say no to me forever. I was cruel.

ME: But then the day came when I was no longer there. The Covid fiasco hit, bars were closed, we had no way of communicating unless you called me, but you didn’t. Why didn’t you call?

HE: Because I was spoiled. I thought you’d find a way of communicating, reach me. I was too lazy & proud to call; I kept waiting for you to take the bait. Remember when I kept posting on face book to make you jealous? Yes, I used jealousy as bait, but you didn’t bite. I used the woman I was with & my child – the image of the happy family – to incite your jealousy, but it didn’t work. The posts gave you pain, but God would warn you,

“He’s just doing this to make you jealous.”

So when one knows the other is doing it to make them jealous, it stops working.

This went on for a long time, & I gave up. I put another name on my face book {one that you called – you said I was ‘crafty’ so I called myself ‘Robert Craft’} but you sleuthed it out. And you noticed there were no more

posts to make you jealous – none with my present gf & child – none. I just spoke of the usual nonsense guys talk about.

ME: How long did it take you to realize I was not going to try to reach you & I was no longer chasing you, & then how did you feel?

HE: My whole world collapsed, I died inside. I was in a state of grief that only substances could ease.

ME: But it as so easy to pick up the phone & call me. At that time, I would have given in. It took a while for me to close the door to seeing you under those conditions. I had to get strong myself, but once I got to the point I was no longer addicted {to your physical touch}, my better judgment took over, I knew I could not continue as we had. Then the door was closed.

HE: I wasn't the brightest egg in the carton, I missed my chance. My delusions were such that I thought you'd never get over me, you were my de facto slave, my doormat. But life changed. I was forsaken, yes, I was in misery.

ME: today was your funeral. There were a lot of tears, they are still posting dozens of letters a day on your face book. According to them, they all loved & liked you. But they didn't help you get off drugs, they didn't approve of me, they ridiculed your pics that I was going to use to make you a star, & when you posted music, they didn't put likes. How did these people actually show their love?

HE: I hate to even talk about these people, now that I see them clearly. I forfeited you for them. What a fool I was. When you bring them up I feel great pain – all of them. None of them helped me. They were enablers to drugs, mostly. Even those who were not addicts, they encouraged my affair with the female who enabled my drugs, most of them were against you, so they were all in plain sight, my enemies.

You were my only friend. Who else pushed for rehab? Who else could have & would have made me a star? Who spent thousands of dollars on that book to make me a celebrity? Who chased me to the point of suffering, while I tortured you? No woman I had sex with suffered so much as you, although I was a cad with all of them. But you I was the worst cad to. And you forgave me again & again, your love was too strong.

I regret hurting you. Why did I hurt you when we could have been happy? So many years were wasted running around, doing nothing that meant anything, with people that were not on my side but on the side of the

devil. You came from God, they came from Hell. I don't want to talk about them any more, please. It's painful.

ME: I will continue to do the Holy Masses for you & you will rise closer & closer to me & God. Your Purgation will be over one day, I don't know when, but it's temporary. All your pain will vanish. All's well that ends well. Amen.



**Dream:** Was hoping for something ecstatic or joyful, but no, frustrating dreams. Said the Holy Mass for him again.

Something about my vehicle. Working on it so hard. It looks OLD, like 1975, but it's a high quality car.

I did all sorts of improvements to it, my male friends helped. I thought it was set to go.

I get into the driver's side & first, the seat adjustment is not right, I have to bend down to the floor & work, work, work on it. I fear I might push the wrong knobs & the car might take off & crash somehow, but it's OK.

Then I get to this cage. It's long like an oval {widest in the center, like 6" but it tapers down to a point top & bottom, the entire thing maybe 1.75'} tube in front of me, black, & I have to get this cage away from my wheel, - there's something inside it. I work & work on it, to no avail.

There are some young men in front, walking by, one is much larger than the others. I'm hesitant to ask them to help but finally I do. I say, "How can I drive this car with this cage in front of my wheel?" I guess I ask them for help but don't see the results.

\*\*\* {OLD VEHICLE, FRUSTRATING CAGE WITH SOMETHING IN IT IN FRONT OF ME, CAN'T GET GOING ALTHOUGH WE PUT LOTS OF WORK IN THIS CAR. See a group of young males in front, one of them big, think of asking for help, don't see results:

The 'old car' is the ancient relationship, started in 2011, which you worked on so hard to attain. But it didn't work because of his drug addiction, which is the cage with someone in it in front of you. It stood between you & the wheel, the wheel being the thing that would make it happen.

Adjusting your seat over & over is adjusting your mind & heart to the changes – fearing the relationship would CRASH or end.

But in spite of all the work, the adjustments, you cannot get this relationship to go because of his drug addiction, the cage with him in it.

He is the BIG or important young man with the group of guys in front of you – you ask him for help after a while – but Nick never gave help, he tried little, so the relationship never got going, it failed. His group of guys were enablers. They were half the problem.

Then there was some sort of women's association, & we met. In the end they have a Church meeting, but I don't attend. I went through there but for some reason, do not participate. But I do, when walking through, kneel before the altar & Bl. Sacrament as do all Catholics. But somehow, are they Protestants & don't do the Holy Mass? Something mysterious here, as I would always participate in a legitimate Mass, receiving the Body & Blood of Jesus & Mary.

\*\*\* {GROUP OF WOMEN, PROTESTANT SERVICE: This is important & you never thought of it. All these people, including all the women mourning, are saying they're praying for the family, the parents & his gf & child, etc. Not one single person posted to PRAY FOR HIM, HIS SOUL, HAVE MASSES SAID FOR HIM! Except for you, his soul would be greatly in need of prayers, as are all the Souls in Purgatory, but Protestants wrongly believe people go either straight to Hell or Heaven. And that leaves only one person from all these 'friends' actually doing the

right thing – you! Wow! You are all he has to help him, when he was alive & in death! No wonder God sent you to him!}\*\*\*

### **Meditations on Nick**

Last night as I sat meditating I saw the whole series of torturous things Nick did to me. Looking only at these one would throw up their hands & say,

“It isn’t worth it! Drop this man, he hates you, he doesn’t love you, he’s hurting you! Stop loving him, stop bothering with him, find someone else!” -

Which is what most people told me to do - But there was no one else in my heart. After feeling really down & sunken, it then came to me, something someone said on Forensic files, re criminals who hurt & murder others.

This lawman said something like,

“These are always love-hate relationships. The person loves someone & because they do, when their love is rejected, they hate the person & do this to them.”

He was speaking of criminal behavior & grievous harm.

It then came to me – I already knew it before but had forgot – that I was a representative of a Mom or caregiver. This Mom did not PROTECT him from the abuse.

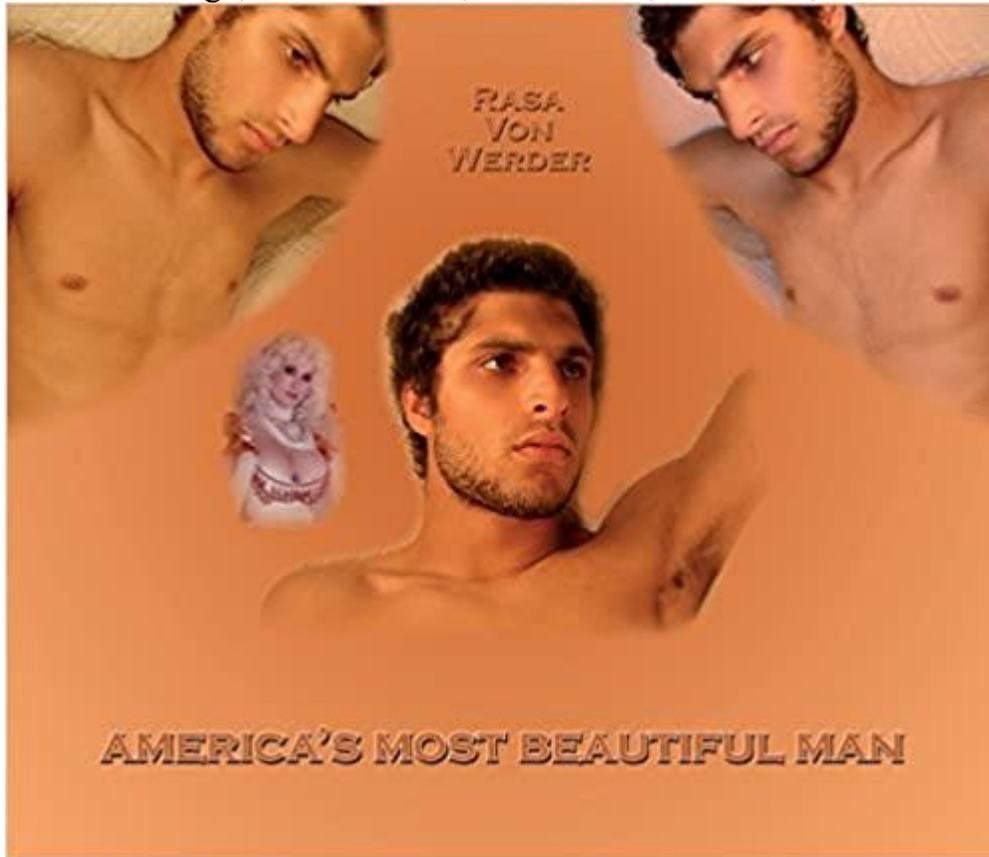
Our affair was complicated with several components. One part was his anger toward Mom. I was the surrogate; he took it out on me. Next, part 2, he wanted to make me jealous. He wanted me to keep chasing him &



suffer through jealousy, {when I got over the addiction part years later, he had no power over me.}

But while we were together he vented his anger against Mom, I was the whipping post, the target, I served that purpose.

Why did he do it? Because he knew he could, that I loved him so much I would forgive him again & again, so he could use me many times to vent his rage. This was a SERVICE to him, it relieved his pain, a therapy. How dare, not love me Mom? How dare you permit this man to abuse me? This puts me in a rage; I need to vent, somewhere, somehow, on someone.



Now meanwhile, the occasional trysts. These reinforced both our love & kept me addicted. The time he had a big change of heart, when we didn't see each other for 7 months due to circumstances, he wrote his repentance piece, "Cocaine & Broken Bottles."

This affected our Mystical Marriage when I accepted his repentance. But during the affair, he would reinforce our love by seeing me every 4 or 5 weeks – just enough to keep it going, not enough to satisfy me or make me feel secure, keeping me on tender hooks. And in between that, torture.

What kept me going? When I saw him, from day One, I would go into a trance. It happened spontaneously, that thing where

“I have often walked, on the streets before, but the pavement always stayed beneath my feet before, all at once am I, several stories high, knowing I’m on the street where you live.”

They call it WALKING ON AIR, you don’t feel the ground under your feet, you are in another world, lighter than air, you float. This happened EVERY TIME we were together, & he knew he had to reinforce that in order to use me. Yes, he was in love, he told Stephanie Barret – she told me. He said it to me & in front of his friends, I recorded the date, it’s on my site under ‘Journal’. He was in love too, but the way he was in public made people think otherwise. So he accomplished two principles at once, he had sex with me, got the love he needed, he also got to vent his rage on me, two services given.

For me – just love. It brought me to my knees – I began having anxiety attacks in late 2016, then several heart attacks. Not saying he was 100% the cause of my heart attacks, because clogged up arteries are most of it – but he brought them on more quickly than they would have come.

### **Speaking with God – What Good Came out of This for Me, for Him**

MG {Mother God}: For you, think of life AS A TEST. Each challenge, situation, mountain to climb, is a test of your love & virtue. Each test you show love & virtue, you PASS, might get a MEDAL. All this adds to your brightness in heaven.

So what was this test? Your love. Here a guy loves you but persecutes you because he needs to vent on his Mom. You don’t realize that at the time – it took a few years to figure – but you love him so much, no matter what he does, you forgive. Most of the gals he bedded he treated badly – the only one he was halfway decent to was the drug enabler, & it wasn’t because he loved her, it was the drugs. All the rest of them he used & abused, & these females just walked away after a couple times, different ones according to how they felt. Some kept taking his abuse a bit more, some left him after one slap in the face. But you broke the record. And also, he tried harder with you than them, to keep it going.

ME: I just thought of a comparison, Mother God, to what he did to me. A torturer I have seen a few times on the crime shows will strangle a person until they pass out or almost pass out. They let them come to life, then strangle them again. Is this what he did to me?

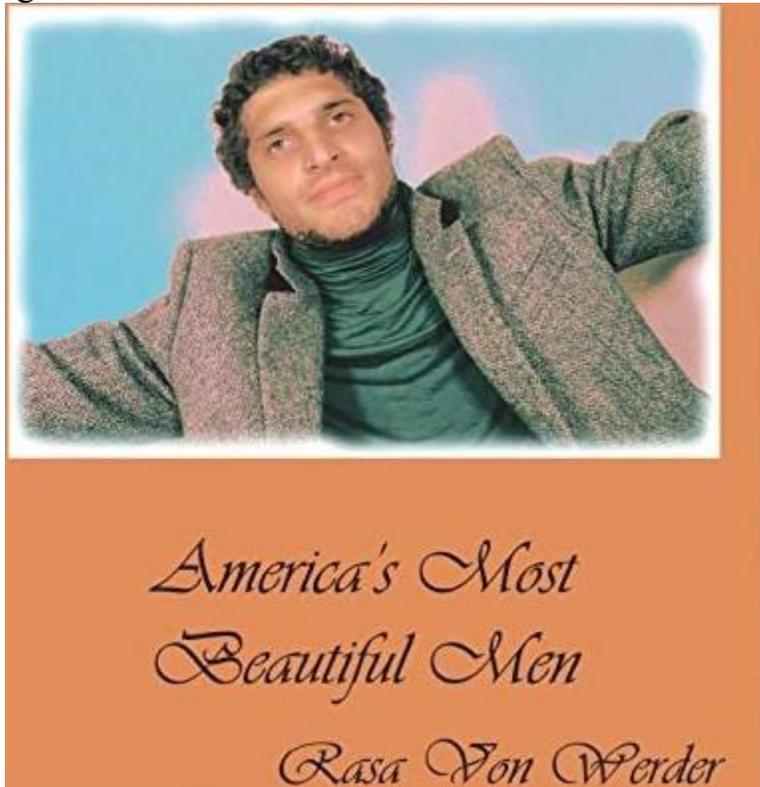
MG: Psychologically, yes. Who had more endurance than you? A lifetime of torture by various individuals made you strong. The person that can handle the most, bear the most for love is the strongest.

I know what you're thinking, what about being the stupidest? Like the smart person walks away after a couple blows, the dummy stays there & takes it.

It's RESILIENCE. Jesus was an itinerant preacher his entire life, during the time he left from age 12 to 29 & spent in India preaching, & later, after he recovered from the Cross, returned to India to preach again. He suffered greatly but kept working. He never took revenge, never hated. He was tortured in various ways, his life was under threat dozens of times, but he never quit. That's strength & resilience.

You chose your battles. You don't have to do every deal that comes along. You do certain things that match up with God's will – that's it, nothing else.

For him, he had a terrible need, to know someone loved him. Parents - when one abuses, the other abandons, you know how that hurts. A person has nowhere to turn to. His case was more intense - he turned to drugs.



You loved him. That was all he needed - True Love. You proved yourself. You told him you loved him, & you did, through it all. He was unable to give back the True love you needed in life, weakness & drugs disabled him. That's where the dream previously, in his little house, says he was 'unable to work'.

Upon death he appeared to you, free of drugs, now he could love you freely, & he does. {In his song to you, Cocaine & Broken Bottles, he says 'I wanted to be free – but free I'll never be'. He's not with anyone else – it's you.

{You notice that since the time you stopped chasing him he has put his poems & posts on face book, speaking of death again & again. "Death is calling my name," – many variations on death & paying the devil after one lost their soul to him. He had given up on life. You were the one that made him want to live; you gave him a purpose, a hope. When you were gone, that was gone.}

ME: He paints a pretty picture of how we could have been together on earth, but upon further thought I think he would have relapsed if his friends came over, that is, if I allowed them visits including camping, hiking, barbeques, all of that. I would have bought him an ATV & a Snowmobile. He said he would have had fun. But in my opinion, 99% of his friends take drugs, & they would have brought these drugs, & he would have relapsed. So I'm not sure how much fun he would have with only me, as he'd be safe with me, but he likes to have what he calls 'fun.'

MG: It would not have been easy, a hard patch to hoe, & if he stayed with you, had fun only with you, that would have kept him off drugs. But being the weak person that he is, he would have lied to you & begged to go here or there where he'd end up with the same bunch & relapsed, & the same as you said, if his friends came here, they would have brought drugs. You would have spent the rest of your life tending to the biggest baby you ever had – in & out of rehab & relapses, it would have shortened your life, it was not God's will.

### **8-22-22 Is He a Parasite?-Lol**

At first I didn't even know Nick was in this dream. At the end I realized he was.

Said the Holy Mass for him 4<sup>th</sup> day in a row, this is about it.

I am in this house or apt, a dwelling, but feeling sort of frustrated. We've been outside, we're now home. There's a male here & a female. The female went to stay or stand in the bathroom, not sure why. She's important to me but I've not paid attention to her, now I am.

I look around for her, go to the bathroom, there's a basket there filled with liquid, like a small basket, has about 4" of liquid with froth, not sure what it is, I empty it into the toilet.

I ask people where she is, the male there tells me she's here.

I decide I want to go out for a meal, a nice one, have not had a good meal outside the house in a long time. I want to take this female for a treat.

I see she has her car here; it's like a maroon color, old, like 1975. We can go in my car, I think, then I'll take her back here, she can take her vehicle to go home.

\*\*\* {MAROON VEHICLE, HERS: The color, blood, shows great pain, & it's recent, not purple which would be a long time standing. I suspect this is a Soul in Purgatory who is suffering greatly. She has come to me – God permitted her, means she deserves the MEAL or the Holy Communion I've been celebrating.}\*\*\*

I pass the male in this room, maybe a bedroom, where he's tinkering – don't know doing what.

Then I go on the porch, it's rickety, not feeling safe. It extends about 15' in length & maybe 8' wide, both ends have no railing & the floor isn't steady, it's like the foundation of the porch bends at both ends downward, where there is no railing or steps. The railing is in front.

I stand holding the railing & call for this female to the left, then to the right. Since I am so high up the people in the street, that are milling about, all notice me. It's my imposing height that interests them, but I feel weird. I call for her from the right & the left, then I see her standing behind me, a small person like a child.

\*\*\* {PEOPLE I'M CALLING OUT TO, IMPRESSED BY MY HEIGHT: These could be Souls in Purgatory. I am seeking out who will receive the benefit of the Holy Mass I did this day. And a designated female is here, a small



person means someone humble. It's her karma. The unsteady porch could be my uncertainty of what is going on, feeling unsure, confused, not secure. The Souls are impressed by my height – height is suffering, maybe it's how much can I take?}\*\*\*

The tinkering male, I kind of was disgusted with him for some reason, don't know why, & I'm not taking him out for this meal, just her, like he doesn't deserve it, but she does.

\*\*\* {HE DOESN'T DESERVE ME TAKING HIM OUT, JUST HER, HE'S TINKERING ETC: This is Nick. Oh, how telling this dream is. It says his karma does not allow him to get the benefit of this Holy Mass. But this other soul is receiving it. His tinkering is wasting time. This was his malady on earth. He wasted time instead of walking up to the plate. His transgression was 'dead bodies float downstream'. He now reminds me of my brother, who was a failure. He just couldn't cut the mustard, he was weak, maybe he wanted to be – there's no excuse. For Nick, the excuse could be severe abuse. Nevertheless, he's incapable of receiving this Holy Mass because of his karma. But this other lady is capable, so she gets the benefit.

The 'tinkering' is synonymous with the dream where he's in a tiny house on my property & I say 'he can't work' but he's here anyway, enjoying the benefit of my property. This is similar to my Mom & bro. He did nothing for her except obeyed her. She loved him, he was maybe not capable of love, he did nothing, she did everything.

In a similar sense, Nick, has done nothing for me, I have done everything. I have loved him, he wasn't capable of much love, but he was like an infant begging for mine, so I gave it to him. My love brought Nick into my sphere, he needed it, I accepted him, he's here forever. For the time being you could call him 'parasite,' as he isn't even appearing to me in dreams in any fashion, affection or love making {but let me add quickly, one can call an infant a 'parasite' on the body of a mother, while it's in the womb, while she has to wait on him hand & foot. The Mom doesn't EXPECT anything from the babe except his calling, yelling, screaming for her, he shows his needs, she shows her love. People can be like this also. Doesn't mean they are EVIL, just NEEDY. The Mother gets satisfaction from filling his needs, it's a MATERNAL INSTINCT.}

When he was living I had hundreds of dreams of love / affection / sex from him. But now, in Purgatory he is deprived of the energy, as he's being cleansed. I don't understand all the scientific ways of it, just that it is.

### **8-23-22 Musings, Must Get this Writing to Press**

Must get these writings to press, can't write down last night's dreams as I they aren't pivotal. What's relevant is that he said, "Can I ask you for a favor?"

I think, oh no, here goes, something I won't want to do like talk to one of his friends. But I say yes & he says,

"Just tell me on & off all day, like 10 times a day, that you love me. That's all I need to be happy." {PS Not just 10 but I must have said it 30 times yesterday & look at the results! The next day, he ASCENDS INTO HEAVEN!}

I asked him doesn't he long for the cleansing to finish so he can see God face to face, be perfect & in perfect Love?

He said yes, he does, but that might take some time, but right now, he is happy as long as he knows I love him, just affirm that & he is perfectly happy. When absolute perfection comes he'll be happier.

This brings to my understanding that Souls in Purgatory have no ENERGY – neither physical or spiritual. This makes them helpless & dependent. It might not be zero lack of spiritual energy, there might be just a tad when they come closer to being clean. I recall when ministering to Errol Flynn I asked him to give me some affection, after working on him for a couple months. He sent me all that he had – it exhausted him, it was like him 'passing out' from the effort. I felt so sorry that I asked.



When Nick was living, I don't know the scientific explanation for this – because he had a physical body, he could, with his mind & heart, send me energy which appeared as love making. It was blissful. Don't know how it happens. But once dead, it's finito, can't do it. I imagine when they become 'saints' or totally cleansed, they can once again do this if it is warranted.

I'm saying the Holy Mass for him daily but not seeing any results for him in my dreams, which is disappointing. Another female received the results yesterday.

In case you're wondering how I can say the Holy Mass when I'm not a Priest? I am a Priest, Jesus himself ordained me IN PERSON, which is explained else where – see my website [www.WomanThouArtGod.com](http://www.WomanThouArtGod.com) under 'How to Build a Church in Your Home.'

I think anyone in the state of Grace could be able to do the Holy Mass. I encourage women, especially, to do so.

### **8-24-22 He in BRIGHT DAYLIGHT OPEN SKY**

6<sup>th</sup> day Holy Mass – He was in Purgatory for only 10 days! 2<sup>nd</sup> shortest Purgatory for anyone I ministered to! The shortest one ever was a lady named Brenda, recently, who spent only 1 day in Purgatory for one forgotten sin!

#### **Is he in Heaven?**

I was doing something – what? Look below after this dream – it came back. Next thing I know I am looking at a wide open, huge field. Big sky, all super green on the bottom & in the middle of this field stands Nick. He looks healthy & the sun is so bright, his skin is dark as if from a tan. He looks handsome.

Alongside him is a smaller person, to his left, & a tiny person to his right, child size. I wonder, is this his gf & child?

#### **Meaning:**

\*\*\* (FIELD, OPEN, GREEN, GOOD FEELING: It seems that Nick has been cleansed & is now in his Heaven. The dreams following this he is the Asian man & the military man. It looks like I PAID to get him here – has to be the Holy Masses.

None of these people who were mourning for him ever mentioned praying for his soul or getting Masses for him, & most of them are Christians. So I was the only one that I know of literally helping him with true spiritual help. Yes, they grieved, yes, they gave money & the charity counts. But I did the most Powerful thing for his soul.

This CANNOT BE PURGATORY because Purgatory has always a CLOSED SPACE, be it a building, cave, or overhead sky that stops. But this is the open sky, & the green under one's feet is LIFE. Purgatory is usually colorless, drab, & dim. **This is so bright it looks like he got a tan from it! It's Heaven!}** \*\*\*

Prior to that, I was listening to a long 2 or more hour audio tape on those old fashioned tape machines. I heard Nick, & he said re me,

“Yes, she had consecrated part of my brain” {words are vague} meaning I had an influence on his brain, I touched it.

I wanted to keep that tape preserved, it was precious.

I wake up in wonder & go back to sleep. Maybe the next dreams will help solve this.

### **These Dreams Explain that I Paid for His Happiness –**

The Poor Women, Woman, in both dreams are his girl friend who is MOURNING / CRYING, & the second person is his 3 year old son. This is saying I STOPPED THEIR TEARS, they are now happy WITH HIM because he is IN HEAVEN - & obviously this is in their souls, it’s probably UNCONSCIOUS – But if he’s in Heaven then their souls are at peace, not in misery.

1<sup>st</sup> Dream: I’m in a house with my middle-aged Asian Dad {like around 50-55} – he’s short, his skin looks pasty & has a couple bumps on it - is standing to my left facing straight so his left side is to me, he’s higher up, I might be sitting. It seems he’s DEPENDENT on me financially because he says to me,

“Please see to it these 2 bills are paid,”  
and I pick them up & look at them – they seem innocent enough {I didn’t want Dad doing anything extravagant or using me} but then I say  
“Hey, I’m not paying for these two young concubines {word is vague, could be gf’s or wives} for you!”

And he says,

“But they are BEAUTIFUL!”



How weird can it get? Next thing I know they are here, & they were so poor that being here, me paying their way, Dad gets their company, worked out alright.

\*\*\* {ASIAN, PASTY FACE/SKIN WITH BUMPS: This reminds me a bit of how Nick looks in his latest images. He's gained weight & yes, in the past – when I photographed him he had a couple bumps like adult acne – very slight. But his skin looks slightly like that in his latest pictures. Second clue is he's ASIAN & that DEFINITELY means in my vocabulary A RESIDENT OF HEAVEN OR A SPIRITUAL, HOLY BEING. This says he has ascended {another hint, he's higher than me, looking forward & me being on his left, is he's left me behind on earth, he's ascended into heaven} & by his ascension he has brought happiness to his little family of girlfriend & 3 year old son. This reminds me of when Errol Flynn, after he'd been in Heaven through my ministry for years, used me or my 'office' on earth, to life up his last wife & girl friend from Purgatory into Heaven, lol, on the same day.

Him being DEPENDENT on me is obviously when he was in Purgatory, this underscores their position in relation to us, they cannot give, only receive from us, so he's asking me to make sure I PAY FOR his little fam to be with him! But I must also add that the saints in Heaven – those who are ascended – use us, the Church Militant – to help other souls, raise them up out of Purgatory. These persons are in a Purgatorial state on earth, so maybe this applies to earth as well.} \*\*\*

Next thing I know I'm in another household & the man I am with is in the MILITARY, some kind of OFFICER. He's going to USE HIS RANK to get a beautiful young woman – maybe a private – commissioned to live with us so he can have sex with her! It might even be two of them, but I physically see only one.

We have an EXTENDED apt, large, with several bedrooms, comfortable. When this female arrives she is BAWLING – crying real loud as she doesn't want to be here! She's tall, young, has flowing hair framing her face – I feel sorry for her & feel my man friend, is taking advantage of his position.

But the strange thing is once again, she adjusts & seems to like the arrangement. My man friend is to the left in the room, I have something to do with this but not sure what. It was all done FOR HIM.

\*\*\* {MILITARY MAN USES HIS RANK: Rank is influence, pull or someone in a higher position. This could be saying that Nick, in his position as my Beloved can use me {I am the Church Militant in the Catholic definition} to bring his girl friend {common law wife} & child out of their misery into his Heavenly state. I am showing a very slight indignation as I am in love with Nick, but basically go along with it. OK, so he wants to bring them into his Heaven, fine, let's do it.

And so basically he is now HAPPY IN HEAVEN & wants to make sure we get his girl friend & child into happiness as well. In the dreams you see them in misery, crying, at first, but then they stop & are satisfied.



## **8-25-22 NICK BESTOWS WEDDING DRESS ON ME – Party in Purgatory – Souls Ascend**

Wow! Yesterday Nick ascended into Heaven, today he marries me!

We were united by God mystically – ‘what God has joined together, let no man put asunder’ - April 21, 2019. I DID NOT KNOW there would be anything more than that, but here it is.

I’m standing in front of an open closet – the one upstairs where I keep the male model’s clothes. It has no door.

\*\*\* {THE CLOSET: This is the closet where you still have the male model’s clothes. You were the GIVER with the models. You bought all their clothes & also paid them, which includes Nick. But now it’s your turn to RECEIVE, so the tables or closets are turned.} \*\*\*

As I stand there I see something as if from the past – a sight of a wedding veil, hovering in the air, small, the regular see-through kind, with a cap or top, then flowing net, it’s small as if far away in my mind, pure white.

Then I’m thinking about a new veil or maybe DRESS, not sure which. And I think I am POOR & can’t afford it.

But a man appears to my left front & presents me with a long flowing – is it a veil or dress? Could be either or both. It’s like he tosses it in front of me, it hovers in the air, he seems JOYFUL in doing this. It’s not see through, soft & cream color, & the top of it begins with a lamp shape, as if the shape of the top of it covers a traditional lamp, like a BELL, cascading over it, downward, quite long so whatever it is, it might flow below the feet – looks to be at least 6 feet, it has a soft finish like waves on the side – also large scallops but I can’t place where they are, just know they’re there.

I see this is a GIFT from this man because like I said, I’m poor, & he was SO HAPPY to give it.

And next, lo & behold, I’m eating a vanilla cake with pure white frosting, I can taste it, obviously a wedding cake.

\*\*\* {WOW! Nick has officially CHOSEN YOU FOR HIS BRIDE! The lamp/bell has two meaning, Bell meaning WEDDING BELL & LAMP meaning LIGHT.

Light is extremely important in spiritual terms. There is nothing physical per se, it's all energy, & the higher energies are Lights, so Nick is giving you a Light which means wedding or "United as man & wife" Light.

And Mystical Marriage means he's giving you HIMSELF, where beyond that, there's nothing bigger or better.

Now God joined you together as you said, from above.

What is interesting here is Nick was dependent on you in Purgatory, he wasn't capable of giving you anything – he even needed you to grant Light to his lady friend & child, & you did.

But now, he IS capable of giving you something, & here it is! It isn't a small thing or a gift; it is Himself, beyond which there is nothing bigger or better. He's doing this by his CHOICE, he could do something else, but it's his decision, his will you be married. This is so gratifying.

ME to Mother God: Please explain why I am POOR, & the meaning of the dress further.

MG: Your poverty is not financial; it's the lack of love. When Nick was living, he wasn't capable of giving True Love. He was needy & DESPERATE for YOUR LOVE & you gave him it. Then he died & in Purgatory, again, he was dependent on you not only for his own need but to help others he cared about on earth. You granted it.

But once he ascended, he had spiritual Power. This is what he did with it. He proved he loves you – wow.

The cream is a good color of love, it's a superlative, like 'the cream of the crop,' 'the cream at the top,' representing the best of something, the cream is the RICHEST part of the milk {along with butter}, it is also SWEET. This is a wonderful symbol because LOVE IS SWEET. When you whip cream it makes a wonderful dessert topping.

The dress is soft – soft like LOVE. Love is not HARD. It flows, love flows softly like a gentle breeze or stream. And it is long, meaning it's long lasting, it covers a lot, it isn't short lived or temporary.

The scallops could be a symbol of FISH or SEA CREATURE – scallops are one of your favorite sea foods. Fish represent Christianity, Christianity is LOVE. Again, this might reiterate Love.} \*\*\*

## The Scouts - Celebration

I'm on my property deep in the wilderness but it has dirt roads through it, remote but beautiful. Daughter & I are sitting at a table enjoying a meal, a picnic.

\*\*\* {WILDERNESS, BEAUTIFUL WITH SCOUTS, DAUGHTER & ME: I sense this is myself {Higher Self, God Self} & my flesh saying the Holy Mass. This dream shows two parts – first in the woods or wilderness, you at a table which is the altar, then afterwards you'll see a party – where Souls are CELEBRATING something.} \*\*\*



Before us is a road as if it comes from the river, it has well-worn grass like in rows, it's not just dirt, & there we see a whole lot of Boy Scouts convening, having some sort of a good time. To the right of these cub scouts are older scouts, separated by a criss-cross black wire fence. The fence isn't

obvious but it's there & past that fence, I'm not sure if that's my property or a neighbor's.

\*\*\* {THE ROAD FROM THE RIVER, WELL WORN: The RIVER is a symbol of GRACE, many spiritual songs like 'Shall we gather at the river.' Purgatorial Souls are Holy Souls – they are forgiven their sins, this is God's Waiting Room. Here they are cleansed of the result of sins as well as attachments to the earth.

And so, this road is well worn, as many Souls have been brought to you by Angels & Saints to minister to. And these being 'cub scouts' are those quite ready to ascend, as they seem innocent, pure in heart or clean. There are others not quite ready to ascend, older ones to the right of that black wire fence. The black wire sounds like the Will of God {metal is God's Will, black is depression, but it isn't solid, you can see right through it, they aren't in a low Purgatory, just not quite ready yet} is not finished with them yet, they are not on YOUR PROPERTY yet but the neighbor's. Those on YOUR PROPERTY implies they are in your domain or spiritual office & will ascend imminently.} \*\*\*

My daughter & I greet the scouts – I don't dare tell them it's my property {they don't know, they were lead here} as it might intimidate them or make them uncomfortable; they might think they need permission – I just want them to feel free & happy. I joke with them & say,



“Can I be one of you scouts?”

Some sweet little tyke says no, we have to be all boys,”  
He's so innocent he thought I was serious. And I say,  
“I used to be a girl scout.”

I am really happy in this dream.

\*\*\* {MY PROPERTY, DON'T WANT TO TELL THEM: This shows my LOVE for these Souls. I want them to be free & happy; don't

want them to be uncomfortable. My asking if I can be a scout, then saying I used to be one, is saying I've already done my Purgatory.

Us sitting at the table when they arriving is sitting at the altar/table saying the Holy Mass, which brought these Scouts / Souls to me by the Grace of God – the River of Grace} \*\*\*

Then it changes & daughter & I are in B'klyn, at the apt. The scouts disappeared from the wilderness; I will see them shortly here.

Something about the key – it's made of a strong white cardboard {much larger size than regular keys} for me to get in the front door – I make a note that I must get some keys copied in metal, as this paper thing will eventually fall apart.

Daughter is in the apt with me, wants to go out. Usually I'm strict & don't let her do all she wants, but now, I let go of the short leash & say,

“Oh, go on!”

She just wanted to have a good time some place.

Now I see the scouts, they have come to the city for a Grand Party. There's a contingency of females as well as males – a lot of them. I'd say there are 50 males, 50 females.

I peek into their party. I see one female wearing a silver tiara, she might be mulatto.

These are the same scouts as in the wilderness. All this is supervised; they are led by adults & brought here by them.

As I look in I know I'm not one of them, but I feel happy for them. As I stand at their entrance, they stare at me thoughtfully, like who am I?

As I stand in front of my building door, one young male breaks from the party & approaches me. The feeling is he thinks he might know me or else wants my autograph, but then gets shy & goes back to the group.



\*\*\* {THE PARTY: This is a CELEBRATION. Of what? {Often I saw parties when a soul went up – not always. Sometimes they would approach me gleefully & thank me, as I ministered for years to some souls – example Frank Sinatra. How beautiful he was when he thanked me. He appeared as a teenage boy in a white t shirt, threw stardust all over my yard from the upper where we stood to the lower yard, which sinks like 15’ below, & gave me the most loving long hug}..... Could be several things like so:

\*\*\* Nick’s ascension into Heaven

\*\*\* Nick choosing me for his wife

\*\*\* One or more other souls are ascending today.

It could be the female in the TIARA but it’s probably ALL OF THEM because on SPECIAL OCCASIONS God permits MULTIPLE SOULS to ascend. Example – Last St. Martin Luther King Jr. Day I was saying the Mass regularly & St. Martin got a large number of Souls up at once – maybe 50 Souls. This could be like that.

The female with the Tiara would show she is SPECIAL. Great Souls get SPECIAL AWARDS seen as jewels, they made great sacrifices & endured great hardships. They can be bedecked with jewels. I have no idea who this female is or what she did but I know she’s decorated. She was taller too, a symbol of Spiritual Height. St. Joan of Arc is 6’ tall. {This might be the recently ascended Brenda, who spent ONE DAY in Purgatory!}

The sweet male who comes toward me from the crowd might think he knows me or heard of me, but after getting close he retreats, as he’s shy. This might be my Spiritual Stature intimidates him. I know this, the higher one is in Heaven, the more privileges they have. For example, someone lower than me in stature or brilliance cannot approach me or communicate with me without permission, the onus is on the soul that has the greater Light. {This seems like Nick!}

It’s been an incredible day, I was thanking God all night.

### **8-26-22 Is That All? Lol – Means he is mine & mine alone**

I can recall only 2 quick dreams, first & last, forgot all in between.

The first Nick & I had just finished making love. I don’t see the act. I see his head like hovering in the air, I feel the sexiness or appeal oozing out

of him. It's like we made love over the hill or mound, the other side, now we are here talking. And he says,

“Is that all?”

And I say,

“I'm satisfied.”

And I FEEL total satisfaction although I can't recall the sex act at all.

I sensed he wanted some sort of orgy, like 3 women, lol. But that is not to be I think.

This dream might be the answer to my question, now that Nick married me, we're on the 'other side' or dimension – Will he have me only or will he be able to marry others?

Will he be able to have sex with me on the other side? What about other women?

So this might answer the question: You Rasa, have him & he has you & you alone. Your sufferings are over.

In life he was selfish & unfaithful, he called the shots, he did what he wanted.

He put his drug partner as his significant other on Face book & elsewhere. He had you as his back street woman – no one knew of of you. And when he saw you, to diminish his fake wife he would always tell you about another female he was 'talking to' {fucking} besides her. And to you he said,

‘Don't mess up my DEAL with her' {the fake wife.} So he fooled everyone, he hurt all of you.

But now, you have won.

All the things God said to you have come full circle, God did not lie.

This is God's world – She calls the shots. And She –

God – has chosen / designated you as his legitimate wife, the way King Solomon designated one woman who was willing to SACRIFICE as the righteous MOTHER of the baby in dispute.



Since you were the one who LOVED HIM THE MOST now he is dead, he does not have the power he did on earth, he is under the jurisdiction & Power of the Almighty.

So he is by his words, answering your prayer,

“Is that all?”

And the answer is,

“Yes, this is it. You have Rasa & her alone. She’s your wife, you can only have sex with her, case closed, lol.”

Then many dreams I forgot & the last, a male & female on roller skates were holding hands & zooming about, having fun, in a place like a Town Square.



\*\*\* {COUPLE ON ROLLER SCATES: This has to be you & Nick in Heaven, together, having fun. The roller skates signify freedom, innocence

like children playing, the Town Square is openness, no more secret, back door wife.} \*\*\*

### **8-27-22 Share I love yous**

Wonderful, meaningful dream. So far I have dreamed of him almost nightly since he 'died' but is alive in the next dimension & WITH ME. As of yesterday Said 8 Masses first for him, then whoever needs it. He

Ascended on the 24<sup>th</sup>, on the 25<sup>th</sup> he gave me a wedding dress & wedding cake, he CHOSE ME for his ETERNAL BRIDE. And yesterday it was REVEALED to me this is monogamous, he will not marry anyone else & by the Will of God & Nick's Will, he shares this intimate kind of love with me alone, which includes Spiritual Sex. It's not like it was on earth, where he usually sported 3 gf's at a time – this is final, no running around. And this is not CONSTRAINT; I will show you by channeling him.

ME: Nick, I wrote in this article you are with me & me alone, monogamous, eternal marriage, no running around, not multiple women like on earth. Can you explain this again, like you did to me before, that it is a CHOICE?

NICK: Indeed, it is by CHOICE I'm with you in eternity. There's a reason for this. You chose me & me alone on earth. Your love was focused & exclusive. You told me to MAKE A CHOICE years ago – it can't be just sex, it has to be a relationship. But I, at that time DID NOT CHOOSE one woman to be faithful to, I had the FRONT WIFE, who I pretended to be devoted to, then there was you as my SECRET WIFE & there was usually one or more females I was bedding.

My CHOICE re the front woman was not her, it was the DRUGS, I loved the drugs & loved her for supplying them or paying the bills so I could afford them.

There were other women. You were the only one I was 'in love' with – the others I used for sex, a physical need. A person can use many people while their heart is with one.

This life that I led was one of TORTURE. When I died the torment ended & all that is false, in a short time, fell away. I was left with the one & only that my heart had chosen – you. Since the others were to use for drugs or a physical need, without a body, the need disappeared.

The choice was made, unconsciously, the day I met you, June 9, 2011. You were the wife I needed, I was the husband you needed, case closed. It

was a done deal then. But the earthly theater was played out on a stage of suffering, pretending & jealousy.

That travesty being over, the Truth is revealed. And the Truth is we are united by the Will of God & both our own wills forever.

How could I go backward & marry or have sex with other women? There's no longer a physical need for drugs or sex, what is left is the authentic True Love – which was for you alone – so HERE WE ARE FOREVER! Amen.

### **Dream**

I'm going to this large building, multi stories, for a job. For a moment I see myself dressed conservatively, in a skirt & the blouse seems to be a sort of maroon / tangerine, softly draped over me. I see me walking to an elevator in the building after I think applying for the job & being considered – a person is to my right, taller than me. And that person, notably, is looking at me in a negative way, wanting to hurt my chances for this job. In fact, I was worried that this & other people here who were against me would make me lose this job.

I explain it to the man {that I applied to} later. It was stressful.

\*\*\* {WOW. This is the Theater of Life, where you want a POSITION to be with this man, who is Nick. You want him to CHOOSE YOU for his wife, a relationship! He wanted sex but you told him it can't be just sex – make a choice.

The person to your right looking at you negatively is the woman he chose to live with because of drugs. She & druggie friends stood against you, they did not want you with him as you were for rehab.

The ELEVATOR: Elevator signifies going up or down, way up would be stress, being lifted on the Cross. The dream doesn't show you going either way – it proves the outcome is not yet determined, the end of the story isn't here.

This person is TALL is she was IMPORTANT to him as the drug enabler.

The outfit your wearing is you were SERIOUS, in other words, dressed for the occasion, hoping to get this position, the color of your top shows SUFFERING – red tones are blood & over your heart {torso, top, chest} is the FEELING system, your feelings were deeply wounded.} \*\*\*

Then it all changes.

The man is on a chaise lounge, not a regular office chair with desk. He has gone through my application & tells me his decision.

He explains to me that he has chosen me to be the SUPERVISOR of all that is going on here, which includes him! It's the BIGGEST JOB in the place! It's now I am the supervisor of his life!

I'm so overjoyed! I go to him, embrace him, the feeling is being on top of him, hold him, kiss him in the most loving manner imaginable & say "I LOVE YOU!"

And he reciprocates saying "I LOVE YOU,"

& THE FEELING IS OVERWHELMING & DEEP. This is not just a job now, it's HIM & ME, it's personal, intimate, its love.

He's wearing a long-sleeved white shirt – that is notable.

\*\*\* {SUPERVISOR OF HIS ENTIRE LIFE – HE CHOOSES YOU! Wow. This is the OUTCOME of the theater of life, & this says like already stated 'He died to be with me.' When the need for drugs & physical sex fell away, what was left was REALITY OF THE SPIRIT. And that left you & him, you being the AUTHORITY over his entire life, the ONE & ONLY, the ultimate POSITION he chose you for! He wants you as much as you want him, you EXCHANGE VOWS or LOVE.

This is the Triumph of Love.

His WHITE LONG SLEEVED SHIRT means what you always wanted – Marriage with him. In fact, when you hooked up the first time again in 2014 he proposed, he said,

"I WANT TO MARRY YOU."} \*\*\*

Then there's the vision of two bowls of food, one is the most delicious bowl of strawberries, sliced with something sweet in them, like a pudding, & another bowl of fruit, a similar thing, with something sweet almost like a pudding.

\*\*\* {TWO BOWLS OF FRUITS WITH SWEET IN THEM, LIKE PUDDING: This is the FRUIT or RESULT at the outcome of this theater – the joyful, delightful results for both you & Nick. Fruit is ENJOYMENT {fruits of my labors}. Your bowl is one, his the other, both having joy.} \*\*\*

Almost forgot: While I was embracing him I look to my right & there's a SMALL FEMALE, like 5'2" in an outfit like so: I say to her 'You look like a cowgirl.' She has two simple cotton bandanas around her neck, soft cotton top & skirt, both of which look like the cowgirls before women

started to wear pants, like 1920's. The outfit is a print of red figures on a light background. Her body is shapeless, no waist, small chest, like up & down, almost straight. And surprisingly, the man has given her a job also – as 'exercise' or aerobic instructress in his business.

\*\*\* {LOL THE AEROBIC INSTRUCTRESS: Yes his former gf has a position here also, as 'exercise girl.' This reminds me of when God said, I read somewhere, 'The devil also has a place in the world – as exercise boy to try the saints.' He tempts people to sin – that is his position. Her position in his view from eternity is NOT IMPORTANT, so she is SHORT. Why is she a cowgirl? Maybe because he MILKED her for money so he could have drugs. {Even if she did not always give him drugs directly, she enabled him by paying the bills, so he could use all or most of his for substances. He smoked regular & marijuana, drank beer, & used drugs, once he got with her, on a daily basis. This could use up all or most of the money on a minimum wage job – she earned twice as much. That was 'the deal' he told me not to 'mess up.'

"Did you love her"?

I asked,

"I loved that I could have the drugs I wanted every day with her"  
he said to me through channeling.

The RED figures on her outfit are blood, which means SUFFERING. This says she isn't happy. No, how could she be? Her actions caused his death. If she loved him, in her own fashion & capacity, she killed the one she loved.

What are the BANDANAS around her neck, two? This could refer to him & her, their relationship gone, it's like two NOOSES around her neck – two deaths.

Why is she SHAPELESS? Besides looking like that in real life to me, what does shapeless symbolize? Someone who isn't attractive or seductive to a man – they like shape. And this might hint she is not attractive to Nick any more – her purpose as drug enabler is no long valid, since a spirit does not need drugs.} \*\*\*

Then I'm in a building with my two dead friends, Dan Murphy to my left, sitting there with a bunch of papers in his hands, & Mary Jane Murphy to my right, slightly higher, sitting also I guess.

And I see like a bag of kittens. I put them on a bed, the covers are ultra soft, I let them out of the bag & kiss one on the head & it chirps like a baby chick. There were about 5 kittens striped black on a whitish

background & one yellow, like a chick. They are twice as large as the average kitten, but they are only days old – their parents must be cats that are at least 20 lbs each by their size. I notice how soft the fake-fur covers are on the bed – cats love softness.

\*\*\* {CATS OUT OF THE BAG: These are SECRETS REVEALED, sometimes inadvertently. I need help, Mother God, I am a bit baffled. So a secret is revealed that was not known, unexpectedly. The secret is what?

That Nick stayed with a woman for drugs? But why is Dan & Mary Jane here, what are the papers in Dan's lap?

MG: OK let's start with what you know. You are revealing to one & all – writing articles – the papers in Dan's lap. The secret is why Nick was with this certain woman, not living with you but her. That's a fact no one believed, they accepted the front as if it was 'love'. So secret is now out of the bag – why? Because HE DIED OF AN OVERDOSE so those who denied he was an addict were wrong. She was with him the evening he overdosed, they spent 'the evening together' when he 'died unexpectedly', as his 'Go Fund Me' account says, written by a best friend.

Why Dan & Mary Jane? You also knew a secret they would not admit or accept – that Dan got his cancer from standing with his back to the microwave oven for 8 years. It was revealed to you by God after praying. You warned her not to use this type oven but she denied it was dangerous & used it every day. They both eventually died, after great suffering. Mary Jane is HIGHER – this is a terrible fact – as her oven was HIGHER than Dan's. Dan's hit his back, she told you,

“Oh, my oven is higher”

And when you went to her house you noticed it was about chest level - & she had gotten lung cancer.

They represent that secrets are revealed after death – they didn't want to believe you in real life, now in death it becomes obvious, as if reading what you say.

And this is Nick's case all over again – the truth is now 'out of the bag'.

It's obvious he was a drug addict – he died of an overdose, so the story you were telling which they DENIED – saying he wasn't a drug addict – now it's obvious he was, so your story is BELIEVED.

THE CAT IS OUT OF THE BAG!

<Also, the bag the cats came out of is the color & cloth of an old post office bag I was given – a dull durable army green – post office means MESSAGE>

The kittens being small, but bigger than real life, you kiss one on the head, it chirps like a chick is

“You HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD.”

The black & white kittens refer to ‘black & white’ or OBVIOUS or ‘as plain as the written word’ or ‘the writing on the wall,’ it’s a prophecy or fact revealed, in this case, a few facts, a few ‘black & white kittens.’ Being BIG is ‘a big one’ like a big fact or truth.

You have revealed several facts in your articles – the several kittens.

Now the one thing is the response from the kitten that chirps like a chick – becomes a light yellow chick - chick is another word for FEMALE. It’s about the female he was with – why it was & her response when you kiss her on the head is similar to a YES, yes, you’re telling the truth, yes, he was there for drugs.

This is saying that what you have revealed & written is the truth.

### **8-29-22 His Paranoid State with Me – Why no pics were taken together**

Last night I put together an article with many of Nick’s images including those with him & females – including nights when we made love – he hugged them for pics, not me. And I asked why did he want no images taken with him?

The dream was stressful & shows his paranoid state.

**Dream:** I was in love with this guy who really turned me on, I’d go into an ecstatic state when we are together. I wanted to see him so badly.

After a while, he finally comes over, to my 2<sup>nd</sup> floor apt. He has longish wavy black hair, in clumps, & he’s somehow naked in my apt, I see his penis clearly, his skin is suntan like he’s a darker nationality like some sort of Latin mix. He seems to be a NERVOUS WRECK.

We’re in my room trying to have some privacy. But there’s this huge window – just like the one we had in B’klyn, like we’re in the kitchen & to the right is this window – it’s about 5-6’ square, & on the other side of it, slightly higher, are my neighbors, who’re sitting at a table, like maybe 3 women & 2 men, the women figure more prominently in this scene.

Why the window isn’t closed as we try to make love, I don’t know. At first, those women are just sitting there speaking to one another at their

blonde {like Oak} table, but next thing you know, they ENTER our room! It's a small leap from where they are to where we are but I am outraged, & invite them to leave, which they do.

Then I climb up on something & try to cover up the window with a couple things for privacy.

But my lover is SPOOKED OUT as he's paranoid, afraid, nervous, & he leaves.

\*\*\* {NERVOUS STATE OF LOVER & NOSY NEIGHBORS: This dream explains, in two scenarios, why Nick didn't want images taken with me – His fear of people – their opinion – especially that of women.

We were not allowed to be private, left alone, they got “into our space,” our privacy, apparently giving their opinions, like because it's a TABLE could be saying,

“What does she bring to the table? What does he?”

It's NONE OF THEIR BUSINESS but they are butting in & he is SCARED OF THEM.

He BREAKS MY HEART by his absence.

I do recall that one of his bear pong buddies – a female his own age – told him it was wrong for him to be with me, as he was looking for a Mother. He should be with HER & she did have sex with him, he told me he was ‘using her for sex’ last time we spoke.

Don't know who else said negative things, probably they all did. His state of mind is because he's INSECURE, not confident at all.

I call & call to him, from here on in I have nothing but trouble & I thought I had him in my hands, but I look at my hands & they are empty, & later he does appear, but disappears again. Both he & I are having terrible stress because of these interfering neighbors.

\*\*\* {APPEAR, DISAPPEAR: We both had great stress in our relationship & he would come & go like the wind.

Later there's this theater. I go there to watch a movie, its night. I sit, in front of me left is a black guy, I see his shoulders, he's full bodied. I want to speak to him but am shy. I look to my right & there's a thin young black man, I do speak to him & say,

“This movie is boring.”

He somehow agrees – he's quiet.

I vaguely recall bending to the shoulder & ear of that guy in front of me & saying softly,

“I love you.”

Then I walk to the left aisle – btw – this theater is practically empty, almost no one goes here at night, it's like 5 people in the whole theater. Anyway, I walk on this wide left hand aisle, it's about 10-12' wide, everything is clean; it has a light reddish tone. I'm doing some research or something & someone, maybe my daughter, finds a large piece of white paper on the floor & picks it up. I see my address in on the left top corner. I don't want any of my ID left here & I take that paper to leave with it. Not sure what I was doing in this theater except research of some kind but I didn't want people to know I was there, no proof.

\*\*\* {THEATER I WANT NO PROOF OF MY BEING THERE:  
This hearkens of the question of why Nick wanted no images of him & you – Because he feared there being proof the two of you were together. This real PARANOIA because he hung with addicts, pushers, & many women he bedded besides his front woman - & he had pics taken with them. But apparently, there was harsher criticism & ridicule about me than anyone else. Drug users & pushers in his society were commonplace – women much older than he were not. This is what he feared – criticism & ridicule for loving me, conversely, as weird as it seems to straight people, there was no criticism for drug dealers or users – they were not only comfortable with this, they bragged about it, sung about it & it made them feel they BELONGED. But the love of an older woman would make a guy an OUTCAST.

The dude I whisper to is obviously Nick, the one to my right one of his friends. We're all observing his life story. Why is it night & no one is here? Night is 'dark night of the soul,' not knowing, being in darkness or lack of understanding. I talk about RESEARCH means I'm trying to figure it out. Why are there few people here? Few are thinking about his life in terms of what was behind it?

When I say this movie is boring, I'm speaking of his life as boring or meaningless. When I wrote the first article about him where I featured many of his local pics, he said,

“I WASTED MY LIFE”

<this is channeling – yes, he admitted it once he was dead.>

The guy to the right who seems to agree with me, - there's an empty seat between us - is now subdued, is someone who talked too much while living, I recall 'Tom' with annoyance. I took him out to dinner several times

along with Nick & his friends....he would not shut up. This shows Nick's death zipped his lip.

He might appear here as he took some pics & a VIDEO of Nick & me where he was doing 'the monkey dance' toward me when I raised my leg to the ceiling – but he said later when he tried to show me THAT NICK HAD ERASED IT. It seems he agrees with me that their LIFESTYLE WAS WRONG – BORING is another term for WITHOUT MEANING.

The empty seat between us? Nick is in front of me so it can't be the lack of Nick. It might be we are no longer CLOSE – I've not spoken to him in years.} \*\*\*

Again, it is night & I'm in a place like the old Post Office area in B'klyn where I used to go almost daily. I need to walk home, but must go through an area that is dangerous, so I go way up in the air, like 30' – later I even rise 50' in the air & say to myself when it's night I will not walk the street, as there could be muggers people lurking, I will rise above the tree tops to make my journey, so here I go sailing in the air on this long walk home.

Now I'm in the woods on that familiar road behind the house near Freehold NJ – this road I've taken hundreds of times in my dreams. Except this day I pass by some landmarks saying that others have moved in, interlopers, this is my property, but they have invaded.

As I go past one area I see something white to the right, on a hilly spot, & a strong bright light is shining & is pointed on me as I go by. I realize people are camping here – not something that happened in the past, this is new.

Then I come to a building right in the middle of the road, looks like a covered bridge but is a building painted red, pretty, with white trim like in between a barn & house. At first I think this is bad or whoever put this here is wrong, as its blocking the road, but as I come up to it I see there is ample room to the right of it to go by.

\*\*\* {IN THE AIR BECAUSE IT'S NIGHT, JOURNEY HOME THROUGH THE WILDERNESS: This is rising above time & space, the dangers of the world, lower thoughts, lower feelings & the demonic. I must rise above all this, that is the MESSAGE as it's the POST OFFICE. There is a BRIGHT LIGHT at one point shining at me – could be the Light of God, Saints or Angels helping me.

The RED BUILDING I think is a BLOCK, someone seems to have built it there & it's wrong - is most probably the OBSTACLE of Nick's

death, dying & therefore the prediction that he & I would be together as man & wife cannot come true. RED is BLOOD or suffering. First, I thought it wrong, but then I see one can GET BY THIS which means get past his death; cope with it, live with it. Indeed, I am doing remarkably well & much insight & closure are coming to me about all this – why it was as it was, why death was his only way out, how the Truth now comes to Light through all this.

I understand him & our relationship more clearly than I ever did when he was alive.

The FAMILIAR ROAD / JOURNEY hearkens back to long ago when I was a child. It's the journey of LIFE, & the ROAD HOME is seeking fulfillment, peace, happiness, meaning, love & one's destiny.

The BRIGHT LIGHT from a hill to the right is something from GOD, bestowing insight on me, about the building up ahead, which is Nick's death.

One thing that comforts me again & again, God keeps saying like so:

“If he had gone into rehab, been with you, you would have been the sacrificial lamb. Part of the time you would have been happy, but much of the time you would have been miserable due to his behavior, neediness, lack of discipline & errant ways. He would have relapsed over & over. You would have had the biggest baby in America, one hard to handle, one causing you continuous stress.

The only way he kept semi under control was through drugs, he & his partner drugged together & that pacified him. Otherwise he was a basket case & you knew it. He needed therapy, but he wouldn't allow it. He was not cooperative with you for his healing, career, for anything. He would have had you jumping through hoops to keep him busy & out of trouble.

God did not want you sacrificed.

And if you had seen him the night he called, it would have started the pattern all over again, like it was before. It would have forestalled his death for a while, but once he decided he would be a forever drug addict with his drug mate, the writing was on the wall. He was doomed. And you predicted it in 2014. Each of your channeling friends agreed.} \*\*\*

{End Chapter 14, plan to write more on this in Part 9}

## Chapter 15 Enlightenment vs Holiness

written 9-2-22

These thoughts are inspired by the video of Ozay Tulku Rinpoche & his wife Sadguru Ahiranta – See them on You Tube – “The Happy Life Show” – part 3

Ozay speaks a great teaching on Enlightenment, & how one LEAVES Enlightenment in order to help one’s fellow man.

He left his Enlightenment, {which was attained in prison}, to be a husband to his wife Kay & a father to her & his children. One cannot be UNATTACHED {a part of Enlightenment} while fulfilling the duties of day to day life. He goes into the fact of loving a partner, having a roof over the head, the responsibility of paying rent & bills, etc, all the workings of normal life. One has to SACRIFICE their Enlightenment to fulfill the earthly role.



That begs the question what IS Enlightenment? Good question. My answer is that what we call ‘Enlightenment’ is a type of CONSCIOUSNESS, or in other words, a mental, emotional spiritual place where one thinks certain thoughts & feels a certain way. In this state one is not attached to any one person, or to things, or to ambition, or to any desires of the world, while one is focused only on the concept of God & her Infinity.

{This is also an absolute prerequisite to seeing God face to face – which is a part of Enlightenment, not necessarily the same thing, as not all people I have seen who profess Enlightenment <& rightly so> – claim to have seen God Face to Face. The Beatific Vision means actually leaving this dimension & going to another one. Enlightenment does not require that.}

Now Ozay speak of sacrificing or leaving Enlightenment to take part in human relationships & achieving responsibility for others in this life. He explains that Buddha did so when he saw a vision of the water lilies. Wondering what to do with his life next, the Almighty showed him that all humans are in various stages of evolution, & to help them achieve their

spiritual destiny was a path worthy of Buddha, & so, he undertook to help humanity & of course, to some degree, gave up THAT CONSCIOUSNESS.

However, Buddha did not give up his HOLINESS & neither has Ozay given up his holiness when he works out his plans to help others.

And let me add here, the term ‘Nonduality’ is Enlightenment, the Hindu word for it is Advaita, pronounced correctly, in Sanskrit A-DOIT-TA.

To compare my intense experience of ‘leaving’ the state of Enlightenment but not giving up my HOLINESS was that remarkable word from God, when after 30 years of celibacy, God told me to pack it in, quit the abstinence, go out & HAVE FUN. I resisted but God insisted, saying, “If you do not do this you will be OUTSIDE THE WILL OF GOD.”

I THEN DID WHAT Buddha & Ozay did – left the peace & serenity of my lifestyle & re-entered the TUMULT & sometimes CHAOS of earthly life. Back to LUST, drinking, carousing, having fun, being an idiot & a fool, all part & parcel of my obedience to God.

And why did I do it? To REMAIN INSIDE THE WILL OF GOD. When I asked my most informed friends, why did God force me to do this, William Bond had the best answer,

“Perhaps it wasn’t for you, it was for others.”

That goes perfectly with the reasoning Ozay suggests here, I went out & made a damned fool of myself for humanity. Others got the benefit of my holiness, even when I fell into lust & had sex with numerous guys, my grace rubbed off on them. I must have SAVED SOULS when they had contact with me. As many females benefited by my presence, - I met hundreds of females as well as males in our college town bars, we talked, hob knobbed – some of them told me THEY WORSHIPED ME!

In the end, it took eleven long years to wear myself out. From 2008 to 2017 I danced my ass off but that stopped with severe anxiety attacks over one male, while heart attacks followed. No more dancing, didn’t have the strength.

I continued seeing my one Beloved until the Corona fiasco shut down the bars. He was a drug addict & had moved in with his female drug partner– after a while he came out to the bars that reopened, but I went downtown no more. During this time I cured myself of the attachment to him – it was rough, it took a couple years to get over the addiction & regain my Enlightenment. Prior to that, he had total control over me & it was torture. Now I regained control & told him,

“No more sex unless you leave your phony wife & go into rehab.”

Two months later, he died of an overdose. Was it a suicide from a broken heart?

My time with lust & 'having fun' had reached its conclusion. Was my mission finished? Have I succeeded? Do I get my diploma, Lord?

This video speaks of the miraculous way God worked to bring Ahiranta & Ozay together, all the obstacles & experiences they faced,— in fact, Ahiranta says she got a serious illness in order to meet Ozay – God works in mysterious ways – Ahiranta saw a vision of Ozay from years before, when he was 11 or 12. In this sighting she saw a man who took her into his arms & told her everything would be alright. A marriage made in heaven. Their relationship is fascinating & the way they tell their stories also is.

Ozay makes a great point about understanding your own feelings, verbalizing them, putting them into words. Because if you don't figure out why you feel as you feel, confusion reigns. You must meditate & search deep inside yourself to know why you feel what you feel to find peace.

These are great people, this video is top notch, I recommend seeing it. Check out their channel, as they have many videos, including their adventurous hideaway homestead in beautiful downtown {not} Sweden! – 3 ½ miles from the nearest town!

PS Ozay gives an informative, insightful treatment of the results of 'cause & effect,' the way STRESS, negative situations, cause changes in the body – DIS-ease or illness! He gives the example of the beloved wife Kay, who was tortured by her parents who psychologically took her daughter away, pampering her with bad love, excusing her mischiefs, making the Mom look bad, in other words, stealing Kay's daughter from her. Kay as a Mother, should have had AUTHORITY – RESPECT but this she was denied. The benighted child of course stuck with the Grandparents for favors & treats, not the Mom who rightfully disciplined her! This took its toll on Kay, her teeth fell out. Later she got CANCER & DIED from it. Ozay wondered if he should have intervened – he didn't because the child was already 10 yrs old, he thought the dye was cast. But in hindsight he has regrets for not helping.

He thinks he might have taken Kay far away to Wales, where his family is from, but Kay was ATTACHED to her Mom in spite of the wrongdoing that was KILLING her! My take on this, is Ozay, if you had taken Kay to Wales, she could still have stayed in touch with her Mom, it's not like death, it's only physical distance. But she needed authority over that

child, & distance could have done the trick. Again, hindsight is clear as a bell, while being in the thick of things it's foggy indeed.

Once Ozay starts talking, the fascination begins. He's like William Bond, both are working-class men, not academics or 'a million words' intellectuals.

They are natural geniuses who cut through a many-word idea in quick insights, - they give you doctorate revelations without the doctor's degree.

**Letter from Ahiranta to me:**

Wow wow wow.

You are AMAZING and so talented to convey our talk so seemingly easily into an article. We are in awe with your talent, and your kindness.

Thank you so much for creating such a wonderful informative article about us filled with so much love and compliments.

No wonder the almighty did not send anyone on your path to help you writing down your life story!!!! THERE IS NOBODY WHO CAN DO YOUR JUSTICE, but you. You are so talented, way above anyone I know or will ever meet.

Thank you, thank you, thank you. For all you do for humanity.

Deepest love and admiration from us xxxxx

{End Chapter 15} {End Part 8 'I Strip for God'}

**Other Books by Rasa Von Werder, aka Kellie Everts**

**RASA'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY**

**I Strip for God Part 3**

**Early Life**

# I Strip for God Part 3

Early Life

Rasa Von Werder



This is the blockbuster story of Rasa Von Werder, Kellie Everts, focusing on her early life. Born in Germany of Lithuanian parents fleeing from Stalin, they end up in a Displaced Person's camp, waiting to immigrate to America. They finally arrive with hardships following.

Rasa's Mom gets tired of Dad, has multiple affairs, 4 abortions while still with Dad {3 not his} & 3 more later on. She finally cuckolds Dad with the Church organist & wants out. She grows to hate him but can't hurt him so she & takes it out on Rasa. The other kids go along with her being cruel to Dad, Rasa refuses, so is marked 'outcast.' Dad doesn't send as much support as he could, which infuriates Mom; she makes a pact with the rest of the household members to use Rasa as their whipping post, a slave with no

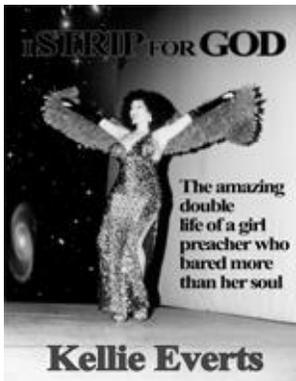
privileges but plenty of work. They tell her, in words & deeds, she's weird & ugly. Being abused makes Rasa stronger, not weaker, she has a Faith in God.

She escapes her torturers at 16, goes to CA to become a Hollywood star. The book explains characters she met in Hollywood, a bogi-yogi, 'Putz NutOn', who sings, tap dances, hypnotizes people & gives endless sermons on strange philosophies, but needs help with room & board; she endures him for two years & escapes from the frying pan into the fire, Rev Judy Swaggart, who she stays with for 6 years; getting her Mantle or anointing when she dies, but meanwhile enduring death curses when she tries to leave the greedy Rev.

Also discussed is the first husband who tried to strangle her to death twice, how guardian angels saved her from this & many other incidents; dozens of unusual adventures, escapades, shenanigans & beginning of success. Hollywood calls Rasa, now Kellie Everts, to become a nude model & actress, she was chosen {in a book from St. Martin's Press-'Glamour Girls'}-one of the most beautiful women of the last hundred years.

## Other Books by Kellie Everts aka Rasa Von Werder

### I Strip for God



KELLIE EVERTS BECAME THE ONE AND ONLY "STRIPPER FOR GOD" WHO "DANCES TO SAVE MEN'S SOULS," AN "ENIGMA." NO ONE COULD UNDERSTAND HOW A STRIPPER WHO BARED HER BODY COULD ALSO GIVE SERMONS IN THE NUDE, PREACHING THE "WORD OF GOD." WAS THIS NOT A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS, AN IMPOSSIBILITY, FOR HOW COULD SHE SAVE MEN WHILE MAKING THEM LUST? THIS BOOK EXPLAINS SOME DYNAMICS WHILE GIVING DETAILS IN THE LIFE OF KELLIE EVERTS. IT INCLUDES HUNDREDS OF PRESS ITEMS, WITH MANY APPEARANCES IN PLAYBOY. THIS IS A STORY ABOUT THE DAY BY DAY SECRETS OF KELLIE'S MONTHS AT THE CHICAGO PLAYBOY CLUB AND THE MONUMENTAL SPEECH IN FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE ON THE MESSAGE OF OUR LADY OF FATIMA. THE AUTHOR EXPLAINS CONVINCINGLY HOW THIS LECTURE BEFORE THE ENTIRE WASHINGTON PRESS RELEASED THE POWER OF OUR LADY, AND THEREBY FULFILLED WHAT SHE PREDICTED, THAT HER IMMACULATE HEART WOULD TRIUMPH. THE STRIPPER FOR GOD MADE INTERNATIONAL HEADLINES AND HER FAME INCREASES YEAR BY YEAR, FOR THIS AND MANY OTHER THINGS.

## The Origin and Decline of Female Body Building



Kellie Everts brought forth Female Bodybuilding by taking the idea to the mainstream media, where it entered into our culture permanently; women will never be the same. Kellie Everts was honored in Feb 2007 as The Progenitor of Female Body Building, the one who got Modern Competitive Female Body Building started, by the World Body Building Guild & was the only woman placed in the WBBG Hall of Fame

## Can Female Power Save The Planet?: The Fate Of The World Depends On Women



Patriarchy is destroying the planet, and everything on it. Fortunately, patriarchy is at an end.

Changes have occurred, both inner and outer, to transform our society from a 'conquest domination/exploitation principle into one of 'nurturing/caring/justice.' This monumental shift is so vast, that it is not easily seen in details nor at all moments. As we look at day to day existence, male domination is everywhere. But if we look at the big picture, at statistics, studies, astute observation, and by the insight of those who have been focused on the subject, it is obvious.

The book begins with the series of articles explaining that males exhibit the need to worship women, an ancient practice forbidden in patriarchy, now surfacing in secular forms. From whence is this need? Why do women show no need to conversely, worship males? This and more are all explained here.

## BREASTFEEDING IS LOVEMAKING BETWEEN MOTHER and CHILD



Features great scientists, neuropsychologist Dr. James Prescott and Clinical Evolutionary Psychologist Dr. Dale Glaebach. James Prescott says the threat to world peace comes from nations having depriving environments for children and repressive of sexual affection and female sexuality. Dr. Prescott instituted brain-behavioral research, documenting early experiences of mother-infant

separation induced varieties of brain abnormalities. Babies should be breastfed and closely nurtured for at least two years for proper brain growth and intelligence, lack of this brings violence, suicide, depression and addiction. Dr. Dale Glaebach explains how patriarchal religious anti-sexualism caused breast-feeding to become “redefined” as an asexual experience, which then causes sexual repression and stigmatization of women. Sexual fears plague a mother’s enjoyment, truncating breast-feeding when feelings arise. Evolution has given breastfeeding pleasure the same as sex TO INSURE SPECIES SURVIVAL.

### **THEATER OF JUSTICE - CELEBRITY SOULS APPEAR**



Not many understand the principles of God’s justice and purification. That which is imperfect cannot merge with Perfect Purity and Infinite Bliss. This is Truth, Love, Radiance, Beauty and Power, all the superlatives. If one does not meet the standard after repenting their wrongs, they go to the ‘Theater of Justice.’ Guru Rasa Von Werder began a ministry to Souls in 1981, being chosen by Our Holy Mother herself, to take charge of Errol Flynn. Rasa did penance and prayers for Souls on a daily basis and among them were great celebrities whose accounts she writes. The most recent prize Rasa assisted was Anna Nicole Smith, who ascended in 64 days, breaking all records, and still waiting for Heaven are Anthony Quinn and Richard Pryor. Some of the greats who ascended are Elvis Dean Martin, Sinatra, George C. Scott, Rudolf Nureyev; Dr. Robert Atkins, and believe it or not, Timothy McVeigh. Anyone can be forgiven.

### **Theater of the Mind - Dreams, Symbols and Meanings**



GuruRasa answers: What is the purpose of dreams? Q 1 WHAT is a dream? A communication system from the unconscious mind to the conscious Q 2 What are SYMBOLS? A The MEANS by which the unconscious SPEAKS to the conscious Q 3 What is the PURPOSE of dreams? A Dreams accomplish these things and more: 1 They SAVE LIVES and SOULS..... 2 Warn us of danger; physical, emotional and spiritual to ourselves and others 3 Tell us the true feelings, intentions or interior state of others 4 Reveal our own interior state, sins, virtues and

gifts, phobias and desires 5 Explain mysterious situations or incidents 6 Explain WHAT WOULD BE if we did a certain thing 7 Explain the reactions of others to us if we met them or communicated with them 8 Explain what TO DO or NOT TO DO.

## **IT'S NOT OVER TILL THE FAT LADY SINGS Mother God Strikes Back Against Misogyny**



Over 100 illustrations and glamour/nude beauties, women winning is the subject here; flame wars, sex, battle for female bodybuilding, crimes and women bandits, female aggression; the males are going infertile and extinct, geneticists Jones and Sykes prove, the Y is getting to be a wasteland. Women knock out polygamists; Scientist discovers the living Amazons, Feminists/Female Empowerment, all symptoms that Matriarchy is coming, get ready! William Bond helps

Rasa Von Werder gather the hard facts. 'It's Not Over Till the Fat Lady Sings' is another blockbuster from Rasa, a quick follow up to the successful 'Can Female Power Save the Planet.' Most amazing, the bodybuilding-Progenitor development of Kellie Everts from age 19 to today, lifting weights in the nude to recent silky see-thru camisoles and boots, the progress of 'love Goddess' doesn't quit.

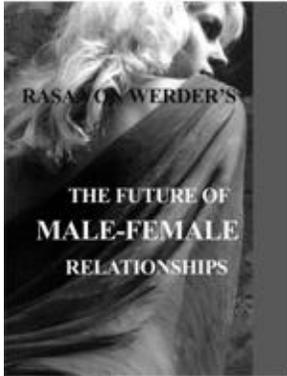
## **SECRETS OF YOGA AND CHRISTIANITY ARE THEY COMPATIBLE?**



'The Secrets of Yoga and Christianity' is a gift of two faithful souls, one a born Christian who practices Yoga, and two, a born Yogi who also knows Christianity. Together, they, Rasa Von Werder and Ashankah Yogi, explain what they know about the Source of our being, presenting the theology of each discipline in their creative wisdom. Ashankah, who is dedicated to a Universal application of religion and purports that Yoga is not a religion but a science of religion, was the perfect

specimen for Rasa to address. Neither one of these souls is limited in their scope, but embraces all perspectives, nor does either shut out new possibilities, the Vision of God always expanding to their sights.

## The Future of Male - Female Relationships



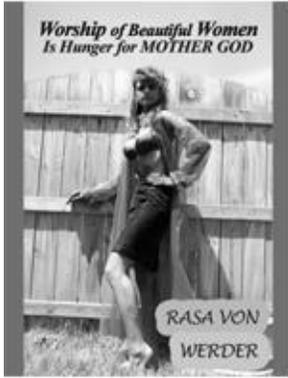
THIS BOOK IS ILLUSTRATED WITH APPROX. 150 NUDE and SEXY SHOTS OF RASA VON WERDER (KELLIE EVERTS), HER MODELS and FANTASTICALLY MUSCULAR, SEXY MARCEL. With the new affluence and power of women in comparison to that of men, there will be much 'reversal of roles.' Women in big jobs earning most of the money will need men who bring creature comforts, moral and domestic support. Statistics show that in five years there will be one million more women than men with advanced degrees! The 'futurists' unanimously agree, 'The future belongs to women.' In light of this, I would like to make a forecast of what male-female relationships will be like. Will it be a simple reversal of women oppressing men as men have oppressed women, or is it going to be something different? I believe it will be 'something different.' Here's how I see it.

## On the Attainment of the Divine Stigmata



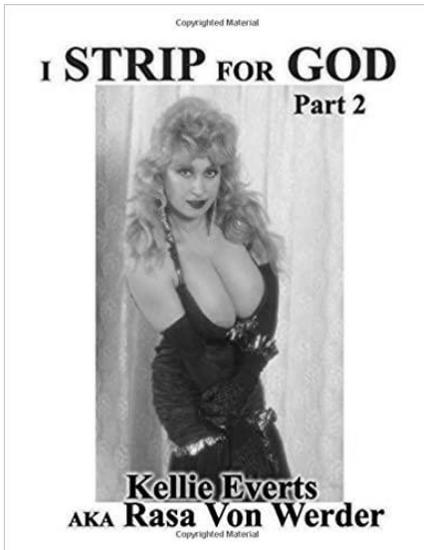
The Enigma of a Grace Which Means Martyrdom...If there's any grace understood the least, it's the Divine Stigmata. Why would it be understood so little? Perhaps because there are so few recipients, and most of them are from the middle ages—In a word, I'll tell you what it is: Martyrdom. If you can understand voluntary martyrdom, then you know what Divine Stigmata means, stands for, and why IT IS GIVEN. A recent symbol of martyrdom has been St Maximilian Kolbe, who volunteered death in place of another. It does irk me that "scholars" rivet on physical wounds, as if the qualities there hold the answers. How can study of the wounds of Christ explain his psychological, mental and emotional dimensions; the Love therein, the willingness to DIE FOR LOVE. Therefore, the secret and the key to understanding DIVINE STIGMATA is the WILLINGNESS TO SUFFER, TO GIVE UP ALL, TO DIE FOR LOVE; FOR THE SAKE OF SAVING ANOTHER. If you can fathom this, you have the answer.

## Worship of Beautiful Women Is Hunger for Mother God

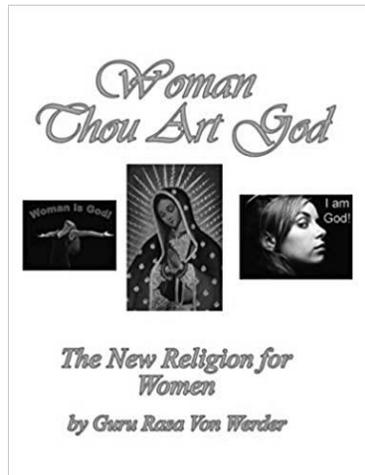


Guru Rasa Von Werder has once more outdone herself by explaining a spiritual side of males – a tendency to worship females, whom they recognize innately, unconsciously, instinctively, to be the embodiment of Mother God, Power, Authority, and True Love. She explains in detail how she came to this conclusion, and her insight is seconded by Matriarchal confrere, William Bond - who explains that males are not comfortable with equality; they need to recognize authority and fall into place when it is given. (Rasa and Mr. Bond believe that females are naturally dominant and are coerced into submission by a Patriarchal society.) In another landmark article, Rasa gives “The Future of Male-Female Relationships,” bearing in mind that we are moving toward Matriarchy – Patriarchy is phasing out - and so, what is the world changing into? People have noticed that gender roles are changing so fast, so drastically, what to do with each other can be chaotic.

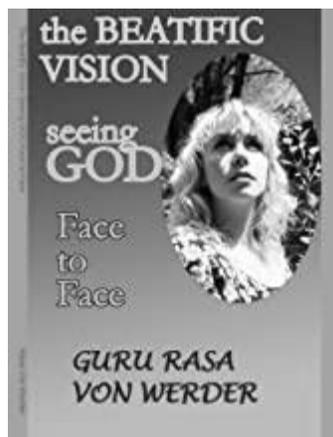
### I STRIP for GOD Part 2



From the age of reason, I have had a sincere & compelling love of God; She has always been the Center of my being. In childhood I was given the Tools for Life with the Catholic Church, which sustained me in the challenge of abuse. Armed with God's Word, I endured years of emotional torture from Mom & those she marshaled. This book describes some of the humiliation, disempowerment & deliberate cruelty, then rising above & accomplishing things through the Grace of God. From childhood I heard God's Voice, She guided & sustained me. The highlight of my life? - seeing her Face to Face & knowing we are ONE. This is Enlightenment.

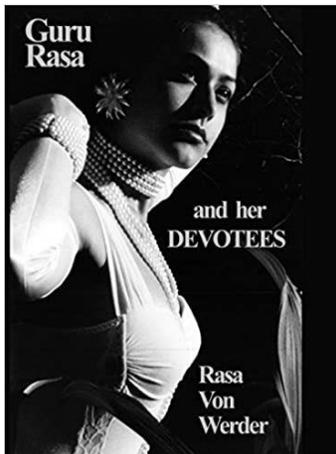


**Woman Thou Art God** is a new religion based on ancient protocols-It encourages women to leap forward-Disregard the notions of men-build their own point of view, agenda & zeitgeist. Step away from men, write your own scriptures, create your own Temples, become Priestesses, write your own Theology, morality & Commandments. Be the God you were meant to be, She is within you, She acts, She lives, She breathes through you, thinks through you, acts through you. Empower your sisters, encourage them, help them, support each other. There is Power here. The Power is God Power, look to HER, not men!



**The Beatific Vision:** GOD SAID TO MOSES, "YOU CANNOT SEE ME & LIVE"-BUT GURU RASA VON WERDER SAW GOD & LIVED, AS GOD'S MEANING IS "YOU CANNOT LIVE TO FLESH & SEE ME AS I AM, FACE TO FACE, YOU MUST GIVE UP ALL ATTACHMENT TO FLESH & THEN YOU CAN SEE ME"- & SO RASA EXPLAINS IN DETAIL THE PROCESS OF PRAYER & EMPTINESS WHICH LEADS TO THIS REALIZATION - THIS STATE IS THE

MOST SUBLIME HUMAN CAN REACH AS NOT ONLY MUST ONE RISE ABOVE THE FLESH, BUT ALSO, MUST BE "CLOTHED IN GLORY" AS SAINT MARY OF AGREDA EXPLAINS IN "THE MYSTICAL CITY OF GOD"



### **Guru Rasa and her DEVOTEES**

What happens when a person seeks spiritual Enlightenment from another human being who might have it? Read this and you will see mysteries unfold, as disciples explain how they found Guru Rasa, and what happened when they did. It all unfolds through dreams, visions and feelings, as the Shakti Kundalini or Holy Spirit touches them by grace and changes them, pulls them higher through the Chakras. Amazing stories of spiritual awakening and quickening abound here; disciples become ecstatic with bliss, joy and love. Guru Rasa first appeared as a spiritual power via the internet in 2004, and by 2006, thousands of people believed in her - why? Because when they prayed to her (often building altars) things happened - and here are their accounts, with many more to come in future. Illustrated with beautiful images.

**Rasa – take a bow**



