

Salvation Day:

The Immortality Device

A Novel

by T.L. Winslow

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Preface

It is the year 2005. A major world corporation discovers "quantum psycho-organic hologram technology" (Q-Psohot, pronounced "Q so hot") which promises a true "immortality

device", a way for a person to preserve his "design" for later "resurrection". It is not long before top scientists begin to believe that the Shroud of Turin is a Q-Psohot of Jesus Christ, and top management makes an irrevocable and fatal decision.

Using the relatively hectic scene in Turin a year before the XXth Winter Olympics to stage a stealth commando raid they steal the Shroud, with inside help. The company's scientists, led by the discoverer Dr. A'ny Daniels, indeed resurrect the Shroud Man. Then the fun begins.

Foo fighters break out! You make me dizzy chasing circles in my head. You make me crazy making me face my friend...

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To the innumerable "little people" who keep the greatest work of fiction ever written so very interesting.



Chapter 1. The Shroud Man

\_February 14, 2005. 2:50 A.M.\_

Turin, Italy. Torino. An ancient Roman fort in the northwest corner of Italy. The home of the mathematician of heat theory, Laplace and the essential ingredient of James Bond's martini, vermouth. The site of the 2006 XXth Winter Olympics. A center for Satanism and Roman Catholicism alike. The home of the Shroud of Turin.

Via Rodi - Via Antonio Bartola - Via Santa Maria - Via Giuseppe Barbaroux - Via Giuseppe Garibaldi - Via Corta D'Appello - Via San Domenico - Intersection with Via Piave - Number 28 Via San Domenico.

The hybrid-electric stealth Humvee braked quickly and silently. The commandos, dressed in winter parkas, jumped out, rushing the museum, their boots wrapped in fur. The doors were unlocked. The fake carabinieri were soon in place at each end of the street.

A sign greeted them at the door:

The Museum of the Shroud

Opening Hours: Daily (except Tuesday): 9-12 a.m. and 3-7 p.m.

Guided tours of the museum every 30 minutes.

No unaccompanied visitors.

The security team disabled all the security easily and on-time.

\_Located at the top of the Italian boot, bordered by France to the west and Switzerland to the north, Turin is the capital of the Piedmont region. Roads leading from the French and Swiss Alps converge here, where the Dora Riparia meets the vast plain of Po. The Italian Appennine mountain range starts just below Po near Genes, and stretches south along the boot of Italy towards Sicily.\_

The Guarini Chapel. The silver casket was opened, the

neatly-folded Shroud removed, replaced with a fake. The Shroud was placed in a special bulletproof fireproof satchel disguised as an athletic backpack covered with colorful nylon. The encrypted transponder was quickly checked for go status.

\_Called Taurani by the Celtic tribes of the 1st century, Turin became a bishopric when Christianity belatedly reached it in the 5th century. This elegant and fairly prosperous industrial town shrouded by the Alps is perhaps best known as the home of the Shroud of Turin. In 2006 it will host the XXth Winter Olympics.\_

The extraction phase was smooth, on-time, no hitches. Villa Milano - Via Conte Verde - Villa Porta Palatina - Via Venti Settembre - Via Roma.

\_Comitato per l'Organizzazione dei XX Giochi Olimpici Invernali - Torino 2006.\_

Moncalieri. Gruglias. Rivoli. Parco Regionale La Mandria.

The V-22 Osprey was waiting. The Humvee rolled onboard with all passengers. The bird quickly took off, its tiltrotor soon going from helicopter to airplane configuration and propelling it towards the Ligurian Sea. The markings of the International Olympic Committee gave it an official bearing. The Olympics still being a year away, there were many planes, copters, and other vehicles constantly coming and going with the same official markings.

\_That the authenticity of the Shroud of Turin is taken for granted in various pronouncements of the Holy See cannot be disputed. An Office and Mass "de Sancta Sindone" was approved by Pope Julius II in the Bull "Romanus Pontifex" of 25 April 1506, in the course of which he speaks of "that most famous Shroud (proeclarissima sindone) in which our Savior was wrapped when he lay in the tomb and which is now honorably and devoutly preserved in a silver casket".\_

The Osprey landed on Corsica, where the identity switch was made. Five separate private yachts flying the flags of five different countries took off in five different directions,

the Shroud on none of them. The Osprey and the Humvee, military vehicles, were quietly returned to the American air base at Aviano.

\_The 2002 Winter Olympics in Salt Lake City barely over, the building frenzy was already underway. By early 2005 there were some 15,000 hotel rooms ready for visitors.\_

Back in Turin, the Shroud was quietly carried on a bicycle a total of three miles by a slim young man in racing uniform. Uniformed carabinieri guarded each intersection.

The I-team was standing by in the underground lab in a stately Renaissance stone mansion in its own park guarded by an unthreatening but high tech security fence. Nude Roman statues clashed with statues of the Virgin Mary in the well-gardened park.

I stood for immortality.

The Shroud was carefully unwrapped, placed on the IDST, the immortality device scanning table, a large emerald structure in the shape of a tesseract.

The resurrection team, led by Dr. A'ny Daniels, went to work.

Thirty hours later, Jesus Christ was laying nude on a clean white marble table, perfect and unblemished, eyes closed, hands folded over genitals.

The eyes opened. The nude man sat up.

"Welcome back, Lord!" said a voice in Aramaic.

\* \* \*

\_February 17, 2005. 1:33 A.M.\_

"I knew the Q-Psohot of Turin was valid!" exclaimed Dr. Daniels amid toasts and popping champagne corks.

Some said a comic book fell from the sky when he suggested to dozens of dumbfounded executive dips that the immortality device they had been paying him for years to discover for them had existed for hundreds if not thousands of years. Now they could see for themselves, see the light, see what it's like when worlds collide via the HEIL, the highly-encrypted Internet link with the mother company in New York. He wanted to watch it all go down, go ryeing down, watch the pleasure today, read between the lines on their brows, come down, push it down, suck it down, jam it down. There they were, blinking back at two gods, him and his resurrected man. His mathematical theory made general relativity look like bingo or grade school geometry. Where was he musically? He thought of his theory as musical, as godsmash, sting, cyberhill, ecstatic-ex, ultimate bingo, the very peak, a year-round sanitarium tour with car toys and a microwave. The temple of the dog. Captain's log stardate I don't know. I fear I must violate the prime directive. It's too late to start today. It's like a process. The cheesy phrase that plays. Complete the steps and go to Monte Carlo, Monaco, check out the big show. I will take it to a level you have never seen before. Like a two by four to the back of the head. Tonight will be the night the rock gets pulverized. Turn it on.

He was a juice guy. He made lemonade like his grandmother never made lemonade. Not from concentrate, not even fresh squeezed, but from music. He poured a little Dom Perignon in his lemonade and drained his loving cup heartily, smacked it down to the point of no return. There was too much swelling in the back of his head to credit the evolution bozos for his godlike mind. He was no descendant of a sucker on a monkey's nipple.

He once ran for student body president. He told his girlie love that if he won he'd need an intern. She took the cigar out of his breast pocket pen holder and broke it. Now he could just point, click, and eleventy-four, he'd be going down on any girlie girl he wanted. Going diagonal, going obscure, to the love lounge, egghead dot com, the computer nerd who scoured the country for eager dot com entrepreneurs who could keep up with his insatiable pace, follow in his dust and sweep the details away for kibbles and bits of

stock options.

Without the old crap, the riders on the storm like him graduated from that cryonics baby shit, past that clone kiddie shit, dropped the yakkety-yak of the eastside and westside punks of the genetic world, did like their daddy did, shoved it in their face, "RU READY?" They pinpointed the error, shouted so money heard them, kept it all in the family, got their startup funded, got bought out, got vanilla ice, got to rise again, get fat, capisce? Who-sa, who-sa. Better step back. You can't affect our status. Better step away. Just so it's all in the family. You know what? You call yourself a swinger? You're more like a right winger. So you hate me and I hate you. It's all in the family, cis boom ba.

Jesus Christ. He laughed as his smile burst, freakin' out on the trip. He didn't think he'd see him ever again. Stopped believing in God at age six or seven. It wasn't scientifically sound. It was illogical. It was a fairy tale. Now look at him, looking at Jesus Christ nude and getting a little turned on even though he didn't have a gay bone in his bod. Would he take a dare? Would he want it? Would he need it? Would it take a woman to satisfy? Had he really never done it? How much of the Bible was true? Now he had the man himself and couldn't ask. I love you. Jesus loves you. Smack your head against a padded wall. He's a hypocrite. Welcome to the coward stone show.

The Q-Psohot restores the body, right down to the circum'd dong. The brain, its structural whirls and the personality. It can't restore the contents of the memory. This Jesus was a tabla rosa. A baby. But not quite. He had that serenity, those eyes, that looked into the skies so tamely, looked for a sign of life, had nothing to hide. A face that was familiar with sorrow. Would he summon his angels and then everything be all right?

Look at him. Who could tame him? Who could know the time was right? Look into the eyes that try to save me. Look at him looking right back. Look into the complication. Look into the face that saves, the eyes burning bright. How they would sell on mtv dot com. A neverending calamity, an

exploding scene, a possibility that's too man, too enough of the world and peoples' mindless games. Pardon me, Christ. Don't ever be the same.

Look at the time. 1:33 A.M.

Pardon while I burst into fame.

Jesus I'm rhymin' today. Screw the Nobel. I'm going to be a rapper.

\* \* \*

\_February 20, 2005. 8:30 A.M.\_

Time for a little shuteye for Dr. A'ny, the white-haired old scientist who's all of twenty-nine years old. A victim of experimenting on himself. Eleven reasons the company pass is the best pass out there. Another day at Vail or Beaver Creek. Another day at Vail or Beaver Creek. Another day at Vail or Beaver Creek. Select infinity speakers and a serious soundtrack. And finally the number one reason. Unlimited access to scientific equipment and talent, provided he just signed on the dotted line a hundred times and sold his soul. Like a good megmall they make it easy for you. Convenient. Now he's addicted to his own love.

As an atheist the Shroud of Turn had been a personal reaction, a holy war to prove it wasn't holy, wasn't whole, wasn't true, wasn't real. One wailing hole. The carbon-14 dating of the 14th century was strong, no breaking it down despite all the hopes of a billion believers. It was not like he killed someone. Not like he had thrown a spear in somebody's side. Those who believed in Jesus Christ had a million reasons why. Why they wailed in this hole. This wail hole moves. Makes a ton of noise. It's really cool just to be there. They made millions from holy tourists a year.

Then the data on the plants that were native only to Jerusalem, and only in the spring. The rocks that were only native to Jerusalem. The amazing three-dee image that could not have been done by a paintbrush. The empire strikes

back. Cumon. War with jam and waste, amplified to 92, in a room without a view. So encrypt the night, encrypt the mistake, do like a rabbit and hustle and gidyap. War is war. No room for the complacent. Have to watch for your enemy. Whip the pistol. If we don't make the key we'll break it.

Science is patience, but the Shroud can't wait. No it can't wait. It's the door to hell. It's like not buying an ice cold fountain drink when it's only 49 cents.

Years spent trying to prove it a fake only prove it anything but. Finally the realization that it might not be fake but still not holy. It might be an artifact of an advanced technology, an advanced science, an advanced geometry. All of which are American dreams. All of which are American dreams. All of which are American dreams.

What could he talk to a thirteen year old about? What do they have in common mentally? We both hate the Backstreet Boys don't we? Yes. We love Seven Dust don't we? Yes. We both like boys don't we. Yes, a thirteen year old put up a web site that diddled around with dynamite, the basic kernel of the Q-Psohot concept. Whatever you say. Bring me the light. Make my life worth something more. Show me your light. Break a light.

Where's the space I feel with my beady eyes on the right pill? I'm useless. I'm usah less. Whatever you say, kid. Whatever you say. Bring me your light. Break me with your light.

Drugs to expand the awareness. Drugs to stay awake. Drugs to go up. Drugs to get off the system of a down. Burn the light. Burn the night. A job shadower in middle school who never got to go anywhere but the principal's office, getting to get off from school and watch him work. He made some finger sandwiches and some lemonade, taught the scud about radials, all-in-the-van CD, watched the kid smoke, leap past his theory, make him want to up and quit and give him his doctorate.

Thank you kid, you did a great job. That was excellent.

Test one-two. Test-test. He cut the kid into the company finally, flew him to the lab in Monaco, promised him kiddie thrills like a ticket to a concert by Metallica and other kid rock, a visit to the stage, a summer that didn't suck with real chicks. A day that they would have nothing else planned and one very special guest.

He wanted to be a cowboy, this baby. Now he was trying not to keep his skin so soft. There may be ticks on other chicks but there ain't no bugs on me. One of the superstars of the WWF not on television.

Got a green light, got a red light, got a cop on his ass and didn't care. Everyone of you could be the same. Everyone of you could play the game. Just get born with an IQ of 200 and then you know the best things in life are free. Got a new find, got a new crime, and we're going nowhere. You know the best things aren't for free. You know the best things are from pain.

Da Peak. That's what they called this kid now. Who cares about his trashcan name, Eric Charles Maine momma let me be. Don't go knockin' around my door. I don't wanna see your shadow no mo'. American woman listen' what I say. I'm not your kid anymore. You conceived me that's all. You didn't raise me. I'm the world's. I don't need your war machines. I don't need your ghetto scenes. Listen what I say. Stay away from me. Momma let me be.

\* \* \*

\_February 20, 2005. 9:00 A.M.\_

A'ny was done with his quick girl. He whizzed off, binged, ohed, new-rocked, arms wide open, cut out like a light, as she got up nude and curvy and went to the door. To Da Peak, the kid, with arms wide open, burying his four eyes in her thighs, showing him everything, the mind who saw everything that she couldn't know. To be the man he had to be she took him by her side, created lanes, welcomed him to her space, with arms wide open. Boys make noise. Once A'ny's girl, now everything has changed. She showed him love. Shania showed him everything. You gotta fight for your right to

party.

Down the hall, arms wide open, Jesus was attended night and day by nude male and females in a room where his heartbeat was amplified and displayed on a dozen video monitors. His mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers. Always talking, always talking, in a melody of world languages. Got her offspring, got his rocks off, Da Peak. She was seeing this girl that just might be outa her mind, loaded down with all that baggage of the emotional kind. She surprised herself with the smooth rich taste of single track.

The kid curled up on her like a babe. She wanted to slip away but it was only a second date. He had maybe five point six inches and didn't have to pay. Fifteen is when you go from junior to senior high. I don't know why you're messed up, girl. Just do me a favor and check your baggage at the door. When you call his name out in bed that's where I draw the line. I wish he wouldn't call me mommy. I gotta gotta gotta take it slow. When I find my peace of mind I gotta give you some of my ragged hair. Some of my good time.

\* \* \*

An hour later, Shania was working on her Jesus song. Stop! Can he see into my heart, see into my mind? I don't think you can hide, hide, hide. Let me die. Let me get away. I'm beside your side my whore. Keep your powder down. Scream. The bed is a mess. Spotted. Life is a whore, yes. A time before she was sucking him like a horse. Rape! Rape! Rape! Let's have letter B. A stained mudshovel. Letter I. A siphon stuck in a draining brain. Letter M. Stone temple pilot snake river bingo conspiracy phrase that pays. Now send me to Monaco bitch. You missed two classes and no homework. But you cut your savior's class like you're some kind of jerk. You gotta fight for your right to party. Man living at home is such trash.

Shania, you're going to Turin bitch.

\* \* \*

\_February \*beep\*, 2006. 6:00 A.M.\_

It was a glorious morning.

The tangle of wires outside the mansion came to an abrupt stop at the fence. Over a hundred reporters with mikes were standing in a crowd waiting for the Shroud Man to make his appearance. A hundred wasn't that many compared to the thousands who preferred to cover the Olympics and the looming opening ceremonies that evening.

Too suddenly he was walking toward them, almost floating, his arms spread wide open. A white flowing gown. That long flowing hair. That long aquiline nose. Those impossibly big eyes. So serene. No Hollywood actor could compete for this part. He was a natural. Five feet eleven inches.

He began to speak in English.

"I am Jesus of Nazareth returned to judge the world."

He spoke again.

"Sono Jesu Cristo."

And again and again, in French, Spanish, Russian, Greek, Latin, Arabic, Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Vietnamese, Hindi, Urdu, Swahili, more.

"Jesus Christ!" uttered too many all at once.

"Are you scaaaared?" said some wiscracker in the crowd.

"I'll be baaack" said another wiscracker in an Arnold voice.

"Lord!" screamed two old Italian women simultaneously, rushing to the fence and throwing themselves to their faces.

He looked at them tenderly, tears in his eyes, his arms wide open. He scanned the crowd, his eyes falling on each and every person individually, knowingly, penetratingly. Be

proud of who you are. That's who I are. Or I'm not Kathy  
Something.

This is what it's like when worlds collide. There was that  
moment where silence stopped the heart. The silence where  
the music is all-loud. Heart. Music. The grass greens.  
The sky clears. The birds stop singing. The Easter sun  
comes out ahead of time. The umbrellas go down. His face  
shines. A halo appears. Power is let out.

Suddenly about half the crowd fell to one or both knees.

☠☠

Chapter 2. The Reeducation of the Shroud Man

\_March 1 is St. Eichtadt Day, a day of human blood drinking.\_  
\_March 20 is the Spring Equinox, a vaginal day.\_  
\_The Spring Equinox: March 21st, Satanist New Year or  
Crux.\_  
\_April 24 is St. Mark's Eve.\_  
\_Beltane or Walpurgisnacht: April 30th, day of lust and  
indulgence.\_  
\_May 1 is Beltane or May Day, the occult fire festival.\_  
\_June 21 is Summer Solstice, the day for celebrating  
one's sense of humor.\_  
\_June 23 is Midsummers Eve, occult St. John's Eve.\_  
\_July 25 is St. James Day.\_  
\_July 31 is Lughnasad, the day of the celebration of being  
the predator not prey.\_  
\_August 1 is Lammass.\_  
\_August 24 is St. Bartholomew's Day.\_  
\_September 21 is the Autumn Equinox, the time to reflect on  
oneself.\_  
\_September 23 is the Mysteries of Eleusis.\_  
\_October 2 is Durga Puja (Cult of Kali).\_  
\_October 5 is the opening of Mundis Cereis.\_  
\_October 10 is Dashara, Kali's victory over Mahishasura.\_  
\_October 31 is All Hollows Eve or Halloween or SamHain.\_  
\_November 7 is Hilaria/Mania, opening of Mundus Cereris,  
the rebirth of Osiris.\_

\_November 25, 2005. 11:00 A.M.\_

"Our previous pet was a goldfish so it's been a bit of an adjustment for us."

"Who said that?"

Nobody spoke. They were all straining against the laugh gas. There was a ventriloquist among us.

Friday. Back to work. The Red Wings versus the Avalanche for the Stanley Cup. It just wouldn't be normal if there weren't a few of those verbal bombs being lobbed. Game one between the Stars and the Sharks in the other series ended four zip, one game and none. Get your game face on, A'ny man. The team split up from the informal assembly. A'ny walked over to his desk cubicle sloppily and plopped down in his slop, his fingers falling in place over the ergonomic keyboard like a jockey on a racehorse. Today was DNA Day at the Races.

Read what you will, the quantum psycho-organic hologram technology had its game face on. It was like those people who only had two sports, football and spring football. On day one of mini-camp the injured star was already sprinting. Jesus was the most perfect human anybody on the team had ever seen. The DNA was different. They didn't have the time to decode his entire set of chromosomes but there were whole regions which in other people were supposed to be residuals, garbage, but which for him seemed to contain information, perfect information, insuring a bright future for his family. It was as if he had the master DNA and everybody else had error-filled copies. As if there really were an Adam and he was him. Or another perfect copy of him. The second Adam. Often imitated but never duplicated.

The Peak bet the always-right never-wrong Dr. A'ny he would have 66 chromosome pairs instead of the usual forty whatever. He lost the bet. But his DNA was a whole new way to mow. A wow to the highest brow. Move out of the carpenter's way. This dude is a super genius. He never

has a sick day.

How do you resurrect a man from a piece of cloth? My dear, it's like Red Bull. An energy drink needs wings, the latest technology. A complex chemical soup tank controlled by massive parallel biological computers that can build a man molecule by molecule. A "design key" that is scanned as the man is built, controlling the 3rd and 4th dimensional aspects of the build. Yes, too few dimensions spoil the broth. Molecules don't stay put or stick if laid down in the incorrect dimensional order. Insane in the membrane, insane in the brain.

They had on the Shroud the design for a super genius. They knew it in three days. He was already talking in complete sentences, in a dozen languages. In a week he was mentally adult. In a month he was hooked up to a dozen super high speed Internet terminals simultaneously, scanning everything he and eleven other people could click. The company called in the most learned of every field, had them sit at Jesus' feet, have him teach them. Not literally at his feet. He was forever isolated by a dozen locked lab rooms with big bulletproof windows in each direction, like a lab rat in a maze. You could stare at him, as if through a time tunnel, and sometimes he'd stare back at you, never without moving you deeply. The security was very tight. Few were permitted physical contact with him other than his mothers and fathers and sisters and brothers who had been with him from the beginning.

By the eight month point it was over. He was beyond, was going ahead of the human race. Nobody could understand him at his level. A lonely man on a jazz oasis. At least a half dozen people could understand Einstein in his day. Now even the Einsteins just wanted to take orders.

He insisted on white robes from the first time he could talk. That was his thing, his style. Linen, no cotton. Call the conqueror. Hold the Jockeys and the Fruit O'the Loom. This is the evolution. It's about being in the moment. This is what I do. You can see my blood. Welcome to the evolution of robes. He wore nothing under them, even a long long way from home.

One strange day he asked for a copy of the Jehovah's Witnesses Watchtower and Awake! magazines in every language they published in. The only paper publications he ever requested. The Bible was available on the Net in every language and translation already, all except the JW stuff, which went out in over a hundred languages simultaneously. They figured it helped him master the more obscure languages. The Peak dug up the fact that the JWs are the fastest growing sect in Italy, passing up the Protestants with a growth rate fifty times higher than theirs. Not that the twain combined are even two percent of the pop. Italy was basically pagan. The Catholic Church had been rebelled from profoundly. The Pope and his Vatican were a figurehead bordering on a nuisance. Paganism, Satanism, witchcraft, these were everywhere now. Turin was itself the capital of Satanism in Italy, if not the world. A walk through Turin was like a surrealistic tour of meta-sodom and virtual-gomorrah. The added layer of tourists brought by the Olympics gave it a zoolike atmosphere, like look at those Satanists, aren't they cute? Where's the Jamaican bobsled team, and is John Candy really dead? God is dead in Italy. The priests and nuns still in the black clothes were probably tourist props like Mickey and Goofy in Disney World.

Nobody around him ever had a sick day. Even Shania, who was prone to hypochondria, in lieu of being a single working mother, a divorcee with kids struggling with an au pair, or whatever, now never had an imagined sick day, had to shave her head twice as often. He made wilted flowers bloom, like ET. He made people glad. Dr. A'ny was one of the last holdouts. He tried to be above it, reduce it to scientific absurdity, but finally he broke down too. Got well. Knelt to Jesus like everyone else. Jesus liked being knelt to. It would make him radiate from his face, having the highest head in the room. People wanted to keep him, didn't want to let him out. It was their ET. He could hide in the closet when mommy came, but mommy couldn't share ET.

One day Jesus called an audience. Like the Sermon on the Mount they all came, the whole company team, the suits on the HEIL, the janitorial crew. He thanked them, his sheep,

for restoring their shepherd. He wanted to thank his Vicar on Earth, Il Papa, personally now. This floored everybody visibly. Everybody thought he would consider the Catholic Church a monstrous fraud, a corrupt perversion. Just look at, for instance, the Inquisition. Look at what they did to Galileo, to Bruno, to Joan of Arc. Their rear guard action against science to this day, in birth control, cloning. But Jesus explicitly called the Pope his vicar on earth. So, it was true after all. His vicar on earth. Thou art Peter and I will build my Church on this cock, quoth Da Peak, throwing his voice onto a lab coat ahead of him in the crowd.

They did as he requested. The Pope was just down the block, so to speak, from Turin. With the company's resources an Internet live audience with the Pope was a snap. When the Pope saw Jesus Christ, the Shroud Man, come to life and thanking him for his faithful service, his face turned bug-eyed, and he shit a proverbial holy brick, to put it in Dr. A'ny's colorful vernac. "Too bad the old Polish Pope of Pickled Peppers didn't live to see this day. He could have been cured and maybe lived forever. I'm fifteen. I feel like a fifteen." The Peak was a boy of few words so none were expected, and none forthcoming, except when he could throw his voice. "I was just thirty-one when I got that job." "They miscast Dennis the Menace," quoth the Doctor.

Jesus had a plan. He wanted to use the coming Olympics as his stage. He could have gone on the Internet, set up a web site and a dot com, got a zillion hits a day, but he preferred the old-style media, TV cameras and mikes, for the initial effect.

You didn't go there, ever. It was done as he requested. Ordered? He didn't really give orders, only made requests, because after all he didn't even have a social security number or a driver's license, or two cents to his name. No legal citizenship or birth certificate. A universal illegal alien. Legally the company probably claimed to own him. He was their product, protected by patents and trade secret law. But they always did as he requested. The nation of Israel would file a counter-claim, cracked the ventriloquist boy's finger.

Shania the boy toy, technically A'ny's girl but now timeshared by Da Peak, took Jesus on strike. All they want to do is the rock, and all she wants to do is go to Nice, France. She kept Jesus at a distance, like it was not her place to mess with company projects. No feminist, she was no religious pushover either. She had a doctorate in genetics which she never mentioned, never brought up, nor her academic title of Doktor. In the company she kept she was a mental fudgesicle, her degree a game score in a lower level game league. Her dissertation was, if not disproved by the ongoing research, at least hopelessly obsolete, ludicrous, trite, unoriginal, like those from southern American universities would be in Yankee states. She withdrew into her whore mode where she was able to keep in the game and score. After all, their gender had the babes. She had him and Peak by the gonads, the unbreakable ancient curse.

How did Da Peak get in her pants, and, what's more, get him, A'ny, to like it? The Chinese scholar tradition. The life devoted to study could allow no wasted time, so the state provided them with everything, including fuck bunnies, so they could bonk them on the way to sleep without losing their finger on the page. A kid with his stellar potential in a fast moving world couldn't be wasted on going to malls to pick up chix. Stay there and do your share. Your foot. The average American foot has over 600 million germs. A bad case of pinkeye and you're history. Trenchmouth is rampant. A staph infection could kill. She's yours then, said A'ny. You win. My time is valuable too. No time to think up counterargs. We are not animals. We are human beings. That's our reprieve. That's our pardon. That's our freedom. Give 'er 'ell. He was surprised when she did it. Amerigirls are so independent. Maybe she was doing it from independent motives. You don't ask. Wet dreams ask. Well-fucked nuts don't ask.

Everybody now had to face their religious past, however buried it had been. Like the embryo going through the evolutionary stages from tadpole to fish to bird to mammal in the womb, even the dyed-in-the-wool atheists had their dirty little religious skeletons, right there alongside Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny sometimes, other times a

long period of church indoctrination that they had gotten over. Even if there really was a Jesus Christ, he was just a man, a superior man granted, but no god. God didn't resurrect him, science did. Jesus himself never invented even the light bulb.

The question of where Jesus got his hands on Q-Psohotics was too much to tangle with, like those balloons that flew against the wind in the hand of Pennywise the Clown in 1958 Derry. You just didn't quiz Jesus Christ, put him through Twenty Questions. It was as if you knew anything you did wrong with him would end up in world history books for millennia. Nobody had enough rank to pull. But then he had been born tabla rosa anyway. He couldn't answer even if you did ask. How would he know? The ancients had their mysteries. Maybe it was aliens from outer space who landed in remote antiquity or whatever. The experts couldn't even tell you who wrote the Bible, or why. Ready to get creative? When your dog is the star of a syndicated comic strip you get tons of fan mail.

One fellow white coat was a jazz fan. His nick was Preparation H. He looked like a ball player, a first baseman. Overwhelmed you with his jazz mouth. Claimed to be related to Jackie Robinson. Believe in progress, he jazzed. Stand hope with the piano of Stan Hope. The tune's called That's My Kick. The only way you get it is by becoming a member, and membership was closed long, long ago and far, far away. You can't look somewhere and grab it. Just keep the music going and hold tight to your golden parachute. One day you'll tell your kids if you live to 52. Kind of like that retro commercial for Walt Disney. Where will you be in the year 2000. You'll be my age by then, shock. Son, another hundred thousand miles and this baby'll be yours. Have you ever lied, Senator? Nice tie. Is that a gift?

That's not my job, A'ny told him. If there's a dollar at your foot is it worthwhile to bend down and pick it up? That was the feelgood password of any big company. Not my job. The customer is always right. The New Agers can explain it after his coming, as they referred to his planned big day in front of the media. You use a misting showerhead

and tend to take a rejuvenated feeling away with you.

Prep H served his company as he served the savior breakfast. Multigrain bread, goat cheese, dates, kippers, boiled eggs, wine. He liked Italian cooking too. Ate anything put before him, even roadkill probably. They logged every calorie, every gram of carbo, fat, prot. You've got the look of love. It's on your face. The look that time can't erase. Be mine tonight. Let me feel it from the start. How long have I waited. Now that I have found you. The moon is strawberry. The wait is over. The hole is filled. The gap is no more. Now is here. Let the billions now on the planet work out their own salvation day. That was Prep H's byline. Let the billions on the planetette work out their own salvation day.

Jesus was totally asexual. He never hit on anybody, never gave you a side look, never looked under your dress, never grooved on your scent, never dilated his pupils at curves. He didn't need it. He didn't make you feel uncomfortable. The opposite, at ease. Like you didn't need it either. His organ was not pulling the strings. Had no tension to work off. No need for big Os. He could say no and not really mean yes. Didn't want to eat you, didn't play with himself even if he knew he wouldn't be caught. He was perfect. Made you think of all the false Christs setting up a cult only to start bopping all the babes and boys and hoping not to get caught, or making up a new religion to get away with it if they did. Joseph Smith. John Lennon. David Koresh. L. Ron Hubbard. Every TV evangelist since Fatty Arbuckle and Elmer Gantry. Jimmy Swaggart. Forgive me, oh congregation, for I have sinned. Got caught that is. That castrated messiah of Heaven's Gate took off for the comet ten years too early, lopped off his nuts for nix. Sex was truly a weakness. He made you realize it. And you were sorry. And he forgave you. Prep H had to sing it right to his face at meal time. Love is right. He's got such lovely ways. My head is in a daze. My new recruit he's mighty crazy. I'm crazy about my substitute.

"With his mind free of sex he has a hundred percent available for higher thought instead of the ten percent we have," said Da Finger out of another white coat in front of

him.

"And you're jealous as hell," said A'ny.

"Touche," said Shania.

"I was referring to the ten percent you have. I use fifty percent." This time Da Peak worked his own mouth.

"I been here seven years," said Prep H. "For godsakes man, I'm just here for the drinkin'".

"Be careful what you wish for," said A'ny.

"Then I think it's time you bought me a drink," H jazzed.

"If you buy the ribs."

"Now that's funny," laughed Shania.

It was funny because they were restricted to the underground lab compound. And because Peak threw his voice into Prep's maw.

"What did the dyslexic transvestite ask Jesus?" she went on, going for her own joke.

"Ask Jesus?" She held her answer, wanting him to acknowledge it would be a gag. "I'll bite," said A'ny.

"I want to ask him if I could be a Christina." The voice she used.

Everybody laughed. Thirty-five, twenty-two, thirty-five. A bucket of laughs. A wickdipper of laughs. Her scent was a robe they all wanted to wear.

Da Peak had to do it, or else somebody would he said. Become an ardent Satanist. He was too out of shape to enter the Turin Marathon or the Turin-Milan bicycle race. He was an atheist and didn't believe in gods or devils, but that would make him all the better a Satanist, he told them. He was immune from the shit. Jesus didn't do

anything for him. Just a man. A little out there, making an entire category of preachers obsolete, but irrational supernatural nah. What would happen if he were to bump into Jesus down the hall in the men's room, standing next to him at the urinals? Would he look? Or would Jesey be squatting in a stall tinkling down a tube like a woman? Oh, that was below the belt. The real reason he got into it is that his work was winding down. He had burst through the top, done the impossible, and now had leisure time. And that was hard for him to swallow. And Jesus was getting more attention than him. Cowboys love people watching them.

\* \* \*

\_December 21 is St. Thomas Day, the great occult Sabbath, and the Winter Solstice, the celebration of self-emancipation.\_

\_December 24 is the High Grand Satanic day.\_

\_January 1 is New Year's Day, a Druid feast and sacrifice day.\_

\_January 7 is St. Winebald Day.\_

\_January 20 is St. Agnes Eve.\_

\_Stardate 2006.\_

Time passed. They wished each other a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Da Peak made them wish each other a happy Winter Solstice. Shania began to extend her favors to a man of color who looked like a baseball player and had quite a bat. Prep H thrived in her sun, lured Da Peak into using his motion analysis baseball pitching and catching machine. Peak gained ten pounds of solid muscle, for a total of about twelve. A'ny responded by trying to look more distinguished, cultivating a full white head of hair and beard, a deep suntan, jewelry, cosmetic things for 70-somethings with dongs under 30, hoping on that legend of attraction between older men and young women like Bogie and Bacall, John Derek and Bo, Michael Douglas and Catherine

Zeta-Jones, Jenny McCarthy and her old man, any young fertile thing and his old man. Shania didn't have to do anything but blossom like any girlie girl at her peaky peak.

Meanwhile, above their heads the party never ended as the tourists poured into this top-o-the-boot party town about to have its biggest party ever.

\* \* \*

#### 2006 OLYMPIC SUITES REALLY GO FOR THE GOLD

Want to really see the 2006 Turin Winter Olympics in style? Don't want to rub elbows with the hoi poloi in the, gasp, bleachers at the opening and closing ceremonies? Try a 16-seat suite for \$160,000, or \$5,000 per seat per night. Too small? Try a 24-seater for \$225,000 -- note the nice discount. If you're feeling royal try the 40-seat presidential suite -- if you have to ask the price you can't afford it. For the games themselves, don't forget to reserve your luxury seats for the ten sessions of figure skating, the four sessions of short-track racing, the 30 world class hockey games, to name just a few. And don't forget your plaza suite above the awards platforms where the winners will receive their coveted medals. A 25-seat suite for the latter for each of the 15 awards nights will run you only \$100,000. Check or credit card?

\* \* \*

\_Imbolc or Candlemas: January 31st, day of indulgence and fertility.\_

The big day approached. Life was beautiful. They were in heaven, had Jesus all to themselves. And it was nothing like what the mean spoilsport Paul said in those epistles. Jesus was not so selective as he claimed. One more life would be saved thanks to advanced medical techniques and a material we call plastic.

Everybody had their Bible now, a real paper one, tissue-thin pages, stashed away somewhere, which they took to reading

with passion. The mental goal of everyone was to read the thing through by B-Day, the big day. But nobody admitted it. It was like a college course they were all giving themselves, and the semester had a definite last day. Da Peak had to read the Satanist bible, the Koran, the Book of Moron, the Upanishags, the Bhagavad Getout, the Talmud, Dianutics, the works of Madame Blavatsky and Mary Baker Eddy, the lives of the Christian Saints, and a bunch of church histories "for equal time". Well, maybe not the entire Talmud. But his bubbledome was bubbling. Never mind that Jesus absorbed all this and far more in a thousandth of the time, as his pals reminded him constantly to keep their own egos intact. He's older, Da Peak would say, acting as embarrassed as a kid caught with a date rape drug. Not that their bonding wasn't getting more beautiful each day. Three birds in one nest, bonding warm and beautiful, becoming one flesh with one beautiful egg.

\* \* \*

\_February 14 is Valentine's Day, the Satanic day of infant sacrifice and the shedding of blood.\_

\_February 15 is Lupercalia, the Satanic holiday of Pan, honoring the she-wolf who mothered Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome.\_

\_February 21 is Feralia or Terminalia, the Roman All-Souls/Boundary day.\_

\_February 25 is St. Walpurgis Day, a day of blood.\_

\_February \*beep\*, 2006. 8:00 A.M.\_

"Tonight we'll have cold lamb sandwiches," announced Prep H as the three of them lay in bed naked, the last morning before B-Day, feeling melancholy, listening to his jazz, since it was his room.

"Why?"

"The Last Supper."

"Jesus did eat Passover on his last night, didn't he?" squeaked Shania, like Mickey Mouse. "Lamb and all. That blows him out for vegetarians."

"That's not what disappoints me," said Prep H.

"What disappoints you, babe?"

"That he really wasn't a man of color like my preacher taught me."

"Your preacher didn't teach you that" said the nearest corner. Da Peak was curled up, his hand under his head for a pillow, eyes closed, lips shut, posing.

"And how do you know, mystery voice from the Toronto National Forest?"

"Because you were just reading up on it last night, and left bookmarks to the sites you visited."

"Get outa town. Bookmarks my skinny warm and dry. It looks like one of those Rold Gold contemporaneous arguments. A reunion of the black cats on Central Avenue in soul L.A. and a bite of the black apple. A real nice recording on the Zebra acoustic label. A Horace Silver cut. St. Vitus Dance. Shirley Horn starts it off with her album I Remember Miles. The pulse of a colored culture is still blood red. Share the diversity honky. Talk sculpture. It's colorless. Present a slide talk on your work with a reception to follow, infused with mystical overtones and a blackness that is thicker than blood at a brotherhood sisterhood dinner. First some swingin' stuff from steel pan virtuoso Pat Mar...tino."

He was finally shut up by a nude and snarling curvy pink shaved head girlie sprawled savagely all over his ebony bod, Frenching his lips while they tried to play back like on a Miles Davis trumpet and finally gave up to go deep.

Da Peak's lips broke out in a hopeless case of grins.

A'ny could only ponder how his high school friends would react to the news that he was Shroud Man's daddio. At how the jocks at the huge high school who ostracised him for being a geek yet were big in all the holier-than-thou get outa town Christ This and Christ That Rapture Maranatha whites only Pat Boone Pat This Pat That 700 Club nutworks in town. Holy Ghostier than thou. Whiter ghostier than thou. Like black is a curse. You'll get made right in heaven, whitened up. Like Adam and Eve couldn't no way have been black, much less Christy Christ. How they would react, the jaws drop, the dress pants piss, the proper white panties of their debutante foxes drop when he was on the cover of Newsweek getting his Nobel. When Jesus Christ announced that Dr. A'ny Daniels was his savior, and didn't go for their type of people, their dress code, their palpable white racism face lie game, flight to the suburbs game, pay for private school game, conservative flag-waving patriotic American bigoted kind-of-a-galactic-New-Orleans-feel game. If his suburb hadn't been ninety plus percent white he'd never have met any of them. They were supposedly of the same race but he outgassed them all and didn't belong. How they would soil their tailormade crotches as they read his interview telling them that he shared his white girlie with an, ahem, knee grow, nichro, need grow, black, Afroamerican, ebony stud muffin, and loved to do it, to take that racist shit to the bed and fuck it out, slurp it out, squirt it out, soil the sheets with it and get up and have the sheets washed, that's how little it really mattered. Like Eartha Kitt's blonde daughter is whiter than him, blonder. If Jesus did anything I just wish he'd end the hate.

He would have pondered even more but the jazz did something to him, mucked his brain up, threw it out of its usual hard rock groove, spun new wheels inside his head that he didn't know he had. He wondered if Jesus had listened to rock or jazz or even classic since his reconstitution. As fast as he learned even he didn't have the time to listen to it all. That would be one of the things you lost when you used the ID. The music in the lost years.

Music or life, that is the question. Hard choice.

The Winter Olympics. Get that irony. The White Olympics.

The last sports whites can still win medals in. Go Jamaica.

All right. He, Da Peak, the brains of the team were lily. Shame on them. Drop the whole subject or they'll bring this up to your face. He didn't want any publicity on this really, and he didn't think the company would give him any. Except for itself.

He got up on his knees, crawled over to the half-orirole cookie next to him, saw her rocking his chocolate in and out of her marshmallow as she sat on top, grabbed her heavenly breasts tenderly from behind, kissed her back, went down to the other end and became a born-again unracist bisexual Christina with a vengeance. Prep H was pleasantly surprised. Da Peak slept till they were quite through, then they all got up for their last day at the races before the sunrise service in the gardens above.

Reconstitution. Like juice. A'ny didn't go there. He was at work now, the paid pro, his white coat on. Back to the slop farm and the nest of terminals, cables, circuit cards, printouts, books and snack wrappers. Then the wet lab with the bottles, vials, glassware, tubes, clamps, burners, hoods, drawers, jigabuck analyzer machines. Then the observation room for a few minutes look at the "project", that serene look on his face, those slender fingers typing at a keyboard and using a mouse, that triangular bridge over his nose, the way two locks of hair always fell down over his forehead, the whole picture, the picture of Jesus Christ fell down from a Mad comic book in the sky, yet this was sanity, this was real, it was the billions out there and in the past who were fantasizing, making up their comic book pictures, carrying the dead man around their necks. The Bible says to not worship graven images yet when it comes to Jesus all bets are off, from the Protestant to the Catholic end of the spectrum. Funny how the Greek Orthodox had it right all along. Their obsession with icons, rigid pictures of Jesus, were right-on all along. Must have been because they based them all on the Shroud. He really was white, too white, so white that it frightened him to think how this could have been used if it were the Nazis who reconstituted him instead of them. If it were the 1936 Berlin Olympics where a brazen American black man spit in their master race

eye. How they could trot out the Shroud Man and shut his black face up. Steven Spielberg didn't think of that one. Times were different now, the political equation all different. His stomach churned as he did a little number on his political intelligence quotient, tried to predict the consequences of what they had wrought, what would be triggered by a press conference tomorrow, what the future would bring.

He didn't do much that day. Nobody did. Time stood still until the thing was done by the Shroud Man, his time at bat, all alone, no coaching, no crib sheets, no hidden earphones. People didn't get sick now, around him. But they stood still that day. Like a kind of Sabbath. No work was really done.

They did eat cold lamb sandwiches. Everybody on the team was served lamb by caterers. It had been ordered by the suits. Any way you wanted it.

Nobody slept that night. Nobody got tired. Nobody could wait. Nobody would ever forget where they were when he went to that fence and the crowd fell to its knees. It was all in a whirl, this day and the next, the electric shock to the world's heart, the day billions had waited for, now made a media event, like Elian Gonzales in Miami six years earlier.

Like Elian Gonzales. A kid washes up on the shore of Florida, is taken in by relatives, his father trying to get him back to Cuba, Fidel waiting in the wings pulling the strings. A media event. A political contest. The kid a pawn portrayed as a player.

This is different. The reverse of that situation. Jesus is pulling the strings. The world is his pawn. His father is in heaven. He sent him himself you could argue.

Electronic concepts. Math concepts. Scientific concepts. Something you could know with certainty. Religious concepts, they were profoundly different. You had to believe not just know. There was no certainty. It was a bet, a wager. RU or RU not a fairy tale, or RU the UT, the ultimate truth? But now here he was, yes here he just was,

right here, sitting on the porch reading while I walk the dog. I have been a lesbian for five years, living in sin with a partner, but now here's this great big red blooded man sitting on the porch and I walk right by him as he reads his Bible, and have to face up to him, to myself, to an upsetting of my apple cart, to a finality, a reality, here, now, in the flesh, his arms wide open, his eyes searching, knowing, his mouth about to speak, to tell it like it is, in your face.

Get your pencils ready. There's going to be a test.

**FF**

Chapter 3. The Golden Apples

\_All Hollows Eve or Halloween or SamHain: October 31st.  
The fire festival. The time to settle the score with  
destruction rituals, curses, and revenge.\_

\* \* \*

\_January 31, 2006.\_

"A golden bird that flies away. A candlestick of flame. If  
you think it was a game you had to be there."

"You were never there. Never never there."

"Yes I was."

"Tell me about it."

"The climate wasn't an orgiastic one, more a feel of  
Methadone, a scratching voice all alone, nothing like a  
baritone. I didn't hear teeth grinding or loudly chomping  
air. No gorgeous naked babes waiting for you to spread your  
robes and bonk them like billy goats. Tom Cruise and Nicole  
Kidman would have walked out. There was a sacred atmosphere  
though, on the dark and sinister side, and at home. I know

you wanna hate me, but I've outsinned you lately."

"When was this?"

"Halloween of 2005. After months spent seeking out contacts, assuring them they would remain anonymous, I was finally allowed to attend a Black Mass celebrated by one of the biggest Churches of Satan in Turin. It's nothing like it seems. The little that seems is gone. In the United States, from New York to Los Angeles, Churches of Satan are public organizations and their addresses are even included in the yellow pages, invented by that ugly Jewish comic Jon Lovitz. In Turin they still go for the deliciousness of secrecy, practice black sex magic, keep a watch out for Catholic spies. Shades of the Inquisition I guess. I wear my sunglasses at night, but it's home. It was harder for me because even with a fake mustache I didn't look of age. I stuffed my pants with two golden apples. The little that they see is wrong, but they won't hate me."

"Where was it?"

"A private apartment in the old part of town, formerly used as a storehouse, maybe a bingo parlor, with a room about a hundred feet long. The furniture was bare, essential, with no black painted walls like other deserted Satanic chapels reportedly discovered in Turin. Just an altar, at the center, with a dark pall, similar to those used for Catholic funerals. A stained mudshovel. There was a statue of the devil with an erect foot-long hotdog. A lot of devil-shaped red candles, a hand of glory and a skull and crossbones. A microphone on a stand. A Torino Winter Olympics Poster."

"Ford Torino?"

"Funny guy."

"Hand of glory? What is that for?"

"Beats me."

"Joker. Who attended the mass, Peaky Peak?"

"There were about two hundred people, all standing, A'ny Anus. On average, they were quite old, 20 to 30 years old, like you. Like you would have looked. There were a few women. I counted exactly sixty-six. They all wore normal clothes, with a pungent stench, except the celebrant who was dressed in a hooded black mantle reaching his feet while he smoked like a rake. It must have tased like shit."

"Enjoy the taste of Coca-Cola. Did he wear goat horns?"

"No. Do you?"

"How was the rite held?"

"It started by invoking Satan, in a shaky Latin, according to their liturgy which turns the Catholic liturgy upside down. The faithful replied to the texts by heart. There was a sequence of ritual acts such as lighting of candles, Satanic spells, manipulation of objects, etc., which lasted about twenty minutes. After their best trick I heard a chain. Then a priestess came in. Turn the lights off, carry me in low."

"A priestess came in?"

"Work sucks, I know. She left me roses by the stairs, to surprise me and show she cares. In Satanic rites a woman, a virgin if possible, acts as an altar. In the U.S. on the Net I've seen wooden supports anatomically shaped so as to host the priestess in a laid-down position. In Italy it's usually an uncomfortable table, so I guess the woman comes in as late as possible to avoid it."

"To deal with it she prefers chains? How old did she appear to be?"

"Too old. Anything but a chaste young woman. She was 40, more or less, good looking, no Sophia Loren, more like a Marisa Tomei. But really embarrassed. Maybe it was her first experience. In American Satanism I've seen naked women flaunting their bods, no shame. Not in this case. She entered covered with a bathrobe. She took it off and stretched out on the altar and kept her legs tight together."

Her bush was hairier than Larry Fine's head."

"Who is Larry Fine?"

"Mo, Larry, and Curly?"

"Hey man, this nicotine gum tastes like shit!"

"Chill out."

"What happened then among the river pygmies of New Guinea?"

"Hold me closer, tiny dancer. The priest carried out the rite of the deconsecration of the Host, probably stolen from a Catholic Church in the area. He put it on the woman's tits and then he quickly dipped it in her vagina, like Clinton did with that cigar. Then he raised the chalice. I think he zipped when he should have zagged. Jack of all trades. The elixir, a mixture of sperm and vaginal secretions which serves for bestowing immortality and creating the body of glory, had been prepared in advance."

"They didn't quench their thirst like we do with PowerAde?"

"They're not that big. Don't have that kind of pull. Sound bytes. Guacamole bacon burger. Tough to eat. Tougher to spell. Feel free to use those."

"Deconsecration? Is that like reconstitution?"

"You're the juice man."

"They use the juice of a man and a woman to reconstitute the Host, but they call it deconsecration because it turns the Son of God into the Son of Satan."

"Check. Then they eat and drink it."

"Send me to Vegas bitch! Did you have some?"

"If I didn't wake up with you this morning you should ask."

"What kind of fun is that crap? Body of glory?"

Immortality?"

"My ass. It seems we're in the same business, if not the same league."

"A league of their own. 66.6. The Peak. Did any fucking take place?"

"Yes, soon after."

"I thought we do everything together."

"We do. It was quite short. It lasted a couple of minutes only. And it was just between the priest and the woman altar only. It was a mime act, no pleasure shown, and the faithful just stood there like sleepwalkers. The bitch was frigid."

"Rats. What did the followers do next?"

"Chanted some devil shit."

"Did they sing any hymns?"

"No. No rock music either. They mumbled some invocations to the devil, in an atmosphere of palpable emotional tension. There were neither songs, nor musical instruments, not even pianola accompaniment."

"In what manner did the ceremony end?"

"The priest blessed the faithful using a liquid which I guess was urine from the woman-altar. He sprinkled it at us. Some people swear by urine as a tonic and a medicine."

"Pardon me while I burn. How did you get out of the lab to go there?"

"When I gotta get away, that's my secret. It's about commercials, ad agencies. Viewers sometimes don't see anything different even though the ad changes every day."

"I withdraw the question for another. Did it occur to you

that the ceremony was staged for your benefit, to check you out?"

"Lights out. Cover the radio. Lesson learned. STP."

"Sometimes you blow my mind."

"You get stuck there all the time."

"Wait one. What about the golden bird who flies away?"

"Do the crocodile rock, mate."

\* \* \*

\_Click.\_

SATANISM IN THE VATICAN: THE DEVIL ROMPS AND NOBODY CARES

Archbishop, Former Jesuit Claim Satanists Skulk in Vatican

by \_The Truthseekers\_

May, 2000

"From somewhere or other, the smoke of Satan has entered the temple of God." -- Pope Paul VI

It was November of 1996. Sensational, explosive allegations were made in Rome by an archbishop that members of the Roman Catholic hierarchy there are secretly involved in formal Satanic worship. Even though these charges have been subsequently confirmed as true by a well-known Vatican insider they are remarkable in being greeted by a total lack of notice in the U.S. press to this day. Why?

Archbishop Emmanuel Milingo made the accusations in an address to an audience of clergy and laity from across the globe at the Fatima 2000 International Congress on World Peace, held in Rome on November 18-23, 1996. Commenting on the growth of evil in the world and the need for more exorcists to aid the many people afflicted by demonic

activity, he stated:

"Now the third dimension [of evil] is the most dangerous. It is subtle and most terrible... I could not believe when I discovered this third dimension of evil. The third dimension is people who follow instructions in Satanic sects...

"Now with this third dimension, I'm sorry to say, our Church belongs to it. I'm very sorry, I could not understand myself, and even now I don't understand. But the only consolation I have is that, well, Judas Iscariot was one. Together with Jesus for three years, he never changed, then I understand that the third dimension of evil existed not only now, but it existed even then. Because nothing could change the heart of Judas Iscario. Nothing."

Milingo, formerly Archbishop of Lusaka, Zambia, now works in the Vatican as Special Delegate to the Pontifical Council for the Pastoral Care of Immigrants and Itinerants. He is an official exorcist, has written books such as Face to Face With the Devil, and travels around the world preaching and healing. He has accused fellow Catholic clergymen of harboring Satan's minions:

"The devil in the Catholic Church is so protected now that he is like an animal protected by the government; put on a game preserve that outlaws anyone, especially hunters, from trying to capture or kill it. The devil within the Church today is actually protected by certain Church authorities from the official devil-hunter in the Church, the exorcist. So much so that the exorcist today is forbidden to attack the devil. The devil is so protected that the one who is the hunter, the exorcist, is forbidden to do his job."

Statements like these caused a furor in the Italian press, gaining front-page headlines. Three days after his speech Milingo gave a press conference to clarify his remarks, causing a second outburst of sensational media coverage.

To the question, "Are there men of the Curia who are

followers of Satan?" the prelate replied, "Certainly there are priests and bishops. I stop at this level of ecclesiastical hierarchy because I am an archbishop. Higher than this I cannot go."

\_Il Tempo\_ and other major daily papers reported that Milingo used a statement by Pope Paul VI to back up his charges. In 1972 Paul surveyed the done wreckage to the Church after the Second Vatican Council and was widely reported to have said, "From somewhere or other, the smoke of Satan has entered the temple of God." Milingo added, "I have not heard that anyone has seen him leave. We must pray that he will go away."

The silence with which the American media greeted this matter was deafening, until it was reported in the Winter 1997 issue of The Fatima Crusader, a conservative pro-Marian Catholic newsletter associated with the group that sponsored the Fatima 2000 Congress. The story was then picked up by William F. Jasper and reported in The New American, the organ of the John Birch Society, a right-wing political group, in its issue of March 3, 1997.

In the Fatima Crusader article, Malachi Martin, a famous ex-Jesuit, Vatican insider, and best-selling author, said, "Archbishop Milingo is a good bishop and his contention that there are Satanists in Rome is completely correct. Anybody who is acquainted with the state of affairs in the Vatican in the last 35 years is well aware that the Prince of Darkness has had and still has his surrogates in the court of St. Peter in Rome."

Martin had first made reference to a diabolic rite held in Rome in his 1990 non-fiction best-seller about geopolitics and the Vatican, The Keys of This Blood, in which he wrote:

"Most frighteningly for [Pope] John Paul [II], he had come up against the irremovable presence of a malign strength in his own Vatican and in certain bishops' chanceries. It was what knowledgeable Churchmen called the 'superforce.' Rumors, always difficult to verify, tied its installation to the beginning of Pope Paul

VI's reign in 1963... Besides, the incidence of Satanic pedophilia -- rites and practices -- was already documented among certain bishops and priests as widely dispersed as Turin, in Italy, and South Carolina, in the United States. The cultic acts of Satanic pedophilia are considered by professionals to be the culmination of the Fallen Archangel's rites."  
(page 632)

Martin has revealed much more about this alleged ritual in his recent novel, Windswept House, in which he vividly describes a ceremony called "The Enthronement of the Fallen Archangel Lucifer" supposedly held in St. Paul's Chapel in the Vatican, but linked with concurrent Satanic rites in the U.S., on June 29, 1963, barely a week after the election of Paul VI. The latter's statement about the smoke of Satan is taken to refer to this.

According to The New American Martin has confirmed that the ceremony did indeed occur as he had described. "Oh yes, it is true, very much so," the magazine reported he said. "But the only way I could put that down into print is in novelistic form." He said more members of the clergy are becoming aware of the situation, and that Archbishop Milingo was "merely like that actor in the movie Network, who got fed up and said, 'I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take it anymore.'"

Why have Milingo's remarks been so studiously ignored by the American news media? The New American claimed that a Lexis/Nexis data search found not a single mention of his Fatima 2000 Congress statements, and were informed by an Associated Press researcher that Milingo was considered "a big old mouth" that was always spouting "a lot of insanity" with his outspoken opinions about the existence of Satan and of miracles.

As for Malachi Martin's book Windswept House, it has not gotten the critical acclaim or widespread publicity of his past efforts. It has been virtually ignored, even though it is published by Doubleday, a mainstream publishing house.

Reviewers, he said, "are steering away from it. They don't

know what to think about it. They don't know what to say."

But Martin continued to speak out, doing numerous radio interviews, such as on The Art Bell Show, until his death in early August of 1999. As far as is known he never recanted on any of his claims that Windswept House was based on an actual Satanic ritual in the Vatican in the early days of Pope Paul VI, or that there is a general Satanic conspiracy within the Roman Catholic Church.

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Archbishop of Turin - Pastoral letter

EXPOSITION OF THE SHROUD

1997 Pastoral Letter

#### 1. The Reason for This Letter

In the light of the next Christmas, and while 1997 (year dedicated to Jesus Christ for the Jubilee of the year 2000) is ending, Providence has a gift for us, the people of Turin: the gift of remaining in the memory of Jesus, in His Spirit, thanks to the Exposition of the Holy Shroud that will take place next spring.

This special event will induce my greetings and my best wishes. Certainly, the mysterious bond that links the cave of Bethlehem with the Sepulcher in the story of Jesus' life is real. Therefore I do not think I am moving away from the subject -- which is the gift of the incarnation of the Word -- if I spend some time talking about how the Word, after the incarnation, "suffered for us in the flesh" (1 Peter 4:1) for our Salvation.

The story of this Holy Sheet and of the mysterious imprint that makes it unique, is connected to the mercy of the city of Turin. So, as a pastor of this Diocese, I would like to say something to underline the importance of the Exhibition of the

Shroud and to enlighten its penetrating message.

## 2. A Unique Figure

I do not mean, with this letter, to deal with the questions that surround the Shroud, since many researchers already deal with them, according to their specializations.

Their remarkable job gave us a quantity of information that suits the mentality of the man of today, even in religious matters. My purpose is instead spiritual and pastoral, wishing to help the Christian mercy and the common interest. In fact I believe that the reason why the Shroud is fully acceptable lies in the effectiveness and power of its being an icon, an icon full of evangelic realism about Jesus Crucified.

The Shroud, as it is, in the immediateness of its image, is made for eyes who can see and contemplate it and for minds in which it will be kept as an object of consideration, for consciousness as a message to be converted, for hearts as an invitation to return the love of our Savior, here so vividly recalled. Only God knows these ways -- which are, I think, the real meaning of the Exposition -- and they all start by "looking unto Jesus," as the author of the letters to the Hebrews reminds us.

As a visual image, the Shroud imposes with effectiveness. In addition, it can attract the observer to the world of the invisible, where it is easier to receive the message of Jesus crucified. Saying this I do not mean to give my personal impression, but the common experience of many people who spoke and wrote about the Shroud, spreading its mysterious charm.

## 3. Pastoral Attention Given to the Shroud

Because of the public acknowledgment of this

representative force, I think I can suggest a complete pastoral founded on the Shroud.

What do I mean by saying this? I say that the spiritual effect of the contemplation of the Shroud can bring feelings of conversion, fruits of repentance and change of life. It could also provoke an impulse to evangelization. All these considerations allow us to call the Exposition of the Shroud a meaningful moment of our journey, a moment we should help and prepare carefully. In its history the Shroud has always inspired mercy. This because it brings a new and different way to approach the great Gospel's narrations of the Passion, Death and Entombment of Jesus. For those who do not know these narrations, the Shroud does not say anything more than the story of a man tormented by other men's cruelty. In the Gospel this character has a name, and for everyone who has a memory of Jesus, the image on the sheet is clearly unmistakable. For this reason I chose as a motto for the Exposition of 1998 the verse "Everybody Will See Our Salvation."

The Shroud treats, with remarkable precision, the portrait of the Savior in His suffering for us, and shows His death unmistakably. It has often been observed that between the imprint of the Shroud and the narrations of the Gospel there is a close relation, too close to be considered merely casual. This comparison between image and texts creates a feeling of adhesion to Jesus' violent story on Earth. However, this meeting with God can originate many other thoughts. In this elevation to Jesus lies the real Spirituality of the Shroud. It definitely can nourish a Pastoral: there are only few elements, but so incisive they can produce the best fruits of Christian life.

#### 4. Some Important Points

I invite you, dear pilgrims, to find in yourselves some spiritual vibration, watching that figure.

Allow me to give you some indications:

a) A New Prayer

The image on the Shroud shows us a man destroyed by torment, but it does not provoke a mere feeling of horror. In the Shroud there is another implication, that I have already mentioned, and also the message of a mysterious peace, they both induce us to meditate and pray. It does not seem to me an usual prayer, because the mystery of Jesus crucified for love makes it more pious and meditative. I think it is hard to avoid the necessity to express somehow an overflowing affection, gratitude, and faith, when we are before the image of the Shroud; this emotion is not passing, and it can stay in our memory also throughout our everyday life, for its exceptional characteristics.

b) Discovering Again the Annihilation of our Lord

The Shroud, without any doubt, is the image of the Kenosis (Greek word that indicates how Jesus lowered his Holy person to a human level) of Jesus, who "became obedient unto death" (Phil. 2:8). We can not detach the Shroud from the reality of the Sepulcher, we do not see in it neither light nor life: we should stop more often on this consideration. Here we attend the irreparable end, we see a man abused and disfigured without mercy. The man on the Shroud has lost human and social dignity and every detail of his figure describes to us the real way to destruction. How far we are from the idea of Resurrection! It is true that, on the other hand, the Easter light will shine even more, but now we can only see the void of death and that cold body.

Here lies the message of the indescribable humiliation of God made man and, I dare say, of the enormity of that scandal. Then we are strongly called to a sense of total humbleness, to

a feeling of death that we share, because we have been "buried" with him in the Baptism.

c) The Memory of How We Have Been Loved

Believers know that the crucified Man is there because, as He said, He has given His life for His friends. We are "the Church of God, which He had purchased with His own blood" (Acts 20:28).

Now the Shroud compels us to meditation, reminding us of those truths: if this is the measure of love God gave us, and that we should return, how can we live better from now on?

It is as if we were feeling an amount of love that keeps disturbing us because of the depth of Christ's love that keeps calling us, and this is a great pastoral and spiritual prospect.

What most impresses us in the Shroud is its appearance of something final: Jesus went to the Cross without any hesitation, and from there He taught us what a moral victory must be, as it is required by our vocation.

d) The Greatness of the Victory on Evil

It happens, sometimes in life, that we are depressed and discouraged because of the number of evils; unfortunately not even the invocation to God "Deliver us from evil" can encourage us, because our hope is weak. So, too many times we think and behave as if evil was victorious in the world. But we know it is not true! The icon of the Shroud reminds us that even in the death of Jesus, who is the Word of God, the victory is accomplished, and we live in the continuous plentiful Grace of that event.

I invite you then to remember that God was annihilated when he became a man, but He was not defeated, on the contrary, as we know, He won

against evil and death. We are not influenced by Satan, since we belong to God; the Shroud sends us, in our need of hope, the solemn message of life.

#### Drawing conclusions

The exposition of 1998 will be an event meant to involve a large number of people and associations, and consequently, to have a great impact. Therefore, while I send a grateful thought to everyone who will collaborate on the exposition, I wish to rivet again its spiritual and pastoral meaning. This is the result I hope for. As archbishop I ask all the faithful in the Diocese to pray, before and during the exposition, that Jesus will make it an event of Grace. We will see a great number of pilgrims who may come after a long and hard journey. We should accompany their faith with ours, since we know that the journey prefigures the reaching of the Life, and therefore it is a meaningful itinerary. The Exposition is a time for Grace, it could create in everybody the certainty about the vocation to Jesus Christ. For this reason I said that the Providence presented us with the joy of renewing the memory of the Savior in the Exposition of the Shroud.

I invite all of you to welcome warmly the pilgrims, and then I pray that Mary, the Consoled Virgin patron of our diocese, will be with you. She will share with us her painful feelings, since we know that Salvation gives joy as a crop grown from the seeds of tears. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy" (Psalms 126:5). I renew my best wishes for this Holy Christmas, and ask for me and for you that the icons of the Child and of Jesus Crucified will light a serene and serious enthusiasm in your souls. We need it in these days of evangelization.

Card. Giovanni Saldarini, Archbishop of Turin.

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ITALY TODAY IS LOSING TO SATANISM

Roman Catholicism ceased to be the state religion in Italy in 1984 and at least in theory all religions have equal freedom before the law, although religious education in the schools is strictly limited to the teaching of Roman Catholicism.

Protestants compose only 1% of the population, with an annual growth of 0.2%, while the more active Jehovah's Witnesses are currently at 0.75% of the population with an annual growth of a staggering 8%. Occultism is widespread, and there are reckoned to be 100,000 full time consulting magicians, three times the number of Catholic priests. Satanism is also strong, with the northern city of Turin acting as a center for this. There is no accurate census of Satanists, but flocks are turning away from the Catholic church and toward New Age thinking and eastern religion.

Is Turin really the capital of Satanism in Italy? The notion is now so widespread that it seems to have become a commonplace not merely for the people concerned but also for the man in the street. As early as 1986 the idea was launched by the German weekly Der Spiegel when it portrayed Turin as a city besieged by the nightmare of Satanism, where thousands of adepts were constantly engaged in devil worship. The uproar caused by a 1988 conference On Diabolos, Dialogos, Daimon held there, and sponsored by the city government, merely confirmed the impression.

This general impression does, in fact, have an historical basis. During the second half of the 19th century this city capital of the Savoy monarchical seat became a refuge for a great many magicians and followers of the occult, who were attracted to Turin by substantial help from the governors. Those were the years of fierce opposition between the Church and State, the latter of which was in favour of encouraging the spread of the phenomenon to the detriment of the former. Thus until the end of the century the Pie Imontese rulers allowed sects of all kinds, Satanic and occult, considerable

freedom for expansion.

But it would be mistaken to think that the current Satanic wave, now swelling, is the direct offshoot of the 19th century variety.

During this century, Satanic sects in Italy all but disappeared, encouraged by the authorities' growing hostility (the first trial in Turin of followers of Satanic sects took place in 1890) until, according to sociologist Massimo Introvigne, Satanism was barely existent during the 1960s. But it was precisely then that an alternative culture developed in the United States which spread to Europe and became embodied in the 1960s students' movements. In those years, Satanism took on new life in California when Anton Szandor La Vey, a young San Franciscan, founded a "Church of Satan" that had startling appeal. But the real father of contemporary Satanism must rightly be considered to be Alastair Crowley, the English Rosicrucian who died in 1947 and whose writings on Satanism and the Occult largely inspired La Vey's "church". Newly reimported, the phenomenon of Satanism began to spread in Italy once again. As the crisis within Marxism grew progressively more acute during the 1980s, finally leading to the collapse of regimes in eastern Europe, the ground became increasingly fertile for it. Satanism is now spreading on an alarming scale, especially among the young.

Turin is no longer an isolated spot on the map of Satanism. In recent years Bologna has also earned the name of "Satanic city". The administrative center of the region of Emilia and its surrounding countryside have witnessed episodes of desecration of churches and cemeteries and the celebration of black masses. During these rituals, which follow an inverted version of the canons of a Catholic mass, the devil is invoked and the Eucharist profaned, but there is also a great deal of sexual activity, and sometimes crimes proper are committed. The Bolognese judiciary has been investigating and the magistrates in charge have announced dramatic revelations to be made public soon.

Meanwhile Father Gabriele Amorth, the official diocesan exorcist, has recently declared that "Rome is currently the

most satanized city in Italy". Apart from the city itself the phenomenon, foreign to the traditional culture of the Eternal City and imported from outside, centers on the surrounding hills, known as the Castelli Romani.

What are the reasons for the large-scale spread of S-rituals within the capital? In an interview last year, Amorth offered the following explanation: "I'd say that in general the presence of the Pope at Castel Gandolfo (in the Castelli Romani), and not only there but also in Rome, the center of Christianity, is more than a secondary attraction for all those intent on countering faith".

The recent focus on the question by Italian Church hierarchy also suggests that Satanism is now spreading among ordinary people. In collaboration with the Italian Group for Research and Information on Sects (GRIS) and the University of Bologna, the Episcopal Conference is backing a nationwide survey on the subject of religious sentiment. The declared aim is to provide a map of these phenomena in Italy.

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TO THE HEADS OF STATE IN THE WORLD AND TO ALL THE PEOPLE OF EARTH

The Secret of Fatima 1917 - 1960 - 1976

TAKEN from the Text of the periodical "L'ARALDO di S. ANTONIO" no. 15, May, 1975 and reprinted, in obedience to the will of the SS. Virgin Mother of the Savior Jesus Christ, for the apostolate and diffusion of the good press by the Group of Spiritual Children of the Servant of God Padre Pio from Pietralcina. (S.B.C. Turin)

The Decree of the Congregation for the Propagation of Faith A.A.S. No. 58/16, of 12-29-1966, had already been approved by SS. Paul VI on 10-14-1966 and was published by the will of His Holiness. Three months after publication, the Decree was confirmed; therefore it is no more forbidden to divulge -- without imprimatur -- writings regarding new apparitions, revelations, prophecies and miracles. The Vatican Council has recognized the right to sincere information among honest

people. (Catholic Documentation No. 1483 p. 327)

Here is the famous third secret of Fatima of which propagation was expected in 1960. The document, known due to a diplomatic indiscretion, would have been sent for information by the Vatican Authorities to those of Washington, London and Moscow deeming it not necessary, but indispensable to the agreement regarding the ceasing of nuclear experiments. The authenticity of such a document has never been denied by the Vatican.

On October 13, 1917, after a series of apparitions, the SS. Virgin appears for the last time to the children of Fatima: Lucia, Giacinta and Francesco. After the event of the "Miracle of the Sun", the Mother of God revealed to Lucia a special message that "among other things" said:

Text of the Secret Message of Lucia (May 22, 1958)

A THOUGHT TO MEDITATE:

"When the message was received, in 1917, no one yet could think about the atomic bomb, its consequences and all those other energies that, IN A FEW HOURS CAN DESTROY MANKIND. This is sufficient to show the authenticity of the message and it should also make us reflect on what else has been said and recommended by Our Lady. She is our Mother and, as such, wants to preserve us from every evil, whether spiritual, moral, or physical". (E. F.)

Here is the greatest victory of Satan. He has convinced the world that he does not exist!

The Sacred Father JOHN PAUL II has said: "SATAN exists, has a kingdom, a logical action".

From the newspaper La Stampa of Turin, of 3-27-1981 we report the enlightening thought of our Pope.

(beginning of article)

THE POPE: "SATAN EXISTS, HAS A KINGDOM, A LOGICAL ACTION"

The devil exists, has his own kingdom, his own program that "requires a strict logic of action, a logic such that not only the kingdom of evil can hold up, but that it can develop in those to whom it is addressed".

The Pope yesterday afternoon said Mass in St. Peter's, by now traditional, for the university students of Rome in view of Easter.

John Paul II, who in the homily mentioned Newton and Einstein, spoke at great length of Satan, of his kingdom opposite to that of God.

"The battle between the kingdom of evil, of evil spirit, and God's kingdom," he said, "has not ceased, has not ended. It has not only entered a new stage, but the final stage. In this stage, the battle continues always in the new generations of human history".

Then, addressing young people directly, the Pontiff affirmed: "Learn to think, to talk and to act with evangelic clarity, call sin sin and do not call it redemption".

(end of article)

To men of goodwill we say, pass this message to the person you care a lot about. He will appreciate it, and, if you can, print it and divulge it in honor of SS. Mary and for the salvation of mankind.

\* \* \*

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Dr. A'ny was busy watching the rise and fall of his salvation. He thought it was all the same. Instead it was all the same. He needed something to do, to feel the immortality in view. His honey sea had all run out. But it's all right. It's all right.

One thing I know. It's good to be alone. Because

everything's my fault.

An immortality device requires a tremendous amount of energy. Enough to dematerialize a body, not even leave gas or steam.  $E$  equals  $MC$  squared. It's quite deceiving to even an old physics ham. The son of a bitch is gone. The Shroud is left behind. An angel came and rolled the stone away. Voila. He's vanished. He didn't walk out the tomb. He vanished while nobody could see.

A whole religion that took over the western world came out of this? If it's a rabbit in the hat trick you can have it. But the Shroud, later called the Mandylion, and the face cloth, called the Sudarium of Oviedo, galvanized people. Caused them to see visions of Jesus for days. Electrified them into life service. Tongues of fire descended on them, caused them to speak in tongues. Caused them to give up Moses and their cut dick pig and lobster meat hating cult. Caused them to write all those gospels and epistles. To take on the Romans and the lions in the arenas. If he could do it they could do it. And he clearly wanted them to have it. The world will never see me again, he said, until I return for you.

You're sick. You're sick. You're sick. You're sick.  
Your're sick. You're sick.

For their ID they had a cave full of nuclear plant equipment, faith no more, epic things, green lights, red lights, don't stop don't cop I don't care. Everyone of you could be the same. Everyone of you could play the game. Got a green light, got a green light, but you're going nowhere. The best things in life are for free. Got a new life got a new wife going nowhere. Gotta stop gotta not stop gotta no don't care. Got a new light. Awesome pain.

Star Trek once had an immortality device. Their beam me up Scott Key schottky wasn't going nowhere. They knew the best things in life aren't in vain. Correction. Fill to the top the best things, to the peak. Bosch field house see you. Punkarama with jock kick Murphy's, link one eighty two, fiddler's green, the big show, powerman five thousand. All for sale. Tickets still available for that show. Oh what

was everything?

Now life came to a perfect circle. An ID. Get one. You'll need it. Think what you want, my mind is on fire. Take to the road. Everyone can have exactly what they want, exactly how they want it. I can feel God's laughter.

It took humanity two thousand fuckin' years to catch up with this Jesus rabbit. Just what was he about? His message? To wait for him? To preserve him? Preserve what? His gospels? He didn't write them. His epistles? He didn't write them. He left no writings. He left the Shroud. That's what they had to preserve. They had to keep it safe. To do that they had to make it holy. They did. It was too obvious.

The Roman Empire ruled in his day. It wasn't much interested in science and technology, except for warfare. But then, that's what drives its progress fastest. If it hadn't gone Christian, it would have created an ID in three, four, six centuries max instead of twenty. The Christians brought the Dark Ages, where superstition and idolatry ruled, where people lived in filth and either fucked like swine or tried to give it up completely, turn gay.

The Catholic Church was the dark side of the moon. There was nothing it could do. Maybe it was of Satan. The true believers they burned.

It took fifteen centuries for people to be crazy enough to call themselves superman and quit letting the Church hold their hand, to use their superhuman might to devise their own kryptonite. We took for granted all that scientists have done to put us back on solid ground, to keep us from being let down. The Shroud has brought us back down to town.

How did Jesus fit into all this?

Was he waiting for his followers to advance science? Why didn't they? Maybe they did. Maybe the true followers were the scientists. In religion they were as little children. Their faith was pure, simple, blind. Faith in the

superhuman might of their kryptonite. Jesus was their man all along then.

Why do people not live forever? Isn't Jesus all about this? Do you hear? Why would anyone sail in the sands of don't stop living without his drafty boat?

Girls. All I really want is girls. I like the way they walk. I can always fake a smile. From the Colorado to the Nile.

Girls are an anti-ID. We took a walk down to the bay. Me and you we hit the hay. I asked her up she said no way. I probably will ditch her today. I heard she moved far away. That was just two years ago today.

Girls to do the dishes. Girls to clean up my room. Girls to do the laundry. Girls to do the nasty in the back room. That's all I really need is girls girls girls girls.

Save me.

Why do people worship Satan? Immortality? Freezing, feeling, breathing? I'm coming back again? I been alive so long I don't remember why I came.

Shaman. Rainmen. Making shapes by the moonlight like a deer. Feel the snake bite enter my veins. I don't want to be here again. Dead end. That's why Catholic people like bingo. They can do the BINGO song.

Why live forever when life is such a drag? Such a pain? Girlie pain? Love causes pain, sex releases it. In heaven they don't have sex said Jesus. You take away the pain. You made promises, promised only pain. You take it away, and leave me with nothing again. Please feel my pain.

He isn't just bringing immortality, he's bringing the kingdom of heaven to earth. His god is love. People just want to be funky, but he knows about the blood sweat and tears, the maniac, the heart attack, the cold steel. Do you want to be a rock superstar? The price of fame is too high.

His serenity. No girlie pain. Voodoo voodoo. I want some a'that. So far away. I'm not the one who's so far way. New rock on the peak. Pearl Jam. Semen. Vaginal secretions. Tell me something that's gonna break my heart, gonna break my balls. Satanists look for the ID between their legs. It seems the fun is over now and that's all right, it's all right. Don't need a Satanist to tell me how to live forever. Here we go again. That godpride again. I resurrected Christ. Tell me something that's gonna break my heart. It's good to be alone. Not. My girlie's so curvy, so perfect, bald or with long tresses, in a swimsuit or dresses, with or without eyeglasses. Cause every day's a ball. It's a con job but it's still a job. There'll be another cat coming out next year, looking like me, sounding like me, looking superstitious, saying Santeria words like Babalu-aye the god of healing, Chango the god of fire, Ifa Corpus the 256 symbols, Ikole orun the heaven-hell, Obatala the creator of human life, Ochun the goddess of love and marriage and patron saint of Cuba, Oggun the patron god of workers, Oloddumare the supreme being, Orumita the god of fate, Yemaya the goddess of fertility.

Be a star. Be a never explain freight train, every single thing a real pain. That's why fools end up dialing up the bullet. Jesus has been a rock star. A big house, a fine car, fine cigars. In the big world he don't trust nobody. Send fifty bucks for a letter explaining how I get thousands of suckers to send me fifty bucks. Gang thing started, it's suckers, fine cars, big houses, fine coffins, no need to charge, just say trust me.

I don't practice Santeria, don't have no crystal ball, but if I had a million dollars I'd spend it all. I really want to know, my laddy. Can you make me fine? Daddy's gonna want to know. I can't live it up without you. I really want to say I'm divine, but my soul left too. Babalu-aye. You must have his ochra. You must have his string beans. Strawberries. Ochra.

Why was I raised in Boulder, Colorado? Why did I just leave for Stanford the day that JonBenet Ramsey died? Came through the ditches and burned with the witches and can't get up. I was smarter than the teachers and they hated me

for it. Wanted me not to win. Here I am the dog pounding hell out of the log. Slam in the mix of can't get up. Can't get there. Do it baby. Do it baby. Get through the ditches and burn the witches until they can't get back up.

Stanford gave me the Dracula urge, the nickelback, the leader of men peak. Tell your friends to saw the log, to fall into this hollow. I am not a leader of men so I prefer to follow. Do I think I could ever drink what I find so hard to swallow?

The rich are forgotten. In the academic castle that overlooks the water, my brain is on my hands, steering me by the slaughter. The dot com fever, the quit school early fever. Do you think I can have a dream that's not so hard to swallow? Yah, so hard to swallow.

Looking for that one, that one that makes me stand out, that makes them say whoa, he's da man, let's take a smoke break, put his name on there along with his daytime phone number of where he can be reached from two to four. By the time you've figured out what you want to do with your life it's over. So much trouble about absolutely nothing. With the ID there can be a collaboration of sorts between the one who played it in the movies and the real hussy savant who was stolen by Jack Nicholson and made you an angry man. How big is your penis? Not big enough. You sleep late, you lose. Did you check the paper? Another one of those lame job services? I started the fastest growing hi tech company in Denver. Click on my web site. Just follow my lead. Take me out to the stock market. Take me out to the crowd. I don't care if I ever get back. So let's root root root for the home page. If they don't link it's a shame. One more time. Sold my first dot com for twelve million at the age of 23.

Physical Chemistry for the Chemical and Biological Sciences. The sharp end of a feather could poke through your pillow case and leave you sightless. Energy, equilibrium, kinetics, digital jocks, papa roach, the Hughes Brothers, the great chat rooms at soundbreak dot com. Gibbs and Helmholtz energies. Ideal and nonideal solutions of nonelectrolytes. Ionic conductance and dissociation. The

structure and function of biological membranes. Girl what do ya think? I play the game. Are you scared? So raise your fist and march around. Take just what you need. I'm sitting down in the fire. Chemical energy, electrochemical reactions, membrane potentials. Acid-base balance in biological systems. Enzyme kinetics, enzyme inhibition, allosterism, pH enzyme effects. Quantum mechanics no way. I'm like Johnny Cash. I'm a master of flash. Spectroscopy, let me see where you're at. I saw your band on the stage with a million limp duck. Do you think I'm a sucker, Encyclopedia Brown? Prospect me with fire.

I'm an atheist. I'm an all-American badass. You can see me in a porno flick, superfly, bringing flash and flare, see it swinging in the air. Give the next generation a bit of my desire.

What is sex? How did human sexuality evolve? From Lucy to human language. Hear the rhythm while you can. Score man. Speed man. Spore man. From genes to cells. Cells, embryos, and evolution. All my friends are brown and red. Stone man. The five kingdoms. Biology beyond determinism. I'm the devil with a plan. With an erect foot-long hotdog. Oh come dance with me. See the light. Christ say, from chaos to order, oh save me from consilience. The raptor and the lamb. Got the light. Come to get me with your hand. Save me. Darwinian dynamics. Save. It's the end of history. For this occasion I'm ill. The origin and evolution of intelligence. Nude nuke rock. Forced myself through another day. Can't explain the way I felt like fucking everything. Then I tried to be the one. Perfect circle. Judas. The mission impossible is all I want to see lately. We can see the fish through the ice sometimes. The most new rock is on. The most new rock is on. I'm afraid to be alone. Sleep now. Sleep now in the fire.

The cross of my desire sleeps now before the fire.

\_Click.\_

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE HOLY SHROUD

The Shroud arrived in Turin on 14th September, 1578.

Twenty years later, on 15th May 1598, the Brotherhood of the Holy Shroud and the Blessed Virgin of the Graces (Confraternita del SS. Sudario e Beata Vergine delle Grazie) was founded.

The Brotherhood spread the knowledge and the cult of the Holy Shroud and at the same time dedicated itself to assisting the mentally ill and helping young women who were destitute.

The mental hospital, known as the Ospedale de' Pazzarelli, was built by the Brotherhood in 1729, and a few years later the Church of the Holy Shroud (Chiesa del SS. Sudario) was constructed by the same association. In 1774 the Brotherhood set up the Retreat for the Daughters of Soldiers (Ritiro per le Figlie dei Militari).

#### THE INTERNATIONAL CENTRE OF SINDONOLOGY

In 1937 the association Cultores Sanctae Sindonis was born, which was an offshoot of the Brotherhood of the Holy Shroud.

The Cultores Sanctae Sindonis became the International Centre of Sindonology (Centro Internazionale di Sindonologia) in 1959 by a decree of Cardinal Fossati, and it began the publication of the journal SINDON. SINDON is now the official publication for lectures, reviews and communications by Italian and foreign experts on research of any nature that directly or indirectly regards the Shroud.

#### THE MUSEUM OF THE SHROUD

The Museum of the Shroud, with its rich library, is on the premises of the Brotherhood of the Holy Shroud, at number 28, Via S. Domenico, Turin.

Click.

The studies and scientific research that have been carried out on the Shroud for a century have led to the

following findings which are considered incontrovertible:

- o The Shroud is not a painting. This is a fact that has been scientifically verified and accepted by all experts.

- o It cannot be the work of a human hand, as the image on the Shroud appears as a photographic negative to the unaided eye. It would have been impossible for any artist to reproduce a human figure in perfect photographic negative many centuries before the discovery of photography in the first half of the 19th century, or the concept of negative images.

- o Although the imprint of the human figure on the Shroud appears as a photographic negative, the bloodstains and the wounds are impressed on the Shroud as they would appear in reality, as the blood itself has coloured the Shroud through direct contact. In a photograph, the photographic negative of the Shroud is revealed as a positive image, with what appear to be blood stains showing up in white.

- o The image was imprinted by a corpse that left no traces of decomposition. Moreover the body was separated from the cloth without deforming the clots of blood.

- o The hands were not pierced through the palms but through the wrists. In the prior centuries the thousands of artists' representations of the crucifixion almost unanimously show the nails driven through the palms, and a forger would have certainly copied them. Anatomists point out, however, that the flesh of the palms could not possibly have supported the weight of an adult male body. The only suitable location would be to drive the nails through the bones of the wrists.

- o Only four fingers of each hand are visible on the Shroud. A forger would not have known to portray the hands of Christ like this, nor would he have known that the thumb reflexively bends brusquely down when the wrist is pierced.

- o The blood and serum that flowed out of the chest wound

came from an injury produced after death. Jesus, as we read in John's gospel (ch. 19, v. 33-34), was already dead when he was struck by the lance.

o Tests carried out on bloodstained threads from the Shroud have shown that there are traces of human blood on the cloth. Studies by pathologist Prof. Pierluigi Baima Bollone show that this blood is of the AB blood group.

\_Click.\_

Now it was Peaky's turn.

I took a seat next to him at the Butt Trick Bar attached to the Hot Carrot Restaurant, behind the Let's Kiosk. He was long-haired, bearded, about five feet eleven, blood type AB, wearing a t-shirt that said "I'm a Hot-Loving Woman". A sign on the wall said "Moustache Rides 5 Cents". Another that said "Soul Machine You Have Broken Me". The voices all come at me out of phase. This is my last resort. Masturbation. No breathing. Sit down in the fire. A body on the Cross turns blue from suffocation. Interested in marrying a porn star with a recent AIDS test? No, but are you interested in a multi-level marketing scheme? Just a few thousand American dollars initial investment. The founders are billionaires. He definitely doesn't want to marry your daughter, even if she were dipped in hot coconut butter and given a Hawaiian tan like in that Elvis Presley movie Paradise, Hawaiian Style, 1966. You can build a tower of clay, but if you ask my advice, a house of sand is an empty work of art. Last one out of the water is a papaya picker. Party pooper. You better go wash that sand off.

Let it go. Let yourself go. Look at your song. Look at your whole life. Hard and long.

\_Click.\_

\_Turin, originally the chief town of the Ligurian tribe of the Taurini, became a Roman colony in the 1st century around the time of Christ. In the 7th century it became the seat of a Lombard duchy. In the late 13th century it came under the control of the House of Savoy. The French

occupied it for a short period from 1536 to 1562, after which it became the seat of the dukes of Savoy. Attacked by the French in 1640 and 1706, the city was the capital of the kingdom of Sardinia from 1720 to 1861, except for 1800-14, when it was held by France. Turin was prominent in the Risorgimento, the 19th century movement for the unification of Italy, and served as the first national capital in 1861-65, during the exact same years as the American War Between the States.\_

\_Population (2005 estimate): 1 million. Twice that in the surrounding metropolitan area.\_

Lurguria. Lombard. Savoy. Sardinia. Risorgimento. Italy. The Shroud came in during the Savoy era.

\_Click.\_

A'ny's turn.

The Omega Point Theory. The universe ends in one. A human being is nothing but a finite state information processing device. Cum a little louder. Everybody in the government. A human soul is nothing but a program being run on a human brain. A limp biscuit gone mad. Bring it on. A person is nothing more than a computer program that can ace the Turing Test. Double Ace Bingo. N-32. N-32. One o'clock already. We're playing for a trip to Vegas like every day. A living being is just an entity which codes information like ultimate bingo. Cut my life into pieces, this is my last resort. With the information being preserved by natural selection to please the Darwin lobby. Turing Say, if it acts in all respects like a person, it is a person. If a living being can be described by quantum mechanics then the many worlds interpretation must be correct. Nothing I say is fine. Nothing is fine. The search for Jesus, tonight. I'm running out of time. Out of crime. Out of crying. If the MWI of QM is false, then it is logically impossible for people to have free will, no matter how heavy they are breathing. A world is indeterministic if there is no proper part of it which contains total information about the world.

Nothing is perfect. Nothing is fine. I'm going out of my

mind. The physical universe is a concept. Rice. A heart-shaped box. A meat trap. Existence is a predicate. To be is to be perceived. I wish I could eat your cancer when you turn back. It is not possible to derive an imperative sentence from a declarative one. Hey. Wait. I got a new complaint. How can life be so many stages and we're the only kind that complains? The printing of the first owner's manual for human beings was announced on June 26, 2000. Six years later and they haven't done shit with it. Clones. What will they do about a criminal enterprise that clones a thousand identical hit-men and gets them acquitted every time because the state can't prove it was the one they have on trial beyond a reasonable doubt?

Immortality has been mankind's dream for ages, but all the previous attempts to achieve immortality were doomed to failure for one simple reason: all the inventors tried to indefinitely stretch the existence of one and the same body, without realizing that what really must be saved is not the body itself, but rather the information that this body contains. That's the hypocrisy. Pardon me for thinking so much differently. It's Donna Reed. It's Donna Bill. Give me an LP. Can't take it with you, living dead girl. Sublime music. Pardon me while I burn it. No way you say. Re-record the LP and save one copy. I guess it comes with the territory. An LP can take the possibility of an exploding scene. So why can't man? Pardon me while I burst into flames.

That's what Jesus did. Burst into flames. Rose above the flames. Pardon me. Pardon me if I never be the same.

You know what I love Da Peak for? For rising above the flames. He knew about the world and its peoples' mindless games that he knew how to pardon me, pardon me for never being the same, yah. A nuclear fire can reconstitute a man a-1 a-2 and a-3, bingo, you're on your way to being drunk and stupid in Vegas.

You know when I stopped drinking? When I saw Da Peak's ultimate song in bingo. I had no hot piece of ass for nuclear power, but he showed me what kind of fun is that

crap. He was much younger, had a happier career in junior high school. Got to sleep late, have mommy serve fresh-pressed apple juice. He was adorable. But he loved nukes. He saw the creative power of the nuke juice, the squeezed nectar of a person's lemonade that would never let you down. He was the mayor of his own town down at the local web deli. This was for the people of my neighborhood, make them feel good. This Bud's for you, and you and you and you.

It made me feel good. He actually had the words immortality and device on his home page, but not in one-two order. But my super parallel search engine not only found it but placed it high, in the top 20. I surfed to it, turned it on, felt my pants prance. I never got over the big show he had on. My thing got so big it looked like a hammer. He was my America's favorite family. I ran him for student body president. I was his sponsor, his instant life insurance.

I have become as death, the destroyer of worlds. Remember you heard it here first. If a nuclear device can destroy, it can create. Or recreate, reconstitute. Summertime and the living's easy. Just turn your bod into a nuke and turn it inward, causing your M C square to turn into E. Then make an LP recording of it. Any old surface will do, a coarse weave linen cloth for instance. To come back to life, run the nuke device backward, holding it under the tension of the quantum psycho-organic hologram, letting it be, letting it rock to the rhythm of your earth. Summertime and the living's easy.

Now that the Q-Psohot of Turin was proven valid, the company had its Nobel and its kick ass mission impossible two. It had to figure out how Jesus made that Shroud. Nobody, not even we, can. Maybe it's time I disappear. I won. I might win some down the road. But do I want to go on down that road?

\_Click.\_

Peaky's turn.

Was the Shroud a golden calf?



#### Chapter 4. Knights Templar, Christian Cowboy Badasses

I am watching the rise and fall of my salvation. There is so much hate around me. Such a lack of compassion.

\_Click.\_

\_In 1118, during the reign of Baldwin II, a few years after the First Crusade, led by Godfroi de Bouillion, captured Jerusalem in 1099, the Poor Fellow-Soldiers of Christ and the Temple of Solomon, or in Latin Pauperes Commilitones Christi Templique Salomonis, or as commonly known today the Knights Templar, were founded at the site of Solomon's Temple, the central site of religious war on earth then as now. Hugues de Payens, a knight of Champagne, along with eight companions bound themselves by a perpetual vow, taken in the presence of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, to defend the Christian kingdom. Baldwin accepted their services and assigned them a portion of his palace adjoining the temple of the city. Hence the title "pauvres chevaliers du temple" (Poor Knights of the Temple).\_

\_Click.\_

The Shroud Man of Turin speaks. This is a \*beep\* News Special. Turin, Italy. This morning at 6 A.M., just hours before the scheduled opening ceremony of the XXth Winter Olympics, a stunning news conference stole the thunder. A man who, as you see here, is a dead ringer for the image on the Shroud of Turin, walked out of an Italian renaissance era mansion in a heavily-gardened section of old Turin and spoke, behind a security fence, to a crowd of perhaps a hundred reporters, who had been tipped off by anonymous, some say Church, sources.

"I am Jesus Christ and have returned to judge the world."  
In English and a dozen other languages, all without an

interpreter.

Those who had come thinking it was a publicity stunt were soon convinced it was genuine. Many in the crowd knelt, bowed, cried, or even prostrated themselves on the ground in front of the mysterious man's presence. This went on for about half an hour, when the Shroud Man suddenly retreated into the bowels of the well-guarded mansion surrounded by a hi tech security fence.

\_Click.\_

\_Only nine knights took the original vow in the presence of the Patriarch of Jerusalem. Their first purpose was to assist pilgrims to the Holy Land. In 1128 St. Bernard of Clairvaux organized them into a religious order, yet later they became the only standing army of Outremer, and as such participated in and between the Crusades. They were the first military order in Christendom, fighting monks, a strange idea at the time. But it proved popular, even lucrative, and they were soon imitated by others, especially the Hospitallers.\_

\_Click.\_

The news spread fast and now there's a large and growing throng in front of the the mansion, which is said to have been lived in briefly by Leonardo da Vinci five hundred years ago. Our own people at the scene quit on the spot, and now are among the host of starry-eyed worshippers building on the site, which is taking on the proportions of Lourdes.

It's like a Hollywood recreation of the Triumphant Entry of Jesus into Jerusalem in the gospels. Worshippers, calling out "Lord! Lord!" have laid palm branches out on the paved driveway leading up to the mansion's gates. The lame, the blind and the sick have flocked to one section of the fence that the Shroud Man is said to have briefly touched, hoping for cures. The cures have come, a growing pile of crutches, wheelchairs, and other medical devices building up on the grass as a testament of faith. Olympic athletes, personnel, tourists and their families are augmenting the throng in

force, their attendance all-but shutting down the Olympics.

The search is on to trace the ownership of the mansion, but so far Italian authorities have refused to divulge this information, which they claim is shielded by papal order. The time for the next appearance has been given as 6 A.M. tomorrow. We will be there, live, and keep you up to date on breaking events around the clock.

\_Click.\_

\_The Templars wore the red Cross Patee, of four equal arms with wide ends, on their white habits. Their seal is two knights riding the same horse, illustrating their poverty, which is ironic, since they became wealthy very early, after excavations at the site of the Temple. They became very powerful and influential in European political circles since Pope Innocent II exempted the Templars from all except papal authority. They grew even more wealthy by acting as bankers to Christendom. By many accounts they did much good, but they were mysterious and not always much liked, particularly by feudal lords jealous of their immunities.\_

\_Click.\_

Bob, this is Peter. Bob is our remote correspondent in the Vatican. Bob, what role is the Vatican playing in this whole thing, if any?

That's pretty much the million dollar question here, Peter. The revelation that the Pope is involved in shielding the owners of the mansion came as a shock to Vatican observers, and lent credence to the rumor that the early morning media event was orchestrated by the Church itself. As of this moment, however, Peter, there has been no official statement from Vatican officials.

Thanks Bob.

\_Click.\_

\_Because the Knights Templars regularly transmitted money

and supplies from Europe to Palestine they gradually developed an efficient banking system unlike any the world had seen before. Their military might and financial acumen caused them to become both feared and trusted. Because of their unselfish defense of the Holy Lands and their monastic vows they amassed great wealth through gifts from their grateful benefactors.\_

\_Click.\_

Meanwhile the Olympics are in a state of rigor mortis. All the planned events for today and tomorrow have been suspended without rescheduling. Olympics officials are even now in an emergency meeting deciding what to do. So far they have been officially "no comment". The commercial disaster looming makes it seem like the Leaning Tower of Pisa is finally crashing.

\_Click.\_

\_They soon had an army and a fleet as well as surplus money. Since the Knights had taken a vow of poverty they reinvested the money and lent, which only made the order wealthier.\_

\_Click.\_

Spokesmen for the Jewish, Arab and other Moslem athletes are officially scoffing at all this, calling it a most uncouth and unwelcome publicity stunt on the part of the Roman Catholic Church, which has long been rooted in Italy.

At a media conference in the Olympic village, Sheik Mohammad ben Mohammed IV, son of the ruler of \*beep\*, made this official statement:

"We of the Islamic faith find it highly offensive that the spirit of the Crusades would be resurrected at this international peace-building event. It is this old war, not Jesus of the gospels, that has been resurrected here. We hope this hoax will soon be exposed by its perpetrators and apologized for, and the criminal fraud punished by the authorities, in time to resume the Olympics, which are

officially neutral to religion."

He went on to hint that the entire Islamic contingent would pull out if the issue weren't resolved quickly.

\_Click.\_

\_The Knights Templar were the earliest founders of the military orders, and are the type on which the others are modeled. The Templars had as yet neither distinctive habit nor rule. Hugues de Payens journeyed to the West to seek the approbation of the Church and to obtain recruits. At the Council of Troyes (1128), at which he assisted and at which St. Bernard was the leading spirit, the Knights Templars adopted the Rule of St. Benedict, as recently reformed by the Cistercians. They accepted not only the three perpetual vows, besides the crusader's vow, but also the austere rules concerning the chapel, the refectory, and the dormitory.

\_Click.\_

Jewish spokesmen, requesting anonymity, were angry at the use of the Olympics as a quote stage for anti-Semitic propaganda unquote, also hinting that they would pull the small Israeli contingent from the games if the Olympics didn't resume normally soon.

\_Click.\_

\_They also adopted the white habit of the Cistercians, adding to it a red cross. Notwithstanding the austerity of the monastic rule, recruits flocked to the new order, which thenceforth comprised four ranks of brethren: the knights, equipped like the heavy cavalry of the Middle Ages; the serjeants, who formed the light cavalry; and two ranks of non-fighting men: the farmers, entrusted with the administration of temporals, and the chaplains, who alone were vested with sacerdotal orders, to minister to the spiritual needs of the order. They never had many knights compared to the other ranks, there being only 400 knights in Jerusalem at the zenith of their prosperity. They built or held numerous castles, and also churches,

which they called temples, and which were usually round. Their property was assimilated to the church estates and exempted from all taxation, even from the ecclesiastical tithes, while their churches and cemeteries could not be placed under interdict.

\_Click.\_

This is Savannah Georgia at Turin's International Centre for the Turin Shroud, with Dr. Gino Brisbino, their official spokesman and noted international scholar and authority on the Shroud. Dr. Brisbino, what is your opinion on the Shroud Man of Turin?

I have here press photos of the man in the mansion, and I have compared them carefully with archive photos of the Shroud. I must pronounce them an exact match, including the dimensions, height, width, estimated weight. A perfect match.

Do you, Doctor, believe that this man is Jesus Christ come back in the flesh?

Doctor? Doctor? I must apologize but the Doctor seems to be unavailable for comment.

\_Click.\_

\_Their battle flag was called Beauseant. Some versions have four quarters, black and white, with a red cross patee in the center. Others say that the red cross had straight arms, like the St. George cross of England. Beauseant was also their battle cry. It meant roughly "Be glorious!"\_

\_Click.\_

Italy, the country of pilgrims. Florence, Pisa, Nice, Rome, Venice, Turin. The Duomo at Florence can't come close to Turin now. Roads and highways are clogged going into Torino, as it's called by the natives, and all available aircraft are booked, including helicopters. Police authorities are reportedly taxed to the limit controlling

the sprawling Woodstock-size crowd jamming the grid of streets centered around the Shroud Man's mansion. Several attempts to breach the security fence have resulted in failure and-or arrests, but by and large the crowd is peaceful, joyful and non-violent, living on the promised appearance of their mystery man tomorrow at sunrise.

(The song Highway to Hell plays in the background, as an aerial journalist flies over the area.)

The Ponte Vecchio in Florence was never this crowded.

By the way, Hell would have to freeze over before this local nudist colony would close down just for the second coming of Christ. Ah Hell, ah damn, who wouldn't want to visit this place now?

Click.

They were first into battle, last to retreat, never ransomed, often martyred. Their rule required the double discipline of monks and soldiers. They were the terror of the Mohammedans. Were they defeated, it was upon them that the victor vented his fury, the more so as they were forbidden to offer a ransom. When taken prisoner they scornfully refused the freedom offered them on condition of apostasy. At the siege of Safed in 1264, at which ninety Templars met death, eighty others were taken prisoners, and died martyrs to the faith, refusing to deny Christ. This fidelity cost them dear. As many as twenty thousand Templars of all ranks died by war in their two centuries of existence, an average of two a week. But even they could not hold Outremer together. Nor hold back the Islamic tide.

Click.

Coward Stone, what do you think of this Jesus thing? Do you think he's real and that he's back to judge the world?

I'm the cream of the crop. I eat like a cop. I'm not a piece of shit like Arnold Schwarzenegger, Bukowski. Jump around.

Ha ha. Good Jesus imitation there, Cowie.

I wonder when was the last time he got laid?

Me too, ha ha. I'll lay him anytime. Did you see that cute butt?

You couldn't see his butt.

I could. I have x-ray vision.

Really? Tell me then, was his schlong circumcised, and just how big was it?

Bigger than yours, Cowie.

Everybody's is. Tell me something I don't know.

He's clearly some kind of impersonator, right?

Right. This life after death thing is just a fairy tale. Sorry, but I know. I know things. I'm smart. When a Catholic saint dies, he just goes into a box, like everybody else. And turns into shit, pure shit. Nobody is exempt, not even Jeezie Weezie.

Aw, that's sacrilegious.

Tell me something. Would it break people's hearts to know that there never was any real Jesus, that he was just a myth? Or just a man? That he never was crucified? Or was crucified and didn't rise from the bed? That his followers did bribe the guards and stole him away?

I've heard that rumor.

Hey, it's right there in their own gospels. Why can't they just accept that? All the gospels contradict each other, particularly about his fairy tale resurrection and appearances.

Let's not get into that. I hate to read the Bible. You can

use it to prove anything.

Right. The Shroud was a fake, used to attract tourists to Turin and rake off their money. This Shroud Man is just another fake. Mark my words he'll prove to be a fraud, and the believers will be a lot lighter in the wallet before it's fully exposed and blows over.

You're adorable.

So is Shroud Man. I'm not gay but with him I might try a summer romance. That skin is milkier than a Vogue model. Maybe it's really a woman in drag.

Ha ha. Maybe it's really Reverend Fagwell.

Now that's a limp biscuit if I ever saw one. You are not in Kansas anymore, rev. If this really is Jesus he'll be after your ass first.

Ha ha.

\_Click.\_

\_At the apogee of its prosperity the order possessed nine thousand estates. With its accumulated revenues it had amassed great wealth, which was deposited in its temples at Paris and London. Numerous princes and private individuals had banked their personal property there because of the uprightness and solid credit of the bankers. In Paris the royal treasure was kept in the Temple. Quite independent, except from the distant authority of the pope, and possessing power equal to that of the leading temporal sovereigns, the order soon assumed the right to direct the weak and irresolute government of the Kingdom of Jerusalem, a feudal kingdom transmissible through women and exposed to all the disadvantages of minorities, regencies, and domestic discord.\_

\_Click.\_

Hi. This is Chita Riviera. Today on my show we have

Reverend Jerry Fagwell, leader of the Morally Straight Masses, attorney Alan Dorkshuvitz, Howard law professor, and Rabbi Shmuel Getlady, author of the book "Kosher Sex for Gays: Getting Your Kosher Lox Off". Reverend, what do you think of this Shroud Man who's causing such a stir in Turin? Has Jesus Christ returned to judge mankind?

Chita, as a born-again believer of course I believe that Jesus is going to return, but I believe in a Rapture, and since I'm still here that is my answer. This imposter, let's call a spade a spade, is very good, a very good imitation of the man on the Shroud. As my scientist friends tell me, there are very good reasons to doubt the authenticity of this Catholic relic, and to believe it was created in the late 13th or early 14th century, about the time of the Black Death.

The Black Death that you Christians blamed on us Jews, claiming we poisoned your wells. You used it as an excuse to rob us, burn us alive, force us to convert to Christianity or flee.

Yes, Alan, and I apologize for those sorry times in the Christian past. As you know, neither I nor you were alive then, and my denomination didn't even exist then. We true born-again Bible believers were persecuted just as hard as Jews. Bible reading was illegal. People were burned at the stake for reading it, or translating it into the local vernacular.

Yes yes, I grant all that. But it was Christ who started the Catholic Church. Don't you think he bears some responsibility for pain, torture and death?

No, Alan. Jesus loves you. God is love. He came not to bring a sword but peace. He isn't of this world. The Catholic Church is an apostasy, taking his name and using it to make alliances with the world, seeking power, wealth, control. This naturally led it to such horrible excesses.

I wish I had Archbishop O'Malley to accept our invitation to appear on this show. He might disagree with your calling his religion an apostasy.

He didn't accept because he can't defend his religion like I can. Mine is based soundly on the Bible, his on the decisions of councils.

The Bible, reverend? You're certainly of this world. You've got your hands in politics as deep as the Catholics. And show me where the word Trinity appears in the Bible. That was decided by a Church council.

I'm not going to get into a theological discussion with a liberal rabbi at a time like this, sorry. We Baptists believe in the Trinity, the same that Catholics do, as embedded in the Athanasian Creed. Every Christian of every sect has some light, isn't wrong on everything. But let's stay on topic. I'm just saying that true Christians wouldn't have stole, raped, killed in the name of Christ.

Well, excuse me for not buying that. I'm not religious, but if I were I wouldn't buy Jesus.

Jesus doesn't want you to buy him, Alan. He wants you to accept him as God's only-begotten son, repent of your sins, and accept his blood as an acceptable sacrifice to God.

Shut up (chuckling).

Can I say something?

Yes, rabbi. Go ahead.

As a Jew our messiah, meshiach, has not come yet, and this imposter certainly isn't him. When our meshiach comes he will reunite all Jews in Israel, reestablish a kingdom based in David's City, and bring us world peace. People the world over will seek out a Jew for guidance.

David's City. You mean Jerusalem?

Yes. The city that is now divided by warring factions of Christians, Moslems, and Jews.

Jesus Christ is of the tribe of David, rabbi.

According to the gospels maybe. We Jews have no independent record of that. We don't accept the virgin birth like you do (chuckling). Don't worship statues of virgins in utter violation of the Ten Words of Yahu, what you call the Ten Commandments. Go around with statuettes of dead half-naked men hanging around our necks.

I really hate that crap, pardon my French, and I was born and raised Catholic before I split about the first year of college.

Do you think your meschiach will make you stay kosher? Avoid eating ham and bacon? Keep the law of circumcision? Our messiah has fulfilled the Law, and we're past that silly stuff now.

Silly stuff is it? Maybe it is, but we're silly for God. That's what makes us Jews.

Just do me a favor and look in your pants. Are you circumcised, Reverend?

Yes, Chita, wash your mouth out with soap, but my parents had it done for hygienic reasons. But we do enjoy pork, shellfish, and feel it is okay to mix two kinds of cloth in our clothes.

You don't mind adopting our tithing system though, do you, reverend? How wealthy is your church?

(The atty. and the rev. and Chita attempt to speak at the same time, butting heads, resulting in a lull, which Chita breaks.)

Do you think this Shroud Man thing will destabilize things in Jersusalem, rabbi?

I hate to think about it, Chita. I just wish he'd go away.

That's what they said about Jesus Christ two thousand years ago, rabbi. And he didn't just go away.

Neither do you, Jerry.

Shut up, Jerry.

Who said that?

We all did.

\_Click.\_

\_The Templars were eventually opposed by the Order of Hospitallers, which had in its turn become military, and was at first the imitator and later the rival of the Templars. This ill-timed interference of the orders in the government of Jerusalem only multiplied the intestine dissensions, and this at a time when the formidable power of Saladin, who conquered Jerusalem in 1187, threatened the very existence of the Christian kingdom. While the Templars sacrificed themselves with their customary bravery in this final struggle, they were, nevertheless, partly responsible for Jerusalem's downfall.\_

\_Click.\_

\_To put an end to this baneful rivalry between the military orders there was a very simple remedy at hand, namely their amalgamation. This was officially proposed by St. Louis at the Council of Lyons in 1274. It was proposed anew in 1293 by Pope Nicholas IV, who called a general consultation on this point of the Christian states.\_

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\_By 1291, with the final loss of the Holy Land, their purpose was in question, and the fear and envy that had been long simmering as a result of their international military and financial power broke all bounds. They were in many ways exactly what their name said, soldiers, not sufficiently adept at the game of politics, and they lost in the shuffle to grab their wealth.

\_Click.\_

\_As the grandson of St. Louis, Phillipe Le Bel, King Philip the Fair, the most powerful prince of his time, was called to unite the two orders, or create a new third order. Instead he decided to destroy the Templars. Why did he make this decision? Greed. Even then he needed a pretext, for he could not, without sacrilege, lay hands on possessions that formed part of the ecclesiastical domain. To justify such a course the sanction of the Church was necessary, and this the king could obtain only by maintaining the sacred purpose for which the possessions were destined. He also needed the concurrence of the Church to secure control of their possessions in the other countries of Christendom.

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Such was the purpose of the wily negotiations of this self-willed and cunning sovereign with Clement V, a French pope of weak character and easily deceived, who had indeed been crowned at Lyons in 1305 in the presence of King Philip. The rumor that there had been a prearrangement between the king and the Pope, whose seat was at Avignon, is still circulating. Philip had the idea of making himself ruler of a vast Christian empire centered at Jerusalem, which required money. First he seized all the Jews in his kingdom and forced them to give up their fortunes by removing one of their eyes and threatening to remove the other. Then he moved against the Templars to seize their riches, using the charge of heresy in order to invoke the action of the Holy See.\_

Hurry. You can still buy tickets at ticketmaster dot com.

\_Click.\_

\_At sunset on Thursday 12 October 1307 all the Templars in France were arrested in their 3000 commanderies. Sixteen years had gone by since the defeat of Saint Jean d'Acree, and the Templar Grand Master Guillaume de Beaujeu had been followed by Thibaud Gaudin and, at his death in 1295, by Jacques de Molay. The Order was totally caught by surprise. Still hoping to go back to the Middle East,

de Molay spent a lot of time there. He even participated in an ill-fated expedition against the Isle of Tortose in 1303. He lived in Cyprus earlier in 1307 where the Order had their main house. With their attention drawn by the clamor to consolidate their order with the Hospitallers, plus the fact that the Templars had sided with Philip during his strong disagreements with Pope Boniface VIII in 1295 and 1303, plus their suggestion to the King to transfer the Royal Treasure from the Temple to the Louvre in order to avoid them disobeying the Pope in relation to the taxation of the properties of the Church in favor of the royal finances, the snakelike betrayal of Philip was even more bitter. The operation had been carefully prepared in advance. The order had been given to the Bailiffs and Seneschals one month in advance, on September 14, 1307, in sealed envelopes to be opened the day of the arrests. The written instructions mentioned the accusations against the Templars and requested the arrest of all the Templars without exception, to keep them prisoners so that they could be tried by the Church, and, of course, the confiscation of all their properties.\_

The culmination of all their nightlife. Ho. Don't be alarmed. We're negroes.

\_Click.\_

\_On the night of Thursday, 12 October 1307, Philip's troops broke in to arrest the last Grand Master of the Knights Templar, Jacques de Molay, with sixty brethren, incarcerating some in royal prisons, others in the Temple's own dungeons. By the morning of Friday, 13 October, some fifteen thousand people had been seized: knights, chaplains, sergeants confratres, and retainers, even laborers on the Order's arms. Probably not more than 500 were full members, and less than 200 were professed brethren. By the weekend popular preachers were denouncing the Poor Knights to horrified crowds all over France. The arrests were technically illegal, but Philip gambled he could extract confessions of heresy and justify his acts retroactively.\_

Bad boys, bad boys, whatcha gonna do? Whatcha gonna do when they come for you?

\_Click.\_

\_Philip thus launched the biggest heresy circus trial in history, where confessions were extracted by torture, and withdrawal of a confession was taken as proof of heresy and punished by burning at the stake. The prime responsibility for the "discovery, punishment and prevention of heresy" had been bestowed on what by now was known as the congregation of the Holy Office but was still referred to as the Inquisition. Its functions were largely in the hands of the Order of Preachers, the Dominicans, "Hounds of the Lord", founded by the Spanish priest Dominic Guzman (later St. Dominic), who had made his name by his extraordinary zeal against the Albigensian heretics in southern France.\_

If you are sexually starved all your life you get that way.

\_Click.\_

\_When one considers how the Templars fought and died throughout the Crusades it seems hard not to believe in their innocence. It is surely more than coincidence that the most strident accusations came from the heartlands of the Albigensian heresy. De Nogaret the chief prosecutor was a Provençal, for instance. Local brethren in these regions could well have turned isolated perceptories into Cathar cells during the previous century when the heresy was at its height, while the Order's bankers would have been quite capable of protecting fugitive heretics to obtain the Cathar treasure which disappeared just before their last stronghold fell in 1244. Admittedly Catharism was almost extinct by 1307, but vague memories from years before of heresy hunts within the Order, kept secret to avoid scandal, may have been the origin of tales of devil worship, secret rites and sodomy which were all charges which had been made against the Cathars.\_

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\_The Dominicans, under orders to "spare no known means of torture", were expert at extracting confessions. The Templar brethren, unlettered soldiers, faced a combination of cross-examining lawyers and torture chambers whose instruments included the thumbscrew, the boot, and the rack to dislocate limbs. Among the most excruciating torments were the simplest: wedges hammered under finger nails, teeth wrenched out and the exposed nerves prodded. Men were spread-eagled and crushed by lead weights or filled with water through a funnel till they suffocated. There was plenty of 'burning in the feet'. A common device was an iron frame like a bed, on which the Templar was trapped with his bare feet hanging over the end. A charcoal brazier was slid under his oiled feet as the questioning began. Several knights were reported to have gone mad with the pain. A number had their feet totally burned off, and at a later inquiry a footless Templar was carried to the council clutching a bag containing the blackened bones that had dropped out of his feet when they were burned off. His inquisitors had allowed him to keep the bones as a souvenir of his memorable experience. The hot iron was a favorite tool because it could be easily applied again and again to any part of the body. It could be held a couple of inches away, cooking the flesh while the question was asked, then firmly pressed against the body when the answer came out incorrectly or too slowly.\_

Probably a sign of repressed homosexual tendencies.

\_Click.\_

\_The Templars would have resisted any torment by Moslems, but now, weakened by confinement in damp, filthy cells and systematic starvation, they despaired when the torture was inflicted by fellow Christians. The confessions extracted included worship of the goat-devil Baphomet, a name taken from Mahomet, whom some attempted to describe hazily as "the head of a man with a large beard". The secret initiation ceremonies where neophytes were supposedly required to attend naked and engage in the "indecent kiss" fueled the homophobic flames. Of 138 Templars questioned in Paris during October and

November, 105 admitted that they had denied Christ during their secret reception into the order, 123 that they had spat at, on, or near some form of the crucifix, 103 that they had indecently kissed, usually on the base of the spine or the navel, and 102 implied that homosexuality among the brothers was encouraged (although only 3 admitted directly engaging in homosexual relations).\_

The base of the spine or the navel? Oh that is rich.

\_Click.\_

\_This immediate and virtually unanimous confession of guilt on the part of the Templars, including the Grand Master Jacques de Molay, and the Visitor, Hughes de Pairaud, cast a pall over the order from which it never recovered. Although the confessions were extracted by torture and later denied before papal inquisitors, the Templars had sentenced themselves out of their own mouths in the crude Medieval justice system.\_

The Gotcha System. If God were on your side, you'd never mess up. If you recant, you have to be sent back to God by fire, given every chance to admit you're a devil and love the fire you're in. The people in power always win. No Jacques de Miranda case to cite in those days.

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\_At first the Pope had protested vigorously, suspending the Inquisition in France on 27 October 1307. But by now Philip was announcing sensational "discoveries", including a letter of confession from de Molay, and so, at the end of November, Clement issued a second bull ordering the arrest of all Templars.\_

Holy Bullshit. Please tell his mother it's not her fault.

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\_Courts of enquiry were set up throughout Christendom. In January 1308, with some reluctance, England arrested its Templars. There were not more than 135 in the

country, 118 sergeants, 11 chaplains, and only 6 knights. Irish and Scottish Templars were also rounded up. All but two Scottish brethren escaped. Shrewd politicians, they may well have found refuge with the Bruce's guerrillas. Certainly King Robert himself never legally ratified the Scottish Temple's dissolution.\_

He sure sold out Mel Gibson, er, William Wallace.

\_Click.\_

\_From Spain and Cyprus came news that the Templars were innocent, while investigations in the empire too found them guiltless. Pressure could be brought to bear on England, but here many prisoners had escaped, and when the remaining fifty were interrogated nothing could be extracted. A second enquiry in 1310 examined 228 brethren with no more results. Finally Clement ordered Edward II to use to torture. Eventually King Edward agreed, stipulating that there must be no "mutilations, incurable wounds or violent effusions of blood". By 1311 the ten professional torturers provided by the Pope "were only able to get admissions that to preserve their secrets Templars were told to go only to their own priests for confession, that they might have occasionally absolved each other of sin in special situations, and that they wore a cord next to their skin, although they didn't know why." Out of more than 200 Templars, including confratres and retainers, examined in 1310 and 1311, all of whom were subjected to excruciating agonies, only four admitted to spitting at the cross. Meanwhile, in Paris, where the torture was more thorough, by the end of May 1310, 120 Templars had been burnt, many after going mad. French public opinion undoubtedly believed in the brethren's guilt. They were supposed to have summoned devil women from hell and slept with them, whole bastards were roasted in front of images smeared with children's fat, and even cats were worshipped. Some Castilian Templars were so horrified that they fled to Granada and turned Moslem.\_

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\_In February 1312 the French Estates' General demanded the Order's condemnation. Finally, in March, Clement, in private consistory, that is, with his advisers in camera, formally pronounced the Poor Knights of the Temple of Solomon to be guilty of all charges made against them. When the General Council of the Church reassembled on 3 April they were presented with a fait accompli, the bull Vox in excelso, declaring the Order dissolved.\_

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\_The pope explained his reasons. Canonically the Templars could not be convicted on the evidence, but he himself was convinced of their guilt and had therefore exercised his prerogative to condemn them. The General Council accepted his decision without demur. On 2 May a further bull disposed of the brotherhood's lands which were given to the Hospitallers. Those brethren who had retracted confessions, or refused to confess at all, received life imprisonment, while those who had stuck to their confessions were released on a minute pension, most of them ending up as beggars.\_

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\_On March 19th, 1314 the last Grand Master of the Knights Templar, Jacques de Molay, was burned at the stake over a slow charcoal fire on an island in the Seine, shouting his innocence through the flames. The Order was innocent of all but one offence, he said, that of allowing torture to cause them to lie and confess untruths. The crowd was inclined to think him a martyr, since the Church could be proud that it burned nobody who confessed, only those who maintained their Catholic orthodoxy to the end. A legend grew up that de Molay had summoned Philip and Clement to come before God for judgment. Indeed, Clement died only one month later, and Philip seven months after that, in the autumn. Philip's three sons and successors all died young.\_

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\_So by 1315 the Poor Fellow Soldiers of Christ and the

Temple of Solomon ceased to exist. Those who survived are commonly supposed to have gone to Scotland and Portugal. The ones who went to Portugal mostly ended up in the Order of Christ. Their Cross Patee is familiar from the sails of Portuguese exploring ships. The ones who went to Scotland are said to have sailed in more than a dozen ships, carrying their treasure to be with Robert the Bruce, who was simmering over the execution of Mel Gibson, er, William Wallace, by the English. There their fate became bound up with that of the Sinclair family, descendants of the French house of St. Clair, whose seat was Scotland's Rosslyn castle, and the genesis of the Masonic lodges. The Sinclairs of Scotland, "hereditary lords of Rosslyn Chapel", are said to be descended from the Scots Guards, a clique loyal to the Stuart dynasty, which in turn are thought to have contained converted members of the Templar Order who fought with the Bruce at Bannockburn, and to have been involved in the founding of Freemasonry.\_

Free masonry. Buildings. Temple of Solomon in Jerusalem.  
Nice shot man.

\_Click.\_

\_Confession didn't always bring death or life imprisonment. In England, if the Templars would confess to the sin of a layman granting absolution and swear their own condemnation of the Templar heresies charged in the papal encyclicals, they could perform a minor penance and be free men, back in the bosom of the Church. That was too good a bargain to pass up, and most of the English Templars agreed. They made their confession in public, then were sent into monasteries to perform their penances. With that done, a few went into the Hospitallers, but most returned to secular lives, with meager pensions based on what the Church felt was the minimum amount required by a monk for food and clothing.\_

Now that the smoke's gone and the air is all clear those who were right there got a new kind of fear. You fight and you were right but they were just too strong. They stick it in your face and let you smell what you consider wrong. That's

why I say hey man nice shot, nice shot man.

\_Where did their wealth go? Ordered given, by the Pope, to the rival Order of Hospitallers, the Knights first of Rhodes, afterwards of Malta, the desired amalgamation of the two orders occurred by default, two doors down so to speak.\_

\_Click.\_

\_Of particular interest is that during the trial of de Molay two of his brethren listened fearfully and accepted their life imprisonments, but one Templar, the Preceptor of Normandy, Fra. Geoffrey de Charnay, rallied to him, speaking with equal defiance and recanting his confession, even though that meant death by burning. Only 40 years later, in 1349, after the Black Plague, brought in from Moslem lands, devastated Europe, and the Hundred Years War between France and England had been raging for a decade, The Shroud emerged in the possession of one well-travelled Count Geoffrey de Charny, at Lirey, France, a colorful figure, the author of a book on chivalry, who was perhaps the last gasp of French chivalry himself. Is this similarity of names coincidental? What is the solution of the mystery here?\_

Geoffrey de Charny is the lock, Geoffrey de Charnay the key. Why did the tortured Templars confess, among other things, that they worshipped a certain "head of a man with a large beard"? Could this be the Shroud Man? The Templar de Charnay and the Lirey de Charny tantalize the superman in my flight plan. History has no proof of any geneological relation between the two. Templar priest Milo de Charny was of the same Burgundian family as the Lirey Geoffrey's father Jean de Charny, but that is just a dead end.

\_Where did de Charny get The Shroud? Some say in Constantinople. He had gone on crusade in 1345-6. But testimonies written by Crusaders in the 13th century declare that they had seen "the Shroud of Our Lord". From 1349 onwards the Shroud's presence in the West has been carefully documented, and the 1988 C-14 dating of

the Shroud to this very era has seemed to point to a holy forger wishing to make a buck off of or for the Count. Some have volunteered to prove how it was painted. But the 3-dimensional holographic aspect of it just isn't capable of being painted. Some have suggested a camera obscura, known to the ancient Greeks. But the question of the uniqueness of the object makes it hard to think these medieval ignoramuses knew of it, else there would have been a flood of shrouds, not just one. And to this day, who has produced a passable clone of The Shroud? Was de Charnay a secret brother of the order? Knights are knights. The super-rich order of the Knights Templar would be likely to have in its possession any and all shrouds of the magnitude of this one, if it had existed during their day, so if it was forged and sold to de Charnay by a non-Templar, it would have had to be after the Templar de Charnay was burnt.\_

Pardon me while I burn.

You know you make me break down. Break down. I don't want to look like that. I don't want to look like that.

\_Click.\_

\_The thunder from the Templar trials reverberated for centuries, pro and con. The minister who was mainly in charge of their prosecution, Guillaume de Nogaret, was for the whole duration of the trials lying under the formal ban of the Church. The pope sanctioned the French king, and, although the sanctions were soon lifted, the popes refused to lift the excommunication against de Nogaret. On the French side the government build up a huge dossier against the dead pope, representing him as a heretic, an unbeliever, a simoniac, and also as a magician and the patron of sorcerers. The most emphatic accusations were that he had familiar converse with demons, whom he constantly called to his assistance and sometimes worshipped.\_

Don't we all? It's peoples' mindless games.

\_Click.\_

\_In June of 1311 the English Inquisition came across some very interesting information from a Templar by the name of Stephen de Strapelbrugge, who admitted that he was told in his initiation that Jesus was a man and not a god. Another Templar by the name of John de Stoke stated that Jacques de Molay had instructed that he should know that Jesus was but a man, and that he should believe in "the great omnipotent God, who was the architect of heaven and earth, and not the crucifixion."

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\_The Skull and Cross bones have long been known to have Masonic connections. It was commonly used as a symbol on Masonic Grave sites in the past. The Skull and Crossbones, Masonic or not, was an image of mortality believed to figure in Templar ritual.\_

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\_It is well known that the order of the Templars were monastic in nature and therefore forbidden to have involvement with women (Templar Rule of Order). The legend of the Skull of Sidon states that one Templar knight had a relationship with a woman who died. He dug up the woman's corpse and consummated their relationship resulting in a most grisly birth nine months later. Here is the legend:

"A great lady of Maraclea was loved by a Templar, A Lord of Sidon; but she died in her youth, and on the night of her burial, this wicked lover crept to the grave, dug up her body and violated it. then a voice from the void bade him return in nine months time for he would find a son. He obeyed the injunction and at the appointed time he opened the grave again and found a head on the leg bones of the skeleton (skull and crossbones). The same voice bade him 'guard it well, for it would be the giver of all good things', and so he carried it away with him. It became his protecting genius, and he was able to defeat his enemies by merely showing them the magic head. In due course, it passed to the possession of the order."\_

\_This tale can be traced back to a twelfth century author named Walter Mapp, although the story at this time is not connected with the Templar Knights. However, at the time of their trials in 1307-1314 it was well woven into the Templar legend. In fact it was called upon during the actual trials of the Templars.\_

\_As dumb as this tale seems to modern eyes, it was easily bought during that period. The inquisitors and theologians would have picked up on the fact that the woman of the piece was Armenian by background. This they would have connected with the Armenian Church and its Paulician sects. The Paulicians and the Bogomils were practitioners of Catharism which the church had all but wiped out during the Albigensian Crusade. Since the church believed the Cathari to be practitioners of the Black Mass and necromancy, the woman's Armenian background would make the story guilty by association.\_

\_Click.\_

\_What about their alleged worship of Baphomet? By some the name is believed to be a corruption of the Moslem word "Mahomet". The Templars fought alongside Moslem Assassins during their time. Another train of thought is that Baphomet is really a joining of two Greek words meaning absorption into wisdom. In either case the fact remains that the Templars were accused of practicing their initiations and rituals in front of a large idol of the demon Baphomet, and the accusers must have gotten the idea itself from somewhere.\_

\_Click.\_

And then there is the question of who, in an age as uncouth and barbaric as this, could have manufactured such a magnificent forgery as The Shroud? Especially as the Templars themselves were no more, and the population was decimated by war and plague. Unknown people in distant Constantinople? Robert the Bruce? The Church? Joan of Arc? No, she lived in the 15th century, 1412-1431. I may be crazy, a little frayed the ends, but one of these days

I'll face you out.

What should I publish? Why waste my life sticking my nose in musty old books? Get this damn computer away from me. End of clicksearches.

Let me think therefore I am.

One published researcher claimed that the man in the Shroud is actually Jacques de Molay himself, after his torture by the Inquisition. Another claimed it was Leonardo da Vinci, although he wasn't born until 1452. Like perennials, which come back year after year after year, especially if you treat them well, this garden is full of strange flora with varied color palettes. Foxglove, bleeding hearts. One shady garden.

The year 1000. The Millennium since Christ. The frenzy was so great that even the most dyed-in-the-wool pagan tribes finally converted to Christianity. The Crusades to free Jerusalem, hoping Christ would appear and lead them, were at fire frenzy.

The year 1099. They captured Jerusalem, and Christ didn't come. That's why the Knights Templar were formed, to guard it while he tarried. Meanwhile Harold the Conqueror had captured Britain in 1056, I remember from school. That was one big century. Where did King Arthur fit in with all this? Robin Hood and Richard the Lionheart?

The year 1300. Christ didn't come. Jerusalem was lost. Thirteen is the number of Satan. The Templars had served their purpose, were expendable.

Satan had them bumped off? Life's just a blast, it's going very fast, better stay on top or it will kick you in the ass.

The year 2000. Christ didn't come. Jerusalem was still lost. But wait. The year 2006. Christ did come. And he would conquer Jerusalem this time, right. I think I'll go ask him.

1532. The Shroud was scorched in a fire. Got cream? Got peaches?

I went to Bellevue, yes, but only to get breast implants, not for mental treatment. I never visited David Letterman's house. He lied to get me thrown in jail. I'm just a flirt not a criminal. I'm going to marry a rich 90-year-old guy and wait for him to die.

You know what gets me. What? That I'm not of this past. I'm a break with this past. I didn't go down that road. Do you feel the wind? I'm gone. It's time I disappeared. A radio station overloaded its email system when too many people tried to win a free Zippo lighter. It was me, Da Peak.



## Chapter 5. The Miracle Man

\* \* \*

\_April, 1349: The Hundred Year War had been raging between France and England for over ten years and the Black Death had just finished ravaging most of Europe when Geoffrey de Charny, a French knight, writes to Pope Clement VI reporting his intention to build St. Mary church at Lirey, France to honor the Holy Trinity who answered his prayers for a miraculous escape from the English. He is also already in possession of the Shroud, which some at the time believe he acquired in Constantinople.\_

\_1355: According to the "D'Arcis Memorandum", written more than thirty years later, the first known exposition of the Shroud is held in Lirey at around this time. Large crowds of pilgrims are attracted and special souvenir medallions are struck, a unique surviving specimen of which can still be found today at the Cluny Museum in Paris. Bishop Henri refused to believe the Shroud was genuine and ordered the expositions halted, the Shroud hidden away.\_

\_September 19, 1356: Geoffrey de Charny is killed by the English at the Battle of Poitiers, during a last stand in which he valiantly defended his king. Within a month his widow, Jeanne de Vergy, appeals to the Regent of France to pass the financial grants, formerly made to Geoffrey, on to his son, Geoffrey II. This is approved a month later. The Shroud remained in the de Charny family's possession.\_

\_August 4, 1389: A letter signed by King Charles VI of France ordered the bailiff of Troyes to seize the Shroud at Lirey and deposit it in another of Troyes' churches pending his further decision about its disposition.\_

\_November 1389: Bishop Pierre d'Arcis of Troyes appeals to anti-pope Clement VII at Avignon concerning the exhibition of the Shroud at Lirey. He describes the cloth as attracting crowds of pilgrims.\_

\_January 6, 1390: Clement VII writes to Bishop d'Arcis, ordering him to keep silent on the Shroud, under threat of excommunication. On the same date Clement writes a letter to Geoffrey II de Charny stating the only conditions under which he would allow expositions.\_

\_June 1390: A Papal bull grants new indulgences to those who visit St. Mary of Lirey and its relics.\_

\_May 22, 1398: Death of Geoffrey II de Charny. He is buried at the Abbey of Froidmont, near Beauvais, his tomb decorated with his effigy on the face of a knight in armor.\_

\* \* \*

The second appearance was watched by over two billion people, covered by all the media, TV, radio, satellite, Net. This time there were over two thousand reporters, from every country on earth. He came again, as before, the not-so tiny dancer in his white robe, walking serenely down the garden path, his arms spread wide among the statues.

Approaching within a few steps of the gate he stopped, surveyed the audience slowly, methodically, penetratingly. The cries stopped as if a clear fog dropped. Breath was held. Even the helicopters that had been hovering at a discreet distance seemed to fly far away.

The Shroud Man's eyes were tender, sorrowful, knowing, huge. TV screens around the world were filled with his eyes. He spoke in English. Sounded like everybody's mother, everybody's father, coming in the name of burning crosses.

"My children. I love you. I promised to return and judge the world, establish the kingdom of heaven. Look at me. Who do you say that I am, the Son of Man? I died for you, bore your sins, became an object of shame for you. Do you doubt that I am who I say I am? Come to me, my children, and I will perform signs and wonders that you may believe."

At that the gate was electronically unlocked and a flock of people suffering from various maladies pushed it open and approached him, respectfully, not too fast, arms outstretched.

One by one he laid hands on them and they shouted, claimed a cure, threw their appliances away, fell down on their faces worshipping him.

The media did what they were taught, covered it like any breaking news event. Commentators tried to secularize the healings, attempting to name the cured patients, trace their histories out, cut to relatives that they could find via the Net who had videophones.

At one point a one-legged woman grew a new leg instantly, and it was plainly seen by the cameras, shown again and again on instant replay. Another time a disfigured burn victim become rejuvenated, beautiful. A person with a withered arm regrew a new, perfect one. A cameraman broke away from plainclothes Chinese communist secret service men and ran to touch his robe.

The singing of praises became like a major sports event, wave after wave of songs, not all the same, passing among

the crowd like currents in the ocean, all the fish joyous points of light.

He worked for three full hours, at which time, as if miraculously, the stream of patients dried up. He had healed everybody who was there and wanted it. The rest of the crowd respectfully stood at bay like in an open air church, allowing the needful to pass through until there were no more coming. By then several countries' news crews had unceremoniously left the scene under government order.

He quietly turned and walked back to the mansion, the healed worshippers praising him in tears, the unblinking cameras panning him closely all the way. When he disappeared behind a big white door with a red cross on it, at the end of a long grapevine-covered trellis, the cameras held that scene while the commentators took over and tried to maintain a professional demeanor. Many were clearly shaken, trembling, tears streaming. Not all though. Some assumed the skeptic's role, played the devil's advocate, drew on footage of other faith healers in the United States, the Philippines, the Caribbean, Mexico, Asia, and Africa, surrounded by crowds of allegedly cured people who were later spotted picking their crutches back up and scurrying out the rear of the tent, or appearing week after week and getting the same cure each time.

The Shroud Man had split the world into two camps.

Meanwhile underground his secret organization was working hard.

\* \* \*

Dr. A'ny, a little stunned but a lot more skeptical at this healing act, was soon surfing the Net looking for knowledge and guidance.

\_Click.\_

THE SHROUD OF TURIN A SENTIMENTAL FAVORITE WITH DR.  
KENNEDY

The Shroud of Turin.

Pope Paul VI called it "the greatest relic in Christendom".

A 16th century Roman Catholic soldier, sent to persecute the Christians in the Waldensian valleys, wrote to Rome that it was his great sorrow that he had not been able to travel the short distance to Turin to venerate the Holy Shroud.

Dr. D. James Kennedy, in his book Truths That Transform: Christian Doctrines for Your Life Today, interviewed Kenneth Stevenson, a scientist who examined the Shroud and judged it to be authentic. Dr. Stevenson stated that he was raised Roman Catholic. While Dr. Kennedy, whose wealthy and gorgeous chapel in Florida is a regular feature on American TV, does not state that he absolutely believes the Shroud to be authentic, the positive nature of this interview shows that he was leaning to this position even though he admits that when he first heard about it he "was very skeptical." He mentions Stevenson's "positive evidence" of the Shroud's authenticity.

Dr. Kennedy asked Stevenson if he knew any other scientists who had become Christians through their examination of the Shroud. "Absolutely," he replied.

Click.

The Shroud of Turin, a 14 foot by 3.5 foot rectangular cloth that was alleged to have been the burial cloth of Jesus, first showed up in the small village of Lirey, France in 1357. Roman Catholic scholars have attempted to minimize the importance of the Shroud's having been missing for over 13 centuries, and some tried to establish its validity because it was said the features of the man plainly seen on the Shroud were very like religious icons of Christ that can be traced back to the 6th century.

In 1984 scholars presented the Vatican with a proposal

for radiocarbon dating. The three laboratories selected by the Church to conduct these tests were at Oxford University, the University of Arizona and the Federal Institute of Technology in Zurich. In 1988 they unanimously dated it to the late 13th or early 14th century, mean date 1325.

The Church has never proclaimed that the Shroud truly is Jesus' burial cloth, but it certainly has not discouraged that belief. It did accept the radiocarbon results.

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DR. D. JAMES KENNEDY: REGISTERING AMERICAN VOTERS FOR CHRIST

Directly across the street from the rising spire of the Coral Ridge Presbyterian Church in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida sits an Olive Garden restaurant. Soon people file out of the former and enter the latter, where I sit watching. The disciples of the Rev. D. James Kennedy, that's what they are. Poor tippers say the waitresses -- unless you call a religious tract a good tip. Kennedy is a leader in the radical religious right's all-out plan for Christianizing America by converting people, one at a time, until there are enough to make "very dramatic" changes in our society. The chances are that his missionaries are active nearby no matter where you live -- in America.

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A typical American. Thinks America is the New Jerusalem.

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No, D. James is no John F. Kennedy. A supporter of the separation of church and state the former is not. According to D(avid) James, God gave the world two mandates. "The Cultural Mandate He gave at the beginning of the world, and the Great Commission He gave at the beginning of the Christian era after the Resurrection of Jesus Christ; the former at the dawn of creation, the

latter at the dawn of the new creation. Man is to subdue the earth and have dominion over all its creatures. This is called 'The Cultural Mandate' because it deals with all culture as we know it. As God's junior partners we are to rule over the earth in His name."

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God was only talking about subduing natural forces, flora and fauna, not unbelievers. But love of power will find a way.

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This is virtually the same as R.J. Rushdoony and Gary North's radical Christian Reconstructionism. Indeed, Kennedy has called the Bible commentaries by those men "essential" works. Rev. Jerry Falwell used to say that the mission of his (and presumably Kennedy's) church was three-fold: "To get people saved, baptized, and registered to vote." Kennedy would add, "and get them trained in political activism and take over the country's politics."

\_Click.\_

With himself as the big cheese. He thinks he is Christ, hehe.

\_Click.\_

Almost two decades ago Kennedy helped set the agenda for the radical religious right by combining evangelism and political activism. He and other prominent conservative Christian leaders conceived an effective strategy to propel their movement into the 21st century.

"God has given us the Great Commission and the Cultural Mandate," wrote Kennedy. "Neither one of them is sufficient alone to transform America into what its Founders intended it to be -- a Christian nation."

"I would urge you," he pleaded, "to recommit yourself to

the great principles that our Founding Fathers gave us in the founding documents of this nation; to strive by our prayers, our efforts, by our work, by our evangelization, to make this nation a Christian nation once more."

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"C.S. Lewis put it so very interestingly," Kennedy observed, "'The most significant political action that any Christian can take... is to convert his neighbor.'"

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#### LURE OF FILTHY LUCRE INSPIRED HOLY FRAUD

The Shroud of Turin may or may not be a snapshot of Jesus' resurrection, but it does offer a glimpse into an alien world of undeniably fraudulent medieval holy relics. Indeed, medieval Christendom is a world of holy places filled with phony corpses, vials of tears, splinters from the Cross, and other holy junk, all right next to the collection plate.

That world, despite its strangeness, still echoes in our own. But until recently, when the Shroud controversy forced them into it, scholars have all but ignored relics and their effect on worship, thinking it beneath their notice.

The Shroud of Turin, a 14-foot-by-3-1/2-foot strip of linen that bears the faint image of a whipped and crucified man. Many people believe it was the burial cloth of Jesus, who miraculously left his bodily imprint on it as he dematerialized. That notion wilted in 1988 as a result of carbon-14 tests dating the Shroud to around the 14th century, placing it solidly in the golden age of phony holy relics in Europe, when every church had its patron saint, and the saint's body itself, or at least one of his possessions, under the altar, even if they had to fake it. After all, people believed without question the teaching of their Church, but a little doubt insurance was felt to guard against the rise of free thought. And holy pilgrims with craning necks always came with fat

purses to clip; man does not live by bread alone.

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Thus the 12th century Three Kings Cathedral in Cologne, Germany, boasts three skulls purportedly belonging to the wise men or magi who visited the infant Jesus. Another in Loreto, Italy, boasts a house that Jesus, Mary and Joseph supposedly inhabited, allegedly flown there via special delivery by angels. Some churches have claimed to possess Jesus' milk teeth or the foreskin from his circumcision.

\_Click.\_

Oh boy! Chewing gum! A'ny went into a funk for minutes at this point, thinking deep thoughts, his body froze in a near trance state, fingers poised over the Microsoft ergonomic keyboard.

\_Click.\_

Others have claimed they had Peter's tears, Enoch's slippers, Moses' rod, St. Michael's sweat, the hem of Joseph's coat of many colors, the fingers of Paul, Andrew, or John the Baptist. St. Anthony Church in Padua, Italy reportedly displays a vial containing the milk of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

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Are these holy relics all fake, or are some of them real? You figure it out. As Einstein would say when comparing Coke to Pepsi, a no-brainer. At one time in Europe there reportedly were two heads of John the Baptist, three spears that had pierced Jesus' side, three corpses of Mary Magdalene, innumerable thorns from Jesus' crown and splinters from the cross. The Shroud of Turin itself was one of forty such cloths, all of them supposed to be the real one.

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Real or fake, Christendom was indeed once split in two over holy relics. Martin Luther's famous 95 theses were nailed on the door of the Castle Church in Wittenberg on October 31 -- Halloween -- of the year 1517 precisely because that church held one of the largest collections of supposed relics outside of Rome. Pieces of bones from saints, locks of hairs from martyrs, a piece of the true cross, a twig from Moses' burning bush, bread from the Last Supper, a veil sprinkled with the blood of Christ -- the list is endless. The relics were kept in special reliquaries ornamented with gold, silver and precious stones. They were exhibited on All Saints Day, the day after Halloween. By 1518, 17,443 pieces were on display in twelve aisles. The Church taught that paying the special fee and viewing the relics would shorten a soul's stay in purgatory by 1,902,202 years and 270 days. Luther wanted to make his statement that the remission of sin was free and gratuitous, and could not be influenced by indulgences, papal pardons, or viewing crappy relics.

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Crappy. Hehe. Good hackers never explain their tricks.

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#### NEW SCIENTIFIC TESTS CHALLENGE RADIOCARBON DATING OF SHROUD

August 3, 1999

The Shroud of Turn is not a 14th century European forgery as some scientists believe, according to scientists who used pollen and botanic tests to conclude that it dates from before the 8th century and originated in Jerusalem. Their study contradicts a 1988 radiocarbon dating by a group of world scientists who dated the Shroud between 1260 and 1390, and concluded it was a forgery that came from Europe.

Botany professor Avinoam Danim of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, at the International Botanical Congress Monday, said that pollen grains found on the Shroud match

those of another cloth associated with Jesus Christ, whose minimum age is well established historically. This other cloth, the Sudarium of Oviedo, which some believe to be the burial face cloth of Jesus, has been kept in the same location since the 8th century, and its known history is traceable to the 1st century. "We have identified images and pollen grain species on the Shroud restricted to the vicinity of Jerusalem," said Danin on Monday, reiterating findings released in June. "The claim that the Shroud is of European origin can't hold."

Botanist Uri Baruch analyzed floral images from the Shroud, and made a separate analysis of the pollen grains, identifying a combination of plant species that could only be found in March or April in the region of Jerusalem, Danin added.

Danin identified a high density of pollen on the Shroud of the tumbleweed *Gundelia tournefortii*, as well as the bean caper. These two species coexist only in a limited area around Jerusalem, Danin said. "The evidence clearly points to a floral grouping from the area surrounding Jerusalem."

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The *Gundelia tournefortii* can be seen near the Shroud Man's shoulder. Some experts have suggested that this plant was used for the crown of thorns. Both the Shroud and the Sudarium carry these same matching pollen grains, as well as type AB blood stains, in similar patterns, Danin said. It is well known that a type O person can never have a type AB child. The pollen and blood stain similarities, combined with the documented history of the Sudarium, provides clear evidence that the Shroud originated before the 8th century also, said Danin. And, he added, since the Sudarium has been documented back to the 1st century, evidence that it is linked to the Shroud would throw back the latter's date along with it.

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As to the 1988 study using radiocarbon dating, Danin

theorized that only a single sample, rather than the entire piece of fabric was used, throwing the tests off.

\* \* \*

Julian: Hello, people, this is Julian Rafer of \*beep\* News, at the Florida Festival in Tampa, Florida. I have the main speakers, Franklin Grammy and Anne Grammy Lox, the son and daughter of Reverend Billy Grammy, with me. I'll start by cutting to the chase. Did both of you watch the miraculous healings by the Shroud Man, whom many believe to be Jesus Christ come back in the flesh?

Franklin: I'll start by cutting to the chase too, Julian. I'm sorry but the Bible says that in the last days there would be many false Christs, coming with signs and wonders. Yes, his wonders are truly wonderful, this Shroud Man as you call him. But Jesus Christ? I'm withholding my judgment, Julian, while...

Anne: Brother, you have eyes but you do not see. I know it's him. I saw God in his eyes. He's our dear savior.

Franklin: Get behind me, Satan! If daddy could see you now...

Anne: I love you, brother. I love daddy too. And I love Jesus. It's really him. I know it is. I felt his power, his love.

Julian: Franklin, you stated that the Shroud Man is a false Christ, an imposter. If he isn't Jesus Christ then who is he?

Franklin: I hate to disappoint my sister, or the people watching who believe, but... in the last days there would be many antichrists.

Anne: Come now! Antichrists? Who is antichrist, brother, but he who denies that Jesus is come in the flesh? Reach out and feel the holes made by the nails.... Ouch!

Franklin: Out, Satan! God, give me strength.

Julian: You slapped your own sister, right on the air. Why did you do that? You're a world evangelist and a law-abiding man.

Franklin: I say God must not be mocked. Let the law arrest me if it will, but I cannot tolerate the presence of Satan in my own dearest blood, my beloved sister of Christ...

Julian: I'm told we are out of time. Thanks to you both for taking the time to give us your opinions.

Anne: I love you, Jesus! I know it's you! Ouch! You slap me again, brother, and I'll scratch your eyes out!

\* \* \*

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HANDY DANDY JEHOVAH'S WITLESS ANTIDOTE

by \_The Truthseekers\_

Even in the 21st century there are still people who really believe that the Unholy Booblebunkle is Gawd's perfect inspired holey word. Show me one contradiction, the door-to-door Jehovah's Witlesses ask. Of course most people don't have, or don't want to read their Booblebunkles, and don't want to memorize lists of contradictions for the Witlesses who have them in their territory. So the dorks never leave, or keep coming back with armloads of free publications designed to suck you in and get you going door to door with them. Here is one of the most effective and easy to remember embarrassing little contradictions in the gospels, that will cause the Witlesses to leave you alone: print it out and tape it to the back of your front door for ease of use. It has been field-tested and found to be easy, safe, and 100% effective.

Genuine Bible Contradiction

Matthew 10:5-10: These twelve Jesus sent out, charging

them, "Go nowhere among the Gentiles, and enter no town of the Samaritans, but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. And preach as you go, saying the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, raise the dead, cleanse lepers, cast out demons. You received without pay, give without pay. Take no gold, nor silver, nor copper in your belts, no bag for your journey, nor two tunics, nor sandals, nor a staff; for the laborer deserves his food."

Notice that it says that the twelve were not to take a staff (Greek rhabdos, walking stick) with them. Apparently the lame among them had already been healed and they could scamper about like billy goats even in rough terrain :) Only being able to take one change of clothes must have made them smell like billy goats. So take it from the Word: Christians stiiiiinnnnnk! It says to not take sandals either. Hmmm....

Mark 6:7-9: And he called to him the twelve, and began to send them out two by two, and gave them authority over the unclean spirits. He charged them to take nothing for their journey except a staff; no bread, no bag, no money in their belts, but to wear sandals and not put on two tunics.

Oops! Take nothing EXCEPT a staff! And this time wear sandals. Goof! Error! Maybe his healing of the lame didn't last, like you see out back of the big tent at Oral Roberts shindigs. Gawd is a paper tiger! Even a ten-year-old hacker could find and edit-out goofs like these with his home computer!

Sorry, God, but you are not perfect. Either that or the Bible is not your word. Or maybe the gospels are not your word, but the rest is. Either way, out goes your so-called Son. The baby with the bathwater.

Ah, you say. Look at the remaining two gospels. Fine. There is nothing about any twelve in John. Jesus is too busy insulting his mother at the marriage in Cana to remember it, perhaps.

Luke 9:1-3: And he called the twelve together and gave them power and authority over all demons and to cure diseases.

And he sent them out to preach the kingdom of God and to heal. And he said to them, "Take nothing for your journey: no staff, nor bag, nor money; and do not have two tunics."

So who's right and who's wrong? Mark and Luke, or Matthew? Matthew and Luke, or Mark? We'll never know. And how convenient of Luke to clear up the sandal thing -- not.

But maybe Matthew meant to say don't take two pairs of sandals, nor two staffs/staves. Yes -- take one but not two. Maybe he just needed a grammar teacher and-or a good swat on the buns from God. Or maybe it's the translators' fault. But it's Luke not Matthew that says take no staff, period. No room for bad translation there. Funny but they say Luke is the writer who's also a physician. So, physician heal thyself :)

So it's a genuine contradiction either way. A small one perhaps, but when somebody claims something is perfect, it's often the little flaws that show it up for what it is the most satisfyingly -- in any translation.

So good day, all you Jehovah's Witlesses, and good night.

\_Click.\_

Us geniuses resent flawed perfectionists. Not that the Shroud Man's Q-Psohot wasn't perfect. Even time, wear and tear, dirt, smudges and scorches couldn't mar its massively-redundant information content. Go figure.

\_Click.\_

THE ERA OF JESUS CHRIST FILLED WITH HOLY HEALING QUACKS

by The Truthseekers

People who read the gospels and marvel at the miracles Jesus performed usually have no idea of the historical context, of how those times were replete with holy quack healers, Jewish and pagan.

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Just reading the Book of Acts, however, might give a clue. Surviving a snake bite was evidently enough for the inhabitants of Malta to believe that Paul himself was a god (Acts 28:6). Paul and his companion Barnabas had to go to some lengths to convince the Lycaonians of Lystra that they were not deities, for the locals immediately sought to sacrifice to them as manifestations of Hermes and Zeus, simply because a man with bad feet stood up (Acts 14:8-18).

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Beyond the Bible, the Jewish historian Josephus supplies some insights. Writing toward the end of the first century, this captured Jewish general and eyewitness of the Roman destruction of Jerusalem in 70 A.D tells us that the region was filled with "cheats and deceivers claiming divine inspiration" (Jewish War, 2.259-60; Jewish Antiquities, 20.167), entrancing the masses and leading them like sheep, usually to their doom.

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The most successful of these "cheats" appears to be "the Egyptian" who led a flock of 30,000 believers around Palestine (Jewish War, 2.261-20). Paul is mistaken for him by a Roman officer in Acts 21:38. This fellow even claimed he could topple the walls of Jerusalem with a single word (Jewish Antiquities, 20.170), yet it took a massacre at the hands of Roman troops to finally instill doubt in his followers.

Twenty years later, a common weaver named Jonathan would attract a mob of the poor and needy, promising to show them many signs and portents (Jewish War, 7.437-8). Again, it took military intervention to disband the movement.

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Josephus also names a certain Theudas, another "trickster" who gathered an impressive following in Cyrene around 46 A.D., claiming he was a prophet and could part the river Jordan (Jewish Antiquities, 20.97). This could be the same

Theudas mentioned in Acts 5:36. Stories like these also remind us of the faithful following that Simon was reported to have had in Acts 8:9-11, again showing how easy it was to make people believe you had the power of whatever god at your disposal. Jesus was not unique in that respect, just one of the crowd.

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Miracles were a dime a dozen in those days. The Roman biographer Plutarch, a contemporary of Josephus, engages in a lengthy digression to prove that a statue of Tyche did not really speak in the early Republic (Life of Coriolanus, 37.3), as masses believed. He claims it must have been an hallucination inspired by the deep religious faith of the onlookers, since there were, he says, too many reliable witnesses to dismiss the story as an invention (38.1-3). He even digresses further to explain why other miracles such as weeping or bleeding statues could be explained as natural phenomena, a refreshing breath of sanity in those times. What is notable is not that Plutarch proves himself to have some good sense, but that he felt it was necessary to make such an argument at all. Since we have thousands of believers flocking to weeping and bleeding statues even today, the ignorance is the same even if the names of the gods have changed.

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Miraculous healings were also commonplace. Suetonius, another Roman biographer writing a generation after Plutarch, reports that even the Emperor Vespasian once cured the blind and lame via the goddess Serapis (Life of Vespasian, 7.1 3). Likewise, statues with healing powers were common attractions in this era. Lucian mentions the famous healing powers of a statue of Polydamas, an athlete, at Olympia, as well as the statue of Theagenes at Thasos (Council of the Gods, 12). Both are again mentioned by Pausanias, in his tour guide of the Roman world (6.5.4-9, 11.2-9). Lucian also mentions the curative powers of the statue of a certain General Pellichos (Philopseudes, 18-20). Athenagoras, in his Legatio pro Christianis (26), polemicizes against the commonplace belief in the healing

powers of statues, mentioning, in addition to the statue of a certain Neryllinus, the statues of Proteus and Alexander.

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But above all the pagans had Asclepius, their own healing savior, centuries before, and after, the age of Christ. Surviving testimonies to his influence and healing power throughout the classical age are common enough to fill a two-volume book (Edelstein and Edelstein, *Asclepius: A Collection and Interpretation of the Testimonies*, in two volumes, Ayer Company Publishers, Salem, NH, 1945.) Of greatest interest are the inscriptions for those healed at his temples. These give us almost first hand testimony, more reliable evidence than anything we have for the miracles of Jesus, of the blind, the lame, the mute, even the victims of kidney stones, paralytics, and one fellow with a spearhead stuck in his jaw (op. cit., p. 232), all being cured by this pagan savior. And this testimony goes on for centuries. Inscriptions span the 4th century B.C. to the 3rd century A.D., all over the Roman Empire. Clearly, the people of this time were quite ready to believe such tales. So holy healers like Jesus were not remarkable at all.

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#### FALSE CHRISTS SINCE JESUS

by The Truthseekers

"Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes in diverse places. Then if any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is Christ, or there, believe it not. For there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders, insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect." -- Jesus Christ, in the Gospel of Matthew 24:7, 24:23-24.

When Christ had not returned by the fifth century, the Church started propounding its new eschatology where the coming Kingdom of God would all be in the mind and soul,

rather than in time and space. In the tradition of the best authoritarian regimes they then busily suppressed popular millenarian works with such success that most were not recovered for more than a millennium, although a tiny number of false Christs made it into the history books.

The Church historian St. Gregory wrote of a wandering preacher who established himself as a messiah in the year 591 AD. The story goes like this:

A man of Bourges, having gone into a forest, found himself suddenly surrounded by a swarm of flies, as a result of which he went out of his mind for two years. Later he made his way to the province of Arles, where he became a hermit, clad in animal skins and wholly dedicated to prayer. When he emerged from this ascetic training he claimed to possess supernatural gifts of healing and prophecy. Further wanderings took him to the district of Govaudon in the Cevennes, where he set himself up as Christ, with a woman whom he called Mary as his companion. People flocked to him with their sick, who were cured by his touch. He also foretold future events, prophesying sickness or other misfortunes for most of those who visited him, but salvation for a few. He organized his followers in an armed band, which he led through the countryside, waylaying and robbing the travelers they met on the way. He then distributed all the loot to the poor and needy, including, no doubt, to many of his own followers. Bishops and inhabitants of local towns were threatened with death unless they worshipped him.

You gotta respect a guy with an army who says he's Jesus; the true source of the legend of Robin Hood no doubt.

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A man of even greater vision succeeded this anonymous Christ, namely, the legendary Tanchelm of Antwerp. Historical sources disagree on some of the details of his life, but a few things are generally agreed upon. By the year 1110 or so he had given up an ambassadorial career in the service of a local Count, and through freelance preaching had built himself a loyal following whom he reigned over as their messianic king. He even distributed

his bath water among his followers, some of whom drank it as a substitute for the Eucharist, while others treated it as a holy relic. Compare this to Aldebert, yet another false Christ of the eighth century, who distributed his nail parings and hair clippings among his followers.

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#### ROMAN CATHOLICS INFAMOUS FOR SELF-IMPOSED PUNISHMENTS

by \_The Truthseekers\_

Throughout the history of Roman Catholicism a strong current has run calling for self-punishment to gain God's favor. In Paris' \_The Secret History of the Jesuits\_ the order's harsh practices are cataloged:

"To beat or flagellate ourselves, and offer each blow as a sacrifice to God through Mary, to carve with a knife the holy name of Mary on our chest: to cover ourselves decently at night so as not to offend the chaste gaze of Mary; to tell the Virgin you would be willing to offer her your place in heaven if she didn't have her own; to wish you had never been born or go to hell if Mary had not been born; to never eat an apple, as Mary had been kept from the mistake of tasting of it".

The harsher the punishment inflicted by a sinner on himself, the more blessed the individual, according to Catholic doctrine. This opened the door for some very bizarre self-inflicted abuse that was often taken as saintly. In Otis Von Corvin's book \_The Mirror of the Clergy\_, a long list is given of the steps devout Catholics took on the road to sainthood:

"There were some who had their hands tied behind their backs, apparently driven by a demonic spirit, thinking themselves unworthy to look up to heaven. Others were sitting in heaps of ashes hitting their heads against the ground over and over. Still others cried and wept as if in grief. Some others chastised themselves for not being able to shed more tears. Many refused to nourish their bodies, and when given food they only took a few bites

and threw the rest away, triggered by a sense of unworthiness, or they refused to drink but a few drops at a time. Many clad themselves in filthy rags that stank and were full of lice, and often they had self-inflicted wounds. In many cases they spit blood because they had chastened themselves mercilessly. Some of them, who were about to die begged not to be buried, but be left to decay like animals. One of these misled souls lived in a cage, never to see the light of day again. Others dug themselves into the hot desert sand right up to their necks. The holy Eusebius carried 260 pounds of iron chain and weights at all times. Again, others made vows not to speak to another person as long as they lived, or hopped around on one leg for many years, or they ate grass like an ox. St. Barnabas had a sharp stone embedded in his foot and was suffering excruciating pain, yet he would not allow anyone to remove the stone. Some slept on beds of thorns. Some tried to go along without sleep at all. Simeon, the son of an Egyptian shepherd, ate only on Sundays. Before the meal, he would tie a rope around his waist so tight, that he developed ulcers on his skin that stank so bad that no one wanted to come near him. He came under the illusion that his sufferings were not yet enough, so he came up with an idea to torment his flesh even more. He would go to worship the goddess of the Syrian, Kebele, and stood on top of a 10 foot high pole for several years. The greater the madness, the higher the poles, and at the peak of it he stood on top of a 30 foot pole for close to 30 years. How he managed not to fall off when sleep overcame him is not documented. He managed to fast for 40 days at one time, but because of physical weakness, someone had to tie him with a chain to a pole that was extended from his pole."

"So you see their highest aim was to trample nature under foot. The God-given sex drive was considered very unchristian-like and was condemned and battled against. Many young men and women went out into the desert to quench their sex drive by tormenting their bodies, not realizing that through this torment the flesh was even more aroused than before. Many made short process of the root of evil by cutting it off. Amongst them was Origen,

a Christian theologian and teacher, and many followed in his footsteps, with the majority being priests and lay people, which led to the point where a law had to be implemented to stop this madness."

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These and many other stories can be told of those Catholics who went out away from sane civilization in an attempt to be closer to their God. Why would completely normal people suddenly have the urge to wander away from the simple gospel of Jesus Christ and become part of a mystical lifestyle that has every sign of demonic tendency?

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## Chapter 6. Jerusalem, Zion, Sion

\* \* \*

544 - An extraordinary cloth image "not made by hand" was preserved at Edessa, which is now Urfa, in Turkey. Many experts identify this Image of Edessa with the Shroud, folded in such a way that only the facial area was visible and accessible.

944 - The cloth Image of Edessa was moved to Constantinople where it must have been spread out and the whole body could be seen.

1128 - The Priore de Sion, under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church, created the Order of the Knights Templar to protect pilgrims to the Holy Land after the first Crusade. The Priore also claim to be the Guardians of the Holy Grail, the sacred icon of the Merovingian bloodline. The Holy Grail or Sangreal represents to them the royal blood of Jesus, whose lineage is therefore heir to the throne in the Temple at Jerusalem.

1147 - Louis VII, king of France, visited Constantinople and venerated the Shroud that was held there.

1204 - Many relics were dispersed during the occupation of Constantinople during the Fourth Crusade. Testimonies written by Crusaders declare that they have seen "the Shroud of Our Lord".

1349 - The Shroud emerged in the possession of Count Geoffrey de Charny, at Lirey, France. From this moment onwards the Shroud's presence in the West has been carefully documented.

\* \* \*

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The Merovingians. The Knights Templar. The Priory of Sion. Obviously I need to research all that. Let's not be gender specific. Boys can wash dishes, girls can take out the garbage.

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According to another popular Grail book, Bloodline of the Holy Grail by Laurence Gardiner, the Merovingian dynasty derives its name from the 5th century King Merovee of France, a descendant of the mystical Fisher-Kings, whose symbol was the fish, the symbol of the early Christians.

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I thought that was a Robin Williams flick.

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The Vatican has long been negotiating secretly for authority over the Old City of Jerusalem.

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Everybody wants to run that hole in the ground.

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They are not alone in having their coveteous eyes on that city. The Illuminati are the top echelon of a vast network of organizations which make up a secret brotherhood covering the globe. Within this network are found six major divisions: Banking & Money, Secret Societies, Political, Intelligence, Religions, and Education. The secret societies encompass the elite Prieur de Sion, the Rosicrucians, the Orders of Freemasonry, Skull & Bones, the Grand Orient Lodge, the Grand Alpina Lodge, the Knights Templar, the Royal Order of the Garter.

According to one Rosicrucian book, Holy Blood, Holy Grail, although the Prieur de Sion is the elite society that created the Knights Templar and the order from which the other societies originated, this august body has maintained a low profile from its inception and lurks to this day behind the scenes orchestrating critical events in Western history. It plays an influential role in high level international affairs as well as in the domestic affairs of European countries. Its avowed goal is the restoration of the Merovingian dynasty and bloodline to the thrones of all European nations.

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King Robin? He he.

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According to Holy Blood, Holy Grail, the infamous Protocols of the Elders of Sion have been slanderously misrepresented and are, instead of an evil conspiracy, a humanitarian proposal authored by the elite of the Prieur de Sion, a plan for the proposed new world order of the Prieur, a benevolent Masonic kingdom led by a new king of the holy seed of David.

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I thought they were a hoax created by Russian secret police working for the Czar in order to promote anti-Semitism. I guess that is too bush league. The anti-semites think Sion is Zion and that it is a plot by evil Jews. I wonder if Hitler was in on all this?

\_Click.\_

It seems that the Roman authorities did not recognize the Messianic claim of the Merovingian lords but viewed the cult with a morbid suspicion of ulterior motives. In the latter years of the declining Empire, they considered this Desposynic royal strain in Gaul to be their greatest threat.

There is a pronounced anti-Catholic bias in all Merovingian literature which illuminates this struggle for the seat of authority in Jerusalem. Revelation 17 does indicate that, during a brief interlude, there will be a global merger of Church and State to establish a world government. During this unholy alliance, the Harlot Church will ride the beast "drunken with the blood of the saints and with the martyrs of Jesus." However, after she "hath glorified herself, and lived wantonly," then suddenly "the ten horns which thou sawest upon the beast, these shall hate the whore, and shall make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh, and burn her with fire."

The authors of Holy Blood, Holy Grail give a further clue as to why the Prieure de Sion would ally with the Vatican and later break faith. In 1314, Pope Clement V and King Philippe IV of France martyred the last Grand Master of the Knights Templar, Jacques de Molay, who allegedly issued an imprecation from the flames. Since the pope died within a month, and the king within a year, many have attributed supernatural power to the Templars, despite the well known fact that the Templars possessed great expertise in the use of poisons and that there were certainly enough of them left to exact the appropriate vengeance. Nevertheless, the apparent fulfillment of the Grand Master's curse lent credence to belief in the order's occult powers.

\_Click.\_

Nor did the curse end there.

Authors Biagent, Leigh and Lincoln propose that the French Revolution was perpetrated by the successors of the Knights Templar, the French Freemasons, to exact vengeance for the death of their Grand Master. The insinuation is plain that the final and "appropriate vengeance" toward the Vatican will be forthcoming when the Merovingian dynasty asserts its authority over its world kingdom. They propose that, in place of the Vatican papacy, a royal heir of Merovingian descent, the King of the Jews, will be the real Pope and patriarch of an international church.

\_Click.\_

The Priere de Sion's objectives include a theocratic United States of Europe ruled by a dynasty descended from Jesus by blood. This dynasty would not only occupy a throne of political or secular power, but the throne of Saint Peter as well. The government would be structured as a kind of feudal system, but without the abuses usually associated with that term. The actual process of governing would presumably reside with the Priere de Sion, which might take the form of a European Parliament.

"In a very real sense the time is right for the Priere to show its hand. The political systems and ideologies that in the early years of our century seemed to promise so much have virtually all displayed a degree of bankruptcy. Communism, socialism, fascism, capitalism, Western-style democracy have all, in one way or another, betrayed their promise, jaundiced their adherents, and failed to fulfill the dreams they engendered. There is a longing for a renewed sense of the sacred that amounts, in effect, to a full-scale religious revival -- exemplified by the proliferation of sects and cults, for example, and the swelling tide of fundamentalism in the United States. There is also a desire for a true 'leader' -- not a fuehrer, but a species of wise and

benign spiritual figure, a 'priest-king' in whom mankind can safely repose its trust. There are many devout Christians who do not hesitate to interpret the Apocalypse as nuclear holocaust. How might the advent of Jesus' lineal descendant be interpreted? To a receptive audience, it might be a kind of Second Coming." (Ibid., pp. 411-413)

\_Click.\_

#### REVIVED BRITISH EMPIRE

Who will be the heir-apparent of the purported royal bloodline of Jesus deemed worthy to sit on the throne of the kingdoms of this world? Holy Blood, Holy Grail provides the names of several noble families of Merovingian heritage, which include the houses of Hapsburg-Lorraine (present titular dukes of Lorraine and kings of Jerusalem), Plantard, Luxembourg, Montpezat, Montesquiou, and various others. According to the "Priore documents" the Sinclair family in Britain is also allied to the bloodline, as are various branches of the Stuarts.

\_Click.\_

I wonder when they'd work Princess Diana and Prince Charles in. Was WWII a struggle between various factions who all thought they were the chosen line and had a right to rule Europe? Why did America back Britain and why did they win?

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It is noteworthy that the late Princess Diana was a member of the Stuart bloodline, fifth removed from Charles II, and the Stuarts claim a greater nobility than the reigning House of Windsor, a bloodline that is not mentioned in the Merovingian list of worthies. Moreover, the contribution of the Stuart family is duly acclaimed, along with the glories of Freemasonry.

During their stay in France the Stuarts had been deeply involved in the dissemination of Freemasonry. Indeed,

they are generally regarded as the source of the particular form of Freemasonry known as Scottish Rite. Scottish Rite Freemasonry introduced higher degrees than those offered by other Masonic systems at the time. It promised initiation into greater and more profound mysteries, mysteries supposedly preserved and handed down in Scotland. It established more direct connections between Freemasonry and the various activities that were regarded as Rosicrucian, for instance, alchemy, Cabalism, and Hermetic thought.

In Bloodline of the Holy Grail, Sir Laurence Gardiner attempts to prove that the House of Stuart still retains the legitimate right to the throne of England, possessing a living descendant of Bonnie Prince Charlie, whom the Jacobites sought to restore to the British Throne in 1727. However, The Jacobite Heritage maintains that Gardiner's genealogies are undocumented and cannot be supported by historical evidence.

It happens that the foreword to Bloodline of the Holy Grail is written by a Prince Michael Stewart of Albany, who is the Head of the Royal House of Stewart, which surname Sir Laurence maintains is Stuart, albeit with a different spelling. The Official Home Page of the Royal House of Stewart provides extensive information about the aspiring Prince, who also holds the position of Head of the European Council of Princes.

The Jacobite Heritage refutes Prince Michael's claim to fame.

Click.

Prince Michael is thoroughly debunked as merely another pretender to the British throne on the Fantasy Royalty web site.

Click.

Compounding the royal intrigue was the "coincidental" release, one week after Diana's death, of an expose of the Royal Family which holds present title to the British

throne, the House of Windsor. The Royals by Kitty Kelley, brazenly asserts that Queen Elizabeth II was conceived by artificial insemination and that the Queen Mum is illegitimate.

\_Click.\_

Maybe she is a Q-psohot, he he.

\_Click.\_

Although this sensational revelation is most likely not true, such may be the requisite propaganda which will dethrone the already disgraced House of Windsor. Dare we call it conspiracy? We know that Diana was required to give up her crown when she divorced Charles. In his book The Forgotten Monarchy of Scotland, Prince Michael claims to be the "legal Pretender to the throne of England", by which we infer is meant that he would receive it by default of Prince Charles. Should Prince Charles not accede to the throne -- and there have been rumors that he would decline because of so many scandals -- then Princes William and Henry may lose the right of succession, Diana having also relinquished her crown.

Prince Michael makes the point that England does not have a constitution and therefore the monarchy is little more than a despotic feudal system. He emphasizes, however, that Scotland has a constitution, in fact the very Freemasonic model used by the Founding Fathers of the United States. George Washington knew the importance of a monarchy with a hereditary bloodline and even offered the American crown to Charles III Stuart.

\_Click.\_

I always thought the Scots would end up ruling everything. Bond, James Bond.

\_Click.\_

Although The Forgotten Monarchy of Scotland does not document these claims concerning the founding of the

American system of government, the implication is clear that the ideal form of world government would be a constitutional monarchy under a restored Stuart monarchy. Led by whom? Probably not the dispossessed sons of Charles should he abdicate the British throne. And given the sudden promotion in Christian media of Prince Charles as the Antichrist

\_Click.\_

Another development in the unfolding drama is a recent report that Israel is pursuing membership in the British Commonwealth.

\_Click.\_

What human agency may be orchestrating the rise and fall of the kingdoms of this world and leading them to fulfill Zechariah's prophesy (12:3) that Israel will become a burdensome stone for all people? \_Holy Blood, Holy Grail\_ and \_Bloodline of the Holy Grail\_ are obviously publications of the Priere of Sion, the founders of the Knights Templar which preceded the Rosicrucians and Freemasons. Volumes of Rosicrucian/Freemasonic books are now glutting the market to the end of bringing forth the Rosicrucian dream of the new world order governed by a "wise and benign spiritual figure, a priest-king" of the pedigree of Jesus Christ.

\_Click.\_

By inspiration of the Holy Spirit, the Apostle Paul foretold that a usurper of the Temple throne would precede the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, at which time many would believe a lie, even their own divinity:

"Let no man deceive you by any means for that day shall not come, except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition; who opposeth and exhalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God.

"And then shall that Wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming: even him, whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power and signs and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved.

"And for this cause God shall send them a strong delusion, that they should believe a lie: that they might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness." II Thessalonians 2:2-12

\_Click.\_

Yiyiyiyi. I just thought of something. Turin won the right to host the 2006 Winter Olympics by beating out some city called Sion.

\_Click.\_

NORTHERN ITALIAN CITY OUTBIDS SWISS FAVORITE FOR 2006 GAMES

Snow-covered Turin, surrounded by the Alps, won the 2006 Winter Olympic Games today, beating favored Sion, Switzerland 53-36 in a secret ballot by the International Olympic Committee held in Seoul.

The 2006 race was dominated by a vote-buying scandal, which broke six months ago earlier over Salt Lake's winning bid for the 2006 games, the biggest crisis in the IOC's 105-year history. Sion, considered by most to have the best bid on technical grounds, may have suffered from a new ban on IOC members visiting the bidding cities, along with a change in the voting process allowing a selection college to narrow the field down to two. The selection college was composed of 8 members elected by the IOC, including former Olympic champs Jean-Claude Killy of France and Valery Borzoy of the Ukraine.

Sion, a provincial capital of twenty-six thousand in the

heart of the Swiss Alps, went down to its third defeat, failing in previous bids for the 1976 and 2002 winter games. Turin, a northern Italian industrial city of 2.2 million that is famous as the home of the Shroud of Christ, was making its first bid.

[\\_Click.\\_](#)

#### THE PRIORY OF SION AND THE VILLAGE OF RENNES-LE-CHATEAU

by Steve Mizrach and Blasphosphorus

Like many Americans, I first became aware of the mysterious Priory of Sion by reading the book [\\_Holy Blood, Holy Grail\\_](#). Although the organization had gotten quite a bit of European attention in the 1960s and 70s, authors Baigent, Lincoln, and Leigh first brought it to U.S. awareness with their bestselling book in the early 1980s. The book caused a firestorm of controversy, especially among the clergy, not so much for its discussion of secret societies and medieval history as for its frank assertion that Jesus Christ might have had children and might not have died on the cross.

[\\_Click.\\_](#)

#### HISTORY OF SION

The Prieure du Notre Dame du Sion, or Priory of Zion, is said to be the cabal behind many of the events that occurred at Rennes-le-Chateau, France, purported home of the Grail. According to the Prieure's own documents, its history is long and convoluted. Its earliest roots are in some sort of Hermetic or Gnostic society led by a man named Ormus, who is said to have reconciled paganism and Christianity.

The story of Sion only comes into focus in the Middle Ages. In 1070, a group of monks from Calabria, Italy, led by one Prince Ursus, founded the Abbey of Orval in France near Stenay, in the Ardennes. These monks are said to have formed the basis for the Order de Sion, into which they were "folded" in 1099 by Godfroi de Bouillion.

## SION AND THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR

For about one hundred years the Order of the Temple (Knights Templar) and Sion were apparently unified under one leadership, though they are said to have separated at the "cutting of the elm" at Gisors in 1188. The Templar order was later destroyed by King Phillippe Le Bel of France in 1307.

[\\_Click.\\_](#)

## SION'S TENTACLES IN HISTORY

Sion appears to have been at the center of two French antimonarchical movements, the Compagnie du St.-Sacrament of the 17th century, which acted on behalf of the Guise-Lorraine families, and the Fronde of the 18th, as well as behind an attempt to make the Hapsburgs emperors of all Europe in the 19th -- the Hieron du Val d'Or. It appears that there are vast connections between Sion and numerous sociocultural strata in European thought, including Roscicrucianism, Freemasonry, Arthurian and Grail legends, Arcadianism, Catharism, Chivalry, etc.

[\\_Click.\\_](#)

## SION STILL ALIVE TODAY

This mysterious secret society brought itself to light in 1956 when it was listed with the French directory of organizations under the subtitle "Chivalry of Catholic Rules and Institutions of the Independent and Traditionalist Union," which in French abbreviates to CIRCUIT, the name of the magazine distributed internally among members. Depending on what statutes one considers, Sion either has 9,841 members in nine grades, or 1,093 members in seven, with the supreme member, the Nautonnier or Grand Master of the Order being, till 1963, Jean Cocteau.

[\\_Click.\\_](#)

Who runs it now? Up till 1984 it was Pierre Plantard de St.-Clair. At the present time it isn't clear. But whoever he is, he has had illustrious alleged predecessors, including Jacques De Molay, Leonardo de Vinci, Isaac Newton and Claude Debussy, among others. Plantard, in any case, seems to have enjoyed the ear of many influential persons in contemporary French politics, such as de Gaulle, Marcel Lefebvre, Francois Ducaud-Bourget, Andre Malraux, Alain Poher and others, many of whom appear to know him from his efforts with the Resistance during the Vichy occupation. Despite its registry however, the organization remains untraceable, its given address and number leading to dead ends, which leads one to wonder why the government never bothered to verify the information.

Some interesting things have come to light about the Prieure recently. One is that the Swiss Grand Lodge Alpina (GLA), the highest body of Swiss Freemasonry, akin to the Grand Lodge of England, may have been the recruiting body for the Prieure. The GLA is said by some to be the meeting place of the Gnomes of Zurich, the Power Elite of Swiss bankers and international financiers. The GLA is said by David Yallop to be the body which controlled the P2 Masonic Lodge in Italy.

\_Click.\_

WHAT IS P2?

P2 controlled the Italian secret police in the 1970s, took money from the CIA and KGB, may have had a hand in the kidnapping of Aldo Moro by the Red Brigades, had 900 agents in other branches of the Italian government and the highest positions of the Vatican, bombed a train station and tried to blame it on the Communists, used the Vatican Bank to launder Mafia drug money, fomented fascist coups in South America, and is most likely linked to the arch-conservative Knights of Malta and Opus Dei in the Vatican. P2's Lucio Gelli may have had a role in the death of John Paul I, and perhaps even the assassination attempt on John Paul II.

\_Click.\_

Italian secret police. So that's how they got the Shroud out. Assassination of popes. Hmm...

\_Click.\_

#### THE TRUE OBJECTIVE OF THE PRIEURE DE SION

The avowed and declared objective of the Prieure de Sion was and is the restoration of the Merovingian dynasty and bloodline to the throne, not only of France, but other European nations as well. By dint of dynastic alliances and intermarriages this line came to include Godfroi de Bouillion, who captured Jerusalem in 1099, and various other noble and royal families, past and present.

Godfroi was, by legend, a member of the Grail Family, and by lineage a Merovingian and apparently, therefore, rightful King of Jerusalem by his descent from David. It is clear that he was aware of this. When he left for the first Crusade he sold all of his property, intending to stay in Jerusalem. Godfroi was close to de Payen and the count of Champagne, and Baudoin, his brother, was integral to the founding of the Templars. One might therefore term Godfroi de Bouillion a sort of king of kings, or at least a kingmaker, since he founded the Order of Sion that could crown Kings of Jerusalem, the final one to be the returned Christ himself.

To the south of Jerusalem looms the "high hill of Mount Sion." By 1099 an abbey had been built on the ruins of an old Byzantine basilica at the express command of Godfroi de Buoillon. According to one chronicler, writing in 1172, it was extremely well fortified, with its own walls, towers and battlements, and was called the Abbey of Notre Dame du Mont de Sion.

Is the Prieure in possession of the treasure of the Temple of Jerusalem, plundered by the Romans during the revolt of A.D. 66-70 and subsequently carried to the south of France, in the Pyrenees, in the vicinity of Rennes-le-Chateau? A treasure that passed from the

Merovingians to the Priory of Zion, from which the Templars took it to the French Cathars who, on the eve of their destruction by the Church, squirreled it away in the Pyrenees? Does this treasure include the Grail?

\_Click.\_

And what was inside the Grail? The Shroud?

\_Click.\_

#### CONNECTION WITH THE BLACK VIRGIN

Is it connected with many of the Black Virgin sites all over Europe? Why not, if the organization's full name is the Prieure de Notre Dame du Sion, and if it's site of Orval is connected to the worship of the bear goddess Arduina, venerated by the Sicambrian Franks of the area and their Merovingian kings, then this may be the case. There are clues, of course, that "Notre Dame" is not the mother of Jesus, but Mary of Bethany a.k.a. Magdalene, a princess of the Jewish tribe of Benjamin, which is itself notorious for an outbreak of goddess idolatry in the period of the Judges. That Mary may also be the one also known to the Gypsies (Romas) of the south of France as one of the three "Maries-de-la-Mer," whom they call "Sarah the Egyptian, the sunburnt one."

\_Click.\_

#### ANOTHER MEANING FOR THE HOLY GRAIL

The Holy Grail has traditionally been described as a cup from which Christ drank. Is that what it is? Or is it something far more epic?

Some have fashioned a theory that Christ had blood descendants who went to the south of France where they intermarried with the royal Franks to found what eventually became the mystical Merovingian Dynasty, making it the real mission of the Templars and Priory of Zion to safeguard not just the treasure of the Crusades, but to preserve the Grail, which appeared in medieval

texts as "Sangraal" or "Sangreal", and which Lincoln et al. translated to mean sang real, or royal blood, in other words, the literal blood dynasty of Christ. The Merovingians were considered in their day to be quasi-mystical warrior-kings vested with supernatural powers, and traced their ancestry back to the Benjamites who, according to legend, had fled from Israel to Arcadia in Greece.

\_Click.\_

#### RENNES-LE-CHATEAU AND THE UBERMENSCH (SUPERMAN)

One of the most interesting people to write about the Prieure may be Michael Lamy. He claims that Jules Verne was a member of both the Prieure and the Illuminati. Further, he maintains that the Prieure's politics must be understood as Orleanist, which he describes as "aristocratic, anarchistic, and Nietzschean." Perhaps it all becomes ludicrous when Lamy reveals to the reader that the true secret of the village of Rennes-le-Chateau is that the extinct volcano Mount Bugarach leads down through a hollow earth to a realm of supermen.

\_Click.\_

There's a superman, all right. But not in a hollow of the earth.

\_Click.\_

#### THE MONEY PIT AND THE TESSERACT

The most bizarre chapter in the story of Rennes-le-Chateau may have to do with the Money Pit mystery on Oak Island just off Nova Scotia. According to Michael Bradley, some of the keepers of the Grail may have come to the New World long before Columbus. He believes that some of the Templars may have fled to Canada after the dissolution of their order, carrying the Grail. The Money Pit has more often been associated with pirates' buried treasure, but as many know, the Jolly Roger flag's skull-and-crossbones icon has long been

associated with Masonic and Templar legend, for it has long been rumored that the Templars, to escape persecution, took to the seas, and took their icon with them.

The so-called Venetian Zeno Map of the 15th century shows a knight with a sword standing where Nova Scotia is. In the Money Pit on Oak Island a mysterious stone inscription was found: "Forty feet below two million pounds are buried." Every company that has tried to locate this treasure has failed.

Along with the supposed visits of Prince Madoc of Wales and St. Brendan of Ireland, Prince Henry the Navigator's trip to the New World with the Zeno brothers may be included among numerous European pre-Columbian voyages. The Zeno map, along with those culled by Viking travelers, may have even helped Columbus make his way across the Atlantic.

Geographically speaking, there are in fact two Oak Islands, surrounding a central river, at the confluence of which is a mysterious ruin, which appears to be a fortress or old castle. It does appear that there may be strands connecting Rennes-le-Chateau and the New World. Ultimately, the Rosicrucian ideas behind the American experiment, as documented by Manly Palmer Hall, may have deeper "Arcadian" roots. Bradley hints, but does not come out and say, that what is beneath the Money Pit may be the Grail.

Click.

#### OTHER TRAILS LEADING TO RENNES-LE-CHATEAU

There are yet other weird trails in the Rennes mystery. One researcher insists that the inventor Barnes Wallis was one of the most recent Grand Masters of Sion. Yet another feels it is worth pursuing the origins of the Cajun people of Louisiana. Others have even found connections to the so-called Baconian theory that Sir Francis Bacon authored Shakespeare's plays. Bacon's works suggest a Rosicrucian experiment taking place in

the New World.

And we've saved the best for last. Fanthorpe seems to believe that ultimately Rennes-le-Chateau may be a "doorway unto the invisible", a gateway to other dimensions, through the Emerald Tablet which he speculates may have been a tesseract, a 3-dimensional representation of a 4-dimensional figure.

\_Click.\_

Close but no cigar. Remind me to email this man and tell him to investigate my company.



Chapter 7. Saul, Paul, and the Boys

\* \* \*

- \* 1400: Geoffrey II de Charny's daughter Margaret marries Jean de Baufremont.
- \* June 1418: The widowed Margaret de Charny marries Humbert of Villersexel, Count de la Roche, Lord of St. Hippolyte sur Doubs.
- \* July 6, 1418: Due to danger from marauding bands, the Lirey canons hand over the Shroud to Humbert for safekeeping. He keeps it in his castle of Montfort near Montbard. Later it is kept at St. Hippolyte sur Doubs, in the chapel called des Buessarts. According to 17th century chroniclers annual expositions of the Shroud are held at this time in a meadow on the banks of the river Doubs called the PrŠ du Seigneur.
- \* 1438: Death of Humbert de la Roche, husband of Margaret de Charny
- \* May 8, 1443: Dean and canons of Lirey petition Margaret de Charny to return the Shroud to them.

- \* May 9, 1443: Parlement of Dole gives judgment on case of Margaret de Charny v. the Lirey canons.
- \* July 18, 1447: The Court of Besançon gives judgment on the case of Margaret de Charny v. the Lirey canons.
- \* 1448-9: Archives of Mons record Margaret de Charny (as Mme. de la Roche) with "what is called the Holy Shroud of Our Lord" in her care, entering Mons and ordering French wine there.
- \* 1449: Belgian chronicler Cornelius Zantiflet records Margaret de Charny exhibiting the Shroud at Liege.
- \* September 13, 1452: Margaret de Charny shows the Shroud at Germnolles, near Macon, in a public exposition at the Castle.
- \* March 22, 1453: Margaret de Charny, at Geneva, receives from Duke Louis I of Savoy the castle of Varambon and revenues of the estate of Miribel near Lyon "for valuable services", which are thought to have been the bequest of the Shroud.
- \* 1457: Margaret de Charny is threatened with excommunication if she does not return the Shroud to the Lirey canons. On 30 May the letter of excommunication is sent.
- \* 1459: Margaret de Charny's half-brother Charles de Noyers negotiates compensation to the Lirey canons for their loss of the Shroud, which they specifically recognize they will not now recover. The excommunication is lifted.
- \* October 7, 1460: Margaret de Charny dies, leaving her Lirey lands to her cousin and godson Antoine-Guerry des Essars.

\* \* \*

It was a glorious morning, the first day of the week in

Jerusalem. A corpse, laid to rest in a cave, had not yet begun to rot. A corpse bearing the sins of the world.

A tisket, a tasket, a little yellow basket. I lost it somewhere just today and now I cannot task it.

So do we. So do we. So do we so do we so do we.

Blue energy. The corpse is not. The linen cloths are all that remain.

Loyal followers of the dead man arrive to rub spices into the corpse Egyptian style, like for a mummy. Why they do this in a Jewish land is a mystery, but then the various stories about this and the succeeding days are conflicting and mysterious.

They find the rock rolled over the entrance removed, and the shroud neatly folded, complete with its image of their man. From that day the cult of the man is born, the preservation of his shroud its number one goal.

\* \* \*

"I never saw so many graves in my life!" Shania exclaimed to Sister Martha.

"It's a military cemetery. My brother is there. My uncle. Two male cousins."

"I truly thank you for coming to my brother's funeral."

"Don't thank me. Any way I can be of service."

"With tearful eyes we watch him suffer and fade away. Although we loved him dearly we couldn't make him stay. A golden heart stopped beating. Hard working hands were laid to rest. God's love was working. In heaven he only takes the best."

"That pastor, he was saying that when he was in the service he got hurt so that he couldn't do what he wanted to do. So

when he was killed God took him to be where He's at."

"He was so young."

"He didn't have a chance to do everything he wanted to do when in life, but now that he's in God's hands he'll be able to do everything he couldn't do down here."

"I understand that in heaven we don't have physical bodies, just spirits."

"Right. That's why we don't feel pain anymore. Just spirit bodies."

"What did I do with that cell phone? There it is. I'm trying to call my boyfriend Tony. He likes to be called A'ny, which is short for Anthony."

"How long have you two been together?"

"Since '99. He was born in '77, me in '78."

"Compared to eternity our lives are just a gust of wind. I'm in my forties, and if God grants me to live longer, I want to serve my Christ."

"Is he really Christ?"

"I believe so, yes."

"Do you believe he really performed miracles?"

"I know so."

"Then why didn't he save Hubie?"

"Because he didn't believe. He trusted in human establishments, hospitals, doctors. Heart failure came and they couldn't save him. And he went to be with God."

Shania wept. The shock of death was horrible, no matter how many deaths she had seen in the media, read about in history and literature. The person she knew, looking so lifelike,

the skin cold to the touch. What is death? Where do we go? Who cannot ask these questions? She had kissed him in his coffin, his silver-gray coffin, with the American flag draped over one end. Had talked to him. Told him he was in heaven. Told him he was there with her. Told him she'd be with him one day. Gotten a butterfly tattoo over one ear as a memorial to him. The three-man military honor guard at the grave site, so crisply dressed, so stiff and military in their moves, the green of their clothes so militarily green. The way they slowly took the flag off the coffin and folded it up, gave it to her. The man at the end of the flag, who did the final tuck and fold, came to her, handed it to her, his eyes averted in respect. Hers were so full of tears. She wept in his protection. The casket lowered, the minister shook her hand. So many shook her hand, said comforting words. Then the military guard walked away like it was a great day for fishing, which it was, and she got in the limo and they took her back, with the nun, to her Catholic boarding school.

The limo sped along. People stared, knowing it was a funeral car, not being able to see through the tinted windows. She had her brother's 612 William, his flag, his box of plastic bagged personal stuff. She sighed, became aware of the nun's presence next to her. No more talking. They were alone now.

The nun took her, comforted her. Kissed her, over and over. Shania stopped weeping. The nun kept embracing her, kissing her, more and more tenderly. Shania felt a sudden hotness between her legs, a wetness. The nun sensed it, began stroking her ass, poking her tongue in her mouth, flicking it in and out. Shania was definitely hot, receptive now. The nun's hand went around her ass and up between her legs. Shania groaned. The nun laid her deftly on her back and pulled up her t-shirt, exposing her breasts. Soon she was flicking her tongue expertly on her hard nipples. She raised her long nun's skirt, revealing she was naked underneath. So white. No suntan.

The afternoon was long and delightful, the memory of her brother forgotten. Life goes on. The source of life rules.

Shania woke up. She was lying on her back in bed, wearing a lacy corset and nothing else. Her legs were spread and there was a head between them heating her pudding. It was A'ny's.

Relief. That nun had seduced her in parochial school, when she was still a virgin with men, living in a rigid segregation from all males, from their sperm. And this was way after the invention of the birth control pill in 1960. Catholics were medieval on their asses. The nun had her all to herself from age sixteen to age eighteen. When she escaped by graduating and going to college, she was forever dreaming of her, forever updating her into the present, or at least the near past. Her brother had died two years earlier, and the nun hadn't been at his funeral back in the states. No, she was just mentally composing, imaginatig. She had gotten a one-week furlough from the lab, was delighted at first to return to the states, ended up slightly nauseated at the crass banality of it, the sudden thought that all Americans cared about was making money, or spending it. At least Turin, and Italy in general, loved life and art ahead of mere commerce. Everybody wasn't on the make or the take, everybody didn't have something to sell you, every place didn't have commercial ads. Everybody didn't want to rule the world.

She and A'ny had been especially lovey-dovey lately. There was something about the Shroud Man that made them that way. Like they were Adam and Eve. Like they were supposed to be fruitful and multiply, subdue the earth.

Maybe it was him she was thinking of when she made love to A'ny.

The nun was him. She knew it. I'll be damned, she thought. I'll be damned, but I fantasize about him now, not damned old Sister Martha the Dutch dyke. God she had a big cunt. Fat, hairy, juicy. Too big for me. I can't think of a nun's getup without thinking of the big cunt underneath, the throbbing clit, the too-big clit, filling my mouth. I had my first orgasm in a woman's arms, a person in a position of trust, who took advantage. But I thank her, for without her I wouldn't have had any orgasms at all. Now I can't live

without having several each day. I feel like I've died and been born again. The years living without big Os were living death, a travesty of life, like mannequins in stores, like robots, like the mental life of shut-ins and elderly. Life under oppression. No life. Life bound.

He beat death. He knows the secret of life and death.

How can he live without big Os? It's too much to handle. He must be sublimating all that energy into some other kind. That's how he heals, how he performs miracles. That's his brand of sex. His brand.

She wanted to talk to her brother. When he died she was frantic that now she would be alone, have to go on alone. Just after that the Shroud Man project came up, and she had been so consumed with it that her family problems had taken a back seat in her thoughts and dreams.

A'ny wasn't family, wasn't the marrying kind. Why would he buy a cow when he could get the milk for free?

Cow. Bull. She got his milk for free too. This is the 21st century. She wasn't the marrying kind either. She was married to her career. Wake up, wake up you sleepyhead, and come out of your overprotective shell. It must have meant something, that nun. She wasn't Catholic, never went to a parochial school. There never was any nun. It was time to talk.

"A'ny? How long have you been cleaning my clock?"

"I'm not A'ny. I'm Prep H!"

Oops. Her mistake. Wrong. She was truly color blind.

He just moaned delightedly and kept ringing her bell.

Ding! Ding! Ding!

She was really waking up now. There was no nun, no Catholic school. It was this Italy experience, giving her head feeds. She smiled, grabbed H's kinky hair, got her clit

hard, making him root in it harder, like a pig roots for truffles.

"Twenty questions. Who am I?"

He didn't speak. Had his mouth full. Only hmmphed.

"You're a Trojan woman!" said Prep H's ass suddenly. She did a double-take. Soon she saw a rustling, saw Da Peak's head popping up from the sleeping bag they used as a cover, down between H's legs.

"I'm sure that's a Hollywood golden oldies reference and you're going to tell me."

"You're Lady Godiva!" said A'ny, whose crotch she now realized she had been using as a pillow. His crotch hair rubbed against hers, making audible head vibes.

"Why do they call this thing a loving cup? I don't know. Here take it. My hands are full carrying a torch." Da Peak was now definitely rehearsing some kind of movie soundtrack. He had a soundagenic memory, could remember anything he heard and mimic it, even using ventriloquism. The voice seemed to come from A'ny that last time, now Prep H, but she knew it was him.

"What movie was that from?"

"I'll let you," he said. "There's a keyboard right behind you. A'ny, you hand it to her."

He did, and quickly, not shifting his crotch more than a wiggle. She could use only her right hand. Not that she was right-handed.

"Type this into the search engine: Why do they call this thing a loving cup? I don't know. Here take it. My hands are full carrying a torch."

She typed faster than he spoke, relying on her own great memory. Some clicks and she had an answer in a military second.

"\_Vogues of 1938\_, right?"

"Of 1937, right. Madonna made gold out of it fifty-some years later."

"Madonna? She's old enough to be my mother," said Shania.

"She is your mother."

"Huh?"

"Well I didn't pay that Russian to make me a unicorn!" Shania shrieked, in a frumpy old duchess voice, by ventriloquism.

"You know I was raised by my father after my mother abandoned me in infancy. You're mean."

"No I'm not. I'm your long-lost brudder."

"I never had a brother."

"There's one glistening boy for every soldier in Africa."

She was already typing into the search engine when A'ny suddenly swung the keyboard away from her, covering her mouth with his. They had about an hour before they had to go to work. No time to kibble about bits.

**FF**

Chapter 8. Jerusalem, Oh Jerusalem

\* \* \*

\* September 20, 1471: Shroud transferred from Chambřry to Vercelli.

\* July 2, 1473: Shroud transferred from Vercelli to Turin.

- \* October 5, 1473: Shroud transferred from Turin to Ivrea.
- \* July 18, 1474: Shroud transferred from Ivrea to Moncalieri.
- \* August 25, 1474: Shroud transferred from Moncalieri to Ivrea.
- \* October 5, 1475: Shroud transferred across the Alps from Ivrea back to Chambřry.
- \* 1477-8: Shroud at Susa-Avigliano-Rivoli.
- \* March 20, 1478 (Good Friday): Shroud exhibited at Pinerolo.
- \* June 6, 1483: Jean Renguis and Georges Carrelet, respectively chaplain and sacristan of the Sainte Chapelle at Chambřry, draw up an inventory in which the Shroud is described as "enveloped in a red silk drape, and kept in a case covered with crimson velours, decorated with silver-gilt nails, and locked with a golden key."
- \* 1485: The Shroud is regularly carried around with the Savoys as their Court journeys from castle to castle.
- \* 1488. Easter Sunday. Shroud exhibited at Savigliano.
- \* 1494 (Good Friday): Dowager Duchess Bianca of Savoy exhibits the Shroud at Vercelli in the presence of Rupis, secretary to the Duke of Mantua. Leonardo da Vinci begins painting the Last Supper in Milan, on which he will work for two years.
- \* 1498: King Louis initiates extensive remodelling of the Sainte Chapelle in Paris. An inventory detailing the Shroud when at Turin in this same year describes its case as "a coffer covered with crimson velours, with silver gilt roses, and the sides silver and the Holy Shroud inside wrapped in a cloth of red silk."

- \* June 11, 1502: At the behest of the Duchess of Savoy Marguerite of Austria, the Shroud is no longer moved around with the Savoys during their travels, but given a permanent home in the Royal Chapel of Chambŕry Castle. The Shroud is displayed on the Chapel's high altar, then entrusted to the care of archdeacon Jacques Veyron and the canons of the Chapel, who replace it in its case and deposit it behind the high altar in a special cavity hollowed out of the wall. In this cavity it is secured by an iron grille with four locks, each opened by separate keys, two of which are held by the Duke. Pope Sixtus IV confers on the Chambŕry chapel the title Sainte Chapelle.
  
- \* April 14, 1503 (Good Friday): Exposition of the Shroud at Bourg-en-Bresse for Archduke Philip the Handsome, grand-master of Flanders, on his return from a journey to Spain. The Shroud, which has been specially brought from Chambŕry, with great ceremony, by Duke Philibert of Savoy and Duchess Marguerite, is exposed on an altar in one of the great halls of the Duke's palace. Lalaing adds that the Shroud's authenticity has been confirmed because, after trying it by fire, boiling it in oil, and laundering it many times, "it was not possible to efface or remove the imprint and image."

\* \* \*

The third appearance was watched by one point five billion people, covered by all the media, TV, radio, satellite, Net. The non-Christian world blanked it out. This time there were over five hundred reporters. He came again, as before, in his white robe, walking serenely down the garden path, his arms spread wide, sailing on summer breeze, skipping over the ocean like a storm. Everybody's talking at him, he doesn't hear a word they're saying. He can't see their faces, only the shadows of their eyes. Approaching within a few steps of the gate he stopped, surveyed the audience slowly, methodically, penetratingly. The cries stopped as if a penny dropped. Breath was held. The helicopters that had been hovering at a discreet distance flew away.

The Shroud Man's eyes were tender, sorrowful, knowing, huge. TV screens around the world were filled with his eyes. He spoke in English. Sounded like many waters.

"My children. I love you. I promised to return and judge the world, establish the kingdom of heaven. Look at me. Who do you say that I am, the Son of Man? I died for you, bore your sins, became an object of shame for you. Have faith in me. If you have faith the size of a mustard seed you can say, Lo, and move a mountain. Lo!"

He raised his arms high. Nothing happened.

He looked drained, eyes watery, as he walked back to the mansion.

\* \* \*

Havoc in Jerusalem. \*beep\* News interrupts this broadcast for special coverage of the earthquake in Jerusalem. We bring you our correspondent Rainbow Darlington in Jerusalem. This is Connie Rasputin.

Rainbow, what's the situation there in Jerusalem?

Unbelievable, Connie. I'm standing here twenty miles from Jerusalem outside the town of Bethlehem, and as you can see, there's a mountain in the direction I'm viewing. This mountain was once the old town of Jerusalem, home to the Al Aq'sa Mosque, the Dome of the Rock, the Wailing Wall, and many biblical sites held holy by many religions, including the alleged burial tomb of Jesus, the Garden of Gethsemane, and others. It's all gone, Connie. A mountain just rumbled its way up from the depths, taking everything with it. The surface of the new mountain is virgin, waste, no life or human structures visible.

Was there much loss of life?

I know this sounds unbelievable, Connie, but none. I myself was in Jerusalem just prior to the earthquake, and blanked out, only to find myself here outside Bethlehem, with everybody else that was there. See! (the camera pans,

showing a motley crew of people of different faiths, including tourists, standing as if they were waiting for a bus)

Did this event coincide with the early morning sermon by the Shroud Man, Rainbow?

Exactly, Connie. About three minutes after he said "Lo!" the mountain rumbled up, taking about three minutes more. We have many observers who have verified this.

Well, there you have it, folks. A mustard seed becomes a mountain, just like the Shroud Man said. Like Jesus said. (arguing off camera) I know I'm not supposed to say Jesus, but I will if I want to. Praise Jesus! You're the Lord! (she falls down on her face in the studio)

(off-camera voice) I guess Jesus is more popular than the Beatles.

☐☐

Chapter 9. Here Comes the Son

\* \* \*

- \* 1509: New casket/reliquary for the Shroud is created in silver by Flemish artist Lievin van Latham, having been commissioned by Marguerite of Austria at a cost of more than 12,000 gold ecus. The Shroud's installation in this new casket takes place on August 10.
- \* 1516: King Francis I of France journeys from Lyon to Chambŕry to venerate the Shroud after his victory at Marignan. Copy of Shroud preserved in the Church of St. Gommaire at Lierre is dated to this year.
- \* 1519: The year of Leonardo da Vinci's death.

\* \* \*

Christ was made of water. He just squirted away. No, he

couldn't be. God said he'd never destroy mankind with water again. He was made of fire. He burned away. But this was the cross, not his second coming. Perhaps he squirted away on the cross, and came back as fire. Car couldn't start.

The Shroud Man walked with A'ny in the garden of contemplation. A'ny was looking for a good debate. The Shroud Man walked in peace. A'ny disturbed his peace.

"How many true religions are there? Just one?"

The Shroud Man replied, "There are nine true religions but two true paths."

"If true religion is a path to God, why is there not just one? Why so many? Explain it."

The Shroud Man smiled. "It just is."

A'ny found that the Shroud Man was difficult to debate with, never gave him anything to resist or counter. He had never met anyone like this who seemed to just glide through life, serene and unconcerned. And he was in a way his father, had held the Shroud in his own hands. Dressed in a clean suit maybe, but his own hands. Finally, he decided to beg.

"Pretty please with sugar on top, you have to give me more details than nine religions but only two paths."

The Shroud Man walked silently for a while. "Do you want things categorized and labeled like you scientists do?"

A'ny shrugged. "I can't avoid my scientific training."

"I will do my best. It is hard to talk like a scientist. I need to focus."

The Shroud Man walked over to a large shade tree and sat with his legs crossed. A'ny joined him in the cool shade, trying to ape his posture.

The Shroud Man began. "There have always been two paths. One path is the path of absolute awareness and this is the

path Buddha walked perfectly. The other path is a holy path, which is the path I walked perfectly. One path is with the Tao and the other is with the Father. One path experiences God as pure awareness, Nirvana. The other path experiences God as having a human personality: Allah, Krishna or the Father."

A'ny soaked it in. It seemed to make sense. Nonsense.  
"But which is better?"

The Shroud Man continued. "God created everything. That means God was before Creation for eternity. Eternity originally contained only God. God was eternal infinite awareness in perfect balance. During the original eternity God had no personality because a personality is used to interact with other persons. God only manifested a personality after He had a Creation to interact with."

A'ny clucked as his mind churned. So far the Shroud Man seemed to be a logical man. Religion is just a flowchart, a computer program.

"Go on."

The Shroud Man laughed softly then continued. "The God awareness path is contained in Tao, Buddhism and Zen. The personal god path is contained in Krishna and me."

A'ny could count and he pounced. "That is only five religions!"

The Shroud Man paused and closed his eyes, sighed. His eyes fluttered open. "The Mystery of the Three Threes explains it. Three primary religions teach reincarnation: Hinduism, Taoism and Buddhism. Three primary religions teach resurrection: Judaism, Christianity and Islam. The last three are blends: Zen a blend of Buddhism and Taoism, Sikhism a blend of Hinduism and Islam, and the final blend of Judaism and Christianity."

A'ny pounced again. "But why do three primary religions teach reincarnation and the other three teach resurrection? Where do Satanism and Atheism fit in all this? Why isn't

God a She or an It? What color is God?" A flowchart in the brain that decays with death into crap. How can a flowchart in the brain cause the person to reincarnate, resurrect, or anything else? Atheists are right.

The Shroud Man was gone, vanished. The snake was in his place, hanging under the tree. No, it wasn't a snake. It was a huge flaccid penis, not quite human, not quite animal. So muscular it could move like a snake. No ball bag visible. The view must have been blocked by the leaves.

The snake spoke.

"You will never understand religion because you are of the flesh. Your thoughts stop at the gate of the big O."

The leaves parted and the crotch of a giant devil was exposed. The dick grew out of a female beaver. There was no ball bag. He was attracted to the beaver, repelled by the penis. In the mystery of penis and beaver was the truth of God. In the mystery of the ball bag was the truth of Christ.

A'ny's reveries were interrupted by a Mickey Mouse voice.

"How many lira to the dollar, A'ny?"

"Twenty-one oh-seven and change."

They were sitting in the waiting room of Sinzenti's, a big Italian market restaurant in Turin. The Olympics had created a one-hour wait for a table. Shania was drinking a banana daiquiri, A'ny a cappuccino. The other tables and benches along the wall were packed with waiting families coming and going, fidgeting, talking, using cell phones. So many big overweight people, but mixed with the genetically underweight. A young woman, as slim as a breadstick, with two cute blonde children. That dark beauty. Forty years from now she'd be a fat sow with big grizzly white hairs on her chinny chin chin. Was it the food? All the pasta with thick fat sauces?

The speaker broke the hubub with something serious.

"Di Lorenzo, party of fifteen. San Giacomo, party of eleven."

A'ny felt uncomfortable on the small narrow metal chair on the hard tile floor. A couple of uniformed carabinieri walking by the window didn't help. Italian national pig force. Makes one feel real safe.

"Italians all have such big families we'll be lucky to get a seat in two hours."

"They said one hour, A'ny. Trust them. Besides, Italians don't have large families anymore. The birth rate is less than 1.2 per woman, half the rate for American women and the lowest in the industrialized world."

"Does that count for Italians married to Americans?"

A'ny's neck craned as he scoped a big painted mural on the tiled wall behind them. Big horses with big buttocks, big farmers with big buttocks. Big and ugly, in an Italian way. Of the land. One ugly man blowing on what looked like a penis at first, then, after much puzzling, an apple turnover or a calzone. Could have been pipes. The mustard color of the inner walls, mixed with orange, completed the curiously hunger-causing color motif. He thought of Shania's shaved head. Alopecia. People lose an average of one hundred and twenty-five hairs a day. Women get it from their dads, men from their moms. The Shroud Man had every hair he was born with.

Shania got up, came back a minute later with two big meatballs on toothpicks and cocktail napkins. She put hers in her mouth before sitting down, then stuck the other one in A'ny's mouth.

"Good?"

He grunted. The cheeses were definitely not American. Too strong and funky. This kind of restaurant wouldn't go over in the States. The strong smell of garlic alone might soil their business suits.

A party of Olympic athletes in their colorful official uniforms came in, took over the place with their egos and bright loud voices, their beautiful people act.

"The Olympics has been continued after all," she said with her mouth full. "They couldn't cancel it no matter how much turmoil's going on. Too much big money at stake."

"Mangia!" said A'ny, already done with his albondiga.

The bright sunshine shone in, illuminated his round plain white table. His eyes ranged over to the beautiful people, to one cocky male skier who he thought was making eyes at his girl, then crept over to Shania, still young enough to look like she'd live forever, her dark brown wig, her dark designer glasses, her braless dress with no panties on underneath. The ideal fuckbunny. His thoughts were stopped on the gate of the big O.

A'ny saw a nun. That big white bib collar sent him back to his reveries, the flowcharts.

The Shroud Man and A'ny walked together back to the mansion.

"Why did Christ come?" began A'ny.

"For several reasons. To show us how to connect to God in a short lifetime. To pay our karma debt for us. To wash away our sins. To deliver the wisdom of faith. And above all, to qualify to replace Satan as spiritual guide and ruler of this world."

"Replace Satan? What do you mean?"

"You do know that Satan is ruler of this world. Lucifer's name was changed to Satan after the War of Rebellion in Heaven. He lost the war, but since a replacement had not been found he continued to hold his office of spiritual ruler of mankind until now."

"I know about Satan taking Jesus up to a high mountain and offering him the world if he would fall down and worship

him. That offer was real?"

"Oh yes. But had I yielded, mankind would never have achieved God consciousness. Instead, by refusing I became qualified to replace Lucifer as king of this world."

"So you claim to be Christ, and have come to replace Satan?"

The Shroud Man got visibly excited. "I will establish paradise on earth for a thousand years. Many souls will be reborn during my reign. I will perform the job Lucifer rejected, of reconnecting souls to God."

"Does that include me?"

"It includes all who believe in me."

"Magdalene, party of two!"

Their table was ready. A'ny had had his little joke with the name.

"You'll love the food here," cooed his girlie girl. "I especially love the garlic mashed potatoes and charcoaled beef tips along with the lasagna, spaghetti, and olive and feta cheese salads."

"We'll have garlic breath all night." He was thinking of the effect it would have on his sex life. Since they were both doing it, the answer was zero by cancellation.

"Let's order a bottle of wine!" she bubbled.

"Why not?"

She chose chianti, in a straw basket. He lost himself again, this time in the middle of satisfying food. Not zero by cancellation. They would both suffer from the others' garlic breath. Not double by addition either. Single by transference.

They were in the lab. The Shroud Man waved his hands in exasperation. A'ny looked up from the blackboard with his

face in the classic absentminded professor's puzzled response.

The Shroud Man began. His breath was as sweet as grass. "You don't have to spend all your time trying to prove your conclusions to me scientifically. If I don't accept your conclusions I will ask questions."

The Shroud Man smiled and gestured for A'ny to continue. He sat at a classroom chair as he played with an ancient gold coin, making it appear and disappear from one hand to the other.

"Your slight of hand doesn't impress me. I have a couple of card tricks I can show you."

No response, only a sly smile. Could it be his garlic breath?

"Okay, let me lay this on you. Quantum reality is composed of infinite universes existing side by side. A multiverse. It's called the many worlds interpretation, first proposed in 1957 by physicist Hugh Everett. Each universe is constantly splitting, allowing one where Princess Diana died in a tunnel to exist alongside one where she survived. All scientists find it hard to accept, but it describes our physical universe perfectly by allowing an infinite number of parallel universes to be part of the solution set."

The Shroud Man grinned boyishly. "I agree completely. An ancient Hindu Master said that Brahma contained the infinite possibilities in his heart. One of the Seven Wisdoms is that the infinite nature of God makes all things possible. I am not going to give you a gold coin for that. Please I'm waiting for new truth."

A'ny was shocked at how quickly the Shroud Man agreed with one of the most profound discoveries of quantum science. He expected a Dark Ages type rejection of all science, like his supposed followers were known for.

"Okay, it gets more weird than that. Quantum reality experiments have shown us that unless you observe something,

it isn't real, it is only a potential set of probabilities that are not resolved unless observed. That should blow you away, right?"

The Shroud Man laughed. "What we call reality is just my awareness choosing one of the infinite paths that lays before me. All life springs from the absolute awareness and discovers its place in the infinite, like your quantum reality. Tell me something I don't know."

A'ny pouted his lips, regrouped. "All of the material physical universe is a balance of forces, positive and negative energy, in balance in an infinite array of forms and patterns. In fact, all of reality is a zero-sum game."

The Shroud Man nodded. "The wisdom of balance."

"At the subatomic layer all reality is non-local."

"What do you mean by non-local?"

A'ny smiled. "At the most basic level of reality there is no separateness. Everything is connected to everything else. I barely believe it myself."

The Shroud Man pushed his index fingers together and pressed them to his lips, like a scientist. His eyes lit up.

"You describe Oneness. You are sharing with me some of the Seven Wisdoms. I well understand the non-separateness of this world, for nothing is separate from God."

A'ny licked his lips. This was harder than he thought. He watched the Shroud Man play with the ancient gold coin. "Okay, time is an illusion. It is relative to the motion of the observer! Aha, I got ya there!"

The Shroud Man held out his hands patiently. "Science is wise. You have shared with me five wisdoms. I am impressed you know these. You lack but two wisdoms. Yes, time is an illusion, for it is the opposite of eternity, one of the absolute aspects of God. All that there is and always will be is the eternal ever-changing Now. All the past is, is the memory of the pattern before and all the future is, is

anticipation of the pattern to come. There is no time. There is just now. But there is one thing that is invariant across all universes."

A'ny's eyes fell down and right.

"Me."

A'ny fell into a blender like a frog. Nobody knows the stars like the Star.

The Shroud Man handed him the coin with one hand. "We'll talk again later. It is time for you to finish your brunch."

A'ny looked up from his plate, saw that Shania was gone, her food half-finished. Garlic. It is one of the best natural antioxidants in the world, one of the most popular and versatile condiments as well. People who never get sick don't need to worry about antioxidants. The Shroud Man was amused. Looking around he saw her, at a table in an adjoining room, standing and chatting with the Italian or Swiss slalom jockey he had seen in the waiting room. My oh my he was handsome, just setting off her beauty. If only she could relate to people of half her IQ. She'd be back.

There was something in the skier's hands. He was doing tricks with it for her. A gold coin.

☐☐

Chapter 10. The Dot Com of Dot Coms

\* \* \*

\* December 4, 1532: Fire breaks out in the Sainte Chapelle, Chambŕry, seriously damaging all its furnishings and fittings. Because the Shroud is protected by four locks, Canon Philibert Lambert and two Franciscans summon the help of a blacksmith to open the grille. By the time they succeed, Marguerite of Austria's Shroud casket/reliquary as made to her orders by Lievin van Latham has become melted beyond repair by

the heat. But the Shroud folded inside is preserved, only being scorched and holed by a drop of molten silver that fell on one corner.

\* April 16, 1534: Chambŝry's Poor Clare nuns repair the Shroud, sewing it onto a backing cloth (the Holland cloth), and sewing patches over the unsightliest of the damage. These repairs are completed on 2 May. Covered in cloth of gold, the Shroud is returned to the Savoys' castle in Chambŝry.

\* \* \*

Hundreds of years ago Shakespeare posed the question, "What's in a name?" He could never have foreseen cybersquatters registering dot coms in the names of celebrities for thirty five bucks, then offering them for outrageous prices, like Paul McCartney for fifty thousand bucks, Jimi Hendrix for a million bucks. Yikes! They forgot to offer the Woodstock luxury package.

Who was Shakespeare? How do we know anybody in history really lived? Was he really Sir Francis Bacon? Edward de Vere the Earl of Oxford? "What is Truth? said jesting Pilate; and would not stay for an answer." Bacon's Essay "Of Truth". "It being foretold, that when Christ cometh, he shall not find faith upon the earth." Were those lines written by the real Billy Shakespeare?

A name is not the thing. Jesus Christ didn't register his dot com. He left the Shroud in the tomb and made sure his loyal followers guarded and preserved it. It was the essence of him, his resurrection vehicle. And, until recently, nobody realized it. His own followers fought science tooth and nail for centuries, only to find out that Jesus was waiting for science to advance so that it could resurrect him. It's been said that timing is everything. Even Billy S couldn't have devised a more delicious irony.

Now the Shroud Man was walking around loose, working miracles, moving mountains, giving speeches, making followers. In comparison, Shakespeare was a nobody.

Shakespeare couldn't heal. Was said to have died after too many pickled herring and too much sweet port, probably amid too much farting. No comparison with the way Jesus went out. Not as stagey. Jesus was his own playwright, his own play. Must have been able to read and write Hebrew or Aramaic, but never left a written scrap. Yes, it is fun to play King Lear or Cordelia, but when it comes to Billy S, the question is not who wrote it but what is it? Does it constitute his Q-Psohot? No way. Then, although it's a nice try, Billy will not live forever. Who was it who said reading Billy S bored him silly? Charles Darwin.

How could Jesus have left that Shroud? You need nuclear power to do this shit. Did he really turn into pure nuclear energy? He had power, else how could he heal and move mountains? Maybe he was an alien from outer space. Shades of Star Trek. Shakestar. The immortality device as a descendant of the transporter device.

"You think I'm nowhere near as smart as you when it comes to religion as well as science, don't you, baby?"

A'ny was again in a reverie, at the restaurant, a half-eaten slice of strawberry cheesecake in front of him, an empty cup of cappuccino at his lips. "What makes you think that?" Could she read his mind?

"I can see you're in deep thought, not with me. You're thinking deep thoughts about the Shroud Man. I'm a little hurt you didn't include me in your inner dialogue."

"Now I'm hurt. Of course I include you. What is it you want to say?"

"You know I believe in reincarnation not resurrection. But did you know that I don't consider the two to be that much different?"

"The hell you say!" The most important factor is to protect your quarterback.

"When we die we go to the unseen state. The Hebrew word Sheol has long been mistranslated. It doesn't mean Hell, it

means a grave where the body rots and the dead know nothing. The soul splits off and goes back into the soul pool where it waits to inhabit a new life."

"Soul pool? How does that work?"

"Don't make fun of me, A'ny, or I won't put out for you tonight." She looked him straight in the eye. Deadly.

"I'm not making fun of you, doll. I just want to understand you. Why is resurrection not that much different from reincarnation?"

"Because it's just a matter of rigging the soul pool. Like we did with the Shroud Man."

"Like we did with the Shroud Man?"

"Uh-huh. We got his soul to the top of the soul pool using the Shroud as his death certificate at the eternal mortuary. We used nuclear energy to send it to the angels, like."

"How do angels fit in with this?"

"You know I believe in angels, dear. They are souls that never die. That's what we all wish to become."

"Souls, bodies, life. Is there any difference, or are these just different words for the same thing?"

"Atheist!"

"So I am. Do you believe in Creation or Evolution?"

"You know I believe in Evolution."

"How, dear, did souls evolve from hot funky mud pies?"

"I don't know, but you will tell me, I know it."

"What makes you think I will tell you? I may be the team leader of this project but believe me there's plenty of details that are beyond me, particularly the way they get

that chemical soup tank cooking with nuclear energy. You can't just pump energy into the tank. It has to be first multidimensionally harmonically synchronized, lased like, made coherent in multiple simultaneous dimensions so the energy can move individual molecules and even shape their interaction fields. I just take credit when the accidents seem to go by design."

"After your triumph with the Shroud Man, dear, you tell me now."

"Tell you what?"

"What is death?"

She scooted her chair loudly, indicating it was time to go. He was just hoping she would put out for him that night, and what's more, she was well aware of it.

"His name, if you want to know, is Aldo, and he thinks you're my father. His father was a trainer at the Carabinieri skiing school at Selva di Val Gardena and he followed in his footsteps."

"Aldo Moro? So what's hiding behind doors 1, 2, and 3?"

"He asked me out but I told him I couldn't ditch my father in this strange land."

"And you think that makes you own me."

"Uh-huh."

He screeched his chair even more loudly, grabbed her, began kissing her passionately, his eyes searching for Aldo.

Amore.

FF

Chapter 11. Repo Joe is Back

\* \* \*

- \* 1535: Savoy is invaded by French troops. Charles III and his family abandon Chambŕy. The Shroud is taken to Piedmont, passing through the Lanzo valley.
- \* May 4, 1535: The Shroud is exhibited in Turin.
- \* 1537: The Shroud is taken for safety to Vercelli because of French invasions.
- \* March 29, 1537: The Shroud is exhibited from the tower of Bellanda, Nice.
- \* 1540: The Shroud is at Aosta.
- \* 1541: The Shroud is once again at Vercelli, where it will stay for the next twenty years.
- \* June 1561: The Shroud is brought back to Chambŕy and deposited in the Church of St. Mary the Egyptian, in the Franciscan convent.
- \* September 14, 1578: The Shroud arrives in Turin, heralded by a gun salute from the local artillery.
- \* June 1st, 1694: The Shroud is brought solemnly into the Guarini Chapel, where it has remained ever since.

\* \* \*

This appearance was watched by over three billion people, including almost every person over the age of ten. Covered by all the media, TV, radio, satellite, Net. This time there were over six thousand reporters from all over the world. He came again, as before, in his white robe, walking serenely down the garden path, his arms spread wide, the statues removed, sailing on summer breeze, skipping over the ocean like a storm. Everybody's talking at him, he doesn't hear a word they're saying. He can't see their faces, only the shadows of their eyes.

Approaching within a few steps of the gate he stopped,

surveyed the audience slowly, methodically, penetratingly. The cries stopped as if a penny dropped. Breath was held. The helicopters that had been hovering at a discreet distance flew away.

The Shroud Man's eyes were tender, sorrowful, knowing, huge. TV screens around the world were filled with his eyes. Sounded like a shepherd cooing to his sheep in the presence of wolves.

"My children. I love you. I promised to return and judge the world, establish the kingdom of heaven. Look at me. Who do you say that I am, the Son of Man? I died for you, bore your sins, became an object of shame for you. Now I have returned in kingdom power, and I come to bring both a sword and peace."

There was a stunned murmur.

"Do you think, my children, that you could not believe in me and be saved? He who is not for me is against me. Fall down now, bend the knee to me, accept me as your savior, and you will be saved. I love you."

Virtually the whole crowd fell down flat on their faces. A few openly scoffing village atheists kept standing, looking at each other smugly. A Jewish Hasid with beard, glasses, black hat, black suit. Arabs. Turbaned Sikhs. A crew of communist Chinese. Some ugly Americans. One hundred thirty, forty in all. Fields of camera equipment stood unattended, filming away.

Jesus wept.

A bolt of blue energy emerged from his face, flashing into the hearts of each scoffer simultaneously. They died instantly, a horrible look on their faces, turning purple then black. They then evaporated into black smoke, which itself evaporated before it could rise.

The Shroud Man's eyes were stern, unblinking, filled with justice. TV screens around the world were filled with his eyes. His voice sounded like Repo Joe.

"I am slow to anger, not willing that any should perish, but the day of salvation is nigh. Those who deny me are hereby condemned to die. The false Christs who have come before and after me have misled many. Die with them. Die, die, die. You are not part of this world now. Even so, Father, let it be."

Behind Jesus a crowd suddenly emerged from the mansion, dressed in pure white linen tunics with the red Cross Patee of four equal arms spread wide on their white habits. His army, singing gloriously. You and me we're through. Jesus had come to bring not peace but war. Several knights surrounded their commander in chief, dressing him gravely in his own white linen tunic with red Cross Patee, fitting a forbidding white helmet on his head, which covered his long hair, his huge eyes, his long aquiline nose, his amazing mouth. He took a long shiny sword and held it aloft with one arm while the rest bowed, resting on their downturned swords. Blue energy leapt from the sword all along its length.

You're through with me. Thank God it's over. Not.

This is what it's like when worlds collide. What's going on here? He had his system in total control.

The media coverage suddenly broke off, leaving the watching world blind and stunned, the words of Jesus on their minds, his actions not registering immediately. At the time few noticed that Jesus spoke in their native tongue, whatever tongue that was. There were no translators asked for or needed.

\* \* \*

\_Click.\_

THE TEUTONIC ORDER

The Teutonic Order (usually, hospitale sancte Marie Theutonicorum Jerosolimitanum - the Hospital of St. Mary of the Germans of Jerusalem or der orden des Deutschen huses -- the order of the German houses, in the sources) was one of

the three major knightly or military orders that originated and evolved during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the Templars and Hospitallers being the others.

The military orders were "true orders" of the Roman church governed by regulations similar to those governing monks, generally variants of the Benedictine or Augustinian Rules. For most purposes they were technically answerable only to the pope. They did have some feudal responsibilities to lay and other clerical entities as dictated by circumstances of place and time. Large numbers of knights became monks but often lived in military fortifications rather than monasteries. The members of most orders took vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience.

#### ORIGINS OF THE TEUTONIC ORDER

According to tradition, early in the twelfth century a wealthy German couple built a hospital in Jerusalem at their own expense to care for poor and sick pilgrims who spoke German. The hospital and an accompanying chapel were dedicated to the Virgin Mary. This story is similar to the traditions of the origin of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem founded by Amalfitans. The German hospital apparently was affiliated with the Hospital of St. John, at least, in the observance of the rule of St. Augustine. After Saladin's conquest of Jerusalem in 1187, there are no more records of the German hospital there. There was no indication that the German hospital ever had a military mission.

During the siege of Acre during the Third Crusade (probably 1190), Germans from Lubeck and Bremen established a field hospital for German soldiers reportedly using ships' sails as cover from the elements. Duke Frederick of Swabia placed his chaplain Conrad in charge of the hospital and soon transformed the organization into a religious order responsible to the local Latin bishop. Although some scholars question its authenticity, Pope Clement III (1187-1191) apparently approved the Order on February 6, 1191. The Order was taken under Pope Celestine III's (1191-1198) protection on December 21, 1196, with the name of the "Hospital of St. Mary of the Germans in Jerusalem." The

name is possibly the only connection with the earlier German hospital although some argue a more direct relationship with the earlier hospital.

A ceremony purportedly held on March 5, 1198 altered the Order's *raison d'etre*. The patriarch of Jerusalem, the king of Jerusalem, the head of the crusading army, and the masters of the Templars and the Hospital of St. John attended the celebration establishing the Teutonic Knights as a military order. A bull by Pope Innocent III (1198-1216) dated February 19, 1199 confirmed the event and specified the Order would care for the sick according to the rule of the Hospitallers. It would conduct its other business by following the Templar rule and would wear the Temple's distinctive white cloak. Its black cross would differentiate the Teutonic Order from the Templars.

#### INTERNAL STRUCTURE OF THE TEUTONIC ORDER

During the first twenty years of its existence the institutional structure of the Order developed and stabilized. The Teutonic Order followed the lead of the Templars and Hospitallers by creating a system of provinces. Unlike monastic orders composed of independent abbeys, the Teutonic Knights had a hierarchical chain of command with commanderies (*house*, *Kommende*) at the lowest level. Provinces or bailiwicks (*Ballei*, *Komturei*) were parts of "countries" that composed the Order as a whole. Its first independent rule was adopted in 1264.

The officials governing the Teutonic Order at the various levels were commander (*Komtur*, *preceptor*) at the local level, province commander (*Landkomtur*), national commander (*Landmeister*), and grand master (*Hochmeister*, *magister*). The highest leadership positions, including grand master, grand commander (*Grosskomtur*), marshal (*Ordensmarschall*), draper or quartermaster (*Trapier*), hospitaller (*Spittler*), and treasurer (*Tressler*) were elected by the general chapter.

Membership of this mostly German-speaking order was composed of various, distinct classes: knights, priests, and other brothers (lay brothers, sisters, and "familiar"). There

was a large number of people who supported the professed members of the Order, ranging from auxiliary knights to slaves. The highest ranking were secular knights, serving for free. Turcopoles (Greek for "sons of Turks") were originally probably lightly-armed, half-breed cavalry whose name applied to Turkish mercenaries employed in the Byzantine army, later the term was adopted by the military orders. There were attendants called squires (knechte), and sergeants-at-arms. Footsoldiers were usually coerced from the local peasantry. Sister-aids (halpswesternen) were employed as domestics, as were halpbruderen, and took religious vows. Married and single lay domestics also were employed by the Order. Artisans and laborers (e.g. gardeners, carpenters, masons) worked for charity or wages. Many serfs and slaves were owned by the Order.

#### RAPID EXPANSION

From the outset, the possessions and wealth of the Teutonic Order grew astoundingly fast and its numbers skyrocketed, especially under Grand Master Hermann von Salza (c. 1210-1239). Von Salza was successful in gaining many favors for the Order because he was a confidante to both the German emperor Frederick II (1211-1250) and the popes. His immediate successors also did well. Between 1215 and 1300, one or more commanderies were founded each year, usually through gifts.

The Teutonic Order was invited into Greece (1209), Hungary (1211), and Prussia (1226) by secular rulers to perform military duties on their behalf. In the Peloponnesus the Frankish Prince of Achaia provided fiefs near Kalamata for the Teutonic Knights in return for military service; there are traces of the Order's continuous service there until 1500. The Hungarian King Andrew II (1205-1235) expelled the Order in 1225 when it became strong and may have threatened his rule. The conquest of Prussia began in 1230 (after the Order's Grand Master was named prince of the Holy Roman Empire) and lasted until 1283.

In addition to the Holy Land and these other theaters of war the order's members could be found elsewhere in the Mediterranean and western Europe: Armenia, Cyprus, Sicily,

Apulia, Lombardy, Spain, France, Alsace, Austria, Bohemia, the Lowlands, Germany, and Livonia. Only in the frontier areas (the Holy Land, Armenia, Greece, Hungary, Prussia, Spain, and Livonia) was military service required of members.

By 1221 the German Order was given the same privileges as the Templars and Hospitallers by Pope Honorius III (1216-1227). Both senior orders fought the autonomy of the Teutonic Order until about 1240. The German Order may not have quite equaled in wealth and possessions the other two military orders which were more than 80 years older, but it became the only other order to rival them in international influence and activity.

#### THE BALTIC REGION

After the Crusaders were defeated at Acre in 1291, the Teutonic Order moved its headquarters to Venice, a long-time ally. In 1309 they moved again, this time to Marienburg in Prussia, subduing the inhabitants and establishing a theocratic form of government.

The position of the knights in the Baltic region had been strengthened in 1237 when a knightly order in Livonia, the Brothers of the Sword (Schwertbruder), joined the Teutonic Order. The history of the German knights in Prussia and Livonia is one of almost perpetual revolts, uprisings, raids, conquests, victories, and defeats. Many secular knights from western Europe (e.g., Chaucer's knight in the Canterbury Tales) would go to the Baltic to help the Order in "crusading activities" for a season or more. The Grand Master's prizes and feasting for especially heroic knights became legendary and reminds one of King Arthur's knights of the Round Table.

During the fourteenth century dozens of towns and about two hundred villages were created in Prussia by the Order. The Order was successful in trade. For example, as a Hanseatic League participant it provided western Europe with some of its cheapest grain.

The nations of Poland and Lithuania, perennial enemies of

the Order, became stronger and stronger in the late fourteenth and early fifteenth centuries. In 1410 at Tannenberg, the Order was crushed in a battle against a coalition led by these powers. The result was a bankrupting of the Order and significant reduction in its military and political capabilities. In 1467 the whole of western Prussia was ceded to Poland and the eastern part acknowledged the suzerainty of the king of Poland.

\_Click.\_

"Have you showered yet?"

"No I haven't. I don't shower every day. It's a waste of time."

"I don't even see you anymore. You don't sleep with us. I'm in shock."

Shania was packing, hoping to avoid them. He was waiting for her, with arms spread wide open, hoping against hope. Hoping she were just shuffling around in her drawers for clean undies, getting ready to undress and get clean and save him from burning. No such hopes now. One look from her led him down, down into the ground. Shania with arms spread wide in skimpy blue panties not. His balls were a plastic act, his libido in cruise control, his brains dripping off the love seat.

She had converted. I'm going to lose it baby, so why don't you kill me. A bozo nightmare. A gas chamber nightmare. A termite choking on its own splinters.

The lab compound was all-but deserted as Jesus and his army were recruiting true believers at an alarming rate, equipping them with new weapons out of a sci-fi flick, killing off any who wouldn't bow to him, acknowledge him. He was untouchable now. As much as if he had never come back. This is what it's like when worlds collide. If he had come back in the lab he, A'ny, would be one of the vanished. So would Da Peak, Prep H. But not Shania. She had suddenly converted, so suddenly it was like she was offered the best job she ever had.

He started to speak, but she raised a hand.

"I love you all, but I love Jesus more. Jesus wouldn't approve of me living in sin. Sorry. Jesus loves me. I love him. I have been wrong about him all my life. I do believe in God, in him. You atheists are sad, misguided."

"How god damned easy it is to cop out!" muttered A'ny.

She put her fingers on his lips to silence him. Her dirty fingers. He had the hangdog look, his white long hair that should have been short and blondy blonde, his baggy clothes and thin should be young bod, his designer eyeglasses wasted. That gap in his front teeth he liked to show up in goofy grins. He had been the happiest man in the world to have a curvy girlie, especially as he looked closer to 75 than 30. She was so beautiful, still curvy, still a fantasy lovemuffin even with that new light brown wig and long locks, those dark designer glasses, that modest old skool gray-brown-black pantsuit trying to cover the curves of destiny. It's falling away from me. It's falling away from me. She was like a virgin now. Wrapped a sweater modestly around her waist. Her rad bod looked as impossible to reach as the past. A woman is not a cure but a treatment. His disease raged on. She was so cruel.

Leading him down, down into the ground.

There was a communication breakdown. He heard her, but he couldn't do what she wanted him to do. She heard him, but couldn't do what he wanted her to do.

He was hearing his own sound, smelling the pungent stench on his clothes. She was gone. He was suddenly older.

The company was in on this war thing all along. So was the Pope. Jesus had been in intimate contact with him for some time. He thought it was a purely religious communion. Now he saw it for what it was. The final Crusade, this time with the commander in chief personally in the field. It was crazy time. Armageddon. Time for the baby to be aborted

before it was born without a forehead and a nose. No forehead, no ears. Papa sting, god smack, new system of the downed. B, B-17. Spell out bingo as soon as she began to announce that O song. The hole is closed, and shut your mouth.

He felt a jab in the ribs. Looking around, there was Peaky, wearing an all-black baggy hip-hop getup and steel-toed shoes. His head was shaved like a foo fighter. A tiny "666" was tattooed on his forehead, on his wiry tricep. Somehow it didn't surprise him. He had been avoiding her, sneaking around.

"Sour girl. Forget her. There's a street code, a help your friends code, a working together code, all the guys who are still free people working out together in the garage. Will you be one of the guys?"

In times like this you find out who your true friends are.

"Welcome to getting in there, scar junky. I'm where the heart is. When do I unzip my pants?"

Peak rubbed his scalp with his knuckles in a releasing way.

"Have a cigar, boy. The band is just forming and we need a drummer."

They were still together. He didn't get it. Didn't get what? Get his French. Love. There are so many kinds. The Shroud Man had come to end all of the kind that he lived for. That snapped it. Peak led A'ny by the hand now, to Starsuckers Inc., the secret Satanic church not a mile away in Turin. The formerly crowded streets were now desolate, like in a war, the war that was, was now, in which nobody could sit it out. Occasional Shroud Man demonstrators, like a relapse to the Dark Ages. He that isn't for me is against me. The roller coaster holds everyone. What would you do? What would you do if I follow you? Fol-low?

We all got reasons.

\_Click.\_

#### FROM THE REFORMATION TO THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

Martin Luther's (1483-1546) Reformation affected the Teutonic Order significantly. In 1525 Grand Master Albrecht von Brandenburg converted to the Lutheran faith. He then was enfeoffed by the Polish king as Duke of Prussia. As a medieval, crusading entity, the German Order essentially ended at this time.

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In 1526 the Teutonic Order master of the German lands became the "Administrator of the Grandmastery in Prussia and Master in German and Romance Countries." Mergentheim became the main seat of the Order.

There was a great deal of confusion in Germany in the aftermath of the Reformation, its resulting wars, and the political changes. The bailiwicks of Saxony, Messe, and Thuringia became Protestant until Napoleonic times. The office of Landkomtur alternated among Lutheran, Reformed, and Catholic leaders in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The bailiwick of Utrecht was Calvinist until modern times. A new rule was adopted in 1606 in an attempt to accommodate the changes in the Order.

In European affairs, from time to time, the Order still participated militarily. Some 1000 troops were raised to help the Austrians against the Turks. After 1696 there was a regiment of the "Grand and German Master." But the numbers and wealth of the Order dwindled, and little other military activity is recorded.

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#### THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND AFTER

As the anticlerical French government expanded its political control in the 1790's, the Order lost its commanderies in Belgium and those west of the Rhine (1797). Many east of the Rhine were lost in 1805. In 1809 Napoleon dissolved

the Order in all countries under his dominion, leaving only the properties in the Austrian Empire.

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#### THE ORDER TRACED TO THE PRESENT DAY

Even in Austria the Order had to exist secretly for a number of years until 1839, when Austrian Emperor Ferdinand I reconstituted it as the Order of the Teutonic Knights (Deutscher Ritterorden). The mission of the Order was, on the surface, mainly the care of wounded soldiers.

In 1866 the Honorable Knights of the Teutonic Order was founded. Knights were required to provide annual contributions for hospitals. The Marianer des Deutschen Ordens, for women, was created in 1871.

In 1914 some 1,500 sponsors from the Austrian nobility supported the caregiving efforts of the Order. During World War I the Order took care of about 3,000 wounded soldiers in their facilities.

In 1923 masters of the Order were allowed to come from among the clerics rather than the "knighthood" for the first time.

Under National Socialist rule the Order was dissolved in Austria in 1938 and Czechoslovakia in 1939. The leaders of the Third Reich abused the history of the Order. After World War II the Order began anew in Germany, its possessions in Austria being returned.

In Italy the Order has changed little. A great deal of support for the caretaking and missionary Order has been found in Germany, Austria, Italy, Belgium, and even in North and Central America.

The Order's headquarters, treasury, and archives are now located in Vienna, Austria.

\_Click.\_

And produced, among other things, Arnold Schwarzenegger and the magicians Siegfried and Roy. And the Shroud Man.

RF

## Chapter 12. Still an Outlaw in Their Eyes

\* \* \*

- \* April 28, 1868: Princess Clotilde of Savoy (1843-1911), daughter of Victor Emanuel II and wife of Prince Gerolamo Napoleon, changes the Shroud's former lining cloth of black silk that had been sewn on by Bl. Sebastian Valfre back in 1694, substituting for it one of crimson taffeta. An official record of this, with sample of the former black silk lining, is preserved in Turin. On this same date the Shroud is 'scrupulosamente' measured by Monsignor Gastaldi, then bishop of Aluzzo, and later archbishop of Turin, and found to be 410 cm. x 140 cm.
- \* May 28, 1898: Public exhibition. Secondo Pia, an Italian amateur photographer, makes the first photograph of the Shroud of Turin, thereby ushering in a new era in the Shroud's history, the era of science.
- \* 1900: Canon Ulysse Chevalier's Etude critique sur l'origine du Saint Suaire de Lirey-Chambry-Turin is published in Paris, detailing the d' Arcis memorandum and other medieval documents indicating the Shroud's fraudulence.
- \* April 21, 1902 (Monday afternoon): Agnostic anatomy professor Yves Delage presents a paper on the Shroud to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, arguing for the Shroud's medical and general scientific convincingness, and stating his opinion that it genuinely wrapped the body of Christ.

(Evening): Secretary for the physics section of the Academy, Marcelin Berthelot, inventor of thermochemistry, and a militant atheist, orders Delage

to rewrite his paper (for publication in the Comptes rendus de l'Academie des Sciences) so that it treats only on the vaporography of zinc and makes no allusion to the Shroud or Christ.

\* \* \*

The church was crowded with two thousand Satan worshippers, all in red and-or black robes, strikingly similar to Church robes. Da Peak was very well versed in quantum and information theory, A'ny in physics and chemistry and genetics theory, but science couldn't unite the world, make the Arabs love the Israelis, or the Christ followers the unbelievers. When they walked into this mini coliseum, the feeling of purpose, of ignition, of theme, of being in love with oneself, of losing a mother or losing a son, of love for Satan, befriending one's fears, loving him and wanting to be a part of him, surrendering all. I am uomo, hear me roar. Diagnosis career over. Checkmate and you're out. The company was no more. The world was in war. Where do we get the bombs? Turin had once been the center of the Italian Risorgimento, now it was the center of the anti-Jesus opposition, the Dixie Chix, the Garth Brooks, the Grand Ole Opry of anti-Jesus music. This year's top vocalist is... Baal Voices. Kick it.

It was like waking up for school and not wanting to go. You gotta fight for your right to party. What's that noise? Even mommy would know it's not the Beastie Boys. Peak handed him his robe. He started to put it on. Peak grabbed his wrist, grabbed for his crotch, sensuously massaged the handful. A'ny got the idea, undressed along with Peaky, all the way to b'day suits. Then they both donned their robes, walked hand in hand into the robed ranks, trashing the skies.

He knew it from the get-go. ASPK. Car toys. Metallica. Internet porno rags. Why else did he mention unzipping his pants?

The day that she left me. That she left me. She was a sour girl on the day that she left me. It would be up to the young. Like any war. Up to the young. Don't get mad, get

glad. Get young. Get gladiator.

After the Black Mass the rockets were handed out, the big boy toys, the pistols, knives, grenades, communicators. Ranks were assigned, squads formed. Rocking to maim, rocking to kill. Male and female Satan created them. Cry out loud, I'm the superbeast. Years of reading anarchist how-to manuals on the Net like every other good boy, years of playing simulated combat games, weapons simulators, cockpit simulators, violent movies, violent games, violent music, violent culture, violent Nascar crashes, violent news frenzies, all those years of Preparation H were now finding the one cause they love.

Du. Du hast. Du hast nicht.

Kill Christ!

\* \* \*

The streets of Turin were not a war scene. The Shroud Man had quickly taken over the city with his army, absorbing much of the believing populace as well as the carabinieri, and then moved on, heading for Rome, leaving Turin deserted. The Satanic underground then bubbled up in the vacuum. Bags for garbage, tested for strength, fighting a rearguard action.

It didn't take long to realize that the Shroud Man's troops were being equipped with new weapons of shockingly advanced design, featuring the blue energy beams it seems that he had invented in the lab just by reading physics and engineering journals and dinking around. It was nice to know that your commander in chief is a super genius. Not so nice if you're on the other side.

What was the other side? The average Catholic believer easily followed him, was absorbed into his army. The odd Muslim, Jew, atheist was too busy running like hell to fight. The Satanic rearguard had nobody to fight. Instead they turned the streets into a party, held Satanic rituals, orgies, got drunk, naked, laid. It might have seemed to the latecomer that the Satanists were celebrating the Shroud

Man's victories, were his people. But any time a believer was spotted, such as a group of fanatical self-crucifiers, the guns would come out and the shooting begin. The Satanists were serious about killing Jesus believers.

The Satanists defiled every church, nun, priest, statue, Bible they could find. If the authorities organized any kind of counter attack, they'd usually melt into the shadows again, then come back out when the coast was clear. It was a war of graffiti, of obscene signs, of sacrilege, of filmed footage to be redisplayed worldwide on the Net. The media coverage was patchy, disorganized. The Net had come into its own. Millions around the world frantically surfed for the latest live video and sound feeds, which often could be found in surprising web addresses, such as the official Italy tourism board, the Turin tourism board, the Turin Olympics site, even the Turin Bicycle Company site. [www.satan.com](http://www.satan.com) came to life, becoming an ever-changing gateway to other live action sites.

The news that the Shroud Man had been triumphantly welcomed into Rome by the authorities and the Church made the world evening news nets. An emergency U.N. Security Council session had been called, and talk of sending in U.N. troops was rife. Italy was the new Bosnia, the new Chechnya. But this time there was a difference. World opinion was split about him, with families at war with each other, brother against brother, father against daughter. Mass worship ceremonies were held in almost all Christian countries, especially the Catholic ones. Almost every Christian church was full of people praying.

The blue energy weapon was suppressed from the media in some countries, hotly debated in others. Some claimed they saw angels at his back, that the energy came from them. It was hard to debate the effectiveness of the weapon when it caused people to vanish into thin air, even inside armored tanks or jets.

The consensus was that judgment day was at hand for all. Some welcomed it, most did not. Most waited for it to come to them.

\* \* \*

Hello, this is Walter Churchman for \*beep\* Morning Show, with controversial bishop Bennigan Flannery, visiting from New York City.

Bishop, do you think the Church is out of step with the times?

I don't think so, no. I'm living in the 21st century, not the 1st century. I don't live in an age when Christ scares a demon out a person's head into a herd of swine. I know the Bible teaches that the earth is flat, that the sun goes around the earth. I know it teaches creation rather than Darwin. I am prepared to keep up with the times even if it means amending and even discarding cherished beliefs. It's the Church, not the Bible, that Christ founded.

Do you think that, like the Church teaches, the ideal woman is a virgin?

No, I don't. Mary worship, particularly among the Jesuists, has gone too far. I think that the ideal purpose of marriage is to bind two people into a permanent relationship and procreation is part of that.

The Church seems to have accepted the Shroud Man into its very bosom, including his army of Christian soldiers, and his practice of killing unbelievers. Not forcing conversion at the point of the sword like the Moslems, but killing of all unbelievers on sight. Do you agree with your Church's position here?

Sir, I do. Our Christ would be among the first to discard outmoded scientific theories in the Bible, but the law that all must accept and obey him or lose their life has always been crystal clear, and every day scientists marvel at the supremacy of God.

As to Moslems, can the Moslems bring their Mohammad back to life? So much for their brand of apostasy.

As to sexuality, some believe that the apostles modified

Christ's true teachings with their pet peeves and prejudices, teaching that what they called unnatural sex would automatically get you killed, but I believe Christ will look into your heart and spare you if you truly believe and are pure of heart.

Do you personally know of any non-straight people who were spared and who now are accepted in his Christian army?

No sir, I do not. But then acceptance into the army of Christ includes vows of anonymity as well as the usual poverty, chastity, and obedience, so the practice of all sex acts, whether it be hetero or homo or lesbian.

Bishop?

Yes.

I have received intelligence that to date no member of the Roman Catholic Church hierarchy has ever been killed by Christ's army, nor have any been permitted to join it as soldiers. Is there a reason for this and what is it?

Simple, Walter. A priest is already Christ's servant for life. He is already doing all he can do.

☐☐

Chapter 13. A'ny and Da Peak and the Lost Ark

\* \* \*

\* 1918: Alarmed by the danger of air raids from the World War then raging, King Victor Emanuel III orders the Shroud to be put in a place of safety, on condition that it does not leave the Royal Palace. A secret underground chamber is specially constructed two floors below ground level in the southeast side of Turin's Royal Palace, with not even the contractors told its purpose. On the floor of this chamber is set a large strongbox with a complex combination lock. On 6 May the

casket of the Shroud is removed from the Royal Chapel (in which it has lain undisturbed since 1898), wrapped in a thick blanket of asbestos, put in a chest made of tin plate, hermetically sealed with cold solder, then carried down to the secret chamber, where it is solemnly locked inside the strongbox. Prayers are recited, after which the chamber's heavy entrance doors are locked.

\* \* \*

"What good is a phone if there's no one there to listen?"

"She doesn't answer?"

"No. She's unplugged."

\* \* \*

White people! Your end is near! This is the end of your world! I told you six years ago that when the millennium came the white people's system would end, and that Jesus Christ would come back to supervise its destruction personally. Now wasn't I right on, honkeys? Your entire white world is doomed. The white system, the white thang, the whole white consciousness, the white perpetuity, the white bread mentality. Doomed I say! It's our turn now.

But you're just a comedian.

Not when I'm wearing my purple dress with the ermine hat. I'm the prophet of God, the Rock of Ages.

\* \* \*

A'ny took the cell phone off his face, snapped it in its velcro holder like a bathroom habit. His earphones were tuned into the American Armed Forces Radio Network since they stuck to English. He and Peaky were high up on the roof of an industrial building in the outskirts of Turin, armed like commandos. Turin was becoming a Beirut, snipers everywhere. There was always somebody waiting for you to pop your head up, take aim and fire for a score, like in a video game, which instantly appeared on their web site.

When they weren't loading and firing they were enjoying cold canned spaghetti overloaded with basily red sauce.

Peaky's vision was fine now, after the four stitches. A nasty rifle butt blow to the eye had rung his bell for days, made him worry about loss of vision, but now that was forgotten, although the redness was virtually helly. A'ny had a case of dry mouth, caused by snoring, which roughened his throat until he caught a cold virus, then gave him stopped up nostrils, necessitating even more mouth breathing. His teeth were actually moving in his mouth now, causing him to bite his own gums a little when he concentrated on closing his mouth. Any attempt to swallow was total discomfort, the entire throat blazing hot with virus. Why did he get this virus and not Peaky? Maybe he was too ordinary, like users of Microsoft Internet Explorer, which comes down with every virus. Peaky was a Linux type, a libertarian anarchist free bird survivalist.

It was 6:23 a.m. and both were holding out for breakfast, meaning hot water, which had become a precious and dangerous luxury. A fire brought gunfire.

Their Satanist commander had supplied them with Italian army rations, but everybody knew the Satanists preferred fresh human meat, raw if it couldn't be cooked. A human sausage with a hunk of cheese and some whole wheat crackers was a field feast, but hot water, that was the matchless luxury, not just protein, fat, and carbos. A'ny's dry sore throat begged for hot water all the more. Peaky had a supply of teas and coffees which fed the dreams with risky desires.

In the dark murky water the night before they had to feel for dead victims with their feet. A big night cafe called Club Hate, brazenly rebellious to operate as if it had a double oh license, was burned down, finally crashing through the pier. They had come to rescue victims, but found none alive. Nor did they find any scrubs, as they called Knights Templar who took up arms against unbelievers. The Satanists had burned their own club. Had to. It was their nature.

Correction. One was found alive. Preparation H, his black skin now strangely PC, almost angelic, was found

squatting on the edge of the burned pier, like a gargoyle. It wasn't a jazz club anyway, he saged.

The Satanists now had their own flag, the X with the P through it, just like Constantine the Great. Only the P was sharp, indicating a spear thrown through the body of Christ. Everybody got it. The talk was always the Shroud Man, also referred to as Newchrist. His movements, strength, weapons, objectives. There was a general field order to assassinate him at all costs. Kill the snake by hitting its head. The trouble was that he moved fast, and always guarded by a thick shield of scrubs, who would brave any pain and fight to the death for their leader. Then there was that blue energy weapon. It was undefendable, deadly accurate, with a range in the hundreds of yards. Not that their side had super energy shields that could defend against their weapons. No, a good grenade took its scrubs. Good machine gun fire chewed up its scrubs. It was just suicide to try to get near Newchrist.

The fanaticism in the Satanist core was red hot. Blame everything on Jesus Christ. He started it. We'll finish it. Until Jesus Christ the world was going great. After Jesus Christ it turned increasingly into shit where the meak and weak inherited the toilet. Dreams of a restored Roman Empire, with Russell Crowe as Maximus, doubling as the champ of the gladiators, with a rebuilt Colisseum that seated a million. A new Roman unification of the western world, with a new high-tech Roman army with wolf pelts around their shoulders. Dreams of Nietzsche and his detestation of Jesus Christ thrown into the trail mix. The original Romans were too tolerant, let the Christian scum fester out of control. The new Romans would practice religious hygiene, not permit Spaniards to parade around with crucifixes and burn statues of saints.

Yet this Newchrist was different than the old one, and drew grudging admiration from the Satanist hardcores, as did his Knights. If only he had been like this the first time. Alas, he had too big a record to live down. It wasn't like an old woman's chair that was found after her death to have been stuffed with money. Anybody who would start that Son of God stuff, that kingdom of heaven stuff, that love your

enemies stuff, all that stuff, was dangerous, glorifying the meek like that. Christ versus Antichrist, the greatest struggle of human history, was being fought now.



## Chapter 14. Both Sides Strike Back

\* \* \*

- \* May 23, 1931: Giuseppe Enrie photographs the Shroud, confirming Secondo Pia's findings. He takes three pictures of the Shroud face, one lifesize, also a detail of the shoulders and back, and a sevenfold enlargement of the wound in the wrist. The photography takes place in the presence of the 76-year-old Secondo Pia and scientists of the French Academy.
- \* September 1939: The outbreak of World War II brings European Shroud research to a halt. The Shroud is secretly taken for safety to the Benedictine Abbey of Montevergine, in the province of Avellino, northeast of Naples. There are brief stops in Rome and Naples on its journey.
- \* September 25, 1939: The Shroud arrives at the Abbey. Only the Prior, the vicar general and two of the monks are entrusted with the knowledge of what they are protecting.
- \* June 1946: The Italian people vote for a republic, ending the rule of Umberto II of Savoy, the Shroud's legal owner.
- \* October 28, 1946: The Shroud is exhibited to the monks of Montevergine prior to its post-war return to Turin. It is laid on a table in the abbey's reception hall, but strict orders are given that no one should directly touch it.

The Shroud returns to Turin and its traditional housing in the Royal Chapel. However, with the fall of the

monarchy, and because the Chapel is part of the now state-owned Royal Palace, the Shroud is technically on Italian state territory.

\* \* \*

(From Mouth and the South, an Australian talk radio show)

South: My goodness, folks, I don't want to comment. Okay I will. That Shroud feller.

Mouth: Who, as a kid, hasn't had an experience in the great outdoors with lightning? A feeling as if there were a target drawn on one's back? Hide, crouch, try not to be the highest object? See the flash, hear the thunder roll by, and realize there's a power here one can't contend with, big and random?

South: The Shuttle soared into space, its American operators proud in their blazing glory. America was the eye in space, the supervisory oversight of the free world, and it paid close attention to what was going on in Italy and elsewhere. The entire state of Italy has quickly become Messianist, as lightning conversion to the militant cause of the Shroud Man was called. High level authorities in every country were in turmoil, shuffling for a position that they didn't keep.

Mouth: Like jumping beans, or like actors in a John Woo flick.

South: Reports of mass conversions in the hinterlands of country after country made politicians uncertain of their backing. The terrible thought that they would be fighting God himself went unspoken in high circles, or was spoken of with varying degrees of doubt and uncertainty. There was no policy, no new balance proposal. The Shroud Man was a loose cannon, and still had his main play to make.

Mouth: I'll kick your aaaass. Where's my pills? Where's my pills?

South: (burping noise)

Mouth: (in a Mel Gibson voice) In a very turbulent time parents with ten-kid fams will find it very hard to keep them together.

South: Who's that?

Mouth: Mel Gibson.

South: Never 'eard of 'im.

Mouth: It was really Russell Crowe. Go on.

South: The Messianic forces include ground and air troops, but as yet no space presence. Satellites are recording his every move for worried American and, when they found it useful to release it to them, U.N. officials.

Mouth: Us some 17 million Aussies don't mean shit, eh mate?

South: The thinking of the top officials was as primitive as bad kids thinking of a street fight.

Mouth: Boom boom boom boom. Bang bang bang bang. Boom boom boom boom. How how how how.

South: What was hardest to absorb was the New Christ, the one who used to turn the other cheek replaced with the warlord who shouted die die die die. Not that it didn't make sense. He said he'd be baaack long before Ahnold. He had turned the other cheek for two full millennia, watched false prophets come and go. He had a right to be mad this time and to kick ass.

Mouth: Maybe he was like O.J. Simpson and this was the sequel where he was setting us up for the next event. In the first century celebs were few and far between, now the Shroud Man was just another star in a heaven of stars, and that's even though he had the greatest act since Tom Cruise's dance in underpants in Risky Business.

South: What really got some people was how much New Christ looked like Darth Vader. Attention, imperial troops, I am

your leader. The helmet and the robe, white instead of black, the red cross patee making him look a little like a red cross nurse. The sword with the blue energy field. The total way he killed, leaving no body, just like when he died and left no body. Must have been a similar process, not really murder, more like sending one's soul to where it belonged. It validated him all the more.

Mouth: It's more erotic when people touch each other lightly.

South: Do you know you're damned sinful to suggest lustful thoughts about Christ?

Mouth: We Aussies are all damned sinful else how did we get sent down to the asshole of the planet without green tea?

\* \* \*

It just wasn't easy to think of messing with a judging Christ. The world was paralyzed as he rearranged the balance of power around himself at jet speed.

\* \* \*

\_July 31, 2006\_

It was a nightmare scenario for American authorities. Three American cities, three hours, three terrorist attacks. In Salt Lake City mustard gas was spewed in the air, causing a chemical-biological response unit to spring into action. Hundreds died before authorities arrived. In Boston, deadly bubonic plague was released, the casualties filling up area hospitals, the entire area quarantined and blockaded by the military. In Baltimore a fuel oil bomb was set off near the city center, shaking the area apart like an earthquake.

Washington, which had spent hundreds of millions of dollars for years to teach authorities in the top 169 cities how to fight terrorism, was in a turmoil of its own, as the lack of attacks on that city caused a cry for more and more

anti-terrorist resources to be diverted there, on the theory that the biggest of all was waiting in the wings.

Then a truck carrying Ebola virus bombs was intercepted in the streets of D.C. less than two miles from the White House. The drivers were killed before they could set off the bombs, but their deadman devices finished things for them, and the heart of D.C. was evacuated and the government moved.

A coalition of federal, state, and local officers were soon working with FEMA to set up a standby emergency government throughout the country. The locations of the President, Vice President, and top administration, legislative, and judicial officials were kept top secret, and the airspace over and around America was thick with military and government aircraft, including Air Force One, the fabled AWACS planes, Apache attack helicopters, and mysterious black helicopters, as well as huge troop carrier planes. On the highways, military vehicles in huge convoys rumbled back and forth, all civilian traffic diverted or stopped as needed.

All American military forces went on worldwide alert. Subs and aircraft carriers were all strategically deployed. Support and supply ships were speeding to and fro. Marines were waiting to hop into their Ospreys and take off for a fight. The American stock market was in disarray, suffering the largest losses since the crashes of 1929 and 2000.

The American press was ordered to pacify the nation with a pretense of business as usual.

None of it was traced to the Shroud Man or his army.

\* \* \*

#### PET ATTACK ON AMERICAN HIGHWAYS PUZZLES EXPERTS

Los Angeles, CA

I'm your pet -- let's play chicken on the highway.

It's being reported in city after city across America, horror stories of hordes of housepets taking to the city's

highways and racing into the paths of oncoming vehicles in droves. To commuters in busy rush hour traffic, it literally looks to be raining cats and dogs.

A suicide wish, or an attack? To the owners of the pets, it's a nightmare. Highways lined with their dead Rovers, Fidos, and Fluffies bring them to tears. Meanwhile, the sight of damaged vehicles with a smashed windshield or worse bring the drivers' families to tears.

Here in Los Angeles near LAX a pet attack two days ago was responsible for the worse multi-vehicle pileup in the city's history, according to spokesmen for the mayor -- thirty-one dead, three hundred and forty-one injured, over half of them still listed in critical condition. The nationwide death toll stands at over three thousand, according to FEMA authorities.

In city after city, from Nome to Miami, work crews are working overtime to remove the mangled, bloated corpses of pets that, before some kind of invisible command sent them out to their doom, lived quiet, easy, secure lives. FEMA authorities have ordered all pet owners to keep their pets chained or restrained, all loose roaming pets being subject to shoot on sight orders issued to police and military authorities.

Funerals for the unlucky human victims are marked by a dumbfounded shock and disbelief that the cuddly can be killers, and worse, that their religious beliefs can be the root cause.

Religious doomsayers have been quick to connect this phenomenon with the coming of the Shroud Man of Turin and his claim to be Christ come back to judge the world. These pet deaths have been claimed to be akin either to their fabled sense of coming calamities such as earthquakes, or as the last warning of God to repent or be damned. Some equate this plague of crazed pets with the Biblical plagues of frogs and locusts sent by God to punish Egypt when the hard-hearted Pharaoh and his advisors wouldn't let Moses' people go.

What is the cause of this nationwide mass pet hysteria? Scientists are at a loss for explanations, the sheer extent of the phenomenon ruling out air, food, or water-borne chemical or biological contamination as the cause. A spokesman for the National Institute of Health said that there is no evidence in the animal corpses examined so far of any kind of bacterial or viral infection. Another spokesman for the magazine Nature said that there is no record in history of a similar phenomenon, although there is a Hollywood precedent in the Alfred Hitchcock movie The Birds. An emergency world conference of scientists held over the Net under the auspices of the Department of Defense has come up with no consensus on any scientific explanation, according to conference chairmen.

Is this pet attack a military attack by the Shroud Man? DoD spokesmen had no comment. So far the Shroud Man has not officially been recognized by the U.S. government, and recognition of his claimed miraculous powers is strictly verboten to government spokesmen. "If this is the Shroud Man's doing," said one high-placed government source who requested anonymity, "it is the worst terrorist attack on American soil ever." The crowds of pro Shroud Man demonstrators, however, are openly jubilant at what they take as a sign that he is really who he says he is.

Whatever the cause, pet food makers saw their stocks plummet, at one point down 95% during the day's trading. Pet store chains experienced wild swings in sometimes frenzied trading as institutional investors sought to unload their stocks at any price.



## Chapter 15. Pomp and State

\* \* \*

- \* June 16-18 1969: On the orders of Turin's Cardinal Michele Pellegrino the Shroud is secretly taken out of its casket for its state of preservation to be studied

by a team of experts, who examine, photograph and discuss for three days, but do no direct testing. During this same period, and with the Shroud hung vertically for the purpose, Giovanni Battista Judica-Cordiglia takes the first ever Shroud photo in color, along with fresh black and white ones, and ones by Woods light.

- \* October 1, 1972: Attempt to set fire to the Shroud on the part of an unknown individual who breaks into the Royal Chapel after climbing over the Palace roof. The Shroud survives due to its asbestos protection within the altar shrine.
- \* November 23, 1973 (9:15-9:45 p.m.): The Shroud is exhibited for the first time ever on television, in color, and with a filmed introduction by Pope Paul VI.

\* \* \*

#### FROM JESUS FREAK TO CHRISTIAN SOLDIER

By the thousands they come, believers in the Shroud Man, Jesus Christ they call him, from all corners of the earth, all the way from Des Moines, Iowa to Christchurch, New Zealand, to hate-torn Fiji to Nome, Alaska -- bright-eyed clean-living sober Christian people all. The name Christian, as they all are quick to remind you, means Little Christs.

Arriving at the induction centers, they are soon tested, processed, and absorbed into the increasingly vast world army of the Shroud Man, who now holds Italy, Spain, France, Portugal, Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Belgium, Greenland, Iceland, most Latin American countries, Canada, Lebanon, Cyprus, Yugoslavia, Romania, Austria, Poland, and South Africa. Did we leave any out? Check in an hour -- it will grow.

Being a soldier for Christ comes surprisingly easy for these recruits who mouth slogans such as Love Thy Neighbor. Their commander in chief is their savior. He died for them, and they now have no problem risking their

lives for him.

In a manner of speaking, it is poetic justice.

In the army of the Shroud Man there are no nationalities, ethnicities, or any kinds of isms or hatreds to divide people any longer. In their savior they are one. If he tells them to drive over a cliff into the sea, they just ask how fast.

If it were anybody else but Jesus Christ with this kind of power it would be, well, scary. But the world has watched him prove his identity with many tests, say his believers, and at this point there can be no doubt. He predicted his own return some two thousand years ago, and now, to paraphrase the Austrian Oak, "I'm back". Arnold, his wife Maria, and their kids are all, not surprisingly, already in his army. They take recruits as young as they want to come.

Why do nations just let people walk out and quit their nationality? Why don't they try to stop them? Those that have tried have all given up. You can't stop true religious belief. And, as one believer put it, our dear Jesus was crucified once, and we won't stand by and let it happen again.

\* \* \*

\_February 15, 2007\_

Rome. St. Peter's. Twelve noon.

The great throngs of worshippers, in Catholic uniforms mainly, but national uniforms of many nations, cheered in the Italian sun. The drums and the guns sounded alternately dominant and submissive.

The Pope has not merely a chair to sit in, but a chair to be carried in, in pomp and state, on men's shoulders, when he paid a visit to St. Peter's, or any of the churches of Rome for that matter. The drums were heard beating without as the guns of the papal soldiers ran on the stone pavement of

the house of God. At the bidding of their officer they grounded, shouldered, and presented arms. How unlike the meek and lowly Jesus of scripture, this papal majesty.

Now, moving slowly up between the two armed lines of soldiers appeared a long procession of ecclesiastics, bishops, canons and cardinals preceding the Roman pontiff, who was borne on a gilded chair, clad in vestments resplendent as the sun. His bearers were twelve men clad in crimson, being immediately preceded by several persons carrying a cross, his mitre, his triple crown, and other insignia of his office. As he was borne along on the shoulders of men, amid the gaping crowds, his head was canopied by two immense fans made of peacocks' feathers, the mystic fans of the pagan god Bacchus, borne by two attendants, although only scholars knew that detail. His chair of state was also covered with a regular canopy, like the Sovereign Pontiff of Ancient Egypt. Indeed, the entire impressive pomp and circumstance were attempts at duplicating the brilliant cortege of that ancient man-god, who was either borne in his chair of state by the principal officers of state under a rich canopy, or walked on foot, overshadowed with rich flabella, fans of waving plumes. It was no accident that the story of Jesus virtually begins and ends with things Egyptian.

The Shroud Man next entered, tall in military uniform, at the head of a procession of his Knights Templar. Kneeling to the Pope, his back straight and stiff, he kissed his holy ring, then straightened and stood next to him, his head higher. The Pope then kissed the tip of his sword, which the Shroud Man first unsheathed, held low, and finally raised high. The blue light danced on it as usual. A great cheer arose. The Shroud Man was now king of the earth. How unlike the Jesus of scripture this new Christ, but at least the Pope's act was no longer solo.

The Catholic hierarchy was jubilant. So many bright eyes remembered the years of prediction of a New World Order where the Pope would be the religious leader and a great secular leader would rule under him. The many Protestant heretics of late who saw in the Whore of Babylon of St. John's Apocalypse the Roman Catholic Church itself, instead

of themselves, that all seemed juvenile now, the truth of Christ himself as the king and the Pope as his sacerdotal servant plain to all. The Roman Catholic Church had been validated by Christ, the huge Protestant heresies being shown as just that. The New Christ found ready soldiers among Catholics, while causing a fear to spread among Protestants, who were fleeing in his wake, that is, those who did not convert to Catholicism, a brisk business now.

Back in America huge crowds of starry-eyed young white churchless vaguely Protestant Jesus Freaks, who often didn't believe in any church sect, and whose parents were affluent, spoiled Baby Boomers mainly, were caught by surprise as their savior recruited a grim, disciplined army and killed all unbelievers in his path. Would they join an army like that? They just couldn't reconcile it with their beliefs in love and peace. Many now began to consider Christ expendable to those beliefs, to magic dust and magic rocks. Maybe they were pagan after all. All would go to heaven. Live and let live. Let it be. The Satanists did a brisk recruiting business.

In Latin countries, where Catholic belief is traditionally heavy, the acceptance of the Shroud Man was virtually universal, the feeling of ages of oppression now coming to an end certain, and the belief in economic as well as social justice included in the prayers.

Anybody not for me is against me, SM kept saying. One day every person would have to decide to accept him, or die. But to accept him means to kill for him. Nobody can just hide in the shadows and wait it out. You would be found and slain just for that. His very presence meant decision time, up close and in your face, now, and to the hairy roots. Kill or be killed time. Crunch time. The playoffs. Winner takes all, and it's a World Cup match.

The Shroud Man now spoke. He sounded like a man dangling on fifty feet of rope over a cliff. His fairly youthful yet resplendently mature appearance, a man in his thirties with not one hair of gray, his beard full, his eyes that saw all. Vaguely Semitic, he looked more European than Jewish, and could have passed as French, Spanish, Italian equally well.

An American cowboy Marlboro man, however, he clearly was not. He was so legendary, the face so imprinted in the psyche, the mere sight of him brought up such clouds of thoughts, such swirling clouds of memories from fact and fiction, that it was finally just as hard to accept him as a man as the Jews of the first century must have found to accept him as a god. If they who crucified him could only see him now.

"..."

He spoke for about ten minutes, but nobody could remember what he said. It was as if he said nothing. Maybe, maybe not. The digital and analog film footage shows him just looking with those eyes everywhere, while his lips seemed to move, but just barely, like a pantomime. Yet millions swear they heard a good ten minute long speech that was new but not new, a delicious summary of all of Jesus' teachings by a sublime master of them all. Some swear it was over in one minute, some ten seconds, some three. But all agree he concluded with the stern command:

"I am your king. If you believe in me, now fall down and worship me!"

Some didn't hear it as stern, but very kindly and knowing. It all depended on your acceptance of him.

As many as a billion people did as they were told. The moment caused time to stop, from Molokai to Samoa, the North Pole to the South, even up in space. This is what it's like when worlds collide.

The Shroud Man basked in the warmth of the worship, his eyes smiling, his arms spread wide. His eyes changed, grew stern. He moved his hands to indicate that he would speak again, and instantly one could hear a lira drop.

"I hereby order all kings and rulers of the earth to lay down their arms and weapons, their flags, offices, powers and authorities, and submit to me, along with all people on earth. Anyone who is not for me is against me, and is ordered to die."

Cries and wails arose from the crowd, gleeful, jubilant, relieved, heart-wrenching, excited to the max. This was really it. He was really dismantling all of mankind's evil governments and substituting his own. The Pope openly wept, first a little then breaking down into great sobs.

The Shroud Man summoned his knights, and in a beautiful precision they held their swords aloft over their commander and king as he quietly walked away, out of the church and into a swelling expanse of his troops. Dressed like Santa Claus and his elves, as one media commentator put it. He's no longer with the living.

\* \* \*

From out of the midst of the huge throngs of worshippers a discerning satellite analyst might have spotted a bald-headed white Catholic convert with a butterfly tattoo over one ear, wearing a brown nun-in-training's uniform.

\* \* \*

World reaction. That big snake he's with us now. Not that most people weren't more interested in a perfect commute.

The Islamics were, surprisingly, split on the Shroud Man. Mohammad had called Jesus a prophet of God, but vehemently denied physical resurrection. The claimed resurrection finally won the reasoning theologians over. Death warrants were issued for this infidel. The Islamic militant underground tried a suicide truck bomb, racing it toward the Shroud Man's field tent as he slept. The truck suddenly stopped, all the gasoline in the tank evaporated, the main gasket of the aluminum engine warped, the antifreeze steaming out the exhaust pipe. The people inside disappeared. The bomb was neutralized, becoming inert as sand.

At the White House, the President was under intense pressure from world leaders to assassinate the Shroud Man, or at least fund, man or assist their efforts. His own advisers were split, some calling the Shroud Man the most dangerous

threat since Hitler, others calling on him to fall on his knees, repent, and accept him as Christ. Not a few kept raising the shibboleth that America was basically a Christian nation at rock bottom, albeit strongly anti-Papist, which was the sticker shock the new Christ gave them. Yes, Hispanic immigration had caused the Catholic population in America to swell, as if them pesky Irish hadn't caused enough turmoil already, and all politicians took note of those potential votes, but the age-old control of America by WASPs of Puritan leanings was still not dead. It hadn't even been ten years since the Ken Starr days. Never before had it been harder to be President. Butter or Brummel 'n' Brown?

The black segment of America, which had always been traditionally solidly pro-Christian, except for a few Black Muslims, had no trouble accepting the Shroud Man as the genuine article. This compounded the political correctness of questioning him by a WASP President who had done everything to court the black vote. Still, as a WASP knows in his bones he is superior to the black intellectually, an indelible attitude seen openly and nakedly just ten years earlier at the O.J. Simpson trial verdict, the very fact that the blacks solidly supported him made him seem all the more likely to be a fraud. The President, therefore, decided to be prudent.

An attempt to enlist a volunteer squad of Navy SEALs to train to knock him off failed miserably, even when it was announced it would only be activated "in the clear proof that the Shroud Man was an imposter and dangerous to peace and freedom." Not all SEALs were religious skeptics with crypto-Hungarian-Yugoslavian-Albanian names.

Another attempt to investigate the Shroud Man's genesis, the company that created him, and its true owners and their connections was launched, with the surprising result that the top intelligence people in America came back empty-handed, shrugging their shoulders at their ineffectiveness. The company had over ten thousand different names, charters, headquarters, layers of control, interlocking ownerships, all blind leads. The secrecy of the government's UFO guys was nothing compared

to this. The President began to question his own power, actually feeling a divine hand for the first time.

Since the Shroud Man's activities were still limited to Italy, the President decided to sit it out and see what Europe did.



## Chapter 16. The Vatican Verses

\_Click.\_

H3BGLTIC (Happy-2B-Bi-Gay-Lez-Tran-in-Christ) of San Francisco Universal Fellowship of Urban Holistic New Attitude Dynasty of Churches

THE BIBLE AND HOMOSEXUALITY

Just What Does Scripture Say About Bi-Gay-Lez-Tran?

\_"You shall know the truth and the truth shall set you free." -- John 8:32\_

gReEtIngS!

We are here to proclaim the good news of Jesus Christ that every person is loved by God. There is no biblical condemnation just because one is bi, gay, lesbian or transgender. Perhaps that's what you are, or one of your friends or loved ones. You undoubtedly know persons who are, whether you are aware of it or not. It may be that the traditional attitude of church and society toward BGLT people causes you concern or pain. Never fear, we are here. You may have become convinced that our people are shut out of Christ's realm and out of the church. We are here to welcome you with open arms.

Hear hear those that have ears! (No anti-handicapped

biases intended.)

Many people have been taught that the Bible condemns homosexuality. That is not true! We know that we are completely loved and accepted by God. Yet hordes of Christians shun us, even kill us, the Shroud Man chief among them. Why?

How can there be such a difference between parts of the Christian church over this issue? Largely because unproven ideas have been taught for centuries about some Scripture passages -- bad exegesis. In recent times, scholars have finally begun to study these passages in depth, with the support of the latest historical and archaeological information about biblical times.

We accept and assert the authority of Scripture, but we know that there are some things that the Bible does not say. We are far more concerned with those things the Bible does teach us about God and ourselves. We are free to be ourselves and God will guide us in that. We are committed as Christians to lives which follow the teachings and principles of the Bible.

There is no factual support for an anti-BGLT interpretation of Scripture. The facts are only quickly summarized here, but this summary is only a starting place. We assure you that clear authority points to acceptance of BGLT Christians. Tracts which claim to give simplistic homophobic answers on this subject do a great injustice to the depths of God's Word. We hope that this web page will begin to build your knowledge and understanding, and inspire you to look at the subject in more detail.

Deuteronomy 23:17-18

These verses have been applied to homosexual behavior because of a mistranslation of the Hebrew. The King James version reads "whore" and "sodomite". The Hebrew actually uses the same noun in its masculine and feminine forms. The words are best translated "temple or cult prostitute". This type of prostitution flourished

throughout the ancient world, and was believed to encourage the gods to bestow fertility on the earth and its creatures. The above verses have nothing to do with homosexuality!

Genesis 19:4-11

The sin of Sodom is clearly explained in Ezekiel 16:49-50. It was not homosexual behavior! It was their deep and general sinfulness. The men in the story may have intended sexual abuse of the divine visitors -- the translation of the verb "know" here is not clear -- but the issue is not that the Sodomites may have been homosexual but buse, doing it by force against the will of the victim. This was in character with the whole of their uncaring, greedy and godless lives. Even in today's gay world they would be arrested for it.

Leviticus 18:22; 20:13-14

These verses are found in the Jewish Holiness Code which emphasized to the Israelites that they were to be set apart to God. The context is prohibition of practices found in the nearby fertility cult of Molech. "Abomination" is a translation of the Hebrew word which specifically means idolatrous practice, not necessarily sexual. The condemnation here is of fertility worship.

The seriousness of this idolatry in Hebrew eyes was compounded by the belief that "to lie with a man as with a woman" violated the dignity of the male sex. Women were property but men were the direct image of God. To treat a man the way a woman was treated was to reduce him to property and thereby to violate the image of God. The issue of idolatrous activity was that it failed to acknowledge God's creation.

1 Corinthians 6:9 and 1 Timothy 1:10

At issue are two words: "malakee" (found only in First Corinthians) and "arsenokeeteh" (found in both verses). Tradition assumes a homophobic meaning of the words, but actual study reveals that in its use here, malakee means

"morally weak", or "immoral persons". The translation "effeminate" in the King James version is archaic, but even it does not imply homosexuality.

Arsenokeeteh refers directly to cult prostitution. Such practices were common both in Corinth and Ephesus, where Timothy was (Timothy and Abraham are 19th century slang words for human genitals and prostitutes). It clearly refers, in this use and later uses in other writings, to prostitutes who engage in both homosexual and heterosexual cult practice. Neither of these words can possibly be translated to mean homosexual! Paul himself went both ways.

Romans 1:26-27

This is the only passage in Scripture which, at first sight, talks about homosexual behavior among women as well as men. The traditional, homophobic interpretation come from failure to relate it to the whole chapter. Paul talks about idolatrous people who put things or concerns before their devotion to God. As an example, he refers to fertility cult worship prevalent in Rome. The homosexual activity to which he refers is idolatrous. He implies that all of the cult worshippers engaged in it. (The interpretation that he is writing about homosexual behavior in general would force him to say that all idolatrous people become homosexual -- an obviously spurious interpretation.) The final sentence referring to their just reward is a reference to the venereal disease which was epidemic among such cults. This specific reference to fertility cult worship cannot be construed to condemn homosexual behavior in general, since hetero behavior spreads it also.

"Against Nature" Fallacy

Some argue that God created male and female, as recorded in Genesis, only as a means of procreation, hence homosexual behavior is condemned on the grounds that it does not produce offspring. Since gender difference is God-made, they say, heterosexual contact is the only way God meant sexuality to be expressed.

Everybody always needs a parent, granted, even if they're sixty. But this argument misses the boat.

Procreation was only one of God's purposes in creation of humanity. The other purpose, equally important in Genesis, was that God did not wish us to be alone. God gave us relationships with one another. Adam and Eve are not our only role models. It is dangerous to argue from simple biology when talking about ourselves, because we are not "evolved apes", but the image of God. Jesus told us that God is spirit, hence human beings differ from animals in having a spiritual nature. We are capable of loving relationships and this is the context of our sexuality. Our natural capacity for sexual expression is homosexual, heterosexual, or both, giving us all the options. It would be fighting nature to deny your feelings! When two women in love dress in mid-calf boots and beads and nothing else, and spend time together in bed, God is there with them, and they're going to have a big bold graphic polka-dot blast without men! It's the false Christians who are sexually repressed who find fiendish delight in knocking the fulfilling sexual relationships of true Christians. Explore your own cultural notions of love and beauty. God loves you.

Yours in Christ,

Shania Wroe, Deaconess of Christ

\* \* \*



\_February 19, 2007\_

Shania, Shania, how do I love thee? Let me count the ways.

Dr. A'ny clucked to himself like a fowl as he finished editing his new anonymous web page, then uploaded it after covering his tracks to digital cops. His Hawaiian hula girl outfit made his skin itch deliciously, made him glad to be lean and hardbodied. He had found his girlie girl Shania at

long last, clear off in gay San Francisco. She had gone the route to Catholicism and back to some kind of evangelical Bible faith, had ended up a deacon in a gay church. Correction. Lez-Gay-Bi-Tran. Correction. Bi-Gay-Lez-Tran. He could hope this order was deliberate and not just alphabetical. LGBT was Univ. of Wyoming order. Instead of trying to contact her as himself, he courted her in medieval fashion, toying with her under various aliases and disguises, but always devoted to her, his Lady, his Fantasy.

I love thee more than the sun, moon, stars, and all the web sites on the Net put together. And all the billions made on paper by dot com shuysters. And that includes the free porno sites. I see I need to play catchup.

Pardon me while I burst. What was that about not knowing, a decade ago, at 23, that I would be on the threshold of spontaneous combustion? Enough of the world and its peoples' mindless games. Zool was the devil in \_Ghostbusters\_.

\_Click.\_

ROMAN CATHOLIC POPE TO BE TOP RELIGIOUS LEADER IN SATANIC ONE WORLD KINGDOM OF ANTICHRIST SHROUD MAN

by \_The Truthseekers\_

The New World Order is coming! Are you ready? Once you understand what this New World Order really is, and how it is being gradually implemented, you will be able to see it progressing in your daily news!

Why does the Shroud Man, whom some accept as Christ, so openly support the Pope and the Roman Catholic Church? The answer is in the Book of Revelation, chapter thirteen, AKA the New World Order Plan, which reveals that the Roman Catholic Church has for centuries been full of Satanism disguised as Christianity. Indeed, the Book of Revelation was written before the RCC was founded, in about the year 100 A.D. It warns of false Christs, who are really Antichrists, the imitators of Christ sent by Satan, coming from the body of Christ itself! (See I John 2:19).

\_Click.\_

Don't you worry if you can't dance. Let the music move your feet. If you want to do the Conga you got to listen to the beat.

\_Click.\_

Learn how to protect yourself and your loved ones. Stand by for insights so startling you will never look at the news the same way again...

\_Click.\_

Date: June 21, 2008

The following letter was sent to Shania Wroe, Deaconess of Christ, H3BGLTIC (Happy-2B-Bi-Gay-Lez-Tran-in-Christ) of San Francisco by Lonny Zool of Sacred Sword Ministries, on the Isle of Cyprus:

Dear Deaconess Shania Wroe,

I have finished reading a book by a Christian who works in delivering Satanists from their bondage, Dr. Rebecca Von Bozzola, M.D., Becoming a Nuclear Wessel of Chaka in the ChristMaster's Whale Rescue Service. In the chapter entitled "The Real Star Wars: The Holy Spirit Vs. Satanic Demon Spirits", I was struck by the nearly perfect correspondence between the attributes of Satanic demon guides and the priests and doctrines of none other than the Roman Catholic Church, with which the Shroud Man is buddy-buddy.

I've listed these points for you. Please read them and then get back to me. Since you are a former Catholic I was wondering if these points really apply to the Roman Catholic Church as I think they do, or am I just whistling Dixie?

By the way, Shania, I just cured two homosexuals! A little baking soda and hot water, and voila! Their

poison ivy was gone. (A little joke.)

Lonny Zool, Sacred Sword Ministries

\_Click.\_

\_Shania's response is as follows.\_

Yes, Lonny, I agree! I know I was born into the Church, but rejected it until the Shroud Man came, and was only an adult convert for a time, but I believe my research validates Bozzola. And here's why.

\_Click.\_

Research seasmarch. The Christies all steal from each other and copy their propaganda back and forth between thousands of pathetic web sites.

\_Click.\_

What is Satanism? It is the worship of Satan and his demons. It is a blaspheming of the Holy Spirit, the only spirit God authorizes us to communicate or be familiar with. Demons are of their father the Devil, the father of lies, and are like him, liars, and rule you by deception. Few people will get so evil that they will worship demons in their true form. That worship is the final, terminal stage. Satan always strives to deceive by appearing as an angel of light. The light is really fire.

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I list your points, your quotes from Bozzola, then my own response as a former Roman Catholic for the Shroud Man, combined with my enlightened views as a Former Catholic for Christ.

\_Click.\_

1. SEIZING AUTHORITY FOR THE CHURCH WHILE TRAMPLING THE INDIVIDUAL

BOZZOLA: "The Holy Spirit values our individuality, while demons hate human beings with free will, and try to usurp a person's personality and replace it with their own. The Holy Spirit is a friend, the demon a puppetmaster."

\_Click.\_

Hi t-r-o-u-b-l-e. What are you ever doing coming to me?

\_Click.\_

MY RESPONSE:

According to the Catechism of the Catholic Church, #85:

"The task of giving an authentic interpretation of the Word of God, whether in its written form or in the form of Tradition, has been entrusted to the living teaching office of the Church alone."

Pope Pius, in a letter, once stated:

"God has given to His Church a living Teaching Authority to elucidate and explain what is contained in the deposit of faith only obscurely and implicitly. This deposit of faith our Divine Redeemer has given for authentic interpretation not to each of the faithful, not even to theologians, but only to the teaching authority of the Church.

"The Scripture indeed is a divine book but it is a dead letter, which has to be explained, and cannot exercise the action which the preacher can obtain." (\_Our Priesthood\_, Buneau, 155)

They call Jesus Christ a liar, because He said "My words shall never pass away" (Matthew 24:35; Mark 13:31).

In the book Biblical Demonology by Merrill Unger, page 178, the nail was hit on the head. The RCC corrupted early true Christianity by substituting the authority and unity of a fallible human organization for the spiritual

unity of a word of God held infallible, thus trapping itself in a "brilliantly organized system of incredible error, a very citadel for the doctrines of demons." The demons enter the RCC through individual Catholics, who introduce their errors after attaining to a position of authority higher than the Bible itself. Higher than Jesus himself become the words of RCC priests to a RC believer. At best, Jesus is just one more priest in the RCC who, being no longer around, is conveniently out of the way as the living priests claim to be the only channel to God.

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## 2. TOTAL CONTROL

BOZZOLA: "The Holy Spirit wants us to be in control, responsible for our own actions. He works in us 'to will and to do of his good pleasure' (Phil 2:13). Demons want total control. They will try to render the victim unconscious and then use them in any way they want."

MY RESPONSE:

"Once he does so (joins the Catholic Church), he has no further use for his reason. He enters the Church, an edifice illumined by the superior light of revelation and faith. He can leave reason like a lantern at the door " (\_Explanation of Catholic Morals\_, Stapleton, 76).

"Obey blindly, that is, without asking reasons. Be careful, then, never to examine the directions of your confessor... In a word, keep before your eyes this great rule, that in obeying your confessor you obey God. Force yourself, then, to obey him in spite of all fears. And be persuaded that if you are not obedient to him it will be impossible for you to go on well; but if you obey him you are secure. But you say, if I am damned in consequence of obeying my confessor, who will rescue me from hell? What you say is impossible" (\_Spouse of Christ\_, 554).

"There is only one remedy for this evil (over scrupulous

conscience), and that remedy is absolute and blind obedience to a prudent director. Choose one, consult him as often as you desire, but do not leave him for another. Then submit punctiliously to his direction. His conscience must be yours for the time being. And if you should err in following him, God will hold him, and not you responsible" (\_Explanation of Catholic Morals\_, 24).

Rome, of course, did not bother to mention Matt. 15:14:

"Let them alone. They be blind leaders of the blind. And if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch."

Humorist Florence King:

"Now, a word to Catholics who follow the dictates of their consciences instead of the dictates of the Vatican: Congratulations, you're Protestant!" (\_National Review\_, 11/27/95).

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Is she any relation to Martin Luther King or Stephen King?

\_Click.\_

### 3. ROMAN CATHOLIC PRACTICES ARE HARSH NOT GENTLE

BOZZOLA: "The Holy Spirit is gentle. Yes He comes into a person, but He leaves your soul intact. Demons are harsh. Because of their desire to take over, a person can always sense a difference between the demon spirit and themselves, the phenomenon of possession, of being used. This is true even if they think the demon is a counselor or even part of their own subconscious mind."

MY RESPONSE: You want to know about harsh? The Holy Inquisition is harsh. Inquisitors never lost a single case; there is no record of an acquittal in history. Some comedian once joked that Jesus Christ himself would have been found guilty. That comedian was burned at the stake herself (joke). The RCC Church is about total mind

control. It promises you what it will not and cannot deliver in exchange for your mind. And, as far as they are able, they want it now. You either believe everything they teach, without question, or you die at their hands, at least in theory. Until recently, Rome no longer had the political power to kill all those who will not comply. The Council of Trent announced over a hundred anathemas to anyone who did not comply with Rome's doctrines, which includes Revs. Graham and Falwell, every Protestant, Muslim, in short, every non-Catholic.

"Armed with this elastic notion of what contradicted the faith, inquisitors arrested people for eating meat on Friday, omitting their Easter duties, reading the Bible, saying it is a sin to persecute for conscience's sake, speaking ill of a cleric, priest or bishop. Any jibe against his Holiness was an indictable offence, even when uttered by a man in his cups. Any departure from the life of the community was proof of heresy meriting death. It is clear from this that the aim of the Inquisition was to defend not the faith but the papal system. As one victim of the inquisition concluded: "It is safer to discuss the power of God than the power of the pope... The ultimate injustice was being accused of thinking heresy. For the Inquisition, orthodoxy was not only speaking and acting in an orthodox (that is, papal) manner, it was also thinking as the pontiff would have a person think. If under torture a prisoner proved he had never said or done anything heretical, he could still be punished for his inmost thoughts, his doubts, his temptations" (\_Vicars of Christ\_, Peter De Rosa, 158).

"The burning of heretics was first decreed in the eleventh century. The synod of Verona (1184) imposed on bishops the duty to search out heretics in their dioceses and to hand them over to the secular power. Other synods and the fourth Lateran Council (1215), under Pope Innocent III, repeated and enforced this decree, especially the synod of Tolouse (1229) which established inquisitors in every parish (one priest and two laymen). Everyone was bound to denounce heretics, the names of witnesses were kept secret. After 1243, when Innocent IV

sanctioned the laws of Emperor Frederick II and of Louis IX against heretics, torture was applied in trials. The guilty persons were delivered up to the civil authorities and actually burnt at the stake... The present pope, Pius X (1909), has decreed the establishment in every diocese of a board of censors and of a vigilance committee whose functions are to find out and report on writings and persons tainted with the heresy of Modernism" (\_Catholic Encyclopedia\_, VII, 260).

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Innocent III, admirably cited by Rome as the greatest of all its popes, was not coincidentally more ruthless than any pope before or since. By his armies, crusades and inquisitions, he killed so many men that, through fear, he brought into subservience the kings of the earth. Rome's response:

"We ought not to blame Innocent III for taking severe measures because one hundred years of preaching and persuasion had utterly failed, and those disturbers were becoming stronger every year" (\_Question Box\_, 232).

"Given the ideas then, and long after, universally prevalent in regard to heresy and the measures of repression necessary to prevent infection from spreading, there is nothing exceptionally cruel or intolerant about the statute De Haeretico Comburendo of 1401, which provided that heretics convicted before a spiritual court, and refusing to recant, were to be handed over to the secular arm and burnt" (\_Catholic Encyclopedia\_, V, 441).

"They should have recourse to penal measures only when persuasion or reproaches have failed" (\_Penal Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law\_, 54. This is a comment on canon 2214 of the present code).

"It is the innate and proper right independently of any human authority, to chastise her delinquent subjects with penalties both spiritual and temporal" (\_Penal Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law\_, 53).

"To restrain and bring back her rebellious sons the Church uses both her spiritual power and the secular power at her command" (\_Catholic Encyclopedia\_, VII, 261).

"And although in the extraordinary conditions of these times the Church usually acquiesces in certain modern liberties, not because she prefers them in themselves, but because she judges it expedient to permit them, she would in happier times exercise her own liberty" (\_Great Encyclical Letters of Leo X\_, III, 158).

Happier times? Own liberty?

\_Click.\_

Took the words right out of my mouth.

\_Click.\_

#### 4. CORRUPTION OF THE PURITY OF CHRIST'S DOCTRINE

BOZZOLA: "The Holy Spirit is holy and pure, giving us the power to overcome sin. Demons are the opposite, totally corrupt. They will always lead a person deeper into sin, even the demons in the New Age movement who try to present themselves as being good. Within that movement the areas of sin to manifest first are usually sexual immorality, homosexuality and a desire to delve into the occult and increase contact with the spirit world."

MY RESPONSE: I think Bozzola is homophobic, and don't go with her all the way here. True, unrelenting exposure to occult teachings within Catholic doctrine gives each believer a desire to contact the spirit world, as the overwhelming response to the many Mary apparitions throughout the world demonstrate. Once Rome sanctioned these apparitions, millions of believers flocked to places such as Fatima, Lourdes, Guadalupe and every other place there was a "Mary sighting", looking for some sign of hope, but instead getting their pockets picked.

"We must make sacrifice for sins", goes the Catholic dogma. "Many souls are in hell because there is no one to make sacrifice for them".

This is an open attack on the finished work of Jesus Christ on the cross for our sins.

Rome has also led her people into seeking after "saints" that never existed, such as Saints Christopher and Bridgit. What is Santa Claus but Satan Claus, an attempt to teach children to worship Satan? Santa is omnipresent, comes through the fire, and gives gifts to those who invite him into their lives and hearts. Pretty soon they will make Obi-Wan Kenobi a saint because actor Alec Guinness was a Catholic convert.

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O-bi Wan Kenobi. Chuckle. A whole slew of British intellectuals went nuts and converted to the Church in the 50s. It was either that or go atheist and become secret members of the Commie Party and traitors and spies. A plague on both their houses. The few who stuck with the official British Protestant church of wife-killer Henry the Eighth I Am pinned their hopes on Boneless Prince Charles being the Antichrist and the British Empire coming back on top of a United States of Europe.

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What is the root of the sexual sin that is so prevalent in the Roman Catholic priesthood? 1 Tim. 4:1 tells us that it is a doctrine of devils to forbid marriage, straight, gay, bi, or lez. When Roman Catholicism accepted this as doctrine for themselves, they opened the door for all kinds of sexual abuse. In more than one incident throughout its vile history, the male priest has used the confessional to seduce and destroy women, young and old, married and single. Go to any confession booth, sneak into the priest's side, and note the semen stains on the wall. Some have used the confessional to practice pedophilia.

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The RCC didn't prohibit marriage. It only prohibits marriage to priests. If a priest wants to marry he can quit being a priest. That's an example of RCC apologetics. One plus one equals fifty explanations. If one wants to become a Satanist become a priest. The top priest wears a dress to work. Jump up jump up and get down.

\_Click.\_

I highly recommend Chiniquy's book The Woman, The Priest and the Confessional for its expose of the atrocities done in the confessional and their true historical roots.

"Let those who want more information on that subject read the poems of Juvenal, Propertius, and Tibellus. Let them peruse all the historians of old Rome, and they will see the perfect resemblance which exists between the priests of the Pope and those of Bacchus, in reference to the vows of celibacy, the secrets of auricular confession, celebration of the so-called sacred mysteries, and the unmentionable moral corruption of the two systems of religion. In fact, when one reads the poems of Juvenal, he thinks he has before him the [Catholic] books of Den, Liguori, Lebreynne, Kenric" (p. 140).

When speaking of the immorality of the popes, Peter De Rosa, in his book Vicars of Christ: the Dark Side of the Papacy, shows their true face:

"... among the popes were a large number of married men, some of whom gave up their wives and children in exchange for the papal office. Many were sons of priests, bishops and popes; some were bastards; one was a widower, another an ex-slave; several were murderers, some unbelievers; some were hermits, some heretics, sadists and sodomites; many became popes by buying the papacy (simony), and continued their days selling holy things to rake in the money; one at least was a Satan-worshipper; some fathered illegitimate children, some were fornicators and adulterers on a grand scale; some were astonishingly old, some even more astonishingly young; some were strangled;

worst of all were those who worshipped a granite God" (p. 30).

The RCC's boast that she is holy flies in the face of history. Her impure and abominable acts cannot be rivaled even by the most corrupt ancient pagan societies because Satanism is behind them all, and the RCC is Satan's crowning achievement.

\_Click.\_

This is ABC's Wide World of Sports. Brass section go. Get behind me, Satan!

\_Click.\_

#### 5. GLORIFYING SELF IN THE CATHOLIC PRIESTHOOD AT THE EXPENSE OF GLORIFYING JESUS CHRIST

BOZZOLA: "The Holy Spirit always uplifts and glorifies Jesus, thereby bringing humility into a person's life. Demons hate Jesus, and vainglorify the person in whom they dwell, always drawing attention to the person himself instead of Jesus in him. Pride is the hallmark of demons and the people they inhabit. Pride goeth before the fall."

MY RESPONSE: They certainly have downgraded Jesus Christ in their doctrine of Mary and worship of saints. Rule keeping generally makes a person proud of their accomplishments. Compare the 1950s novel The Story of O to the RCC and you get plenty of vibes about how the true believer finds his pleasure in pain.

\_Click.\_

The Story of O. Good one, Shania. I remember reading it with you in beddybedbed.

\_Click.\_

The priesthood of Rome instills a great deal of pride in its "little Levites".

"The priest is a storm: hurricane, cyclone, tornado rolled into one. Like Christ in the temple. Like Christ before the Pharisees. Like Christ hanging on the cross... No, he is more than that. The Priest is not just the cross, he is Christ Himself" (\_Lone Star Catholic\_, Father Brigante, March 1, 1959).

"... glorious priests... oracles of the Eternal Word... chiefs in the celestial militia... custodians of the Keys of heaven" (\_The Priest, His Dignity and Obligations\_, "St." John Eudes, XXV).

"To the carnal eye, the priest looks like other men, but to the eye of faith, he is exalted above angels" (\_Faith of our Fathers\_, Gibbons, 442).

"God deigns to make prelates His own equals... If then, you receive a command of one who holds the place of God, you should observe it with the same diligence as if it came from God Himself" (\_True Spouse of Christ\_, Liguori, 93).

"Thus priests are gods in power. O power and dignity of the priesthood which surpasses all the powers of heaven and earth, second only to the ineffable dignity of the Mother of God" (\_The Priest, His Dignity and Obligations\_, John Eudes, 177).

"St. Gregory Nazianzen asserts that the priest is a 'God who makes gods'." (\_The Priest, His Dignity and Obligations\_, John Eudes, 13).

"This is what the Church asks from the bishop, viz., that he would give her other Christs. She may ask from her priests to give every day the body and blood of our Lord to her children; she cannot ask them for other Christs: the bishop alone can perform such a wonder!" (\_Our Priesthood\_, Buneau, 147)

"I marvel that ye are so soon removed from him that called you into the grace of Christ unto another gospel: Which is not another; but there be some that trouble you,

and would pervert the gospel of Christ. But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed. As we said before, so say I now again, if any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed." (Galatians 1:6-9)

If you want to know what it is really like to be a priest just pick up any of the works of ex-priest Joseph McCabe.

Pride has also caused bloody battles within different organizations of Rome, such as the Franciscans and the Dominicans, or Opus Dei and the Jesuits. They have all stooped to great deceit, even faking Mary apparitions in order to gain support for their prideful anti-scriptural doctrines.

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#### 6. BLANKING THE MINDS OF ROMAN CATHOLIC ADHERENTS JUST AS IN NEW AGE MYSTICISM AND SATANISM

BOZZOLA: "The Holy Spirit never blanks out our minds. He puts thoughts into our minds, not the other way around. He wants us to 'take every thought captive' (2 Cor. 10:5) and to 'will to do God's will' (Phil. 2:13). He always wants us to actively cooperate with Him. We do not have to blank our minds for the Holy Spirit to speak to us. No, He is so powerful He can override our active mind at any time. This is the place where most Christians make mistakes and fall into deception, thinking they have to blank their minds for the Holy Spirit to operate through or speak to them. It is the demons who wish to blank out a victim's mind. They function best when the person lets them take over. That's why eastern and occult meditation always involves relaxation techniques to blank the mind. Demons have difficulty overriding an active strong mind, a Christian mind. Get behind me Satan. Believe in Jesus and demons will flee from you."

MY RESPONSE: The many memorized prayers of the Catholic, especially the Hail Marys they repeatedly mumble, achieve

the same effect as a mantra does with the mindless occultist bozos of eastern religions. Look up the word "ecstasy" in the Catholic dictionary. It comes from the Greek word "existanai" which means to "put out of place". And we're not talking about little pills sold under the table at raves.

\_Click.\_

She ought to know. At least they saved us from becoming horseheads.

\_Click.\_

"... state in which the soul is absorbed in God and the activity of the senses is suspended. It is the highest form of spiritual and mystical union with God" (\_The Maryknoll Catholic Dictionary\_, Nevins, 198).

"Through systematic meditation, prayer, contemplation, visualization, and illumination, Loyola would go into a trance and ecstasy. He was even seen to levitate off the floor, as have many Jesuits completely under Satanic power" (\_The Secret History of the Jesuits\_, Paris).

At Garabandal, Mary appeared to some children. They reported going into ecstasy, where their bodies were in a trancelike state and levitated. St. Francis of Assisi also achieved this state of ecstasy. St. Thomas Aquinas was also a mystic who experienced visions, revelations and ecstasies. It is sad that none of his visions informed him that his most influential work \_Summa Theologica\_ was based on forgeries, lies, and

\_Click.\_

Oops. Never mind.

\_Click.\_

## 7. CATHOLICISM'S MESSAGE OF HOPELESSNESS

BOZZOLA: "God convicts us of our sins, but His conviction

is nondestructive. God is Love. He always leads a person to repentance, forgiveness, redemption, and peace. Demons do one of two destructive things. They either help the person justify his sins with self-serving logic, or they bring crushing guilt with no hope of forgiveness or redemption. Demonic guilt always brings with it the message that you cannot be forgiven and you cannot escape them.

MY RESPONSE: My first child was born out of wedlock. The priest forbade the child to be baptized because I was not married. My mother was hysterical, being taught that if a baby died before it was baptized it would spend all eternity in limbo, never permitted to see God. She finally was able to find a monk who baptized my daughter for fifty dollars after she gave him a carrot show and a hand job. My mother paid the price required to quote unquote save her daughter.

\_Click.\_

You made that up.

\_Click.\_

From a personal point of view, let me just say that going to confession and asking a woman to reveal her most secret bad thoughts is so degrading that most women, myself included, a bi/lez, do not comply. By not complying, guilt and fear sets in, for it is a mortal sin in the RCC to withhold a true confession. They use that guilt and fear to control you. I know many Catholics who disagree with Rome but refuse to tell them how they feel, preferring to live in guilt and fear permanently. A good example of this is when Rome condemned contraceptives. Many Catholics continued to use them while refusing to confess it to the priests. Since Catholics are not permitted to believe they are saved (the "sin of presumption"), they never experience that blessed assurance of salvation and therefore can never really know they are forgiven of their sins. So they go to confession and Rome tells them to say a few Hail Marys and a couple Our Fathers to do penance for their sins, but the guilt always remains. This leads not to

repentance, but bondage.

"... that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." (Heb 2:14-15)

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#### 8. ROME TWISTS TRUE MEANING OF THE BIBLE

BOZZOLA: "The Holy Spirit will never give us any message that contradicts God's perfect Word. Demons will twist God's Word, taking it out of context to justify sin. They can use the Bible to justify any sin."

MY RESPONSE: Rome twists Matthew 16:18 to support the pagan title Pontifus Maximus, the Supreme Bridge to Salvation, a Babylonian title that was eventually usurped by the Roman emperors before the popes stole it:

"And I say also unto thee, thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church."

The RCC claims that Peter is the rock, and from this they do a feat of architectural engineering to get a bridge. But there is a mental trick here, in the translation. To see this, look at Peter's own words. He himself preached that Jesus is the rock (Acts 4:8-12, 1 Peter 2:4-8). So how is Matthew mistranslated? The context shows that it is about the true identity of Jesus, not Peter. Thou art Petra, the Greek word for rock, said Jesus, but I am Christ, and upon myself, the true rock, I will build my church. The papacy is thus based on a false translation of a pun. Instead the pope, being the model of Peter, denies Christ trice each day before the cock crows (Matt. 26:34). Who is the antichrist, says John, except he who denies Christ? (1 John 2:22).

Peter wasn't special to Jesus, who never elevated one apostle above the others. On the contrary, see Luke 22:24-26.

What about the so-called keys of the kingdom of heaven which Jesus entrusted to Peter (Matthew 16:19)? The Book of Acts 2:14-39 shows that they were used by him to open up the message of Christ for the first time to gentiles. The message of the New Testament, after all, is that God is rejecting his former Chosen People for the gentiles, in accordance with the Old Testament promise that through Abraham, a gentile, all the families on the earth will be blessed. See Ephesians 2:20 for the clincher. It is also doubtful if Peter himself ever visited Rome. First Peter 5:13 was written from Babylon, where a large number of Jews lived, after being sent on a mission as shown in Galatians 2:9. Later Church apologists claimed that he meant Rome when he wrote Babylon, and this backfired on them when anti-Church polemicists claimed that God meant the Church when he talked about the Whore of Babylon in St. John's Revelation. So the Church gave up Revelation, yet had to stick with the Peter in Rome Theory to bolster their twisted papal claims. Twist twist twist twist twist.

\_Click.\_

She got that from me.

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Rome also twists Matthew 18:23-35 and 1 Cor. 11:15 to justify Purgatory, another pagan doctrine, but, incredibly, admits:

"We would appeal to these general principles of Scripture, rather than to particular texts often alleged in proof of Purgatory. We doubt if they contain an explicit and direct reference to it" (\_Catholic Encyclopedia\_, 704).

Why does the RCC teach the doctrine of Purgatory? Purgatory enriches the coffers of Catholicism greatly, and most pagan religions taught Purgatory in one way or another, so they adopted it to make conversion of pagans all the easier.

Rome also teaches that the baptism of babies washes away original sin and attempts to parallel it with the circumcision of babies in the Old Testament. Sam Kinison would have trouble making a joke of that sick parallel.

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He did.

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Devils impersonating Mary and Jesus have communicated hundreds of messages that not only contradict God's word, but justify praying to Mary for salvation. One masquerading as Jesus told Gladys Quiroga De Motta of Argentina (1986):

"If this generation does not listen to My Mother, it will perish. I ask everyone to listen to her... I tell My children: To deny the Mother is to deny the Son... Pray to Mary, for the prayer to this Mother will bear plentiful fruit. May this be known and meditated on. Read 1 Tim. 4:4."

Here we have "Jesus" instructing her to misapply Scripture itself. Rome also twists the words of our Lord Jesus at the Last Supper to justify following the pagan religions before her. Jesus never held up the bread and said that it contained the blood necessary to make it actually His flesh that was being eaten. But the pagan societies before Jesus was even born did teach that the flesh of their deity was to be eaten:

"In nearly all the Mysteries an agape, or sacramental meal, preceded initiation. At Eleusis the sacrifice to Demeter and Kore was followed by a banquet on the flesh of the victims... In the Mysteries of Mithra a bread and a cup of water are offered in the rites of initiation accompanied by certain explanations, to which Pliny refers in *magicis cenis initiaverat*. Extant symbols attest the sacramental meal in the cult of the Great Mother. The inscription of Andania and one from Messenia prove the same for Demeter, while for the Samothracian

Mysteries an inscription from Tomi relates that the

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The King of Queens on CBS. Used to be on Mondays.

\_Click.\_

considered themselves to be devouring the life of the deity" (The Mystery Religions, Angus, 129-130).

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#### 9. "CONTROLLING" JESUS CHRIST, GOD AND MARY

BOZZOLA: "We can never control the Holy Spirit, who functions when and how He pleases. We are the servants, He is the Master. We cannot control when the Holy Spirit speaks to us, gives us a glimpse of the spirit world, makes us aware of God's presence, heals, or gives us discernment. The Holy Spirit never does the same thing twice, refusing to allow us to depend on any routine or ritual. Demon spirits dupe their victims into thinking they can control them, but this is impossible. They will come whenever the person calls, heal when the person wants, etc., in order to hook their tentacles into them harder. Each gift comes with a price of heavier involvement in sin. They love rituals and routines, pomp and show. They enable a person to see the spirit world more and more in a false light. The demonic counterfeits of the gifts of the Holy Spirit are usually under the apparent control of the victim, e.g., he can heal, prophesy, emit words of knowledge, etc., whenever he wants. But actually the victim sells a little more of his soul each time he draws from the demons' soulbank."

MY RESPONSE:

In the book Externals of the Catholic Church, p. 156, we read:

"It is interesting to note how often our Church has availed herself of practices which were in common use

among pagans... Thus it is true, in a sense, that some Catholic rites and ceremonies are a reproduction of those pagan creeds; but they are the taking of what was best from paganism, the keeping of symbolical practices which express the religious instinct that is common to all races and times".

In that same book, page 289, Msgr. Sullivan gives the prayer said at the "blessing of the candles":

"... that at the sound of this bell their faith and devotion may be increased, that the snares of the Evil One may be ineffectual, that the elements may be calmed, that the air may be healthful, and that demons may flee when they hear the sweet tones of the bell."

In that same book, he admits that "bells were used by ancient Egyptians in the worship of Osiris", but claims that none other than Moses, "who was educated in the priestly class of Egypt, introduced them into Judaism". There is no scriptural evidence to back up Sullivan's statement here. Not only do rituals "drive away devils", but just as the pagans used rituals to obtain favor from their gods, Rome also uses her rituals to obtain favors from her God.

"The Church has blessings for persons, places, and things... Anybody may ask a priest to bless him. Houses and places of business, fields and crops may be blessed. Devotional articles, such as medals, rosaries, crucifixes, images and holy pictures may be blessed... All these blessings and objects blessed are sacramentals. We use them to obtain favors from God" (\_My Catholic Faith\_, Louis LaRavoire Morrow, 382).

In Ephesians 1:3, we learn that God has already "blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ." Since we have already been blessed to the maximum through Jesus Christ, then nothing we can do or say, nor any ritual performed, can bless us any more. God has already loved us enough to bless us completely through Jesus Christ. In the next verse, we see that God loved mankind enough to begin this blessing from eternity

past: "According as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world."

A Catholic praying to Mary feels assured that their prayers will be answered because Mary controls (Catholics would say "has influence over") Jesus and "He can refuse her nothing". According to the apparition of Mary by visionary Catherine Laboure, Rome was commanded by Mary to make an image of her with the serpent under her feet and a promise for those who wore this medal. The image is still very popular in Roman Catholicism.

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Catholic author, Omar Englebert, in his book Catherine Laboure and the Modern Apparitions of Our Lady, page 237, we read:

"This is a truth upon which she [Mary] most often insists: I am the mistress of my Son's heart; He loves me so much that He can refuse me nothing. So she said at Pellevoisin. And at La Salette she declared: Ah, if you knew what it costs me to withhold his [Jesus] avenging arm.. It is costly; she must sometimes plead, but in the end she always prevails. Her prayers are infallible because there is no saint in heaven who prays as she does and because He to whom she prays is her Son."

This lie defaces the Lord Jesus Christ more than just about any other of the RCC's lies. To say that Mary can persuade Jesus to not punish someone is to simultaneously admit that the person is guilty, and admitting that Jesus' decision is imperfect. If His original decision to punish were perfect, then Mary would have no say in the matter, and most definitely could not persuade Him otherwise. So this teaching that Mary acts to prevent Jesus' punishment is accusing Jesus Christ of being imperfect. If Jesus is imperfect, He is not the God of the Bible, because absolute perfection is one of God's many attributes (James 1:25; Deuteronomy 32:4; Psalms 18:30). But pagan gods are not perfect, and can make mistakes. If you looked closely enough in pagan literature, I bet you would find a Mother Goddess who is

acting as an intermediary to prevent her vengeful son from destroying mankind. Try Hera for instance.

But it is not just scapulars, rosaries and crucifixes that Rome uses to protect them from devils:

"Many Catholic writers attribute a magical power to the seven sacraments and 125 sacramentals (\_The Sacramentals, Lambing\_, 35) to protect them from all the forces of nature which are believed to be under the control of evil spirits, in truly pagan character, for barbarous people do not attribute earthquakes, cyclones, floods, drought, famine, lightning etc., to the understandable working of natural law. So also with accidents, such as fire, shipwreck, drowning etc. They rarely see any relation between sanitation and health, but their charms, enchantments, amulets etc., are used against disease" (\_Catholicism Against Itself\_, Lambert, 142).

What about the RCC use of holy water to control demons?

"Msgr. Sullivan teaches that this is one of the Roman Catholic rites that was a reproduction of pagan worship (\_Externals of the Catholic Church\_, 226). Justin Martyr, who died about 163 A.D., wrote, 'The pagans, on entering their temples, sprinkle themselves with water... It is a very important sacramental of the Roman Catholic Church. A tradition says St. Matthew used it. In a letter (admitted to be spurious) Pope Alexander mentions Holy Water. Its actual use is probably from the 4th century. Holy Water is made from a union of salt and water, both of which have been exorcised. It is used a great deal in liturgical functions: Mass, Matrimony, Extreme Unction and services for the dead. Private use of Holy Water is encouraged. By making the Sign of the Cross with Holy Water, having contrition and saying, 'In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost' a person gains indulgence of 300 days." [Note: Time values for indulgences are no longer used.]

From \_Holy Water\_, Benedictine Convent of Perpetual Adoration, Imp. Charles Helmsing (1962):

"Its blessing consists of exorcisms, prayers and the mingling of salt with water. The purpose of the exorcisms is to banish the evil spirit and destroy his influence... The prayer with which the salt is blessed implores God that it may be the means of salvation to souls; that it may preserve from bodily harm; and that it may sanctify everything with which it comes in contact... The prayer used in blessing the water implores God that it may drive away demons; that it may cure diseases; and that it may free houses and their inhabitants from all evil, particularly from epidemics.."

Holy water a "means of salvation to souls"? What blasphemy! Only the sacrifice of Jesus Christ can achieve "salvation to souls".

"Theologians teach that holy water, when used with the proper intention and disposition confers actual graces, remits venial sins, restrains the power of Satan, defends against temptations, secures temporal blessings and obtains relief for the souls in purgatory... A simpler form (of blessing) is to make the sign of the Cross in silence on the child's forehead and sprinkle him or her with holy water. Give this blessing after morning and evening prayers, before the child leaves home for school, church, etc... The devil hates Holy Water because of its power over him. He cannot long abide in a place or near a person that is often sprinkled with this blessed water..."

I pity the poor Catholic parent who confers this Satanic curse upon her children every day. Truly, no institution on earth more schools its people in the ways of Satanism, using the blessed name of Jesus Christ, than the Roman Catholic Church! Is it any wonder that the Illuminati have given the position of False Prophet under the coming Kingdom of Antichrist, the New World Order, to the Catholic Pope?

Click.

10. WALKING BY EMOTION, NOT BIBLICAL FAITH

BOZZOLA: "The Holy Spirit demands that we walk in faith, not by sight or changing emotions. Therefore, He does not frequently or routinely give us visions or prompt us to respond with dramatic emotional outbursts. The Holy

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Take that up with the Attorney General.

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Spirit does not satisfy carnal desires for emotional rewards. Because we must walk by faith and not by sight, the Holy Spirit rarely lets us see the spirit world, and certainly not on a routine basis, or whenever we want to. Demons love to manipulate human emotions."

MY RESPONSE: The whole Catholic mass is surrounded by the claim of the priest's supernatural abilities to change a tasteless bread wafer into God, so the average Catholic is already preconditioned to look for some "sign". The ex-cathedra statement (the supposition that the pope speaks in place of the Holy Ghost) of the infallibility of the pope was also based on supernatural visions of the epileptic pope Pius IX, who "was morbidly eager to believe his court prelates' stories about visions and prophecies". His vision of Mary, which convinced him that she was his ally, was like the hundreds of apparitions of Mary before and since, conveying messages totally contrary to the word of God, relying on anecdotal stories of supernatural miracles to "prove that it must be from God".

\_Click.\_

If she mentions Mary apparitions one more time I'll shit my grass skirt.

\_Click.\_

Let me give you some RCC examples of "miracles".

"The sinner entered, adored the cross, and wept. She

returned to the picture. 'O Lady', she said, 'I am ready; where shall I return to do penance?' 'Go', said the Virgin, 'beyond the Jordan, and thou wilt find the place of thy repose.'" (\_Glories of Mary\_, 98-99).

"The nobleman went to the church, and on seeing the figure of Mary he felt himself, as it were, invited by her to cast himself at her feet and trust. He hastens to do so, kisses her feet, and Mary, from the statue, extended her hand for him to kiss" (\_Glories of Mary\_, 232).

"Not long after his return to Assisi, whilst Francis was praying before an ancient crucifix in the forsaken wayside chapel of St. Damian's below the town, he heard a voice saying, 'Go Francis, and repair my house, which as you see is falling into ruin.'" (\_Catholic Encyclopedia\_, VI, 22).

"The great servant of God, Brother Bernard of Corlien, a Capuchin, did not know how to read, and his fellow religious wished to teach him. He went to ask for advice from the crucifix, and Jesus answered him from the cross: 'What necessity for books or reading! I am your book, a book in which you can always read the love I have borne you.'" (\_Devotion of the Holy Rosary\_, 96).

"Father Bernardine de Bustis relates that a hawk darted upon a bird which had been taught to say Ave Maria... the bird said Ave Maria, and the hawk fell dead. By this Our Lord wishes to show us, that if an irrational bird was saved from destruction by invoking Mary, how much more surely will he be prevented from falling into the power of an evil spirit, who is mindful to invoke Mary in his temptations" (\_Glories of Mary\_, 96).

Catholics walk by faith in their organization's official miracles, not faith in God or His word. "For they being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God." (Rom. 10:3)

11. ROME KILLS ANYONE AND EVERYONE WHO REFUSES TO BE  
THEIR PUPPET

\_Click.\_

And if it weren't for jazz parties there wouldn't be any  
jazz.

\_Click.\_

BOZZOLA: "We can grieve the Holy Spirit by disobeying  
Him. When we do, He withdraws and ceases functioning  
in our lives. The Holy Spirit never goes against our  
free will. God doesn't want puppets, robots, slaves.  
Demons bring quick punishment to anyone disobeying them.  
They are quick to take over and control, always trying  
to usurp the victim's free will. Demons love puppets  
and robots."

\_Click.\_

Demons must have invented computers. The Story of O again.  
My my. But then, if God is all-powerful he must be  
omniscient. But if God is omniscient, he knows the future.  
But if God knows the future, how can a person have free  
will? Or be saved? That thought's enough to make a Hindu  
Java programmer out of me.

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MY RESPONSE: Jesus Christ never taught that His Church  
was to kill people who disagreed with Him, the Shroud Man  
included. Only the pagans do that, and Rome has done it  
in abundance. As all can now see, after the Pope becomes  
the False Prophet, supporting the Antichrist, he supports  
the spilling of blood again by the Shroud Man, just as,  
historically, Rome is guilty of the blood of 50-60  
million people [others have estimated it much higher].

One thing for sure, Roman Catholicism's attitude is that  
she rules over all things.

"There is no king now upon any throne who sets forth his pretensions in more imperious tones than Pope Pius IX; yet, they crouch at his feet as submissively as the slave at the feet at his task-master. When he insists -- as other popes have done before him -- that God has given him full power over the whole world, both in ecclesiastical and civil affairs, and that to maintain the contrary is impious and heretical..." (\_The Papacy And The Civil Power\_ (1876), R.W. Thompson)

"... since the decree of papal infallibility... this means the pope, who represents and absorbs all the authority of the Church, says: 'She [Roman Catholicism] is, under God, the supreme judge of both laws, which for her are but one law and hence she takes cognizance, in her tribunals, of the breaches of the natural law as well as of the revealed, and has the right to take cognizance by nations as well as of its breaches by individuals, by the prince as well as the subject, for it is the supreme law for both. The state is, therefore, only an inferior court, bound to receive the law from the Supreme Court, and liable to have its decrees reversed on appeal.'"

Since the Pope has always claimed that he has absolute authority over all political rulers, the sequence of events in the Book of Revelation is becoming very interesting. As the Antichrist arises per Revelation 13:1-10 we see that he takes absolute control over all the peoples of the earth. He is the number one man, and his post is political. Then, in verses 11-18, we see the False Prophet arise, whom we now know is the Catholic Pope. He is the number two man, serving Antichrist. This is quite a departure from the Pope's historical claim of supremacy over all political rulers, but we are seeing it happen every day. Why? Because demons hate each other, and eat each other up in their quest for supremacy.

Thus, in Revelation 17:16, we see that Antichrist and his army composed of the all nations (ten is the biblical symbol for all) suddenly turn on the False Prophet, utterly destroying him with fire. Why would they suddenly turn on him, destroying him after he had served

him so well? Because the Pope had tried to overthrow the political leadership, taking all control for himself. After all, that is exactly what the Virgin Mary promised Pope John Paul II that she would do -- see The Keys to His Blood, by Malachi Martin.

Click.

It's a small world after all.

Click.

Thus, this historic belief of the Popes that they control all things, both political and spiritual, will be the trap that causes the Antichrist to totally destroy the Roman Catholic Church and set up his own.

Will Rome spill blood again? In The Western Watchmen, Dec. 24, 1908, Catholics are quoted as saying:

"Protestantism -- we would draw it and quarter it. We would impale it and hang it up for the crows to eat. We would tear it with pincers and fire it with hot irons. We would fill it with molten lead and sink it in a thousand fathoms of hell fire."

The Denver Post of Feb. 20, 1994 reported that fifteen thousand people were expelled from their own homes and lands by Catholic authorities for practicing Protestant and evangelical religions.

"Stunned by the staggering growth of evangelical sects in Brazil, leaders of the Roman Catholic church have threatened to launch a holy war against Protestants unless they stop leading people from the Catholic fold... At the 31st National Conference of the Bishops of Brazil... Bishop Sinesio Bohn called evangelicals a serious threat to the Vatican's influence in his country. 'We will declare a holy war; don't doubt it', he announced. 'The Catholic Church has a ponderous structure, but when we move, we'll smash anyone beneath us.' According to Bohn, an all-out holy war can't be avoided unless the 13 largest Protestant churches and

denominations sign a treaty that would require Protestants to stop all evangelism efforts in Brazil. In exchange, he said Catholics would agree to stop all persecution directed toward Protestants." (cf. Charisma, May 1994)

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## 12. ROME DENIES ASSURANCE OF SALVATION

BOZZOLA: "The Holy Spirit loves us and brings us into eternal life in the presence of God. Demons hate us and lead people into eternal destruction separated from God forever in Hell. The end justifies the means to them. The way of salvation is narrow and the path to hell wide and broad."

MY RESPONSE: There is no salvation in the Roman Catholicism doctrine. Rome teaches that it is the "sin of presumption" to believe you are saved. The whole system is based on working for your salvation even though the word of God says salvation is "not of works lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2:8-9). II Corinthians 11:3 says: "But I fear, lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtlety, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ." This is the darkness of paganism in your face!

When the keeper of the prison asked Paul and Silas, "What must I do to be saved?", Paul answered, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ". In a prayer card from Mother of the Savior Seminary, Blackwood, NJ, we get a list of 60 things you must do to be saved if you're a Catholic: "Things necessary for salvation: Believing in God; Hoping in God; Loving God; Being sorry for offending God; Adoring God; Aspiring after God; Thanking God; Calling upon God; Being led, restrained, comforted and defended by God; Consecrating all thoughts, words, actions and sufferings to God; Referring all actions to God's Glory; Suffering whatever God appoints; Desiring God's will; Having understanding enlightened, will inflamed, body purified and soul sanctified; Expiating offences, overcoming temptations, subduing passions, acquiring

virtues; Loving God's goodness, hating my faults, loving my neighbor, having contempt for the world; Being submissive to superiors, courteous to inferiors, faithful to friends, and charitable to enemies; Overcoming sensuality, avarice, anger and tepidity; Being prudent, courageous, patient and humble; Being attentive at prayer; temperate at meals; diligent in employment, constant in resolutions; Having a pure conscience, being modest, letting conversation be edifying, and deportment regular; Laboring to overcome nature, working with God's Grace, keeping His commandments and working out my salvation; Seeing the nothingness of this world, the greatness of heaven, the shortness of time and the length of eternity; Preparing for death, fearing God's judgments, thereby to escape hell and in the end obtain salvation."

Stop! Did you read the name of Jesus Christ anywhere in that list? The Bible says that believing in God only for salvation will not save us, for even the demons believe in God (James 2:19). Jesus Himself said that salvation is only through Him (John 3:18; 14:6; 20:31).

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### 13. SELF-IMPOSED PUNISHMENT DENIES CHRIST'S SACRIFICE

BOZZOLA: "Jesus loved us enough to die for, and shed His own blood for us, paying the price for our purification from sins Himself. Demons never shed any of their blood for us, teaching their victims that they must do this for their purification so that Satan and his demons can 'bless' them. In the case of Catlicks, demons bring about all sorts of self-imposed punishment based on rigid legalistic rules so that supposedly God can bless them."

MY RESPONSE: John 3:16.

\_Click.\_

Catlicks. She got in a good one. My response: sixteen inches of john among three, including one colon.

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14. ROME SACRIFICES JESUS OVER AND OVER: SATAN GLOATS  
IN THE MASS

BOZZOLA: "Jesus paid the price for our sins once and for all" (1 Peter 3:18). Demons always demand more and more sacrifices. They are never satisfied. Jesus is not a perfect ransom for all mankind's sins with them. Instead, He is reduced to as imperfect a ransom as a goat or a bull would have been to an ancient Hebrew."

MY RESPONSE: Is this the reason Catholics "sacrifice" Jesus Christ over and over again through the Mass? This seems powerful proof of disguised demonism and paganism. Indeed, the Mass is an act of Satanism, murdering Christ and making the attendees cannibalize his corpse in glee! No wonder the Mass goes better to the tune of pagan music, for instance, ancient Celtic, than anything else.

They seem never satisfied with the amount of symbolic Savior's blood they shed in the Mass. While we are speaking of the Mass, there are two things I wish to bring up for your reaction. Rad Doc Marquette, former Satanist Illuminist, boldly stated that RCC is disguised Satanism. He also said that the Mass, when said in Latin, evokes powerful demons; that the priests who "really knew the score" were very upset when Mass began to be said in a language other than Latin. Rad Doc predicted that soon the Mass would begin to be said in Latin again, as we approach the appearance of Antichrist.

Read Fox's Book of the Martyrs, and notice a pattern. The average RC mob seemed to be susceptible to being provoked en masse, at which point they would fall upon Protestants and murder them in public. It seems as though several of the most heinous murderous rampages against Protestants occurred after Mass had been said. Is there something within the Mass, maybe tied in with Doc's assertion above, that allows mental programming of the individual adherent, particularly after they had gone to Mass for all of their life?

FORMER CATHOLICS FOR CHRIST: I believe when anyone mocks the finished work of Jesus on the cross for our sins (as in the following quote) they open the door for demons:

"The priest brings Christ down from heaven, and renders Him present on our altar as the eternal Victim for the sins of man -- not once but a thousand times! The priest speaks and lo! Christ, the eternal and omnipotent God, bows his head in humble obedience to the priest's command" (The Faith of Millions, by John O'Brien).

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A kiss on the hand may be quite continental, but pearls are a girl's best friend. Pearls of wisdom cast before swine, snort snort. Three little pigs. Kid Rock Badwitdaba.

\_Click.\_

One of the great changes that came about after Vatican II was the "Novus Ordo" (New Order) or New Mass, despite the decree Quo Primum by Pope Pius V on July 19, 1570 which stated: "We determine and order that NEVER shall anything be added to, omitted from, or CHANGED in this Missal... We specifically warn all persons in authority, of whatever dignity or rank... NEVER to use or permit any ceremonies or Mass prayers other than the ones contained in this Missal ordered by the Sacred Council of Trent... We herewith declare that it is in virtue of our Apostolic Authority that we decree and determine that this our present order and decree is to last IN PERPETUITY AND CAN NEVER BE LEGALLY REVOKED OR AMENDED AT A FUTURE DATE... And if anyone would nevertheless ever dare to attempt any action contrary to this order of ours, given for all times, let him know that he has incurred the wrath of Almighty God and of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul" (The Dawning Of The New Age New World Order, Cutty, p. 148).

Vatican II had a devastating effect on many Catholics who became disillusioned by the demystifying of the Mass, as they called it. There remains great division in Catholic circles over this so that a move to return to the Latin

Mass is always being attempted. The Black Mass is the Latin Mass backwards. Do you see Satanists taking it out of the Latin? Why? It is recognized by authorities that backward talking can be detected by the subconscious mind. And they have no reason to change a single word.

\_Click.\_

We should have taken you along. You would have been fun.

\_Click.\_

#### 15. ROME'S ATTACK ON PRIVATE BIBLE READING IS PURE SATANISM

BOZZOLA: "The Holy Spirit gives us the desire to read the Bible. Demons try to keep people from reading the Bible, to read a substitute for the Bible, or not to read at all."

MY RESPONSE: This alone proves that the RCC is disguised Satanism. Rome is against all private Bible reading on principle:

"It is said that we deprive the Faithful of the word of God, which is the soul's daily bread. We may answer this falsehood by stating that while, indeed the Scripture is our soul's daily bread, Mother Church proportions it to our needs. Just as parents do not give the whole loaf to their children, or a knife with which to cut it lest they injure themselves, so it is the duty of the Church, of the priest or the preacher, to distribute this spiritual bread of the word of God to the people in portions suited to their requirements. It is said that the word of God is the light of the world. Well, indeed do we admit this truth. But we do not place a lighted candle in a child's hands, lest he burn himself" (The Priest, His Dignity and Obligations, St. John Eubes, p. 99).

"From all of which it must be abundantly clear that the Bible alone is not a safe and competent guide because it is not now and has never been accessible to all, because it is not clear and intelligible to all, and because it

does not contain all the truth of the Christian religion" (Finding Christ's Church, John A. O'Brien, p. 20).

"More than this, parts of the Bible are evidently unsuited to the very young or to the ignorant, and hence Clement XI condemned the proposition that the reading of Scripture is for all. These principles are fixed and invariable but the discipline of the Church with regard to the reading of the Bible in the vulgar tongue (language of the people) has varied with varying circumstances" (Catholic Dictionary, Addis & Arnold, p. 82).

"Through Luther, although Calvin seems to have been the first to announce Monobiblicism clearly, the Bible became the arm of the Protestant revolt. A DUMB AND DIFFICULT book was substituted for the living voice of the Church, in order that each one should be able to make for himself the religion which suited his feelings. And the Bible opened before every literate man and woman to interpret for themselves was the attractive bait used to win adherents" (Catholic Commentary, p. 11).

"But nothing was further from the minds of the writers, and of the Apostles generally, then that these writings be gathered together and made into a book, which would be accepted as a complete statement of the doctrine of Christianity. Any one of them would have been shocked had he known that his letters would in time be made use of by heretics in an attempt of usurping the place of the authoritative teacher, the Church of Jesus Christ. That compositions intended to meet certain local circumstances should be accepted everywhere as an infallible guide in faith and morals independent of any authority to interpret them, is distinctly wrong" (Our Faith In The Facts, Donovan, p. 348).

Jesus Christ Himself told His disciples that the Holy Spirit would come to bring Jesus' message to the world (John 16:7-16).

"Yet it does happen that some devout Christians experience a certain disappointment when they open the

Bible. They expect to find uplifting and heartwarming phrases and are faced instead with dry lists of ritual observances, fierce imprecations of some of the prophets and the enigmatic sentences of the Apocalypse -- if not the matrimonial adventures of the Kings. It must be admitted that the Bible in no way resembles a manual of devotion; apart from the Gospels and Sapiential books, it has little to offer the believer nourished on the Imitation or even the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius of Loyola" (Henri Daniel-Rops, \_20th Century Encyclopedia\_, Vol. 60, 112-113).

St. Ignatius of Loyola was a pagan mystic, not truly a born-again Christian. Hitler patterned his Satanic SS after these Jesuits founded by St. Ignatius of Loyola.

"... if the sacred books are permitted everywhere... in the vernacular, there will by reason of the boldness of men arise there from more harm than good" (\_Council of Trent, recorded in Decrees of the Council of Trent\_, Schroeder, 273-278).

Here's what the Bible itself says: "All Scripture is inspired of God and beneficial for teaching, for reproving, for setting things straight, for disciplining in righteousness, that the man of God may be fully competent, completely equipped for every good work." (2 Tim. 3:16-17)

\_Click.\_

Funny they should switch to the Jehovah's Witness translation all of a sudden here.

\_Click.\_

16. ROME'S TEACHINGS ARE IN CONFUSION AND BLIND FAITH IN CHURCH DOCTRINE IS SUBSTITUTED

BOZZOLA: "The Holy Spirit helps us to understand the Scriptures. Demons bring confusion, blocking a person from understanding them."

MY RESPONSE: Rev. 17:4-5 says: "And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication: And upon her forehead was a name written, MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH."

Babylon means "city of confusion". This perfectly describes Roman Catholicism and its doctrines.

EXAMPLE: PURGATORY

"Roman Catholicism teaches that when we sin we steal from God. If we were to steal from a man we would not only ask his forgiveness but also pay him back, so when we tell God we're sorry we are forgiven the eternal punishment, but we still have to pay God back. This is called the temporal punishment. The eternal punishment, absolved in Confession, is Hell. The temporal punishment may be satisfied by good works, almsgiving, saying indulgenced prayers and bearing our Cross. Temporal punishment not fully paid on earth is completed in purgatory" (Externals of the Catholic Church, Sullivan, p. 376).

The "temporal punishment" of purgatory (i.e. burning lake of fire or as one Catholic apologist said "day at summer school" where "Buddha and Mohammad walk on a beach") leaves me slightly ignorant on exactly how much suffering is required or sufficient to "purify", yet they send out literature saying such things as the following:

"If they're in Purgatory, they're all looking to YOU to intercede for them for the alleviation of their sufferings. They need our prayers and indulgences... They can no longer help themselves... It just breaks our hearts to think how some Catholics neglect the suffering souls of their family and friends in Purgatory today..." (Apostolate for Family Consecration, Oct. 7, 1996)

Hear that sound? It is coins clinking in the offering tray of a Catholic priest who can now be "persuaded" to pray for a dead loved one. If you cannot see the pagan

origin of this false teaching you are truly spiritually blind. All the pagans carried out this practice. Priestcraft always goes for the gold and the green.

When the priests ask you to pay for a Mass to be said for your loved ones who are supposedly suffering in purgatory, you'd feel horrible if you did not comply. My own dad often gave money for Masses to be said for his dad. But, as the Church is raking in the money for these "suffering souls", she neglects to remind the paying customer that she cannot assure them that it will in any way help their loved ones!

"I would say that the Catholic Church claims no jurisdiction over souls in the other world, and professes absolute ignorance regarding God's particular application of the infinite merits of the passion and death of His Son to the souls in purgatory. All Masses and prayers for the dead are applied by way of suffrage, that is our dependence on God's secret mercy and will, who in His infinite justice may apply to another soul altogether the Masses said for a certain individual" (Question Box, 1913 ed., 460-461).

This same wakiwaki surrounds the doctrine on indulgences. They used to promise us 300 days out of purgatory if we said a certain prayer. Worse than that, during the crusades they promised penary (full) indulgence for killing heretics:

"The period of the crusade marks a turning point in the history of indulgences, for they were given more and more freely from that time onward... For example at the council of Siena, in 1425, a plenary indulgence was offered to those who took arms against the Hussites; while wars against the Waldenses, Albigenses, Moors, and Turks were stimulated by the same means" (Catholic Dictionary, p. 442).

Indulgences insult our Lord Jesus Christ by offering a counterfeit substitute for His eternal and perfect satisfaction rendered by His obedience and death which satisfies the justice of God.

EXAMPLE: LIMBO

"LIMBO is from the Latin word *limbus* meaning a fringe or border and is the name given to that place on the borders of hell in which the just who died in a state of grace before Christ were detained until our Lord's Resurrection from the dead. Such souls were friends of God but, because the Redemption had not yet taken place, they were still suffering the effects of Original Sin. Heaven not being open to them they were detained in Limbo as not deserving the torments of hell, since they were not guilty of personal sin (Rom. 3:23; 5:12), but they had to experience a temporary loss of God. It was into this part of hell that the soul of Christ himself descended while his body was in the grave after his death. This is the usual interpretation given to I Peter 3:18-19: 'Being put to death indeed in the flesh, but enlivened in the spirit, in which also coming he preached to those spirits that were in prison...' This limbo is sometimes called the limbo of the Fathers, that is, the Fathers of the Jewish people, men like Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, who were detained here. This is to distinguish it from the limbo of children, the place where children go who die without baptism. The existence of the limbo of infants has never been defined by the Church, but it is a conclusion that we are led to from a consideration of the fact that baptism is necessary for entrance into heaven, while we are reluctant to believe that God will punish those who have never been guilty of personal sin... The inhabitants of this limbo are in a somewhat different position from those who were in the Limbo of the Fathers, for they are in a state of purely natural happiness and know nothing of heaven which is closed to them for ever, whereas the Fathers knew they would attain heaven some day." (Catholic People's Encyclopedia, 1966, Vol. 2, 627-28)

I cannot imagine a more damnable lie to tell bereaved parents than this, that their infant child is in eternal limbo because it was not baptised before death. No Catholic can ever point to one Scripture about any eternal limbo.

\_Click.\_

How low can they go?

\_Click.\_

#### 17. RCC CORRUPTS AND PERVERTS TRUE PRAYER

BOZZOLA: "The Holy Spirit draws us to pray. Demons hinder all true prayer by encouraging mantras."

MY RESPONSE: Many of the prayers said in the RCC are addressed to Mary, RCC saints, or angels which are not omnipresent, and therefore cannot hear your prayers. Even the angel that was sent to Daniel was detained and could not get there for 21 days. Only God is omnipresent and able to hear all prayers. Rome insults the Creator and lies against the scriptures that clearly state no one is equal to God (see Isa. 40:25; 46:5). Rome also claims that all graces flow through Mary. This means that no sacrament of Rome is without Mary's spirit present to dispense the graces. This is pure paganism, many of whose religions prayed and offered sacrifices to a Queen of Heaven. See Jeremiah chapters 7 and 44.

Msgr. John Sullivan, in The Externals of the Catholic Church, p. 257, admits:

"Repetition in prayer is a very ancient custom. This usually leads to a resolution to say a certain number of prayers daily; and then the utility of having some counting device suggests itself at once. Hence comes the string of beads that we call a Rosary. The use of some means of counting prayers is not restricted to Catholics. The Buddhist of India has his long string of beads which he uses to measure his eternal repetitions of the praises of Buddha."

Why don't I feel it refreshing to hear a Roman Catholic official admit that Rome's practices are un-Christian and pre-Christian?

\_Click.\_

18. THE POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE OF ROMAN CATHOLIC RITUALS  
IS PURELY PAGAN IN ORIGIN

BOZZOLA: "The Holy Spirit is not a show-off. Demons love to make a show, a false one that that."

MY RESPONSE: Roman Catholicism is the mother of pomp and ceremony with her processions, candles, incense, idols, Babylonian-type garments, etc., all copied from pagan predecessors.

Alexander Hislop, in his 19th cent. book The Two Babylons, in Ch. 6, Section I, details the close similarity between the pomp of the Sovereign Pontiff of Rome and the Sovereign Pontiff of Egypt three thousand years ago. Hislop pointed out that the Pagans have always recognized that people are most influenced by what they see with their physical eyes, therefore they have always created the most showy rituals and church services. Contrast that with the simple early church services seen in the first church of the New Testament, and you can see the "simplicity that is Christ" (2 Corinthians 11:3).

\_Click.\_

19. RCC INSTITUTIONAL LIES

BOZZOLA: "The Holy Spirit is a spirit of truth, and never lies. All demons are liars, and so are the victims they possess."

\_Click.\_

See Shirley MacLaine, snicker. Mrs. Tess Carlyle and Mr. Cheswick. What a way to go, Shania.

\_Click.\_

MY RESPONSE: As the Scriptures say: "I have not written unto you because ye know not the truth, but because ye

know it, and that no lie is of the truth" (1 John 2:21).

Rome is founded on forgeries and lies. In 1 Timothy 4:2 Paul speaks of false teachers who lead men away from the faith, that they will speak "lies in hypocrisy", of the "lying wonders" (2 Thess.2:9) of the man of sin. The surprising thing concerning Roman Catholic writers is their lack of reticence in applying that sort of characterization to the RCC by using practically every synonym for forgery and lying in the language to describe their own literature. I have noted many different expressions, all of which have this general meaning. Keep in mind that the following quotes are all from Catholic writers describing their own history.

"Forgery quite a trade with Catholics" (\_Cath. Ency., VII, 136; V, 780; XII, 768; XIV, 378.)

"Spurious" (\_Cath. Dictionary\_, 43, 522; \_Catholic Ency., VII, 644, 645; IX, 234-5; XV, 485).

"Fraud" (\_De Montor\_, I, 197).

"Legal fiction" (\_Inquisition\_, 128-130).

"Fable" (\_Short History\_, 82; Cath. Ency., VII, 539).

"Fictitious" (\_Cath. Ency., I, 636).

"False" (\_Cath. Dict., 105).

"Highly debatable" (\_Cath. Ency., IX, 743).

"Unlikely tale... myth... not authentic... fable... not history" (\_Explanation of Catholic Morals\_, 115-116).

"Exaggeration", (\_Question Box\_, 520, 521).

"Pure works of imagination... pious fancy... editorial manipulations... unreliable" (\_Cath. Ency., IX, 743).

"Historically untenable" (\_Cath. Ency., IX, 224).

"Falsely attributed" (\_Cath. Ency., XIV, 666).

"Full of errors" (\_Cath. Ency., IX, 224).

"Doubtful value" (\_Externals of the Catholic Church\_, 131).

"Whitewash" (\_Question Box\_, 176; \_Catholic World\_, Oct. 1925).

"Unauthentic" (\_Cath. Ency., IX, 225; \_De Montor\_, I, 36).

"Utterly false" (\_Cath. Dict., 338).

"Far-fetched... superstition" (\_Lives And Times Of The Roman Pontiffs\_, I, 197).

"Legend" (\_Cath. Dict., 9).

"Quasi-historical testimonies" (\_Cath. Ency., VII, 326, 341, 342).

"Manipulations... Purports to be" (\_Cath. Ency., I, 36).

"Compiler supposes" (\_Cath. Ency.\_ I, 72).

"Substituting false documents" (\_Cath. Ency., VI, 136).

"Tampering with genuine ones" (\_Cath. Ency., VI, 136).

"Very Good Poetry, Very Poor History" (\_Catholic World\_, Oct. 1925).

"Pretended to be" (\_Cath. Dict., 41, 42).

"Little or no historical value" (\_Cath. Dict., 9-10).

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Rome's list of forgeries is endless. One of the most famous is the Donation of Constantine. Pope Stephen III took this fabrication "probably concocted by a Lateran priest" to Pepin, king of the Franks, to persuade him to use his armies to protect the Roman church. The Donation

was supposedly a gift from Constantine "in the name of the Senate and the entire Roman people" to "Pope Sylvester and all his successors". The Donation stated:

"Inasmuch as our imperial power is earthly, we have decreed that it shall venerate and honour his most holy Roman Church and that the sacred See of Blessed Peter shall be gloriously exalted even above our Empire and earthly throne. He shall rule over the four principal Sees -- Antioch, Alexandria, Constantinople and Jerusalem -- as over all churches of God in all the world... Finally, lo, we convey to Sylvester, universal Pope, both our palace and likewise all provinces and palaces and districts of the city of Rome and Italy and of the regions of the west" (\_Vicars of Christ\_, De Rosa, 41).

Pepin fell for the deception, and secured Rome as the headquarters for the Catholic hierarchy. The Donation continued to be influential and Rome used it whenever it was convenient. It wasn't until 1440 A.D. that it was taken apart line by line by a papal aide named Lorenzo Valla. He proved it to be a fraud in a hundred irrefutable ways. It was not written in classical Latin "but in a later bastardized form". Sylvester was not Pope at that time, Miltiades was, and the text refers to Constantinople whereas Constantine's city in the East still retained its original name of Byzantium. Rome suppressed the information and it was not until 1517 that Valla's book was published. Even after the world saw the fraudulent workings of Rome, she still did not concede but went on asserting the Donation was authentic for centuries. Now she admits it is a fraud, when nobody can do anything about it.

\_Click.\_

## 20. CATHOLIC PRIESTS ARE THE "INFORMATION BANKS" FOR THEIR SUBJECTS

BOZZOLA: "The Holy Spirit demands that we actively use our minds to learn, never being willing to serve as an information bank independent from our minds. Demon spirit guides are quite willing to serve as an

information bank so that the person they indwell does not need to actually learn the information with their own minds. Puppets have heads of wood."

MY RESPONSE: The Council of Trent, as recorded in Decrees of the Council of Trent (Schroeder) states: "... if the sacred books are permitted everywhere... in the vernacular, there will, by reason of the boldness of men, arise therefrom more harm than good" (273-278).

It is Rome's stand that God uses the teaching magisterium alone to interpret the word of God.

Click.

## 21. ROME'S DISGUISED DIVINATION

BOZZOLA: "The Holy Spirit is not a fortune teller. Neither does he give us divination ability (Matt 6:34). One of the most common deceptions of demon spirit guides is to give the victim many false 'words of knowledge' which is really simple divination. Demons also give many individual 'prophecies', which is really fortune telling. Prophecy in the Scriptures is usually for the whole body of Christ, rarely for individuals, and certainly not on a frequent basis. There is one Bible, not one from each believer."

MY RESPONSE: The phenomenon of apparitions has given rise to much divination. Each apparition gives false words of knowledge or prophecy. Yes, Mary has appeared regularly and given many false words of knowledge, but she also has given some true prophecies. Deut. 13:1-3 says: "If there arise among you a prophet, or a dreamer of dreams, and giveth thee a sign or a wonder, And the sign or the wonder come to pass, whereof he spake unto thee, saying, Let us go after other gods, which thou hast not known, and let us serve them; Thou shalt not hearken unto the words of that prophet, or that dreamer of dreams: for the LORD your God proveth you, to know whether ye love the LORD your God with all your heart and with all your soul." This Scripture proves that demons have limited foreknowledge. Sometimes God allows them to

give accurate 'words of prophecy' for the express purpose of testing people to see if they will adhere to God's warning here.

Although "Mary" foretold future events, she also asked that devotion to her heart be established:

"The second part of the secret concerned devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. In the words the Blessed Mother spoke to Lucia: 'God wishes to establish in the world devotion to my Immaculate Heart. If what I say to you is done, many souls will be saved and there will be peace. The war is going to end; but if people do not stop offending God, a worse war will break out during the pontificate of Pius XI. When you see a night illumined by an unknown light, know that this is the great sign given to you by God that He is about to punish the world for its crimes, by means of war, famine, and persecution of the Church and of the Holy Father.' Let it be noted that the Second World War began during the reign of Pius XI, just as Mary had predicted. In addition, on the night of January 26, 1938, strange and spectacular lights were reported in the skies in many parts of Europe. The war followed shortly after" (\_Visions of Mary\_, Eicher, p. 214).

\_Click.\_

22. IN ROMAN CATHOLICISM, THE SATANISTS RISE TO THE TOP

\_Click.\_

I see she added her own item to the list.

\_Click.\_

Catholic scholar Dr. Malachi Martin, formerly a Jesuit professor at Georgetown University and a confidant of Vatican insiders, flatly declared in a recent New York City interview: "Yes, it's true. Lucifer is enthroned in the Catholic Church" (\_Flashpoint\_, July 1997).

When confronted about Satanists in Rome, Dr. Malachi

Martin replied: "Anybody who is acquainted with the state of affairs in the Vatican in the last 35 years is well aware that the Prince of Darkness had and still has his surrogates in the court of St. Peter in Rome."

In 1996 Archbishop Emmanuel Milingo stunned an international audience of bishops, priests, nuns, and laity in Rome by exposing Satanic worship by the Catholic hierarchy. As far back as 1976, Pope Paul VI shocked a papal audience by confiding: "The smoke of Satan has entered the very sanctuary of St. Peter's Cathedral" (Flashpoint, July 1997).

Peter De Rosa, in his book Vicars of Christ: the Dark Side of the Papacy, speaking of Pope John XII, states: "He had invented sins, they said, not known since the beginning of the world, including sleeping with his mother. In front of the high altar of the mother church of Christendom, he even toasted the Devil" (p. 51).

Otto of Saxony, emperor of St. Peter's in 961, wrote a letter to Pope John XII that read: "Everyone, clergy as well as laity, accuses you, Holiness, of homicide, perjury, sacrilege, incest with your relatives, including two of your sisters, and with having, like a pagan, invoked Jupiter, Venus and other demons" (p. 51).

Roman Catholicism and demonism indeed have the same spirit. There is no pagan religion or society that has done more damage to the word truth. Rome is the very seat of Satan, and demonism pales in comparison to her atrocities. God have mercy on those who are blinded by the god of this world, that they may come to the glorious gospel of grace.

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." (Matt. 11:28-30)

Turn away now, as your eternal soul is at stake.

\_Click.\_

\* \* \*

Subject: Thanks Amany  
To: Shania Wroe  
From: PrepH@nospamblackjazznet.it  
Date: Feb. 20, 2007

We thank you, Shania dear, for contributing much knowledge to this most important subject. Since the New World Order Plan has given the Roman Catholic Pontiff the seat for which he has most ardently sought, the top religious position in the coming New World Order, it is time to recognize the position for what it is, i.e., the Biblical False Prophet of Revelation 13:11-18. This position is the Seat of Satan.

The False Religious Prophet will seem to the world as Christian (Revelation 13:11), but his heart will be deeply Satanic. Since the rise of Protestantism, scholars have been consistent in their warnings that the False Prophet system is Roman Catholicism. In today's world, these warnings have come true with the rise of the Shroud Man, and his getting in bed with the Pope.

We encourage you to read the seminar notes of the House of Theosophy Seminar of August 16, 1991, where the New England Director of the House of Theosophy declared that the post of top religious leader of the New World Order had been given to the Roman Catholic Pope. In this seminar, the Director also stated that, when the Antichrist arose, the Pope would be a "proper receptor" of him.

We are deceived no longer, sister Shania. Roman Catholicism is disguised Satanism. The Shroud Man is the Antichrist. We're glad you've seen the light. Remember that my people have been on the front line fighting for freedom since Crispus Attucks.

Yours forever,

Prep H  
At the Chez Artiste

P.S. Miss you.

\* \* \*

Gee it's great being a genie ass. Most bozos would either never read all that or take hours to read and master it. At fifteen hundred words a minute Evelyn Wood readspeed I mastered it while eating a vegemite san'wich.

I never thought I was the marrying kind, but now I am reconsidering. Shania, dear, can you, er, will you marry moi? Bended knee. Ring. Shit-eating grin. Kneel to the booty in front of your hungry face, and don't do that thing with your tongue tongue tongue just yet. Keep the dang thing out of sight and soft, like a sword, dangling down while you look up and over the mounds of joy and try to see only them eyes. As long as we have marriage we will have religion. Pagan, Christian, Buddhist, you name it. To get rid of religion one must first get rid of it.

Leave it to Hollywood.

How did it go at the Richard Gere Cindy Crawford marriage? We are gathered here in the sight of God to join together this man and this woman in holy mattress money. The love of God is an example for your devotion, and you are not left without guidance concerning the meaning of that love, because God is love and love is all. Blah blah. Love never disappears as long as you hold it close to your hearts for each other. Kiss and go puck. That marriage lasted a long time. Until his prick wandered to another starlet. Julia Roberts? He likes 'em tall and long-legged. Only carries them shorter starlets around in movie endings for money.

Pardon me. Pardon me. Don't ever be the same.

On second thought, oy, she's only a woman. A sandwich short of a picnic, right, mate? Life's not like a romance novel thank the gawds. She's too old for me now, over the hill, all used up. Just saw a hundred better than her in survival gear, forming an Amazon brigade and standing guard for each other while they stripped and bathed. Leave fucked up

Shitnia to her fucking fate and get on with life.

Besides, she's probably given up men and now gives it only to carpet divers with broad buns who go to the nearest river in white linen and get baptised every chance they get.

One thing's crystal clear now, mates. Who's on whose side, that's w'at. Those who would really follow that Sadomaso Man to their bloody deaths damn well deserve 'im. They're all sick. It hit me one day that all this holy cover story about 'im is rubbish. What's holy about ID tricks? When he was in Palestine back in aught w'atever, he was just a man rompin' round talkin' jive talk for denarii with Caesar's head on them and accepting a free one at the pubs or women's houses. Just a man. He didn't last long at the hands of the Romans, who made sport of him and stripped 'im, bugged 'im, and 'ung 'im up to the sun for his insolence. By the time the news got out in the gospels nobody could see 'im anymore or even verify independently w'at 'appened. It's them gospels and other holy writings that made 'im w'at 'e is now, holy. Now we on the winners side know w'at we're fightin' for. A world forever free from Christs, or even the threat of them returnin' from somewhere, or even from any of 'em getting holy. A generation free of wanting to become little Christs. Anything but that. Little devils, yes. Little devils. If Christ comes again WE DON'T CARE!! Didn't care for 'im the first time 'round. Who cares if he rose from the dead? Still don't care. I'm two thousand years past that conceit. I'll still trust in science.

Not that I blame 'er. I didn't really love her anyway. Wasn't my equal. If I were to fall in love with somebody because they were my equal, it'd have to be Peaky. Clap on clap off. Power standby mode. Get a life.

\_Click.\_

Subject: You're Sick  
To: Shania Wroe  
From: no.spam.wizard@no.spam.land  
Date: Feb. 25, 2007

It's been two long years but I'm back in paperback. Pop

goes the weasel. I have read your church's web site on the Bible and homo'ality and have a few choice remarks.

You have definitely gone off the deep end. No, you have gone down the toilet, after your mind turned to shit. Do you honestly believe the Bible approves of cocksucking, pussy eating, ass rimming and rump ranging? Lez fisting? Cunny 69? Daisychaining? Don't get me wrong, yumyum. The wonderful Catlick Church you left approves of it. For centuries in a dark world they kept the party going in convents and monasteries throughout the domain. But the Bible is totally anti-gay, and that's why the Church prohibited Bible reading. It is not a mystery that would stump police. It's there in black and white. This is the same god that ordered his chosen to whack off their dick tips, the tastiest part. Not that there is a god. If there were then why would he permit either the Bible or the CC to exist? Remember when the Church exterminated the super-rich Order of Knights Templar so they could steal their goodies, using the fact that they did it both ways as proof they worshipped the devil? All the CC hierarchy do it both ways, so they too must worship the devil. Simple survival of the fittest. The scum rises to the top. The devil wrote the Bible, not God. Or maybe Santa Claus wrote it. The red suit, the white skin and white beard, the white tool guarded by a big toolshed. Has a secret shop where he hires boys to do woodwork with him after putting fake beards on them and passing them off as midgets. Gives toys to kids as a cover story to get into their houses at night. Drives a sleigh that is nothing but a retro ice cream truck, and we all know those guys are pedophiles and drug dealers. They just share the year with jolly old Santa. Summer Santas. Santa has a wife who looks a little like a transvestite, or maybe transgender. Maybe God is the devil. It's like the trinity doctrine. Not three but four four four natures in one. Or maybe God is a transsexual fag and he created the world by accident when he jacked off on a rock.

Hehe. Wake up to a great awakening that might change your life. The Bible is a work of fiction. An awesome thick crust loaded with sixty slices of stale pepperoni. Get a mountain lift before you share your gift. The best part of waking up is folgers in your cup. BTW, it wasn't ancient

pagans who invented the syph, it was them damn Scots who went around with their dickiedicks dangling down under their skirts, which they wore so they could whack off a sheep without dropping their pants into the sheepshit. After infecting the world with sheepilis, they struck yet another blow with their nutty game of golf, causing hordes of otherwise sane, affluent people to forsake everything to chase a little ball around a sheep meadow, hitting it with their big sticks into a little hole. The dupes don't get it at all. The golf club is a Scotsman's dick, the hole a sheepie's pussy. There are 18 holes because that's how many sheep a typical Scot would knock up each day. Try sticking your dick in a golf hole. Loose fit. The game angle heists from the fact that the sheep got smart and would run like hell and had to be pursued, so they got to tying them down and taking turns. Only one bang per hole per player please. Golf has what it takes to drive Scots crazy. Bond, James Bond. Goldfinger. In actual fact, Scot dicks are tiny little things, and it's the circumference not the length that is marked by the irons and woods. One good thing about Shroudman. Now that the world's in turmoil they aren't building as many new golf course homes as they used to. Have you ever seen a woman who's six foot four? Have you ever gotten a prescription form for birth control pills and got accutane instead because you looked like a screenager?

But that's neither here nor there. Your web site, that's the problemo.

Knock-knock. Who's there? What. You guessed it. It's me. Nothing beats the real thing. In the back of your mind what you're hoping to find is the real thing. Are you a snatchsucker now, Shania? Good old grade A cock isn't doing it for you anymore? I'm hurt. You used to be my Roxanne. I shared you with another boy. Boys. Talk about putting on the red light. We split over, of all things, religione. Mama mia. I used to love you but now I don't. I despise you. I hate you. No, no. I am indifferent to you. I'm giving you the big silence. I cannot be faithful to you. I'm going after other, prettier, younger sheep. As Picasso said, all women are either goddesses or doormats. Coconut doormats. That's the way it is in Greens Bura, where the Scots love sheep twats.

A word of advice.

Next time you have a meal of diaper meat remember that the Biblegod might love you, but plans to flush you down the toilet of life because you jumped in the bowl all on your ownownown. The Shroud Man is his chief plumber. Give up this God shit and save thyself before it's too late. Join the resistance!

The buck stops here in the Lincoln bedroom,

A Secret Admirer

\* \* \*

\_February 28, 2007\_

One minute the eternal city of Rome was there, the next minute it was gone, in a blue light, like an atomic explosion except no residual radiation or even mushroom clouds. Even the smoke disappeared. Great flocks of birds arrived soon after, nesting on bare rock.

There was not room for two at the top of the new order. The Shroud Man was the one and only king of the Church as well as the whole earth.

Prep H was in Rome at the time. He was never heard from again. Rome always was a jazz mecca.

A'ny, in Australia, at once resolved to deprogram Shania over the Net by impersonating Prep H, e-attending her e-services, e-mailing her, building her confidence, then rescuing his fair maiden from a fate worse than death. Since this was the tenth time he had done this and then flip-flopped, it was no surprise when he did so again.

\* \* \*

At least they couldn't say 'e Pearl Harbored the Popie. 'e could say 'e'd been promising it for two thousand bloomin' 'ears. Or six hundred an' sixty-six, dependin' on your way

o' thinkin'.

RF

## Chapter 17. World Peace at Last

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- \* November 24, 1973: The Shroud is secretly examined by a new commission of experts brought together by Cardinal Pellegrino. On this occasion Professor Gilbert Raes takes from one edge of the Shroud's frontal end one 40 mm x 13 mm sample, from the side-strip one 40 mm x 10 mm portion, along with with one 13 mm warp thread and one 12 mm weft thread. Dr. Max Frei, Swiss criminologist, is among the other specialists present, and is allowed to take 12 samples of surface dust from the Shroud's extreme frontal end using adhesive tape. The Shroud is returned to its casket the same evening.
- \* February 19, 1976: In the U.S.A., at Sandia Laboratories, Dr. John Jackson and Bill Mottern view for the first time the Shroud's three-dimensional image via a VP8 Image Analyzer. It is a moment that would prove to be significant in Shroud history, since it catalyzed the interest of a diverse group of scientists that eventually would become the Shroud of Turin Research Project (STURP). They ultimately would spend 120 hours performing the first in-depth scientific examination of the Shroud.
- \* April 1976: Release of Report of the Turin Scientific Commission with the first public information of the pollen findings of Dr. Max Frei who claims that the Shroud's dust includes pollens from some plants that are exclusive to Israel and to Turkey, suggesting that the Shroud must at one time have been exposed to the air in these countries.
- \* May 1977: First experimental use, at Rochester University, New York State, U.S.A., of the accelerator mass spectrometry (AMS) method of radiocarbon dating, by

which very much smaller samples can be dated than had previously been thought possible. This is the method that will be used to date the Shroud. One of the leading pioneers of this method is Rochester University's Professor Harry Gove.

- \* August 6, 1978: Sudden death of Pope Paul VI, who had expected to visit Turin to view the Shroud during the period of the expositions, one of his only two out-of-Rome engagements scheduled for the autumn. Convening of conclave to elect the next Pope.
  
- \* August 26, 1978: The Shroud is exhibited at inaugural Mass on the first day of a five-week-long period of expositions commemorating the 400th anniversary of the Shroud in Turin. It is the first public exhibition since 1933. In the very same hour of the inaugural Mass, Cardinal Luciani of Venice is proclaimed Pope in Rome, becoming Pope John Paul I, to live just thirty-three days more. During the five weeks the Shroud is publicly displayed, more than 3.5 million visitors view the cloth.
  
- \* September 1, 1978: Among the pilgrims who view the Shroud on this day is Karol, Cardinal Woytywa of Poland, shortly to become Pope John Paul II.

\* \* \*

White is good. He always wore it. He entered the U.N. General Assembly with arms spread wide, his knights forming a smart military cordon. Memories of the attempted pacification of Hitler were conveniently squelched by media commentators. High-ranking Catholic hierarchs were conspicuous by their absence. The Shroud Man had dissolved the Roman Catholic Church and claimed to be the head of the one and only true church.

Thus he began.

"My children of the earth, hear me now. I do not wish that any should perish, but that all who hear me will be saved. I come to bring peace to the world, under myself as your

king."

His speech was short but it left the world in awe. If the nations would just lay down their weapons, disband their militaries, and acknowledge him as king of the earth, there would be world peace. All men would be brothers. Even the Moslems could see the good in his face. Mohammad, after all, had never risen from the dead, had never brought peace to the world, far from it. And anybody who killed the Pope couldn't be all bad. Not even all of Mohammad's followers together had done that. Maybe Mohammad wasn't who he said he was.

He left the U.N. with many people prostrate before him, many shouting hosannas. There was, for the first time ever, a glimpse of the possibility of world peace. Outside the big city was crowded with sheeplike worshippers praying and singing to their prince of peace. He got into a spaceship with a new and inexplicable source of propulsion and took off into the clouds with a host of others. American military forces, which had been ordered to guard the "ambassador", had been in panic ever since realizing that the spaceships were all totally invisible to their radars.

By now the scientific establishment was leaning towards him. After all, he had bested them at their own game. They were as children at his feet. All that Bible stuff wasn't a fairy tale after all. It was they who, pretending to be wise, were the blind Pharisees. They remembered his words against the Pharisees now. The media was swamped with scientists swelling with praise of the new prince of peace.

What the world didn't understand was that he was thereby dissolving the U.N. The U.N. building complex soon turned blue and then evaporated into evaporating smoke.

A short time later, the entire Jehovah's Witness complex in and around Brooklyn disappeared into a bright blue light and smoke. "Read God's Word the Holy Bible Daily" declared the big sign on the main complex building before the flash.

The latter event received only cursory notice from the media. Pro-Shroud Man spin doctors were busy explaining the

former.

From somewhere the smoke of Satan had entered the temple of God for sure.

\* \* \*

The night has a thousand eyes.

\_Click.\_

JESUS THE FALSE PROPHET, THE SON OF SATAN

by \_The Truthseekers\_

The truth has been crushed for two thousand years that the real Meshiach of God has yet to arrive! He was preceded by a false Meshiach, or Antichrist, who led the world into great troubles, wars, and deception. This false Meshiach is none other than Jesus Christ, the son of Lucifer, whom you may know as the Shroud Man!

Revelation 22:16: I, Jesus, have sent my angel to testify these things in the churches. I am the root and the spawn of David, and I am the bright morning star.

In Revelation 22:16 Jesus actually admits he is Lucifer, the morning star, the fallen rebel archangel, the Devil! The very word Lucifer is from Old English, which itself comes from Latin, and means the morning star. The morning star clearly in many translations had to do with Lucifer. In the Latin Vulgate, "Helal" (day/morning star) was translated as Lucifer, literally "light-bringer". Jesus in the Christian Bible is known as what? Say it! The light of this world!

Let's look at a little numerology:

Lucifer = 74

Jesus = 74

2 Peter 1:19: So we have the prophetic message more fully confirmed. You will do well to be attentive to this as to a lamp shining in a dark place, until the day dawns and the

morning star rises in your hearts.

Revelation 2:28: To the one who conquers I will also give the morning star.

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Thessalonians says Christians are called the sons of day. Ephesians 5:8 is really revealing. It says: "Once you [Christians] were darkness, but now you are light in the[ir] Lord; walk [now] as children of light." In plain words, the first Christians were Satanists, who were ordered to pose as believers of God in order to proselytize the world and deceive them!

What religion did God find abhorrent if not Baal worship? Baal is nothing but the morning star or sun god, i.e., Satan. A star is an angel or messenger/prophet. Baal was the son of Dagon the Devil. Baal's son was none other than Lucifer. Father and son are as one and carrying the same name or title Lord which in their language is Baal. "Jesus Baal" has the number 666 in numerology.

In Thessalonians Jesus says he will come with the shout of the archangel. Since there are only two, Lucifer being the first, God's remover/shiloh Michael being the other, and the latter the enemy of the light-bearer Lucifer, Jesus admits to being Lucifer's son! What did the Shroud Man come with except the shout of the archangel Lucifer, that is, worldwide media coverage using, among other things, the technology of laser (light) optics and satellites?

\_Click.\_

#### THE FALLEN ADVERSARY IN PROPHECY

The Shroud Man, like Jesus before him, quotes the New Testament to justify himself. The entire "New Testament" is false scripture! Tear it up and burn it and throw away the ashes! It is leading you all astray! The only real scripture is what followers of Jesus Christ call the "Old" Testament. There are no "new" or "old" testaments! Just one! Let's see what it has to say about false Christs!

## Ezekiel Chapter 28

6 Therefore this is what the Sovereign LORD says: Because you think you are wise, as wise as a god,

7 I am going to bring foreigners against you, the most ruthless of nations; they will draw their swords against your beauty and wisdom and pierce your shining splendor.

See John 19:34, Isaiah 51:9, Revelation 13.

8 They will bring you down to the pit and you will die a violent death in the heart of the seas.

The sea is a metaphor for the Roman Empire. See Acts 2:27 for the slip that Jesus is from the pit of hell itself. See Acts 22:6 for the encounter Saul of Tarsus had with Jesus as he came out of the noonday sun, the throne of Satan not God!

9 Will you then say "I am a god," in the presence of those who kill you? You will be but a man, not a god, in the hands of those who slay you.

See John 8:57, John 10:25-36, Psalm 82:1-8.

10 You will die the death of the uncircumcised at the hands of foreigners. I have spoken, declares the Sovereign LORD.

Read this again! Who else fulfills all these words of God except Jesus Christ! But is God talking about his own Son here, or about an enemy? Continuing with Ezekiel Chapter 28:

11 The word of the LORD came unto me, saying:

12 Son of man, take up a lamentation for the king of Tyre, and say unto him: Thus saith the Lord GOD: Thou seal most accurate, full of wisdom, and perfect in beauty,

13 thou wast in Eden the garden of God.

14 Thou wast the anointed cherub and I set thee, so that thou wast upon the holy mountain of God.

Christ is Greek for anointed. The Hebrew form is Meshiach. Who else was in Eden with God and Adam and Eve except Satan, God's anointed cherub? In a way there was one Meshiach who was true but rebelled against God, namely, Satan.

15 Thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day that thou wast created, till unrighteousness was found in thee.

Satan was found unrighteous and unanointed. Ever since he has been trying to create and promote a false Meshiach through whom he can rule like a puppetmaster: Jesus of Nazareth! By the way, the Hebrew word Natzarati, or person of Nazareth, was mistranslated by Jesus' followers from the Hebrew Nazrei, meaning guardian. The town of Nazareth didn't even exist until the year 100 A.D.!

16 By the multitude of thy traffic they filled the midst of thee with violence, and thou hast sinned; therefore have I cast thee as profane out of the mountain of God; and I have destroyed thee, O covering cherub, from the midst of the stones of fire.

Who said he came to bring not peace but a sword? Who was cast out of the mountain of God where the temple of God is, and destroyed for his unrighteousness after a fair trial by God's own high priests?

17 Thy heart was lifted up because of thy beauty. Thou hast corrupted thy wisdom by reason of thy brightness. I have cast thee to the ground. I have laid thee before kings, that they may gaze upon thee.

Who was brought to the authorities and examined and found to be corrupt in wisdom even though otherwise without a fault because of his beauty?

18 By the multitude of thine iniquities, in the unrighteousness of thy traffic, thou hast profaned thy sanctuaries. Therefore have I brought forth a fire from the midst of thee. It hath devoured thee, and I have

turned thee to ashes upon the earth in the sight of all them that behold thee.

Who profaned God's sanctuary by his despicable violence in it, in violation of God's law? He actually prevented true believers of God from making sacrifices by keeping them from buying the necessary sacrificial animals!

19 All they that know thee among the peoples shall be appalled at thee; thou art become a terror, and thou shalt never be any more.

The two long millennia of the terror of Jesus worshippers over mankind speaks for itself.

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God told Jesus to take up lamentation for the king of Tyre. Tyre, according to legend, is where purple dye was invented. It was the great Phoenician city that ruled the seas. Rome ruled Tyre and it was part of the Empire. Only the emperors could wear "royal purple" as they called it. It was also an active area of emperor worship and yet Jesus was considered very popular there, since many from Tyre would come to see him speak (Mark 3:7-9). Notice in Ezekiel 27:16 that purple fabric and linen were exchanged in trade with Tyre in his time and is in scriptural context with Ezekiel's visions relating to Lucifer and his son Jesus.

The Great Harlot (Revelation 17:4) wearing red and purple (colors rich men used) and covered in gold and riches holding a gold cup filled with its iniquities and social injustices sat in the Vatican as the continuation of the ruler of the sea (i.e. Rome), even calling itself the Holy See! All the kingdoms of the earth (ten is Biblical symbology for a completeness of number) have slept with this harlot, through the United Nations as well as in global religious councils, direct dealings, etc.

Revelation 18:3: For all the nations have drunk the maddening wine of her adulteries. The kings of the earth committed adultery with her, and the merchants of the earth grew rich from her excessive luxuries.

Who lives in greater opulence than high Church officials?  
Who through the centuries could make and unmake kings, offer riches and power for selling out to her than the Church?

Rev. 18:12: The Harlot of Babylonian Mysteries possesses articles of every kind made of ivory, costly wood, bronze, iron and marble, plus the scarlet and purple cloth and silk. Who else can this be but the Vatican? What else do high Church officials in their red capes resemble other than red devils?

Just as Revelation claimed, the Great Beast would turn on and destroy the Harlot, jealous of sharing any power and influence with it. Do you see see see see see?

Jesus himself, in Matthew 11:21-22 used Tyre in his denouncement of the people of Korazin and Bethsaida for their refusal to repent!

Also notice Mark 15:17 and John 19:2. Jesus was wrapped in a purple cloak or robe, becoming the ultimate king of the idols as warned against by God in Isaiah chapter 44. He also was paraded around as a pretender to the role of Roman emperor, and why? Because the true ruler of Rome was and has always been Satan! So the truth was out!

Even more obvious is the fact the word "Tyrus" in Strong's 6865 means Tsor (tsore), the same as 6864, a rock; from 6696, a stone! Jesus was known as the rock or foundation stone of the the church, one literally built on the tombs and graves and other foundations of death!

God is telling us plainly that Jesus Christ is a false idol that was raised up by His enemies to insult Him! So much for the blasphemous story that Jesus is God's son!

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Isaiah 44:9-17 talks about the carpenter making an idol image of a man of beauty and people bowing and worshipping it and asking it to deliver them.

Isaiah 44:12,13: The carpenter stretcheth out his rule; he marketh it out with a line; he fitteth it with planes, and he marketh it out with the compass, and maketh it after the figure of a man, according to the beauty of a man; that it may remain in the house.

Isaiah 44:17: And the residue thereof he maketh a god, even his graven image: he falleth down unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, "Deliver me; for thou are my god."

Who else but Jesus fits this description of an idol that everyone fell down to worship, prayed to, and asked to be delivered by, IN VAIN?

Even the Christian Apochrypha admit their lord is the fulfilled idol of Isaiah 44!

Sirach 38:27: So every carpenter and workmaster, that laboureth night and day: and they that cut and grave seals, and are diligent to make great variety, and give themselves to counterfeit imagery, and watch to finish a work: All these trust to their hands: and every one is wise in his work.

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WHO WAS FALLEN FROM HEAVEN? SATAN OR JESUS?

Isaiah 14:12: How you are fallen from heaven, O Morning Star, O Son of Morning Light! You said in your heart, "I will ascend to heaven, above the stars of GOD. I will set my throne on High!"

The Christian bibles all claim this passage refers to Satan wanting to be higher than God. But who does it really refer to? JESUS!

Jesus claimed he would ascend to his throne in heaven (Matt. 26:64, John 3:13, John 6:22, Luke 18:33).

Isaiah foretold that the adversary of God would not only do this, but also be brought down to the grave! Jesus was

indeed brought down to the pit (Acts 2:27) for declaring himself God, the Most High, the holy king (John 8:57, John 10:25-36, Psalm 82:1-8)! God is not the liar, Jesus is!

Is there still any doubt? Ezekiel 28:9-10 says the fallen one would die by the hands of the gentiles, because he claimed to be God. Jesus is that fallen one!

Isaiah 14:19: You are removed away from your grave, pierced with a sword, like those who go down to the stones of the pit, like a carcass trodden under feet.

Isaiah 51:9: Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the LORD; awake, as in the days of old, the generations of ancient times. Wast it not thou that hewed Rahab in pieces, that pierced the dragon?

Put the above two verses together and you get the inescapable conclusion that Jesus was the dragon, Satan!

Since even Christians admit that the Roman government was run by Satan, how else can one figure out how Jesus, judged by his own religious superiors to be unrighteous and a blasphemer, was not stoned and hung on a tree like the scriptures said to do, but instead handed over to the Romans and crucified as a seditionist, a threat to the Emperor and the empire? Yet, unlike every other rebel leader in Roman history, Spartacus for example, they failed to hunt down and crucify his followers with him, thus allowing his cult to spread throughout Rome and even end up as its official religion! By tricking scripture believers into following a false Meshiach, Satan succeeded in capturing, not only the Roman, but the entire western world for two thousand years! Only the coming of the true Meshiach can save the world now!

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THE BURNING ANGER OF GOD SPEAKS VOLUMES

Isaiah 13:13: Therefore I will make the heavens tremble; and the earth will shake from its place at the wrath of the Lord Almighty, in the day of His burning anger.

Isaiah 14:16: They who see you shall narrowly look at you, saying, "Is this the man who made the earth tremble, who shook kingdoms..."

Who else but Jesus fits this prediction? Look at Matt. 27:50-54 and face the truth! Jesus, when he had cried again with a loud voice, admitting that God had forsaken him, gave up his spirit, and the veil of the temple was rent in two from the top to the bottom, and the earth did quake, and the rocks fell. The centurion and those with him, sensing the quake, were terrified, because they were witnessing the burning anger of God at this imposter, not the triumph of God's son over sin! Jesus' followers then claimed he dematerialized and left a burial shroud with his luciferous image embedded in it. That terrible Shroud of Turin is the most evil article in the world! Correction: was, until the coming of the Shroud Man himself! We publish this web page in hiding, sure of reprisals from his sick misguided followers if we come out! Oh, how did the world ever come to this? If we had only stayed with the one true God, we wouldn't be in the mess we are now [pun intended]!

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#### JESUS THE TRUE THIEF IN THE NIGHT

In the "New Testament", at I Thess. 5:2 and II Peter 3:10, it is written: "the day of the(ir) Lord will come like a thief in the night." Just who is this thief in the night but Jesus himself? He came to steal all the verses in scripture attributed to the true Meshiach and twist them to himself! Jesus admits he's that thief in Revelation 3:3: "I will come like a thief". Again in Rev. 16:15: "Lo, I am coming like a thief". Finally, from Jesus' own mouth, in John 10:10: "The thief cometh not but for to steal and kill and destroy"!

Just look at the infamous Isaiah scam his disciples pulled. Isaiah 53:5 in the Christian translation says "He was wounded for our sins." But the Hebrew doesn't say that! It says "THEY were wounded because of our sins"! Then the Christians twist the last sentence of Isaiah 53:5 like so: "by his

bruises we are healed." However, the Hebrew really says: "And by his bruises we were healed." Isaiah 53:9 again is mistranslated into grave singular instead of the correct graves plural. Isaiah chapter 54 ends with: "This is the heritage of the servants of the LORD and their vindication is from Me, declares the LORD." This is one mistranslation the Christians forgot! It gives away that Isaiah is the servant to Israel and Israel is the servant to the nations, not Jesus! Look up the following scriptures to confirm this: Jer. 30:10, Jer. 30:17, Jer. 46:27-28, Ps. 136:22. Over fourteen times in all! No wonder the real believers in God rejected Jesus and his disciples and their mistranslated bibles and continue to do so to this day!

Then we have the virgin debate over Isaiah 7:14 that doesn't even deserve a notice if it were not pushed so hard by Jesus' satanic followers. First, the virgin birth was borrowed from the myths of Horus, Mithra, Krishna and Baal, all similar made-up deities predating Jesus -- made-up by followers of Satan! Second, the Hebrew word *almah* means young woman not virgin. Matthew mistranslated it to twist the scriptures purposely! The Hebrew language has totally different words for virgin: *betoula*, *betouli*, *tahor*!

And here is one of the biggest Isaiah mistranslation scandals! Isaiah 9:6: "For a child is born to us, and a son is given to us, whose government is upon his shoulder: and his name is called the Messenger [*aggelos*] of great counsel: for I will bring peace upon the princes, and health to him... He will be called Father of Eternity [not eternal Father as mistranslated]." Now Jesus was never claimed to be an angel, neither did he ever bring peace to anybody. Why, if there's one group of people that can't stand each other more than the Christians, who is it? They avoid each other like the plague because they so easily fall into interminable debates and arguments over all the contradictions and mistranslations. They stay away from each other especially in worship, having split into so many sects and denomination it's hard to count them all. In fact in Matthew Jesus talked about bringing division, and he says you have to die to be eternal. In other words, he came to bring death! Yours! He is the prince of darkness, the evening star, the thief in the

night! He's your ever-loving Jesus! Scream!

Click here to go into more detail about the Jesus cult's Isaiah scam, including Is. 52:13-15. Click here to learn about the cult's Zechariah scam. Click here to learn about the cult's Psalms scam.

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The Christians mistranslated the Psalms so as to give their false Meshiach a need for pierced hands and feet. The real Psalms say this: Ps. 22:16: "For dogs have encompassed me; a company of evil-doers have enclosed me; like a lion they are at my hands and my feet." It is quite a perversion to twist lion at my hands and my feet to they have pierced my hands and my feet, now isn't it? Who is the father of lies?

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Finally we see were Jesus himself ordered his disciples to twist the scriptures to make it seem as if they applied to him instead of the real Meshiach! Luke 24:44-45: "Then he said to them, Everything must be fulfilled that is written about me in the law of Moses, the prophets and the Psalms". What do the real scriptures say about Jesus? Daniel 11:14: "The renegades among your people shall exalt themselves in an attempt to fulfill the vision, but they shall stumble."

BOOK OF SIRACH THROWS LIGHT ON FALSE PROPHET JESUS

Daniel 8:25: And through his policy also he shall cause craft to prosper in his hand; and he shall magnify himself in his heart, and by peace shall destroy many: he shall also stand up against the Prince of princes; but he shall be broken without hand.

There is no question that this passage refers to Satan. Now look at the Christian Apochryphal Book of Sirach, showing Jesus in the exact same light as this verse in Daniel on Satan!

Sirach 38:34: But they will maintain the state of the world, and [all] their desire is in the work of their craft

(hands).

Sirach 39:3: He will seek out the secrets of grave sentences, and be conversant in dark parables.

Sirach 39:4: He shall serve among great men, and appear before princes.

Who has been doing this recently other than the Shroud Man? The logic is inescapable:

1. Jesus is portrayed to have healed with his hands and crafted with his hands as a carpenter.
2. Jesus magnified himself in the hearts of people through his whitewashed image. His heartfelt nature was magnified and they magnified onto him the love teachings they borrowed from Leviticus. They magnified himself in their hearts to be as the Most High, as the morning star in Isaiah Chapter 14. Bad idea! Bad idea to follow your heart! God wants you to follow your head! Think!
3. "... and by peace shall destroy many..." Calling himself the Prince of Peace but created a power which conquered in his name via thousands of wars and over 50 million murders! How many are yet to come!
4. "... he shall also stand up against the Prince of princes..." By being the first prince (Ezekiel 28) battling the shiloh (one whose right it is -- Ezekiel 21:25-27) and by being a THIEF IN THE NIGHT, Jesus fulfills this to a done turn!
5. "... but he shall be broken without hand..." Jesus was curiously crucified Roman-style on a cross with nails through his palms or his wrists, depending on whether you believe the gospels or the Shroud. So too Dagon the Philistine idol god in I Samuel lost his palms when he fell. Dagon (devil) is the father of Baal (Satan) and Jesus (Lucifer) is the son of Baal, therefore both Dagon and Jesus have stories about losing their hands in their falls.

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## JESUS' OWN FOLLOWERS PROVE HIM THE ANTICHRIST

"Little children, IT IS THE LAST TIME: and as ye have heard that antichrists shall come, even now are there many antichrists; WHEREBY WE KNOW THAT IT IS THE LAST TIME" (I John 2:18). Nice circular argument here! Translation: Jesus' closest followers knew the Antichrist was already with them, and it was Jesus!

[\\_Click.\\_](#)

## FALSE PROPHECY EXPOSES JESUS

In Luke 19:42-44 Jesus claimed that all of Jerusalem would be leveled to the point where not one stone would rest upon another. This never happened! The ancient gates of Jerusalem and the Wailing Wall still stood for centuries! Every faithful believer in God who kissed that wall was kissing the proof of his phoniness! Deut. 18:20 says: "But the prophet who presumes to speak a word in my name which I have not commanded him to speak, or who speaks in the name of other gods, that same prophet shall die" -- as Jesus did die! Deut. 18:22 goes on: "When a prophet speaks in the name of the LORD, if the word does not come to pass or come true, that is a word which the LORD has not spoken; the prophet has spoken it presumptuously; you need not be afraid of him." No wonder the Shroud Man destroyed Jerusalem, to cover up his false prophecy for future generations who might never read this! He permits the Net to exist now only so it may be used to his own ends. When he gains complete control the Net as we know it will also be leveled so that not one of its stones will rest upon another!

[\\_Click.\\_](#)

## TIME IS RUNNING SHORT

Who else fits God's prophecy of the False Meshiach and Antichrist except Jesus? Wake up!

[\\_Click.\\_](#)

Yahoo, I finessed that one! Now all I need to do is add mentions of Yeshua (Jesus) ben Pandera circa 100 B.C., the Essene prophet named Judas, the high priest John Hyrcanus I (John ben Simon) whose son Jannaeus had a wife named Salome, who was a follower of Yeshua. Yeshua was the son of Miriam Stada, and the disciple of Rabbi Yehoshua ben Perachayah. He fell afoul of the latter and got brought up on charges of leading the Jewish people astray that led to being stoned and hung up on a tree on the eve of Passover after being paraded about for forty days with a herald calling for anybody to come forward in his defense (nobody did). Yeshua had five known disciples, two of which were Mattai and Todah, that is, Matthew and Thaddaeus. The twelve disciple thingie came from the Council of Lucifer. The Talmud talks about Joseph ben Stada, Yeshua's father, claiming he was a madman, a spellmaster, a beguiler. Yeshu was the son of Miriam bat Bilgah but not by Joseph. She committed adultery with a Roman soldier, thus making Yeshua a bastard. The name Stada in Aramaic means "she deviated." Thus the Talmud mentions two Yeshuas, ben Pandera (son of the Panther) and ben Stada (son of a bitch, chuckle) when there was only one, a century before Yeshua of Nazareth. Deuteronomy 23:2: "A bastard shall not enter into the congregation of the LORD; even to his tenth generation shall he not enter into the congregation of the LORD." Change LORD to Yahoo, the true pronunciation of the Holy Tetragram. Maybe Jesus was made-up after the fall of Jerusalem in 70 A.D. out of the Yeshua story in order to get even for him by certain diehards who believed that only Yahoo can order the destruction of Israel, and only because the Jewish people and priests have been bad bad goys. Yahoo therefore must have ordered the Romies to do it and later judged them for that by inflicting Christianity on them. But if so, the Book of Acts would also have had to have been made-up, along with all of Jesus' disciples and apostles. What about Paul then? Made-up? By whom? When? How did it get spread and by whom? But the Shroud? The Shroud? The Shroud isn't made-up. That crazy 14th century... Everybody wants to rule the world... Even those Jehovah's Witness door knockers... Cream cheese and Macadamia nuts and the Doctor Atkins diet...

Snore...

RF

## Chapter 18. The Disturber of the Peace

\* \* \*

- \* October 8, 1978: At around 10:45 p.m., and slightly ahead of schedule, the Shroud is removed from public display and taken through the Guarini Chapel into the Hall of Visiting Princes within Turin's Royal Palace. Thus begins a five-day period of examination, photography and sample taking by STURP, John Jackson's group of scientists from the U.S.A. During this time the Shroud is lengthily submitted to photographic floodlighting, to low-power X-rays and to narrow band ultraviolet light. Dozens of pieces of sticky tape are pressed onto its surface and removed. A side edge is unstitched and an apparatus inserted between the Shroud and its backing cloth to examine the underside, which has not been seen in over 400 years. The bottom edge (at the foot of the frontal image) is also unstitched and examined. On the night of 9 October Baima Bollone obtains sample of Shroud bloodstain by mechanically disentangling warp and weft threads in the area of the 'small of the back' bloodstain on the Shroud's dorsal image.
- \* October 8-12, 1978: STURP continues its examination of the Shroud, performing dozens of tests, taking thousands of photographs, photomicrographs, x-rays and spectra. A total of 120 continuous hours of testing is done, with team members working on different parts of the Shroud simultaneously, the most in-depth series of tests ever performed on the Shroud.
- \* October 13, 1978 (Friday): STURP completes their scientific work during the evening of this day. The Shroud is returned to its casket the following morning.
- \* March 24-25, 1979: STURP holds its First Data Analysis

Workshop on the Shroud in Santa Barbara, California. According to their preliminary findings the image shows no evidence of the hand of an artist, the body image does not appear to be any form of scorch, and the blood image was probably present before the body image. One Walter McCrone claims he has found evidence of an artist and stuns the meeting by stating that "anybody who is emotionally wrapped up in the Shroud should start to consider the possibility that he better relax his emotions." McCrone's views are not shared by STURP.

- \* September 28, 1978: Sudden death of Pope John Paul I. While Cardinal of Venice he had planned to visit the Shroud on September 21 and was rumored to have been intending a quiet private visit before the close of the exposition.

\* \* \*

A morning dawns in the Mideast, the loud prayer from the mosques breaking over the towns and cities like bird cries. There was no warning. It came from space, wave after wave of spaceships, attacking mosques, utterly destroying them. In the Christian countries churches of all faiths that were not pro-Shroud Man were likewise destroyed. Even in Buddhist and atheist lands the symbols of worship of any other person than the Shroud Man were destroyed amid calls to bow down and worship him. To those who refused then came the plagues. First drought and famine, then earthquakes, then disease. Everybody who didn't believe was stricken and became ill, some mortally, but most recovered.

The response was immediate. World war. Nobody was left out. Nobody was neutral. It was global kill or be killed, with families often split, as well as towns, cities, countries, continents. Many fled to deepnesses. Refugees choked every land. Atrocities were common. Fanatical fighting surpassed every previous war in every category. Famine and pestilence were common partners with death. The world infrastructure, however, did not collapse completely. It would take its toll eventually, and time was running out, but it still held against a total collapse.



## Chapter 19. The Assassins

"Danger! Keep five feet away from cage."

A bubbling volunteer worker into the cause of saving the world's rain forests read the sign to some zoo visitors, smiled, then stuck her arm in "to show they were really tame". The tiger licked her hand first, then her arm, then liked what it tasted and scarfed the whole limb down at the shoulder. After the amputation, basking in the publicity, she wanted to return to work at the zoo as soon as possible, didn't want the Siberian tiger put to sleep, insisted the authorities not prosecute. A week after she resumed work, the tiger was found in its cage with all four of its legs hacked off with a hand ax. She disappeared. A'ny and Peak tried to find her, in vain, in the hopes of fantastic sexual and military adventures, or at least self-stimulation. Honestly, they wanted to enlist her as a Shroud Man assassin. A 2006 Ford Ranger complete with air conditioning and an off-road package was thought to be good bait, if they could steal one, and if she could get used to her prosthesis. The whole thing was soon forgotten in the daily rumble in the hot summer jungle. That, and the fact that the incident happened several years earlier.

About this time things finally got to A'ny for the first time, nothing being the usual state. A terrible bladder infection laid him low for a week, the antibiotics that still worked at all not working very fast. It amazed him how some lowly microbes could lay him low so fast, causing his bladder to go into spasm if he peed even a few drops, along with the irresistible urge to pee a few drops every hour on the hour. Then there was the muscle pain and weakness, putting him in bed. Yet he couldn't sleep, as he could only toss and turn and groan until he had to get up and scream with pain as he tinkled his few drops. And all because he had not been urinating enough, holding his urine in the hot summer days and letting it turn into sweat, a mistake that let the microbes always present in the bladder

take root, find an opening, multiply geometrically, overwhelm his defenses, and surprise him with a totally unexpected welcome message when he tinkled. That low point was the closest A'ny came to God, to reconsidering. Man and microbe, the folly of life. Life and eternal life, the folly of it all. Why have principles? Go the easy way. Accept the Man. A turning point reached, the bedridden phase over, his head grew strong again. He held Prep H's murder against the Shroud Man now.

No Siberian tiger no Shroud Man, philosophied Da Peak. An inside job or no Wang Chung. I hate men, can't abide them now or then, would have sang Prep H, sang Da Peak. Husbands are a boring lot and only give you bother. Of course I'm glad that mother had to marry father, but I still hate men. By this he probably meant that a woman should do it.

There were hopeful rumors. A disgruntled Satanist who became a believer when he was cured of AIDS and a heroin addiction. A Knight Templar, working his way up the ranks fast, showing energy and courage, killing dozens of unbelievers for his savior. Sold out to heroin again, got hooked, in debt, in a blackmail position, was told to bring the Shroud Man's head in order to absolve all. He brought it, to the frontmen sent by the Ayatollah from Iran. It was a fake. He was cut loose, to begin running from both sides, ended up on a charcoal grill being roasted alive by Satanists dressed up as monks, and eaten heartily with some loaves of good Italian bread and some of grandma's jelly.

It was not easy knocking off the Shroud Man. If you planted explosives, his blue energy would set them off long before he got near them. If you tried to shoot him, his energy would make you disappear before you could shoot. A lightning bolt had 125 million volts of energy, yet only ten percent of lightning strikes prove fatal. The Shroud Man's blue energy was 100% fatal. If you tried to nuke him, say with a tactical missile, it would get deactivated and break into pieces far away.

It would have to be an inside job, yes. Beyond that the plans all stumbled. Not just A'ny's and Peak's. There were groups all over the planet making plans. The oldest charter

member of the Kill Christ Society traveled all over the world doing a trip down memory lane.

The Shroud Man had one weakness. He slept for about one hour each night. Slept alone, not with women, boys, men. The Shroud Man became the subject of a thousand one-hour scripts, with the climax sudden and fatal. All were thrown out as unworkable. The rats, the lizards, the biting insects were all interesting, but the survivor test would inevitably hold a tribal council meeting to vote somebody off the island.

\* \* \*

Which shock jock nearly destroyed Superman?

Dark Side. No. Doomsday. No. High Voltage.

Is that your final answer?

Yes. High Voltage.

I'm sorry, it's Live Wire.

\* \* \*

It happened at the moment when the Shroud Man had his greatest world stage. A grievous wound to the head, dealt by a wondrously complex piece of high technology that experts debated on for weeks without resolving. Virtually the entire world saw it, saw the Shroud Man mortally wounded. The Shaggy Shroud Man, he's my soul mate. Nooooo!

So many groups took credit for the assassination that nobody got it. Instead, the Shroud Man ended up getting the credit, just like the Bible foretold. Those who prayed for him were as the sands of the seashore.

Just as the Bible foretold. Only one little problem. It foretold this for the Antichrist, not the Christ. Curiouser and curiouser, to quote a Victorian.

The Bible-believing world had split into two camps, one who believed the Shroud Man was Christ, the other believing he was the twin of Christ, imitating him in order to deceive the multitude. Theories about the Shroud began to circulate, all the way from a Satanic origin in the 14th century to a mockingbird type switch in the tomb at Gethsemane. The assassination attempt on the Shroud Man caused the latter camp to prevail, and the multitudes of his believers began to flag, his armies to see desertions, people to make public statements. But as he still wasn't officially dead, belief remained stronger than doubt in multitudes who prayed for him constantly.

Meanwhile the company was gearing up an emergency Q-Psohot procedure on the virtually brain-dead man.

Back in San Francisco, sister Shania had a holy cow.

\* \* \*

I know I fought against the Shroud Man but when he died I wept. That's just how women are. I'm not taking myself too seriously. Nobody should. I loved him. I saw him heal the sick, and nobody else could do it like him. No woman could equal him, not even the butt-kicking Charlie's Angels. He was powerful. It's a man-woman thing. It just happens. Women, their femininity, their sexuality is just there and they use it as their magic weapon. But we had no power over him. We couldn't use our sexuality with him to get what we wanted. I guess that's why I turned on him. I couldn't stay in the Church when I saw it go whole hog over to him. When he killed. Yes, God ordered killings in the Bible, but killing is wrong. I never took an oath anyway, just a solemn promise, which I took back. I was in the third order as they call it. I wore the habit, which kept men from lusting after me. But the sisters reintroduced me to lez sex, and it got to be a habit. I had forgotten how smooth women are, how good they smell, how soft. I hate men. I wish someone would wash the world away with a clean white lather and get rid of them. Give the world a natural vegetable laxative and eliminate them. But I was cursed with a brain. My family history was documented on video

tape when I was a tot and showed to me repeatedly. We had a brainy tradition to keep, the baby boomers drummed into me. My mom was pretty stable with her cancer, struggling hard with her medicines, slipping only a little until the suicide. It's been said that when you find something that fits you gotta buy two. So I went from intellectual agnosticism to the Shroud Man to the historical Jesus Christ and evangelical Bible cults. I was sure until he died that he was an imposter, the Antichrist sent by Satan to deceive the world in the end times. He was first-degree murdered. I saw it. It was horrible. Right in the head. Like JFK only worse. Why do the good die young? I loved him. I left men for him. I saw flashes of fire in the plane. I wish I were the great Joan of Arc. I wish investigators would determine just what happened and who was behind it. The horror. At least I left the damn company. It will come to a fiery end. I left all connections with it, all human contact. I just can never return to that pain now. I saw him born. I was his mother. I was his whore. I saw him making love to me when others lay with me. Now I weep constantly, praying for him. If he is real he will come back from the dead again. This world does need a new start, a unification. Yes, people all die, except him. When his army kills they are just speeding up what would happen anyway. If the world is cleansed of discord, if all have the same religion, then the way for world peace is cleared. If the Shroud Man isn't real, then where is the real Christ now that we need him? Even if he is an imposter I see now that I'd rather have him than no one at all. He changed the world. Who else can make such a difference all by himself? If he only had taken me when he had the chance. I would have completed him. I could have been his 19-year-old sweet young thing. Now I'm used up. Gave my youth to other men and women. But I have my strength left. I can kick butt like Charlie's Angels. I won't wait. I will join his army now, when he needs me most. I am his mother. I have great strength of character. I will be at his feet on the cross. At his tomb. Yes, at his tomb. If he never comes back I will rise to lead his armies. Like Joan of Arc. Like Mila Jovovitch. I'll die a

martyr. Chaste, saving myself for him, where I'll meet him in heaven and be his bride. Why didn't I think of this before? He had to die again for me to see the light. Now I see why he died that first time. He does what it takes.



## Chapter 20. The Resurrection

"Dr. A'ny Daniels! Dr. Eric Maine! You're needed back at the Turin lab immediately. Remember who you work for."

That voice came out of their hula girl outfits hanging on their lab bedroom wall. Peak and A'ny had matching outfits, with coconut shell bras, grass skirts, Hawaiian hats. It was the style this year down under in Australia, where they now hung out on the big sandy beaches known for great white sharks and outback steakhouses. Matching cell phones too. For some reason, everywhere they went the war mysteriously stopped and a laidback atmosphere prevailed, a party atmosphere even. Not that they had friends or saw girls. They lived like monks, recluses in an above-ground lab where they spun their mental wheels on anti-Shroud Man propagand work when they weren't hanging out and making pussies uncomfortable. So also the Turin lab, when they returned, was found untouched amid the chaos.

They were not considered AWOL, not tasked for their truancy, just given a physical checkup, resissued new badges, and put on the assignment of repeating the Shroud Man experiment. The first SM had been assassinated, was clinically dead. No problemo with da company. With the ID you get to be born again. Symbolized by baptism in fire and water too, keep movin' boys, let's keep movin' boys, thank heaven for turbos and Italian gelati. Everybody, whether they admit it or not, wants to be Italian.

L is for the way you look at me. O is for the only one I see. V is very, very extraordinary. E is for eyes. Shroud Man eyes. Ask for them by name.

He's back, and in very good form. This was a very good washing machine. Lunch isn't a race, so why eat and run?

The reunion was interesting. The naked uomo with his hands over his genitals, blinking. Through the hermetically sealed lab windows on either side, two scientists dressed up as hula girls, complete with coconut bra cups. Wrap yourself in beautiful color because you're worth it.

In so many ways, in so many places, it keeps a million disasters a day from happening. It's plastics. Plastics make it possible.

Ask your doctor or pharmacist about Viagra, a medicine available by prescription. For saviors with dick dysfunction. Complain of a parking violation and a stain on your shirt.

Part his delightfully soft hair down to the roots. There's something different now. The Shroud Man had aged. His second resurrection made him look 75, with white hair, just like his daddy A'ny. White beard too. Something else. A chip down there. The company provided it. Nobody knows what it does.

The company the com-pan-ee, the ever-loving company. Who runs the company? Years of Net trolling got A'ny nowhere. His first guess was the Mafia. Second guess was the Catholic Church, now in drag. Third guess was the Communist Party of China. Fourth guess the CIA. Final guess: the Illuminati. It was definitely set up to hide its real owners. It seemed immune from prosecution. It had created an international terrorist who had committed murder and got away with it. It had to be the Illuminati. Who else had the inner secrecy combined with vast wealth to keep up the screens against eager investigators? A'ny surely wasn't the only one. Entire governments must have tried. As Alice said.

The company even changed its name. Final answer? You're wrong. Sorry, you don't win the million.

Then they bumped into Shania, literally, in a hallway in the underground complex. She was older looking, her

hair short and not so smooth anymore, her femininity drained-looking, dried-out, curves muted. She was wearing a Shroud Man army uniform, buck private. She didn't recognize them. They stared, tried to talk, couldn't. They passed each other without a word. No, there was one word, uttered by A'ny: "Aldo". As soon as A'ny and Peak got to their quarters they embraced madly, kissed, hugged, stripped each other to the coconuts, made love, swallowed. As easy to refill as your gas tank, and no long distance charges. They had found their true sexuality. Shania was lost forever. They were to be together forever. Love, like shit, happens.

\* \* \*

This time the Shroud Man matured in wisdom and knowledge at a far faster rate, attaining in three months what had earlier taken twelve. His appearance among his troops, white-haired but hale, hearty and robust, wearing a beautiful gold crown, bowled over the world. The defectors recanted, the deserters returned, the organization grew stronger than ever. Peak and A'ny went into hiding again. The world war, always defensive on the part of non-believers, was back on. Many went into hiding. The last doubters among the Christian sects recanted, fell in line, forgot doctrinal differences and sect boundaries, and became one at the induction centers. And to think, before he first arrived only 66% of Americans believed in a second coming of Christ. Shania was absorbed into the rank and file.

To be sure, this Christ didn't live in or above clouds, wasn't the size of a Greek Titan, didn't travel on white wings, or in the holy chariot of Ezekiel. Choirs of angels sounding like many waters didn't appear above rainbows. An old white-haired man didn't peek in from space. No, he was a man, a superman, a perfect man with genes that were better than everybody else's, but still a man. Are you real? Very real. Very real it seems, and getting more real. This revived Shroud Man was no science dummy like the Jesus of the gospels. He could understand tensor calculus, Galois group theory, graph theory, electronics, nuclear engineering, anything and everything that had been published

and that he could read about at phenomenal speed. Things that the smartest found complicated he found simple and obvious, often only having to skim the conclusions page to reconstruct the entire scientific paper instantly. And he could think new thoughts. Ideas sprang to his command like soldiers. He was now in war mode, and he almost immediately introduced new war technologies to make his armies' invincibility seem all the more assured. He may have had country bumpkin roots, but he could cook up boss hi-tech.

Things now began to unravel faster and faster. Established means of news reporting broke down. This Shroud Man was a secretive sort of general, requiring oaths of secrecy from his soldiers. And, despite his own mastery of the collective work of scientists, his own organization didn't teach, promote, or have any interest in science, only him. It was like a return to a thousand years earlier, when people thought their lives were only tests, that any attempt to make their lives into goals were damnable, and finally they just sold everything they owned, gave up their trades, and went to waiting for the second coming on their rooftops. A thousand years of progress in science and technology and human understanding were put to sleep by the original impossible dream of western mankind.

Make that two thousand.

\* \* \*

The impossible dream of western mankind. Don Quixote and his wacky chivalry? That was just a literary ripoff. The impossible dream of having a heavenly father and a heavenly son who give you endless effortless life in return for unconditional obedience to wacky moral codes. Every time you see a corpse in a coffin, you are pandered it. The price? Sin not. What is sin? Disobedience. If God says not to eat this banana, don't eat it. You can live forever in a garden of delight and eat all of a limitless number of fruits you want, but don't eat that banana. A corpse looks just like a living person but is so blue and cold to the touch. Yuck!

Don't. Don't eat. Don't eat da banana.

If it starts to bother you, itch at you, make you wonder what kind of God doesn't want you to eat that one banana, you lose. Your life was a gift, and the condition was total obedience. You disobey, you get kicked out and the gates close shut. You will now certainly die. If you had stayed inside you'd have lived forever, suckah! Life is a gift from God, and it has strings. You can avoid death, but only by what you do. But that was how the first pair gave you inherited sin. Now everybody is fallen. It was already done for them before they were a fetus. Nobody can, by doing something, avoid death. That's how the fairy tale goes. But Goddy godgod is all-knowing, so he designed a plan even before he made the world, put a garden there, and put man there, and, after a test period, made woman so he would not be alone with the sheep. And that plan is called Christ, even though Christ prefers to be alone with the sheep. The Word that was with God, that indeed helped him create man. God would let man be born again, his original sin washed away by the sacrifice of his son's blood. God only forgives a sin after a person repents and sacrifices some blood. The life is in the blood, see. The blood. And outside the garden of Eden life is harsh, the ground has to be tilled, it has nettles and briars and weeds, and some of the very best nutrition is meat on the hoof. The Jews were taught to sacrifice animals, to slit their throats, save the blood in a golden vessel, use a branch of hyssop and sprinkle it at the altar, the golden arches. Give the blood back to God, and his just and infinitely-wise wrath at our disobedience will be assuaged and he won't have to kill us this time. The meat, that you may eat. God is gracious and merciful (burp).

>But if it's a farty tale then why is the Shroud Man here and we're running scared we'll be found out as on the other side?

>SM is no fairy tale. We made him from the Shroud up. We didn't make the Shroud, this much is true.

>Then the Shroud proves the Bible true?

>What is this, daleko pachinko? The Shroud only proves the

ID technology we helped the company's science division discover.

>If we took the plans to the Russians, do you think they'd hide us in Siberia as we supervised another ID project to give them parity?

>The Russians are going to SM faster than flies to shit.

>The Muslims then?

>The ones with the dough are now gathering flies. SM dealt with them harshly.

>The Chinese?

>Good idea. Do you want to eat rats and rice while waiting for the Yellow River to flood?

>Forget it. We probably couldn't reconstruct all of the ID technology even if we were funded by the Russkies and Chinoise together. The company's wells ran deep, and we have to give them credit, they gave us a feeling of power but kept all the high cards in their own pockets. We were mainly limited to the system software.

>Twenty years. I think we could do it in twenty years.

>We haven't got ten years. How much of the world does SM control now? A third? Why is news so hard to come by?

>Shut up. I'm finishing my essay on Doubts About Shroud Man. Just read.

>\*beep\* All righty, then.

But that kind of sacrifice only worked on specific sins, and when they sinned again, new sacrifices had to be made. Christ was an eternal sacrifice. You could mentally apply it to every sin you make, if you repent each time and ask God to accept Christ's blood as your sacrifice for it. At least that took the priests out of the golden arches business. Six billion served. For some pre-planned reason,

God's original people the Jews rejected this new sacrifice, preferring their lavish temple in Jerusalem and their wicked corrupt high priests and their apparatchniks. Then, forty years after Christ was crucified, God had the Romans move in and destroy the temple, and wipe out the priesthood forever. And the stubborn Hebes still rejected Christ, turning to rabbis feeding them mishnahs instead.

>\*beep\* Just one thing I have to add, else my bladder'll boist, boss.

>Groan.

>All them wacky moral codes were dictated by God way after Eden. The only order he gave was to not eat that tree's fruit. The first two went around naked, did anything they wanted as long as it wasn't that. They weren't ordered not to smoke reefer. Not to have oral sex. Not to masturbate or dirty dance. Not even not to murder and get even. They didn't even have laws and cops, or, for that matter, priests and churches. So, does that mean if they hadn't done it, all humans could be sexual libertines like us? Do what we like? Sex, drugs, and rock & roll are right with God?

>You know, I have to give you that one. We got all the other moral codes after we disobeyed so many times it would fill a garden full of CD-ROMs in God's mind, and he offered them a covenant but only on conditions.

>But why do we have to stick to the damn moral codes if we accept Christ and supposedly get let back into Eden?

>That's the price. Catch-22. Heller should have lived to see SM. Now STFU!

>But, don't you see? This gaffe makes the Eden story incapable of grappling with the entire spectrum of humanity's problems, such as the problem of people having to share the world, and create a state with laws and cops, even with Christ's return. Are people just supposed to all be Christs themselves?

>Gotcha. It's a members-only club. Pat Robertson types will always know to wear modest clothing and not masturbate, smoke, or drink, and to whack Easy Rider types on sight. Now buzz off my nose or I'll swat.

>But the Jews? How do they expect to keep on keeping on even if the little Christs leave them alone? They have no plan for getting back into Eden. They are resigned to living outside its gates. Permanent ghetto mentality.

>If there are any Jews left they aren't making many waves now, and who can blame them? And most Jews I know are atheists like us. The rest probably finally converted. Now shhh!

>How do you know they converted?

>I don't. Now shhh! Dr. Doom super-shhh on you!

>Okay. Cheerio.

And so it has gone for a thousand times two, the little Christs spreading the word to the world, while the Hebes hang onto hopes of a new Temple, and won't accept that God has rejected them for rejecting his son, and given new orders to let the gentiles into the congregation. The little Christs feel so sorry for the unbelieving Hebes. If only they would see they would sacrifice the blood of Christ now and could dispense with a Temple. Leave McDonald's to secular agribusiness.

But if Christ is an endless sacrifice, why does he have to return? Because there are two Christian faiths mixed in one, that are forever at war. One is the faith that there is a heaven, in a spirit world, where this earth is left behind, and only the worthy can enter. The other is that this earth can become an Eden, where again only the worthy can live. It is this second type of faith that is truly dangerous, for it forces the decision of fairy tale or no fairy tale in your face. It waits for Christ to come back and kill off the remaining scum of the unbelievers, including scientists, clear them away like weeds, and give the world to believers alone, however stone dumb. In this

new world, they will baa baa baaa like good sheep forever, and not have to worry about the old system and its toleration of bad sheep, nor such things as laws against discrimination of bad sheep. There will be a shepherd who slaughters bad sheep while loving his good sheep, and he is the priest, and the altar is everywhere, as he is God's son. And all of the bad sheep together won't have the power to do diddly about it, as opposed to all real human history, where the bad sheep seem to always run everything and get away with it, and even laud and worship being bad.

We're sick, they're not sick. We're just another interesting chapter in some future Bible book on how faith saved the remnant of what the rest who weren't saved saw as kooks. That's the best thing about the Bible. Any kook can point to it and say, "See! I'm saved and you're shit!"

Got the picture? Well you can make it happen by getting born again. Accept Christ as your fuehrer and you will be saved. Imagine yourself listening to a 15-piece orchestra direct from Cuba in hell. Now picture yourself becoming a soldier for Christ, killing all the bad sheep, and uniting the world into a one world government run by a product of a world corporation whose investors are mainly among the dead, and all music is the kind you hear on ice cream trucks or in churches.

>Follow your leader. Follow your leader. Follow your leader. Rewind.

>I'm a little Christ. You're a little Christ. Everybody's a little Christ. Get sicker.

>Christ. The pause that refreshes. Imagine. We're all happy sheep and he is our shepherd. We feed on rich green grass all day long and he... We. Sheep. We sheep. We stop sheep stop. Cablegram: Sheep to sheep. Person plus Christ equals sheep. One day we'll all be living in a green sunny meadow with perfect calm weather and eating grass and turning into a boring second hand store painting by a dull artist. We will be good. Good sheep. Lambs. We will be in an eternal state of karma with no need for res or rein. Resu Christ will be Noreincar Christ. One carne dura

forever. Life will be so perfect that it will make real people with a little devil in them just pure sick. Come dance with the devil, little Christ. Come dance with the devil in the p.m. light. There is a devil because there has to be a devil. We can't really be sheep with an ideal fairy shepherd in a painting. We gotta make some hell and boogie or life isn't life. There has to be a tension of opposites to give us some tension to play with.

>Who really wants to be a little Christ anyway? Only the young, the controlled, the stupid, the sick, the masochist. We want to be a little devil instead, don't we?

>Christ. The piss that reefer ashes.

>Christ. The mass-fantasy of not having to be really human after all. Imagine Jimmy Stewart saying that to sweet music in a Capra film. It's hard. Ma, you taught me to love Jesus, and I have, ma, I have, all my life, just you see, no loose women for me ma, no demon rum, none of them saloons and card sharks, roughnecks, gunslingers. I've been your little boy no matter how much hair grew on my balls, ma. I will pass this fantasy on to my son and he will struggle to free himself pitifully like I did, ma. Ma. You're so big and fat, ma. Who would want your ass now, ma? But you're not a broad anymore, are ya ma? You're in mother mode, and let yourself go to seed, and you can get your jollies off by jerking me around with your Jesus fetish, can't ya, ma? Ma? Look at this. This here is my big hard cock. I'm beating my meat, ma, rubbing my bottle. There, ma, I'm cumming, see the juice, ma? That juice is semen, ma. A group of sex cells that carries the DNA codes to make another dumb Christian, ma. That is Christ, ma. That stuff is Christ. I know it's crazy but let me try to explain. You see, Christ is an impossible dream because nothing we do after we're born is ever going to get into that juice, ma, and change its programming. So we're all jacking off with this Christ stuff, see?

>\*beep\* Very funny. Now go to sleep.

>Do you think the company monitors our email and irc chat?

>Do Shrouds have wings?

>Question. Do you think that using the Shroud during the second bioconstruct caused a degraded result?

>Answer. The Shroud we used was itself a bioconstruct. The original resurrection consumed it completely. We only had digital bitmaps of it left.

>And that didn't degrade the second Shroud Man?

>It would have. That's why we had to use the Sudarium this time.

>Right. That must be why he left two cloths at the start. How lucky the recon area was in the head alone.

>Lucky? He also wrote the Book of Revelation. It says in the intro.

>It says he dictated it to an angel who dictated it to his beloved old disciple on the Greek isolation read funny farm isle of Patmos, and he wrote it.

>Did those extra levels of xmission degrade Revelation?

>Correct. So badly that the true author turns out to have been the devil.

>Get off my coconut cup. I'm going to become a believer and join his army and see if I can get a place in Arnold's group and maybe get him to sign my doll.

>Get off mine. We Satanists are the last best hope of mankind.

>Funny how Satanists created Christ in a lab. My how this raises literary questions.

>That's not as funny as how we aren't even real people but androids with advanced neural nets that are better than human brains.

>Not adroids. Borgs. We created SM to aborb the earth.

>Do you think SM could be, just a little, the real deal?

>\*breaking chat\*

Spoilsport.



## Chapter 21. The Skeptics' Revenge

\* \* \*

- \* April 13, 1980: On a visit to Turin Pope John Paul II had a private showing of the Shroud and kissed the cloth's hem.
- \* September 11, 1980: Dr. Walter McCrone lectures to the British Society for the Turin Shroud in London, again claiming the Shroud to be the work of a medieval artist who painted in iron oxide, using a very dilute tempera binding medium. British journalist Peter Jennings publishes the news without authorization.
- \* May 13, 1981 (Wednesday): Dr. John Jackson, Fr. Adam Otterbein and other STURP representatives are in St. Peter's Square awaiting an audience with Pope John Paul II to report to him on the 1978 testing when the Pope is shot by Turkish gunman Mehmet Ali Agca.
- \* December 1981: STURP informs the Turin authorities that the Arizona, Brookhaven, Oxford and Rochester laboratories have all agreed to participate in a radiocarbon dating of the Shroud.
- \* July 1982: The British Museum Trustees agree that their Keeper of Scientific Services should act as supervisor of any project to demonstrate satisfactory carbon dating of textiles, prior to any dating of the Shroud. AERE Harwell and the Zurich AMS facility are added to the list of labs willing to participate in any radiocarbon

dating of the Shroud.

- \* March 18, 1983: Death of ex-king Umberto II in Cascais. The Shroud's formal owner, his will discloses that he has bequeathed the Shroud to the Pope and his successors, with the proviso that the cloth stays in Turin.
- \* October 16, 1984: Dr. John Jackson and Tom D' Muhala take the Shroud out of its casket. At 6.30 a.m. Dr. Tite and the representatives of the three laboratories assemble at the cathedral. In the cathedral sacristy the Shroud is unrolled and shown to assembled representatives of the three chosen radiocarbon dating laboratories. Professor Testore of Turin Polytechnic, Gonella's choice as textile expert in place of Mme. Flury-Lemberg, reportedly asks "What's that brown patch?", referring to the wound in the side. Professor Riggi and Professor Gonella reportedly spend two hours arguing about the exact location on the Shroud from which the sample should be taken. During the event it is Riggi who seems in charge of the operation.

At 9.45 a.m., with a video camera recording his every move (he will later sell copies to international media and others), he cuts a sliver from one edge and divides this into two, then divides one of these halves into three. In a separate room (the Sala Capitolare), and now unrecorded by any camera, the Cardinal and Dr. Tite place these three latter samples in sealed canisters, for the respective laboratories to take away with them. At 1 p.m. the sample taking for carbon-dating purposes is formally completed, and the laboratory representatives depart.

During the afternoon, and in the presence of some twenty witnesses, Riggi takes blood samples from the lower part of the crown-of-thorns bloodstains on the Shroud's dorsal image. According to Riggi's own subsequent account, he received the cardinal's permission to take for himself both these "blood samples" and the portion of the Shroud he cut away but which was superfluous to the needs of the carbon-dating laboratories. These

samples he will deposit in a bank vault. At 8.30 p.m. the Shroud is returned to its casket.

- \* April 22, 1988 (Friday): The news of the taking of the samples is released to the world's press.
- \* May 6, 1988: 9.50 am. In the presence of Professor Harry Gove, who has been invited to be present, the Shroud sample is run through the Arizona system. With the calibration applied, the date arrived at is 1350 AD.
- \* August 26, 1988: The London Evening Standard carries banner headlines declaring the Shroud to be a fake made in 1350. The source, Cambridge librarian Dr. Stephen Luckett, has no known previous connection with the Shroud, or with the carbon dating work, but in this article declares scientific laboratories "leaky institutions". The story is picked up around the world.
- \* October 13, 1988 (Thursday): At a press conference held in Turin, Cardinal Ballestrero, Archbishop of Turin, makes an official announcement that the results of the three laboratories performing the Carbon dating of the Shroud have determined an approximate 1325 date for the cloth. At a similar press conference held at the British Museum, London, it is announced that the Shroud dates between 1260 and 1390 AD. Newspaper headlines immediately brand the Shroud a fake and declare that the Catholic Church has accepted the results.
- \* February 16, 1989: Publication, in the prestigious scientific journal Nature, of the official results of the Shroud radiocarbon dating. This has twenty-one signatories. It declares that the results "provide conclusive evidence that the linen of the Shroud of Turin is medieval".

\* \* \*

In all the one-sidedness of the Shroud Man's successes there was one bright spot for the other side. The U.N. exposed the company and made it explain its Q-Psohot technology to

the world so that the miraculousness of the Shroud Man's resurrections could be explained as pure science. At first this had a dazzling effect, until the believers pointed out that the Shroud was centuries old, and apparently created without all the hi-tech equipment needed by the company. This only strengthened their belief in him. Others added the insight that whoever made the Shroud must have known what level of science and technology it would have took to resurrect the Shroud Man, and that, since his memory would have been blank, something akin to the Net would be needed to supereducate him in a short time. This left the skeptics spinning like daisywheels, but not without spirit.

The company was not, as many had assumed, controlled by high-ups in the Church. Alas, only an international consortium of amoral entrepreneurs looking for a quick buck. The lure of eternal life was the golden carrot. The Shroud Man was seen as just the first of a new race of immortals. At the time of exposure, already several hundred thousand reservations, at five million dollars each, had been taken for the immortality device. The list of names read like a who's who of the rich of all nations.

\* \* \*

>I figured it all out. Here is my thesis.

>Yawn, but shoot.

>Ever see that movie \_The Hunchback of Notre Dame\_?

>Who hasn't? Mister Licken! Whisker lickin' delicious!

>Tastes better than toast. Could it be the nooks or the crannies?

>I prefer bagels over English muffins myself.

>But what is my thesis you ask?

>I said shoot.

>Up until the calamitous 14th century, western civilization

was in the grip of blind faith in the Church. When the Black Plague decimated Europe, priest and laity alike, the blind faith was shaken. People no longer really still believed the Church had a special channel. The very next century brought us the Renaissance, a desperate attempt to go back to before Christ, explore the ancient Greek and Roman thinkers, and see if a wrong turn in history had been made. The 15th century brought us the age of Science, the lucky pioneers making immortal names for themselves. So what if the Church burnt a few of them to make them martyrs as well? Pandora's box had been opened. The best and brightest weren't going into the Church anymore. Those that didn't go into science went into exploration or business. In the 14th century the men went around wearing a tunic with a high collar and trailing sleeves, socks with leather soles built in (sock hose), with toes so pointed that they would trip as they walked. They might even stuff the toes to make them stand out farther. They were going nowhere. Exploring nature was heretical. In the 15th century they went to pointed shoes, along with a coat with a high collar and puff sleeves. In them they could sail in ships and at least look. In the 16th century, Queen Elizabeth's time, they wore a ruff, a pleated collar of starched linen, a doublet or jacket worn over a shirt or waistcoat, and a cape. To cover the thighs they would wear trunk hose stuffed with rags or old papers. Under these they would wear long hose. In this getup they could explore and still get nooky. By the 17th century they were pouring into America dressed in clothes made with American materials such as beaver. The cart was pulling the horse. Pilgrims wearing broad-brimmed beaver hats, linen collars, doublets, linen cuffs, breeches, stockings and shoes would condemn witches to the fire after supposedly freeing themselves from the Church and quoting the Bible now. By the 20th century we get nutballs like Herbert W. Armstrong claiming that the British are the lost tribe of Israel.

>Does it matter what the women wore?

>No. Men did all the good stuff.

>Chauvinist. I guess they can't win at chess either

because their brains are smaller and they lose control completely a few days each month.

>You said it.

>You learned it right here. Go on with your thesis.

>Enter the Shroud, just after the Black Death had done its dirty work, a just years after the Pope had turned on his Knights Templar after he had given up all hope of Christ returning to Jerusalem and therefore of the need to go out and conquer and hold it. No, here was Christ right here, in the Shroud, on display in the heartland. That was what was guarded now. The Knights were dangerous, the Shroud not.

>Mia Hamm are we? Dweezil and Ahmet for the win please.

>It is too simple. The Templars were Satanists, and so was the Pope. When the former got double-crossed, they got even by creating the son of Satan in the form of a Q-Psohot and donating it to the Church, getting them to guard it with their lives. Simultaneously the age of doubt and the age of Science were launched, so that soon enough the world would be able to resurrect the son of Satan and mistake him for Christ, and thus give the world back to Satan, and hence the Templars.

>What rocker performed for the Pope in a landmark 1997 concert?

>Bruce Springsteen?

>Bob Dylan.

>I'm in awe.

>What rock legend was given a C in music in high school and told he couldn't sing?

>Bruce Springsteen?

>No, Elvis.

>Ok, that's my thesis. So simple. What's yours?

>Or is it that simple? What if the Shroud is authentic, and the real Christ is now returned? His bones sure aren't a roadside attraction in a carnival in Florida, right? The Pope turned on the Templars when he became a Satanist, and the Church has been Satanist at the top ever since it suppressed them, has been going the wrong way, caused all the defections. The Templars are behind the Shroud, having guarded it for centuries and, when they were suppressed, giving it up to the Church for lack of a better protector. A remnant remained invisible, guarding it. Now that he's back, he's restoring the Templars, destroying the Church, and setting all wrongs right.

>Maybe the Shroud in Turin is a Satanist plant, but there is a true Shroud somewhere, in France or Jerusalem?

>Where did you get that idea off of, the 30% rack at Mervyn's?

>Jellyfish. Life is too complicated for vertebrates, isn't it?

>You may be handsome, but are you the type to share my apartment with?

>The search for food intensifies. Intimacy becomes an issue. And eight thousand miles from home, things are getting wild. Two people have been voted off the island. Who will be next?

>I vote you for uomo of the year.

>As if you didn't know who really won.

>Are we both sane and the rest of the world insane?

>I know. I've had one foot in the 14th century and one in the 21st, and I prefer the 21st.

>Lock and load. What's our next step?

>When a tidal wave comes at you and your surfing board, you dive like hell and just try to hold your breath. Fuck the board for now.

>Got any pointy-toed shoes?

>No. Do you? One other little thing bothers me.

>What?

>That fire in the year 1532. If it got hot enough to melt silver, that is, 1600 deg. F, then wouldn't all biological proteins be fried?

>I see your point. Whose DNA was on the Shroud we validated?

>Maybe some of it survived.

>Maybe.

\_Click.\_

IS SHROUD MAN CHRIST OR ANTICHRIST?

by \_The Truthseekers\_

Millions believe that the Shroud Man is the Christ. An intelligent minority violently disagree, believing he is instead the Antichrist as described in the Book of Revelation, chapter 13.

True, many once looked for the Antichrist to appear in the year 2000. They noted that 1999 includes 666 upside down, 666 being the number of the Antichrist, and  $1998 = 666 \times 3$ . Indeed, on August 18, 1999 there was a rare Grand Cross Astrology pattern of the planets in a cross shape, the most unusual astrology pattern of the last 2000 years, a scant week after the August 11, 1999 solar eclipse over Europe. And the prophecies of Nostradamus call for a "Great King of Terror" to descend from the sky in August 1999. Pardon us for not believing this to be John F. Kennedy Jr.

The Antichrist is a Satanic imitation of Christ. He will seem to be the savior of mankind. He will seem to be a good man, but he will lead the world into a new dark age, and Armageddon. He is somehow identified by the number 666. Revelation, the last book in Christian Bibles, has a series of prophecies of catastrophic events expected to occur during a 7-year time period called the End Times, or End of Days like in the 1999 Arnold Schwarzenegger Hollywood bomb.

In chapter 13 there is described a future world empire that has the mouth of a lion, the feet of a bear, and gets its power from the dragon. The dragon is Satan the devil. A leader of this empire is called the Beast, but he is often referred to as the Antichrist, since he is a Satanic imitation of Christ. Also described is the second beast, the False Prophet, who some believe to be an economic wizard, perhaps a dot com millionaire, Bill Gates for instance. The dot coms are surely the closest thing to an induced mass hypnosis hysteria-driven Ponzi scheme since the old Dutch tulip bulb frenzy. How about the mysterious multinational company that created the Shroud Man? Just who are they?

Who is right? How are we to decide? Unfortunately the world is in war, and there is no more time for reasoned reflection. If might makes right then the winner will indeed take all. There are atheists in foxholes now.

\_Click.\_

"The craving of demons for a body, evident in the Gospels, offers at least some parallel to this hunger for sexual experience." -- Derek Kidner

\_Click.\_

>I'm getting tired of using this nom de plume.

>I'm not.

>How about Tanchelm of Antwerp?

>How about seeing if you can get my finicky old Uzzi to quit jamming?

>Who wants to be a millionaire?

>Use a lifeline.

>You're da boss.



## Chapter 22. The Last Appeal

\* \* \*

- \* March 20, 1989 (Palm Sunday): Retirement of Cardinal Ballestrero as Archbishop of Turin, to be succeeded by Giovanni Saldarini, formerly of the Milan Archdiocese. Cardinal Ballestrero temporarily remains official custodian of the Shroud.
- \* April 28, 1989: Interviewed by journalists during a plane journey forming part of the papal visit to Africa, Pope John Paul II guardedly speaks of the Shroud as an authentic relic, while insisting that "the Church has never pronounced on the matter".
- \* May 4, 1990: During celebration of the Feast of the Holy Shroud in the Royal Chapel of Turin (shortly after the words "Ite missa est"), several chunks of stone crashed to the floor from the roof ninety-eight feet above, allegedly due to shifts on the part of exterior sustaining arches. The Chapel is closed and a temporary canopy erected over its altar.
- \* September 18, 1990: Vatican press conference announces the transfer "of the position as Pontifical Custodian for the conservation and cult of the Holy Shroud to His Excellency Monsignor Giovanni Saldarini, Archbishop of Turin".
- \* April 11-12, 1997: Shortly after 11 p.m. fire breaks

out in Turin's Guarini Chapel, quickly threatening the Shroud's bulletproof display case. Fireman Mario Trematore uses a sledgehammer to break open this case. The Shroud, still in its traditional casket, is taken temporarily to Cardinal Saldarini's residence. Signs of arson are found in the Royal Chapel, the walls of which are very badly damaged. Also damaged are the whole High Altar end of the cathedral and the part of the Royal Palace directly adjoining the Chapel.

- \* April 14, 1997: In the presence of the Cardinal and several invited specialists, including Mme. Flury-Lemberg, Professor Baima-Bollone and Dr. Rosalia Piazza of Rome's Istituto Centrale del Restauro, the Shroud is brought out from its casket and its condition carefully examined. It is found to be completely unaffected by the fire. It is taken to an undisclosed place of safety.
- \* May 11-14, 1997: International Symposium on the Shroud held in Nice, France. The event is sponsored by CIELT, the French sindonology organization.
- \* April 18 to June 14, 1998: Public Exposition of the Shroud is held to commemorate the centenary of Secondo Pia's first photograph of the cloth, the discovery of its hidden negative image and the beginning of the scientific study era. Over two million pilgrims visit the Shroud during the eight week exhibition.
- \* May 24, 1998: Pope John Paul II visits the Shroud as it is displayed in the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist in Turin, on the exact day that Secondo Pia made the first photograph of the Shroud a century earlier. This is the first time the pope viewed the cloth since a private viewing in 1980.
- \* June 5-7, 1998: The Third International Congress for the Study of the Shroud is held in Turin. Nearly 100 researchers come to present their work at the well attended but poorly organized event, officially opened by the Honorable Oscar Luigi Scalfaro, President of the Republic of Italy, and Cardinal Giovanni Saldarini,

Archbishop of Turin.

- \* August 26 to October 22, 2000: An eight week public exhibition of the Shroud is held to commemorate the Jubilee anniversary of the birth of Jesus. It marked the fifth such exposition of the Shroud since it was first photographed in 1898 and modern science took an interest in it.

\* \* \*

The new Shroud Man's army took to the skies. A new form of propulsion powered unaerodynamic shapes in air and space armadas. The only sure refuge was the caves in the mountains. Nevertheless many held onto good cheer, making the best of a bad situation, trying to do business as usual. The best way to fight the Shroud Man was to ignore him and go on, so the common thinking went. Enough pieces of the Net remained for it to keep a world community independent of the Shroud Man alive.

This time the Shroud Man preempted all the broadcasting stations in the world simultaneously, caused every computer terminal that could access the Net to come online with a live TV-like display of the white-haired white-bearded regal man with a crown and a white robe.

"People of the earth. I love you. I do not wish that any should perish, but I have come to judge the earth and salvation day is nigh. Fall down and worship me or perish."

The display was like a virus, impossible to eradicate from the Net. It was difficult to use the Net for anything without the display suddenly preempting the goings-on. The last remaining prop on the world economy thus chugged to a crawl. Every day was Halloween. It was the end of the world as we knew it.

\* \* \*

Three years later the world war was still undecided.

These were religious times now. There were no heroes.

People were introspective, existing. Why me? Why wasn't I taken by the plagues? God is giving me another chance, and things like that. Science was going through a bad time. Words like levofloxacin were like evil incantations. Antibiotics had been losing effectiveness for years before the Shroud Man anyway, and against him were useless. He could cure anybody with just a look.

Those who took to the hills held out the best. Reduced to barbaric conditions at first, they learned to cope with the restrictions and create an industrial society based far underground with their own private Net. Even then the Shroud Man display would pop up time and again, necessitating system shutdown and purging procedures.

The common nightmare: A glorious white spaceship landing, the top popping open, revealing a glorious white soldier with the red cross Patee. The huge white helmet comes off, revealing the head they all knew too well. The face, the white hair, the crown, the body that they knew so many touching stories told about, from a virgin birth to a tragic crucifixion. And he was there to kill them all.

THE END

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Word Count: 90K

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